PHOTOPLAY

JULY
25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada

MARION
DAVIES

Hysterical
Honeymoons of Hollywood
She couldn't bring herself to tell him

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him, a determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as Grammar School days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me... breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me... put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet...

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Don't you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically.

"Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York...?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then why? Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. It was only fair that he should know. She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us; then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could. The subject was too delicate.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself? Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal months, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or be already present.

Its commonest cause is fermenting food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decay of or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The safe way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Why Listerine deodorizes
Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, both a major cause of odors. Then it destroys the odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

Even the onion yields
You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

-and even the onion yields to it!
This young woman should look at her teeth in a clear mirror in bright sunlight! Then she would understand why the dental profession lays so much stress on massage of the gums. Her teeth are dingy because her gums need attention!

Dental science explains that since coarse, raw foods have given place to soft, creamy foods—the gums suffer. They tend to become sluggish, and often so tender that they bleed a little—a condition known as “pink tooth brush.”

If you want to make certain that your teeth shine out brilliantly, try massaging your gums every time you clean your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, massage a little extra Ipana directly into your gums.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in rousing circulation through the gums. And as your gums become firmer and healthier, not only do your teeth look brighter, but you are safer from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent’s disease. You need have no worries about “pink tooth brush.” And your teeth themselves are safer.

TUNE IN THE “HOUR OF SMILES” AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

VISIT
“A CENTURY OF PROGRESS”
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934
Gold Medal Balloting

for the best picture released during 1933 is an avalanche!

Because of the remarkable nation-wide interest, the voting time has been extended.

Watch the August issue of PHOTOPLAY for further announcement.

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (Feb.)

CAROLINA—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South, Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (Apr.)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M.G.M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (Apr.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title role is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad Grand Duke Peter. An impressive production. (Apr.)

CHARGING DEUEUR, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings and a London manikin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (March)

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (Also released as "Her Sweetheart")—Paramount.—Miss Loretta Young is excellent in this role of a woman as she romances the title character. Her love interest is played by Russell Hardie, much to the annoyance of Beulah Bondi, director's wife. See it. (Jan.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad names Frank Craven, daughter Sally Blane, newswoman Ray Walker gets big scoop. As traps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

COLLEGE COACH—Walt Disney.—Football as it is played and won by coach Pat O'Brien who buys talent to win at all costs, while Ann Dvorak, his wife, is his number one game heroine. Lyle Talbot, football hero. Fast moving. (Jan.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen's ex-girl friends. Warner's picture. Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him that he's a succes. (May)

CONVENTION CITY—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Kay Kisker, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (Feb.)

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal luminary. Eleanor Boardman, his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. 'Never a dull moment. (Feb.)

COURTNEY OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—A novel tale of extra gay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

CRADLE SONG—Paramount.—Just as charming is Dorothy Wieck in this her first American picture as she was in "The Maidens in Uniform." The beautiful story of a nun who showers mother-love on a foundling. (Jan.)

CRIME DOCTOR, THE—RKO Radio.—As plots go, this one cuts the perfect crime, unmasking his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helen Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the Lebannon family. (March)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal.—Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time including Lee, Avants, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of young man who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE.—Invisible.—Dancer Minna Gombell can't gel along with vaudeville partner-husband Edward Nugent. But when she clicks in a night club, they make up. Entertaining. (Jan.)

DANCING LADY—M.G.M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]
As always—Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now.

KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

DR. MONICA

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR * WARREN WILLIAM * VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley. A First National Picture
The Audience Talks Back

THE $25 LETTER

I have noticed an elderly, aristocratic woman attending the theater almost as regularly as I, and that is every time the picture changes.

She enters the theater grimly, almost sneeringly. During the cartoons she wears the perpetual expression of one scandalized. During the newsreel she relaxes somewhat to the normality of outrage slightly appraised.

Then the "main picture." As the drama unfolds she becomes but a woman—human—living every moment with the heroine. Her shell of dignity and poise is forgotten. Tears are unchecked. Her hands are tense and restless.

And then it is over. Her hour of life is done. She realizes she is in a public theater. In confusion she banishes all trace of such "wanton expressions of emotion," rises from her seat once more the austere, severe critic. She has had her hour of reprieve.

MILDRED W. FUTCH, Wilmington, N. C.

THE $10 LETTER

"Last half of the ninth inning, folks. With two men on base, two out and the score is tied. Let's see who's coming up to bat. The Babe! Looks like a home run. It is a home run! And the game is over."

It might have been Ted Husing himself giving a newscast announcement of a World Series baseball game, but it was only a twelve-year-old boy astride a huge electric sign, watching two high school teams. The girl standing just below might have been a Hollywood star. Hair becomingly set, a wagster suit worn with all the style of Kay Francis, and a carriage that was suggestive of Norma Shearer.

Watching the boy and this high school sophomore, I realized what is that gives the youngsters of today such poise and sophistication. Through films they have become intimately acquainted with fascinating people who have charm and personality to such a marked degree that we eagerly pay for the privilege of being hypnotized by it.

CAROLINE HICKMAN, Brunswick, Ga.

THE $5 LETTER

Just think what a wave of good manners would sweep over the country if some producer should make a series of shorts called "Etiquette of the Table," "Etiquette of the Dance," "Etiquette of the Wedding." And one on "Etiquette of the Theater" wouldn't be a bad idea. I, for one, would see every picture in such a series.

And don't you think some of Sylvia's articles would make good shorts? Many of us listen better with our eyes and ears working together.

R. M. GRACE, Halifax, N. S.

HEAR YE, THEATER MANAGERS

I am "hard of hearing," and until the talkies came in, movies were my greatest pleasure.

But the talkies changed that, as I could not hear all the dialogue.

Then a local theater came to the rescue with an earphone reserved section. What a blessing!

MRS. JULIA RONNE, Seattle, Wash.

IS the Garbo-Hepburn battle over, or has it really just begun?

The referees decline to name a winner. Rather, they would set each on high to be worshiped as "champion" of her special style.

Is there, then, room for two thrones in the Kingdom of Make-Believe?

Look back at illustrations on "Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners," in June issue. Compare Barthelmess' features with the emperor's. Do you, too, see a resemblance? And what of Dick's ability? But perhaps you've another candidate in mind.

Loud cheers continue to resound from all sides for "It Happened One Night."

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.

GARBO AND HEPBURN

What could be more beautiful than the picture of Garbo with the luscious grapes poised above her lips—or what could be more heavenly than Hepburn's voice?

We do not say that the petal of the rose is more wonderful than the song of the lark.

From now on, let's say "Garbo and Hepburn" instead of Garbo vs. Hepburn.

L. M. Davis, Boston, Mass.

Do we compare the glorious sun to the pale, enchanting moon? Then why the scintillating Hepburn to the mystic Garbo? Both possess their allotted places in the film firmament; both shine therefrom with individual brilliance and power.

Each inimitable star will continue to shine forth from her particular stellar eminence—unimpressed by "odious comparisons."

MRS. FRANK KILOH, El Paso, Texas

How futile is the argument over Garbo and Hepburn, yet how interesting and self-revealing. One cannot compare them. Both are great. Both have the ability of touching the divine spark of creative power so completely that the audience forgets the personality of the actress and is "one" with the character portrayed.

Garbo is the well-seasoned actress in full possession of her powers. Hepburn is not as well-seasoned yet, but just as much of a genius. Our personal likenings are what make us say we like one more than the other.

EMERSON C. STACY, Portland, Ore.

GOOD TEAM-WORK

I have always thought George Raft just a clever gangster type—Carole Lombard a glorified, gaspy doll, but after seeing them in "Bolero," I humbly acknowledge my mistake.

They had the power to make forget they were acting. Maybe it's the savage lurking in most of us—possibly those drums—sobbing, throbbing. While on the stage the most beautiful dance ever screened held me enthralled.

JANE B. CLAPP, Los Angeles, Calif.

A REAL SERVICE

It was consoling indeed to this pessimist to see the effect a picture like "It Happened One Night" had upon an average audience.

Every girl pictured herself as the charming, young heiresse (Claudette Colbert) in love with that lovable scamp of a newspaper man (Clark Gable) in whose shoes every man would like to have been.

What a relief! Whew! It seems to me that if a movie can put so many people in a good
Well, nine chances out of ten . . .
you can get the twin of that very costume in

BAMBERGER’S CINEMA SHOP

...and nowhere else in New Jersey. For Bamberger’s Cinema Shop (barely a year old) has already become a mecca for smart photoplay-goers. They find there the newest clothes worn in the newest pictures by the fashion-leaders of the screen. Approved by Photoplay’s Fashion Editor, they find each enchanting garment tagged with the name of the star and the picture in which she wears the original. And they find them the very week that the picture opens on Broadway! The Cinema Shop is on Bamberger’s third floor. Photoplay cordially urges you to visit it early and often.
If You Have a Boost or a Knock, Register It Here

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

mood, it has been of service in promoting a new optimistic outlook among American people.

LENORE M. TOBIAS, New York, N. Y.

I OFFER YOU

Congratulations Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. “It Happened One Night” brings my whole-hearted applause.

It happened one Saturday afternoon for me, however. I came out of the theater singing the praises of the new Clark Gable and “The Man on the Flying Trapeze.” I advised everyone I met to see the picture and have never seen more beaming countenances or heard more pleasing impressions carried away from a picture play. The entire company was splendid and, of course, that goes for the director and author, too.

LOUISE L. LOOMIS, Indianapolis, Ind.

CLAPPING FOR CLARK

This afternoon I saw Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in “It Happened One Night.”

This time I went to blame, but I have come away loudly praising. There’s a new Clark Gable! A sincere, funny, friendly, human person—the sort we like to meet and know. Why, he didn’t even appear to mind having his hair mussed up!

Please—won’t the producers give us more of this new Clark Gable? We like our movie heroes handsome, but we like ‘em human, too.

MARY C. BROWN, Birmingham, Ala.

WELL DONE

I find that the Athenians miss the old Westerns, but enjoy the other films almost as well. Of course, the audience does not understand the talking. But seems to enjoy the show just as much. Which proves that the superb acting in our films is sufficient to bring out every thought without words.

BASIL G. SHROPSULOS, Athens, Greece.

A TRANSFORMATION

The shades are carefully pulled down, and the door is locked. She is ready for bed, but sleep is impossible. From beneath her pillow, she pulls a copy of Photoplay. As she glances through the pages, an idea comes to her. Sleep is forgotten as she sits before her mirror and applies the make-up with care. Now for the hair. She refers to the beauty pages many times. There! It is fixed just like her favorite star’s. Can this be the same woman who was so weary an hour ago?

ANN OSBORNE, Wrangell, Alaska

MADE—A NEW FRIEND

I am a junior high school student. Recently I was asked to lead a Girl Reserve meeting on the subject of movies.

It would take too long to review all our topics, but the last one we discussed was movie magazines. At this point one of the teachers said, “I had never read a movie magazine until I was preparing for this meeting. Then I decided that instead of just blindly condemning them I would see what they were really like. I did—and now I want to say that I think movie magazines have a real value as a guide to current pictures.

“I have always believed in movies as an educational medium and the best way to choose the good from the bad is to take the authority of a reliable magazine.”

Photoplay was voted the “best.”

LOUISE GERHART, Houston, Texas

JOAN AND FRANCHOT

So, Joan Crawford’s latest picture is “Sadie McKee,” with Franchot Tone. I anticipate a splendid acting job and know this team will come through with flying colors.

HELEN O’BRIEN, Kansas City, Mo.

For once, adjectives fail me. The reason for my enthusiasm is that delightful actor, Franchot Tone.

His performance in “Moulin Rouge” is something to stand up and cheer about. Franchot is a true sophisticate, with a great deal of charm, poise.

His splendid speaking voice is one of his most valuable assets.

MURIEL MARKS, New York, N. Y.
YES, PRONTO!

Something must be done about the ravishing Constance Bennett! She really is fascinating. In "Moulin Rouge" Connie had a chance to show her great acting ability. Let's have more of her excellent work! Pronto!

DOROTHY SCOTT, Sayre, Okla.

A "CALL TO ARMS"

Hear ye! Hedda Hopper devotees! Let's get together and do our durndest for Hedda! Hedda is one of the few "old timers" who has really "weathered the storm of time," and is still a favorite. She is commended highly whether her role is big or small.

WENDELL GULDIN, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

THE POWER BEHIND THE FILM

As a welfare worker, I often come in contact with prison matrons and attendants. An attendant told me recently that on the day following the weekly movie at one of our state prisons, the attitude of the whole convict family was changed.

They were easier to control, better satisfied with conditions and happier at their work.

Let's give all shut-ins more movies. Wholesome pictures of life, with humor, hope and encouragement. I say, "On with the movies!"

ELEANOR BERNARD, Raleigh, N. C.

BETTER HURRY!

Five miles out of this city, there is the Carpenters' Home—a magnificent miniature city in itself.

Men come from all over the United States to spend their reclining days. They are treated royally, given every entertainment. I believe they enjoy most the Tuesday night "talkie." And who do you think is their favorite? Did you say Mac West? Right!

Something must be done about it, and I suggest that you send West East, before these Easterners all go West.

M. LOUISE GODDARD, Lakeland, Fla.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Once a handsome hero favorite of silent pictures, Conway Tearle has turned to character roles. He is featured in "Stingaree"
“NAPOLEON’S GHOST”

I am greatly interested in Winifred Aydelotte’s article in your June issue, titled “Napoleon’s Ghost Walks Out on Warners.”

Why Richard Barthelmess has been overlooked as a possibility for the rôle of Napoleon, is beyond me. Certainly in stature and appearance Dick is more like the famous emperor than any of the men who have been considered for the part. And I feel sure he would give an outstanding performance. So I register a plea that his studio give Richard Barthelmess the break he deserves. He will not fail!

MAY MARSHALL, Baltimore, Md.

In spite of Edward G. Robinson’s anxiety to play Napoleon, which prompted him to read extensively on the life of the Little Corporal, and his being just the right height, a certain vital something is lacking. And this entirely aside from the fact that Hollywood experts have had so much difficulty in making him up for Napoleonic screen tests.

Of the men mentioned in your June PHOTOPLAY article, my vote goes to either Charlie Chaplin or Richard Barthelmess.

ROBERT FIELDSTON, Portland, Me.

GARBO, TRIUMPHANT

The Beaux Arts Ball held at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, was a brilliant event—gay costumes formed a kaleidoscope against a background of silver.

Ermine and pearls, purple and gold brought no prize to the feet of lovely Marie Antoinette, Victoria the Good, or Queen Elizabeth. But Queen Christina, disguised as a Swedish peasant youth in a black velvet suit with stiff white collar, was crowned winner. When the mysterious one took her bow we cheered, our admiration overwhelming our envy. Miles away from the great cinema center Garbo had scored again!

MOWNA KANE, Goderich, Ont., Canada

EXCELLENT IDEA

You make it easy for your readers to unfasten the staples that bind Photoplay, slip out the pages of the absorbing serial, “I Want a Baby,” and grip them in a spring binder, so that they may have the completed story for their bookcases.

For several years I have been saving all the portraits that appear in your popular magazine. And now I have two big books of beautiful treasured portraits of the stars.

V. BELGARDO, Chicago, Ill.

A GRAND OLD LADY

Bring me wagons, trucks and baggage cars. I long to fill them with the earth’s most aromatic blossoms to pile in admiration at the feet of Henrietta Crosman. To no one would I contribute my posies with a less beatific feeling.

Could there be more? Oh, yes! Last night I saw Miss Crosman as the lovely, attractive matchmaker in “3 On a Honeymoon” overshadow the younger stars and—oh, steadily do her glories mount.

RUDY M. CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.

With only “Melody in Spring” to his film credit, handsome Lanny Ross of radio fame is already monarch of many feminine hearts. That is, if “Bouquets” from our readers tell any tale

KING OF HEARTS

I have just seen that magnificent musical production, “Melody in Spring,” with Lanny Ross.

He is one of the most handsome men on the screen. Besides, his voice seems to send a thrill through your whole body, and his personality is overwhelming.

KATHERINE FORD, Chicago, Ill.

DUST OFF THE OLD REELS

The other evening I had a very pleasant surprise. Besides the feature picture at our local theater, there was shown a film of 1915 vintage.

It was an old silent, and regardless of jerky sequences I enjoyed it on hundred per cent. The characters’ emotions, their clothes, the plot—all tickled my fancy. And I wasn’t alone in my amusement.

If producers would resurrect those old “silents” and dish them out to us as present day shorts, how much better they would be than the so-called comedies offered now. We might not know the stars of ’15, but we would enjoy their efforts.

MAEBELLE E. WATTS, Miami, Fla.
BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named Lord Hazard and for the canine fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tolbin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (Feb.)

DAVID HARUM—Fox.—Some old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

Dawn to Dawn.—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eldon, Ole M. Nesen—for its success. (March)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Paramount.—Noel Coward’s unconventional stage play of a triangle, involving two men (Fredric March and Cary Cooper) and a woman (Mildred Hopkins). Excellent. Sophisticated. (Jan.)

DEVIL TIGER.—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods. Kane Richmond and Marlon Burns in the Alpine track—how they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

DUCK SOUP—Paramount.—The Four Marx brothers mix up in a revolution in a mythical country—and boy, how they mix it up! A riot of fun. (Jan.)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE.—Columbia.—Melo-drama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Peter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

EASY MILLIONS.—Friedl Film.—A fine mix-up when “Skeets” Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professor roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

EASY TO LOVE.—Warners.—Light entertain-ment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing mental mix-up. (April)

EAT ‘EM ALIVE.—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT.—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, Bette Davis, the academy student Gail Patrick, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather old tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EVER SINCE EVE.—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owner George O’Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

FAREWELL TO LOVE.—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their roles. (Feb.)

FASHIONS OF 1934—First National.—Skueling the foremost designers out of exci-tive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis and Mae Clarke, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

FEMALE.—First National.—Ruth Chatterton, who lives with hers in her own motor company, visits George Brent. Chatterton fine. (Jan.)

FEROCIOUS PAL.—Principal Pictures.—Pretty glamorous work by entire cast, except Karin, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL.—RKO-Radio.—Seick of society’s snobbish, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FLYING DOWN TO RIO—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond, piques Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by piano. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some good comedy and dancing. (March)

FOG.—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reinhold Novak, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

Are you an undiscoversed STAR?

Are you an "ingenue"? Are you a "character type"? Are you a "juvenile"? Would you like a free Screen Test—a free Hollywood Casting Report? Would you like to get into the movies? Hollywood is looking for new stars—through snapshots! The Agfa Test for Hollywood is your real opportunity for motion picture fame!

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The winner of the Agfa Test for Hollywood will receive a guaranteed movie contract in a feature production of Monogram Pictures and will appear with famous movie stars. Other winners will get free Hollywood Tours, will meet prominent Directors for sound and screen study, Regional Screen Tests and Movie Cameras are among the other awards. And every entrant will receive a personal Hollywood Casting Report.

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Go to your Agfa dealer today for free copy of Official Rules. For better pictures use Agfa Plenachrome Film—comes in all popular sizes. Have snapshots taken and mail them at once to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION—SEE YOUR AGFA DEALER

FREE CONTEST BULLETIN

Made in America by Agfa Ans Corp., Corporation, Binghamton, New York

Ask for Agfa Film

GUARANTEED: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll FREE!"
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1934

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its hero the jungle of the Rio Grande, where divorce Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE.—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Anna May Wong, and William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Lee Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

FRONTIER MARSHAL.—Fox.—George O'Brien as 'Mad' marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS.—M-G-M.—Escaped con Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he hears a transcontinental bus and accompanying the through-train the tramp, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

GALLANT LADY.—20th Century—United Artists.—The gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook’s exceptional characterization as special agent cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

GAMBLING LADY.—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society. Joel McCrea. She’s on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel’s old flame, is not. Pat O’Brien. Fair. (April)

GEORGE WHITE’S SCANDALS.—Fox.—A gay, lively, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as “Scandals” stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHOUL, THE.—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE.—Dr. Eugene Frenke’s (of Anna Sten) Initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM.—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Faria. Light entertainment. (Feb.)

GLAMOUR.—Universal.—This well-directed story of the tender years of a beautiful girl, has great appeal. Constance Cummings, chore who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her conscience husband, and Philip Dorn as her leading man, all add to the film’s merit. (June)

GOING HOLLYWOOD.—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Lorne as his leading lady is better. Stuart Erwin, Edwin O’Brien. Colorful ensemble, gorgeous background. (March)

GOOD DAME.—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-girl Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

GUN JUSTICE.—Universal. (Reviewed under the title “Ride of Justice.”)—Ken Maynard shows up in the nick of time to save the pretty girl’s ranch in Arizona. The same old hokum. (Jan.)

HAROLD TEEN.—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed’s famous high school Deuce goes to Hollywood as LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillias are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

HAYAN MOLLERS.—First National.—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee in a rollicking comedy. A climax that will tickle your ribaldities. Good fun. (Jan.)

HEAT LIGHTNING.—Warners.—Comedy-Mystery. Robert Montgomery and Dick Ford in top form. (May)

HE COULDN’T TAKE IT.—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

HELLE AND HIGH WATER.—Paramount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garage shop, falls heir to a baby and a drake (Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy). Fair. (March)

HER SPLENDID FOLLY.—Hollywood Pictures. Generally speaking, this is pretty puit, Lilian Bond takes the role of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (July)

HILL, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Teach Department for muffling story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headline. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY.—RKO-Radio.—Men disappear and two fakers, Wheeler and Wooley, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (March)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE.—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet’s mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (March)

HOLD THAT GIRL.—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detectives James Dunn and tall-tale reporter, Charlie Trevor, Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

HOLD THE PRESS.—Columbia.—This time Tom Morgan (Patrick O’Donnell) never seems to have an evening’s work. He’s always trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

HOLLYWOOD PARTY.—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante’s songs supply the gags for Jack Pearl brings all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, and the “oiners”—Edward Brophy, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST.—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual role, and thrilling use he makes of his horse after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

HOOPLA.—Fox.—Clara Bow as a carnival dancer. Love interest, Richard Cromwell, whom Clara is in love with and does she like it? Story so-so. (Jan.)

HORSE PLAY.—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Ben Baird move in a cantaloupe-mint world of millions, just in time to save pretty Lella Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

PHOTOPHAYS REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening’s entertainment.

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ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS

DRYBAK CORN PLASTERS

Johnson & Johnson


THREE NEW—DRYBAK CORN PLASTERS

Dryak Corn Plasters at your druggist’s.
Children's Matinee

Every Saturday afternoon a children's movie program is presented in our suburban theater. It is an innovation which I believe should be used over the entire country. What a thrill for a child to be told he can go to see his own entertainment!

This keeps the child's mind bright and happy, and provides a wholesomeness which is his birthright. And because we can't keep the children away from the movies, selected programs would solve a great problem for the nation's mothers.

J. B. B., Cincinnati, Ohio

We Hope It Won't

I am a school teacher and am sponsoring a club for girls of adolescent age. A feature of our weekly programs is a discussion of current films, analyzing them in every department—production, story, cast, cinematography.

Realizing that it is virtually impossible to forbid certain pictures to youngsters, teachers are now trying to educate the tastes and raise the standards of children to a point where they themselves will discriminate in favor of the better productions.

Of course, it is impossible for me to see all the pictures seen by seventy-five girls, and yet I must be ready for questions on every picture introduced. Therefore, I do the next best thing—I buy Photoplay every month, study "The Shadow Stage," and base my decisions on the reviews. This method has never failed me.

Gertrude Smith, Hollywood, Calif.
The next time a headache won't let you sleep

Don't lie awake and toss. Relief for that dull head...relaxation for those taut nerves...restful, refreshing sleep...are no farther away than your medicine cabinet.

Just take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. You get the benefits almost immediately.

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it relieves gas on the stomach so promptly. Then it quickly relieves headache, too.

At the same time your nerves are soothed...you are gently steadied and relaxed. And all the while needed alkali is supplied through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity. Your head clears...worry and nervousness disappear...and you drift pleasantly into normal sleep before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer—
the multi-purpose remedy

Only a balanced preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could work so effectively. No mere pain-killer could do it. Not just one, but five separate ingredients are combined in Bromo-Seltzer—each with a special purpose. Consequently, you get five needed benefits. And Bromo-Seltzer works faster because you take it as a liquid.

Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take—and so dependable, too. Contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby for over forty years.

Keep the large, economical family-size bottle on hand. Ready at a moment's notice to banish headache, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are not the same balanced preparation...are not made under the same careful laboratory control. Sold by druggists everywhere. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.
choose your tooth paste for beauty results

"For those soft high lights... to give my teeth the freshness and sparkle so important in photography... I prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to any other," says Miss Lillian Kenton, popular New York model.

Miss Kenton confirms what millions of other women have learned about Listerine Tooth Paste. Here at only 25¢ a tube is a formula which for thorough cleansing, for the high polish it gives enamel, is liked better than brands costing twice as much!

No wonder this modern dentifrice numbers among its users thousands of women who can pay any amount for clothes—who enjoy the most expensive luxuries of every kind. It does clean better! Film and stains disappear with a minimum of brushing. And there is that wonderfully fresh, clean feeling of the mouth after its use—the effect you associate with Listerine itself.

Now—in addition to the money-saving 25¢ tube, you can buy Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Double Size, 40¢. This new size contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472608)
SINCE deserting Broadway for Hollywood two years ago, Verree Teasdale has made rapid strides to movie fame. Her most difficult problem has been trying to get her name spelled correctly. And Miss Teasdale is changing that any day now, to Mrs. Adolphe Menjou. She is gowned in pearls and ruffles for her rôle in "Madame Du Barry"
SCULDUGGERY in the offing! And it must be bad if it scares a pirate! Jim Hawkins (Jackie Cooper), young hero of "Treasure Island," offers his assistance to Billie Bones (Lionel Barrymore). Billie, in modern lingo, is "on the spot!" Robert Louis Stevenson's much loved adventure story of a search for treasure is being filmed by M-G-M.
This smiling gentleman has faced cameras thousands of times, but for the child it is a rare experience. It’s Harold Lloyd with his youngster, Harold Junior. The Lloyds have been extremely careful to guard their children against publicity, and very few photographs of them have been printed. You’ll see Harold Senior soon in “The Cat’s-Paw”
PROMINENT on Broadway for over thirty years, Helen Lowell has started now on a movie career. This portrait of Miss Lowell, gowned in white chiffon for her rôle in "Midnight Alibi," proves that beauty need not be identified exclusively with youth. One of her best stage rôles was Miss Hazy in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
Glorious Summer Sunshine — yet CRUEL to Your Face!

Summer days! Smooth white beaches . . . pleasant motor journeys . . . rose gardens . . . meals al fresco . . . your body absorbs the sunshine, but... The invisible fingers of the wind rob your skin of its natural beauty oils; the otherwise-gracious rays of the sun etch tiny wrinkles and lines. There's no escape for your face — but there is lots of assistance — and Coty here offers you some of the best! For instance: Coty Liquefying Cleansing Cream — penetrating, quick-melting — it "coaxes-out" deeply imbedded soil. Generous jar — $1. Coty Tissue Cream — very rich — it truly compensates your skin for the lubricating natural oils stolen by sun and wind. $1.50. And — the final, irresistible finish — famous Coty Face Powder — precisely blended. A dozen tints, to give your complexion its own perfect tone. Three new powder boxes, matching boxes on Coty perfumes, help you instantly find your favorite Powder odeur! Ask any good department or drug store!

Superbly fine — yet moderately priced — Coty Creams give your face true "under-skin" health . . . the perfect prelude to your use of Coty Face Powder, Coty Lipstick.
UNA MERKEL may look like a lady of leisure, but actually she is one of the hardest workers in all Hollywood. The little M-G-M player has made over thirty pictures in the last four years. One of her most recent movies is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," with Una providing the comedy relief in 20th Century's mystery-romance
At a recent first showing of one of the impressive productions of the year I was moved by the comment of those about me during the intermission. "I just love her in this," remarked one woman back of me, while her companion added, "I think he is grand." Of course, they were referring to the two leading players. Similarly favorable were other words that came to my ears. A man going up the aisle had this to say: "That director is a wonder."

And I got to thinking—audiences heap praise upon the actresses and the actors, on the directors and the authors, but how many think of the "men back of the scenes"—the heads of the producing companies? And I wished that audiences could have the opportunity of meeting and knowing these officials as I do.

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time I meet Louis B. Mayer, vice-president of M-G-M in charge of production, I am re-impressed with his honesty as a producer and his sincerity as a man. To his indefatigable energy, his high ideals and his just and fair dealings with his associates, his players, his subordinates and, lastly, his picture public, may be attributed, in large measure, the phenomenal success and prestige that the M-G-M Studios enjoy.

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Froth is not infrequently spun by studio publicity departments and blown everywhere on the gale of ballyhoo, to create or to maintain false reputations. Mr. Mayer's fame needs no such factitious aid. To know him is to admire and respect him.

Run over in your mind the pictures with whose names you associate these great artists: Helen Hayes, Greta Garbo, Lionel and John Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Frank Morgan, Otto Kruger. What a range they represent of great emotional drama! Not one picture you identify with these players is tawdry or "sexy." Each one is a definite, purposeful story; nearly every one measures up to the ideals of the ancient Greeks that the purpose of drama is to purify the emotions.

What could be more moving than "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," more thrilling than "Viva Villa," as touching as "Smilin' Through"? And stored in your memory forever are "Min and Bill," "Queen Christina," "Grand Hotel," "Dinner at Eight" and "The White Sister," among many others.

Honest, sincere, artistic productions. And directly, or indirectly, Louis B. Mayer fathered them all.

It is with that same honesty he greets you. He is outspoken, very much in earnest, and, withal, understanding and kind. I believe that Mr. Mayer would equally comprehend the nobility of a saint and the complexities of a pickpocket.
THE other day I had the pleasure of meeting Jack Holt’s son, Tim, a manly, upstanding, incredibly big lad of fourteen. Dressed in a polo outfit, he, with one or two others, joined his father and me at lunch at Jack’s charming home. His alert eyes reflected his attention to the table talk in which he took no part.

Two things about the lad impressed me profoundly. When we sat down he unostentatiously said grace. When he rose and departed, he kissed his father on the cheek. A hard-riding devil of a polo player, he is not ashamed of his religious training or his affection for his father.

THE greatest menace to pictures today is the two-for-one theaters. It is a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy for the producing companies. The depression brought it in; with the upturn in business, it is high time this suicidal policy was abandoned.

Two pictures for the price of one was undoubtedly considered a smart business move to stimulate motion picture theater attendance, when the depression was hammering us so hard. It was never particularly successful in achieving its purpose.

First of all, the double feature program tires audiences. Four hours of the best pictures in the world is a little too much. Second, this policy tended to cheapen pictures in the eyes of the public. It is human nature not to appreciate an over-generous bargain. Third, the theaters themselves have suffered, not only because they surfeited the public’s appetite, but because they could give but one performance in the time they formerly gave two.

AND as for the producing companies, they felt all the disadvantages that theater managers experienced, plus some of their own. When the depression cast its blight upon the nation, studios found themselves doing business in the same inflated manner as the rest of us. Selling two-for-one to second and third run houses didn’t aid the situation. It only intensified losses of producing companies.

Competition, however, forced their hands. At least they thought so. As a matter of fact, if the studios had united and solemnly agreed not to go in for this cut-rate business, there would have been less red in their books.

The pernicious policy still prevails in many quarters. The quicker it is entirely abolished the quicker all the studios will resume their places in the sun of prosperity.

TO see “Queen Christina” for twenty cents is indeed a treat, but it seems incredible that this magnificent film should so soon be on the bargain counter. Yet it is showing now at that price. Greta Garbo, whose screen throne is unassailable—who is regarded by many as the greatest of all feminine stars—to think one can see the greatest of all her pictures for a paltry twenty cents!

Never shall I forget the look in her eyes as she stands on the ship, her lover dead, her hair and her dress blown by the sharp sea breeze, as she holds resolutely on her course, come weal, come woe, like a Viking warrior of old.

Twenty cents! That glimpse alone of Garbo is worth two dollars!

GETTING into pictures still remains a feat completely without rule or formula. You would think that a studio’s efforts to train talent for the screen would be the surest and most fruitful. However—last year Universal inaugurated a “Junior Stock Company” to groom promising young actors and actresses. There were three thousand, six hundred applicants.

Seventy were selected. Five graduated from the dramatic school. Two were given short contracts—Lois January and Dean Duncan.
'Twas the Night of the Banquet

Pairs—occasional and "steady"— at the M. P. T. O. A. gala festivities

An occasional meeting, but a steady friendship. Jean Harlow is congratulating Leo Carrillo on his fine work in "Viva Villa." It won Leo an M-G-M contract.

John Boles is happily married, but he enjoys a dance with a new friend, Delphine Meyer, daughter of one of the visiting motion picture theater owners.

They have been "steady" for a long time. Now Joan Crawford isn't sure an actress should marry. But could any woman resist Franchot Tone's gaze?

By rumor, it becomes steadier all the time! Carole Lombard was escorted to the banquet by Russ Columbo. They are seen together lots these nights.

Marlene Dietrich and Director Josef Von Sternberg recently spent weeks of steady work together on "Scarlet Empress." With the picture finished, they greeted the M.P.T.O.A. delegation.

Who said they quarreled? Well, anyhow, if the rumors were true, Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy, steadiest of Hollywood steadies, were reconciled for the banquet at the Ambassador Hotel.
THE Real First

The First Lady of the Screen—there can be only one—who is she?

Her name is not Greta Garbo, or Katharine Hepburn; not Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor or Ann Harding. It's Norma Shearer.

You may have your favorite actress, your most glamorous screen personality, your box-office queen, or your sex-appeal sensation of the moment. You may have your super-thespian, your exotic orchid, your sweetheart of the world.

But Norma Shearer is the real First Lady. Her amazing, triumphant return and her sensational, world-wide reception in "Riptide" prove her exclusive right to that enviable title—a title to which she ascended by virtue of what Norma Shearer is and what Norma Shearer has done—continues to do.

Already indignant protests are probably bursting upon these printed words. Garbophile mutters "Insanity!"—a Hepburnite cries "Libel!"—a Crawford convert screams "Lose majesty!"

But just settle back and relax. Greta Garbo came to Hollywood, kept to herself and started a legend which turned into a grand business asset—mystery. She still has it. But she isn't a social person.

Katharine Hepburn swooped down on the town, perpetrated tomboyish pranks, and revealed enough dramatic genius in her first year to win the Academy award. Brilliant, certainly, but too erratic and capricious.

Joan Crawford danced her way to hot-cha fame and then went Pauline Frederick. Joan is a good sport, excellent

Norma Shearer's popularity survived a year-and-a-half retirement from the screen. The lady with the patrician profile is back again in "Riptide"

Off the set, Norma is always known as Mrs. Thalberg. At home her life with her husband and Irving, Jr. is quiet and well-ordered. She is the kind of woman that other women want to resemble
Lady Of Films

For what she is and what she has done, the title ascends to Norma Shearer

By Basil Lee

trouper, but never has contested for the "First Lady" title.
Ann Harding has been through a domestic upset. Dietrich has her trousers to live down. Gaynor inherited Mary Pickford's girlish "America's Sweetheart" badge, which means she must be sweet but not mature.

Not one of them ever successfully, consistently, progressively, artfully portrayed sophisticated ladies of the upper strata of society as Norma Shearer can. None can imbue a daring character with such unmistakable refinement.

Think how cheap and unattractive the characters created by Norma Shearer in her list of successful pictures would have been, if they had been portrayed by an actress lacking that manner which she possesses.

Most of them were women who slipped morally. Some of them slipped more than once. But Norma can slip a bit on the screen and still be a lady. When her characters err, they err on a silken, ladylike scale.

Mrs. Cheney didn't enjoy a spotless reputation. In "The Divorcee" Norma defied convention; she moved smartly and boldly in "Let Us Be Gay"; "Strangers May Kiss" showed her as a young business woman with ideas of her own; she even loved a gangster in "A Free Soul"; and there were important indiscretions in both "Private Lives" and "Strange Interlude."

Yet these were the films—these and "Smilin' Through," a ladylike rôle and a pure one—upon which her tremendous popularity has been built. It is a popularity which survived a retirement of a year-and-a-half from the screen, and paved the way for a return triumph which,

As a fashion model in New York, Norma kept her charm and dignity, as she always has, under any conditions

She even gives that ladylike quality to her shadier rôles. Here she is in "A Free Soul," in Clark Gable's embrace

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Please turn to page 96

One Hollywood couple the gossip Letter alone! The Thalbergs photographed after their marriage in 1924
For some reason beyond me, engagements, weddings and honeymoons in Hollywood are like nothing that exists on the earth beneath, the heavens above, or you name the place. And why it is, no one can explain or even draw the pictures of it. In normal, everyday places, for instance, two people get engaged and in due time (or a little before, maybe) get married. Then, amid considerable healthy rice throwing, they go off to Niagara Falls to see the water rush over the precipice, or whatever it is, and come home and settle down to a nice, quiet existence. And there you are. And there they are. And there is everybody.

But in Hollywood! Tck, tck, tck. No less than fifteen of the oddest people (former wives and things) get involved in the engagements, and sometime as high as fifty or sixty strangers get all mixed up in the wedding itself, which is a busy combination of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, a six day bicycle race and a trip with Stanley through Darkest Africa. And the only rice that's ever thrown has already been baked in a pudding.

Take the blonde Jean Harlow. At midnight Jean and Hal Rosson decided marriage, and not another hamburger, was what they wanted (of course they've changed their minds now; Jean is going to get a divorce. But there must be a honeymoon before there can be a divorce, you know!) so they hop a plane, fly to Yuma and, getting out of the plane, Jean hears a slow zzip and, looking down, discovers runs in both stockings. So, pulling them off and holding them in her hand, they make for a judge. Any judge, justice, or what-not. Finally getting one out of bed, they get married, with Jean still holding the torn hose.

Some brides, of course, carry lilies-of-the-valley and some roses with maiden-blush fern, but we Hollywoodians, ho, we carry stockings. With runs. And when Jean repeated the "I dos" and the "I wills" throughout the ceremony, she gave the stockings, all unconscious of their existence, of course, a decided and sassy little flip that nearly knocked the spectacles of the presiding judge from his presiding nose.

If you've never seen a dream walking with stockings...
Everyone laughs but the newlyweds. For what bride can be happy without a kiss? What groom content without a bride?

By Sara Hamilton

Illustrated by Frank Róbian

Half-way down the road the honeymoon coach sunk knee-deep in mud! Joel groaned and Frances wept. The cat had kittens. At dawn the McCreadys were still there and clenching tightly in her "patty cakes," Yuma has. For Jean, still holding them tightly in her hand, turned to greet her groom after the ceremony and found him so scared and confused he'd dashed out the front door leaving Jean alone, at last, with the judge.

Like a shot, the bride was after him, missing the top step and landing "boom" on a dumfounded Yuma sidewalk at four-thirty in the morning and what did I tell you? Can you name, just offhand, say, any other three-minute bride you ever heard of who sat on a Yuma sidewalk at four-thirty in the morning? Go on, just name one.

Anyhow, by this time the groom got over his fright sufficiently to know where, but not altogether why, he was, and, gathering up his bride, the happy husband took her to an all night "jernit" for the wedding breakfast. Thus are the weddings of Hollywood's famous ones, my little magpies.

At six-thirty they were home fighting their way through newspaper reporters and what not, where questions were fired at them for hours. Finally, at two-thirty in the afternoon, Jean (sure, she still had the stockings in her hand) went to bed to get some rest and the groom went to work. It was two days later, with the confusion still at fever heat, that the groom let out a loud scream. "Good gosh," he yelled, "I haven't yet kissed the bride."

Thus are honeymoons in Hollywood, my little daffy-down-dillies. So stay where you are.

Even when the famous ones of movies go clear out of the Golden West of "Callyforny" to be married, it's still no better. Even so, things happen that never happen to another living soul. Couldn't, as a matter of fact. But somehow the very atmosphere around them senses the fact that here's Hollywood messing around, and things pop that never before popped in that locale.

For instance, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill were married in England and England will never be the same, let the Prince of Wales knit while he may.

The wedding was all set. And then Virginia didn't have her divorce papers and by the time the papers arrived from the States, Cary was in the hospital, and by the time Cary was out of the hospital, Virginia was in the British movies and the newspapers were in a British dither wondering who was jilting whom and who shot Cock Robin. At last, on the very day they were to leave for Hollywood, they managed to rush to the registry office to be married and found a goody mob was there, bent

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]
Madeleine has been presented to Britain's king and queen. Herself a queen—of the screen—she is over here to make "The World Moves On," Raul Roulien appears with her.

Marthe Madeleine Carroll, although she has been the screen and stage sweetheart of the British for the past six years, is practically unknown in America—unless you saw and remember her in "I Was a Spy," a British-produced picture released here, in which she played opposite Herbert Marshall.

In England, however, crowds fight to get into a theater where she is playing. Not only is she that popular over there, but she is socially prominent, to the point of having been presented at the Court of St. James. Her jewels are worth a king's ransom. Her frocks and gowns are exclusively from Paris. Her husband is one of England's very wealthy men, and he has a family tree that high—. He was, during the late war, on the staff of the Prince of Wales. He is Captain Philip Astley, and was in Hollywood with Miss Carroll while she made "The World Moves On," with Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien, for Fox.

Madeleine is the first British player in the new reciprocal "charm exchange" between British and American studios. In her case, Warner Baxter is scheduled to go to Gaumont as the Fox representative under the agreement—Baxter being somewhat of a charmer from the feminine viewpoint.

So, Madeleine, in her first made-in-America picture, not only will bring her talents to the notice of American movie-goers, but she will be a test of the "charm exchange" plan. Knowing Madeleine and her work as I do, it is my prediction it will be a highly successful test for her.

You see, despite her stage and screen popularity and her high social background, there is no hoity-toity false pride, no too, too "naive" Englishness about this Carroll girl from London town. There is not an ounce of falsity in her one hundred and twenty-two pounds, not a tendril of it in her ash-blonde hair nor a flicker of it in her deep blue eyes. Even though her stay in Hollywood for her one picture was short, she did not cash in on her overseas glory. That is not her way.

Nor is she uppish before a camera. For instance, in "I Was a Spy" (the story by Martha...
Actresses Clamor for This Man!

YOU never heard such a clamor—
Why?
There are plenty of more handsome leading men than Herbert Marshall. Any number who are better known to the American public.
So why did Norma Shearer want him, far above any of the others, for her first very important picture, "Riptide," after her year-and-a-half absence from the screen?
Why is Constance Bennett insistent on having him to play opposite in "The Green Hat," her first picture under the new M-G-M contract?
Why does Gloria Swanson demand him for "Three Weeks"? Why, oh why?
Taken at face value, he has none of the obvious attributes that are popularly supposed to make up your favorite "great lovers." No dynamics, no flashing black eyes, no bold assurance.
And yet, this is what Norma Shearer says of him as a lover—
"The first time I ever saw Mr. Marshall on the screen was in a picture with Claudette Colbert. I thought I had never seen a lady so thoroughly and convincingly loved!
"He is both manly and wistful. He wins the sympathy of women because his face expresses tenderness and silent suffering."
There. That's one secret out.

Herbert Marshall has the gorgeous leading ladies scrambling for his gracious support
By Ruth Rankin

Feminine stars are all aflutter over the adroit, convincing screen love of the gentlemanly Marshall, after such a siege of hard-boiled, slangy boy friends

Frivolous or sedate, girls go for suave, substantial Herbert Marshall. Is he your ideal type for husband and father? Baby Marilyn Spinnert surely is content in his arms

One clear explanation for that devastating charm that has every lovely star pleading fervently in her prayers: "... and oh, please let me have Herbert Marshall for just one picture, and I'll be a good girl forever after!"

Norma added this about the characteristics that distinguish him from so many of the other leading men:
"He has a charm that is always part of him. It is not just put on for special occasions. Also, he has that great faculty of making you feel he never takes himself too seriously!"

And the secret of that charm, Norma explains, "is his gallant and courteous attitude toward women — whether movie star, secretary or somebody's cook—which, I suppose, is pretty much the same thing, anyway."

But Norma does not consider Marshall a versatile actor. Sensing our surprise at this, she went on immediately to amplify this opinion.
"He is not a versatile actor because he could never convince an audience he is anything but a gentleman." [PleasE turn to page 94]
A Good Pal Is Worth Three Dollars

And not many Englishmen can get enduring affection from an Irishman for that price

By Carl Bosworth

Leslie Howard-Bill Gargan entente, which no one knowing both the shy, reserved Englishman and the boisterous, impulsive Irishman can quite figure out yet. Because if you searched the world over, you'd have a hard time finding two people who would seem to have less in common than the ebullient Bill and the serene Leslie. But they're inseparable; Bill and Leslie, Ruth Howard and Patricia Gargan—yes, and the children, Leslie and Ronald Howard and Barrie and Leslie Howard Gargan, too. The latter is named in honor of Bill's friend. And if you have anything to say against the Howards to Bill Gargan, better smile when you say it. That goes both ways.

Of course, Hollywood remains a little puzzled about it—but Hollywood doesn't know the story of how this friendship started and grew. How this understanding, which you couldn't help but feel if you saw Bill and Leslie together in "Animal Kingdom," developed from stage lines to real life.

Leslie's venture at producing on Broadway ended in two weeks, and with it Bill's job. Bill Howard, his son Ronald and daughter Leslie are wandering on the beach at Malibu. Looking for the Gargans, maybe
was debtor for the three dollars, and for plenty of dramatic instruction and advice from Leslie.

Two years rolled around, during which Leslie had become a tremendous success in England, while Bill—well, he was just keeping in cigarettes and clean shirts.

Then one day he read where Leslie Howard had arrived in New York to direct and star in "Animal Kingdom." Bill read Red Regan's part. He wanted it, but—

"I felt kind of backward about getting in touch with him," says Bill. "He was a big man now, bigger than before, and I was still hunting a job."

But that three dollar debt worried Bill. It ought to be paid.

So he walked down to the Lyceum Theater, in onto the stage, and once more touched Leslie Howard's sleeve.

"Here's that three bucks I owe you, Mr. Howard," said Bill.

And then, his honor cleansed, his courage rose.

"And I'd like to play Red Regan," he said.

Howard regarded him coldly. "Sorry," he replied, "but I don't picture you as the type."

Then he met that anxious, half-funny, half-sad map of Ireland, and the frown dissolved into a smile. Bill grinned back.

"Okay," said Leslie Howard "we'll try it out today."

And when rehearsal was over in the evening, he said, "Bill, you're good for my money. The part's yours."

During all the four weeks that Bill Gargan rehearsed...
ONE of the most lavish sets created in recent years was this one built in the RKO-Radio studios for "Down to Their Last Yacht"—a comedy of adventure, with music. The scene occupies two entire sound stages and represents a South Sea island and a palatial yacht which has run up on a sandbar. The ship's deck can accommodate three hundred persons and a thousand can be landed on the beach. Sunken tanks were installed for the ocean. Coconut palms, banana trees and various sorts of tropical foliage were planted here and there. The island—need we add—is uncharted, but is known to the "Polynesian" natives as "Malakamokalu." It is a refuge for fugitives from justice, so when the party from the grounded yacht goes ashore, there's plenty of excitement. Glance over the startled
crowd and you can pick out Polly Moran, in a white officer's outfit with braid draped over her shoulder, facing the native farthest left. At Polly's left is Maurice Black. Eyes right—skip the one gentleman in the white monkey jacket, and you have Sidney Blackmer in a dress suit, holding petite Sidney Fox in his arms. Bring your gaze forward a few steps—the blonde in spangles and feathers is Hazel Forbes, one-time show girl who inherited a lot of money from her late husband. Protecting her is Tom Kennedy. At the extreme lower right, with the pipe, is Paul Sloane, the director (the set is so immense Paul had to use a loud-speaker system to direct cast and crew). Standing next to him, wearing a hat and cigar, is Eddie Killey, his assistant. Stupendous, colossal, and just loads of fun, eh what?
Hitting Hollywood’s High Spots

Meet Mitzi Cummings

(Notes on an intimate letter writer)

Mitzi is young—peppy.

She came to Hollywood about ten years ago and is a graduate of Hollywood High School. At a studio one day, Ramon Novarro asked her to be his leading lady. She couldn’t, because she had to finish school. But Novarro became her favorite movie star that instant.

Since her meeting with Novarro she has become the closest friend of some of the best known men and women stars of the screen—she goes everywhere and sees everything.

The people you read about in Mitzi’s Hollywood letter are all people she knows intimately, and about whom she will write every month.

Mitzi

Dear Joan:

Well, lambie, I’ve just finished making nine copies of a chain letter. Now, don’t hoot at this display of superstition. After all, if it’s good enough for the Bennetts and their friends, I guess I can attach my name to so quaint a custom, too. First of all, it started out with society. Mrs. Alfred Dupont. After a while, through a devious course including barons, authors, theatrical lawyers (John Willberg who recently married Ursula Parrot—she wrote “Ex-Wife”), etc., it got to Mama Bennett (known to the theater as Adrienne Morrison). With a true display of maternal interest she sent it on to daughter Barbara (dark-haired wife of singer Morton Downey). Barbara, sisterly to the core, shipped it on to Joan. Joan stopped this family business by skipping Constance, and Spencer Tracy got it next.

Well, after one person and another, it got to Ann Pennington; Vivienne Segal, Ralph Bellamy and the new Warner girl, Barbara (Snooney) Blair. Then to me. And from me to you, Joan. So pretty soon now you will be chortling with delight at the names of the mighty. Until you have to make nine copies.

The luscious Claudette Colbert is, as you probably know, making “Cleopatra.” Well, little one, there’s only this to say. I don’t know how you feel about it, but if you’re the type of lady who likes her hips and tummy as svelte as svelte, don’t look at Colbert. Gives you an inferiority complex. Such a fidget! And in that costume! One which I saw (they were shooting a scene on her balcony and she was wearing Antony for all she was worth) was cloth of gold with drapes fore and aft. How it clung!

The hair, too, will interest you. Long, below the shoulders, and perfectly straight with just a very slight curl-up on the ends. Straight bangs. Completely dramatic looking, and for days now I’ve been harboring the desire to have a head-dress like it. But you know me. As usual, I’m simply defeating my own purpose. Curls and more curls. Oh well, I couldn’t look like Colbert anyway.

A little weak from an excess of self-criticism, I next took myself to the set where my favorite Southern girl, Miriam Hopkins, and your favorite radio pal, Bing Crosby, were making “She Loves Me Not.” A amusing story, Joan. She’s a night club girl who’s hiding from the police in a boy’s dormitory. (Something’s going to happen to the morale of Joe College when that’s released!) Just outside the stage I met Eddie Nugent, who plays Crosby’s pal, and he said:

“Hurry in if you want to see Miss Hopkins in her undies.”

Joan, I thought of you. I said to myself, “A description of the indescribably lovely Hopkins, clad in French lingerie of a most desirable nature, will sweeten my Joanie’s memories forever and ever.” So I rushed in.

But lamb, neither the lovely lady nor the lingerie were in sight. All I saw was a blond boy in athletic underwear, who had, strangely enough, a sweet, breathless kind of a voice. I watched Bing Crosby take the lad’s hands in his and scrutinize them. “Off with the polish—and clip the nails,” he said sternly. I gasped. Then:

“And no powder on the nose, either.”

“But I look perfectly awful with a shiny nose,” said the blond boy in the athletic underwear with a plaintive voice.

Two little minds are better than one, Joan. I turned to my companion with a quizzical face.

“Miriam Hopkins!” he explained. I nearly swooned. Well, all I can say is, that despite the popular delusion that girls look like the very devil in men’s unmentionables, Miriam Hopkins looks adorable. Gay and adorable and infinitely desirable. To the four winds with French lingerie!

I had a very special night last week. First, dinner at the Beverly Hills Derby. Then to the fights; on to see Coconut Grove and finally to the new Marathon. Just a little evening. Being methodical by nature, I shall report all goings-on in their proper sequence. But briefly, since I have lots of news, my pet, and writer’s cramp is slowly but very surely coming into my left pinkie.

In the Derby we saw Charlie Farrell, Virginia Valli’s devoted spouse (with wife) and an odd dozen directors. Also Stuart Erwin with the beautiful June Collyer, who is Mrs. Erwin, as you know. They finished dinner and started to leave just as we came in, but they were still leaving when we finished. Everyone in the place kept calling [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
Has Mae West Gone High Hat?

The gossips say money and success have changed her. Well, here's Mae's answer

By Kirtley Baskette

TAKE it from Mae herself—West is still West.

It has only been a matter of months since Mae tossed some mean curves and busted up more repressions than the NRA—only a few months since the undulating Siren of Sex and Sensation became the bad girl friend of the world—the secret passion for the banker, the baker and the kiddie-car maker.

Mae was Mae. Unlimited. With the cards laid right out on the table and the curves laid right out on the davenport. You came, you saw and you were conquered—no matter who you were—no matter from where you came—from Pea Ridge, Arkansas, or Park Avenue, New York.

"I ain't ice!" said Mae—and you didn't have to be an iceman to understand her—although being an iceman didn't cramp your style. She belonged to everybody.

That was a few months ago.

Even Hollywood, waiving professional jealousy, thrilled to this new kind of woman, this new world sensation, who boosted picture stock wherever she played.

It capitulated—then cooled.

Today you hear everywhere that Mae West is a changed woman.

She has gone high hat. Money has changed her. Success has gone to her head. She imagines herself a great actress. She'll have nothing to do with anyone; she won't even see people who want to write about her. She's out-Garboing Garbo. She's ashamed of her curves, so she's dieting, getting thinner. She's slipping at the box-office and she knows it—so she's hysterically socking her money. She's going back on her old friends; keeping them away with armed guards. Closing her set to everybody—taking it big. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
Miss Swanson's spouses seem like mile-stones in measuring her progress

By Mildred Mastin

In the case of Michael, when he stated in Paris that he and Gloria were definitely separated, Gloria appeared distressed. "If we are separated, why doesn't Mike let me know? I hear it from others. If it is so, why doesn't he tell me? I had no idea we were separating for good when he went abroad," cried Gloria.

But the following day, Gloria instructed her attorney to file papers for a divorce.

While this situation was evolving, Gloria was negotiating with Irving Thalberg of M-G-M. She said she believed Thalberg to be the greatest producer in Hollywood.

Some say that to know Gloria is to believe she was much in love with each of the four men she married. That each time, she expected her marriage to last. Others say that each man she married filled her definite need at that time.

It was at the Essanay [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
It seems only yesterday that Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel electrified the world in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Gloria Swanson will make the same story for M-G-M after completing her run of personal appearances in New York. The incomparable Gloria here gives us some exotic poses, including one on a tigerskin similar to that famous one used in the silent version of "Three Weeks," ten years ago. After nineteen years, Swanson's star shines as brightly as ever. Good luck, Gloria

Clarence Sinclair Bull
EVERYBODY loves a costume! Irene Dunne dons several in "Stingaree." Looking as lovely as she does, Irene will probably set a style for bustles and long, yellow braids. She employs several sophisticated hair styles in this picture—worth a rave, too. And there's Richard Dix with a romantic gleam in his eye. And Miss Dunne by his side. It's a musical drama, with a good dash of sentiment. The costumes are lovely, copied mostly after the very elaborate fashions of the seventies.
AWAY from the set, the lovely Ann Harding spends her leisure hours in her pleasant Hollywood home. Outdoors, the garden and the swimming pool are two of her chief interests. Indoors, Ann enjoys reading or playing "travel"—tracing on the globe the places she plans to visit abroad. Probably it will be some time before Ann has leisure for travel. She is scheduled for several pictures now, the next one to be "The Life of Vergie Winters." Exquisitely lovely, a beauty as natural as Miss Harding's is very rare—on or off the silver screen.
WARREN WILLIAM sheds the suave manners of the drawing-room and dons the purple toga of the noblest Roman of them all, the imperious Caesar. It is for the Cecil B. De Mille epic "Cleopatra," the lady who made vipers quite a style.

HENRY WILCOXON takes the part of Mark Antony in "Cleopatra." It was Mark who succumbed to the beauty's charms to the extent he lost an empire.

If the smile of the original Cleopatra could make or break nations, what would the smile of Claudette Colbert, who plays the famous queen's part, have done?
Brawn

Brains

“R” EB” RUSSELL’S first name stands for “rebel.” And there are but three things at which he hasn’t bucked. They are his selection for a place on the 1930 All-American football team, to the presidency of his senior class at Northwestern and his job as a Western picture star.

But he started rebelling early, as soon as he learned he had been tagged for life with the fancy handle of Lafayette.

Later on, he rebelled at ranch life and took himself off to college, where he did some high and fancy rebelling against teams aiming to cross the Northwestern goal line. Newspapers printed such things as “Lafayette, here he comes,” and “Lafayette, there he goes,” for Reb could pack a football places.

At one time, he rebelled successfully against being crippled for life—his back was broken. Then he opposed offers to sell insurance and coach football at Northwestern. He yearned for “a place where I can squall,” as he said.

Reb first came to Hollywood when Universal picked him for a part in “The All-American.” He stayed to make a serial and play in some Tom Mix Westerns. He was all set to take the place at Tiffany vacated by Ken Maynard, but financial difficulties engulfed the company. Reb went back to football—professional—with the New York Giants.

But he’s again in Hollywood, scheduled to star in Harold Bell Wright’s “When a Man’s a Man,” under Sol Lesser as producer. A series of eighteen hard ridin’ horse operas are to follow, in which Reb will use a snow white pony from his Oklahoma ranch. The pony’s name, by the way, is Rebel.

IRVING PICHEL, one of the more distinguished character actors, considers acting but a minor side of his career. He says he has a puritanical streak which doesn’t permit him to quite approve of actors! He prefers to direct, of which he has done considerable. In fact he turned down a directorship in the Theater Guild to do a Greeley and go West. And he enjoys teaching—the Aesthetics of the Theater—on which he has lectured for ten summers at Stanford and U. C. L. A.

His interest in dramatics began when he enrolled at Harvard for an M. D. and found studying medicine did not permit of an outside job, a necessity. So he changed courses. One of his new subjects was labeled “47.” It was a course in the drama under Professor Baker. While at Harvard, Pichel edited the monthly magazine and wrote dramatic criticisms for a Boston newspaper.

He has also been identified closely with the Little Theater movement, having established theaters in Boston, St. Louis, St. Paul and Santa Barbara. And he’s still in it, even now directing his wife, Violette Wilson, in “Saint Joan” at the Pasadena Community theater, while he is in De Mille’s “Cleopatra” at Paramount. Among other things, he’s been a stage manager for the Shuberts.

But above all, Pichel would have preferred being a symphonic orchestra conductor. He goes off on music and poetry sprees. He’ll read Milton aloud, for hours! At his home in the hills of La Canada, he is a heart-and-soul gardener. His wife is the first girl he fell in love with. His German-Viennese-Bohemian ancestry shows in his enormous vitality.
**Announcing** The Monthly Broadcast of

**CAL YORK**

A flowery wedding for Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames, aboard the S.S. Lurline. The walls were covered with gardenias. The bride and groom and all the guests wore leis—in true Hawaiian style.

Carver, who used to sign her name "Mrs. Adolphe Menjou."

Is Dick Powell casting his dancing eyes toward the altar path? Dick's contract at Warners has a clause stipulating he can't marry for a year. Dick now asks to have the contract crossed out. What do you make of it?

Colleen Moore, in a satin, jeweled-trimmed suit, makes merry with a noble Roman's toga. The Roman is Roy Brooks. The pantalooned lady trying to make Colleen behave is Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis). It happened at the costume party given by the Lloyds.

Colleen Moore, in a satin, jewel-trimmed suit, makes merry with a noble Roman's toga. The Roman is Roy Brooks. The pantalooned lady trying to make Colleen behave is Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis). It happened at the costume party given by the Lloyds.

The diplomatic relations of Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow have never been of the bosom friend variety—but they've been strained even more than usual recently—because of Franchot Tone. It is no secret that Joan wasn't wild to have Franchot cast in the small part with Jean in "The Blonde Bombshell," but she managed to keep her composure.

Now Franchot has been chosen as Jean's leading man in her next picture, working under the title "100% Pure," but which may be released as "Eadie Was a Lady." And—so the gossip whisper—La Crawford is seething.

**ROMANCE of "ex's"—**

George Brent, Ruth Chatterton's recent "ex," is being seen in the company of Kathryn

They're off. Bing is watching the horses, but Mrs. Crosby watches Bing. The Crosbys spent their vacation at Agua Caliente. And judging from the expression on Bing's face, he has picked a winner.
Hollywood Goings-On!

The heart interests in Dick's life in the past several months have been Margaret Lindsay, Maxine Doyle, Mary Brian and Ginger Rogers—but everyone who knows says Mary Brian hit hardest. But Warners are making Dick stick to his agreement. Cheer up, girls! It's only a few months off!

KATHARINE HEPBURN's quick action for a divorce from Ludlow Ogden Smith topped a month of rough weather on the Hollywood marital seas. One misalliance after another was dashed against the rocks, among the more prominent being those of Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer; the Richard Bennetts and Corinne Griffith and Producer Walter Mitchell Morosco, Jr. Vague rumors were also beginning to arise that all was not well between Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, his bride of only a few months, while the gossips were anticipating a final legal split between George Raft and his wife, from whom he had been so long separated. Some people believed Raft and Virginia Pine would wed, regardless of what had been said about his lack of such an intention. Another big nuptial bombshell—and a blonde one—brought the Jean Harlow-Hal Rosson split into the news. They'll be divorced.

Alice White and Neil Hamilton came only half-way out of the water for the cameraman. When they swim, they swim! (Beach poses not included.) Alice was a guest at the home of the Hamiltons, helping initiate the swimming pool recently built on their place.

IT was on the "Treasure Island" set on the M-G-M lot, and Wally Beery was hobbling about on his wooden leg for the role of Long John Silver. A car drove up and little Carol Ann, Wally's daughter, rushed out to greet her daddy. Suddenly she spied the leg and stopped. Pain passed over her little face.

"Oh, my poor daddy," she said, her blue eyes full of tears and her delicate chin quivering.

"It's all right, honey," he tried to reassure her. "Daddy's all right." But it wasn't until Wally unstrapped the leg and walked about on his own two feet, that the look of bewildered anguish passed from the little girl's face.

MRS. WALLACE BEERY, foster mother of little Carol Ann, remains at this time in a critical condition with heart trouble. The Beerys have been ideally happy. They have the sympathy of all Hollywood and wishes for a speedy recovery.

A screen queen of silent pictures and a famous comedian are wed: Norma Talmadge and her brand-new husband, George Jessel. They were married nine days after her divorce from Joseph Schenck.

The king of comedians goes to see the clowns. It is Charlie Chaplin with his two sons, Charles, Jr. and Sidney, taking in the circus. Like most Hollywood parents, Chaplin strives to protect the boys from publicity. Thus, pictures of them are rare.
DOROTHY MARTIN, first ex-wife of Eddie Hillman, organized a party to cruise out to Eddie's and go swimming, but then thought it might be a good idea to telephone first. The baffled butler hemmed and hawed and finally broke down with, “Maybe you had better make it another day, Mrs. Hillman, because Miss Nixon is out here with a party now!” (P.S.—Marian Nixon is the second ex-Mrs. Hillman!)

CONNIE BENNETT'S selection for the role in "The Green Hat," with Herbert Marshall opposite, hasn't set so well with several people in Hollywood—and it isn't professional jealousy either.

A PERT little blonde with a come-hither look in her eye is being talked about in Hollywood. Adolphe Menjou openly displays a signed portrait of her on his dressing-table. And the little blonde is getting away with it—in fact, she is receiving a great deal of encouragement. Her name is Shirley Temple, that cute little armful of five years. A smash, a wow, a knockout, in "Stand Up and Cheer," Shirley has been assigned to "Baby Take a Bow."

TWENTY Nubian slaves (from Central Avenue) drawing a litter upon which reposed Claudette (Cleopatra) Colbert and four leopards. In the midst of the scene, one of the leopards suddenly sprang from the litter. Twenty Nubians went howling off the set and out the front gate, clad only in loin cloths. Everyone on the street thought they'd gone nudist.

JEAN MUIR is just beyond the Warners' understanding. Or nearly so. A splendid actress, the studio is anxious that Jean be seen
places in smart attire. At a rather swanky opening, the studio insisted that Jean attend.

The photographers, they told her, would be there and she should look as lovely as possible.

That night, right behind the elegantly groomed Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, in came Jean—in an old tweed coat, a pair of slacks, no make-up—nothing that any other actress in Hollywood, except Garbo, considers necessary to advancement.

And wearing flat-heeled sport oxfords. Openings are not mentioned any more to Jean.

HOLLYWOOD'S colossal ribber,
Vince Barnett, was handed a speed ticket by the same traffic cop three times in one week. Positive it was a gag concocted by one of his victims out for revenge, Vince, each time, ignored the ticket.

Even when he found himself summoned to court, he still thought it a gag and trustingly confided his belief to the judge who sternly looked him over.

"Mr. Barnett," the judge said, "just to finally convince you this is no rib, you can give this court the sum of one hundred dollars or go to jail for fifteen days."

And so a thousand of Vince's victims are avenged.

WHAT Adrienne Ames missed—
A new, dazzling $15,000 Rolls-Royce and a grand mansion in Beverly Hills—especially built.

Ex-hubby, millionaire Stephen Ames came through with these love tokens for Raquel Torres, his new wife.

But then, Adrienne has Bruce Cabot.

[Please turn to page 92]
AGAIN Photoplay Magazine presents to its vast reader audience a new, thrilling, exciting contest which will not only provide many hours of entertainment, but bring $500.00 in cash prizes to the lucky contestants.

"Movie Fill-ins" will prove to be the most fascinating contest ever presented by any magazine. If you know the motion picture players, their backgrounds, their doings and characteristics, you will find the "Movie Fill-in" contest a test of your knowledge.

Absorbing Chatter with work's missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter, forming news in the same manner as is done by Photoplay Magazine's staff of experienced writers and interviewers.

When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballot provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. There will be three installments of this puzzle. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each single dash represents a single letter and the total number of dashes gives, in each instance, the total number of letters in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the blank spaces. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite _______ in some short comedies called "_______."

______ ______ is now married to a screen player whose name is _______.

CLUES
1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel.
2. The first half of the last name of a British wartime Premier.
3. A solitary state.
4. One of the Apostles.
5. The first two letters mean to exist: the second two letters also, to exist.
6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name.
7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den.

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by sounds of words as well as actual spelling when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

Rules of the Contest

1. Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$125.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>75.00</td>
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<td>Third Prize</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fourth Prize</td>
<td>25.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ten Prizes of $10 each</td>
<td>100.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twenty-five Prizes of $5 each</td>
<td>125.00</td>
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</table>

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine is publishing "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing will appear in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-in" for that month.

3. Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—

1. Harold
2. Lloyd
3. Lonesome

4. $500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.

5. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Fill-in" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," as stated above. All solutions should be sent to Puzzle Contest Editors, Photoplay Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.

6. Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants' method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.

7. You need not be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the originals in Photoplay Magazine. 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.

8. 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 may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

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

10. 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the January, 1935, issue of Photoplay.
CHATTER

FOR JULY

--- 1 --- 2 --- was born in --- 3 ---
--- 4 --- She came to fame in --- 5 ---
--- 6 --- "co-featurd with a now prominent male star. On
the same motion picture lot is a charming brunette,
--- 7 --- 8 --- who comes from --- 9 ---
--- 10 --- After a very short period in American films
she played opposite --- 11 --- 12 --- in
--- 13 --- 14 ---

To give you a little gossip: a beautiful girl star, --- 15 ---
--- 16 --- has been seen a great deal in the company of
--- 17 --- 18 --- since securing a divorce.

Speaking of advanced surgery, the doctor who operated on
--- 19 --- 20 --- for appendicitis did not leave a scar. She made her screen debut over seven years ago
in a silent picture, "For the Love of Mike," as a leading woman
for --- 21 --- 22 ---.

One of --- 23 --- 24 ---'s favorite occupations when
off duty is to wander off into the wilds of the Rockies to shoot
mountain lions. He was co-starred with --- 25 --- 26 ---
in "--- 27 --- 28 ---." Both he and she possess what is known
as sex menace.

When it comes to hero worship, --- 29 --- 30 --- has an autographed picture of
--- 31 --- 32 --- which hangs in the place of honor in his den. The latter is his hero,
not only as an actor but as an aviator. To mention still another
actor-aviator, --- 33 --- 34 --- considers a flight from
Los Angeles to Central America and back just a mere hop.

A player prominent in the silent days is now coming into his
own again in the talkies. --- 35 --- 36 ---'s most recent picture is "--- 37 --- 38 --- 39 ---" and you will find
him playing opposite --- 40 --- 41 ---.

Here's a hard one: one of our most popular players,
--- 42 --- 43 ---, was born in --- 44 ---
A picture that added greatly to his popularity was "--- 45 ---
--- 46 ---."
What the Well-Dressed

Costumes from
Mrs. Alexander
Pantages'
Wee Wear Shop

Just to prove that there's nothing sissy about wearing a seersucker play suit, young Mr. LeRoy goes into a big action pose for the camera. The ships embroidered in blue outline-stitch with a sail motif are just the right sort of nautical touch for any fellow's active sportswear.

A suede windbreaker, pint-size, is as popular with the younger masculine set in Hollywood as it is with the older. Baby LeRoy wears his for sporting activities. The knitted cap has a visor and pompon. The white jersey suit has a neat crew neckline.

Er—a little undressed but quite the proper togs for Malibu if a fellow wants to get any suntan at all. Perhaps you will recognize the shorts—a slightly abbreviated version of the costume above, but with the addition of a knitted beret.

Neither Toby nor Baby LeRoy is quite certain about this outfit, but when they learn that it is copied from very collegiate overalls, things will brighten up! Washable white corduroy overalls and striped silk blouse.
"Hollywood career demands sartorial perfection," says lively Baby LeRoy

Photos by
William Walling, Jr.

A little on the dressy side but not too dandified. It has Master Le-Roy's approval — or maybe the grin is for the rabbit. Anyway, a dotted Swiss blouse joined to brown linen trousers is the right answer for parties and such. The "trou" stripes are very jaunty!

A businesslike suit to wear to the studio in a practical navy blue and white knit. The cardigan buttons down the front, a white pull-on and a pair of matching shorts complete that well-tailored look

A last look finds our hero all set for a motoring trip. A blue flannel coat is correctly man-tailored with double-breasted closing and white flannel lining, lapels and cuffs. Nearly all of Baby LeRoy's clothes, as you can see, are copies of adult masculine attire in detail
They scoot out and vanish in thin air every time a studio wants some acting done. It's uncanny!

By Kirtley Baskette

All the stars are vanishing out in Hollywood. Every day, right into thin air they melt. Presto, chango!—now you see them, now you don't—and nothing up the sleeves.

If it keeps on, who knows what will happen to the poor bewildered studios? How can you make movies with a flock of slippery stars who would make the late Harry Houdini look like a piker?

If it does keep on, they'll have to outfit casting directors with handy pocket spy-glasses and sign all term contracts with the Bertillon system 'of fingerprints. At the cry, "Turn out the guard—a star's loose!" they'll have to shriek the sirens and put detective false whiskers on all the prop boys.

It's terrible—and Margaret Sullavan is the girl who started it all—started everyone slipping out of sight for days and weeks and months at a time. For no good reason whatsoever.

Walk-outs for more money are everyday items in Hollywood news. Everyone from Jimmy Cagney to Jean Harlow has taken turns running out on a too-reduced paycheck. It has always been considered a neat piece of business for an actor to romp off in the middle of a picture, and stay until a producer tires of holding up a half-million dollar
A lover of scenery and solitude, Ann Harding pulled a slick disappearing act when she left her car on the edge of the desert to walk a bit, and wasn't seen or heard from for two weeks.

investment and writes a new contract. Jack Oakie did, for such business reasons—and Ann Dvorak breezed for a more personal cause—to go on a four-months-delayed honeymoon with Leslie Fenton.

But since the advent of the increasingly enigmatic Miss Sullivan, neither rhyme, reason nor routine enters into things at all. Stars step off the sets and the earth swallows them up. Wh-s-s-st!—and they're gone, like one of Thurston's magic hours. And nobody, nobody—not even their closest friends, relatives, managers, or fairy godmothers—can even get "warm" in the new Hollywood game of hide-and-go-seek.

It's positively uncanny.

Margaret vanished on the very day she was supposed to arrive to make "Only Yesterday," leaving a group of baffled Universal executives, loaded down with flowers and welcome speeches, to huddle at the airport and speculate whether "Only Yesterday" would turn into "Maybe Tomorrow."

Again, half-way through the picture, she casually strolled off the set after a mild tiff with Director John Stahl. Only some quick detective work, which included checking up on her bank and finding she had drawn out every cent, resulted in her capture as she stepped on a plane that night bound for New York. She was persuaded to return to work.

When the final "cut" came on "Only Yesterday," Margaret vanished once more, and inside of a few hours was on her way to New York. For four months, half the studio thought she was doing a play on Broadway and the other half thought she was in Europe. But nobody was certain where she was all the time nor how to get in touch with her, although her contract said she was an employee of Universal studios.

Every now and then fragmentary reports of her whereabouts drifted Hollywoodwards, and finally Universal got word to her. [Please turn to page 106]
Select Your Pictures and You Won’t

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

TARZAN AND HIS MATE—M-G-M

THRILL after thrill for squealing audiences. There is a spirit in this picture that was never before caught in any Tarzan opus. Here is a world of make-believe where realism and fantasy so skilfully blend that you will find yourself rubbing your incredulous eyes.

Ju-ju drums, trumpeting elephants, gunfire, chattering apes and Johnny Weissmuller’s lung power make a tremendous uproar. And when the jungle takes vengeance on men who attempt to rob the elephant graveyard of ivory, your breath stops.

Delightful Maureen O’Sullivan and Neil Hamilton, both of the first Weissmuller-Tarzan picture, are in the cast. Cedric Gibbons’ direction is expert. Possibly a bit sanguine for very young children.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—M-G-M

A GRIPPING story of the deep friendship between two men and the melodramatic climax of that friendship. As boys, Clark Gable and William Powell find themselves alone in the world. Gable is a born gambler. Powell, a studious lad determined to get on. He becomes district attorney: Gable, a gambling house proprietor.

The combat between the two, the unrelenting integrity of Powell and the devotion of Gable and his respect for his friend’s ideals, present an unusual situation.

In order to squelch a scandal against Powell, who is running for Governor, Gable kills a man and it is the duty of Powell, his friend, to send him to death.

Myrna Loy, as the girl who once loved Gable and marries Powell, turns in a beautiful performance. Fine support.

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—20th Century-United Artists

HERE, at last, is a costume picture out of Hollywood (by Darryl Zanuck) as good as any ever conceived in Europe.

It is frothy, Naughty, colorful, opulent. The characters are never once obviously aware that they are dressed in the extravagant costume of by-gone Italy.

And the picture is lifted to heights with a performance by Frank Morgan as the Duke of Florence, that is so full of wit, of Machiavellian insight and cleverness, that it overshadows the performance of Constance Bennett and even of Fredric March.

In 16th century Florence lives Benvenuto Cellini (March), artist and goldsmith, lover and fighter par excellence. His love-life, a date he has to be hanged, and the Duchess’ golden service plates, get all tangled up.

Cellini’s “command” conquest of the Duchess (Constance Bennett) is complicated by the Duke’s sudden passion for Angéla, a gloriously dumb dame, played beautifully by Fay Wray, whom Benny Cellini is trying to save for himself. Follows the hilarious attempts of the Duke and Duchess to conceal their amorous escapades from each other.

It is all one of those rip-roaring, swashbuckling, slightly bawdy numbers, reminiscent of “The Jest,” and gorgeously mounted with costume and background.

You will have a lot of fun at this one! Not for children.
The Best Pictures of the Month

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI 20TH CENTURY
TARZAN AND HIS MATE MANHATTAN MELODRAMA
HANDY ANDY  SADIE MCKEE
LITTLE MISS MARKER  WHERE SINNERS MEET
DOUBLE DOOR  SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS

The Best Performances of the Month

Frank Morgan in "The Affairs of Cellini"
John Barrymore in "20th Century"
Carole Lombard in "20th Century"
William Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama"
Clark Gable in "Manhattan Melodrama"
Will Rogers in "Handy Andy"
Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee"
Edward Arnold in "Sadie McKee"
Adolphe Menjou in "Little Miss Marker"
Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker"
Reginald Owen in "Where Sinners Meet"
Mary Morris in "Double Door"
Marlene Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress"

Costs of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120

☆ 20TH CENTURY—Columbia

This extravagantly funny film is a worthy adaptation of the play that so amused Broadway the season before last. Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, authors of the stage "Twentieth Century," also wrote the picture.

John Barrymore's endless versatility, Carole Lombard's fiery talent which few suspected she had, and Walter Connolly's customarily good performance pack the laughs into the film. It is broad farce with a veneer of satire, moving at a dizzy pace.

Barrymore as Oscar Jaffe, theatrical producer with all the idiosyncrasies and poses of his trade, molds a shop girl into a star. This Lily Garland (Miss Lombard) becomes as furiously temperamental as Jaffe, quits him for Hollywood, and his producing fortunes fade. So he goes after Lily with a bagful of cunning schemes. She repulses him with all the egoism of her show-shop personality. This mad war of wits extends cross-country on the Twentieth Century, with Jaffe determined she shall sign a new contract with him before the train reaches New York.

Connolly contributes to the hilarity as Jaffe's sorely tried right hand man. Roscoe Karns is an effective press agent. Howard Hawks has done an excellent job of directing.

The dialogue has been purged of anything that children shouldn't hear, but retains a sophisticated sparkle.

☆ SADIE MCKEE—M-G-M

A canny bit of film production—Joan Crawford in her real dramatic métier, a semi-tragic Cinderella rôle.

Running away from a servant's place in the household of Franchot Tone, Joan tastes her first love tragedy when Gene Raymond deserts her to team with a blues-singer, Esther Ralston. When drunken millionaire Edward Arnold picks her out of a night club and marries her, she first incurs the disgust of his friend, Tone, and then wins his respect by saving her husband from a drunkard's end. But her love for Gene won't die, so she asks for freedom, comforting him before he passes away. Then Franchot brings Joan happiness.

It may sound heavy, but comedy characterizations of Jean Dixon and Zelda Sears, and brilliant scenes of Arnold keep away too many tears. Not recommended for children.
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

LITTLE MISS MARKER—Paramount

THE story is built around Adolphe Menjou but that new kind of the film world, delightful little Shirley Temple, creates a sensation—a superb little mimic that overshadows her elders. Menjou, into whose lap the tot is dropped as security for a debt, shares this responsibility with his gambling friends. Charles Bickford, Dorothy Dell, Lynne Overman. Don’t miss this picture.

WHERE SINNERS MEET—RKO-Radio

CLIVE BROOK, as an eccentric Englishman who devotes his time to waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, and his four romantically and maritally entangled victims, Billie Burke, Diana Wynyard, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray all do splendidly. But Owen’s Wodehousean thick-headed Lord is priceless. Thoroughly paralyzing comedy situations and brilliant dialogue.

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount

MYTHICAL-KINGDOM princess, Sylyva Sidney, visits America to raise bond issue—and raises a case of mumps. What to do? Financier swallowing the deal finds her “double,” a chorus girl (also Sylvia). The masquerade includes vamping of publisher Cary Grant, who begins by being hostile to the campaign—and ends, completely subjugated and in love. Grand humorous and satirical touches. A-1 performance.

DOUBLE DOOR—Paramount

THIS drama about the sister (Mary Morris) who cruelly rules over relics of an ancient family: (Kent Taylor, Anne Revere) and concentrates her venom on Evelyn Venable, Kent’s bride, seems a fantasy out of the past. But the mood seizes you and holds you in rapt horror. A pathological, melodramatic plot, timed expertly for suspense, and a pulse-pounding climax make this picture genuinely thrilling.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS—Fox

A GIRL’S mad infatuation for an older man is a dangerous thing, author Warner Baxter discovers when being kind to a young poetess (Rochelle Hudson) results in her suicide. A clever picture, intelligently directed, with its share of suspense, believable characterization and story logic. Baxter is perfectly cast, Rochelle Hudson does her best work. Rosemary Ames, Mona Barrie, Henrietta Crosman.

HALF A SINNER—Universal

IN this film version of “Alias the Deacon,” Berton Churchill scores again. He is the benign benefactor, cheating cheats in sub rosa poker game, winning back mortgage on Alexandra Carlisle’s hotel, presenting it to her, and departing for “other fields.” Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane, also acquainted with the “Deacon,” provide love interest. Young Mickey Rooney does a good comedy job.
Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE WITCHING HOUR—Paramount

AUGUSTUS THOMAS’ famous play seems a bit old-fashioned. However, it probably depends whether you are impressed by the occult. Gambler John Halliday, the possessor of uncanny hunches, unintentionally hypnotizes his prospective son-in-law (Tom Brown) and causes him to commit murder. The romance between Judith Allen and Tom Brown is appealing. A good cast makes it plausible drama.

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio

ACTION takes place on Henry Stephenson’s Australian sheep ranch in latter part of 18th century. With Richard Dix, swaggering bandit lover, and impresario Conway Tearle both aiding Irene Dunne in attaining fame as concert singer. After triumphing in European capitals, she escapes with Stingaree (Dix). Irene sings beautifully. Mary Boland, Una O’Connor and Andy Devine provide hilarity.

NOW I’LL TELL—Fox

HIGHLIGHITED with scenes of wondrous beauty, this story of Catherine of Russia is a dull presentation of the life of the German princess (Marlene Dietrich) brought to Russia by the Empress (Louise Dresser) to marry half-wit Grand Duke Peter (Sam Jaffe). Embittered at the horrible termination of her romantic ideals, she favors the army officers who succeed in making her Empress. John Lodge effective.

WE’RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount

MRS. ARNOLD ROTSTEIN’S story of the life and death of her daring husband. The only thing he recognized as wrong was failure, his only enduring respect was for his wife. He progresses from a small-time gambler to “King” of gamblers, and to his ultimate downfall. Spencer Tracy gives convincing performance as Rotstein. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife, and Alice Faye his girl friend. Good support.

GRACIE ALLEN is psychoanalyzed. and drives the analyst crazy, in this uproarious comedy. Gracie, George Burns, Joan Marsh and the rest never make sense once, which is a record in anybody’s language. Resume of plot is no use, because Gracie takes care of that—and you can’t define Gracie. Guy Lombardo’s orchestra, Veloz and Yolanda.

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 84]
Actors

Don't Grow Old

George Arliss
tells

Elza Schallert

The Disraelis or Rothschilds of history, or down-to-earth characters—Arliss plays all roles with equal zest. Variety is freshening to his art.

There's no denying that work takes on something of a thrill when the assignment happens to be an interview with Clark Gable, or Fredric March, or Bob Montgomery, or a dozen other romantic heroes of the screen.

But I must confess that spending the tea hour with Mr. George Arliss in his home overlooking Los Angeles and the Hollywood hills, and listening to him talk about pictures, and the theater, and acting, is an experience of a rare, rare order, indeed. Like rich old wine. And charming, of course. It couldn't be otherwise.

An actor who has spent nearly a half century in the theater, and almost thirty years of that career on the American stage—and who has been a star in his own right for over twenty of those years, and of recent times a leading film luminary—naturally has observations to make which are illuminating. And these become doubly impressive because they have been reduced by him to their simplest denominators.

Arliss talks in a live, brisk tempo. When he is citing an anecdote or emphasizing a point with humorous inflection, he watches you closely with a sly twinkle in his eyes, to note whether you are catching on. There is a bit of the Peck's Bad Boy quality about him. Mischievous! Incidentally, he has the bluest eyes I've ever seen in a man—the color of Dutch blue glazed pottery (he always wears that monocle, too).

A first meeting with Arliss is something of an auster ceremony. He has never quite lost his native English reserve, despite his many years in America. He does not give spontaneously of himself in the beginning. One feels rather that he holds himself back in order to look over the other fellow with due appraisal. And one also is conscious of being lifted up to a proper realization of who George Arliss is. I don't think Arliss deliberately tries to establish this mood. It is, perhaps, merely the result.

Twinkling his brightest at the age of sixty-six, Arliss talks of the energizing, rejuvenating art of acting.
Hot Weather Trifles

A summer classic, the white and brown pump. Ultimate in graceful line and lightness.

A cool wave for feet—Hollywood's pet low-heeled white kid sandal that even adds perforation to its strappy for perfect "airflow!"

Sketched this enchanting hat at the Brown Derby. Of linen crêpe with feather flowers and gay streamers in cerise ribbon.

Build a cool foundation to your summer chic by choosing this favorite all-in-one of the cinemaites. Cool as net—but firmly restraining.

Helen Vinson wears an amusing gingham basque waist with her linen slacks.
HOLLYWOOD
CINEMA
FASHIONS

HOLLYWOOD
CINEMA
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 locali-
ties. . . . Faithful copies
of these smartly styled and
moderately-priced gar-
ments, of which those
shown in this issue of
PHOTOPLAY are typical,
are on display this month
in the stores of representa-
tive merchants.

There's a childish lilt to Mary Car-
lisle's white gob hat with its navy
blue streamers, but her reefer coat is
nautical sophistication to its last nickel
button! Mary has chosen her acces-
sories skilfully—she matches the blue
braid on her coat with a navy handbag,
scarf and facings in her white pumps.
Her white crocheted string gloves are
the right detail for this spectator sports
costume. You may buy both hat and
costume, copied from "Merry Andrew"
PLAIDS are clannish this summer! Diana Wynyard, who appears in “Where Sinners Meet,” wears this charming plaid silk in a romantic scene with Clive Brook. The white silk piqué cuffs are reminiscent of the lines in our new off-the-face hats! Unusual buttons adroitly uses a color accent with her all-white costume. Bright tangerine crepe with confetti dots makes the scarf worn like a vestee, also the pocket handkerchief and wrist ties. Gail’s next will be “Murder at the Vanities.”

HERE’S a perfect formula for beach dress—a pair of blue and white checked wool slacks made with all the masculine dash, a white short-sleeved blouse also masculine as to tailoring, white open-toed sandals and a knitted beret. The sponsor—Marian Nixon!
From A Picture Setting To Your Own Summer One

The cool color of water, Aqua blue, for this summer silk frock which Claire Trevor wears in "Wild Gold." White mousseline de soie frills at collar and sleeves add a crisp detail. Fabric buttons around the neckline are used all the way down the front to provide an effective opening.

The title of the picture is "Call It Luck," and that is just how fortunate you will feel to be able to buy this simple wash frock worn by Pat Paterson. Coolest white cotton with a tucked bodice and great flaring cape-like collar of blue and white eyelet embroidered linen with bow...
EVENING frocks are a sheer delight this season. Marian Nixon, in "Embarrassing Moments," wears this gaily printed sheer cotton, above. The bodice has a primness about its turnover collar which the myriad ruffles below quite belie. Velvet ribbons further add to the old-fashioned charm of the dress.

A MORE conservative brim than the huge cartwheels everyone is wearing about Hollywood, is the one which shades Marian Nixon's eyes in this picture at right. All white except for a small twist of bright ribbon in front. The brim has an alluring irregularity, dipping smartly over the eyes.
"We're Not Dressing!"

- Seymour

The hats worn by Chinese coolies have inspired beach hat designs this summer. Fay Wray wears a modified version in the picture above. The brim is medium, sloping down from a peak and flaring out slightly, thus giving sun protection. Fay's is ribbon trimmed.

Marian Nixon's hatbox yields so many attractive bonnets this summer that this one can't be left out as a possibility for all of you! Every line of that irregular brim has been copied carefully. It is the perfect small sports hat, being in a ribbed fabric with shallow crown, not too wide brim, and having an arrangement of two ribbons that will go with any costume color scheme.

So perfectly does the title of Carole Lombard's picture fit this beach pajama which she wears in an important scene, that the title was lifted to fit this page! Navy blue jersey is the fabric, enormous plate-like white buttons are the trimming. And that's about all there is to describe this simple sporting outfit. Fussy beach clothes can never hope to equal its practical chic.
TIME out, on the set, for a lesson on how to stab your rival. Oh, just in fun, of course. Joseph Schildkraut, standing, tells Frank Morgan and Elissa Landi how to handle a fencing foil, while Director David Burton tries to get the trio's attention back to the script. They were supposed to be rehearsing lines for "Sisters Under the Skin"
The stakes must be high, for Mr. Dunn is taking the game seriously!
And Miss Gaynor considers carefully before she puts the card down. The spectator is Director John Blystone. Janet and Jimmy played rummy between shots on the "Change of Heart" set. Charlie wallpaper. Janet sometimesAPSHOTS, but didn't rumble

Mack Elliott
What's Ahead for Hepburn?

The director of her film hits says it is up to Kate to overcome the anguish of Broadway's snub

By Kenneth Baker

After the most amazingly contradictory first season career any screen actress ever experienced, Katharine Hepburn is facing the second episode of her melodramatic climb to movie greatness.

The first chapter has ended, leaving a bitter-sweet taste in her mouth. She has, in the short space of a few months, sampled the nectar of a world-acclaimed triumph and the wormwood of a dismal frustration of a personal ambition. And she has broken with her first husband.

Her freckled, artistic face is turned toward a future blurred and confused by what would seem to be a chaos of conflicting desires. Her career and her prestige waver in the balance, buoyed on one side by the unparalleled excellence of her record in "Morning Glory" and "Little Women"; and weighed down on the other by her disappointment in "Spitfire" and the failure of her meant-to-be Broadway stage triumph in "The Lake."

She is in the strange position of holding the highest honor screen-dom can give—the Academy award for the best acting of last year—and the worst affront Broadway can offer—the closing of her play after only a few weeks' run.

Monkey business! Even her staunchest admirers so describe some of Katie's capricious actions. In Hollywood now, Hepburn may fail. Or rise to still greater fame if—

In the play, "The Lake," with Colin Clive, Hepburn went through the torture of defeat. Some think her failure will affect her movie career.

It's an uncomfortable, torturing spot for any actress to stew on. Doubly uncomfortable and twice as torturing for an actress of Katharine Hepburn's extreme sensitivity, ambition and pride.

That her position is one which brought her anguish seems to be proved by the fact that immediately following the closing of the ill-fated "The Lake," she fled from herself, her friends and her public on a vague, purposeless trip abroad, and nervously returned in a few days. Even her bosom friend, Laura Harding, did not accompany her.

Then she hopped down to Yucatan and started proceedings for a Mexican divorce from Ogden Lullow Smith, financial advisor to a New York company. Laura Harding did go with her on this jaunt. And when Katharine returned she appeared in more gleeful spirits, even making herself accessible to the press. But when she was asked if she intended to marry Leland Hayward, her manager, she said she had no intention of wedding anyone. Hayward's wife, incidentally, also sued for a Mexican divorce. Poor Katie Hepburn!

A public idol—not fallen yet by any means. But super-sensitive and self-willed, creating ob-

[Please turn to page 114]
DEAR JEAN: You certainly didn’t bother about climbing that ladder to success that so many people talk about, did you? You just took it all in one leap and landed on top as a star.

More power to you!

A little over a year ago, when you played on the stage in “Saint Wench” with Helen Menken, I saw you many times from the audience.

But the night we were introduced, we were all in such a hurry that I didn’t have a chance to chat with you. That’s why I’m writing to you now. And I’m glad I waited, because I have much more to discuss with you than I would have had then. You see, your responsibility is much greater now.

To become a movie star is one thing. To remain a movie star is another. I’ve seen them come and go. Some last six months, a year or two, and then slowly they are pushed aside until they are forgotten. Others continue year after year having greater and greater success. Why? Because they are intelligent enough to realize that to keep the interest of the public they must give the best they have—and that doesn’t mean in acting alone. The next most important job for any actress is keeping physically fit and attractive, staying mentally alert and alive.

Some actresses sit back and say, “I’m a great movie star.” They stop right there, thinking that the public is awed by the very words, “movie star.” Well, believe me, darling, the American public is pretty smart. They demand perfection from their idols, and competition is so great that if they don’t find that perfection in one star, they watch for another.

Some of our movie stars who have been making personal appearances, now realize that just showing themselves is not enough, particularly when they’ve allowed themselves to get fat. Stars must be slim and lithe—not bumpy and bulgy. They must walk correctly and gracefully. The distance across a movie theater stage

You see, Jean, when you smile, that mouth of yours is a joy to behold! That’s why Sylvia, with the friendliest intentions, offers these facial exercises that will protect you, and other girls, against drooping lips.

You mustn’t squint like that! Your eyes aren’t as big as some of the other stars’, and, if you are going places and see things—and be seen—you’d better listen to Sylvia.
Eyes Have "It,"
Sylvia Advises
Jean Muir

is considerably longer than that across a Hollywood set, and in the theater the public has a chance to get a good eyeful of every waddle and bump.

I know, Jean, you are smart enough to realize that what I'm telling you is not idle talk. It is frank, yes, and outspoken—that's my way. But I'm most sincere when I tell you that I want you to be one of our lasting stars. I want you to be one of the great artists of the industry. If my humble advice and help can be of any value, you're welcome to it at any time.

Some girls in Hollywood can't take it. But, Jean, for goodness' sake, don't you ever get that way. Remember, darling, when anyone gets the fantastic idea that she can't improve herself, it's the beginning of the end. The way up is glorious. The way down is heartbreaking. And that goes for anyone in any walk of life. So remember that what I'm telling you is for your own good.

I saw you in "As the Earth Turns," and with Dick Barthelmess in "A Modern Hero." Fine performances, both of them. But here are some of the things I noticed. Your eyes aren't as large as some of the stars' eyes. But that doesn't matter, they're expressive. Norma Shearer's eyes aren't large, either, and look what she has done with them with proper make-up. But you, Jean, further handicap yourself by squinting in some of your scenes.

Yes, I know—those lights under which you work are terrible. That's why you must have good,

On page 80 Sylvia solves the beauty problems of many who have written to her
Can't Get London Off Her Mind

WHEN Mona Barrie was ten years old, she left London, her birthplace, behind. Many times since, she started out to see London once more, but something always interfered. Not so very long ago, she thought the time had come when she was going to make it. Mona had finished well up in fame on the Australian stage, particularly from her work in "Autumn Crocus" and "Bitter Sweet."

Mona booked passage to London, by way of the United States. She arrived on the West Coast from Australia, but gave not one thought to visiting Hollywood. It was her first trip, too. No, she was headed for home this time, no stop-offs. So, New York was reached. Home was now only five days away.

Then it happened. She was riding on top of a double-deck Fifth Avenue bus when a Fox executive, who was a fellow passenger, saw her. He tracked her to her hotel, learned who she was and arranged for her to take a screen test.

Right then and there her trip home was indefinitely postponed again. Fox liked the test; gave her a contract.

Her first picture was "Sleepers East," "Carolina" followed. Next came "All Men Are Enemies" and "Such Women Are Dangerous." Mona was then loaned to Columbia for a featured part in the Grace Moore picture, "One Night of Love."

But, in Hollywood, Mona keeps pretty much to herself. She has very few friends, lives alone in the Hollywood hills, and there buries herself in books. Not that she couldn't be popular if she wanted to—people around the studio are fond of this smartly gowned, gracious girl. But she even rides and swims alone. And she just can't get London off her mind.

Moral: Don't Be Too Anxious

I'M too busy," countered the irritated young man, who was born Ralph Zink and changed his name to Donald Woods. "Can't you see I haven't time to make a picture test?"

It took twenty minutes to revive the picture scout from Warner Brothers' Hollywood studio. The news spread, and two other major studios entered the game. A lively bidding followed for this talented stock leading man, who displayed such indifference toward pictures. He knew about Hollywood—went to high school there, in fact—and two good stock jobs were in hand. His psychology worked perfectly on the movie men.

Forty-eight hours after he arrived in Hollywood with the persevering scout, Donald had settled his wife and two-year-old son, "Splinter," in a house, signed a seven-year-contract with the Warners at a very healthy salary—and gone to work in his first picture, an important lead in "As the Earth Turns."

He is good in it. Why not? In seven years Donald played two hundred and twenty-three parts with stock companies, and two good roles on Broadway. At twenty-eight, he is a veteran actor. He was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and brought to California when a baby. He is a naturalized American, played football at the University of California. Broke his nose and says the doctor who fixed it improved his profile.

In college, he met Josephine van der Horck, who would be a baroness if nobility were still in vogue in Germany. They have been married six years.

Donald prefers light comedy, but his nearest approach to it in Hollywood was being "dunked" several times in a cold ocean for "Fog Over 'Frisco." And that wasn't so funny at the time.

He has been loaned to Fox for "Charlie Chan's Courage."
SUMMER ought to mean the happiest season for us all. A season of gaiety, being yourself and doing things. Bright skies, inviting waters, golf, tennis, vacations, cunning sports clothes and slithery chiffons. All the things that girls like. But, like all good things, there's a darker side. And it's spelled in three words—sunburn, freckles and tan!

Think for a moment of the dollars, time and distress spent in correcting this harvest of summer. Instead of correcting this year, prevent. The whole moral of my story is that a few minutes for prevention will save hours of correction. And to prevent, you will need perhaps just one or two of the following preventives: reliable protective oil or cream, foundation in any form, plenty of powder, and a good bleach and nourishing cream to be used after exposure.

As a matter of fact, you can draw upon mother's pantry closet for several good preventives, but since we've all been educated to lovely containers, sweet smells and a certain sense...
A Small Place

for our sunburn, freckle and tan exhibits A to K, because of the
great variety in skin tone and texture. These eleven girls were
brought to the Coast by Earl Carroll, and the additional ones in
the cast chosen from the Paramount studio.

California was the perfect place for our test, because in addition
to its brilliant skies and sparkling waters, California can't
be beat for a dry, sunburning climate.

We start with Beryl Wallace, a dusky brunette with black
hair and eyes and a dead white skin. That's a matchless com-
bination for beauty if you can keep that skin white. Once it is
darkened, you're just another brunette. And in spite of the
beach and tennis, Beryl is still white by a clever little idea.

Before any exposure she covers her face and neck with a dark
shade of liquid powder, and over this base puts on her make-up.
The sun makes no inroads on her white skin. The liquid powder
is, in itself, very protective, but over that, you see, you lay an
additional veil of powder, perhaps a little cream rouge. The
combination makes you doubly safe from the sun.

You can work the same magic on arms, shoulders, back and legs.

But as perfect as this precaution was for Beryl, it

won't work with all. Anya Taranda and Evelyn

Kelly are the fairest of blondes, with delicate, pink

complexions. They tried Beryl's way, and

freckles were generously sprinkled over their

respective noses after each outdoor venture.

Anya discovered that by applying a strong

bleach to her nose and checks as soon as she

finished swimming or tennis, the freckles dis-
appeared or became light enough to cover

with powder. Evelyn followed this method

also. After each bleaching treatment both
girls used generous applications of nourish-
ing cream to counteract any dryness that

might be caused by sun, wind and bleach.

If you, reader, are blonde, inclined to

freckle, you must employ the examples

of Beryl, Anya and Evelyn. The trick

being to prevent all you can and cor-
rect a little as you go along. For

your type of skin is "duck soup" to

sun and wind. And if you

wait until September or Octo-

A few sprays of special hair

fragrance is one of Helen Vin-

son's pet nocturnal tricks. This

essence blends perfectly with

all scents

Linda Parker is

wisely planning her

campaign for a per-

fect tan. Plenty of

protective oil on

shoulders, back

and legs is the

secret of her sun-
tan success

Skin lotion applied

well to the neck

prevents discolored

circles and V's from

wind and sun.

Phyllis Barry sug-

gests this for all

summer girls

of luxury in our toilet preparations, the tempta-
tion to go out and buy something nice in a bottle
or jar is very strong. And I'm with you there.
Your cup of olive oil and vinegar, half in half, is
a great aid to a nice tan, but I'd rather have a
sweet-smelling fluid in a smart bottle any day.
And so would most of you.

In looking about Hollywood, I chose eleven

girls from the cast of "Murder at the Vanities,"
in the Sun

For your bleaching, you'll have a long, hard job on your hands—or face, rather.

Leda Nacova, Russian, brown-haired, brown-eyed, found that California dried her skin. And California isn't the only place that has this neat little way of ruining your skin. It happens everywhere.

Leda immediately gave up a soap-and-water facial for the time and resorted to a liquefying cleansing cream. Then she used a nourishing oil on her skin before retiring, and over her entire body before taking a bath. The pores, opened by the warmth of the bath, absorbed the oil. There are some delightful oils and creams made expressly for this pre-bath treatment, and they leave your body as smooth and fine as a baby's.

Ernestine Anderson found another treatment for the prevailing ailment of feminine skins in the West-dryness. Ernestine has fair skin and red hair, which at once puts her into that class which shies away from summer as it would a disease. Powder wouldn't stay on Ernestine's face and her nose peeled. So, in addition to the use of cleansing and nourishing cream, she used a foundation cream that left her skin moist, and over this applied make-up. It was the moist quality of the cream that saved Ernestine further skin worry. If your skin is fine and fair, this type of foundation is perfect, for it not only protects but enhances your appearance. It gives you that fresh, dewey look. Ernestine used it on both face and neck.

Wanda Perry, with brown hair and eyes, had only roughened lips to worry about. After applying her powder, she touched her lips with cold cream, and over the oily base applied lipstick. The result was ravishing. This gives that screen-mouth effect, about which so many of you write me. It gives a tempting gloss, almost, to the lips.

Marion Callahan and Constance Jordon are both ash blondes and their secrets are synonymous. To ward off freckles and burn, both girls used plenty of vanishing cream and powder, and a nightly treatment that comprised steaming the face slightly to open the pores and then applying muscle oil mixed with nourishing cream. That, by the way, is a great night treatment for summer skin. It softens, lubricates and does wonders toward eradicating wrinkles and lines, especially about the eyes. For necks, too, that age prematurely, there's nothing like it. First, scrub lightly with a soft brush to remove any dead skin and arouse circulation, then spread on the muscle oil-nourishing cream mixture. Sleep with it on. It works on the younger and older neck alike.

Sidney Fox believes in the good old home remedy of equal parts of olive oil and vinegar sponged on skin to protect against wind and sun while at the beach. Apply this before and after exposure.

If you're blonde like Mary Carlisle, you'll find that your legs will burn as painfully as face or neck. Mary rubs a protective oil over thighs and legs. It's a wise self-defense.
The tan. Since the egg white is also very astringent, Dorothy applied plenty of nourishing cream later on.

This egg-white treatment, by the way, is a splendid pick-me-up after a tiring day when you have a big evening before you. It is especially helpful for the face that is coarsened and inclined to droop, because the tightening effect seems virtually to lift the face and refine the skin. If you use this before going out, let the white dry, rinse off in cold water and use a foundation. That night, use a nourishing cream if your skin is inclined to dryness. If it is oily, don't, because you will then need the general drying effect of the white.

Now you know the summer secrets of eleven of the "Murder at the Vanities" cast. Be guided by the type that you are, and the tricks will probably work as well for you as for Earl Carroll's eyefuls of beauty. And when you see the picture, you can smile to yourself and think, "I know how this one and that and the other one do it."

In casting my eye around Hollywood for other typical summer ideas, I came across Helen Vinson, golden haired, brown-eyed, with a deep peach skin. Helen also resorts to Sydney Fox's trick of olive oil and vinegar to induce a nice tan and to avoid too much.

Helen also passes on another little intimate summer secret. She has a perfect figure, but believing in the virtues of the right girdle to make you stand, sit and walk correctly, Helen wears a light, solid gum-rubber girdle from which she removes the garters, so there can.

Laurie Shevlin, a tiny brunette from Scotland, used a bleaching recipe handed down to her from her grandmother. She mixed equal parts of almond meal and water to a thick paste, and applied it to her cream-cleansed face and neck. When the paste was thoroughly dry, it was removed with warm water, and plenty of nourishing cream was then applied to the skin. This treatment keeps the Shevlin skin camellia-like, even in Hollywood.

Ruth Hilliard, a gray-eyed brunette, scrubbed her face daily with soap and water, but used an oily foundation beneath her make-up. Soap and water is usually the skin salvation of the oily type.

The pantry shelf came to the aid of the blue-eyed brunette, Dorothy Dawes. After a week-end of tennis and golf, Dorothy found unmistakable signs of suntan. She hurriedly applied the beaten white of an egg to her cream-cleansed face. It's Dorothy's way of combating too much
**Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels**

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels. Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

_Camel’s costlier tobaccos are Milder_
ETHEL MERMAN—she's got rhythm and she's got everyone asking about her. Her performance in "We're Not Dressing" has the picture-goers saying that when "better torch songs are sung, Ethel will sing 'em."

Neighbors heard her first try-out when she entered this merry old world on January 16, 1909. The place was Astoria, Long Island, just across the river from the Great White Way. As a youngster she was always called upon to entertain at parties. Won prizes when she sang in contests in neighborhood theaters.

When she graduated from Bryant High School she secured a secretarial position, but spent her evenings singing in local night clubs. An introduction to Archie Mayo, motion picture director, resulted in a six months' movie contract. However, no suitable roles were available at that time, so she joined Clayton, Jackson and Durnate. Engagements at New York and Florida night clubs followed and a vaudeville tour which culminated at the Palace Theater. Next came motion picture shorts at the Astoria Studio and engagements at the New York and Brooklyn Paramount Theaters.

Ethel's first real recognition came when, on the opening night of "Girl Crazy" she stopped the show with her blazing torch singing. Then she appeared in George White's "Scandals" and "Take a Chance."

Her real name is Ethel Agnes Zimmerman. For professional purposes she dropped the "Zim" and thus got the name you know her by. She is 5 feet, 6½ inches tall, weighs 118 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Is of Scotch-German descent, the Scotch having the upper hand. Her favorite color is red, and her greatest ambition is to be a dramatic actress.

ARDENE ANDERSON, OAKLAND, CAL.—The twin girls who appeared with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch" were Cleora Joan and Glorea Jean Robb.

A SAGINAWIAN, SAGINAW, MICH.—The picture "Court Martial" was produced by Columbia in 1928. The cast included Jack Holt, Betty Compson, Pat Harmon, Doris Hill, Frank Lackteen, Frank Austin, George Todd and Zack Williams. Robert Armstrong was born in your home town. His latest picture is "Manhattan Love Song" in which he appears with Dixie Lee. Bob is fancy free at this writing.

CHARLOTTE BRUNSTEIN, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Margaret Sullivan was divorced from her husband, Henry Fonda, last year. Her new picture is "Little Man, What Now?".

JOSEPH KIKER, BRECKENRIDGE, TEX. — Buster Crabbe is a native of Oakland, Calif. He was married to Adah Virginia Held, April 13, 1933. His latest picture is "You're Telling Me."

WILLIAM FISHER, NEW YORK CITY.—The last three pictures of that grand character

Ethel Merman, the pretty blues singer, whose work in "We're Not Dressing" won her many new admirers. She gained fame singing in night clubs, vaudeville, musical comedy and radio

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, 227 W. 31st St., New York City.

Actor, Noble Johnson, is "King Kong," "White Woman," and "Son of Kong." I am sorry but I have no address for him at this time.

DAURICE HOYT, WEEDSPORT, N. Y.—Don't waste your time asking, just send your questions in and I will be glad to settle them for you. Spencer Tracy has been celebrating birthdays since April 5, 1900.

ROBERT H. MCRAE, SAN PEDRO, CAL.—The lad who played Brodley, Jr., in "Dancing Lady" was Maynard Holmes. He will be seen next in "Madame Dubarry" the new Dolores Del Rio picture.

THREE BLONDES, OMAHA, N. D.—Wouldn't Eddie Tamblyn, pint-sized collegian, be pleased to hear that you girls like his acting so much. Well, here's the low-down on Eddie. He was born in Yonkers, N. Y., January 5, 1912. Stands just 5 feet, 5½ inches high (he failed to tell whether that is with or without shoes), weighs 120 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is an expert horseman—he says so himself; plays golf and likes fishing and hunting. He originally intended to be an electrical engineer, but drifted into show business through winning a Charleston contest.

BEATRICE E. HIGGINS.—Lovely Kay Johnson was born in Mount Vernon, New York. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She appeared on the stage prior to making her talkie debut in "Dynamite." In private life she is Mrs. John Cromwell. Kay's latest pictures are "Eight Girls in a Boat" and "This Man Is Mine."

HELEN BOLLMAN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—After a vacation in Europe, New York and Miami, Gene Raymond has settled down to work again. He is appearing with Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee."

ERIC MESSUYER, YORK, ENG.—If you will give me further details on just what information you want on American pictures and stars, I will be pleased to advise you what to do about it. If you are interested in any particular stars and desire to keep in touch with their activities in the studios, you can do so by joining some of the Fan Clubs and corresponding with the officers of the clubs. I'll be waiting to hear from you.
Let the Eyes Have "It," Sylvia Advises Jean Muir

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

strong eyes to stand up under those lights. And, first of all, I want you to have my wonderful eye exercise to make you keep your eyes wide open, even when you're doing a great emotional scene. The rest of you girls can listen in, too, so that when you go to the beach this summer you won't squint under the glare of the sun—so you'll look attractive at all times. This exercise is also good for tired eyes.

Here goes. Shut your eyes for the flash of a second. Now look at the object farthest away, preferably something green. Next, look at a closer object and then closer, and still closer, until you're looking at your own lap. Why, your eyes seem rested already. They're not tense and tired any more, are they? Do that just before you begin a scene.

HERE'S ANOTHER EYE EXERCISE. This will strengthen the eye muscles and, therefore, keep away those tiny little lines that cluster about so many other attractive organs. Sit quiet. Without moving your head, look as far as possible out of the corner of your eyes over your left shoulder. Slowly move the eyes, without moving the head, until you're looking over your right shoulder. Then look up as far as you can. Then slowly, slowly bring the eyes down, and look down as far as you can. But never move your head. That's a marvelous exercise for you, Jean, and for every person who wants strong, bright eyes. Do that once a day, at least.

When the eyes are tired close them and very gently, in a rotary movement, roll two fingers of each hand over the lids. Then, with the thumbs, press right under the eyelids on that bone. Next, with the palms of the hands press on the temples just as hard as you can. Hard, darling, press plenty hard. That's right. Now, with the palms of the hands, press the forehead as hard as you can. When you've finished all that, rest for a little while, placing two pads of cotton soaked in witch-hazel over your eyelids. Just try that—all of you girls—for a month. You'll be amazed at how strong your eyes will become and how they will snap and sparkle.

Now a more thing about your face. You know, darling, you have lovely hair, a beautiful neck and a wonderful smile. I want you to smile more often because, at times, your mouth has a tendency to droop at the corners. Well, we've just got to get those corners up, because it makes you look older when you pull them down, and you're really so young.

Put your thumbs right under your cheek bones and work around until you find the muscles that control the corners of your mouth. When you're on the right spot you can feel those drooping corners lifting. Now, with the thumbs, press and move them in a slight rotary movement—just on those muscles. Relax and do it again. Do that any time you think of it. The more the better. The rest of you girls do that when you're sitting at your office desks or when you are reading a book at home. It will give you a much more cheerful expression. And, Jean, smile—smile a lot. You're beautiful when you do.

Now, darling, I want to give you a wonderful exercise for your bust. Even in those country woman costumes you have worn in your most recent pictures—particularly in “As the Earth Turns” and “A Modern Hero,” I could see that your bust was too large and also, because you're tall (and tallness is an advantage, not a defect) you need to do something about this. So I thought you might like to know about it. Well, don't do it, for that makes your bust look as if it says. Recently, I reduced a woman's bust thirteen inches. You don't need that much of a reduction, but you still have a problem.

With your two hands, squeeze and dig into the flesh and muscles of your back, just over the shoulder-blades. (I don't need to tell you that you mustn't touch the bust. I'm sure you have sense enough not to do that.) Those back muscles support the bust. You must make those muscles hard and firm so that they will support the bust properly. And this pinching and squeezing stimulates the glands so that the busts are pulled up where they belong.

Here's another grand bust exercise. This will reduce the bust and the upper arms, too. You must have someone to help you, and if your maid is shorter than you are, have her stand on a chair. In your stocking feet, stand with your face flat to a wall and reach up with your upper arms. Ask your helper grab you around the arms just below the elbows and hold you up against the wall. While she's trying to hold you up, you try to pull down until your heels touch the floor. Gosh! You can feel every muscle in your body pulling and stretching. Sure it hurts, but after you've done it, it's a wonderful feeling and particularly will you feel your bust lifting. Your upper arms will become thinner, too.

In working on the bust you mustn't expect miracles. You've got to have unlimited persistence, and don't forget to wear a good brassiere as a support.

I want you to eat plenty of red and white cabbage, and raw grated apples with lemon juice. I could give you my famous buttermilk diet for bust reducing, but since you don't need to take an ounce of flesh off your lower hips—in fact you need a couple of pounds there—I'd rather you would try the other methods I've given you. And, to develop your lower hips, at the back, and also your legs, here's a grand thing I'll do you a directive. I'll stick to my own job—that of telling you girls in Hollywood and all over the world how to be as beautiful as possible.

But there's just one thing I want to warn you about—since you are playing so many character roles—be careful not to get into the habit of slumping off-screen as the character demands that you do or that you look as if you can so easily become a habit. Don't take your screen personality into your private life.

There, darling, go to it. I hope not only you but all the other girls and women who read this letter find help in it.

I send you my best wishes for a successful and glamorous career.

Sincerely,

SYLVIA

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I am very anxious to follow your reducing system. I assure you that I will do exactly as you say. There is just one question I want to ask. Should the exercises be taken night or morning?

Mrs. R. J., Pittsburgh, Penna.

That's the spirit! It thrills me to hear somebody say she will follow my advice exactly. You see, there is just one question I want to ask you. Can you use your own judgment about when to take the exercises. I think a person has more pep in the morning and, therefore, does them more vigorously, but if you're too busy in the morning to do them thoroughly, then they take the time at night. A lot of the exercises are so simple that they can be taken during the day when you have a few minutes to spare. Make every moment count. You won't regret it.

My dear Sylvia:

Will you please tell me how to reduce my cheeks?

B. D. N., Riverside, Calif.

You don't tell me in what places you want the cheeks reduced, and you know that certain muscles control other muscles; but, as I have said so many times and now repeat, you can model your own face exactly as a sculptor models moist clay. However, you must be just as careful—if not more so—than your face as an artist is with his masterpiece. Very, very

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]
"I Love Summer Clothes"

says Fay Wray

"It's so easy to keep them fresh and smart with LUX"

"With such exciting new cottons and gorgeous washable silks nowadays, summer clothes have loads of smartness. But, of course, they must be absolutely fresh to look their best.

"That's why Luxable clothes are so heavenly. Just a whisk through a froth of lukewarm Lux suds, and they look grand as new. My maid always tests the color first in clear water—then we know if it's safe in water alone, it can be trusted to gentle Lux."

Why don't YOU try this Hollywood care for your own summer things? Lux will keep them fresh and unfaded. But don't risk cake-soap rubbing or using ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali. These things are often disastrous to color and fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps lovely frocks new looking all summer long.

"Lux is marvelous, too, for keeping lingerie fresh and lovely without fading the color," FAY WRAY says. "And how it cuts down stocking runs!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios . . .

Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe department, says: "In my job it's important to know how to take the best possible care of costumes and stockings worth many thousands of dollars. I depend on Lux. It has proved an invaluable economy and a wonderful help in cutting down replacement bills. Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments—silk, cotton, wool."

Kalloch, Columbia stylist, discusses costumes and color with Fay Wray, lovely young star of Columbia's "BLACK MOON."

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck TRUST TO LUX
Even “first timers” get good snapshots with Verichrome. This adaptable film tolerates exposure errors... you’ll get good pictures even when the timing is not right just in front.

How VERICHROME differs from ordinary film
1. Double-coated, Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Haloation “fuzz” prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Treatment, instead of transparent. Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

VERICHROME FILM

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VERIC...
How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don’t just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots
SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox

A NICELY naughty whimsy about what happens to a playboy under the influence of Spring and "a good pure woman." Otto Kruger is a charming Henry, and Nigel Bruce is exactly Johnny, the smug Britisher who feels playful, too. Nancy Carroll is perfectly cast, as is Heather Angel, the "good woman." Herbert Mundin is the valet.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio

A most astonishingly funny picture that should have been amusing, at least, but just isn't. Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez are a radio team in need of good gags (like the film). William Gargan, an agent, procures poet Norman Foster as gag man. He becomes a sensation, but eventually fails, is deserted by everyone and is finally brought back to success by wife Marian Nixon. Sterling Holloway good.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia

SUDDENLY obsessed with desire to recapture his lost youth, forty-nine-year-old Frank Morgan takes a last wild fling at romance (in the person of Elissa Landi). Morgan does a convincing characterization and Doris Lloyd, as his society wife, is superb. Composer Joseph Schildkraut plays Elissa's young sweetheart. Some strong scenes.

THE BLACK CAT—Universal

ALTHOUGH Boris Karloff manages to look reasonably sinister, this isn't the chiller it is intended to be. The film takes you through one night and day in the fanatic's mysterious abode, where Bela Lugosi, who has an all-consuming horror of cats, David Manners and his bride, Jacqueline Wells, struggle to save the room. Plot holds little suspense.

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount

ONE of those comedy-murder mysteries which doesn't succeed in being either. However, you'll probably overlook the obvious plot when the laughs start rolling. Story centers around real estate operator Lew Cody's undetermined murder or suicide. Phillips Holmes, fiancé of Lew's daughter, Mary Brian, becomes involved. Ned Sparks, ZaSu Pitts.

SMARTY—Warners

ANOTHER marital mix-up in which Joan Blondell, as the vexatious wife, starts out with Warren William and after a divorce marries Edward Everett Horton. Only to return later to husband Number One. There is a definitely light touch throughout the film, but it attempts to go dramatic in spots that ought to have been entirely devoted to humor. Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd adequate.

WILD GOLD—Fox

THIS misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns come back to life by a long shot. There isn't much excuse for anything that happens and only through efforts of a good cast does the picture rate notice. John Boles plays a drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, cabaret girl. Roger Imhof, as the old desert prospector, is excellent.

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal

A MURDER mystery solved in a unique way. Camera cleverly goes back of scenes and shows you events that the inspector never finds out. And the whole thing never would have happened if Paul Lukas hadn't used the women in his life as heroines of his novels. Lukas gives a polished performance. Dorothy Burgess handles a perpetual gag well. Sara Hedien, Patricia Ellis, Murray Kinnell.

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia

JACK HOLT is excellent in a powerful melodramatic yarn. Railroaded on a murder charge, he takes a death notice while in prison to free his bride Lila Lee from marriage. Years later, now a big time gambler, his daughter (a reporter) recognizes him. To protect Lila, remarried, "Enoch Arden" Holt shoots his way—and himself—out of a jam. Jean Arthur charming as daughter. Donald Cook.

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.

GAY, amusing situations, a cast of capable players and grand dialogue make this newspaper story entirely satisfactory entertainment. Professed woman-hater Wallace Ford clears June Clyde, suspected of murdering her husband, and falls in love with her. Fuzzy Knight gives a standout comedy performance. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers, Alexander Carr do nice work, too.

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal

A COMEDY of errors with Edward Everett Horton, as usual, making most of the errors. When Horton decides he loves Renee Gaild, wife Genevieve Tobin agrees to a divorce providing he secures another husband for her. And thereby hangs a tale. Paul Cavanagh, a family friend, plots with the wife to help win back her husband. Plot succeeds, but then Genevieve finds she's in love with Cavanagh. Just fair.

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National

A MODERATELY exciting mystery-romance. The mystery revolves around a wealthy society girl, Bette Davis, who desires excitement and so becomes a "fence" in the stolen security racket. Romance is supplied by Margaret Lindsay, as Bette's younger sister, and Donald Woods, newspaper reporter. Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron also in cast.

THE PARTY'S OVER—Columbia

WHAT might have been a collection of keen characterizations is hereby relegated to the limbo of anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin wants to paint, but instead juggles figures to support his shiftless family. However, his secretary (Anna Sothern) speeding the break, and then the party is over when Stu gives them the air. Indifferent support.

SMOKING GUNS—Universal

WRONGLY accused of murder, Ken Maynard impersonates the officer who was to bring him in. But he can't fool the police-mans sweetheart (Gloria Shea). No sub. A glaring example of why Westeners are practically washed up. But the youngsters may go for it. Then there's Tarzan, Ken's horse.

CHEATERS—Liberty

BILL BOYD, leader of a group of racketeers just released from prison, picks up June Collyer, also just "out." The gang makes her into a "lady" to capture the heart of wealthy Alan Mowbray. The tables are turned—Bill falls in love with June and makes them all go straight. Dorothy Mackail is amusingly hard-boiled. William Collyer Sr.

THE LOUD SPEAKER—Monogram

A MUSING tale of a small town lad (Ray Walker) who goes to New York, wins a radio audition and becomes a sensation. He falls in love with Jacqueline Wells, a poor but proud actress, and secures her a radio job. But success finally goes to his head and he hits the skids, only to be brought back by Jacqueline. Interesting and well done.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Fox-Gaumont-British

BASED on Margaret Kennedy's popular novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger. As a musician friend of the family, Brian Aherne gives an exquisite portrayal. All cast members are English, including Virginia Hopper, the constant nymph in love with Aherne from girlhood to womanhood. An emotion-stirring drama for intelligent audiences.

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram

AFTER reading the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim, one is apt to expect more than this film offers. The night before his wedding to Mary Brian, playboy John Darrow is arrested for murder. He escapes on the way to prison and tracks down the real criminal in Monte Carlo. Excellent photography.

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic

IF it weren't for the credible work of each player, this film about the divorce racket would be of no account whatever. Having always abided by a strict code of ethics, lawyer Edward Arnold resorts to unethical practice only when he finds his wife (Dorothy Revier) is unsatisfied. John Miljan, Barry Norton, Arletta Duncan. Not for children.

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British

THIS film version of Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Never Come Back," is a cheery little farce. It boasts an entirely British cast, headed by Tom Walls, as a slick crook. He plans to rob a society leader, but falls in love with her daughter (Carol Goodson). Action takes place aboard a yacht and in Monte Carlo.
Join America's gayest Radio Party! Hear Borden's "45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

EVERY SUNDAY AT 10:30 P.M., E. D. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK

Never a dull moment... something doing every minute in this gala Borden parade of movieland!
There's nothing "made-up" about this show of thrills. It's fact, not fancy—bringing you the true Hollywood, the glamorous Hollywood!
Tune in this Sunday evening on Borden's "45 Minutes in Hollywood."
Make a note now of this: 10:30 P.M., E. D. S. T. (9:30 P.M., E. S. T.), Columbia Broadcasting System.

The stars are going places... and you're included! Roam around Hollywood with vivacious Ginger Rogers, RKO star, interviewed on this program.

We're going on location now. Come on along! Learn how a big film is made, right down to the fadeout. The picture is RKO's "Stingaree" with lovely Irene Dunne.

Tonight we dance... strike up the band, Mark Warnow! Hear the hits from the latest pictures played by this sparkling orchestra. And just try to keep your feet still!

We've just finished a picture. Preview it with us! It's Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant in their new Paramount Picture, "Thirty Day Princess."

Presented by the makers of BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK
Borden's Cheeses, and other fine dairy products
Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly
Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

Many a girl who thinks she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not thoroughly free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!
Precious Elements in this Soap.

In this soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin your Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "SMARTY"

I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin.
Buffet Supper—Southern Style

ENTERTAINING Sunday night? And you can’t decide what to serve? Then let charming Helen Vinson, who hails from Houston, Texas, come to the rescue with one of her favorite menus—

Peach Cocktail Southern Fried Chicken
Hot Biscuits Shredded Raw Carrots
Cold Asparagus Tips Watermelon Pickle
Egg-nog Float Coffee

Helen’s meal is always carefully planned in advance. And guests are never conscious of any last minute fluttering about on the part of their hostess. All foods are in proper dishes, in refrigerator, ready to be set out at a moment’s notice.

*Peach Cocktail*—Peel and slice peaches and soak one-half hour in brandy, enough to cover.

*Southern Fried Chicken*—Have fowl cut up, roll in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper, fry in deep, very hot fat.

*Biscuits*—Sift 4 level teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 tablespoon salt with 2 cups flour. Mix in with tips of fingers lard size of an egg and 1 teaspoon butter. Work lightly with water and a very little milk until right consistency, and roll on board. Cut with biscuit cutter, and put in pan. Oven is turned on when guests are eating cocktails. Serve hot.

Orange Mayonnaise is served with finely shredded raw carrots. It is prepared as usual, except that orange instead of lemon juice or vinegar is used as flavoring.

Vinaigrette Dressing is set out in boats, to be served with cold asparagus tips. Method: Mix well 3 cups vinegar, chopped parsley, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, dash of paprika, 1 teaspoon onion juice.

*Watermelon Pickle*—This can be bought all ready to serve. But you may prefer the home product.

Cut rind into pieces and weigh. One-half melon usually makes about 2 1/2 pounds, and this recipe is for that amount.

Make syrup of 2 1/2 pounds sugar, 1 1/4 pints vinegar, 1/2 ounce cloves, 1/2 ounce stick cinnamon and let come to boil.

Cover fruit with hot water and boil until you can pierce with straw. Then drain off water, put fruit into syrup and let boil up once. Put in stone crock and let stay covered for 3 days. Then pour off syrup and boil. Now pour over fruit in jars. It will keep indefinitely.

*Egg-nog Float*—Whip 2 quarts of cream, mix with 1 cup of sugar, add rye whiskey to taste. Serve in meringue shells.

Clever use of liquor as a flavoring is an art in which the Southerner excels. Plug in coffee urn when guests start eating chicken, so coffee is ready with dessert.
Dear Betty Crocker:
In Hollywood we have to keep up our vitality. So much depends on it—our looks, our ability. They tell us to be sure we get enough energy food—like bread. I eat bread in some form at every meal.

Thelma Todd

The fascinating Thelma Todd adds many delightful high spots of comedy to the new Wheeler and Woolsey laugh riot, "Cockeyed Cavaliers," an RKO-Radio Picture.

109 NEW WAYS TO SERVE BREAD
BY BETTY CROCKER, MENU EXPERT

Free! This fascinating new book of recipes and menus, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)." By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Clever suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make tasty, well balanced meals. Tempting menus for every occasion. Intriguing ideas for sandwiches, appetizers, accompaniments for soups, salads. Interesting new uses for the delicious breads, and other baked wheat products, supplied you in delightful variety, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK
Offer good only within continental limits of U. S. A.

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me your valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name.............................................................
Street or R. F. D. No...........................................
City..............................................................
State............................................................

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Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!
“Extremities” In Fashion

By Carolyn Van Wyck

Another idea that came out last summer and of which you will see more this year is that stocking-toned leg make-up, a cream-like affair that you simply smooth over your legs, then slip on your sports shoes or beach sandals, and away you go without a thought of stockings. It comes in a variety of shades, is easy to apply, and leaves you feeling so cool and free, and looking well leg-groomed. The younger set simply loves it, and it saves stocking cost and bother.

Another summer idea comes to us from the RKO cameramen, who insist that all stars, whether blonde, red, black or brown-haired, use the same colored hairpins in pictures—gray. The camera, it seems, will not pick up gray, whereas black or gold stands out like a beacon light. The point for us is that pins must match your hair. Nothing is more annoying than to see a lovely blonde head marred by a black hairpin here and there. And of course the gold hairpin is just as much out of place on the brunette. If you will take the trouble to investigate at the notions department of any store, you will find hairpins as perfectly styled for your needs as your hat or summer sandals.

Ann Harding’s simple madonna coiffure has been the butt of much controversy. Is it or isn’t it right for Ann? I think it is. A while ago I published in this department some pictures of Ann nicely curled, just to see what you readers thought. If there is still any doubt in your mind, watch out for “The Life of Vergie Winters,” Ann’s new picture. Because it covers a period of time from 1910 to 1932, the star will vary her coiffure in keeping with the different times. Watch for the picture and see what you think about Ann’s hair.

Virginia Pine has a very homey slant on her beauty methods. Her tastes in both clothes and toilet preparations are very simple.

“I wash my face with soap and water and then apply honey,” she said when asked about her pink and white skin. “The honey remains on about twenty minutes and then I sponge it off, adding an ice rub to the treatment.”

There are several comfortable ways to use ice. If you prefer it directly on your face, swathe it first in cotton. It’s much easier to handle this way and will not slip.

Jean Harlow’s method is to toss several cubes in a basin of cold water and bathe her face in this.

At this point, Carolyn is sleuthing about Hollywood trying to find out how the stars manage to look and feel as crisp and cool as a lettuce leaf in August. Watch for Hollywood’s solution in the next issue.

A new edition of our leaflet, “Sunburn, Freckles and Tan,” offers some practical solutions for your summer skin worries. Leaflets on general skin ailments, hair, lovely eyes and a home manicure are also yours for the usual stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Please send a separate envelope for each leaflet. All information offered is based on the beauty practices of the stars plus our own knowledge of what is right and safe for you. Your letters have our conscientious and prompt attention.

Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Matching nail lacquer for finger and toe adds a filip to your summer costume, beach, evening or boudoir, thinks Betty Furness. Rich rose tone blends perfectly with her blonde skin.

Greta Nissen presents an interesting theory on hosiery and shoes. Nothing is so flattering to the leg contour as that unbroken line of color. She always matches her tones, tan, beige or bronze.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]
Advice to Blondes on Make-Up

by Genevieve Tobin

...As told to Florence Vendelle

"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction...so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

Whatever your type...blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead...there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

Just fill in the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose ten cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...Free. 1-7-32 © Max Factor
AND now Lee Tracy is an angel, even if Mae West isn't. Isabel Jewell was just about the most disappointed little girl in town when M-G-M failed to take up her option. But the reporter who hinted it might be because the studio and the boy friend, Lee Tracy, were at odds, got the dressing-down of his life. "How dare you suggest that 'Angel' had anything to do with it," stormed the faithful little Jewell. "And don't you dare blame him. It was my own fault, not 'Angel's.'"

SHE had to become a mother to do it. Louise Fazenda is Hollywood's latest important "discovery"! Louise, who masked her talent for years in slapstick roles, practically went off the screen when the talkies came in. She returned occasionally, but never regained the importance she once enjoyed. Now, after becoming a mother, Louise has blossomed forth and attracted the attention of movie-goers and producers alike. Result—an M-G-M term contract—her first since the old silent days.

"LOOK at me—I'm practically naked!" Such a disturbing scream came from Lupe Velez at the Little Club the other night. And the reason was that Lupe was sporting only one diamond ring.

All the rest of her famous "ice" was in the safe deposit box at the bank, during the confusion of redecorating her home.

AND of course you've heard about the Earl Carroll "Vanities" cutie who strolled into a famous Hollywood book shop and asked the clerk for the book called, "Little Man, So What?"

ELIZABETH BERGNER's sensation in the British produced picture, "Catherine the Great," will be followed up by her in person this fall on the New York stage in her current London stage success, "Escape Me Never." Charles B. Cochran, London producer, the manager, is due in America to arrange for the opening of "Escape Me Never." More significant, he will confer with movie executives, particularly Fox.

DOLORES DEL RIO's bedroom is upstairs, and her husband's, Cedric Gibbon's, is right below hers, downstairs. A ladder and a trapdoor through his closet ceiling leads to Dolores' room. Pretty romantic, we call it.

For a gag and comfort, Jack Oakie wore a tweed coat with his tuxedo to a Hollywood party. Prefers an apple to caviar, too.

GEORGE JESSEL, after his marriage to Norma Talmadge in Atlantic City, said he has never been happier in his life. "Why—I've been waiting nine years," said George, "and it was worth it." Norma and George are furnishing a Park Avenue, New York, home.

J. P. McEVOY, the writer, talking to a visiting writer said, "The most marvelous and intriguing thing about Hollywood is, that everything you hear, and everything you make up about Hollywood is true. Or comes true!"

CLARK GABLE was at the recent Spinsters' Ball, exclusive social soiree of Los Angeles. At the Spinsters, girls cut in on the men. Five hundred eager debutantes! For Clark, the evening was something like a game of rugby. No sooner would one cooing, little, starry-eyed girl snuggle into his arms than a smack at her elbow would jerk her away and another was in her place. It went on until six the next morning.

NO news of the Marquis' homecoming as yet, and Hollywood is beginning to wonder if the separation is a harbinger of anything permanent. Meanwhile, Connie Bennett doesn't seem to be lonely. She and Gilbert Roland are stepping out to the screen colony's dining spots. They slipped in late at "The House of Rothschild" premiere to dodge the photographers, but not late enough.

GEORGE BRENT has moved bag and baggage from the Chatterton bungalow, and is now occupying an ordinary dressing-room. His hair turned quite gray.

"Chu Chin Chow" comes to life on the screen. Anna May Wong, who left Hollywood for English pictures, is dressed for the rôle of Zhour in British-Gaumont's movie version of the musical comedy.
SURE... AT THAT MOBILDEALER'S RIGHT AHEAD!

"AREN'T YOU GOING TO FILL'ER UP?" "SURE... AT THAT MOBIL DEALER'S RIGHT AHEAD!"

With Mobil Oil Dealers Everywhere — why take chances with a fine, modern engine?

There's something behind the big grin on this car-owner's face. It's the grin that comes from owning a smooth-running car — and knowing the secret of how to keep it that way!

He has found out this about modern automobiles. They are fine pieces of machinery. Precision built, with parts that fit like a glove.

And because they are such fine mechanisms — the secret of keeping them at their best lies in the oil they get. Oil that resists high engine heats. Oil that stays tough — even though it's spread out between parts in a film thin as onion skin.

In one word — Mobil Oil. Because Mobil Oil is specially refined from choicest crudes to have just these properties. Toughness, no matter how thin the film. Resistance to heat. Surer, longer-lasting lubricating qualities.

You'll find — as this man has — that it's easy to give your car the benefit of this better oil. Mobil Oil is the largest-selling motor oil in the world. There are dealers everywhere.

And, every dealer sells from a mistake-proof chart that shows which grade your car should have.

Stations that show the sign of the Flying Red Horse also sell Mobilgas. This gasoline is Mobil Oil's quality mate. Try them both in your car.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

AND FOR COMPLETE SMOOTH PERFORMANCE... MOBILGAS
The Husbands in Gloria's Career

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40 |

In 1918 came her chance to break from comedies. She was given the lead in a movie drama called "Smoke," on the Triangle lot. In this, her first feature picture, she was a success. She knew now that she need never return to slapstick.

Shortly after her graduation from short comedy roles to dramatic leads, the parallel begins. A change in professional status, a change in the matrimonial alliance. Wallace Beery got a divorce from her on grounds of desertion.

During her first year in De Mille's spectacles, Gloria married Herbert K. Somborn, millionaire with movie connections.

On the screen, she was placed in glittering settings of magnificence. And in private life, too, her public saw her, a dazzling lady on a golden throne, surrounded by the splendors and luxuries Somborn could easily afford.

Four years after their marriage, in 1923, when Gloria was on the crest of her success, Somborn, like Beery, divorced her on a desertion charge. About this time came another change in her career.

The day of vamps was about to end. A lot of gorgeously gowned ladies with spit curls were about to be lost in the shuffle.

Gloria was not to be one of these.

The trend of the movies was toward romance and adventure. So Swanson put aside her headaddresses and gorgeous gowns and, dressed as a boy, won laurels in "The Humming Bird." This story of a thieving little Paris urchin and her romance with an American soldier brought thunderous applause from the public and praise from critics.

The vogue for romance-adventure grew. Gloria grew with it. Her clairvoyant picture in this era was "Madame Sans Gene."

The volume of feature pictures now produced was rapidly increasing. Gloria kept up with the rapid and ever-changing growth of the movies. In two years, she starred in ten pictures.

There had been little time for her private life, little time for personal romance. Was she, perhaps, losing some of her glamour in the eyes of the movie-going public?

Gloria went to France. When she returned she was the bride of the Marquis de la Falaise. They had been married in Paris. Her return to Hollywood was a triumph. If her glory had dimmed a little, its luster was quickly restored. For Gloria had a golden crown, a golden crest on her calling-cards and an old-world title a mile long.

The following year, 1926, her contract with Paramount expired. Would Gloria sign a new one? Paramount offered her twenty-five thousand dollars a week for the fifty-two weeks of the year.

Gloria had worked under the Paramount banner for seven years; had made a total of twenty-four pictures under it. She had a record of not one flop, not one failure. She had watched many big stars fall by the wayside when the "type" went out of style.

Back in 1919 ranking stars organized a company to produce their own pictures. It was called United Artists. With one grand gesture, therefore, Gloria turned down Paramount's offer of one million and three hundred thousand dollars a year. She decided to produce her own pictures. She joined the United Artists group—Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Charlie Chaplin.

Gloria tossed in her money and went to work on "The Love of Sunya."

The picture was a terrible flop. There was a reason—the trend toward realism had set in.

Gloria recognized the trend and started on another picture. She chose "Rain," the stage play adapted from Somerset Maugham's story. The play, she knew, was highly censorable for the movies. She submitted it in story form to Hays office under the title of "Sadie Thompson.

Apparently the Hays office saw no connection between "Sadie" and "Rain." The script was approved and work began.

"Sadie Thompson" was a tremendous box-office success.

Once again Swanson was on top of the world. She immediately went to work on "Queen Kelly." This picture was almost finished when sound hit Hollywood like a tornado. Gloria knew that the silent "Queen Kelly" would be obsolete by the time it was released. She began the tedious job of retakes, dubbing in sound. When she saw the rushes, however, she realized it was hopeless. She simply was not ready to cope with the talkies. The picture was too poor to release. She scrapped it. It had cost her nine hundred thousand dollars and months of exhausting labor.

HER problem now was to meet the exacting demands of the talkies on voice and dictation. After intensive work, she chose her first talkie, "The Trespasser." It was hailed as one of the best talkies up to that time. Gloria had sailed triumphantly forward on the waves of sound.

It was that year, 1930, when her success in talkies was assured, that she lost the Marquis. Many believe the cause of their break was due to her absorption in "Queen Kelly" and "The Trespasser."

New impetus for her movie career—and with it husband Michael Farmer, passes out of Gloria's marital life, with the latest shift in her screen fortunes.

Motion pictures have become works of art. Gloria has made her choice. She believes the band wagon is M-G-M. History has repeated itself, for her—on more than one occasion.

Kumor says she may soon find a new marital mate. The parallel still stands. It remains to see whether Gloria will continue the cycle.

Actresses Clamor for This Man!

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 |

And Norma is right. You will probably never see "Bart" playing a gangster. But it doesn’t matter, does it, so long as you can see him as a gentleman? There are so many who can play gangsters. Edmund Goulding, director and writer of "Riptide," has still another and unique reason to advance for Marshall's appeal.

"It is his voice. He has the most seductive voice on the screen," Goulding says. "And how does Claudette Colbert, the lady who saw him, describe him? Admirably and convincingly loved," feel about him.

"He has a miraculous quality of sincerity and great sympathy, which he conveys to the person playing with him. He makes every scene so real that at no time did I have the feeling we were merely acting. It all seemed to be living, and a part of our own very personal existence. Absolutely no artificial note."

"His charm on the screen is doubled off. He keeps everything in good trim and is always a gentleman."

"When you work with this man you have a good feeling of mind on that hazardous trip we made for 'Four Frightened People.' His remarkably good disposition under the most trying circumstances—he's even, unruffled temper, stood up infallibly under the test. I think women sense this as soon as they see him, and it adds a permanence and stability to that personal romantic charm."

"This from Claudette, who had more opportunity to judge the real Herbert Marshall than any star he has played opposite."

There is certainly a very subdued but definite challenge in the Marshall eye. No woman alive could miss it. But he sits back and smiles when a lot of other men would make the mistake of being busy. He may appear to be remote and detached, but you can bet that if a woman were in the room who is not a bit conscious of him in every nerve and fibre!

He has an impersonal politeness that never chills. It is warm—the one enjoying it feels favored, yet knows he is exactly the same toward everyone. He has an extraordinary memory for names that has surprised many in Hollywood. Days after they meet him casually in a large group, he greets them by name—and is surprised at their surprise! It is typical of the man's graciousness.

Marshall is not a sheik or a lounge-lizard or a gigolo type—nor is he arrogantly a be-man.
He is simply a cultured, well-bred, instinctive gentleman.

There is a good word that has been sadly misused, which describes him with perfect accuracy. Gentle.

Another man tells us that Marshall's presence always makes him feel a trifle uncouth, but he is never antagonistic toward him for it. Just a little sad. He wishes he had worn a different scarf, and shaved more carefully that morning. That he could erase the Hollywood argot from his conversation.

"It is the same feeling, I imagine," this man says, "that women have when watching an incomparably graceful dancer on the stage. A wistful yearning toward perfection and ease which they know is not for them."

Marshall has established a new standard among leading men.

He has successfully conveyed the idea to a number of women that it must be great to be loved by a gentleman.

After the push-in-the-face, the "hi yah, baby," and "scram" attitude that has dominated the screen for the past few seasons, they have turned to Herbert with one great universal sigh of relief—and longing. And if he can't convey more in the way of sex-conflict, urgent desire, and you-name-it, with one long intense look and nary a move—then he'll do till one comes along who can.

Marshall is a real sophisticate. He doesn't represent the night club, party bound, smart crack, bold business that used to pass for sophistication. He is the type to make any woman, on the screen or off, know she was having an unusual and worldly experience which would set her apart from her sisters and flatter her vanity. His is superb grace.

GABLE has flash, and suggests a latent cruelty. Montgomery is light, airy, gay—the perfect companion for two weeks on the Riviera. Jack Barrymore has a fantastic. Afternoon-of-a-Faun unreality that defies capture.

And Marshall is a Rock of Gibraltar—a very suave Rock. He is the combination of romance, stability and dependability that wise women dream about. He would never say extravagant things, he would say only what he meant. They would not be voiced with calculated purpose, but with sincerity.

After "Riptide," several women broke down and told us that Herbert Marshall was the nearest to their ideal of the perfect husband of any man on the screen. And yet, when you analyze it, he played rather an ugly part.

His was a character bitten raw with jealousy and suspicion, who refused to believe or trust a woman who was being honest with him. There probably was not a woman in the audience who had not had a similar experience. But they did not blame him for doing just what he did.

The answer, I presume, is that the female prefers her man that way, no matter how violently she denies it. It gives her a good head start, and keeps the man so busy catching up he has no time to glance off-side.

In spite of his fatal fascination and the aura of romance around him, there is a "good provider" quality about Marshall which can very nearly take preeminence over the other irresistible attributes. There isn't a woman who is not alert to it—and there are few men on the screen who have it. Will Rogers is the other most outstanding example. But you wouldn't say Rogers and Marshall were remotely alike, offhand, would you?

A very frivolous girl went to see Marshall and described him this way: "He is the kind of

What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with her popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summer-time she's especially careful to take odorless Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's engaged!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is pure—so pure that doctors advise it even for the super-sensitive skins of tiny babies. It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

IVORY SOAP

99 4/100 % PURE  •  IT FLOATS
The SHERRY-NETHERLAND

Tower Homes, for Even Brief Visits

A five-room tower apartment, lifted high over New York and Central Park . . . furnished individually, as a charming private home, occupying the entire floor. Living-room, dining-room, two master bedrooms with boudoir dressing-rooms and baths. Guest-room and bath. Maid’s room and bath. Refrigerated serving pantry. Smart visitors prefer the spacious restfulness of The Sherry-Netherland, for even flying visits.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET • ON CENTRAL PARK • NEW YORK

man who would always have bread and beans—and pâté de foie gras—in a pantry, and a roof overhead. A roof probably in Beverly Hills. And if he had an affair, his most intimate man friend would never hear about it—from him."

Proving that frivolous women, as well as practical ones, are far from immune to the stable virtues and advantages.

And to continue the thought, she imagined him as the perfect, the ideal father. Patient, tolerant and understanding with his children.

If a man can convey all this through the medium of the screen, you know what effect he must have on the beautiful ladies who play flesh-and-blood-scenes with him before the camera. Do you wonder that they are all screaming for him?

The Real First Lady of Films

[Continued from page 29]

under the circumstances, should have been extremely doubtful.

Norma Shearer is a woman’s idol. Her biggest following is not among men, but among women. To them she personifies a wistful longing—a lament. She is what every woman thinks she might have been—or would like to be. Her gorgeous, ultra-smart clothes are designed and worn for women to admire and crave. Most of her pictures have been constructed to appeal to the feminine mind.

More women would rather be like Norma Shearer than like Garbo, Hepburn, Dietrich, Crawford or Minnie Mouse—you can bet on that. Which is another reason why she qualifies as the First Lady—professionally.

It’s a personal distinction, too.

Norma Shearer is one big feminine star about whom Hollywood has nothing to whisper, has never had anything to whisper. Gossip has flown about he heads of every one of her rivals at one time or another.

She has maintained in her personal life a patrician dignity—not a remoteness or spectacular seclusion—but an aloofness from the town talk of the gossips, which completely defeats rumors.

She has never stepped down from her fresh, assured, smiling ladylike character. She has never been seen anywhere she should not have been, doing anything she should not have been doing. Her life, like her home, is smoothly ordered and serenely right. And her taste, in the affairs of life, as in her home, is flawless.

She has never been guilty of bad taste in handling the wealth and fame which Hollywood has brought her.

Norma Shearer is always "Mrs. Thalberg" in her home. She is "Miss Shearer" only on the set. The Thalbergs entertain frequently, but you don’t read much about it, because the parties are smooth, well-ordered, poised affairs—not spectacles. She doesn’t conduct her home like a movie set, and her quality does not rely on the glamour of motion pictures.

How can a woman whose education ended in the first year of high school impress polished people? How can a woman whose formative years were spent battling for a living in theatrical New York instead of being devoted to acquiring social graces—how can such a woman with such a background ring true as a sophisticate and a lady? What could she possibly have for the sophisticates to admire?

Here’s a guess—that back of that patrician...
profile of Norma Shearer's lie generations of breeding whose heritage instinctively causes her to lend good taste to her screen lives as well as her real life.

Norma Shearer would be the last person to pretend to aristocracy. Her father was a moneyed man, importantly established in the life of Montreal, her birthplace. Her uncle was a professor at Cambridge University, England—but their father was an emigrant carpenter from the Shetland Islands.

Norma's mother came from a family fairly loaded down with Church of England clergymen. Not even Norma has traced her lineage very far. There might have been lords and ladies, regents and royalty—who knows?

BACK somewhere, something gave Norma Shearer the mettle to meet both adversity and opulence and remain a lady, no matter what happened.

Life early forced her out of the luxurious surroundings into which she was born. From Montreal's fashionable Westmount Heights section she was plunged into a shabby Manhattan theatrical boarding-house.

She fought hunger, cold, poverty and discouragement in New York for four of her teen years, but still held her head up. She deported herself with a lean pocketbook—when she was a fashion and commercial art model—with as much self-respect and assurance as she does today as a successful and wealthy star in Hollywood.

Recently, while in New York, Norma and Irving Thalberg strolled from their hotel suite and visited Columbus Circle, where her likeness smiled for years on the passing crowd, warning them pleasantly that it was "time to retire." Intrinsically, there was no difference between the successful and glamorous star who recalled memories and the poor little girl who had posed in the red tam o' shanter for that sign.

Hundreds of times in those days gone by, she came home from the heartbreaking business of hunting a job to the little gray, gas-lit room that was home, and worked far into the night brushing and pressing her clothes. Often she was down to her last dollar, but she was never frowzy. She won the admiration and respect of everyone with whom and for whom she worked then, with her pride and self-respect—and her gameness, too.

Perhaps that's a reason why leisure-class, sophisticated audiences admire Norma Shearer; she represents something which they, with idle lives, are forced to admire. She is a lady who came through in a pinch—who got out and did something against tremendous odds. And still remained a lady. Maybe there are other reasons why.

But if there are still lingering doubts as to whether or not Norma Shearer is the First Lady of the Screen, consider this:

Every studio in Hollywood would have liked to screen "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

But the central character, Elizabeth Barrett, demanded an actress who looked like a lady; could act like a lady, and actually be a lady, and still be an actress of enough depth to unmistakably imply the emotional unrest of the character.

Katharine Cornell, who starred in the part successfully on the stage, wasn't available for pictures, and only one actress in Hollywood was considered capable of playing the role.

M-G-M had that actress, so they bought the play. And Norma Shearer is playing Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

In the Charmed Circle walking becomes a new joy

Summer shoes to send you gaily on your way, out where the fun begins...Vitality Health Shoes! When you wear them, you'll find new joy in walking...a new sense of smart vitality in the way you look and feel. Cleverly conforming to your foot, their "vitality principle" gives you grateful, poised support. They are light, too, and splendidly made of fine quality materials by true craftsmen. Note particularly the selection of white shoes featured here and their moderate prices. Don't they urge you to walk in the charmed circle that Vitality Health Shoes place around your feet?

VITALITY SHOE CO. * ST. LOUIS Division of International Shoe Co.

And don't forget that Vitality Health Shoes are also featured for children and youngsters in their teens. Their long wear and good looks make them popular values. Priced $2.00 to $5.00 according to size.

VITALITY health shoes
SIZES 2 TO 11 / WIDTHS AAAAA TO EEE
Voting Goes On
For The Best Picture Of 1933

WE are giving you more time to cast your ballot for the best motion picture released during 1933. Each week shows a marked increase over the preceding week in the number of ballots cast. Because of this deluge of coupons it is hardly possible to set a closing date now, but be sure to watch August Photoplay for further announcements.

As you have been told in previous issues of this magazine, since 1920 when Photoplay Magazine inaugurated the famous Gold Medal contest, thirteen pictures have been awarded this signal honor by readers of this magazine. This year we add the fourteenth. To recapitulate what we have said in previous issues:

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. But you are not limited to these. Any film released up to December 31st is eligible. Pictures reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue are qualified.

There are no rules to follow, no limitations. In making your selection, simply consider acting ability of players, story, photography, direction and the spirit behind the making of the picture.

The medal, donated by Photoplay, is of solid gold, weighing 123 1/2 pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

This annual award is the highest honor in the movie world—the Nobel prize of the Cinema. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of motion-goers to the makers of motion pictures.

On the contents page of this issue you will find a list of previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable screen dramas.

It is not necessary that you be a regular reader of Photoplay Magazine to vote. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to speak the producers on to even greater things for the coming year.

By signing the coupon below or sending a letter naming your choice, you will be performing a real service for the industry that gives us all so many pleasant hours.

Regardless of the fact that there has been an extension of time, we still urge you to send your ballots early.

Because of the tremendous volume of mail, counting the votes will take just that much longer. So don't delay. Mail your ballot now!

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

Adorable
Another Language
Berkeley Square
Blonde Bombshell, The
Bozency, The
Casablanca
College Humor
Conscientious
Dancing Lady
Dinner At Eight
Double Harness
Farrell to Arms, A
Footlight Parade
42nd Street
Gabriel Over the White House
Gold Diggers of 1933

Hold Your Man
I'm No Angel
King Kong
Lady for a Day
Little Women
Mama Loves Papa
Masquerader, The
Morning Glory, The
Night Flight
One Man's Journey
Only Yesterday
Paddy, the Next Best Thing
Peg o' My Heart
Picture Snatcher
Pilgrimage
Poster and the Glory, The
Private Life of Henry VIII, The
Prizfighter and the Lady, The
Reunion in Vienna
Roman Scandals
She Done Him Wrong
Sign of the Cross
State Fair
Sweptings
This Day and Age
Today We Live
Too Much Harmony
Topaze
Tugboat Annie
Turn Back the Clock
Voltaire
When Ladies Meet
White Sister, The
Zoo in Budapest

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot
EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

[ ] Adorable
[ ] Another Language
[ ] Berkeley Square
[ ] Blonde Bombshell, The
[ ] Bozency, The
[ ] Casablanca
[ ] College Humor
[ ] Conscientious
[ ] Dancing Lady
[ ] Dinner At Eight
[ ] Double Harness
[ ] Farrell to Arms, A
[ ] Footlight Parade
[ ] 42nd Street
[ ] Gabriel Over the White House
[ ] Gold Diggers of 1933

Name__________________________
Address_______________________

Send in This Ballot
Answers by Sylvia

CONTINUED

... (signed) to it's your overs building-up course, my fat I eyes relax. Dear thankful beg this I

Well, for goodness sake! In my long experience teaching women how to be beautiful, this is the first time I ever had anyone ask me how to increase the waistline. Most women leg me on bended knees to get rid of the spare tire around the waist for them. You should be thankful that you have a small waist. Of course, if you're too thin all over, you need my building-up diet; but you say you're not—that it's just the waist you want bigger.

Dear Sylvia:
I am rather thin, but not too thin, except my waistline. I'm sure that it's out of proportion. Can you tell me how to enlarge it?
D. D. R., Cripple Creek, Colo.

Just rub your body gently but firmly all over with the fat of your hands. Have both your body and your hands smeared with cocoa batter. Don't rub too hard, but rub all over—
with the exception of the bust.

Dear Sylvia:
I have a job in which I read all day. My eyes have never seemed to feel the strain, but I notice that I now have lines around them. I would like to stop these before they become too pronounced.
H. T., New York, N. Y.

Well, you're a smart girl. You remember that old saying about an "ounce of prevention," don't you? And that's right, too. I wish a lot more women and girls would nip the beginning of a defect in the bud. Read my letter to Jean Muir in this issue, and do for your eyes everything that I have told her to for yours. The way to keep those lines away is to strengthen the muscles around the eyes.

Dear Madame Sylvia:
Sometimes in my office I feel so nervous that I could scream. Is there anything I can do for immediate relief?
S. W., Chicago, Ill.

Tight neck muscles, caused by leaning over a desk, will invariably make you feel jumpy. With your two hands, rub and squeeze the back of your neck until those muscles relax. Then take a couple of minutes off and stand with your arms stretched out in front of you and your head bent as far forward as it will go. Move the upper part of your body slowly from side to side. Repeat eight or ten times. Be sure to feel the spine pulling, especially at the back of the neck.

When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? "Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshing smoke. We want Kools"... (signed) "A nation of contented Kool smokers." KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Louisville, Ky.
All can now clean stains off white shoes easily, quickly with Shinola—and save money

A new cleaner called Shinola White was introduced last season. Women tried it. Found it cleaned all kinds of white shoes quicker, easier, better, yet it sold for only 10¢! Delighted, they told friends. Soon, thousands were asking for Shinola. The demand exceeded the supply.

This season we promise plenty of Shinola White Cleaner for all. No one shall be disappointed. Stores everywhere are now stocked with this marvelous new cleaner that costs only 10¢!

No more worrying about stains on women's shoes, children's shoes, men's shoes. Shinola cleans in a jiffy. Makes shoes white as new. Choice of liquid, tube or cake. Try Shinola. You'll be delighted!

NEW 10¢ CLEANER FOR WHITE SHOES IN BIG DEMAND!

Actors Don't Grow Old

[continued from page 60]

of his naturally imposing and impressive demeanor.

If one wins his approval, there is a second meeting one day, and on such occasion he is charming and amiable. And then, when the third meeting has come about, he is friendly and warm-hearted, and his manner indicates that one has his confidence.

CERTAIN players who have appeared in pictures with him have told me how uncomfortable they felt in his presence the first few days of a production, but that after a while he warmed up, for one reason or another, and then was graciousness and simplicity itself. However, all players in an Arliss cast see to it that they are on their mettle in speaking lines, and in matters of direction. Because the star is very exacting on the point of clear, clean enunciation from actors and actresses in his pictures.

Arliss has completed his second picture under his new contract with 20th Century Fox, called "The Last Gentleman." ("The House of Rothschild," of course, was his first.) The story, laid in New England, is one of his popular down-to-earth roles, which he can make so amazingly human and understandable. After finishing this film he returned to England for his usual summer vacation—"the fall he will again come back to Hollywood."

Before he left I asked him which kind of rôle he prefers playing, the historical character in the setting of splendor, such as his Nathan Rothschild or Disraeli, or the man in the middle stratum of society.

He replied regularly: "I prefer them both!"

And then he continued:

"I have no preference for particular rôles, because I think it is a mistake for an actor to allow himself to become prejudiced. If he did, he might give a better performance one time than another. His work would soon show unevenness and, ultimately, he would restrict if not imperil, his interpretative faculties. The danger signal for the actor is similarity of rôles. He should constantly seek variety, and he should never be bored by a rôle, otherwise he will bore his audience. And that's disastrous! It would appear wise for an actor, also, always to feel that the rôle he is playing at the time is his best."

As to which he thought was the more artistically fruitful period of an actor's career—when he is unknown or when he reaches stardom—Arliss answered:

"The best work, I feel, every actor does during his career is when he is unknown," he replied. "Of course, I maintain his statement. I am reminded of the actor who spends many long years in the theater getting ready and who has the advantage of playing a broad repertory and also supporting artists who have already arrived. It is during that period he puts forth the very best and highest effort, hoping in each role to make them better to achieve his goal. However, only a comparatively few actors are touched by the luck of stardom."

Then I questioned him as to whether he felt an actor lets down after he reaches stardom, and if it is harder to sustain success than to achieve it. He replied:

"After fame comes—and stardom—the best parts, the best lines and the most favorable roles. Naturally, the way is made easier for him, in certain respects, yet stardom entails newer and greater responsibilities. Obviously, he cannot lay down. But he adopts a different psychology with stardom, because his painting, so to speak, has been mounted in a more dazzling frame. Despite that, he never excel or even approach his work of a less renowned day, artistically or from the standpoint of earnest, undying effort."

Arliss recently celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday. His has been a full and active life.

He and Mrs. Arliss are as devoted to each other as they were the day they were married, which was long, long ago in England—just about the time an enterprising, young actor named George Arliss was gaining somewhat of a steady foothold in the theater, after many years of hard struggle. Before another decade, the distinguished couple will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Arliss often appears in a picture with her husband. It is stipulated in his contract that she is always to play the part of his wife in a production, providing the character is a happily wedded woman.

That was a very tender tribute Arliss paid his wife, when he inscribed his charming autobiography to her with these words: "To the Girl with the Nice Arms." He tells how she first noticed her pretty arms when she played the piano at a party given by him and a young theatrical manager for a group of their friends, at which they had "swinger, music and games." That happened a long while ago, yet Arliss speaks of it as if it occurred yesterday.

Certainly he is a remarkable study in energy and alertness. He explains:

"Acting is the cause of it all! Because acting preserves one's youth. It never allows you to grow old, for the reason that you are never set out of yourself for a definite period each day."

"You may go to the theater or a picture studio, as the case may be, feeling very glum over your personal worries. Then for a number of hours you are transported into a different realm—the world of playing another character. His worries become yours, his problems, griefs and joys. By the time the day's or night's work is over, you have forgotten your own troubles. This demand of the profession, concentrating on someone besides yourself, is the grace that keeps actors from aging."

No piece on Arliss would be complete without telling also just his four to six mile walks every day of his life, and about Jenner, who has been his "man" for more than twenty-five years.

It's quite amazing, this systematic walking. When Arliss is working, he leaves his home early in the morning at a given hour, and then every thirty minutes until later the coming hour and Jenner leave to follow him. They pick him up at a certain point along the road and take him to the studio. Then at sundown, he usually walks again.

On the dot at three-thirty each afternoon, Jenner serves his master with two cups of sweetened tea, into which hot milk has been
poured. This ritual is as regular and unfailing as Jenner's own heart-beats.

There's another thing that he does at precisely an hour later each afternoon, when Arliss is working. Jenner takes him off the set, and announces that it is time to finish for the day. No retakes can be made, delaying matters for fifteen minutes. As sure as destiny, Jenner steers Arliss homeward at exactly four-thirty!

Devious schemes have been perpetrated on Jenner by the directors and assistants at various times to get rid of him by scolding him on wild errands, when it seems necessary to overstay the time limit.

On one such occasion, Jenner was diplomatically edged off the set, presumably to get something for Arliss, and the entrances to the stage were locked and guarded. It was a sound picture and, of course, absolute silence must reign during the shooting. The scene progressed until a terrific banging on the main stage door, equal only to the roar of cannons, made the director stop. The banging continued louder and longer, until sound experts and assistants gave up in despair.

On opening the door, Jenner was discovered in irate mood, red in the face, and with a brick in each hand! The director felt his behavior had been an outrage and said so, but Arliss turned to him chuckling, and said:

"It must be apparent to you now why I have to obey Jenner's orders."

___

**Hysterical Honeymoons**

[Continued from page 31]

...on seeing them do it. First Cary fought through the mob and lost Virginia, and then Virginia fought through and lost Cary, and then they both fought through and lost the license, and it was terrific.

"Now, after the ceremony," Cary told Virginia, "in case we get separated, you take that taxi parked right out in front and wait for me. If I get shoved through first, I'll wait for you."

So after the ceremony Cary, swept along by the mob, got shoved into the wrong taxi, which blithely and gaily went galloping off to the races. Looking behind, he spied Virginia in the other taxi, driving off in the opposite direction, toward Ireland, screaming like mad, "I want my husband."

**WELL, sir, the sight of a brunette young man leaning from a cab yelling, "I want my wife!" and a blonde young lady leaning from another cab going the other way screaming, "I want my husband!" just about finished the good old "Lunnoners" for all time. Just as the gangplank was being lifted the couple somehow made the boat, but the shock left them weak and jittery the whole trip over.**

During their two days in New York, Cary insisted Virginia tramp for miles looking at smelly boarding-houses in which he had once lived while getting a foothold on fame, until she practically died from the effects, and no sooner had they walked into their Hollywood home than Archibald, Cary's pet Sealyham, gave one sniff and walked out the back door. Some place else.

The confusion, the weeping, the advertising that followed, beat anything yet. For five

"Aren't you going to eat your ice-cream, dear?—Polly, I don't know what ails Tommy—he isn't a bit like himself. He won't eat, and he's lost all his pep!"

"Alice, I wouldn't worry about Tommy. Jack was the same way a month ago, and I found all he needed was a laxative. Give him some Fletcher's Castoria."

"You're just the person I wanted to see, Polly! Tommy's been out playing all morning. I gave him some Fletcher's Castoria last night, and it's certainly wonderful!"

- "Yes, it certainly is, Alice. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal laxative for children. It's pleasant to take, too—because it tastes awfully good. You know, it hasn't any of the harsh drugs in it that are in some grown-up's laxatives. Don't forget that it's just the thing for colic in little babies, too! The signature Chas. H. Fletcher is always right on the carton."

**CASTORIA**

**The children's laxative**

- from babyhood to 11 years

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.
Now May's Lips say "Kiss Me"

At three minutes to twelve she made it while Benn handed the trunk checks to an astonished friend with the instructions to check them on. Naturally the friend thought he meant to Hollywood and calmly sent the trunks on to California while Connie, hot and tired and no clothes, wept in Venice.

Ooh, you just can't beat it. It just happens and that's all there is to it.

You know about Lupe and Johnny, or don't you? Well, never mind, for neither do they. It was all very confusing and mixed up. It was Las Vegas, Nevada, that received the happy pair and once again a judge (there is no life as full of little surprises as a Nevada or an Arizona judge's) was routed out to perform the ceremony. But when Lupe felt Johnny was a bit too slow in his answers of "I do" and "I will," she reached over and gave him an encouraging little pinch, whereupon Johnny let out a Tarzan yell that blasted the judge straight up to the chandlier, where he hung and refused to come down until Johnny promised not to yell any more. And then Johnny forgot his promise when Lupe felt he was much too slow in producing the ring and, reaching over, gave him another pinch, and again Tarzan's call rang out over the Great Southwest until even the Indians, miles away, took to the trees and stayed there. They were actually four days coaxing the wedding witnesses out from under the davenport.

And then followed the hectic "Are You Married or Aren't You?" act back in Hollywood.

"Yes, I think we are," Johnny would tell the reporters on Monday, while on Tuesday Lupe would tell them "no" with variations.

Finally Lupe and Johnny got so mixed up themselves they had to send to Las Vegas for the papers (word was also brought back that the Indians were still in the trees) before they were sure just what had gone on.

But the honeymoon of the McCreas takes the coconut-covered cookies. After Joel had gone to New York to marry Frances Dee and had to fly right back to movies again, he hied himself out to the old McCrea ranch to await the return of the bride. Well, the bride came back, and it rained and it rained, and there were the McCreas, shut off from the outside world, with telegrams.

Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissability" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up yourself—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, Special Theatrical Color...This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood, Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you tonight. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, including the Special Theatrical Color, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March caught by the camera at the Tingle Tangle theater. That blurred spot on Freddie's face is a burnside (real hair). And our Mr. March is proud of it!
pouring in from the studio to come at once as all kinds of productions were being held up for them. A car couldn’t possibly make it over the dirt road, so finally they got themselves into an old hay wagon, and half-way down the dirt road the nasty old wagon sunk knee-deep in the mud. And the rain poured, the cat in the back of the wagon had kittens, the bride wept and half the hillside just up and poured itself into the groom’s lap.

*CAME* the dawn. And with it were the McCreas still in the wagon with the rainbusily pouring, the cat still with the five kittens in the back of the wagon, over three-fourths of the hillside cuddling cozily in the front with the bride and groom. Just to cheer them up, a neighbor ploughed through with the news that someone had broken into their Hollywood home and stolen Frances’ diamond engagement ring.

Of course, this could just go on forever. There’s no end to the things that happen to happy Hollywood couples.

For instance, when English Pat Paterson and French Charles Boyer decided they wanted to get married along about ten o’clock one evening, they just called up the police station and asked them where to go. “To Yuma,” the police said, “and good luck.” So off to poor, tired-out Yuma they drove, while a waiter, in the same all-night stand, calmly took off his apron while the couple finished breakfast and went out to shop for the ring and the license. “Nee? Any thing else?” be asked them. “Got plenty of handkerchiefs and underwear?” And with the dollar-and-twenty-five-cents ring the waiter selected, the two were married. And no kidding about this, mind you. These things actually do and did happen.

Why, believe it or not, when Adrienne Ames made that famous flight from a Reno divorce court to New Mexico to marry Bruce Cabot, someone called to her to hurry, that the plane was taking off. And with one leg in her slacks and one out, Adrienne raced for the plane. She arrived to meet the groom with one leg still in the slacks and one out and a popcorn ball in her hand.

Where the popcorn number came from no one could ever explain. Least of all, Adrienne. But there it was. But, of course, the prize pair of them all were the Coopers. The Gary Coopers, to be exact. Headed for a fast round-up in Arizona, the bride and groom, with the bride’s papa and mama, no sooner arrived than surprise, surprise, here came Gary’s papa and mama. What a round-up!

The Balfes (her people) and the Coopers (his people) spent long hours, of course, discussing their respective offsprings and what they broke out with as children. “My, yes,” Mrs. Cooper would say, “Gary had a dreadful time with chicken-pox. It left the funniest strawberry on his hip.” Gary, did you show Veronica your strawberry mark?”

And when the two would fly to their horses to ride off in the moonlight, there at the end of the trail would be the two papas patiently sitting on a cactus awaiting the happy couple. Well, to be exact, the wedding took place sometime in December, and sometime in May, Gary and Veronica were aware, one day, that something was wrong. After thinking it over Gary suddenly hit on it. “Good heavens, dear,” he yelled, “we’re alone at last.” And that, gentle readers, is honeymooning in Hollywood.

**The well-dressed Leg by PHOENIX**

- **Put your money on these smart Phoenix “Doggy” colors!**
  - Colite, a true beige, is ‘way ahead with summer pastel costumes. Also with cool navy or brown prints. Play Setter, a warm beige, for your bright sports things a la Mexican. It looks well with a lightly sun-kissed skin. For real honest-to-goodness tanners, we recommend the darker beige called Spaniel. Very smart with white, with certain pastels, and with all the variants of the red and brown families. Greyhound always shows with the wearers of navy blue and grey-beige. Ask to see “Doggy’s” colors in Phoenix Everyday sheers, No. 705, $1. Others, 85c to $1.95.

- **Long-mileage Foot wins in any game**

  Very considerately, the Tiptoe and the Duo-heel are doubly reinforced where wear is hardest. When you’re clad in this Phoenix stocking with Long-mileage Foot, you can feel secure about any holes cropping up. Ask for Phoenix “Standby” service sheers, No. 772, $1.25 the pair. Phoenix lisle mesh Sportees come in pastel shades, to be worn over Phoenix silk hose.

- **Sheer and Shadowless—and so-o-o seductive**

  They’ve always been sheer—and seductive—have Phoenix stockings. And now they’re Shadowless as well. That’s news! Imagine these exquisite Phoenix stockings, with an absolutely clear and cloudless texture from toe to hem! A new method used in Phoenix knitting banishes hosiery rings forever. Of course, you get all the other famous Phoenix features in Shadowless Hosiery, too. Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery is priced from $1.25 to $1.95 the pair. Ask for “Fluff,” Phoenix Shadowless Chiffon, No. 779, $1.25 the pair.

- **For climbing fences—and other girlish sports**

  They’ve always been sheer—and seductive—have Phoenix stockings. And now they’re Shadowless as well. That’s news! Imagine these exquisite Phoenix stockings, with an absolutely clear and cloudless texture from toe to hem! A new method used in Phoenix knitting banishes hosiery rings forever. Of course, you get all the other famous Phoenix features in Shadowless Hosiery, too. Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery is priced from $1.25 to $1.95 the pair. Ask for “Fluff,” Phoenix Shadowless Chiffon, No. 779, $1.25 the pair.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

with CUSTOM-FIT TOP

Any knee-action is safe and comfortable if you’re wearing Custom-Fit Top! For only Phoenix has this famous Top which stretches both ways (up and down, or round and round), yet fits like the skin, whether you’re tall or short, slim or plump, or just average. Because it fits so smoothly, Phoenix Custom-Fit Top insures perfect grooming. Ask for “Gadabout,” sheer-sheer Shadowless gredine stocking, No. 743, $1.35 the pair.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1934 103
Here's That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!

Brings A Clear Lightness Unknown Before!

An almost magical way has been found to increase and intensify the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you’re blonde... with the golden shimmer of your hair! Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and fascination of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to bring back its real blonde color and lustre.

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a golden magnet of feminine appeal.

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the natural hidden color, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c store. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!

TRUBLOND

BLONDE SHAMPOO

by Jo-cur*

Hides Large Joints

Keeps Shoes Shapely

INSTANT FOOT RELIEF!

Before

Fischer-Protector

After

Thousands owe relief from Painful Bunions and swollen joints to the Fischer Bunion Reducer. Sold for over 25 years by Shoe Dealers, Druggists and Dept. Stores. Ask your dealer, or write us direct for a Free Trial Offer. Solo owners, manufacturers and Patentees.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

P. O. Box 688, Dept. D3

Milwaukee, Wis.

Hitting Hollywood’s High Spots

(continued from page 38)

them over to their table for a little chat. Evidently a much liked couple.

At the fights was that sensational charmer, Jack Dempsey. She looked just as elegant and just as morally explosive as you would imagine. Alice White was present, too. And in such a nobby dress. Blue lines running around in circles and ending in a staring white target right in the middle of her back! Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, her husband, and Pal and Weismuller and Johnstown were there together. The latter couple (particularly the Mexican half) was in a varying state of either hypnosis or audible hysterics, according to the fluctuants. It was such fun.

But the spirit of carnival really entered in when sudden raucous “Woohoo!” rent the air. The kind. I’m not in a mood for real life, I spied two real Westerners making their way around the arena. To the cheers and cries of the crowd they jovially waved their ten-gallon sombreros. A fantastic sight, Joan, and who do you suppose these gay cowboys were? Richard Bennett was one. And Leo Carrillo the other! A couple of kids, that’s all. To repeat myself, it was a good night. And just a dollar ten a ticket, my dear.

On to the Grove and an impressive ringside table. First little starlet that came into vision was the fresh, lovely Anita Louise, with her best boyfriend, Tom Brown. She wore a long, black georgette dress of crisp white organza and cuffs and a big black hat. She put on a show even from those azure eyes! Ah, but they’re an adorable couple, Joan. Then I saw that frivolous young article, Toby Wing, sitting with a young millionaire (the Sunday night before she had been at the Beverly Hills with Junior Laemmle). She was dressed in the same combination as Anita Louise, black with white organza.

Just about this time a faint but detectable fragrance stole into my nostrils. It was exquisite... and well it should be, since it was on the person of that superlative beauty (hold your horses), Marlene Dietrich. She was lovely! She addressed, accompanied by Maurice Chevalier, and she, too, was in black, georgette. But not a drop of white anywhere.

On her arm were several curlicues (large, glittering diamond bracelets (I said bracelets... she’s gone feminine, dear). And the same, hypnotic Mona Lisa smile was on her white face. I moaned, softly under my breath. It was all such a rhapsody. And I do get so envious. I will dispose of the Marathon quickly.

It was mobbed. I was weary, however, and if you will forgive me, I merely bothered to spot Jack LaRue and the cute Mrs. Jobson before giving myself up helplessly to Morpheus. However, there will be more to report at a later date. You know those things. The older they get the better they are. So eventually I will delight your childlike heart with a detailed report of all the nobly picture people who will doubtlessly crowd the place for a good laugh.

You’ve written practically nothing about your love-life, little one, so I take it you’ve been curled up in front of the fire with a book these nights. Well, just to brighten your perspective, let me give a short but eloquent rhapsody on the bed they’re using in “The Merry Widow.” First off, it’s about as large and massive as the Empire State Building.

Second, it’s in pure, gleaming white satin, and when I pecked at it, in the workroom, there were exactly seven men at work on it. But all this is of secondary importance. Here’s a good, pure white bedroom. Simply a knockout, and so fragile that you have to cover your boots with big cloth slippers before you can step on the set at all. The lady who will anguish among such snowy splendor is Jeanette MacDonald. She came to inspect it when I was there once, and had already gone into short swoons, and she shook her head and muttered: “Hardly a place to sleep in!” However!

You know, it’s warm as anything on the desert. Just the place to scatter one’s cold from one’s system. (Don’t ejaculate, we catch colds in California, too.) So I traveled down one day, all loaded with slacks and shorts and suntan lotion. Not Palm Springs this time, but a grand little ranch that Hedda Hopper went into a young rave over, because it had all the advantages of said Palm Springs, but none of the crowd.

First, I was met by five big dogs. One of them, I was told, belonged to David Manners (who has his own charming adobe house right next door to the ranch). But I didn’t know which pooch was which, so I didn’t bother trying to discriminate. Anyway, David wasn’t there, although I speedily took the trouble to find out that he was liable to come any time at all, whenever he could get away from the studio, and that news, of course, was something to cheer about.

Dorothea Wiess was one of the guests. She wore jersey slacks (and said material, as you know, necessitates a splendid and flawless fitter, which the lady has) and tiny skull caps. Not that they should be worn for days to see if it would, and went home quite disappointed. Never saw a hair. She is so quiet, Joan. And as tender in manner as a child.

Mostly she walked, by herself. The first night she arrived, she requested to be awakened in time to see the desert sun rise. I can imagine how that pure, lovely face gloved with sleep at the sight. Myself, I take my version of sun rises in the movies, but somehow this appreciation of beauty shamed me. So, the very next morning, I was out for a walk at seven o’clock. All five dogs accompanied me, making me nervous by their ecstatic gambling.

It was just exactly seventy-three when the noise of a swiftly approaching car rent the quiet desert morn. Immediately one of the police pups went into wild spasms of joy. The next moment a stunning roadster careened around the bend in the road. There was a screech of brakes. The following few minutes were occupied by a confusion of sounds. Man-with-dog sounds... which gave me a chance to ogle David Manners to my heart’s content. Such lavish goings-on between the two of them gave a feeling of definite success to the morning’s walk. And I now say that any woman who does not rise with the sun has lost a battle that is being fought for her everywhere.

Of course, I could scribble on and on, and you’d never be the one to call a halt, but I’m about to get a curve. So I shall make a statement, slick and simple. This is the end.

Yours,

Mitzi
A Good Pal Is Worth Three Dollars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

twenty or more curtain calls. Bill was standing in the wings while Leslie took five calls by himself. Then he ran off stage.

"Come on, Bill," he commanded. "They want you, too."

Together, Leslie leading Bill by the hand, they took bows. Then Leslie retired, pushed Bill out alone on the stage, while the audience deafened him with their approval.

What a moment for an unknown actor, a sensitive, sentimental Mick!

Those blue Irish eyes swam in grateful tears.

"I didn't care whether Leslie Howard really liked me or whether he hated me," said Bill.

"I knew that from then on I was going to like him for the rest of my life."

Next morning when the producers called a conference with author Philip Barry, because of the comparative weakness of Howard's part, Leslie stood firmly on one thing.

"I don't want one line of Regan's part cut," he said.

Which was just the same as handing Gargan a ticket to fame. He scored a hit during the twenty-three-week New York run of "Animal Kingdom." And that eventually led to Hollywood.

THOSE weeks on the stage were what really cemented the Gargan-Howard family friendship. Leslie Howard's dynamic wife, Ruth, met Bill Gargan's quiet, reserved mate, Patricia, and they became fast friends. Ruth was the only one who could handle tempestuous little Barrie Gargan. She awed him and made him mind his manners. There were dinners together and pleasant evenings.

Once Bill and Leslie went to the play with the play to Cleveland for a week. Leslie put up at the swankiest hotel in town, but Bill still had to watch his nickels, so he registered at a less pretentious house on the outskirts of the city. It made it hard for them to get together much except during the play.

"Look here," said Leslie one night, "this won't do. I've an idea. How would you like to be my secretary?"

Bill gasped.

"You see, there's half-rate here for servants," Leslie explained, "if you don't mind coming down in the world."

Bill didn't mind—not so long as it meant a luxurious room and bath adjoining Leslie's in a ritzy hotel.

But if Leslie did bring Bill down in the world one week, he helped boost him up in the world a few weeks later.

"Bill came to me one day just about to explode with excitement," Howard relates. "Hollywood wanted him to play in 'Rain' opposite Joan Crawford, he said, and he was practically all packed to go at the moment."

"But look here," I told him, 'you can't do that, you know. You've a run of play contract with 'Animal Kingdom.'"

"Well, at that Bill worked himself up into a typical Irish state. I knew from past experience that it was no use refusing that fellow anything, and sure enough, before I knew it, I was talking the producer into letting him leave the play."

Bill came to Hollywood, to be followed not long after by Leslie.

Hollywood isn't particularly famous for

Spend 10¢ and receive attractive Lipstick, 50¢ value

to acquaint you with the marvelous

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin so soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its instant results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.
SILHOUETTE BELT BY HICKORY—STYLE 1300

By a patented process, Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory is permanently woven to shape the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, lightweight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed and ironed—65c.

SANITARY BELTS BY HICKORY

Made in a wide variety of styles, 25c to 75c.

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large.

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YOU'LL LIKE HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, TOO

THAT'S HOW TO HAVE THEM

GLORIFY your lashes—give them that long, lustrous look no man can resist. It's so easy. Just darken them with Winx Mascara (cake or liquid 75c). Pure and safe—not a dye. Thousands of women wear Winx for beauty and flawless lashes. Also "dress" the brows with a Winx Pencil (35c) and use Winx Eye Shadow (75c) for smart makeup. Buy Winx Eye Beautifiers at all department and drug stores. For the most complete booklet ever written on eye makeup, write for FREE copy of "Lovely Eyes" to Louise Ross, Dept. D, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

The Stars! Now You See 'Em—Now You Don't

(Continued from Page 55)

It was during the bank holiday of last year. Bill had just cashed a five thousand dollar check on a hunch, and had put the bills in a safe-deposit box. Leslie got the bank closing news too late, and being in the habit of never carrying any money around with him, found himself virtually penniless.

So Bill gave Ruth Howard a thousand dollars and Leslie said a hundred would be enough for him.

When the banks reopened, Mrs. Howard paid back the thousand, but Leslie forgot all about the hundred—just as Bill, five years ago, had forgotten all about the three.

A few weeks later Leslie was called to England. Bill went with him to the train. There was a business of making change and Leslie handed Bill four dollars and a half.

"That makes ninety-five, fifty you owe me," mused Bill.

Howard stated.

"You're going back to England and who knows if I'll ever see you again, or my hundred bucks you borrowed," said Bill.

And for the first time in his life, Bill Gargan thought he saw Leslie Howard blush. Then he burst into a hearty chuckle.

"Bill, you're priceless," he said. "I swear, I had forgotten all about it."

Even when he hits for a debt, Leslie thinks Bill Gargan is funny. As Bill says, "Charlie's a putz, but a laugh." But Mrs. Howard—and Mrs. Gargan—they don't laugh quite so easily. In fact, it will probably be a long time before Bill tries anything funny on them again.

Recently Bill and Mrs. Gargan drove to the local post office to cash a check. When Leslie Howard Gargan, ten-months-old, is making his screen début with his illustrious namesake.

Bill and Leslie decided to ride back together and let the better halves take the other car.

On the way, Bill thought it would be lots of fun to ask Ruth and Patricia and cut them cold. So stepping on the gas, the two jokers whizzed by with their noses tilted skywards in the best ritz manner, looking neither to right nor left.

THEN, happening to turn around, they noticed the schoolboy waggles accosting a motor traffic cop.

The next moment a siren wailed and the officers waved them over.

"You're arrested," he growled. "Speedin' and crowdin' a car to the curb. Those ladies complained. Pull over." But as Leslie and Bill meekly signed a traffic ticket, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Gargan, their noses elevated conspicuously, whirled by, shouting, "See you in jail!"

Just one big, happy family—the Howards and the Gargans!
said the aviator. "Let's go!" shouted Margaret. They went.

Well, if there had been a Sullivan reformation, that one taste of Houdini-ing was too much for it. From that time on, the Hollywood newspapers screamed almost daily—"Where's Margaret Sullivan?" Nobody knew. She had a telephone, but no information could be obtained by calling her home. She moved round to new addresses so frequently that folks couldn't keep up with her.

While every production official did a frantic off-to-Buffalo trying to corrall the disappearing actress for such necessary things as make-up tests, fitting and script conferences, Margaret tested out all the trans-continental air lines she could discover. Just when they thought they had her, Margaret would skip out from beneath the net and hop a plane East.

She did it three times; once flying to Chicago, where she sat for six hours alone in the Chicago Air Terminal, and then caught the next plane West—just for the ride!

All this merely worked up to the famous six-day Arizona "fishing trip," which not only had Universal in a state of near collapse, but also had the newshawks of Los Angeles papers donning gumshoes in an effort to unravel what looked like a sensational story as well as an advanced problem for Philo Vance.

Margaret Sullivan's name has long been romantically and professionally linked with that of the Broadway play producer, Jed Harris. In fact, Harris has been indirectly named by some as being the fly in the Sullivan screen ointment. It is his influence, they say, which makes Margaret want to shake Hollywood's dust from her slippers so very frequently.

That's why a reporter, who had just seen Margaret at "Uncle Carl" Laemmle's birthday party at Universal and had then met an incoming plane from which a Mr. Harris of New York had alighted, became suspicious and checked with the studio to see if romance was in the air. The studio didn't know, but obligingly telephoned Margaret to find out.

There wasn't any Margaret.

Yes, the landlady admitted, Miss Sullivan still rented the place, but her maid had been sent home, and she had packed without a word of where or what about it.

And when they couldn't locate Jed Harris in Hollywood, and a long-distance call to his New York office revealed that he had left for "Florida or California," things really looked interesting. The guess was that Margaret and Jed Harris had eloped.

And for six days it was just that—a guess. Until the day Margaret nonchalantly showed up at the studio in her inevitable pижama shirt and corduroy slacks, sporting a beautiful "shiner" and a cut on her cheek. She gave one answer to the barrage of questions which descended upon her:

"I was fishing in Arizona."

"With anyone?" they wanted to know.

"I was fishing in Arizona," she repeated.

"How did you get the black eye?" pressed the inquisitors.

"FISHING in Arizona," said Margaret. It was her story, and like Aimee Semple McPherson, of desert kidnap fame, she stuck to it.

Margaret was a good girl for three days after the fishing trip, and then she vanished again into space. Only an alert newspaperman in Kansas City nipped this Houdini act in the bud and phoned her discovery to Hollywood.

Now, busy with "Little Man, What Now?"
Margaret says she is cured and that she'll roll up her magic carpet.

But it was too late; she had started something, sure enough! For the minute her sensational fade-outs had left the front pages, Ginger Rogers had the combined detective forces of the local Scotland Yard, two major studios, her mother, her press-agents, five radio stations and the press of the nation trying to find her and fetch her back from goodness only knew where!

Ginger, who had done nine pictures in a row without a breathing spell, and the last two at the same time, turned a very firm, feminine thumb down on a loan-out offer from Fox for a part in the Janet Gaynor-Charlie Farrell reteaming picture, "Change of Heart." Her way of insuring her vacation was to have her manager put her salary so sky-high that Fox wouldn't dream of paying it. Which he did; and Ginger, leaving a note for her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, telling her not to worry (and that was all), immediately evaporated for her well-earned rest.

THAT was on a Saturday. On Monday, Fox almost gave Ginger's manager heart failure by agreeing to pay the fabulous salary, and followed through by putting pressure on RKO-Radio for Ginger's loan. So RKO offered to tear up Ginger's contract and double her salary, if she would put off the holiday rest for the one picture. But she had to be back Thursday morning or the whole thing was off.

Picture the frantic manager telephoning Lela Rogers to find out where daughter Ginger was hiding, only to hear a helpless wail, "I don't know!" Then picture the strong arm of John Law and his minions wiring, scouting, investigating, reporting all over the Southwest to no avail for the red-headed actress who had blended into the scenery. Picture the heads of RKO imploring all the radio stations to help find the little lost girl.

They would, said the national stations, if the missing actress was properly registered at the Bureau of Missing Persons at the sheriff's office. So "Ginger Rogers, screen actress, five feet, four, etc., etc." was listed officially as lost, strayed or stolen, and the message cranked out over the ether of every important station in California:

"To Ginger Rogers, wherever you may be—
you are wanted at your home at once. Please communicate with your mother. It is very important." The message flashed at every station announcement.

And away over in Arizona, twenty miles from the nearest telephone line, Ginger tuned in the next morning her mother received a call from a tiny town near Kingman, Arizona.

Thursday morning, weary but willing, Ginger magically appeared out of the everywhere on the set at Fox—a homecoming Houdini who was glad to be home.

However, Lyle Talbot wasn't such a good radio-tuner-inner and thereby sacrificed a good part in "Gambling Lady" to Joel McCrea, when he put on the vanishing top-coat.

Lyle set out, destination unknown and unsuspected by the Brothers Warner, who sign his pay-checks. It was a motor trip, he was going to be gone until further notice—and just try and notify him?

The Warner Brothers tried. They tried because they had that good part for Lyle, and production was being rushed. Paging Mr. Talbot! They knew Lyle had a radio in his car and that he played it incessantly while driving. They hoped—ah, vain hope—that Lyle listened loyally to the programs of KFWB, "the Voice of Hollywood," the last

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Letters like this prove that what Ambrosia has done for others, it can do for you. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before. Blackheads, pimples, muddiness disappear. Your skin feels even of pimples, vanish dry?

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NATURALLY WAVY HAIR...

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Name:____________________ Address:____________________ City:____________________ State:____________________
Has Mae West Gone High Hat?

[continued from page 39]

That’s what you hear—everywhere—and a lot more.

But don’t you believe it—West is still West. Although a whole lot of explanations are in order.

In the first place, Mae has been as busy as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives.

As she says, “I haven’t had time to change!”

By her success in “She Done Him Wrong,” Mae just stuck her diamond-draped neck out for a whole lot of fast and furious work. To cash in on the great world-wide eagerness for another Western, “I’m No Angel” was rushed into production. Mae wrote the story, helped with the script, the casting, the whole business, besides playing the starring part.

At the same time, all of Hollywood was wanting to put her back and shake her hand. Vicariously, so was all the world.


Mae didn’t lose the time. But she tried to do the impossible. More words flashed out of Hollywood about “Diamond Lil” than about any other star since Valentino. More curvilinear poses were printed and distributed than any since Della Fox rode to fame in cigarette boxes.

Mae, never social, made the effort to get around and join in the life of the movie colony. It was too much. So big Jim Timony, Mae’s manager, put his foot down—unknown to Mae. No more interviews until after “I’m No Angel” was finished.

No more “nothin’”—Mae was taboo. Imagine the howl! The echoes finally reached Mae, along with too many high hat accusations for her to take smiling.

She bounced into the publicity department, thinking they had issued the edict, and wanted to know why. They said Timony said why: Mae said she would say why; she was no shy and wilting violet and she didn’t want to get that reputation.

Finally, the studio persuaded her to wait until the picture was over.

By that time there were eighty interviewers dated to see her. She tackled them, one after the other, got through forty without losing her sanity, and then had to give up. The rest were cancelled.

And the word got around that Mae had gone high hat.

Professional jealousy fanned the rumor. It’s the easiest thing in the world to tag someone with a swelled head—if you supply the necessary inflationary matter—hot air. Hollywood could stand just so much of a new West sensation—but when it became a menace, or a supposed one, enter the whispering campaigns.

Unfortunately for Mae, the turn of events seemed to lend a basis to these rumors.

Suddenly circumstances forced her to a complete and rigid seclusion. No one could see her—on the set or off. A red paper slip was posted above her call-sheet in the publicity office at Paramount, “Under no circumstances will anyone be allowed on the Mae West set.”

Instead of walking in the front door of the studio, smiling at the autograph seekers, Mae rolled quickly in a side gate, surrounded by four armed guards. Her apartment house was just as carefully watched. When she went to the fights, her favorite recreation, the cash customers were jostled out of the way by a flying wedge of detectives, with Mae in the middle.

It looked—it still looks—like a grand act.

But it’s not.

Suppose you were in Mae’s shoes. Suppose gangsters had threatened to get you, because you had the courage to testify against stick-up men. Suppose you had received threats over the phone and through the mails. Definite threats to “take you for a ride”—to ruin your looks forever with acid. To “put you on the spot.”

THAT’S what Mae faces now. That’s why she carries acid antidotes, and rides in a bullet-proof car.

At that, Mae isn’t hiring the protectors. The Los Angeles District Attorney is—and for a selfish reason, because Mae is the star witness against Harry Voller, indicted in connection with Mae’s jewel robbery. The D.A.’s office can’t convict him without Mae. Get it?

If Hollywood and success had softened “Diamond Lil” as some say it has—she wouldn’t have had the abdominal stamina to testify against sinister elements who amply warned her before she ever reached the stand that it wouldn’t be healthy. Such threats have sealed the lips of plenty of other much more publicized public-spirited American citizens.

But they only made Mae all the more determined to do her duty. “I’m easy to get along with,” she says, “but threats can make me nasty.” She testified. She sent one gangster to the penitentiary—and she’ll have to do it again. Meanwhile, can you blame her—or the police—for not inviting catastrophe? The threats still come.

Besides, Paramount is taking no chances with their multi-million dollar attraction. It’s not entirely Mae’s fault that she’s as hard to reach as the Dalai Lama of Tibet.

But, at least it seemed that hard.

There was a special pass. But that didn’t mean a thing to the guard who stood outside the sound stage door, with a business-like revolver strapped to his side. It didn’t mean much to Detective Jack Chris, head of the gangster detail of the District Attorney’s office, who sat inside, his hand within easy reach of the pistol presented to him by Pancho Villa when Chiss was a Texas ranger. He is the best shot on the D.A.’s force.

But, finally, when the word was relayed to Mae and she said it was okay to “I’m up and see her,” there was a chance to confront her with all these things which the tongues were saying.

Now it is a strange thing about people who suddenly assume the high hat. They don’t mind being told about it. Because, if they’re really consciously wearing an upturned nose, acknowledgment flatters them. They may protest—but, well, Mae West didn’t protest—she was burned up!

And hurt!

“Nobody ever called me high hat—and they’ve called me lots of things,” she said. There wasn’t a faint flicker of humor on her face; she was dead serious. “The public made me what I am today—I hope they’re satisfied.
And they ought to know that I'm not wanting to change my style.

"I'm not a phony, and I'm not a girl who's just made good. I've had some success before; I've had some publicity, and I've made some money before I ever came to Hollywood. Whenever I see people putting it on, I know they're phonies; they aren't the real goods and they've got something to cover up.

"I consider myself above changing. I haven't time to change. I'm not looking backward at what I've done or what success has come my way. The minute you do that and stand around on what's already come your way, you're headed back in the other direction."

"I HAVE to do my work, and I've got a lot of that to do. You ought to know that it isn't easy to write and act, too. You can't call me high hat because I'm busy."

Mae hasn't gone back on any of her friends. She has had the same maid for six years. A lot of the actors who used to be with her on the stage in New York are working in her picture. She's giving Katherine De Mille her big break in "It Ain't No Sin."

Just the other day, she discovered a set-worker, Joe Ritchie, an ex-prize-fighter, singing prize-ring ditties.

"Ever sing those for pictures?" asked Mae. He said he hadn't. "Well, you're going to," said Mae—and sat right down and wrote a big part into the script to give Joe a break.

She still lives in a modest Hollywood apartment with her brother Jack West, Jr. Her only extravagance has been redecorating it in the white and gold Louis XV motif which took her eye on the New Orleans "Sensation House" set in "It Ain't No Sin."

You could hardly call her desire to buy a ranch an extravagance or an indication of a desire to live high. The ranch is to be for her folks.

When Hollywood first found out that Mae was investing in an insurance annuity of a hundred thousand dollars, the word went around that she was frantically saving her money—changing from an easy spender to a miserly saver; also, that she knew she was slipping badly at the box-office and was hoarding for the approaching famine.

Mae's annuity doesn't hold a candle to the investments of most Hollywood stars. That's what it is—an investment. She has to do something with her money—but money can't change Mae West, any more than it could normally change others by making them enjoy life by acquiring some things they've always wanted and security for later years.

"As for her popularity—" "I'm No Angel" is doing three times the business of 'She Done Him Wrong,' " Mae informs. "I wasn't completely satisfied with it, I'll admit—but this one is going to outclass both the others. I'm completely satisfied with it—and I'm her severest critic, don't forget that!"

"She hasn't changed her screen type, either. "I'm a little sweeter character this time," Mae confessed, "but there's still a bad streak in me."

"I'm low enough, all right—but the whole thing's a little more glamorous and gorgeous—if you know what I mean."

It was worth looking to see what Mae did mean.

She was gorgeous enough. A Gibson Girl gorgeousness with one of those amazing pompadours looking like waves of silver taffy.
I have reduced my hips 9 inches
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...writes Miss H. Hal

It massages like magic...writes Miss Kay Carroll. "The famous to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McCleary.

Some of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this perforated rubber reducing girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

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PhotoPlay Magazine for July, 1934

MacKenna, of a Belgian woman who, while nursing German wounded, acted as an undercover agent for the Allies, Madeleine wore no screen make-up whatsoever. And she played all her big scenes with her back to the camera! How's that for a sacrifice to art?

And referring to her being practically unknown here, there is an instance which serves to illustrate her innate modesty and charm of manner. The first day she reported at the Fox studio for work the World Moves On, the gateman refused to let her in without a pass from the main office. Her name meant nothing to him. Madeleine patiently waited without any fuss. And her Hollywood one-picture contract called for more money than that of any other British star who ever came here. I have heard, since she first began her screen career, I witnessed her signature the day she signed it to a three-picture-a-year contract in England for a fabulous sum. Since then, that sum has probably been doubled. Working that out picture for picture, I think, brings her salary to one of the highest of the players ever in Hollywood.

But Madeleine has never stopped to work out that little problem herself. Money actually doesn’t mean as much to her as her public’s reaction to her work. And in her private life, her chief concern is the comfort and well-being of her husband’s many tenants and servants. Both she and he are devoted to the welfare of their people.

Should “Mrs. Jones,” a tenant on Captain Astley’s estate, report, during a storm, that her cottage roof is leaking and her “ol’ man” is laid up with rheumatics, “Madeleine and Philip will drop everything else to get plasterers and carpenters to work on the roof right away. The same holds true for the caretakers of the villa on Lake Como in Italy. If “Signora Tretilin” is giving birth to another thirteen, it is a common sight to see Madeleine by the bedside, administering jellies and sips of brandy to the mother.

Now that the entertainment and well-being of others, those are the things that matter to Madeleine Carroll. And there is no “high hat” to it all. At her birthday party on the Fox lot, shortly after her arrival, the guests of honor were the stage crew and the gatekeeper who did not know her on her first day. And Philip was the life of the party! Regarding “the days when,” if you ask Madeleine, that is when she started out, she will very truthfully tell that after being awarded a Bachelor of Arts degree by Birmingham University (with honors in French, thanks to her mother, a Parisienne) she taught school for a year to make some money to go to London—and the stage. Also, she will tell you she took to the stage against the wishes of her father, a stern man, a university professor.

However, with the help of a loyal youth she had met at the university, and who had become a press-agent in London, Madeleine stormed the barricades to theater and film producers. Within a year of her going to London, she graduated from a traveling company, in which she was a French maid parroting “Mais oui, Madame—your bath—it is quite ready,” to an important rôle in “Mr. Pickwick” on the London stage, and, to the starring rôle in the first important talkie made in England, “The Guns of Loos.” The screen rôle was won as the result of a contest in which she was chosen “the ideal example of British feminine beauty.”

From then on, it was one triumph after another—whether it was on the West End London stage playing opposite Charles Laughton in “French Leave,” or whether it was in Card Bernardo in the picture “American Prisoner”—wherein Madeleine, in early-American period costumes, won all screen-going hearts hands down.

After two years of simultaneous stage and screen successes, Madeleine received that next three-pictures-a-year contract. It carried with it, besides that huge sum, choice of her own director, cameraman, supporting cast and story! In addition, in this period, she made pictures in French in Paris, and she made them for Ufa in Berlin. Her fame as the darling of the British screen became established.

Then came romance. Madeleine was appearing in a play in an exclusive small theater in London. Nightly she received a corsage of orchids. There was no card. But Madeleine did not go out of her way to learn the identity of her admirer. Her busy life did not permit of romance.
Time raced by and it brought Madeleine into another play, "After All." With this play came an invitation from the Prince of Wales to a supper following the première.

That was a Royal Command. And that was a supper!

The prince danced with her innumerable times, and she was fortunate in her supper partner. He was solicitude itself. He was a young officer, former aide to the prince, a Captain Philip Astley. At dawn, he asked to see Madeleine home. A gleaming silver car with footman and chauffeur awaited them.

On the way to her apartment, the young officer declared undying devotion to Madeleine. It was rather sudden, but Madeleine believed him sincere and honest. He was somehow different.

Then it all came out—he was her unknown admirer of the orchids.

When the run of "After All" ended, Captain Astley induced his younger sister to invite the charming actress for a stay at the family villa in Italy. Philip, of course, turned up a few days after Madeleine had arrived. And, in the Italian moonlight across the sapphire blue waters of Lake Como, he urged Madeleine to marry him.

On a late August day, they were married in a small Italian village, in a tiny lakeside chapel that held but twenty people.

As they entered the edifice the village children, in their white Sunday frocks, scattered rosebuds before them.

Two months later, this Carroll child—now mistress of a gorgeous Italian villa, a manor in a rural English village where her husband is Squire, a palatial Mayfair mansion in London—returned to the stage in a new play, opposite Owen Nares, a matinee idol of London.

"Household duties nowadays," she said then, "are made so easy for the young wife that she doesn't have to bother with them. And my husband," she added, "although very wealthy, prefers to work in an office all day for his living. So, why shouldn't I work, too?"

Her husband is her advisor on all her screen and stage contracts. And she is his "attorney-in-chief" on his real estate deals. And they like it.

And people like them. They conquer the hearts of everyone they meet, high or low.

Madeleine has had a previous opportunity to go to Hollywood. It was when Winfield Sheehan was preparing to produce "Cavalcade." Madeleine was offered the rôle of Jane Marnay, played by her close friend Diana Wynyard.

I'm refusing the rôle, Madeleine said, "I'd love to go to Hollywood, but I'm scared stiff at the prospect of attempting to rate with those beautiful American stars. American audiences don't know me, and probably won't know me.

"I'd be too poor an ambassador from London to Hollywood to warrant accepting such a big undertaking. Get Diana to do the rôle. She is far better than I!"

Her personal triumph opposite Herbert Marshall and Conrad Veidt in "I Was a Spy," however, caused Sheehan, on vacation in London, to show Madeleine a synopsis of "The World Moves On," and to tell her of the "charm exchange." This time Sheehan overcame her objections—but only with help from Philip.

After "The World Moves On," Madeleine had to return to England to do a screen story called "Mary, Queen of Scots." But she will be back.

Here's that Remarkable New Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

There is now a new and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A totally new idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap," "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap," "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely natural and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called Angelus Rouge Incarnat. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on both the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, wickedly of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a jeune fille— ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—Pandora and Poppy

"The Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks

Angelus Rouge Incarnat

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS
What’s Ahead for Hepburn?

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69**

However, Katharine Hepburn does primarily want to be a screen star. There have been hundreds of stories about her indifference to Hollywood and her career on the screen. George Cukor insists that most of these are “bunk.” For instance, the one about Hepburn, after finishing “A Bill of Divorcement,” having to be hunted for and notified by wire that she had been a sensation.

“She was nervous and did not attend the Hollywood preview,” says Cukor. “But I called her up myself and told her what a hit she had made. She was delighted, enthusiastic and appreciative.”

After the studio showing of “Little Women,” Hepburn dashed out of the projection room, the picture of almost childlike, exuberant joy. She ran around slapping all her fellow workers on the back and shouting, “This one’s going to write your pay-checks for a long time!”

She, herself, has made the statement, “I like pictures. There’s nothing more thrilling than to see my performance and there’s nothing more heart-breaking than to see myself in a bad one.”

A THOUGHT similarly expressed to Cukor, when she told him once, “It hurts me when I see myself in a poor scene and hear people saying, ‘But she must be good.’”

Sensitive, but certainly conscientious. Actually her “indifference” can be traced to her personality, which is very aptly described by this director as “bumptious.”

She doesn’t like publicity, she wants to be alone. She may be capricious, even eccentric—but Hepburn wants to be a great screen star every bit as much as RKO and her public want her to be.

Then what are her chances—from nowon? Again quoting Cukor:

“Katharine Hepburn is a very, very talented girl and her future is unlimited. She has extraordinary dexterity for the screen, she’s highly intelligent, and she possesses a kind of ingenuity which is very aptly described by this director as ‘bumptious.’

She doesn’t like publicity, she wants to be alone. She may be capricious, even eccentric—but Hepburn wants to be a great screen star every bit as much as RKO and her public want her to be.

What lies ahead for Katharine Hepburn? The answer rests within Hepburn herself. At RKO her associates tell us that Hepburn has always eagerly desired to make a stage success. Possibly as a “home town” boy, who sought success elsewhere, always has the ambition to go back home and “show ’em.”

KNOWING Hepburn’s determined and proud nature, they expect her to be all the more resolved to “show ’em” now that she has ‘dopped.’” In fact, but for her contract with RKO, which called for her definite return to the studio by the middle of June, the opinion is that she would have made every effort to live down her failure with a Broadway success before showing her face in Hollywood. But contracts are contracts—and thousands upon thousands of dollars were involved.

![Image of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads advertisement](https://example.com/ads/drscholl34.jpg)

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**Mercolized Wax**

Keeps Skin Young.

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible to the eye and not felt. All defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading drugstores.

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LATEST BRASSIERE. 2 to 3 inch compression at bust. Gives a trim, plentiful new style figure. Send bust measure. $2.25 READING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced back, with 2 flappers in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures. $3.25

Write for literature. Send check or money order. 30 days cash.

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Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery “SHAMPOO-KOLOR.” Takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy. Each bottle 25c. Does not fade off. Free booklet.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you relief in one minute! These soothing, healing pads stop the cause by lifting nagging shoe pressure off the irritated nerves. Result—erased beauty, soft toes or blisters from new or tight shoes.

Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly, safely loosen and remove corns and callouses when used with the separate Medicated Disks included for that purpose. Get this sure relief today. Sold everywhere.

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**What's Ahead for Hepburn?**

![Image of Katharine Hepburn](https://example.com/ads/hepburn34.jpg)

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**Photoplay Magazine for July, 1934**
ful story of a young girl whose musical genius is unrecognized, until a composer loves her and watches her rise to fame as he slips back; the second is "Joan of Arc," an opportunity for a really classic performance; the third is "The Tudor Wench," a chance for her to recreate on the screen one of the most interesting and important of all royal figures—Queen Elizabeth.

And if Katharine Hepburn will take her unfortunate fiasco in stride, shake off the jittery hangover in which it has apparently left her, and sink her teeth into these parts as only Hepburn can, then there's only one thing ahead for her—eventually. A crown of her own.

A DISCOVERY THAT ENDS
"RAZOR STUBBLE"
After Removing Arm and Leg Hair

A Way That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Definitely Ends The Stiff Re-growth Problem

• Now one can actually get rid of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is
It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation definitely ends after-razor "stubble"...

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to Obtain
It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Comes in two sizes: medium and large.

Neet Cream
Hair-Remover
LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marqués de la Falaise. Odd rituals of Myrna Loy, Countess of Falaise, do not provide such a delight. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fizzle, love conjures for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's flavor is one of this morality play. Nice picture for Myrna Loy. (May)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lodge's facile Swedish film and (Ann Sothern) grows with the increasing love with the kidnapping of Paul (Robert Jordan) by Alphonse LeRoy's mother, Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lula Lee) lassitude. (Jan.)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephoning trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes, and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

LOST PATROL—The—RKO Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (March)

MAD GAME, THE—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnap. He loves the assignment—after the plot is exposed. Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Raymond Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial and Jean Parker, as Jo's sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, mestizo as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Alyn Talbot. (April)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Fedders Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were dancing at a party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns with his new knowledge when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with her charming personality. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are odd. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mild man who rises to financial power; Princess Jeanette, Henry Travers, and Osgood Arch. (April)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including Edgar Barrier, ZaSu Pitts, "sketches" Gallagher, Jimmie Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

MELODY IN SPRING—Paramount.—Rado's first film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

MEN IN WHITE—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice, Ann Sothern is a reporter, but finds her life more exciting after marriage to a marked actor. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance as the Lady of the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MISS PANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the dramatic plight of Miss Anna Panote (Bette Davis) as her baby is kidnapped. Producer Gregory Widen states that the bacterium is carried by her mother, Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

MODERN HERO, A—Warner.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' role aim is to secure film independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Marlowe. (June)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian fare, courtesies, secret missions. Sally Eilers rivals Bcn for top honors. (April)

MOULIN ROUGE—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-sha dances, smart dialogue, and great performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A class. Twito Carmont, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattle of Mr. and Mrs. Skitch (Will Rogers and Marie Dressler) brings traffic jams. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Columbia.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police report becomes murder weapon with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lilian Harvey falls in love with King John Rokes, and is loved by him, El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Berry's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

MYSTERY OF MR. X—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thieft Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer. Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetree, ramps to Hollywood into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

NANA—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Charming, exotic Russian beauty that makes an impressive debut on the American screen as Nana in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillip Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (June)


NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And if that's not enough, Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Brentson heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go for gold and becomes a cog of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See 6. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe give the audience a rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert LaRue's irresponsible family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and censes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a leading man but also an engaging father for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeda. (June)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a modern hospital. Deanna Durbin, Ray Whay and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skillfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for houses as detective who solves mystery of prosecutor's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoi. Fair. (June)

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**ONLY YESTERDAY—Universal.**—It’s a bit for Margaret Sullivan in the role of a girl who kept the secret of her twin love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

**ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.**—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

**PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.**—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Martinic Raneaux and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

**POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.**—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evelyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

**POOR RIGH T, THE—Universal.**—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

**POPPIN’ THE CORK—Fox-Educational.**—Milton Berle in a three-roller with the “repeal” angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles. (March)

**PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE—M-G-M.**—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Constance for fight. Max Baer is the hero of one of the best fight pictures yet made. He’ll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

**QUATORZE JULIET (“JULY 14”)—Protest Pictures.**—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

**QUEEN CHRISTINA—M-G-M.**—As Sweden’s queen Christina, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, fun Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

**QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.**—A slow-paced yarn about Charlie Grapewin, publisher of small-town newspaper, desiring Emma Dunn and son William Bakey, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

**REGISTERED NURSE—Warner.**—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nana Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot’s and John Halliday’s admiration. Interesting plot details. (February)

**RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE—RKO-Radio.**—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

**RIPTIDE—M-G-M.**—Tense drama, with Robert Montgomery, Shearer, Shiner and complicity between wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jeweler husband. Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

**ROMAN SCANDALS—Samuel Goldwyn.**—Romantic, strange, and compelling as the wife, and Clive Brook, with stunning music under pit. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties. Bath Etting of radio fame, the flesh dance ensembles, and a clarinet race that’s thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

**SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.**—An average Western with the usual bad hombre and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

**SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.**—The result of Paramount’s worldwide beauty contest, featuring Eda Lapins, Buster Crabbe, Tall Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

**SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.**—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell’s attempt to get a rap on murder of Mary Blake’s gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

**SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.**—A gay marriage of odd elements—tiger-lounging, big-fell, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finale. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

**SHOUL D LADIES BEHAVE?—M-G-M.**—Re- viewed under title “The Vinegar Tree.”—Mary Carlisle won’t listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

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**Show-off, The—** M.G.M.—Spencer Tracy handles his character as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

**Side Streets—** First National—Alene MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a fellow-ward persona is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

**Sing and Like It—** RKO-Radio. — A devastating mirthmelange. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and Jefferson Per SE Kenton. Ned Sparks. (May)

**Sin of Nora Moran, The—** Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl who dies in the electric chair to save her lover, Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

**Sitting Pretty—** Paramount.— Five popular songs do not secure a vote from the audience. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers at the hash-knot-to-Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

**Six of a Kind—** Paramount.— This is a typical story of a man who gets into the wrong track and is handled by so-so players. (July)

**Sixteen Fathoms Deep—** Monogram.— Against the villainous opposition of George Riggs, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

**Sleepers East—** Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

**Smoky—** Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

**Son of a Sailor—** First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold grub and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (June)

**Son of Kong, The—** RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot King Kong much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

**Son of the Desert—** Hal Roach-M.G.M.—All-junior cast of minors riding horses and having a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

**Special Investigator—** Universal.— Oscar Strong and Wynne Gibson have rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

**Speed Wings—** Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual luck in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evelyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

**Spitfire—** RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katherine Hepburn as a Keatchewan mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

**Stand Up and Cheer—** Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

**Straightaway—** Columbia.— Lively moments for auto racing hokum, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

**Strawberry Roan—** Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, horses weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

**Success at Any Price—** RKO-Radio.— Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

**Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, The—** Monogram.— Ruster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

**Take a Chance—** Paramount.— Test-show croons James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway, Lillian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

**Take the Stand—** Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaKne is murdered while broadcasting in locked room with several persons having motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vincent Barrett. (May)

**This Man Is Mine—** RKO-Radio.— A soapy comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Melvyn Douglas form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue, Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

**This Side of Heaven—** M.G.M.—A realistic tale—neurotic love-affair of the Turner family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

**3 on a Honeymoon—** Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Elters pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman create fair amount of interest. (June)

**Thundering Herd, The—** Paramount.— A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, C. Aubrey Smith, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

**Tillie and Gus—** Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

**To the Last Man—** Paramount.— Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston present a series of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend warm plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

**Trumpet Blows, The—** Paramount.— George Raft's scene in bull-riding prove thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou ditt posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, triumphantly reveals the outcome of the great encounter. (June)

**Twentieth Million Sweethearts—** First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. His songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

**Two Alone—** RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

**Upperworld—** Warners.— In self-defense Warren Williams shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his excommunication, William gorgeous with wife, Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances off trite plot. (June)

**Very Honorable Guy—** First National.—Honest seeker Joe E. Brown sells his body to secure a delivery date. When the delivery date arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (Entertainment)

**Viva Villa!—** M.G.M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

**Voice in the Night—** Columbia.—Something going on every minute going on in this mellow, anemic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero role. Suspense well sustained. (June)

**Walls of Gold—** Fox.—Sally Elters, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

**Waltz Time—** Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, dragged story. (Dec.)

**Way to Love, The—** Paramount.— Maurice Chevalier's role seems to be a Paris guide, but finds himself shielding gypsy Ann Dvorak to his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

**Wharf Angel—** Paramount.— Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster in a nefarious, noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

**Wheels of Destiny—** Universal.— Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainbow, to say nothing of Larry Graymond and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)
WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cut-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

WILD CARGO—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marguerite Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lylian Timman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes private detective Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she gets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)


WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HER LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

WONDER BAR—First National.—J. Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Cafe. Len and Kay Francis do well with a small role. (April)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has disrupted her family to pursuit gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Joan Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Tumbling of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe, a barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)

Katharine Hepburn's stand-in at last gets a break in movies. Adalyn Doyle's first role is in RKO-Radio's "Finishing School"
Mary Brian's beautiful hands achieve added loveliness when they are smartly polished with Moon Glow, the new nail polish that actually "blossoms your fingernails." MOON GLOW's six smart shades will thrill you, and your nails will have the smart appearance longer. MOON GLOW will not fade, crack or peel. Ask for the 5c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish at your drug or department store. Accept no substitute for genuine MOON GLOW. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.

Casts of Current Photoplays
Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE"—20th Century-Fox—Now playing in all first-class houses. Written by John Meehan. Directed by Harold M. Herold. Adapted from the play by Maxwell Anderson by Geoffrey Latour. The cast: Carmen March, Luise Rainer, Humphrey Bogart, Greer Garson, William A. Le Baron, John Qualen, Ann Blyth, Scotty Beckett, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. "Affairs of Cellini" is a thrilling baroque melodrama with stirring production numbers. For a story that is bound to please the theatergoer, this is a must.


"BLACK CAT, THE"—Universal—Story by Edgar Horn and Peter Rure; directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: Brian Aherne, Artie Aherne, Maureen O'Hara, Marjorie Rambeau, Donald Crisp, George Tobias, Lyle Talbot, Robert Armstrong. "Black Cat" is a mystery movie with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.


"CONSTANT Nymph, THE"—Fox—From the novel by Margaret Kennedy. Written by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: Lewis Stone, Brian Aherne, Madeleine Carroll, Lilian Gish, John Qualen, John Qualen, John Qualen. "Constant Nymph" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"DOUBLEDoor"—Paramount—From the story by Elizabeth McDuff. Screenplay by William Wright and Jack pulled. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: Charles Vidor, Victor Van Brunt, Mary Morris, Anne Darrow, Evelyn Vlahos, Ruby V. Murphy, Rod La Rocque, D'Arcy Cady, John Qualen, John Qualen, John Qualen. "Double Door" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"FOG OVER FRISCO"—First National—Based on the story by George Gershwin. Screenplay by Robert N. Leffingwell. Directed by William A. Le Baron. The cast: Arlene Francis, Jack Oakie, William A. Le Baron, John Qualen, John Qualen, John Qualen. "Fog Over Frisco" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"HALF A SINNER, THE"—Universal—From the play "Half a Sinner" by John Millington Synge. Written by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: Deacon, Dorian Gray, George Bancroft, John Qualen, John Qualen, John Qualen, John Qualen. "Half a Sinner" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"HANDY ANDY"—Fox—From the story by Lewis Beach. Screenplay by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by Henry Johnson. The cast: Andrew Wont, Will Rogers, Ernestine Craig, Peggy Wood, Florence, Constance Montgomerie, Doug, Ernestine Craig, Peggy Wood, Florence, Constance Montgomerie. "Handy Andy" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"I Hate Women"—Goldsmith Prod.—From the story by Mary McCarthy. Directed by Aubrey Sutherland. Screenplay by Aubrey Sutherland. Directed by Aubrey Sutherland. The cast: Anne Meredith, June Clyde, Cookie Smith, Fuzzy Quinn, Vista Markert, Carter Glass, John Qualen, John Qualen, John Qualen. "I Hate Women" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"JUST SMITH"—Gaumont-British—From the story by Evelyn Waugh. Screenplay by Dorothy Stedman. Directed by Tom Walls. The cast: Tom Walls, Wanda Leslock, Carol Goodner, Elly Ellis, Nova, Nova, Nova. "Just Smith" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"LITTLE MISS MARKER"—Paramount—From the story by Damon Runyan. Screenplay by William R. Lippman, Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: Swanson, Allen, Millie, Ingrid Bergman, Dorothy Dell, Big Steve, Charles Bickford, Miss Manhattan, Miss Manhattan, Miss Manhattan. "Little Miss Marker" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA"—MGM—From the story by Garth Dodge. Screenplay by Oliver H. P. Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. The cast: Clark Gable, Gene Tierney, Mervyn LeRoy, Edward Arnold, Hume Cronyn, Sydney Greenstreet, Henry Hull, Ralph Morgan, Margaret Lindsay. "Manhattan Melodrama" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS"—Paramount—From the story by J. P. McEvoy and Claude Binyon. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: James Cagney, Glenda Farrell, Leslie Howard, James Cagney, James Cagney, James Cagney. "Many Happy Returns" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"MARCIO DE LINHARES"—Monogram—Based on the story by Horatio Alger. Screenplay by Horatio Alger. Directed by Horatio Alger. The cast: Mario de Linares, John Qualen, John Qualen, John Qualen. "Marcio de Linares" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"MIDNIGHT MELODRAMA"—Cream—From the story by Leo Emerald. Screenplay by Leo Emerald. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: Malvina, Malvina, Malvina, Malvina. "Midnight Melodrama" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"DEATH"—Columbia—Based on the book by the late Edna Ferber. Screenplay by Edna Ferber. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: Henry Fonda, Henry Fonda, Henry Fonda, Henry Fonda. "Death" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"NOW I'LL TELL"—Fox—From the story by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Edwin Burke. The cast: Mary Brian, John Qualen, John Qualen, John Qualen. "Now I'll Tell" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"PARTY'S OVER, THE"—Columbia—From the story by Daniel Kussell. Screenplay by play by S. K. Lang. The cast: Cagney, Cagney, Cagney, Cagney. "Party's Over" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"PRIVATE SCANDAL"—Paramount—From the story by Vera Caspary and Bruce Manning. Screenplay by Garrett Fort. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: Cagney, Cagney, Cagney, Cagney. "Private Scandal" is a romantic drama with a touch of humor. A mystery that will keep you guessing until the very end.

"URING PHOTOGRAPHY
Loyal photographic efforts in the hope that you will accept the sincere thanks of the New York Institute of Photography for the services rendered. We have been pleased to help you with your photography problems.

"Learn PHOTOGRAPHY and have a profitable vocation"

There are no opportunities in this diminishing and professional field of photography. Loyal photographic efforts in the hope that you will accept the sincere thanks of the New York Institute of Photography for the services rendered. We have been pleased to help you with your photography problems.

"Learn PHOTOGRAPHY and have a profitable vocation"
The brook murmuring below

When your eyes meet his, in a busy office, on a crowded street, it will seem as if you are alone with him beside some murmuring brook... Let him be conscious of a fragrant charm, that kindles the urge to know you, the charm of the new Daytime Fragrance, Bouquet Lentheiric. In its amber depths an exquisite Lentheiric perfume is combined with a fine Eau de Cologne—a double essence... Each morning it gives you the tang of vivid aliveness, and the moment after, a delicate, strangely persistent fragrance is born... Wherever fine perfumes are sold. Lentheiric, 245 Rue St. Honoré, Paris, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Bouquet Lenthéiric
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

HOLLYWOOD became the movie capital through the flip of a coin. Pat Dowling recalled how Al E. Christie tired of trying to make Westerns around New York and wanted to take the Nestor Company to California. His partner favored Florida. They flipped a coin and lost, which is how the Griffith star, Mae Marsh, returned to pictures several times; again is taking a fling. Elmo Lincoln bloomed as the silent "Tarzan of the Apes." Conrad Nagel, twenty-two, longed for mature roles. Best films: "For Better, For Worse" (Gloria Swanson), "Red Lantern" (Nasimova), "Uptairs and Down" (Olive Thomas), "Mary Regan" (Anita Stewart), "Stronger Voice" (Geraldine Farrar), "Girl From the Marsh Croft" (Swedish). Cover: Dorothy Phillips.

Mae Marsh

PERFECTION of pictures that talk, within a year, was predicted by Dr. Lee DeForest, who had discovered, in 1914, the "adio"-as incredible! Rudolph Valentino, long absent, was returning to the screen in "Monsieur Beauche," for Photoplay found a host of already forgotten stars, among them Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, Lillian Walker, Maurice Costello, Louise Cl bądź, and Edith Storey, who had been back in films since the war, but retired again. Vincente Blasco ("Four Horsemen") Ibáñez, with his stories a rage in pictures, said American movie actresses were influencing women's daily lives the world over. Screen Rumanos, naming their favorite leading women, remind us of some famous teams—including Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry, Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge, Conway Tearle and Corinne Griffith. Heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey was making a film for two-reelers. Mae Murray, eternal feminine, "showman" off-screen as well as on, maintained her imposing box-office record. Jack Holt said he preferred to play villains, but there was more money in being a hero (If'yuh, Dillinger?). Doug Fairbanks and Edith Storey, who had been back in films since the war, but retired again.

Mae Murray

SUNBURN

Cooling, soothing Mentholatum relieves the inflammation. Promotes quicker healing.

MENTHOLATUM GIVES COMFORT DAILY

EVE'S LURE... a minimum of bruises, with a maximum of support. Endures even bathing suits and formulas. Hypo-allergenic, too. Just slips over the head, and gently moulds to the individual. Secure, yet soft, it yields to the body.

GUARANTEED TO SUPPORT THE PENETRABLE BUST FROM THE HINT.

LANITA DICKSON

If your Dealer Cannot Supply You, Order Direct.
Fan Club Corner

HERE is more news on the annual convention of movie fan clubs to be held in Chicago, August 11, 12 and 13. The convention this year is sponsored by the Movie Club Guild, an organization of members of ten various fan clubs, members of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs. Those fans who attended last year's convention in Chicago won't have to be told of the wonderful, interesting and entertaining things done by the fan delegates. Part of the plans that the various committees are now working on are: Regular banquet sessions, a sight-seeing tour of the Chicago Loop, a trip to the Century of Progress, conducted tour of Chinatown, radio theater party at the WLS Barn Dance, motion theater party. These and other events will complete the three days' program.

There will, of course, be time out for meals, and if you have never eaten bird's nest soup and would like to try it, you'll have the opportunity while on the visit to Chinatown. Club committees are expecting some celebrities to be present, and many pictures will be taken during the convention. If you want more information about the convention, or if you have any suggestions, please write the Movie Club Guild Secretary, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill., or to the publicity director, 951 N. Drake Ave., Chicago.

Florence Scafuli, secretary of the Buddy Rogers Fan Club, 92 Bonlen Ave., Norwich, N. Y., writes that membership in the club is growing fast. She also announces that the club has started a clipping bureau of pictures of all stars.

Lucile Carlson, president of the Alice White Fan Club, announces that Jean L. Haddon was judged the winner of the club's recent title contest. Kay Marquardt was second. The prizes will be sent by Miss White.

The news of the Norma Shearer Club is improving with each issue. Congratulations! This club also announced prize winners of their movie contest for last month. Norma Shearer fans are invited to write Hans Fagiuoli, president, 1947 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Lenore Heidorn, president of the Billie Dove Fan Club, was happy over the telegram received from Mr. Kenaston, Miss Dove's husband, announcing the arrival of a husky seven-pound, two-ounce baby, named Robert Allen.

The Ramon Novarro Service League has, in the past month, inaugurated a branch of The Animal Welfare League. The work is especially interesting, and requires kindness and consideration toward animals. Certain proportions of the club's funds usually devoted to charitable work will be given yearly to animal welfare societies where the workers are voluntary. Admirers of Novarro who would like further information regarding this movement are requested to write Ethel Musergave, general secretary, 6848 Elgin St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Irene Rouke, president of the Douglass Montgomery Fan Club, entertained the Movie Club Guild officers at a recent dinner party meeting, where a complete programme was given for the attractive rhinestone bracelet, which was sent by Dolores Del Rio for the Guild’s social in Chicago. Agnes Ayres, who was present at the meeting, drew the winning ticket for Arthur Cooper, of Detroit, Mich.

The Herald Cinema Critics Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently broadcast the fourth of a series of "Theater and Screen Chats," a quarter-hour program going over WSVR, their local NBC affiliate. This popular club is doing beneficial things in a big way.

The Miriam Jordan Fan Club is starting a new membership contest with prizes to be given by Miss Jordan. All members joining during the contest may compete for the prizes. For information write Claire Bingham, secretary, 200 Walsee St., Norwood, Mass.

Franchot Tone has presented the Silver Star Club with a new mignog to assist them in printing the club news. Phyllis Carlyle, president, Portland, Maine, invites Franchot Tone fans to write her about the club.

Al Kirk, 66 Milwaukee Ave., Bethel, Conn., president of the Screen Fan's Club, announces in their recent club news that Gloria Stuart is now an honorary member. Prospective members are invited to write him.

Ginger Rogers fans are asked to write Marion L. Hesse, president, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J., for information about the club for Miss Rogers.

The Maureen O'Sullivan Club recently celebrated its first anniversary. They are going strong. At the birthday dinner of New York members, a congratulatory telegram from Miss O'Sullivan was read. Irene Brettmann, 895 Park Ave., New York City, is president.

The Bobbi Rosing Fan Club announces "Chaw" Monk, Jr., as winner of their recent membership contest. Bobbi and Her Fans, the club news bulletin, is a dandy! Mrs. Martin Boyer, 1121 E. Ferry St., Buffalo, N. Y., is president.

The Crosby Comments, news publication of the Bing Crosby Fan Club, says that the club membership has been growing rapidly the past few months. Fans are invited to write Fay E. Zin, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J.

Gotty J. Benthal, 28 Lexington Ave., West Somerville, Mass., extends an invitation to fans to join the Moving Picture Club of America. Write her for details. Star Dust is the name of their news bulletin.

Lillian Musgrave, 2700 Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the John Boles Music Club and wants John Boles fans to write her about this club.

Lorraine Mai, still president of a James M. Filer club. This is Chapter No. I of the James M. Filer Fan Club. There are, at present, five various clubs united under this organization. News about this chapter of the Filer organization may be had by addressing Miss Maxine at 112 N. Sixth St., Vineyard, N. J.

The Johnny Downs Club has issued its first monthly news bulletin of club happenings. Interested fans may write Ruth E. Keast, president, 3506 West 64th St., Chicago, Ill.

Betty Godzinski, president of the Ivan Lebedoff Fan Club, writes that she will be glad to hear from all Lebedoff fans. Her address is 6141 S. Homero St., Chicago, Ill.

Sue Carol fans may write to Walter Dreifstein, president, 951 Drake Ave., Chicago, Ill., for news of the Sue Carol Fan Club.

The address of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club is 819 W. Center St., Decatur, Ill. Carl E. Lefler is the president.

Marian L. Dommer, 9719 81st St., Ozone Park, N. Y., is president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club.

Call for PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest
15¢ Cigarette
Ida Lupino gets her exercise and keeps that perfect figure swimming in her hilltop pool. The little English star is busy on the set these days, working in Paramount's "Ready for Love.

**S**ince Katharine Hepburn's mild reception in "The Lake," both Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson have been doing a little thinking. Stage-bound, they have shifted their sails slightly. Now neither will sign for that play in New York this fall unless guaranteed successes are secured! Play producers would like to have that guarantee underwritten.

**H**e hit her, or something, with an automobile—and marriage followed. Alberta Vaughn slipped away to wed Joe Eglis, assistant casting director. And Alberta once sued Joe because of that accident! Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright have also fled to the altar.

**S**ince Constance Bennett came right out and stated over the radio that "everybody hated her, and she didn't care," she won't mind this:

Recently she was all set to begin a scene when a slight delay occurred. Connie blew up: "How long have I got to stand in this heat, these lights," etc., etc. Charlie, her photographer, came right back at her with: "Do you think we're having a good time out here? We're in just as much heat as you are!"

La Bennett looked startled for just the fraction of a second—then—

"Well, well, if it isn't Miss Bennett!" said she.

In her remodeled home, she has had built in a theater with a tiny stage eight feet by twelve feet. And rehearsals are already under way.

Incidentally, Joan says marriage plans for the present are not to be thought of. She denies emphatically she and Franchot Tone will be married.

Just as long as she is in pictures, says Joan, she will not marry.

Francis Lederer has been squiring Joan around lately, and he has taken an active part in her little theater plan.

We waited a long time for Dietrich's "Scarlet Empress"—and here's the reason:

Josef Von Sternberg has been talking pains—and dishing out pains, too.

Jameson Thomas, an actor who has a small part in the picture, retired from the set, rather crestfallen. To other actors he confided that he didn't know he was that terrible—Von Sternberg had made him do his bit over twenty-five times!

"You got off easy," they consoled him.

"I did mine for a hundred and two takes," said Sam Jaffe.

"I'll top that with a hundred and fifty-two!" capped another.

**M**ae Marsh's daughter, Mae Marsh, Jr., is doing a nice little bit in "Little Man, What Now?" along with her famous mama, who is also in the picture.

Twelve years ago, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., entertained the world with a bouncing version of that rugged individualist, Robin Hood. The film was a great hit. Doug, Jr., has now elected to follow in his athletic dad's footsteps with a fresh version of "Robin Hood." He will be one up on his father, because he will not only be seen but heard. His elder's film, of course, was a silent.

In spite of all her protests, the Kay Francis-Chevalier romance still blazes away. Maurice isn't sending any girl two dozen roses a day and not mean it. And Bill Powell gets his roses into Kay's drawing-room with well-timed regularity, too.

"The Exit of Don Juan," which was the original title decided upon for Douglas Fairbanks' (Senior) English picture, has been reconsidered. Evidently regarding it as a trifle too prophetic or something, it has been changed to "The Loves of Don Juan."

Joan Crawford, it would seem, is a forward-looking young woman. She has two years to go on her present movie contract. But, at the end of that time, Joan desires to try a stage career. She has started preparing for it.

Gilbert Emery is an American actor whose roles usually require an English accent. He's the English butler in "Where Sinners Meet."
GEORGE is happy again. George, the faithful valet of George Brent, had a few lean years when it was decided Brent didn't need a valet after his marriage. So George was let out and was pretty unhappy. And then came the Chatterton-Brent separation and Brent's first act was to hire back George.

REMEMBER your history, about the capricious "Du Barry"? How she suddenly decided she must have a sleigh-ride in the middle of July, and all the real sugar in Paris was used to give the impression of snow, and gritify the lady's whim?

Well, les Freres Warner were pretty darn sure they weren't going to be sugar-daddies to that extent. So when it came time to photograph the newest Dolores Del Rio as Du Barry, along came an enterprising gent with the idea that ground-up gypsum would look just the same. And it did. And was much, much cheaper.

JACKIE COOPER'S allowance, although he is quite a big boy now, is still two dollars a week.

We asked Jackie the other day what he did with all his money.

"Save it," he replied. He wheedles his mother into buying the necessary candy, chewing-gum and playthings.

We further wanted to know where he kept his fortune.

"In the Bible," said Jackie. "I keep it there so if anyone steals it, they'll be committing a double sin."

The boy will go far.

THEY train practically everything to act in Hollywood—clear down to iodas, but you've never seen anything until you've seen Pat Casey's educated rabbit in his stuff. Pat, who represents the Motion Picture Producers Association in labor matters, has a white bunny with pink eyes, who is no dumb bunny, either. He's gifted, in fact. Sits up when you talk to him, runs in and out of the room at Pat's command, and does all kinds of the educated nip-ups that would put Rin-Tin-Tin to shame. And you should see him impersonate the stars! His best is a take-off on Charles Butterworth—the resemblance is remarkable—strike me pink if it isn't!

A NUMBER of inquiries have been received as to the present professional activities of Pierre de Ramey, a French nobleman of considerable versatility. Comte de Ramey was one of the two admirals in one of the first talks, "Glorious Betsy," with Conrad Nagel and Dolores Costello.


His other professional activities have included roles in such stage plays as "Lulu Bell" with Dorothy Burgess; "The Parrot," with Doris Keane, and "Mad Hopes" with Billie Burke—all presented in the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles. On the New York stage, Comte de Ramey appeared in "Lady Godiva" with Violet Heming, and "The Drums Begin" with Judith Anderson. He has also done dramatic roles on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Wendy Hartman Manger • The Smart Hotel of Southern California

L A N G A N G E S

Edna Wallace Hopper... Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl... Discloses Another of Her Starling Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise you if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll look back the skin of eighteen.

Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be artificially re-supplied to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. But, don't rub it off. Let it stay on. Then watch! Your skin will absorb every bit of it—literally drink in the youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

Edna Wallace Hopper

Los Angeles

Invites Inquiries from Those Planning a Trip to Southern California

The Smart Hotel of Southern California

NEVER BEFORE... has a Ladies Manicure Set possessing the sheer beauty of this imported 8-piece set on a heavy cast iron base been offered to the discriminating women of America.

No price can cover its value. Only a few are on hand. This is the lowest price we have ever offered and will positively be sold out. Only the finest manicure sets are yours only for 30c at American Specialty Co., Dept. G, 211 East 18th Street, New York.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not cover the store in your hometown, write the nearest store for complete HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHION information.

And when you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY Magazine.
"I WANT A BABY"

By MARILYN HERD

The end of a girl's search for happiness

Synopsis of 1st and 2nd Installments

Joan Randolph, vivacious daughter of the socially prominent and wealthy Cyril Randolph, defies her father and marries Michael Storm, handsome children's photographer, once a carnival concessionaire. Randolph says he will smash Michael and Joan will return home. His machinations reduce the Storms to dire poverty. But, the more and greater the hardships, the happier Michael and Joan are in their love. And Joan is to have her heart's desire—a baby. Michael realizes they must have money. A wealthy woman, a luxury-masked adventuress, takes more than a fancy to him and offers him a studio—at a price. Michael must make a decision. And then comes the eve of the birth of Joan's baby.

She is no longer Joan Randolph of Fifth Avenue, escaping debutante, thrill chaser, arguing with a referee in Madison Square Garden, galloping like mad along bridle paths.

A greater, more breathless adventure is rushing toward her with the minutes!

PART III

THIS won't last! This won't last! Soon! My baby will be here soon!" Joan tried to fix her mind on that thought, the utter bliss of a baby, to hold against her, to feel its soft little body against her own.

She clenched her hands and prayed for her pain to pass. She must bear it. She must suffer the torture for the sweet promise it held, and for poor, distraught Michael.

At the moment, he was holding a finger on the doctor's doorbell and beating an insistent tattoo on the door as he peered through curtains on the two glass panels.

Soon one of the curtains was pulled aside and the doctor, his hair tousled, a dressing gown collar snugged around his neck, peered at Michael. The face disappeared and Michael heard the latch snap. He pushed on the door in his eagerness almost sending the doctor sprawling.

"Storm, I—" began the doctor in irritation.

"It's time, doctor! Hurry!" cut in Michael excitedly.

"Now, now, Storm. Calm down. Nothing to get excited about. Remember you're not the first father. I—"

"She's in agony, doctor! You've got to—"

"Yes, yes," sighed the doctor. "You know Mrs. Curtis, my assistant? I'll phone her and she'll be right over."

"But you must—" interrupted Michael, setting his teeth.

"I'll be right over, too, Storm," said the doctor patting Michael on the back. "Just take it easy."

"I'm terribly upset, doctor! She won't die, will she? It's tough, the first one, isn't it?" Michael's voice was pleading.

"You and your wife will be dancing at the child's wedding," soothed the doctor. "Now, don't delay—"

Before the doctor finished his sentence, Michael had taken the flight of brownstone steps in a leap racing back to Joan.

Pride at his nearness to being a father fought to overcome his fear of Death hovering over childbirth. He couldn't get back to Joan fast enough. He took the stairs to his apartment three at a time, bursting into the chilly little bedroom to Joan.

Joan's heavy eyelids slowly opened as Michael gently knelt by the side of the bed and put an arm tenderly about her. He saw her eyes were dark with pain. She had bitten her lips. An auburn curl clung to her forehead. As Michael brushed it back, worship in his touch, he felt the hot dampness of her forehead despite the chill of the room.

A flood of memories rushed over him—Joan's patience, her courage, the touch of her lips and hands on his, her beauty, a torch in the darkness of his hardships. Together they had shared happiness, yet now, she must bear this pain alone. Joan had given him strength when he was spent, but he could only kneel helplessly beside her bed.

"It's so unfair you have to suffer all this alone!" he cried out. Weakly, Joan tried to pat his hand in comfort.

"Doctor-be-here-soon?" she whispered.

"Yes, dear," Michael whispered back.

He buried his head into the soft palm of her limp hand. Why didn't the doctor hurry? Where was Mrs. Curtis? He could hear the clock ticking steadily, stupidly away. The sound resounded like blows in his heart, the intervals seemed eternities. He visualized the little pot of ivy beside the clock, its leaves sear. He had given it to Joan. He felt Joan's hand clutch at his hair as a fresh spasm of pain shot through her taut body. Michael groaned inwardly.

He jerked his head up and listened—heavy footsteps on the stairs. "All right now, hon," he whispered to Joan as he got
She was breathing heavily as she pushed past Michael. She slipped her cape from her shoulders and turned to him. “Where is she?” she asked. Michael started to lead the way to the bedroom, but Mrs. Curtis brushed him aside. “You put a couple of pans of water on,” Mrs. Curtis said, “and take it easy. It’ll be a long night.”

Mrs. Curtis’ competence reassured Michael. He felt relief. For good measure, he put on a kettle and two pans of water. He went through the living room to the bedroom. The door was closed. He did not have the courage to open it. He went back and stood over the stove, watching the pans and kettle, nervously dragging at a cigarette. Where was the doctor? Just as the kettle began to whistle fitfully, the doctor arrived.

He nodded shortly at Michael. “Has Mrs.—Ah, there, Mrs. Curtis! Everything all right?” he said, looking beyond Michael. Michael turned as the doctor passed him, into the bedroom. Mrs. Curtis closed the door.

Stillness and a tenderness of waiting closed in on Michael. Subdued voices, the doctor’s and Mrs. Curtis’s, came through the door. And moans. Michael stayed by the window, smoking cigarette after cigarette. Hours passed. The door opened and closed. Mrs. Curtis busied herself back and forth between bedroom and kitchen. Then screams—Joan’s screams. Sweat beaded Michael’s forehead. When he offered to help, Mrs. Curtis brusquely told him he’d be in the way. He felt singularly helpless. Grey dawn lightened the street. The bedroom door opened again.

“It’s all over,” the doctors’ tired voice came to him. Michael whirled. The doctor was rolling down his sleeves. He smiled faintly. “And it’s a boy.” He sighed. “You may go in. Both are doing nicely.”

Michael tiptoed to the door, his face solemn, but a light shining in his eyes. Mrs. Curtis was powdering and bundling into a blanketed roll a red, wrinkled little body—his son. Michael looked at Joan. Her eyes were closed in weariness. Mrs. Curtis beckoned to him. She held up the baby.

“Isn’t he a beauty?” she glowed. Michael grinned. But he felt awkward. He didn’t dare touch the mite. “Now,” went on Mrs. Curtis, “you just go out and shift for yourself. Your wife must sleep. She can’t be disturbed for hours.”

With great relief in his heart, Michael went out to the kitchen. Some steaming hot coffee for the doctor, Mrs. Curtis and himself. Just the ticket, he thought. He called to the doctor. “Come celebrate with me, doctor. The best coffee you ever tasted,” grinned Michael.

With a sigh, the doctor slowly walked into the tiny kitchen, snug as a ship’s galley, and dropped into a chair.

“I suppose you see that youngster already grown-up. A rich, respected, influential citizen,” he said. He yawned. “President, no less, I guess. College, fraternities, football”—he lapsed into silence.

Michael, as the doctor talked, whistled softly the while he put coffee into the pot and poured boiling water onto it. He turned from the stove.

“Anything his heart desires—maybe,” he grinned, but behind his grin was worry. Why did he have to worry when he desired to be so happy?

If he could only count on Mrs. Stykes going through with her plan to set him up in a studio. She had said she’d be back on the fifteenth. In two days, now, Michael suddenly thought. His expression became serious, determined—then, cheerful again. He rattled three cups into saucers and poured the coffee. Its pungent aroma filled the little kitchen and must have spread to the bedroom, for in came Mrs. Curtis, demanding a cup.

“I guess we all need it,” she said.

The doctor rose after swallowing his coffee.

“I’ll be back tonight,” he said.

“And I’ll just run home for a few hours sleep,” Mrs. Curtis said. “And you’d better take a nap, Mr. Storm. I’ll be back before you’re awake.”

Michael made up a bed on the couch. Tomorrow, he told himself, as he lay unable to sleep, he’d call Mrs. Stykes. He must have money.

Several times he got up and tiptoed in to look at Joan, but she slept the sleep of exhaustion. The baby was a quiet cocoon of blanketing.

It seemed he had just dropped off to sleep when Mrs. Curtis was back at the door.

Later, Michael was allowed into the bedroom, Joan, her face wreathed in smiles, was cuddling her son close to her.

“Michael, just think,” she said in a small voice, “he’s really here, at last! I can touch him and kiss him and cuddle him.” Her eyes were shining.

Michael knelt beside the bed and kissed Joan. He awkwardly, gently touched his son.

“Say, what’ll we call the young rascal?” he whispered.

“Michael,” Joan said promptly, as though it was taken for granted.

“Nothing doing,” objected Michael. “Then it would be big Michael and little Michael, and old Michael and young Michael. Why I’d be getting his love letters—and—and what not,” he broke off lamely, as a sudden thought struck him. He looked at Joan. “After your father, Joan?” he asked shyly.

“No!” said Joan determinedly. She reached over and took Michael’s hand. “Darling, what was ‘Pop’ Brady’s first name?” she asked gently. Dear ‘Pop’ Brady to whom Michael owed everything in his carnival days.
“Paul,” said Michael, gratitude and pleasure rising in his eyes.

“We’re naming our son Paul,” Joan said quietly.

Michael smiled his thanks. His long fingers gripped Joan’s. He swallowed hard. His eyes burned.

“That’s just like you, Joan,” he breathed.

The doctor and Mrs. Curtis entered the room, smiling at the scene.

“It’s my guess you two have never been happier,” the doctor said. “Have you chosen a name?”

“So Paul,” two voices answered as one.

Mrs. Curtis and the doctor laughed, with Joan and Michael joining in. The doctor took out his record book and duly entered the name “Paul Storm.”

Soon, he and Mrs. Curtis left Michael and Joan alone. As the door closed behind them, Michael took Joan’s hand again.

“You’re very brave. A great fighter,” gloved Michael. He paused, his eyes thoughtful. “Do you know,” he said slowly, “your father will be proud. You’ll tell him, won’t you?”

“There’s just you and I, Michael.”

Michael looked down on the tiny face of his son. “And Paul,” he whispered, touching gently one curled, tiny pink fist.

Joan mistily smiled upon them both. A great happiness welled up in her heart. “Isn’t he adorable,” she said. “He will bring us luck, Michael. Something tells me so.”

For the time they wove grand dreams about Paul. The more and more insistently need of money was temporarily put aside. “Until tomorrow,” said Michael, “I have plans for then.” He looked down at his son. “He’s got to get off to a good start.”

“You’ll do it, dear,” murmured Joan, pride in her eyes.

But the next day when Michael kissed Joan and Paul goodbye and went out confident he would find Mrs. Stykes, at home, he was doomed to disappointment.

And the seven days that followed were an agonizing week of doubt and a growing fear that Mrs. Stykes had failed him. Lines of worry were etched into his face, dark shadows from sleepless nights appeared under his fine eyes.

In vain he haunted studios, but other photographers, fighting the depression, didn’t even bother to take the name of the shabbily dressed applicant.

His despair mounted as he tramped the wintry streets and saw the unemployed in huddled, helpless groups, staring, gaunt and vacant-eyed, at empty blackboards before the Sixth Avenue employment agencies. He saw crowds, shivering in Union Square and Columbus Circle, trying to get heart out of frenzied, frowsy speakers who promised a new and comforting deal. The staggering queues of breadlines, as the wind whipped further agony into frostbitten ankles and numb fingers, brought him the torment in the possibility of utter failure.

Michael stepped into the comforting warmth of a drugstore. Once more to call Mrs. Stykes. He stamped his numb feet as he dialed her number. Suddenly, against his stark fear of failure, came the voice of Mrs. Stykes, giving him hope.

“I’m so glad you called. Can you come right over?”

Michael hurriedly had his shoes shined, his suit pressed, and, while he waited, he thought up new and more forceful arguments to present to Mrs. Stykes in favor of their studio plans. He knew her type. His years sizing up people on the carnival lots had not failed him. Beggar the danger. He could handle her. He took a trolley across town.

With a high heart he followed a maid into a high-ceiled, richly furnished drawing room at the Stykes mansion. As he waited for Mrs. Stykes, he looked about him at the masterpiece of a decorator’s art. Joan belonged in such a setting. Paul should have—but he must keep his mind on his plans. He would have need of all his wits against the wiles of Mrs. Stykes. He wasn’t fighting for just a studio.

Trixi bounded in, barking happily. As he stroked the dog’s silken coat, he caught the scent of exotic perfume. He looked around. Mrs. Stykes was posed in the doorway.

“Trixi seems glad to see you,” she smiled suavely. She was beautiful, Michael noted. Skin dazzling white. Eyes cleverly shaded, studiously guileless. She crossed with a languid rhythm to Michael and gave him both her hands. “It’s so good to see you!” She sank gracefully, indolently, into the deep red divan, and motioned smilingly for Michael to sit beside her. He noticed the turn of her shapely ankles, her slim curves beneath a low-cut gown. “The net is out for me,” she said to Michael. He could not help admiring the curve of her soft white throat, the mass of dusky hair piled high on her head. “I have thought of you often,” she said, her voice low, deep and rich. She inserted a cigarette in a long ivory holder and looked along its length significantly at Michael as he struck a match and held it to her cigarette.

“I have thought of you, too,” answered Michael, “and of our studio.”

“I’m so pleased you thought of me. It makes our studio plans more-er-appealing than ever.”

She was watching his mouth, strong, but when he smiled softly with a promise of rare tenderness. She leaned back that he might follow the curve of her shoulder.

But Michael, absorbed in his plans for the studio, jumped to his feet, words tumbled over each other in his eagerness to discuss and settle their plans. He poured his soul into his picture of a studio. And specialize in babies!” he emphasized, snacking fist into palm. A vision of Paul’s beloved little face came to him. Of brave Joan’s.

“Children?” interrupted Mrs. Stykes. She looked up, eyebrows arched, smiling at him as though he were a little boy.

“What a quaint idea.” Her laugh tinkled. But she saw he was serious. His eyes did not leave hers for a moment as she crossed her silk-clad legs.

Michael went on as though uninterrupted. “Yes, kids. My specialty. We’d pack the studio. And the sooner we get started, the better. You see, I’ve got to have money. We’ve been scraping—”

“Why?”

The voice was sharp. It cut into Michael’s consciousness, stopped him short. Now he had tipped his hand! Well, why shouldn’t he? He wasn’t ashamed. He was playing a hard game, but—

“My wife and I,” he resumed, as though unconscious of Mrs. Stykes’ surprise—but noting her expression of impotent anger, quickly masked.

“Of course,” Mrs. Stykes smiled, but her lips were set. “And—the children?”

“A boy, Paul,” Michael smiled with tender enthusiasm. He must work fast. “I’ll tell you about that kid. You’ll love him.” He launched into a grand spiel. He saw Mrs. Stykes’ mouth soften. He went into further ecstasies, further enthu-

siasms about Paul—and about Joan.

But in his enthusiasm, Viola Stykes rightly read behind it a desperation. He needed her and her money badly. Her capture of him, therefore, would be easier. She would let him tramp the streets a little longer. He’d come back. Again and again, until—

Michael had stopped talking. He was watching her, eagerness for her approval in his eyes.

“Marvelous!” she applauded. “But you wouldn’t expect me to rush into this!”

“But—”

Michael’s eyes were anxious. He read her, too.

“Of course, I shan’t delay. I shall decide soon.”

“I’ll hear from you right away then?”

“Soon.”

Her emphasis was deliberate, and she smiled in cryptic fashion. Michael understood her better than she knew.

Shortly afterward he left, his address in the hands of Viola Stykes. And Viola Stykes was visualizing the thrill of final capture, the zest in delay adding to it. To be alone with him in a studio, skilfully camouflaged from a suspicious husband—
Michael walked along the street away from the Stykes mansion. Sure—"soon", Michael told himself disgustedly. He angrily snapped a cigarette stub into the street and walked toward Broadway. He must do something, meanwhile, he said. But what?

He was in the midway that is part of Broadway. Ballyhoo, bunk and bluff, penny arcades, fake fortune tellers, flea circuses, doughnut shops, gaudy theater fronts, and smart lads taking in the gullible, all the age-old tricks of the carnival.

The same old game of slicker versus sucker, Michael told himself. Here was where he belonged. Money to be made. He scoffed at himself for thinking there was art in a camera. What could he do for Joan and Paul? That was all that mattered. Why not just disappear, and let Joan and Paul benefit from the Randolph wealth? Cyril Randolph had offered a price. He, Michael, could drift off—be lost in the dusty roads of carnival land. Then suddenly he remembered.

"There are just you and I, Michael." It was almost as though Joan had spoken to him. Michael stopped short. "Just you and I"—what a punk he'd be to run out. He squared his shoulders.

He stood before a peddler. "The mechanical wonder of the age!" came his ballyhoo. Michael talked to him and found out where he could get a basket of toys.

With a more cheerful light in his eyes, he turned toward home. He hugged Joan tenderly, and laughed aloud at the grimacing of baby Paul in his sleep. Joan's sweetness swept his mind clear. He told her that he had been unsuccessful, but that he had another, a better plan.

"Don't worry, Michael. You won't have to give up your camera work for long, 1, " she encouraged smilingly. "You're right it won't be for long," he said cheerfully. He went into the kitchen to Mrs. Curtis.

"Mrs. Curtis, how about your Johnny, maybe he'd like to make a little something," he said.

He told Mrs. Curtis to have Johnny come over right after his supper. At that moment, Joan called him.

"Michael, do you know," she said, "Christmas is but three weeks away."

"And what a Christmas!" Michael was jubilant. He sank to the floor beside the bed, and once more they forgot the present in anticipation of the future.

The next morning, on a crowded street, in the shopping district with its towering department stores, a Salvation Army Santa Claus rang his bell, a wrinkled flower vendor piped her shrill appeal, a dog piloted his legless beggar-master, and—where the crowd was thickest—Michael Storm stood over a basket of tin files.

"Music in the home for only two bits! One-fourth of a dollar! Plays anything from jazz to grand opera! Any child can play it! Any child! Start him on the road to fame and riches." He had the attention of the crowd. "Look!" he called, searching the group before him. "Here! You, sonny! Come here! Just to show you, ladies and gentlemen, how simple it is to master this instrument, I'll teach this young man." He put a fife into the hands of the youngster who had come forward. "Now, sonny. Look—" Michael looked up at the crowd. "What would you like to hear him play? How about 'The Big Bad Wolf'? Now watch him." He put the boy's fingers on the stops and showed him how to play the fife. "There you are," he said to the boy. "Now try it."

W

ITH all the power of his lungs, the boy shrilled out "The Big Bad Wolf" on the fife. Michael, with his engaging smile, threw up his hands. "See?" he asked the crowd. "Simple as all that." His adult watchers shifted their positions and smiled. "Now then, sonny, just a quarter and you can take it home."

"Gosh, but I've no money, mister." The boy sorrowfully handed back the flute. Michael saw several people reaching into their pockets. The crowd not only bought the boy the flute, but, under the spell of Michael's good natured chatter, the basket of fife's. As Michael talked, he watched the boy to whom he had taught the fife, amble off and stop on the next corner. He smiled to himself. What a swell little actor young Jimmy Curtis had turned out to be, he thought. On the edge of the crowd were two more-than-interested spectators.

"That's the man we want for our Santa Claus," said Sol Bloom. "He'll sell the kids, and the mothers and fathers. Higgins frightens them away."

Gay was Michael that night with a pocket full of money and a job as Santa Claus in the toy section of the Century Department Store starting the next day.

His kiss for Joan the next morning was hearty, and he was sure baby Paul had made his wish come true.

Gay were the children, and satisfied was Sol Bloom as he watched the effect Michael had on business. Word quickly spread that the only real Santa Claus was at the Century store.

Michael had not heard from Mrs. Stykes, and with the end of the Christmas rush, he again became uneasy. Should he call her? He took his final pay envelope from the cashier with a sigh. On the street again, he told himself. But, inside the envelope was a note. He was offered a job as salesman.

Michael did some shopping—a small tree, decorations for it, Joan's present, little Paul's—That young rascal certainly had brought them luck, he chuckled.

Cheerfully he made his way home. As he trudged along, an idea struck him, one he knew he could sell. By putting it over, he could forget Mrs. Stykes. He wouldn't need her. He realized he would have felt tough at deceiving Joan which would have been the case had he accepted Mrs. Stykes' plans for a studio.

Happily he ran up the stairs. The small Christmas tree under one arm, the decorations and the presents under the other. It was Christmas Eve he told himself jubilantly.

Joan flung open the door. Michael engulfed her with the tree, packages and all, in his arms.

It was a gay Christmas morning as Joan and Michael stood, arms about each other, over Paul's crib, watching him shake his blue and white rattle, as though beating time to the joy in their hearts. Joan glanced aside at a nearby chair where lay Michael's present to her, a new coat. Michael, in his free hand, held an imported camera lens.

"I still can't understand how you made and sold sketches enough to get this for me without me catching on to you," said Michael, examining the lens with considerable pride.

"Oh, I thought of this a long time ago. You have more friends in the neighborhood than you think. I had help," said Joan with a smile.

They fell silent, watching Paul. Joan thought of other Christmases, of presents piled ceilingward, but lacking the happiness she now felt. And Michael thought of Christmases at the orphanage, with its unimaginative, formal ceremony, over which hung the cold orphanage atmosphere, its unchildlike rigidity was evidenced even to the wearing of their drab grey uniforms, and in the stilted gifts of two apples, one orange, and a small peppermint stick spiece. He held Joan closer.

"Would milady like her breakfast?"

Gaily, arm in arm, they went into the kitchen. Grilled sausages, golden omelet and crisp, brown toast. To Joan, the curl of steam from Michael's coffee was a plume of smoke from a swinging censer.

During the meal, Michael mimicked, for her amusement, his ballyhoo in the toy department. Joan rocked with laughter. Then he grew serious.

"Joan," he said portentously, leaning across the small table, "I think we are about to climb right out of the red."

He sketched his plan to her, with many cries of pleasure and clapping of hands from Joan.

It was a great day, largely spent in taking pictures of Paul in every conceivable position and pose.
Michael slept peacefully that night. His mind was much easier now he felt he no longer needed Mrs. Stykes. He was on his own—he, Joan and little Paul.

His pleasurable mood was with him when he saw Sol Bloom the next day and laid his plan before him. It gave him impetus and zest. He knew, after five minutes, he had convinced Bloom.

MICHAEL'S plan was a children's photograph studio—one with a gingerbread front—a playground, carousels, ponies, wading pool—. How that would pay the store! And youngsters could be left there while their mothers shopped.

There were a thousand and one possibilities to the plan.

"Talk to the directors. Right now." Bloom pulled out his watch. "They'll meet in fifteen minutes. I'll call you."

In less than fifteen minutes, Michael had been presented to the board and its members were shooting questions at him. They kept him for more than an hour. And he knew he had them all sold but one, and he was the chairman.

It was the chairman who said, "Your plan may be good, but I'd like to take some of your work along with me and look it over at home."

Michael smilingly handed him a folder of photographs, each with its credit line "by Michael Storm."

Bloom was enthusiastic. "Only one thing," he said, "if the chairman is satisfied, you're in."

"The guy who took my pictures?"

"Yes."

"You know, Mr. Bloom, I think I know him. Who is the old boy?"

"He's president of the bank backing the store."

"Yeah, but what's his name?"

"Stykes. Clarendon Stykes."

Then suddenly Michael remembered. In the drawing-room of the Stykes mansion, he had seen a large picture of Clarendon Stykes. He chuckled gleefully. What a joke it would be on the old boy if a Stykes, after all, had a finger in this pie. The chuckle became a full-fledged laugh. Michael patted the bewildered Bloom on the back, and Michael's hearty laugh attracted the attention of customers and clerks who looked curiously at the balcony where he and Bloom were standing.

Michael, when he reached the door of his apartment, heard voices. Joan's and a man's. He opened the door and a blond, debonair individual, pleasing despite the carelessness of his dress, turned toward him. Joan stood with the baby in her arms.

"Michael, dear, this is—" Joan looked questioningly at the young man.

"Skid Owens, Mr. Storm. I—er—guess you might know of me. You see, I'm—" His manner was frank, but his grin was slightly sheepish.

"He's the reporter who got that picture of me and 'Marjorie,'" Joan said.

"Michael's face set. "Say, I ought to throw—"

"Wait, now, Mr. Storm, let me explain. I—"

"Make it snappy!"

"If Mrs. Storm doesn't mind my reference to him—" he turned apologetically to Joan. "I took that picture only to get an interview from her old man. I knew it was a phony, an escapade. I'd been trying to get at him for weeks, through a barricade of secretaries and flunkies. The picture did the trick. He tried to buy the photo. But I compromised on an interview."

The lines in Michael's face relaxed. He looked at Joan. She was chuckling.

"Sit down, Owens," Michael said. "What's brought you here now?"

"Well, I'll tell you, but before I do, is it true that you were once a carnival man?" He continued rapidly as Michael regarded him with suspicion. "I was number one advance man for Blistien's circus myself once."

"Sure," went on Skid. "Say, I'll tell you what I want, then we'll gab, you and me." He looked at Joan. "The world would like to know about Joan Randolph. And say, I'd sure like to tell the world about all of you, particularly that fine-looking kid of yours."

"Let's ask him to dinner, Michael," said Joan suddenly.

Within a few minutes, Skid, his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, was in the kitchen, and he and Michael had Joan in stitches at carnival and circus antics they related.

When Skid left late that night, he not only had his story, but pictures of the Storms, and of little Paul, taken at Christmas. And he had promised to make them another visit in a few days.

In the Sunday Graphic- Herald, the story, a two-page spread, proclaimed "BEAUTIFUL RANDOLPH HEIRESS FINDS HAPPINESS IN TENELEMENT."

Skid had put his heart into the story. He had dug up past pictures of Joan, as a debutante, lolling in a bathing suit at Southampton, in ermine at the Horse Show. There was also a new picture of Joan smiling at baby Paul, with "Photo by Michael Storm." In an oval above was a picture of Michael. Best of all, was a most unflattering and a very stern-looking picture of Cyril Ran dolph.

"Wait until father sees this! He's due back from Europe any day," laughed Joan.

"Yes, but wait until he sees Paul. If that won't soften him, then nothing will," said Michael.

Michael thought of the Stykes. Bloom had heard nothing, and Michael had not heard from Mrs. Stykes.

But the next few days were to be busy ones for the Storms Bright and early, the morning after the story and pictures had appeared, Joan answered a ring at the bell. As she opened the door, she was smothered in furs, as a pair of arms were flung about her. It was Una Townsend. Of all Joan's former friends who had read the article, Una was the most genuinely happy. Joan, too, was truly happy to see Una.

"Why didn't you let us know?" reproved Una gently. "Now first, trot out that adorable baby. And, second, tell all. Of course, with such a handsome husband, I can understand you might want to keep him hidden. I would."

But they were not to have their talk. The doorbell rang constantly. Outside, urchins gathered and raced up and down the lengthening string of expensive cars, those of Joan's former friends, calling on her—some from curiosity, some to laugh many to leave the small flat for their luxurious surroundings and wonder—

IT WASN'T until Michael returned that evening that Una had an opportunity to talk to Joan. Una and Michael liked each other from the first handshake. While they were chatting, an excited Skid Owens came in. He had a great idea—a series of articles this time. Una took the lead in confounding Skid on his idea. Michael and Joan sat back and enjoyed the fun. But Skid was glib, and gave as good as he received.

"Say, now, Miss Townsend," said Skid finally, grinning at Una, "I'll bet there's one thing we can agree on." Una smiled back at Skid challengingly. "Isn't Paul the most beautiful kid you ever saw?"

Paul was cooing and gurgling as though he too was enjoying what was going on.

"Why Skid, we do get along after all!" cried Una. "Paul is undoubtedly the most beautiful baby in the world!"

"Yes, sir," Skid rose. He saluted Paul gaily. "Paul Storm, the most beautiful baby in the world. You know," he said, turning to the others, "back in the gay nineties—"

"What do you know about the gay nineties? You were only a baby yourself," scoffed Una.

"You took the words right out of my mouth. And what a baby!" grinned Skid. "Say, I won a beauty contest! In those—"

"Skid!" cried Una. "That's an idea! Let's make Paul, through your paper, the most beautiful baby in the world!"
Joan and Michael laughingly protested. "Don't mind them," said Una to Skid, waving a hand at Joan and Michael, "they're merely the parents."

"Maybe you've thought of something, Una," said Skid thoughtfully. "But even if I could sell the idea to the managing editor, Paul wouldn't stand a chance. It isn't the most beautiful baby, it's the most votes. Some fireman's or some policeman's baby would win. They'd get the whole force out collecting votes."

"How much would a first prize be?" asked Una.

"Oh, couple thousand dollars, easily, I guess," said Skid. Suddenly he leaned forward. "Say, why not? You've got me interested. I'm going to sell the managing editor on this!"

"I'm with you!" cried Una. "Let's go now. I'll run you to the office in my car."

"WHO IS NEW YORK'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CHILD?" ran a broadside in the Graphic-Herald the next morning announcing the contest. Also in the paper were stories about children, stories against birth control, for large families, references on that score to Teddy Roosevelt, editorials anent a new cycle in American life, down with cheap sex, up with the home and fireside, the family was to take its proper place in a new America now in the making!

THE timely contest caught the public fancy. Interest mounted. Leading citizens of all walks endorsed it. Bundles of "vote" coupons poured in for the favorites whose pictures filled pages. But Paul Storm's name wasn't even among the first two hundred. At the end of the second week the record read—Abraham Cohen, 44,999; Alice Lee, 36,000; Gustav Gobel, 22,000.

"We can't expect Paul to win," admitted Joan.

"Never mind," consoled Michael. "The contest helped me, you know, to do a little business."

But Michael had other things on his mind. Why hadn't Stykes made a decision about the store studio? Why hadn't he heard from Mrs. Stykes? Once and for all he was going to find out! He'd go to Mrs. Stykes and lay his cards on the table.

The next evening he would call on her. Before leaving he looked down at his son. "You're a winner to me, boy. if you never cop a contest."

He went directly to Mrs. Stykes' residence as soon as the store closed. When she came into the room, Michael thought she had lost some of her assurance—this woman who had come directly from the "Follies" to riches and luxury.

"Mr. Storm," she began carefully, "I have learned you are negotiating with Century for a studio. You must choose—"

Suddenly she dropped her mask. Her eyes glittered. "Michael," she cried, flinging her arms about his neck. "You must take my plan—our studio! I want—"

"That will be enough, my dear," said a cold voice.

Viola Stykes dropped her arms, and her face went white beneath its make-up. Michael whirled. He was unafraid, undisturbed, as Clarendon Stykes advanced on them.

"I knew I'd only have to wait, Storm, for you to come to me. Thought you could play the game both ways, eh? Well, you also lose both ways! There will be no studio under my wife's patronage, nor will there be one under Century's backing."

Michael smiled grimly. "You poor fool! I could have made money for you at the Century. I came here tonight to see you both. But if Mrs. Stykes wants to make such a fool of herself, I'm glad I'm out of it."

He took up his hat and coat.

"You needn't report in the morning," said Stykes. "You're through."

"You're telling me!" said Michael, and strode out of the room.

But once outside, all defiance vanished. Well, he consoled himself, you played and lost, but not ingloriously. Yet, losing the Century was tough. What now? He thought of Joan and Paul. He walked home slowly and thoughtfully. Now that Una Townsend was seeing Joan, someone Joan could depend on, maybe he'd better make a getaway—

In the tiny flat, a heavy conference was going on. "But I know what he'll do," Michael heard Una say heatedly as he opened the door.

"Oh, Michael!" cried Joan in consternation. "Look!" She held out a newspaper. On the front page was a picture of Cyril Randolph. "He's back! And I'm afraid he's going to ruin Paul's chances just as—"

"Just as he has a chance to win!" cut in Una. "To think that the very day before the contest closes, this should happen! And Paul right in top place from the latest report I've just had from Skid."

If they had known, at that moment, Randolph was talking to the managing editor of the Graphic-Herald.

"I understand, Mr. Randolph," said the editor, eager to impress the millionaire. "You want your grandson to win."

"On the contrary," replied Randolph coldly. "How many votes does the Gobel child need to win?"

"Why—why, I should say about fifty thousand."

Randolph arranged for the purchase of that number of coupons and dismissed the matter.

Skid got the news and it took him but a few minutes to reach the Storm flat with it. He and Una went into consultation.

"Come out to the telephone with me!" cried Una. She called up all her friends who had helped her put Paul on top. The result was that the next day, an hour before the contest closed, Una Townsend's limousine drove up to the newspaper's doors, and bundles of coupons went in to the contest editor.

Frantically the editor tried to reach Cyril Randolph. "Mr. Randolph," he was rebuffed smartly by ranks of secretaries, "would not be interested in a baby contest."

But he was, when he saw the big spread announcing the winner, with plenty of pictures—Paul Storm and a facsimile of the two-thousand dollar check.

"I knew our baby would bring us luck!" crowed Joan exultantly.

Then Michael told her he had lost his job. But with baby Paul's hard won triumph, there was no room in their hearts for anything but joy at the moment.

THERE followed floods of telegrams, all sorts of congratulations, offers of all sorts, even from Hollywood, parts in the movies for Paul. One telegram asked Mr. and Mrs. Storm to consider no contract until representatives of the company called on them! And it was from a major picture company!


"Oh, my dear Michael," cried Joan, fishing among the piles of telegrams. "We've got a wire from them. Those two are off on a celebration all their own. They've eloped. But they'll be in tomorrow."

"Mrs. Storm! Mrs. Storm!" came the shrill treble of a little girl's voice at the door. It was Muriel Tees, to take Paul for his airing. The girl was so thrilled she was almost speechless—the prize baby!

"Only for a short while, Muriel. And be careful," Joan called down the stairs as Michael carried the go-cart and set it carefully on the sidewalk. A score of children followed the proud Muriel as she pushed the baby carriage, her tip-tilted little nose high in the air.

Left alone, Michael and Joan sorted the telegrams, offers and congratulations. As they read and re-read them aloud, a clattering of footsteps and a babel of excited voices came up the stairs. Michael started toward the door. But it was flung open and Muriel Tees and half the kids in the neighborhood poured into the room.

"Paul's gone! A man took him!" gasped Muriel, fear on her blanched face, sobs in her voice.

Joan clutched her throat in panic. Michael seized the now wildly sobbing Muriel.
"Tell me, Muriel," he cried, "just what actually happened."

"He loved the baby and said he'd watch him for me while we went to get some candy. He gave me a dollar to spend for the kids and myself. Then when we got back, Paul was gone."

Michael, hatless and coatless, dashed out into the street, but only a peddler and a junk cart could be seen. He raced to the corner, almost colliding with Big Jim Brennan, the policeman, coming around the corner.

"Jim—Paul's gone—stolen—kidnapped!" gasped Michael.

The hue and cry was on. Smashing black headlines in all the papers screamed the news—"CYRIL RANDOLPH'S GRANDSON KIDNAPPED," "PRIZE BABY STOLEN."

The popularity of the baby contest had so caught public fancy, that the greatest search in the history of the city was started. Squads of police, armed to the teeth, in uniform and out of uniform, combed the city. Thugs by the hundreds took flight. But the search was not confined to the city alone. Patrols were out on every road, posses were hastily formed, planes soared over the countryside, keen-eyed watchers with field glasses scanning every out-of-the-way gully and forest road. Rewards poured into the newspaper offices. The Graphic-Herald, donor of the two-thousand dollar prize to Paul, put all its resources into the search.

Skid Owens and Una, now Mrs. Owens, in high spirits, stepped into their small hotel dining-room in a hidden little village up-state. All the help, and the owner, his wife, daughter and the few guests of the hotel were clustered together reading a newspaper.

"Guess they don't get much news up this way. Look at them wolf that paper," Skid said lightly to Una. He coughed loudly to attract attention as they sat down at the table. The proprietor hurried over.

"My, my, what a time!" he said excitedly. "Guess they'll be somethin' doin' all right, all right!" making a clicking noise with his tongue as he shook his head.

"Meaning?" said Skid, with a wink at Una.

"Kidnapped that Randolph heir."

"What?" cried Una and Skid together.

Skid jumped to his feet and strode over to the group with the paper. Un ceremoniously, he yanked it away and shot a glance at the headlines. He dropped the paper and yelled at Una. "Get the bags packed, kid! Paul's kidnapped!"

He turned on the proprietor. "Where's the telephone?" Not waiting for a reply, he ran out to the small lobby and found the phone himself. He was soon talking to his managing editor. Quickly getting the details, Skid reported he was on the way in.

In a matter of minutes, he and Una were running out of the hotel, Skid tossing a bill onto the desk as he ran by, leaving the dumfounded group in the hotel staring blankly after them.

"Not a single trace, Una!" explained Skid hurrily as he threw the car into high gear. The heavy machine shot along the road. "But here's one thing—old man Randolph has put up twenty-five thousand good old iron men for the return of his grandson. But that's on the quiet. He doesn't want his name mentioned. Skid was peering ahead. "Where the heck is that short cut?"

"Ah, there we are—gray barn—turn right. It'll cut off twenty miles."

The car slowed into a dirt road cutting across country.

AS THEY rounded a bend, they could see a small car just ahead. Skid's big car crept up on it.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Una. "That left tire! It's coming off! They'll have a spill!"

"You yell at them as we go by. We can't stop," cried Skid.

He gave the car ahead a sharp, insistent blare from his horn—going by, it said. But the other car, instead of slowing and turning aside, put on speed.

"The fools!" yelled Skid in exasperation. "Lean out and yell at 'em, Una."

"Hey! Hey!" screamed Una, leaning out and pointing at their tire. "Tire! Tire!"

Skid, cursing under his breath, eased up on his speed. He was afraid if the tire on the car ahead came off and the car skidded, he would crash into it.

"Tire! Tire!" screamed Una again as she pointed wildly.

The car drew away. But suddenly the tire was seen to part from the rim. The car swerved violently, shot into the brush alongside the road, crashing to a stop. Suddenly two men leaped out. They pointed back down the road. A series of sharp cracks were heard. The top of Skid's car ripped.

"Down! Down, Una!" Skid yelled. "Bullets!" He jammed on the brakes and pulled to a stop. Another series of shots, and the two men turned and leaped away into the screen of the dense woods.

CAUTIOUSLY, Skid and Una peered over the cowl of their car. All was quiet. Skid started the car and slowly eased up to the car ahead. He peered in, his foot ready on the accelerator to leap away. There was no sign of the former occupants of the car.

"All right, Skid. Let's go. We can't stop," called Una eyeing the bushels nervously.

"Wait!" said Skid. He jumped out and reached onto the front seat of the other car. He pulled a blanketed bundle toward him. Carefully he opened one end. With a glad cry, he hastily gathered the bundle to him and thrust it at Una.

"Got him! Got Paul! The old newspaperman's luck!"

With a happy squeal, Una cuddled the bundle to her.

"The other way up! The other way up!" yelled Skid as he slipped in the clutches and the car sped away.

Paul was sleeping soundly. Una cooed and gurgled over him.

"Now for the nearest telephone," crowed Skid. "Gee, those two must have been scared! Well, he's a pretty hot package."

"Hot package?" questioned Una indignantally.

"Meaning, dear dumbness, they probably wished they hadn't done it. Scared. Trail too hot. Panicked."

A crossing came into sight, a small store sign was visible, and a group of men, beside two automobiles blocked the road.

"Oho!" muttered Skid. "Say, Una, put Paul between your knees. I've got a scheme. This is a posse sure enough. But look, if we can get away with it," he talked fast and clipped his words, "we'll give the Storms and old man Randolph a break, get 'em together, and the good old Graphic-Herald gets a world beat. We're going to take Paul right to his grandfather's. Now, put the lap-robe over Paul, and pray he doesn't wake up and cry. You're a sob sister on the paper. My identification card will get us by. Our cue is that we are working on the case. I'll try and shoot them back up the road to the other car. Then me for a telephone."

They slowed up at the posse which was armed to the hat guns pointed at the car. Skid already had his card out.

"Who's in charge?" he called out, as he spotted a gold badge on one of the men.

The man stepped forward, a rifle in the crook of his arm.

"I'm Skid Owens, working on the Storm kidnapping."

He extended his card, talking as though in great excitement.

"Back up the road, about six or seven miles, a tire came off a car, and two men beat it into the woods, lamming some lead at us as they ran. They headed across country," said Skid pointing. He got out of the car. "Where's a telephone?"

The big man with the badge, glanced hastily at Skid's card and thrust it back at him. "Phone in the store," he said as he turned to his men. "Let's go," he called.

Skid ran into the store. By great good fortune, he noted, there was a telephone booth, he could talk in private. He beat the rapid tattoo with his fingers, glancing anxiously out to the road, as he waited for his call to go through to the managing editor. He watched the last car of the posse shoot up the road toward the abandoned car. A half hour and he'd be on the outskirts of the city.

"Hello! Hello, Carson! Yeah, Owens. Now don't leap out of the chair, I've got the Storm kid. Hey, what did I tell you? Listen, I've got to talk fast. Get somebody right over
to the Storms, privately. Tell 'em Skid and Una have contacted the kidnappers, and they've got to meet 'em at a secret rendezvous. Never mind the details. Listen to me, for once! Tell 'em they've got to go blindfolded. How? How're you going to get 'em out with the other newspaper mobs there? Say, take 'em out on stretchers. Mental collapse. Get it? An' then run 'em right over to the grandfather's. Sure, to old man Randolph's. I've got a scheme. Give me an hour and a half and you'll have the biggest beat in town! Now don't tell 'em where they are going. Just tell 'em Skid and Una are with the baby and he's okay."

Jubilantly he dashed out to Una who was in a dither of excitement as she kept glancing back along the road.

"We're set, baby!" Skid cried. He told the excited Una his plan, and she laughed joyously and cuddled little Paul to her. His eyes were now wide open, and he cooed with delight as he felt her friendly touch.

Skid was stopped three times on his way in to the city, but his police card and his glib tongue got him by. Paul never even murmured when Una covered him over with the lap-robe during the few seconds it took Skid to talk his way onward.

But at one deserted stretch of road, he stopped the car and had Una get into the back seat with Paul.

"When we get to the Randolphs, if ever," said the perspiring Skid, "there'll be a flock of reporters and cops around for certain. Now, as we go along, dump my stuff out of that Gladstone bag, and, just as we arrive, pop Paul into the bag. I'll carry it partially open so he'll get air. It'll only be for a few seconds."

They got to the Randolph mansion without further incident. Skid stopped a few doors away, as he saw a group on the side-walk before the house. Una popped the baby into the bag, and Skid held the handles so that air got in all right.

"I'll die before I ever reach that door," Una whispered excitedly.

Skid and Una pushed through the clustered groups before the Randolph mansion, and mounted the steps to where a burly sergeant of police stood guard. Jenson, the butler, his face pale and a strange expression in his eyes, stood beside him. As Skid and Una came up the steps, Jenson anxiously looked from one to the other, swallowing hard. It was obvious he wanted to ask about the baby, but training controlled him. In sepulchral tones he managed to say, "You are to go right in, Miss Townsend, and—ah—Mr. Owens."

The door swung to behind them. The tall figure of Cyril Randolph hurried along the hall.

"Where— Where—" he blurted.

Skid gently deposited his bag and opened it wide. There was Paul, calm if not cool, sucking away at his thumb. Cyril Randolph, all his austerity gone, dropped beside the bag and tenderly lifted out the baby.

There was a stir at the rear of the house. Two blindfolded people were being carefully guided along, by two young men who waved at Skid, grins on their faces. They whispered to the two blindfolded people, who stopped as their bandages were removed.

Cyril Randolph, Paul in his arms, faced them. Suddenly he and Paul were engulfed by a rushing, laughing, sobbing Joan. Michael was beside her.

Cyril Randolph, a glad smile on his face, tears of joy in his eyes, extended a hand to Michael around Joan's shoulder.

[ THE END ]

---

**Could YOU Use A Share of $500.00?**

A lot of people can and the chances are you are no exception. 

*Turn to the announcement on Page 50 of this issue of PHOTOPLAY and you'll find something unique in prize money contests.*

It's so fascinating you'll just start right out solving it. There are no tricks or false clues. It's all straight-forward, honest puzzle.

*You'll enjoy immensely figuring out the* 

**"Fill-ins"**

*almost as much as you will spending the prize money.*

*Try it. You'll see!*
B.V.D.'s mission in life is the glorification of the feminine figure in the water and on the sands.

Look for its new and stunning fabrics—for "Perl-knit" and for its brilliant new "Sea Tweeds"—sea fabrics of distinction. Look for the new "seamless waistline," the exclusive B.V.D. feature that gives a new meaning to perfect fit!

In colors, choose any of the new B.V.D. creations. Rich new pastels—exotic blues, browns, reds, in glorious hues. A suit for every taste and every purse.

An orchid, too, for the new B.V.D. beach togs—that colorful parade of shorts, slacks and shirts. It's a B.V.D. year by land or by sea. The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City. Also made and sold in Canada.

Reading up left to right:

WRAP-A-ROUND—an anatomic marvel with two-toned braided straps and contrasting wrap-a-round belt.

SUNSHINE FASHION—with uplift brassiere—two-toned braided straps that may be worn numerous ways.

DOLPHIN—an amphibian phenomenon whose contrasting braided straps also adjust to give a halter neck.

RUFF-NECK—pullover sweater in B.V.D., "Perl-knit" cotton that takes to the beach or any sport. Worn with mannish-cut slacks in same fabric.
Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves

Lucky Strike Cigarettes

LUCKIES ARE ALL-WAYS KIND TO YOUR THROAT

t’s toasted”

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company
13 Irresistible Women
DELICIOUS—quality chewing gum in a crisp candy coating. You are sure to like them.

FLAVORFUL—choose your favorite Tempters from Peppermint, Spearmint, Licorice, Cinnamon, or Tutti-Frutti. Try one of each. You’ll like them all.

COLORFUL—a different and tempting color for every sparkling flavor.

FRESH—the candy coating seals the flavor in ‘til your first exciting taste.

Four Tempters in a transparent pack. Three packs for five cents. Five flavors to choose from. Chew them every day.
Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-ear spectacle. Thousands of extras, 500 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn procession...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG
If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!
If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera...

Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!

Wallace BEERY as Long John Silver
Jackie COOPER as Jim Hawkins
Lionel Barrymore as Billy Bones
Otto Kruger as Dr. Livesey
Lewis Stone as Captain Smollett
"Chic" Sale as Ben Gunn
William V. Mong as Old Pew
Dorothy Peterson as Mrs. Hawkins

Directed by Victor Fleming - Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
PHOTOPLAY
The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Publisher
William T. Walsh, Managing Editor

Vol. XLVI No. 3

August, 1934

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The Audience Talks Back

Let it not be said that Mae West is the men's own idol, for our mailbag tells another story. This buxom Gibson girl, who appears in "It Ain't No Sin," now has quite an edge on the feminine market.

THE $25 LETTER

The old silent drammers were thrill packing slammers
That everyone liked to attend;
And though not constructive or sexy seductive
You cheered from beginning to end.

Them were the days of the old drammer plays
You could watch with a right good will;
You'd stand for a time then you'd drop in a dime
For the starting of "Buffalo Bill."

The "kids" would start stamping as Bill Hart went romping
And knockin' the Indians down;
He'd shoot more than twenty while lead flew aplenty
And drive all the varmints from town.

LET'S settle this Garbo-Hepburn dispute once and for all. Opinions on the subject have been coming in such great numbers that it didn't seem fair to close the issue without everyone having a say. But now we've all had time, and next month readers will state their final choice. Or if two thrones in the fairyland called Hollywood seem to be the solution, you'll hear about that.

There is great interest in who will be the lead if a film on the life of Napoleon is produced.

Praise for "House of Rothschild" in which George Arliss gives such a remarkable portrayal, is being shouted from the housetops.

And our article, "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," in June issue, has created more of a stir than anything published in recent months.

When tough William Farnum played "Western" gal-darmum
He'd fan it with any stranger;
He travelled the plain like the real "Buck Duane."
In that thriller, "The Lone Star Ranger."

While smilin' John Bunny in stunts that were funny
Just kept the whole house in a roar;
His comedy trainin' was so entertainin'
It filled every seat to the door.

STANLEY WOODEN, Oxford, N. Y.

THE $10 LETTER

The comic strips portray teachers as double-eyed dammes with enough hair to put the Sutherland Sisters out of a job. But they never picture us as we often picture ourselves—rushing madly out the schoolroom door, wildly tearing out hair as we run.

If you've tried to keep the attention of forty-odd (and I mean odd) youngsters during a spring geography or civic topic period, you'll sympathize.

The movies have done more for teachers than earthquake-proof buildings and free air at recess.

EVA DUNBAR, Oakland, Calif.

THE $5 LETTER

We, of the alien audience, view with alarm the possibility of the United States Congress barring foreign actors from American films.

We realize that American pictures will lose a large following abroad. Immediately their pictures will be boycotted, regardless of the high esteem in which such lovely stars as Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West and many more popular favorites are held.

American films owe their high standing to the farsightedness of directors, who realize that art and artists are international.

The large increase in movie attendance in the States and in foreign countries is without doubt to be attributed to the directors’ understanding of their public, who frequently require a new face and a new technique.

M. MOSES, St. Georges, Bermuda.

A CHAMPAGNE TOAST!

Pictures have added lustre since beautiful and talented Mae West appeared. Our serenely confident young woman is the "caviar" of them all. She is highly imaginative, amusing and utterly smart, expressing herself as no one else can.

Her gay witticisms and sly innuendoes are something to remember by.

LOIS B. O'NEILL, Tuckahoe, N. Y. [Please turn to page 10]
CAST YOUR VOTE in the
NATION-WIDE POLL
to select the CAST for
the WARNER BROTHERS
film dramatization of

ANTHONY ADVERSE

BIG NEWS! Probably the biggest news in the history of motion pictures!

"Anthony Adverse," universally acclaimed the greatest historical romance of our time, goes into production at the Warner Brothers Studios this fall.

All America is asking: WHO WILL PLAY THE PART OF "ANTHONY ADVERSE"? . . . WHO WILL PORTRAY THE CHARACTER OF THE VILLAINOUS "DON LUIS"? . . . WHAT STAR IN HOLLYWOOD IS BEST FITTED TO IMPERSONATE THE CHARACTER OF THE BEAUTIFUL "DOLORES"?

So often have these questions been asked, so difficult is it to solve the problem. that Jack Warner, Production Chief at Warner Brothers Studios, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the book, have decided to get the help of every movie fan in the United States. The question is: WHO SHOULD PLAY THE PARTS OF THE TWELVE MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTERS IN ANTHONY ADVERSE? SEND US YOUR CHOICE. To those who answer this question in a way that proves they know their movies, prizes of over $10,000.00 will be awarded.

Four great American institutions have joined forces to launch this great Contest. PHOTOPLAY Magazine and POSTAL TELEGRAPH CO. co-operate with WARNER BROS., and FARRAR & RINEHART, publishers of the book, to bring you one of the biggest and most interesting contests of all time.

Prizes will be awarded those who suggest a cast most like the one finally chosen by Warner Bros. Rules and detailed information will be found on pages 28-31 of this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

To give the Contest nation-wide representation, the Postal Telegraph Co. has issued a special POSTAL TELEGRAPH BALLOT which may be used (free of charge) to vote your choice for the cast. Through the courtesy of the great Postal Telegraph Company, millions of votes from Maine to California, will be speeded to the Anthony Adverse Contest Editor of Photoplay.

Copies of the official ballot will be found in the August, September and October issues of PHOTOPLAY. Ballots may also be secured at all Postal Telegraph stations, all Warner Bros. Theatres and at all book shops and department stores selling ANTHONY ADVERSE.

Everyone entering this Contest should read ANTHONY ADVERSE to get acquainted with the cast of characters in this "full-bodied tale of birth and death, of love and hate, of fighting, mating, scheming, drifting." It is not only a great book but a great experience. To read it is to have lived! Don't miss it.

If you haven't read ANTHONY ADVERSE, read it now!
brief reviews of current pictures


dollar 10,000.00
in prizes
and other awards will be given in Warner Brothers-Photoplay "Anthony Adverse" contest, starting in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

and don't forget that big contest—"Fill Ins," which also offers some sizable cash prizes. You are eligible to enter both!
JOSEPH HORNE CO.
IS THE PITTSBURGH STORE FOR
Hollywood Cinema Fashions

Pittsburgh's leading Fashion Store was naturally alert to recognize the possibilities of the Hollywood Film Studios as a source of modern and appealing fashions. Through the cooperation of the leading Hollywood Producers, and the Photoplay Fashion Editors, this outstanding store made exclusive arrangements, for Pittsburgh, to present photoplay-goers with faithful reproductions of the original fashions worn by their favorite film stars in the latest pictures, simultaneous with the Pittsburgh premiers. Inasmuch as the leading film stars represent practically every type of American beauty, and the Hollywood designers exert their highest skill in flattering the beauty and charm of their subjects, young Pittsburgh has been prompt to accept these brilliant creations for their own use. You'll find the clever costumes that you admire in the pictures available to you, at all times, in the Horne Hollywood Shop . . . Second Floor.
Tell Others What You Think of the Latest Films

[Continued from page 6]

The “Riptide” trio that went over big with movie-goers, in spite of some grand slams at the film. Norma Shearer, and Herbert Marshall, the jealous husband who sends her to the arms of Robert Montgomery.

Since “House of Rothschild” was released, there has been a steady shower of applause for George Arliss’ excellent work. He is shown with Mrs. Arliss and C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from the picture.

Mae West is so real, if she were to walk into my home, I would expect her to act just as she does on the screen. That is why she is “The Box-Office Attraction Of Today.”

I discuss movies with everyone and anyone, and I have yet to hear Mae criticized or censored.

Mae West, Huntington, W. Va.

A RARE PORTRAYAL

“Riptide” marks Norma Shearer the First Lady of the screen. One might liken her allure and beauty to an exquisite cameo. Her first appearance in many months, proved a thrilling experience for this Shearer devotee. A rare portrayal that has no equal.

M. McMicheal, Atlantic City, N.J.

BUT THE PICTURE—

A few more shows like “Riptide,” and you might as well padlock the doors of your theaters—so far as the Norma Shearer public is concerned.

The cast was okay, but the picture—

Golden O. Duncan, Compton, Calif.

OH, BUT THEY DIDN’T!

After reading “Is It Garbo or Hepburn?” I say that it is unnecessary to ask that question, as immediately all the world would answer, “Garbo.”

Garbo is the Queen of the Screen, and the others are merely her imitators.

Miss A. M. F., Santurce, P. R.

HAS SHE?

Your article “Is It Garbo or Hepburn?” was bound to start a controversy. And with a war-whoop I leap into the fray by registering a great big vote for Hepburn.

Mind you, I like Garbo, and I am very much under the spell of her glamorous personality. But Hepburn! Has she not personality plus?

I. G. B., Toronto, Canada

GODDESSES

Garbo and Hepburn—Diana and Aurora—Two goddesses for movie devotees to worship. Garbo whose mysterious allure suggests moonbeams and the Goddess of the Chase, Hepburn whose vibrant personality bursts upon us like a shaft of light piercing the sky to blazon forth in the glory of the dawn.

Why compare them? They are different as day and night.

Edith O’Brien, Washington, D. C.

A PAGE FROM HISTORY

“The House of Rothschild” is a magnificent production. George Arliss is Rothschild, and greater praise may not be given any artist. What subtle blending of pathos and whimsy, set against the heart-breaking background of a courageous people, struggling against almost superhuman odds.

This picture reveals a great art, interpreted with a grandeur that grips the heart. Indescribable, and all the more remarkable because gleaned from the pages of history.

The dust of a century has drifted over these events, obscuring them, for the most part, in the debris of half-forgotten memories, yet how grateful are we to have the dust thus brushed aside to reveal these five heroic brothers.

Rose A. Kohny, Chicago, Ill.

MORE, MORE, MORE!

Hats off to George Arliss for his performance in “The House of Rothschild.” It eclipses anything he has ever done. No finer entertainment ever flashed across the screen than this fascinating historical pageant. There is something spiritual in the manner the five sons carry on the Rothschild tradition.

This production is well enacted, cleverly directed and effectively produced. Give us more like it.

Maude L. Riche, Dayton, Ohio

QUALITY TELLS

I am a college girl with a part-time job and small pay, but I always save my quarter a month to buy Photoplay. The rest of my spare money goes to the movies recommended by your Shadow Stage.

The pleasure I get makes up a thousand fold for the things it is impossible for me to have.

Evelyn Pike, Troy, N. Y.

BIDE YOUR TIME, TARZAN

The exhilarating thrill of relief from problems of daily life is offered with a “punch” in every minute of “Tarzan and His Mate.” It

[Please turn to page 14]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

**DAVID HARUM** — Fox. — Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

**DAWN TO DAWN** — Cameron Macpherson Prod. — With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters — Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness — for its success. (March)

**DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY** — Paramount. — As Debbie, who minglest with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

**DEVIL TIGER** — Fox. — Thrilling experiences of Harry Wood, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

**DOUBLE DOOR** — Paramount. — A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinner who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent’s bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

**EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE** — Columbia. — Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

**EASY MILLIONS** — Preeler Film. — A fine mix-up when “Riches” Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professional roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

**EASY TO LOVE** — Warner. — Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

**EAT’EM ALIVE** — Real Life Pictures. — A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

**EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT** — Paramount. — Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglas Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

**EVER SINCE EVE** — Fox. — Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O’Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

**FAREWELL TO LOVE** — Associated Sound Film. — Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their roles. (Feb.)

**FASHIONS OF 1934** — First National. — Scanning the foremost designers out of existence models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

**FEROCIOUS PAL** — Principal Pictures. — Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kean, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

**FINISHING SCHOOL** — RKO-Radio. — Sick of society snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

**FLYING DOWN TO RIO** — RKO-Radio. — A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

**FOG** — Columbia. — Three murderers take place on a fog-shrouded ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

**FOG OVER FRISCO** — First National. — Fadly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes “fence” in a security racket. And there’s romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods. Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

**FOUND ALIVE** — Ideal Pictures. — A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

**FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE** — Paramount. — The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Cargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

**FRONTIER MARSHAL** — Fox. — George O’Brien as a “dude” marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mac West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)

**YOU SAY DALE HASN’T BEEN TO SEE YOU LATELY?**

**NOT SINCE THAT HOT SPELL SEVERAL WEEKS AGO. I CAN’T IMAGINE WHY HE STOPPED COMING. IT HURTS ME....**

**DO YOU SUPPOSE HE COULD HAVE NOTICED A HINT...**

**ER-R... I MEAN “B.O.”...**

**DON’T BE OFFENDED, DARLING. NOBODY CAN AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES WITH “B.O.” THESE HOT, PERSPIRY DAYS. I ALWAYS PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBUOY. WHY DON’T YOU?**

**I WOULDN’T MISS MY LIFEBUOY BATHS FOR ANYTHING. THEY MAKE ME FEEL SO CLEAN — SO REFRESHED**

**“B.O.” GONE — romance blooms again**

**AHA, DALE, I CAUGHT YOU!**

**CAUGHT ME NOTHING! CAN’T A MAN KISS HIS FUTURE WIFE?**

**ANOTHER KISS, DARLING. YOUR SKIN IS SMOOTH AS SATIN**

**MY ONLY COMPLEXION SECRET IS LIFEBUOY. LIFEBUOY COSTS SO LITTLE—DOES SO MUCH! KEEPS YOU FRESH AND DAINTY, SAFE FROM CHARM-DESTROYING “B.O.” (BODY ODOR). GUARDS YOUR COMPLEXION BEAUTY, TOO. FOR LIFEBUOY LATHER IS SUPER-MILD YET SUPER-CLEANSING. IT PURIFIES BOTH FACE AND BODY PORES. A SUMMER SAVIOR**

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Photoplay Magazine for August, 1934

**Photoplay**

**June**

**48**

**51**

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New York City

**Fugitive Lovers** — M.-G.-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Maggie Evans when he boards a transcontinental train and asks her to join him on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (Marck)

**Gallant Lady** — 20th Century-United Artists is the gallant lady hero. No. Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast does not overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dale Morris, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

**Gambling Lady** — Warners. Barbara Stanwyck gams her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (Feb.)

**George White's Scandals** — Fox. A gay, lively, glittering Broadway show with Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

**Girl in the Case, The** — Screen Art Prod.—Fredric March, husband of Anna Sten, stars in an American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

**Glitter** — Paramount—Charles Farley, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles are top stars in a romantic drama that action is intended to be most trying. (April)

**Glamor** — Universal—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chiorise who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her remarried husband, and Patricia Roc her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

**Going Hollywood** — M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real singing ability, and sings some great songs. Marion Davies was never better. Smart Rebels. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (May)

**Good Dame** — Paramount—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Paul Muni is a super-special party picture. Photograpy, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

**Half a Sinner** — Universal—Film version of "A Child of the Docks," with Ray Milland creating real havoc. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interests. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (May)

**Handy Andy** — Fox.—As the apothecary. Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides his first cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

**Harold Teen** — Warners. — Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillian are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

**Heat Lightning** — Warners. — Comedy-drama supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Maloney, Alice Faye. Written by Nat, Jimmy Durante, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

**He Couldn't Take It** — Monogram.—Pays Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a hugely amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

**Her Splendid Polly** — Hollywood Pictures. — Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lilian Bond plays the role of a double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (Feb.)

**Hi, Neighbor!** — M-G-M.—Another M-G-M splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for amusing story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

**Hips, Hips, Hooray** — R.E.O. Radio.—Money and beautiful clothes and two hands of fine players are the only foundation, and in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave down by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (March)

**Hired Wife** — Illinois — A Prairie — Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture above the type. (June)

**Hollywood Variety** — M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante as Billy Barlow, Jack Pearl as Jack Pearl, when a gangster breaks up the music box, and a gangster chases them. (June)

**Hold the Press** — Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting things trying to expose some racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

**Hollywood Variety** — M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante as Billy Barlow, Jack Pearl as Jack Pearl, when a gangster breaks up the music box, and a gangster chases them. (June)

**Honor of the West** — Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual role, and thrilling us as he rides after a gang of crooks. (June)

**Horse Play** — Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

**Photoplay Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue**

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

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HOUSE OF ROTISCHLID, THE — 20th Century-United Artists. — The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become movie stars, as directed by George Cukor, with Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile couple. (May)

I AM SUZANNE! — Fox. — Lillian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the core of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March)

I BELIEVED IN YOU — Fox. — Rosemary Ames' film takes her back to what is popularized as the art of puppetry, with George Fenneman, and stylish production. (June)

IF I WERE FREE — RKO-Radio. — Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other (Otto Kruger) in a rather plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (Feb.)

I LIKE THAT TALE — Universal. — Forever on the screen, and never more so for Jack La Rue. (June)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT — Columbia. — Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed picture. (April)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER — Warners. — Tele- phone repair man Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along, Glenda Farrell, Paul Padow. (April)

I WAS A SPY — Fox-Gaumont British. — Allie Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JIMMY AND SALLY — Fox. — With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Durante, must go away to all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey, Harry Meyers. (April)

JIMMY THE GENT — (Reviewed under title "Always a Gent") — Warners. — His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (March)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME — Warners. — A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold her husband, Artie Shaw, in the spell. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JU ST SMITH — Gaumont-British. — Amazing comedy, starring Ronald Colman, as Louis Pasteur, who comes back, boasting an all-English cast headed by Dame May Whitty. (May)

KADETTEN (Cadets) — Reichsligafilm. — An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother. Trude von Melo, German, with English subtitles. (April)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING — RKO-Radio. — A man, his horse and the bond exist between them. We see the horse, sequence to sequence, through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

LADY KILLER — Warners. — When ex-girl friend Mary Astor returns, how will George Raft react to the new guy? Raft, George Raft, Ann Sothern, Stanley Wales, and Gene Lockhart, with a cast as varied as the plot. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (April)

LAZY RIVER — M-G-M. — Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plays an engineer on the river; he falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

LEGON — Bennett Picture Corp. — Island of Bali is depicted in this film about a group of inland dwellers. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY — Universal. — After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Randolph Scott, Myrna Loy. (April)

LITTLE MISS MARKER — Paramount. — Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an L. O. U. S. film (Ann Sothern) and gentle, humorous, action (George Raft) and romantic interest (Mae Clarke, Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

LONG LOST FATHER — RKO-Radio. — Quite amusing, but not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR A LOVER — 20th Century Fox. — Anthony Quayle, and Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, you take through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Vivian Vance. (April)

LOUD SPEAKER — The Monogram — Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes his way in the marbles, but cast stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOVE BIRDS — Universal. — An amusing comedy, and with Rhonda Fleming, Paul Cavanagh, and DuBose Dole. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN — Monogram. — A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY — Universal. — Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Karl Asther, who later becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skillfully handled. (March)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG — Monogram. — Peggy lives and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (July)

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA — M-G-M. — Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—a district attorney William Powell and star crackup George Raft—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS — RKO-Radio. — After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It is a story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Eileen Lande. (March)

MANDALAY — First National. — Poor story material for Kay Francis, misceat as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez in title role. However, Griffes and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS — Paramount. — Just a barefoot bill, and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL — Fruiter Film. — Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't love him, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE — First National. — Educated Indian Richard Cromwell makes his first appearance in World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his character's life becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in spreading muck with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN — Columbia. — Both the plot and acting in this play are very good. In this case, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, and William Tabbert. (March)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE — RKO-Radio. — A capable group of comedians, including Ed Wynn, ZaSu Pitts, Chester Conklin, Jimmie Cagney, and Glennis and Bert Kelton, make this worthwhile entertainment. (July)

MELODY IN SPRING — Paramount. — Radio's well-known tenor makes his film début in this musical, appearing with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (April)

MEN IN WHITE — M-G-M. — Torment difficult scientific career and easy medical practice. Frederick of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does it all, but this is a markable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDNIGHT — Universal. — Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Thorne Smith play. Good cast. (May)

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN — Paramount. — Powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnapping menace, with Dorothy Welsh and Anna Sten as parents, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Excellent supporting cast. (July)

MODERN HERO, A — Warners. — Beginning in circus, Richard Bartheson's sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, John McGuire, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS — Monogram. — This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheimer story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 71.
Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Meet the funny man, W. C. Fields, who so thoroughly entertained folks in "You're Telling Me." Here you see him as The Great McGonigle, proprietor of a theatrical troupe in "The Old-Fashioned Way"

has spectacular prowess, melodrama, imagination, both intentional and unconscious humor and it combines the virtues of fantasy and realism.

Of course, we want to see Johnny Weissmuller accomplishing further daring feats. But not too soon!

Anna J. Emory, Wilmington, Del.

I'M TELLING YOU

A full course mental banquet rewards those who see W. C. Fields in "You're Telling Me," with perfect digestion guaranteed. Mr. Fields is at his best in this extremely funny picture, and we sincerely thank the director who gave him a free hand.

We like funny faces and funny people who can make us laugh.

Lillian Foster, Hartford, Conn.

NAPOLEON'S GHOST

In my opinion, the best article in your June issue was "Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners." Of course, it was a bad break that Edward G. Robinson, who could give a worthy performance as the Little Emperor, had to be eliminated by the make-up department, but hats off to the studio that respects the fact that theater-goers are acquainted with the Napoleon of history.

It is good, too, that Chaplin's price is excessive. Chaplin might play the rôle to perfection, but how would he overcome the comedy-complex of the audience?

J. M. Copeland, Houston, Texas

Edward G. Robinson is a bit too heavy, I believe, to convincingly portray the Little Emperor. However, I don't think there is any question as to his ability.

But why did they pass up Richard Barthelmess? He ought to be able to do a good job. And he does resemble the Emperor.

Raymond Clarke, Miami, Fla.

TWO HOLLYWOOD TRIUMVIRATES

Page Mr. George Kent, I would like to discuss his article in June Photoplay.

Mr. Kent, you proclaim that there are two triumvirates in Hollywood, Sten, Dietrich and West vs. Garbo, Hepburn and Bennett. I gather from your candid article that you favor the first three. First of all, there is no comparison whatsoever. We, who attend the theater to see a real performance, prefer Bennett, Hepburn and Garbo.

Omitting Sten, because we cannot judge her fairly yet, West and Dietrich are valuable for one rôle only, that of a shady lady.

ELOISE BARRY, Dumont, N. J.

"Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," in the June Photoplay, is bound to create a heated discussion, because the author seems to take sides with the Dietrich-West-Sten trio, rather than with Garbo, Hepburn and Bennett.

However, I am inclined to agree with George Kent, for I feel that Marlene, Mae and Anna far surpass in feminine allure Garbo, Hepburn or Bennett.

Michael Connolly, Boston, Mass.

This letter is in disagreement with some statements made by George Kent in his article, "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War."

Mr. Kent says in part, "The war lords of California are not wasting any sleep over their duel with Garbo, Hepburn & Co. They know that the martyrs (meaning Garbo, etc., etc.) cannot compete with the Marlenes and the Mae.

Salt looks like sugar, but flies know the difference without having to read the lettering on the bowl."

In the first place, too much sugar is sickening. In the second place, did you ever try to eat a meal without benefit of salt? In the third place, who wants to be a fly?

I grant that Mae West's characterizations are intriguing; but as the best actress in pictures, not!

Dietrich's legs may be lovelier than Garbo's but if one wishes to see legs rather than acting one may attend a revue.

Dorothy Kless, Los Angeles, Calif.

ANOTHER ORDER OF "CHEER"

Believe me, I am going to "Stand Up and Cheer" for Warner Baxter, Jimmy Dunn, Madge Evans and that little darling, Shirley Temple. She is the sweetest bunch of happiness I have ever seen.

This grand production gave me new life, and so much encouragement that I feel I could conquer the world today.

Mrs. T. J. Angell, Springfield, Ill.

BUT DO THEY?

Speaking of the trite, much abused happy ending, "Manhattan Melodrama" came as a welcome relief. I would rather have my emotions exercised a bit than my sense of logic insulted, and think most people feel as I do.

Here was a picture, logically developed and logically concluded.

W. Ward Wright, Logansport, Ind.

"Id rather have my emotions exercised a bit than my sense of logic insulted," says one reader in praise of the true-to-life ending of "Manhattan Melodrama," with Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, William Powell.
FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

Just a word for the ushers. Some patrons disregard their advances in the way of service and take into their own hands the problem of locating seats in an aisle which the usher has already pronounced "filled." The ushers are aware of the fact, even if patrons are not, that there are such things as fire laws, that ushers have duties, and that a filled theater is a possibility.

Come on, folks, give the ushers cooperation.

DORIS TUNER, London, Ont., Canada

RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCE

I have traveled with my husband for several years, and have come to feel that my home is wherever I happen to be. Naturally, in this mode of living the social life is very limited, and seldom do I ever see an old friend. Consequently, when I follow my favorites from picture to picture, I feel each time that I am seeing a friend again.

This is the best way I have of filling the void which inevitably occurs in the lives of those who live on the road. Each time I see a familiar face on the screen, I feel like saying: "Why, you are a dear friend. We have had such experiences together. I have laughed with you, cried with you, danced and played with you. In fact, in your presence I have run the whole gamut of human emotions."

MRS. G. E. PETTJEAN, Chicago, Ill.

CHARACTER COUNTS

Pictures depicting the stories of people in all positions of life have done more in promoting a democratic attitude than the endless campaign speeches of glib politicians.

We are now more apt to realize that a person may be a thoroughbred despite his living on the wrong side of the tracks because of financial inferiority. The friendship of an intelligent street cleaner has been shown to be more desirable than the company of some debutantes, which even things up a bit.

FRED RACKMAN, Hollywood, Calif.

EVERY CLASS A JOY!

I had a wonderful dream last night, and I feel it is going to come true. I dreamed that I was back in school, and when I went to my American History class talking pictures greeted me. Text books have disappeared.

On to my next class, Literature, I gasped in amazement, for talksies greeted me here. We were studying Shakespeare's immortal "As You Like It."

In biology, citizenship, art, music, languages, we students met the same powerful teacher, the talking picture, fairly crammed with knowledge which was being given to us in such a remarkable way.

ESTHER M. NORMAN, St. Joseph, Mo.

WESTERN'S MINUS BANDITRY

I wonder why someone hasn't produced a Western with all the fascinating characteristics of cow pokes without the old-fashioned shooting and bold banditry. There are spots in our West where drama can be found, he-men fighting now for a living. Location might be a stock ranch, rodeo or dude ranch.

Come on, Hollywood, give us a modern Western with romance, scenery and songs, those catchy tunes sung by real, natural voices with the Texas accent.

GENEVIEVE C. RYLAND, Denver, Colo. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]
OLD-TIMERS

Would it not be possible to reassemble a cast of the old timers, produce a picture at nominal cost, that is, paying the performers small salaries and permitting them to participate in the net profits from the picture?

Let's start a crusade for the stars of former years by helping them to help themselves.

Louise Beavers, New York, N. Y.

HURDLING TIME’S FENCE

If all business could claim such rapid betterment as the film industry, what a world this would be! The giant with his seven league boots looks like a slow-poke when compared with the movie-makers’ stride.

Sara Sollars, Sebastopol, Calif.

A PART OF US

The movie is the greatest teacher of American youth. It dramatizes knowledge, and drives it home.

We learn facts at the movies, and there are many pictures from which we can gain valuable historical information.

Do we really learn these things at the movies? Yes, for “whether or not we are a part of all we have seen, all we have seen remains a part of us.”

Mrs. M. K. Vail, Indianapolis, Ind.

SPIRIT OF CHARITY

I think tribute should be paid to one who has run the gamut of stellar requirements, attained and held stardom these many years, and remains her natural and delectable self.

I refer to Marion Davies.

We find Marion, unassuming, the dominating Spirit of Charity in the film colony. Professionally, she still goes along with but one thought—to please the public. Needless to say, she is doing so. Along with her many talents, Marion Davies possesses the genius for naturalness in a background that perpetually strives for effect.

Carl L. Kraus, Hazleton, Penna.

BEST YET

“Men in White” is a shining example of what may be accomplished when intelligence is brought into play in the selection of directors, actors and adapters. I am a graduate nurse, and “Men in White” is the best hospital picture I have ever seen. Let’s have more pictures like it.

Mary Beas McLeod, Superior, Neb.

FINE!

You ask for criticism—well you get it!

I have seen some good work by Clark Gable, but wonder if the directors have even heard of a type of actor, or do they know where to find one?

I am a graduate nurse, and “Men in White” is the best hospital picture I have ever seen. Let’s have more pictures like it.

Emerald Reynolds, Horse Cave, Ky.

TURN ON THE HUMAN SIDE

Hollywood may be making royalty more hysterical than historical, but I think it’s a grand idea. It is human nature to desire that people who make headlines be handsome and witty and fascinating.

Even if history books do tell us that Queen Elizabeth was a homely old termagant, she’s ravishing in our mind’s eye. We students of history know that Catherine was never asilly- white as the film portrays her, yet we much prefer her as Elizabeth Bergner and Marlene Dietrich depict her.

We are all more interested in the human side of monarchs, rather than that side which is involved in politics.

M. E. Doner, Seattle, Wash.

PULL FOR THE SHORE

After a trying turn with Neptune, tuscling with mammoth waves and careening crazily down into the troughs, slipping into port and thence into a movie theater is a treat.

Usually, any old picture will do. But there have been few of the “any old” type in recent months.

When an old salt finds laughter and tender feelings crowding each other and gazes through briny mist, not of the sea, at the shifting scene up front with a lump in his weather-beaten throat—well, the pictures and the acting must be good!

Ralph O. Ellis, St. George, S. L., N. Y.
For your "short-game"—a tricky Pitch-and-Putt Course.

An Open-Air pool and Sun-tan Beach offer the sports of the seashore.

KFI-NBC COAST NETWORK 11 to 11:30 NIGHTLY

This SUMMER AND Next WINTER

A 22 Acre Playground

IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY

WITH THE IDEAL YEAR 'ROUND CLIMATE

++ Here indeed is a hotel and recreational center truly amazing in its varied vocational appeal. Without stepping from the grounds, the guest finds rolling, velvet fairways of an 18-hole Pitch-and-Putt Golf Course. Tennis Courts and Archery. Pergola walks and shady nooks. Above all, the new

"AMBASSADOR LIDO"

with a generous sand beach circling an open-air plunge—an alfresco garden café with bright colored birds and pets. Indoors—a "talkie" theatre; doctors; a dentist; a post office and 35 smart shops. Exquisitely re-decorated rooms and suites. The merriest of night life at the world-famous

What Guests Have Said:

Prince and Princess Asaka of Japan: "Enjoyed the city immensely, and believe it was partly due to the elaborate entertainments given them in your hotel."

Mr. Albert D. Lasker: "When the opportunity comes to me of stopping with you, it is a pleasure to which I look forward."

Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: "I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of."

Mr. John Barrymore: "I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so."

Carl Van Vechten: "The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world."

"COCOANUT GROVE"

All within a few minutes of Los Angeles' and Hollywood's theatrical, business and shopping centers. Wide boulevards stretch from the Ambassador to ocean, mountain and desert. All the delights of this great play-center heightened by kindly and sincere service at moderate rates.

KINDLY WRITE FOR NEW ROOM AND RESTAURANT TARIFFS

The LOS ANGELES AMBASSADOR

Dancing nightly at the world famous COCOANUT GROVE

Managed by BEN L. FRANK with the cooperation of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees
The easy way to stop a headache ... and the quickest

Headaches can come from so many things ... something you ate, stuffy rooms, sometimes sheer nervousness.

And that's why you need a balanced preparation for relief. Look what happens when you take Bromo-Seltzer!

Drink it as it fizzes in the glass. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. Gas on the stomach is promptly relieved.

Then Bromo-Seltzer quickly attacks the pain. Before you know it your headache is relieved. It works so fast because you take it as a liquid.

At the same time your nerves are soothed and calmed ... you are gently steadied, refreshed. And your alkali reserve (so necessary for freshness and well-being) is being built up by citric salts which are rapidly absorbed by the blood.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take and so dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach.

Keep the large family-size bottle of Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet. Always ready to bring quick, dependable relief from headaches, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. Simply follow directions on the bottle. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer at any soda fountain.

Bromo-Seltzer — the balanced remedy

No mere pain-killer can give the same prompt results as Bromo-Seltzer. It is a balanced compound of five medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose ... each of which has a special benefit. That's why Bromo-Seltzer is so much more effective.

Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are not the same ... are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for over 40 years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer
Quick Pleasant Reliable
AFTER a two-year absence from pictures, Douglas Fairbanks is back—dressed again in colorful costumes, and making romantic overtures to lovely ladies. The lady here is Benita Hume, British actress who left Hollywood recently to return to England. She is playing with Doug in the new London Film production, "The Private Life of Don Juan"
ONE seldom thinks of Lupe Velez as shrinking—but here's proof she can shrink! Maybe Lupe became camera shy after facing live audiences on the long personal appearance tour she recently completed. Incidentally, when Lupe started that cross-country trek, Johnny Weismuller temporarily abandoned Hollywood and accompanied his wife
FOR a young and successful gentleman, Gary Cooper looks very languid. The cameraman caught him unaware—probably when Gary was day-dreaming about the ranch he and his bride have left. Gary has been working hard of late. He finished "Operator 13" with Marion Davies, and is busy in the coming Anna Sten picture, "Barbary Coast"
FAY WRAY coaxed her canine family into posing for this picture. The mother dog didn’t like the idea at all! She’s heard too much talk among movie people about kidnaping threats and the advisability of protecting one’s children from publicity. But Fay reassured her. On the lot Miss Wray is hard at work now in Columbia’s “Black Moon”
Avoid that "Hairpinned Look" with Blend-Rite Coiffure Pins... they blend with the hair.

An amazing new "textured finish" makes Blend-Rite Coiffure Pins an unseen part of your hairdress. Illustrations below show how conspicuous ordinary, glossy type bob pins can be and how flawlessly perfect the hairdress appears when less perfectly. Blend-Rite Coiffure Pins are used. Here's the secret... the "textured finish" absorbs rather than reflects the light, eliminating that artificial hairpinned look.

They're a real economy, too. Their greater tensile strength makes them snap back into shape after being used, insuring a tight grip and longer life.

Look for these magically invisible pins at your favorite beauty shop. They're in colors to match your hair... black, brown, blonde and gray... and in sizes to meet every hairdressing need. Curved or straight styles. A trial package will be mailed to you for 10 cents. Specify color desired.

Star-Rite Hair Pin Co., Shelbyville, Ill.

Other Sta-Rite Beauty Aids

Star-Rite Ringlet Curl Pins
Dainty little pins for holding curls, ringlets and stray locks of hair.

Star-Rite Hair Pins
The hair pins with the patented crimp... they won't fall out.

Star-Rite Screen Star Bob Pins
An attractive photo-miniature of your favorite star on each card.
KATHERINE DEMILLE'S ingenuous charm of portrayal in her screen roles has won her a new Paramount contract. It should ease her regrets, if any, in giving up for a time a European trip after she learned that her adoption when a child, by C. B. DeMille, did not make her a citizen of the United States. She is still a native of Canada.
So many picture folk are going abroad these days that the order of M.P.G.T. (Motion Picture Globe Trotters) could easily be founded. Some leave for pleasure or a rest; others, to get new ideas. Darryl Zanuck, to whom I said farewell in New York City the other night, just previous to his sailing for Africa, can't be classed as a vacationist. His mind is too active.

One of the most brilliant men behind the scenes in Hollywood, happily, too, he represents the highest ideals of the film industry.

A newspaper writer, he tried for some years to break into films, without success. Then he wrote a number of short stories, had them privately printed in book form, and offered them to Warner Brothers. Warners read, liked and produced some of them.

He joined this studio, and in the course of a few years went up to one of the highest executive positions in that organization.

Then Twentieth Century was formed. Zanuck went over to the new studio as Vice-President in charge of production.

From the first he was a success. He has engaged for productions such famous players as George Arliss, Constance Bennett, Ronald Colman, Fredric March. His "The House of Rothschild" is an international sensation—one of the few really great pictures ever produced.

As we shook hands, he said to me, "Do you know, I think you and I have much in common. Just a month or two ago in Photoplay you said editorially that sex pictures have brought only momentary, never permanent, success. I heartily agree with you. My experience has been the same. I will not make an indecent picture.

"If in a year I can make only three pictures that will satisfy my standards, then I will make only those three and no more."

It is a pleasure to meet Mr. Zanuck. A rather slight-built man, he might seem not at all unusual at first glance, but an earnestness, an enthusiasm, a vital force encompasses him as he talks.

Blond, only thirty-two years old, he seems almost boyish, until the rare and brilliant qualities of his mind begin to reveal themselves.

It is almost a religion. I discovered, his devotion to picture-making, which, though I do not recall his saying so, he evidently considers as one of the finest of the arts. He obviously believes in films as a great, uplifting, civilizing force. That is indicated by the splendid character of his work.

And I am sure that—with such ideals as he possesses—he is right.
ITTLE Shirley Temple will get along. The irresistible little blonde fell in love with a dainty frock she wore in “Baby Take A Bow.”

“Just as soon as the picture’s over,” Producer Sol Wurtzel promised her, “you can have it for keeps.”

Said Shirley, and with good sense, “Well, now that it’s mine, I don’t think I’d better wear it any more, because I’ll soil it.”

The hooked Mr. Wurtzel had to promise her a duplicate dress when the picture was finished.

And Shirley can have the soiled one, too.

THE final curtain for that lovable playboy of the West Coast—Lew Cody. What a gay, irresistible, irresponsible fellow he was up to the last! For nineteen years he had faced the camera—playing any rôle assigned him with a nonchalant dexterity that maintained him as a favorite.

Even the part of villain, which he so often played, could never undermine his popularity. In his heyday, girls sighed for real life villains just like him.

I wonder if he surprised himself as much as he did his friends. There was, for example, his totally unexpected marriage to petite, generous-hearted, tragic Mabel Normand. His previous attempt at marriage with Dorothy Dalton had ended in divorce.

CONTRARY to the expectations of those who did not really know Lew, his second marriage was not a failure.

Lew was gentle, and there was much to love in little madcap Mabel. And that he was generous, too, was proved when she died after a long and brave struggle against illness. When it was suggested to Lew that her estate should be put through court procedure, he remarked, “Courts, we need no courts for this,” and turned over the inheritance to Mabel’s mother, keeping not a penny of it for himself.

Lew’s passing removes another of the few remaining ties that bind the old days of motion pictures to the new. What faults he may have had were far outweighed by his genuinely human kindness.

Perhaps the world would be better if there were more like him.

WILL ROGERS both shocked and delighted attaches of a Hollywood hospital by nimbly vaulting—for no other reason than to get to the other side—the bed wherein lay the convalescing Mrs. Will Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers recovered in spite of it all.

An aftermath came when the hospital comptroller presented Will with the bill. Will did handsprings this time in a temperamental fuss over the size of it.

“I didn’t want to buy the hospital,” he stormed.

The comptroller finally cut the bill smack in half. No sooner had he done so than Rogers chuckled, sat down and made out a check for the original bill in full.

“I just wanted to see if I had any ability as an emotional actor,” Will explained.

EVERY Thursday of his life, Warner Baxter has lunch with one certain beautiful woman. His mother. It’s a standing date and nothing is allowed to interfere with it.

If he’s working, his mother lunches with him at the studio. If he’s between pictures, they lunch at home. And every night of his life, whether he’s at home or away, Warner phones his mother before her bedtime.

No wonder she thinks her boy the best in the world.
The Woman Who Found
Charlie Chaplin

Amy Minister called him "marvelous" when he was a boy trouper

By
Charles Darnton

N
ATURALLY enough, there's a woman in this hitherto untold story of Charlie Chaplin. A woman who saw and understood. A woman out of whose discernment and intuition was wrought the romance of fame. A woman who was quick to recognize genius. A woman to whom all the world is indebted for the greatest comedian of them all.

No doubt you never have heard of Amy Minister. Nor had I until a sunny little Englishman, no bigger than Chaplin himself, spoke her quaintly charming old-world name. Yet, in her heyday, Amy Minister played up and down England and America as the adored soubrette of Fred Karno's beloved troupe.

I have the tale of two countries from Alfred Reeves, who became Charlie Chaplin's manager in 1910 and still holds that enviable post.

It goes back to that day in London, to which Reeves had returned in quest of new talent for a group of the Karno players he had taken to America, when Amy Minister helpfully suggested: "Al, there's a clever boy in the Karno troupe at the Hollywood Empire. His name's Charlie Chaplin. He's a wonderful kid and a marvelous actor."

"I'll have to look at him," decided Reeves.

You see, Amy's word went a long way with Al.

So, climbing to the top of a bus, he swayed and rumbled through the fog to North London. There, swinging down at Holloway, he pushed through the doors of the murky Empire, errand boy forever reading Wild West blood-and-thunder thrillers," he recalled.

"And what was the first thing you heard him say?"

"You'll hardly believe it," he grinned, "but just as I popped in he was putting great dramatic fire into the good old speech, 'Another shot rang out, and another redskin hit the dust!'"

"How was he dressed?" Somehow, I never can imagine Charlie Chaplin in anything but the inspired outfit which has become part and parcel of him. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
$10,000 in Prizes for "Anthony Adverse"

Cast Selections

WANT to be a casting director and share $10,000.00 in prizes?

Photoplay Magazine, in conjunction with Warner Bros. Pictures, which company will produce "Anthony Adverse," for the screen, and Fararr & Rinehart, publishers of Hervey Allen's great novel, offers you the opportunity to take part in THE MOST VITALLY SIGNIFICANT CONTEST EVER CONDUCTED BY A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MOTION PICTURES!

You may win one of five Ford motor cars, a Tecla pearl necklace worth $700.00, one of various cash awards amounting to $1,000.00, an airplane trip to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with your expenses paid by United Air Lines and a week's guest privilege at the Drake Hotel, or any of one hundred and fifty-seven prizes with a TOTAL CASH VALUE OF $10,000.00!

All for the thrill of HELPING TO NAME THE CAST FOR HERVEY ALLEN'S MASTERFUL STORY, "ANTHONY ADVERSE," READ BY MORE THAN TWO MILLION PEOPLE IN A YEAR.

Postal Telegraph's far-flung facilities will make available to persons everywhere, ballots similar to the one appearing in this issue of Photoplay Magazine, and which will also appear in the September and October issues. Warner Brothers Theaters and Farrar & Rinehart will also distribute these ballots, as will the Ford Motor Company factories and agencies, the manufacturers of the various other articles offered as prizes, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen, himself, has listed the twelve most important characters in this book, for the screen play. Fill in your ballot with your selection of actors and actresses best fitted to play each part, in accordance with the rules accompanying this announcement. Also fill the blank Postal telegram space with a fifty-word explanation of why you think a particular star should play the monumental role of Anthony Adverse himself.

For your convenience, a synopsis of the book is offered in this issue of Photoplay Magazine, and this synopsis will also appear in the September and October issues. On page 82, you will find a list of players under contract to Warner Bros. Pictures. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players of other companies for this production. The availability of these other players depends upon their contracts and production schedules.

All ballots must be in by midnight, September 15, when the contest closes.

Full instructions about mailing them to Photoplay's New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the opinion of the judges, are suited for the production by Warner Bros. Pictures, and on the strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title role. Neatness also will be taken into consideration by the judges.

Everyone who goes to the movies has said, at some time, "I wish I could see a picture cast as I think it should be done." Well, no one could ask for a better chance than this.

So get set, all you prospective casting directors, and show what you can do in the way of helping to assemble players for the most ambitious motion picture production in history.

And those prizes—ah, a few more words about those prizes!

The Ford V-8 motor cars—five of them—speak for themselves. You may have your pick of any of five swanky models, the De Luxe Fordor Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Victoria; Coupe, or the Convertible Cabriolet. Likewise the quality of Tecla Cultured Pearls is known to everybody. Think of a $700.00 necklace for sending in the sixth best ballot!

Cash is welcome in anybody's pocket these days, and there are fifteen money awards ranging from $300.00 to $25.00.

Ten lucky contestants will fly to the Chicago Fair via one of America's finest, fastest and most comfortable air routes—the United Air Lines. They will enjoy the hospitality of the luxurious Drake Hotel, for one week. This great hotel is beautifully located on Lake Michigan. The Century of Progress is more extensive, more elaborate, more thrilling this year than last. What more need be said?

Six gowns designed for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures by Orry Kelly, that company's renowned stylist, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of New York and Hollywood, make most attractive prizes. Orry Kelly is one of the geniuses of the Movie Capital who sets the fashions for smart women everywhere today. These are the same type frocks designed for new productions and for the private wardrobes of some of the loveliest and best-dressed women in pictures. Winners may select gowns such as those worn by Bette Davis, star of "Housewife," by Kay Francis, star of "Dr. Monica," by Dorothy Tree, who will be seen in "Hey, Sailor!" or Margaret Lindsay, whom you will find delightful in "The Dragon Murder Case."

And what woman doesn't delight in an abundance of fine silk stockings? Women also know the superior quality of Mogud Clarine hose. Each of twenty prize winners will be supplied with forty pairs for a whole year's wardrobe—all the very latest shades.

Women will be intrigued, too, by the offer of one hundred Day-Night Pre-Vue mirrors, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases. They actually preview make-up. Two-faced and purse-sized, Pre-Vue's electric blue side reveals just how make-up applied under artificial lighting will look in the glare of the sun. The amber-gold face foretells the appearance of daylight make-up when milady is viewed under electric lights. Thrilling, eh?

And so we offer you, the SUPREME MOVIE CONTEST OF ALL TIME!

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 31

DON LUIS, Marquis da Vincita, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and concealed, stops off at Auvergne, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at Livorno, Italy. Maria's beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes, straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

Denis Moore, Maria's lover, an Irish cavalry officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has
The first five prize winners will receive a Ford V-8 motor car, and may choose between this Victoria or four other swanky models: the De Luxe Fordor Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Coupe (three windows), or the Convertible Cabriolet. They're all grand!

Sixth award, and what could be lovelier? This $700.00 Tecla pearl necklace, with genuine diamond clasp, is made of real pearls "cultured" in the oyster.

Girls! You Can Win A Year's Supply Of Fine Silk Stockings!

As many as forty pairs of flawlessly beautiful Mojud Clari-phrase silk stockings will make each of twenty women happy when Photoplay Magazine's "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest ballots are counted. Mojud Clari-phones are knitted of highest grade silk by a new process which eliminates all rings, streaks or shadows. Their "Screen-lite" shades are styled and sponsored by Orry-Kelly, celebrated style designer for Warner Bros. Pictures. To insure prize winners receiving up-to-the-minute shades each season through the year, they will have the privilege of ordering their stockings at any time over that period, the total quantity not to exceed forty pairs for each.

Off to the Fair at three miles a minute! Ten winners of "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest prizes will go to Chicago free, on United Air Lines planes such as this, for A Century of Progress.

Orry Kelly, Warner stylist, designed this charming gown worn by Bette Davis. Six gowns of this type, designed by Orry Kelly and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., are the 20th to 25th prizes in this great contest.

100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, like this one with its smart case, will enable winners to make up properly for artificial light or sun. It has amber and blue faces.
followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steel-blue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grim determination to extreme charm. He is about thirty.

During the absence of the apocryphal Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, ascetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1776. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figure of a boy.

Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education.

Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise.

When he is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udney, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arranges, through Father Xavier and Mr. Udney, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonneyfeather—the boy's grandfather.

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonneyfeather as a child and because of the sanctity of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonneyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

The trading factory, Casa de Bonneyfeather, is a cosmopolitan cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be "a gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, droll humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a chivalrous-feudal-continental slant, with a shrewd drench of Scotch commercialism and hardheadedness. From Touissant Clairvieux, small and dapper, youngish-faced, sparkling-eyed gentleman writer-clerk of Casa de Bonneyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes much of the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daughter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first real tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won in a lottery. It is that night Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town tasting the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown.

Rules of the $10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the prize winners are residents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be donated by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by Photoplay Magazine as follows:

First five prizes—Ford V-8 motor cars, to be selected by winners from any of five makes: De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or Convertible Cabriolet.

Sixth prize—Tecla pearl necklace worth $700.00.

Seventh prize—$300.00 in cash.

Eight to seventeenth prizes—Ten airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with all traveling expenses of round-trip tickets furnished by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

18th prize—$200.00 in cash.

19th through 25th prizes—Ten round-trip airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, furnished by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

20th to 25th prizes—Six gowns designed by Ory Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc.

26th prize—$75.00 in cash.

27th through 30th prizes—Ten round-trip airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, furnished by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

31st through 40th prizes—Twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mogul Clari-plane silk stockings (up to 40 pairs for each of the 20 winners).

41st through 50th prizes—$25.00 in cash to each.

51st through 157th prizes—100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, with hand-made leather cases.

In three issues (August, September and October) Photoplay Magazine is publishing the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest. A ballot submitted with contestant's selection of the leading actors and actresses considered most suitable to portray the twelve principal characters in the motion picture production of the book, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of why a certain star has been selected for the role of Anthony Adverse, will constitute the correct entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the spaces opposite the listings of characters in the box, you should insert the names of actors and actresses you believe most admirably suited for these roles.

In the blank space below the cast box, corresponding to a Postal Telegraph form, you should explain, in not more than fifty words, why you suggest a particular star for the leading role of "Anthony Adverse" himself.

4. The complete list of prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons who send in ballots which are most similar to the cast that will be used in the production of Anthony Adverse, as specified by Warner Bros. Pictures, and "Anthony Adverse," and which convey the best explanations of why a certain actor has been recommended for the title role. The judges will take neatness into consideration in all cases.

5. The cast voted for must be selected from the list of names opposite the addresses of the Stars, which appears in this issue on page 82, and which will appear in the September and October issues of Photoplay. The judges will select cast of principal players at the Warner-First National Studios. Contestants are at liberty to suggest actors and actresses under contract to other companies, or free-lance players. The availability of such actors and actresses, under contract to other companies, or free-lance players, will depend upon the terms of any contracts involving them, production schedules, etc., but all players suggested will be duly considered.

6. The "Anthony Adverse" ballot carried in this issue of Photoplay will be duplicated in the September and October issues. Identical ballots may be obtained free of charge from any Postal Telegraph office or uniformed messenger of that company, from Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinchart, the Ford Motor Company factories or agencies, the manufacturer of any other art article for prizes in this contest, and from book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse."

7. Ballots may be sent to the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, or may be turned in at any Postal Telegraph station. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on the ballot. If you mail it to Photoplay Magazine's office, make certain it carries sufficient postage.

8. You need not be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You may copy the official ballot from the originals in Photoplay Magazine. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the offices of the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accompanied by an announcement of the contest and will be published in the September and October issues of Photoplay Magazine. Contestants may refer to this synopsis at their convenience in suggesting casts for the picture production.

10. The judges will be a committee selected by Photoplay Magazine, Warner Bros. Pictures, and Farrar & Rinchart, publishers of Anthony Adverse. They are: Representing Photoplay, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president; representing Farrar & Rinchart, John Farrar, also W. C. Daviet, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and Hervey Allen, author of Anthony Adverse. The decisions of this committee shall be final.

No relatives or members of the household of any of the above named companies, or of the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

11. In event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, a duplicate award will be made to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 15. All ballots should be in by that date. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of Photoplay Magazine.
Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jorham of Rhode Island, a colossus of a man—red-faced, with iron gray beard, cold blue eyes—and his wife, Jane, a prim, bony woman, with extraordinarily pointed lips. They sail by way of Genoa where Anthony again sees Father Xavier, now slight and emaciated, thin, gray locks, but whose face still glows from a quiet light within.

At Havana, Anthony lives at the home of one Carlo Cibo, Italian merchant long in Cuba. Cibo is a huge man, good-naturedly fat, with tightly curled, black hair.

Here Anthony meets Brother Francois, the same priest who had seen Don Luis kill Anthony's father. He also meets the niece of the Governor General of Cuba, Dolores de la... [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

**VOTE BY POSTAL TELEGRAPH FOR YOUR FAVORITE CAST IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

**

**ANTHONY ADVERSE BALLOT**

The world's greatest modern book is to be made into a motion picture. "Anthony Adverse" goes into production at Warner Bros. Studios beginning September, 1934. *WHAT HOLLYWOOD STARS WILL PLAY THE PARTS OF THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"?* A cast must be selected by September. The task of selecting this cast is a gigantic one. Warner Bros., who will make this truly history-making picture, and Farrow & Reinhardt, publishers of the book, have joined with PHOTOPLAY Magazine in seeking the help of American movie-goers for the final selection of this cast. To make the cast of "Anthony Adverse" a truly representative choice of all American movie fans, Postal Telegraph Co. has agreed to the use of this special ballot which may be filled out and left at any of their stations. The ballot may also be mailed directly to PHOTOPLAY Magazine in New York City. All entries in this contest must be made no later than Sept. 15.

IMPORTANT: THE CAST YOU VOTE FOR MUST BE SELECTED FROM THE LIST OF HOLLYWOOD STARS ANNOUNCED IN THE AUGUST, SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Consult any one of these issues of PHOTOPLAY before filling out this ballot for contest instructions and complete list of names.

--- CLIP ON LINE ---

Below are listed the twelve most important characters in ANTHONY ADVERSE. In the blank space opposite each character write the name of the star you would like to see play the part.

| ANTHONY ADVERSE | 1 |
| NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE | 2 |
| CARLO CIBO | 3 |
| BROTHER FRANCOIS | 4 |
| ANGELA GUESSIPPI | 5 |
| VINCENT NOLTE | 6 |
| NELETA | 7 |
| G. J. OUVARD | 8 |
| SENORITA DOLORES | 9 |
| JOHN BONNYFEATHER | 10 |
| FAITH PALEOLOGUS | 11 |
| DON LUIS | 12 |

In this space write a message (up to 50 words) explaining why you choose Character No. 1 to play the part of Anthony

Name ____________________________________________________________________________

Address __________________________________________________________________________

**PRIZES:** One thousand dollars in cash. Five 1934-Model Ford Automobiles (winners may select any of five stock models). Ten round trips to Chicago World's Fair via United Air Lines with one week's accommodation at the Drake Hotel. Seven hundred dollar Tecla Cultured Pearl Necklace. Six gowns designed for winners by Greta Nettles of Hollywood. Twelve prizes of Major Charles's stockings, each prize good for one year's supply (48 pairs). One hundred genuine patented Per-Vue Day-Night Mirrors, in handsome handmade leather cases.

READ COMPLETE DETAILS IN PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE BEFORE VOTING
DON'T wave the Red flag in Hollywood! When Hollywood sees red it gets the blues. The City of Cinema was jerked out of the red by President Roosevelt, but remembers well enough to recognize its favorite unpopular color! It's a long way from Moscow to Hollywood—but just suppose somebody had a big, bad dream—suppose Hollywood were turned "bottoms up" and the scarlet banner of the Reds waved its sinister folds over the studios. What would happen if the cinema celebrities were leveled to "Comrades"? If the Brown Derby doled out food rations to star and extra, prop boy and producer alike? If Dietrich's gorgeous gowns melted to a drab uniform—if Pickfair turned into a Government barracks?

It might have been like this:

Greta Garboski stood at the end of the long line reaching to the Brown Derby. She had been waiting hours to exchange her food tickets for rations of herring and beans.

She arrived late because it was a long hike from her Santa Monica home, even though she liked walking and started at six A.M. No one was privileged to ride in automobiles except the Communist Government officials. There were no privately owned cars. All the ornate automobiles of Hollywood had been converted into tractors, which the Japanese farmers wondered how to use...

"Ah there, Comrade Garboski," greeted the man in front of her—a magazine writer called Comrade Ivan Ivanovitch. "How goes the housing situation out your way?"

The great Garboski eyes reproached him for bringing that one up. "Ach, three new reporters moofed in yesterday," she answered with a mournful wail. Then, remembering where she was, she glanced fearfully about her.

A nightmare of a Soviet regime in the studios: Prop boys call producers "comrade," and the red stars have got the blues.

Lupe Velezski rumbaed on the red-hot stove, while the others danced around, happily agreed to have French fries on Wednesday.
Thinking of the common good, they turned all the stars' cars into tractors, which the Japanese farmers wondered how to use.

Was that man lurking nearby a spy, perhaps, who would run to report the slightest criticism of the New Regime to Dictator Stalin-von-Sternberg?

Greta forced a joyous smile. "Ach, it is vunderful, how they haf allotted fifteen square feet of space to effery person to lif in. I am no more lonesome, beeg house resounds with the noises of mooch people... but I am so happy today because it comes my turn to use the community bathtub... only," she leaned over and whispered in a stricken voice, keeping a wary eye on the spy in the doorway, "... only I haf no soap!"

The chivalrous Comrade Ivanovitch gave her a look of deep, understanding sympathy. Then torn with conflicting emotions, he plunged a desperate hand into his pocket. Before he could recover his emotional balance and change his mind, he had smuggled a sliver of the forbidden commodity into the pocket of her shapeless blue denim uniform.

"How can I ever thank you, Comrade," murmured Garboski, in low thrilling tones, giving him the full battery of the mysterious eyes.

"Oh, that's okay," answered Ivanovitch, with cleverly assumed casualness. "You might come up and see me sometime when you have an exclusive Garboski story. Just ask for me at Comrade Hepburnov's house. I'm living in her attic."

Greta warmly smiled her consent, and Comrade Ivanovitch knew she would not forget his great sacrifice. It was his last piece of soap, and he knew there would never be another. Soap led the list of forbidden luxuries in the Communist Regime. Soap inspired men to shave off their beards—and if they didn't have beards, how could they look like Communists?

Just then a small, dark-haired woman dashed by. Her denim uniform fitted smartly around the hips, which she swung defiantly.

[Please turn to page 100]
But Garbo, he says, is beyond any classification, or, rather, she is beyond comparison. She is the most beautiful woman, so much so that she stands alone.

Likewise he includes Katharine Hepburn, but does not classify her, other than to say she is at the other extreme. She is not beautiful, but the greatest actress, the most vital personality.

These two, he explains, form a "frame" for the other lovely actresses he has chosen—a classified, numbered group, headed by Dolores Del Rio.

But before we go into that, let us consider this Baron Huené himself. What qualifies him to speak with such authority that all of Hollywood is set askiver?

Baron George Hoyningen-Huene has fearlessly spoken his mind on the most beautiful women in Hollywood, and his word is widely accepted as final. Small wonder, then, there's such a flutter in the scented boudoirs of the picture colony—from triumphant joy in thirteen or fourteen cases, and anguished disappointment in countless others.

The Baron, whose artistry with the camera has brought him great renown, came to the movie capital to pick exactly thirteen supreme beauties. He got stumped in one instance, however; named fourteen stars in all and compromised by saying that two of these are, in fact, one and the same type.

In other ways, too, the Baron's beauty listing is unconventional—which makes it all the more exciting.

Greta Garbo's name leads all the rest.
Baron Huené slips a joker into his pack of leading Hollywood beauties. Two of his fourteen are so alike they count as one

By Ruth Rankin

Well, he has photographed the most charming women in society, sports, motion pictures and the theater, over the entire earth. His atelier is in Paris. This is his first journey to Hollywood.

The Baron's personality in itself, aside from his art, is enough to set the ladies on edge. A gentleman of surpassing charm and a way of saying the most gloriously and devastatingly revealing things about faces and figures—with words as well as with camera.

Then there is the little matter of his title. You know how Hollywood is about a title—prone and prostrate. He is tall and fair, under forty, with manner and distinction, educated in the Imperial Katharine Hepburn

Lyceum in old St. Petersburg, and in Berlin. Now a French citizen, he retains the title of a Baltic Baron, and recalls to mind every definition of the word "gentleman" you have ever heard: from Nietzsche's "one who never takes advantage of a situation," to the one which says "a gentleman is he who is never unintentionally rude."

When he arrived in Hollywood it was with a slight hope of photographing the stars as nature made them, but he explains whimsically: "They insist on appearing with all their eyelashes, nails, coiffures, feathers and accoutrements. So... what would you?"

The Baron [please turn to page 98]
Hollywood’s conception of Cleopatra and Caesar in 1917. The buxom, curly-haired Cleo is Theda Bara. Fritz Leiber, noted Shakespearean actor, is the Roman. Claudette Colbert and Warren William appear in these roles in the 1934 “Cleopatra.”

If there is anything between Joan Crawford and Francis Lederer, it certainly hasn’t perturbed Franchot Tone or caused any definite rift in his protracted romance with Joan. Nor does Lederer’s girl friend, Steffi Duna, seem upset.

Whispers conjured up a new love for Joan when her reciprocated interest in Lederer became more and more evident. But at a recent preview of her picture, “Sadie McKee,” Joan was with Franchot—while Francis sat by himself. Steffi Duna, naturally, was working in the Tingle Tangle show.

However, the fact remains that the friendship between Joan and Francis grows more and more each day. They seem to have an understanding, which is very pleasant for both, especially since Joan’s interest in dramatics has taken the form of a theater in her home.

Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of

Tallulah Bankhead, in England, is revealing all about her Hollywood playmates. In one of a series of newspaper articles she claims to have given a good pull at Garbo’s eyelashes to see if they were real. They didn’t come out, she reports. All of which should go far toward perpetuating any friendship between the great Greta and the cut-up Bankhead.

Into the midst of an animated group on an M-G-M set, busy ribbing a brunette who had suddenly gone blonde overnight, pushed one of those prevalent palsy-walsys that everybody loves like smallpox.

“Oh, I like your hair,” she burbled. “It makes you look so much cleaner!”

The recent flop of Gloria Swanson’s personal appearance tour can once more, ‘tis said, be laid to the door of Gloria’s own poor business judgment. It was Gloria, backed up by the powers-that-be in the studio’s New York office, who overrode all Irving Thalberg’s pleas not to make a personal appearance at this time. Especially after she had been off the screen for so long. However, preparations are

Whatever Carole Lombard has just said, Russ Columbo finds it interesting and pleasant. They were photographed at the Cocoanut Grove.
John Barrymore and Clark Gable, heavily armed, go out to shoot skeets (helpless little clay pigeons) in John's private skeet field. Shooting is one of Clark's favorite outdoor sports. It must be the gangster roles in him!

going ahead full steam for Gloria's first M-G-M picture, despite reports it was being held up pending settlement of her marital difficulties. And it's hoped a good picture may do a lot toward winning back her popularity.

Jack Oakie's mother appeared on the set to visit her son just as the scene called for Jack to kiss a beautiful girl. Mrs. Offield watched her son through the whole amorous scene. "Didn't Jack do that beautifully?" she said when it was over.

The final pay-off on the Harlow-Rosson split is said to be a little episode concerning a scene Hal was photographing. Rosson announced that the dress she was wearing was not quite complete or something. Jean had to do something about that, he said. Jean refused.

The happiest couple around are beaming Rex Bell and Clara Bow. The event occurs sometime in December, and Rex says, "It is what we have prayed for." Clara's twelve-year-old nephew, who has been living at Rancho Clarito, but who was never legally adopted, will return to his family in Brooklyn.

The Arlens had a grand time doing famous restaurants in Paris. They have a trick over there of pouring brandy over a lot of their dishes, and then lighting it. After a few days of this, Dick remarked to Joby, "I wish I could get something to eat that wasn't on fire!"

You never know! Ruth Roland, former thriller-serial star, attended a party at Billie Dove's home, and the next day sued her because Billie's dog had bitten her two months before.

Kay Francis was a bit too slow! She didn't want to do any posing with Chevalier, but the camera caught her just before she could cover her face. They had been to the preview of "Dr. Monica," her latest film. Nonchalant Maurice, who has been so attentive to Kay recently, just grinned and bore it.

Mary Pickford emphatically denies she will campaign for a seat in Congress. She says, "I am wholly a child of the theater, and intend to stick to my calling." And Mary is sticking to her plan to divorce Doug. She has been granted the right to serve notice on Doug by publication.
A LOT of subrosa speculation is going around as to just how La Crawford and Le Gable will hit it off in "Sacred and Profane Love," the picture they have just begun. In "Possessed," they got along together famously. Then entered Franchot Tone, in "Dancing Lady." The situation was a little strained, and Clark, they tell around, almost had to fight for the camera—Joan wanted Franchot to have it. Now Clark and Joan are back together, with no Franchot in between, and you know how Hollywood is—likes to wonder.

IF Thelma Todd despair of finding nuptial happiness in Hollywood—she has a standing offer from India. A Hindu potentate recently wrote the blonde charmer that if she came to India, he'd be glad to make her one of his wives. As an added inducement, he said he'd make her his Number One wife!

DESpite rumors to the contrary, M-G-M is going ahead with preparations for a new Marie Dresler picture which the studio hopes to have under way in a month or two. In fact, Marie has so improved in health she is able to telephone her close friend all over the country. Which is grandly cheering news.

ROMANCE or no romance, of all the pictures of lovely ladies in Chevalier's dressing-room, there is just one that rates a grand big frame and stands in a prominent spot on Maurice's dressing-table. The others are merely thumb-tacked to the walls. The lady-of-the-frame is none other than Kay Francis.

IT took just three minutes and two yesses on the part of Virginia Bruce for her to become no longer Mrs. John Gilbert at the trial of their divorce suit.

TOBY WING is wearing a sapphire ring from Carl Laemmle, Jr., but I'm wondering how that rests with none other than Jackie Coogan, now all grown up and nearly finished with college.

DO you skeet shoot? It's the latest rage in Hollywood. You pop away at crazy angling targets with shotguns—a complicated, bailling form of trap-shooting. About the most elaborate skeet set-up so far is that of John Barrymore, at his Beverly Hills estate. Other "skeeters" are Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable, Victor Fleming, Ralph Forbes, and none other than Connie Bennett.

ZASU PITTS is still thrilled and excited when introduced to a movie star. "I get so fluttery inside, I nearly die," she says.

Came the day someone brought Mae West over to meet her. Mae stepped forward and ZaSu stepped back—and fell down on entire flight of stairs before Mae's astonished eyes. "Oh dear," ZaSu said, gathering herself up, "please don't mind me. I always do something like this. How do you do? I'm awfully glad to know you."

IT would seem that Janet Gaynor's last picture, "Change of Heart," was more than a title—it was a prediction. Janet and Charlie Farrell split just after the widely hailed screen reunion had taken place. Charlie dashed off to Europe after the picture was finished, leaving Janet without a partner, and Janet must make pictures. So, Lew Ayres, long considered
the ideal successor to Charlie, gets the job. He and Janet were deemed a perfect couple in "State Fair."

Apparently tempestuous Richard Bennett and daughter Joan don't strike such violent sparks when they meet as do father and daughter Connie, because Richard and Joan have announced they will appear together in a picture. And, it is also announced, this is the first time they have been together in a film.

George Barnes, escorting royalty to the Guild Frolic, stays close to the throne. Mrs. Barnes (Joan Blondell) was another of the queens who ruled during the three day Hollywood fiesta. Incidentally, George and Joan expect a blessed event very shortly.

The choice of Herbert Marshall as Garbo's leading man in "The Painted Veil," her next, stamps this tall, suave Englishman as the highest ranking leading man in Hollywood. All the biggest feminine stars have been clamoring for him—but the Garbo lead is the accolade.

Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou were strolling past a haberdasher's shop when Menjou was stopped by a pair of electrifying golf stockings.

"But you must have fifty pairs, now," protested Verree.

"I know, but it's the psychology of the thing. You wear a different and louder pair every day and dazzle your opponent until he can't keep his mind on his next shot!"

Rouben Mamoulian, who has been directing and motoring with Garbo, is getting to be the highest powered escort in Hollywood. And when Mamoulian chooses his ladies, he chooses them from the top of the pile—and no mistake.

Boulevard gossips have noticed Rouben and Marlene Dietrich dining together no less than thrice during the past month. And coming right after the rumors that Marlene and Josef Von Sternberg had had another tiff.

If Garbo is hurt about it all, there is no way of learning. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
"YOU meet the same people on the way down that you meet on the way up."

It's an age-old warning, recited by many, but heeded by few in Hollywood, where sudden success is heady wine. However, when Ann Sothern says it, it's much more than a proverb—it's a creed.

Because Ann has been up—and down again. And now she's up again—way up above where she ever dreamed she would be when she ran away from the town that had tried to break her heart, and almost succeeded.

She's up because she's a very talented young lady, of course—and because she had friends. Not all big, influential friends, but good, true friends, who believed in her and boosted her along when she needed boosting.

Some she met on the way down—and some she met on the way up. But to her every one is as precious and as important as the friends she is making today—as a successful, important, sought-after star. And Ann can't and won't forget them. They're her high hat insurance.

Intoxicating acclaim and adulation—and keep a pretty blonde head in perfect balance. Especially as Ann did—on an empty stomach, as it were.

Last September, Ann Sothern didn't even exist.

There was a Harriette Lake—a nice little silver-voiced ingénue who had been mildly successful on the stage. Mildly important to the local yokels of New York's Broadway. Much more important to them and to herself than she had ever been to Hollywood, because to Hollywood (yes, it had seen her, it had known her, but it hadn't cared how it treated her) Harriette Lake was just another ambitious kid with dreams, who faded out of the picture easily enough. And just as well, too.

By Kirtley Baskette
A YOUNG, impressionable poet at Columbia studios took one look at this picture, sighed deeply, and poured this from his very soul: "Smouldering fire, the fascination of an exotic siren, are blended in this languorous, bejeweled beauty." But, would you recognize her as Ann Sothern of "Melody in Spring"? 'Tis she, and in "The Hell Cat"
The Charmer Who Enslaved A King
DOLORES DEL RIO is more alluring than ever in the rôle of Madame Du Barry, as you can see from this preview of the Warner Brothers picture by that name. A dazzling courtesan who toyed with a King of France and his whole court, she paid for her pleasure and position at the guillotine. Reginald Owen is the voluptuary Louis XV. Victor Jory, Osgood Perkins, Henry O'Neill, Maynard Holmes and Verree Teasdale are but a few in the cast.
In this scene from the RKO-Radio picture, "The Family Man," little Edith Fellows could be asking Richard Dix if it's true that he's going far, far away from it all? To Australia? On a rusty, old freighter? To write his memoirs? And on around the world? And then to settle down? And no more pictures? Any day now, is what Dick will say...
Why Women Are Crazy About John Boles

Girls simply swoon at the virility and charm of this happy, healthy singing man

By Ruth Rankin

He walks in the Fox Café de Paris and all the girls swoon. I don't mean swoon like a Victorian heroine. There's only one John Boles and he couldn't catch all of them. I mean, their wrists get limp and that languid far-away look glazes their eyes. The French have a word for it—distrait. Meaning the mind is wandering, and frequently the eye, when John is three tables away.

John Boles is one of the few players in Hollywood who has five distinct audiences—not counting the men. Sweet old ladies of sixty send him knitted mufflers and hooked rugs, and are solicitous after his health. He represents the Universal Son, to them. Yearning ladies of forty-five wish their husbands were more—well, they write to John about it.

Then the hopeful thirties are sure John could solve their problem, and the precious débutantes would like to cooperate—in case he needs any cooperation. And there are flocks of charming ten-year-olds who want to be "his little girl."

It's extraordinary, but men like him, too. They like his complete masculinity, which doesn't have to be emphasized by a sock to the leading lady's jaw. They like his voice. As long as their wives and sweethearts are exposed to him from the screen only. If he were turned loose in a drawing-room with them, it might be another story—

He would convince every woman in the place that she was his Big Moment, the most exciting experience in his life, while he was talking with her. Earthquakes or Greta Garbo could never tear his enchanted eyes from her face, whether it was sixteen and simpering, or fair, fat and forty. His gray-blue, asking eyes would melt with subdued tenderness, or sparkle with daring challenge, endowing her with some miraculous charm hitherto unsuspected, even by the lady... while he said practically nothing, and listened with incomparable appreciation to her talk about herself!

And all the time (too bad, but you would have to know it sooner or later) he was merely being true to his Irish-French ancestry, with the Southern background! The romance of the Irish, the courtesy of the French and the warmth of the South is about as potent a combination as you could find. The Boles charm is there, just like next Tuesday—equally inevitable and unstudied.

It is one of those things occasionally born with very rare persons—only they seldom rate a voice and a face and acting ability to go with it. When they do, they can't keep it secret from fifty thousand women.

During one of his earliest pictures, when John was as naive and unsuspecting a young leading man as ever braved Hollywood, two actresses staged a hair-pulling match over him on the set. Seems neither one of the girls could get to first base. But one day he happened to walk over to the restaurant with the ingénue. The next day... [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
$500.00 in Prizes
Movie Fill-in Contest

INTRIGUING, teasing, captivating—you can’t resist this contest PHOTOPLAY Magazine presents to its widespread audience of readers. Engrossingly entertaining as the contest is by itself—the fascinating fun of finding the right solutions to a series of “Movie Fill-ins”—PHOTOPLAY Magazine in addition offers $500.00 in cash prizes to the fortunate contestants.

“Movie Fill-ins” challenge your knowledge of motion pictures. Are you well-informed about the players, their backgrounds and their activities? If so, maybe that’s gold in them there gaps for you.

If you missed the first “Fill-in,” you’ll find it in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. A third and final installment will be printed in the September issue.

Absorbing Chatter with words missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter. When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballot provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each single dash represents a single letter and the total number of dashes given, in each instance, the total number of letters in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the blank spaces. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite ———— 1 ———— 2 ———— 3 ———— in some short comedies called "——— 4 ———— 5. ———— 6 ———— is now married to a screen player whose name is ———— 7 ...

CLUES

1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel
   Harold

2. The first half of the last name of a British wartime Premier
   Lloyd (Lloyd-George)

3. A solitary state
   Lonesome

4. One of the Apostles
   Luke

5. The first two letters mean to exist; the second two letters also, to exist
   Bebe

6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name
   Daniels

7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den
   Lyon

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by sounds of words as well as actual spelling when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

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Rules of the Contest

1. Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as follows:
   - First Prize: $125.00
   - Second Prize: $75.00
   - Third Prize: $50.00
   - Fourth Prize: $25.00
   - Ten Prizes of $10 each: $100.00
   - Twenty-five Prizes of $5 each: $125.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing will appear in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-ins" for that month.

3. Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—
   1. Harold
   2. Lloyd
   3. Lonesome

4. $500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.

5. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Fill-in" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PUZZLE CONTEST EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.

6. Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants’ method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.

7. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. 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.

8. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives of members of the household in any way connected with this publication may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

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

10. The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.
CHATTER
FOR AUGUST

This is the day of the character actor, won praise in "The Jersey Widow". We will not forget for a long time, singing of "That Little Girl in Yellow" in a fairly recent picture; and while we are on the subject of singing, why doesn't a certain producing company utilize the beautiful voice of Miss ? We have waited too long for a single which will feature his warbling.

It is our desire to see two lively players of great personality on different lots co-star in a comedy. Their union, if the two studios got together, would prove to be a fun fest. We have in mind and and . One of her best pictures is "9 ... 12 ... in "21 ... 22 ... should have more roles as he played opposite in "25 ... 20 ... Also we would like to see and together again in another "34 ... 35 ... was one of the highest priced American dancers who ever hoofed it for European audiences. Once he shared top billing with .

Poor has a voice and once it was said that he would never make a go of it in the talkies. But he stuck it out and is now doing very well.

Here are two hard nuts to crack: the heavy in "40 ... 41 ... 's picture "42 ... is and one of the most promising girl players of the day is .

CLUES
FOR AUGUST

1. The first name of an English King called the "merry monarch." 2. The first five letters— audible merriment, the last three letters—a measure of weight. 3. The first name of a Judge of the Supreme Court at Washington. 4. The first six letters—a by-product of a lacteal fluid, the remaining five letters—having value. 5. Possessive pronoun. 6. The opposite of strength. 7. The eleventh letter of the alphabet. 8. The first name of a sea-going rover of Elizabethan times. 9. Domicile. 10. A preposition, also an adverb meaning above. 11. A definite article. 12. A stone. 13. One of the Apostles. 14. Trunk of a tree. Plural. 15. A lifting device. 16. The first three letters—a species of tree, the last two letters—an abbreviation meaning that is, frequently used in correspondence. 17. The first name of a filmland divorcée. 18. The first five letters—having a fair complexion, the last three letters—an addition to a building. 19. Center of things. 20. Recreation ground. 21. To cut short. 22. The last name of a famous revolutionary general killed at the Battle of Quebec. 23. The first three letters—a correlative of not; the last two letters—mother. 24. One who clips with an instrument. 25. Secluded. 26. More than one life. 27. The first name of another player whose last name is a river. 28. The first three letters—to ship, the next four letters—relations. Plural. 29. A German Emperor called "the Great." 30. A month of the year. 31. From a plain. 32. On account of. 33. Having life. 34. The name of a King of England who did his best to wipe out the thirteen colonies, not once but twice. 35. A rough sea craft. 36. A great Russian actress, once a silent screen star. 37. One of a famous radio team—a Negro act. 38. The first two letters—a prefix meaning down, the final four letters—a climbing plant. 39. Small stones sometimes mixed with sand. 40. Pronounced the same as a month of the year but spelt differently. 41. One of the points of the compass. 42. A contraction of the personal pronoun I and a form of the verb to be. 43. Absolute refusal. 44. One who puts up money for a theatrical venture. 45. The hero of the comic opera "H.M.S. Pinafore." 46. The last of the Saxons Kings of England. The heavy has added an E. 47. The first three letters—to deface, the last five letters—an aitrie. 48. The first four letters was the last name of a great singer called in her day "The Swedish Nightingale." The last three letters—a verb meaning to assert.
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

THE appreciative musical movie audience is building steadily, and it will find Grace Moore's glorious melodies a welcome departure from the regular, run-of-the-mill musicals. She sings a stirring "Carmen," a "Butterfly" that rates cheers, and some lovely lighter things. The recording, clear as a bell, deserves a medal all to itself.

The story, beautifully done with taste and authentic musical feeling and knowledge, concerns an American voice student (Grace Moore) who runs out of money in Italy and is discovered singing in a café by maestro Tullio Carminati, with whom she falls in love.

Lyle Talbot is the anxious suitor. Mona Barrie is the pupil who went off the love standard. If you yearn for some triumphant singing and orchestration, don't miss this!

RONALD COLMAN makes another appearance, after a year's absence from the screen. And what a job he does!

When Loretta Young's family disappears and she meets with blank recognition at her hotel, Bulldog Drummond leaps, and we mean leaps, into the thick of the mystery. His amateur detecting gets him into some tight spots, but with quick wit and fast talking he always finds a way out.

As Bulldog Colman Drummond's right hand man, Algry, Charles Butterworth provides that precious touch of infallible despair, and on his wedding night, too, with bride Una Merkel constantly disappointed.

The plot is thickened with an Oriental Prince (Warner Oland). The sinister word in a radiogram is the key to all the mystery. See this film.

This production is another triumph for Margaret Sullavan. As the heartening young wife who carries her husband (Douglas Montgomery) through repeated discouragements, she surpasses the heights of her performance in "Only Yesterday."

Simple and direct, true and human, understandable and elemental in its appeal is this vital document of life, free from any veneer of superficiality or dramatic subterfuge.

Director Frank Borzage achieves his masterpiece in translating Hans Fallada's tender but powerful story of a little man's struggle with life. He has played fair with the author, with his message and characters; he has added only his genius to weave a bold and living tapestry, wherein no color clashes or offends, no thread strays from the clear pattern of the tale.

There is tragedy, there is humor, and beauty in generous measure, replete with the finest screen mountings, an inspiring reality—a wonderful message to a troubled world—summed in the words of Lamancha (Margaret Sullavan), "We create life—why be afraid of it?"

Douglas Montgomery fits his role as though it were made for him. Alan Hale, Christian Rub and DeWitt Jennings are superb in cameo-cut character classics. All other players, including Muriel Kirkland, Catherine Doucet and Monroe Owsley, are well cast.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? THE THIN MAN
ONE NIGHT OF LOVE
BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK
THE LAST GENTLEMAN COCKEYED CAVALIERS
LET'S TALK IT OVER MURDER AT THE VANITIES
OPERATOR 15 RETURN OF THE TERROR

The Best Performances of the Month

Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?"
Douglas Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?"
Alan Hale in "Little Man, What Now?"
William Powell in "The Thin Man"
Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man"
Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"
Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
Charles Butterworth in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman"
Chester Morris in "Let's Talk It Over"
Marion Davies in "Operator 15"
Joe E. Brown in "The Circus Clown"
Ann Harding in "The Life of Vergie Winters"
Reginald Owen in "Madame Du Barry"
Edward G. Robinson in "The Man with Two Faces"
Edna May Oliver in "Mister on the Blackboard"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122

THE LAST GENTLEMAN—20th Century-United Artists

IT is teaching without preaching, this character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir and is forever warring with daughters, Edna May Oliver and Janet Beecher, and rascally son, Donald Meek.

A slice of life so real, the story is extraordinarily common, but the odd manner of presentation—the surprising, electrifying twist to the end, after the main character has died—is a most original angle, and one we'll not spoil in telling.

As the minister, Joseph Cavethorn contributes one of the most hilarious bits ever seen. Charlotte Henry, Frank Albertson, Ralph Morgan and Edward Ellis do good work.

Not much action, but refreshing, wholesome entertainment for all ages.

Clever dialogue and skillful direction.

THE THIN MAN—M-G-M

IF you don't like detective stories, are bored with mysteries, and never cared for William Powell as Philo Vance—see this film anyhow, and have the time of your life.

The dialogue is a trifle zippy at times, but it's all done so cleverly that you can take grandma and the children along with you.

As the detective who has landed his woman (Myrna Loy) and plans to catch up on his drinking, leaving detecting for more ambitious sleuths, Powell does his best work. But just when his mind is made up, he and his little dog—a grand comedian—fall headlong "into" the case he wouldn't go "on."

And what a baffler it is—for everyone except Powell, who handles each new situation, each clue with delightful nonchalance. Though you are ever on the alert, hoping to prove yourself the better detective, you haven't a chance. Suspense is so well sustained that when the identity of the murderer of Maureen O'Sullivan's inventor father is disclosed, it comes as a complete surprise.

Nat Pendleton is fine as chief of detectives, and Myrna Loy tops all previous performances.

You will be impressed by Director W. S. Van Dyke's keen attention to detail, and by some effective camera shots.

This picture spells entertainment plus—a humdinger!

COCKEYED CAVALIERS—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey, more hilarious than ever, with an elaborate production to back up their insanities. There is a sprinkling of double entendres, but not enough to keep the children at home.

The plot? Does it matter? Locale is Merrie Olde England, with costumes, another big bad wolf song, and "I Want to Dilly-Dally in the Valley with You," a sure hit. Wheeler is a roving kleptomaniac who steals everything including the Duke's carriage. Woolsey impersonates the King's physician, and you can imagine from there.

Dorothy Lee becomes a cute boy to escape marriage with the Duke, and falls in love with Wheeler. Thelma Todd is gorgeous, and Noah Beery springs a surprise with his elegant bass voice that goes way down to there.
Because he makes the gob Mike McGann a believable and interesting person, Chester Morris breathes a strong life into the old tale of how a sailor falls for an heiress, shows her the futility of her useless existence, finally makes something of himself and wins her heart. Mae Clarke splendid as the girl. Frank Craven shines, as do Irene Ware, Andy Devine, John Warburton. For both young and old.

Music and mystery, with two backstage murders, combine to make the opening night of Earl Carroll's elaborate show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, new Danish lead, charms with his vocal offerings. In the major female roles are the talented Kitty Carlisle and Gertrude Michael. Jack Oakie, stage manager, and hardboiled "dick" Victor McLaglen supply good comedy. Dorothy Stickney fine as the maid.

A Southern extravaganza, with Civil War background, which is more musical than historical. Marion Davies is attractive either in her natural color or in the octoroon make-up she wears as Operator 13, a Northern spy. Gary Cooper, spying for the opposite side, falls for his enemy. Jean Parker top-notch. Katherine Alexander, Ted Healy and Sidney Toler. Four Mills Brothers sing in modern tempo.

Chilling mystery, full of suspense. John Halliday, a doctor, is accused of murdering six inmates of a sanitarium for the insane. Evidence piles up, until he finally pleads guilty. But murders continue, with Lyle Talbot, another doctor, injecting more mystery into the plot. Reporter Frank McHugh and detective Robert Emmett O'Connor furnish laughs. Mary Astor has little to do but look lovely.

There is a new plot twist to this story in which Richard Barthelmess comes through in fine style as gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster. Escaping from an enemy attack, he blunders into a spinster's home. She tells him of her broken romance, and when he becomes embroiled in a murder case, emerges from her seclusion to aid him. A-1 cast includes Helen Chandler, Helen Lowell.

Gaynor-Farrell devotees, attention! Another pleasing little story which, while rather weak in plot and structure, is quite acceptable as light entertainment. Janet and Charlie, together with Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Dunn, set out after graduation from college for New York, each to carve his own career. Charlie has eyes only for Ginger, but Janet wins out in the end. One for the whole family.
COLORFUL comic situations of the Big Top, and a performance by Joe E. Brown that will please his admirers, especially the youngsters, and win him many more. There is something pathetic about this bumpkin who joins the circus, rising from lion cage routabout to the daring young man on the flying trapeze—flying right into the arms of aerialist Patricia Ellis. Donald Dillaway and Dorothy Burgess fine.

LOUIS BROMFIELD’S story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is at times deeply moving and at other times rather dull. Excellent acting by Ann Harding and John Boles in the principal roles. Capable cast includes Helen Vinson, Molly O’Day, Betty Furness and Wesley Barry. The ending is bitter-sweet, and there are times for tears. Authentic atmosphere and settings.

THIS elaborate presentation of Madame DuBarry’s (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court spells diverteisement plus. King Louis IX, who caters to his favorite’s every whim, however unreasonable, is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. Dolores’ beauty is breath-taking. Victor Jory, Osgood Perkins, Verree Teasdale and Anita Louise enrich the cast. A magnificent spectacle.

THIS melodrama of the Sinn Feiners’ warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920 fails to be entirely satisfactory because of certain weak spots in the plot. Captain Tennant (William Powell), old flame of Norah Kerr (Edna Best), upsets in one night the domestic felicity of Andrew Kerr (Colin Clive), then redeems himself. William Powell’s attitudinizing performance is unconvincing.

SOMETHING new under the movie sun is this version of the play, “Dark Tower”. Clear cut character drawing, plus intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make it a decidedly good show. Louis Calhern is a blackguard who keeps wife Mary Astor under a hypnotic spell, wrecking her acting career. Robinson, her brother, succeeds in killing the villain. Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke, David Landau rate praise.

WHEN a teacher dies under mysterious circumstances, Inspector Jimmy Gleason and Lieutenant Regis Toomey investigate. But they’re so hopelessly dumb that it’s up to Edna May Oliver, who is superb in a humorous female Philo Vance rôle. Suspects include Bruce Cabot, Gertrude Michael, Tully Marshall. Plenty of action, suspense and chills.
The VERY HUMAN

had starred in the lovely "Mary of Scotland," that Maxwell Anderson had more or less written for her. I'd seen it the night before, and now, when I shook hands on the strangely silent stage, already set for the opening scene, I was astonished that the Helen Hayes, who had made the tragic Mary such a commanding and dominating figure, should turn out to be a tiny person, no more than five feet tall and weighing hardly an even hundred pounds. Yet she, the smallest star of the stage, had given a memorable portrayal of the tallest queen in history. And that is real art.

If Hollywood at first considered her an "elderly beginner," it now recognizes Helen Hayes as one of its wisest artists.

The above scene is from "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

This was one time I'm afraid I did most of the talking. Somehow I couldn't quite get myself around to asking the set questions that one is more or less supposed to ask when interviewing a real celebrity. Maybe it was because Helen Hayes is not only an altogether human person but a really intelligent person. I admire her very real art, her keen wit, her fine mind—and I like her a lot because she is such a great little trouper. There is about as much pretense to her as there is to an old sea captain.

There is no built-up, no ballyhoo; she is as real as rain, and as colorful as a rainbow.

It was six-thirty when I met her back-stage in the Alvin Theater in New York. She was wearing a tailored gray suit and a saucy little black and white straw hat with a turned-up brim. It was matinée day and that afternoon she

The smallest star on the stage, she has given in "Mary of Scotland" a memorable portrayal of the tallest queen in history. That is real art.
Helen Hayes

By Frazier Hunt

An intelligent woman, to whom flowers blooming in the garden can be the most important thing on earth

"You'll have to pardon my being a little late," she said with disarming frankness. "You see, I'm having a masseuse reduce my hips in preparation for Hollywood." She broke out in a hearty chuckle.

"Where shall we have dinner?" I questioned, when we had reached the sidewalk.

"Anywhere. Right here next door—or we might go to Twenty-One."

"That's Jack and Charley's, isn't it?" I asked. She nodded, and I led the way to a taxi-cab.

We laughed most of the way to Twenty-One. It was over something that her brilliant husband, the playwright and ex-soldier, Charles MacArthur, had said about me. Maybe it wasn't too complimentary, but at least it was funny.

We found a corner seat in the friendly little room on the first floor, and ordered our dinner.

Miss Hayes would have one small sherry, a plate of minestrone soup, shad roe, a green salad and coffee. It was easy to tell the waiter that I would have exactly the same. When I tried to be a big spender and suggested dessert, the incomparable Helen compromised with a single cigarette. I had to admit that I was a sissy and no longer smoked.

"Smart girl I," she said, her eyes twinkling. "I'll get to keep the whole package."

We fell to discussing and dissecting mutual friends, and their creative efforts. She was kindly yet critical, and her opinions and observations were extremely intelligent. She seemed to be able to put her finger unerringly on either their weakness or their strength.

"What a glorious writer..."
Exotic Jean Chooses Six Costumes For Summer Day

If you have wondered how a famous star starts her day, Jean Harlow gives you the answer. She is up early and into a trim white silk sports dress. No languid reclining in bed—Jean is an energetic person, even as you and I. The most amusing detail of this dress is the blue and white sailor collar worn in reverse fashion like a bib.

Lunch at the Assistance League—Jean appears fresh and cool in navy silk suit with crisp accents in white piqué. The jacket is double-breasted, fastened with white bone buttons. The short sleeves with elbow cuffs and the wide revered collar are smart details. Her brimmed hat is Panama; fabric gloves have flaring perforated cuffs.

Off to the studio in a striped corded cotton suit that is suitable for both daytime and sports use in Hollywood. Jean uses the dark cotton blouse as contrast but her accessories are white. The jacket has the new short sleeves, a tie belt and four small but useful pockets.
Dinner time finds Jean dining out, so she wears a black and white polka dotted gown with a slight train. And what furs! Magnificent silver fox for the cape and big muff. A great cartwheel straw hat puts that final touch of formal elegance to this stunning Harlow costume.

Jean's a great golf enthusiast and she manages to find time in her busy day for a round or two. This is her favorite golf outfit. There's an English tweed skirt, a mannish sports shirt and a swagger topcoat of white chamois. A white Breton sailor and low healed white buckskin shoes top it off smartly.

And at the end of the day, a glittering Hollywood premiere with Jean making the audience gasp and cheer as she sweeps into the theater in this beautiful gown. White—her favorite evening shade—in a crepe gown of graceful lines. Both the cape and the long train are trimmed with heavy white fringe. The neckline forms a deeply draped cowl in front, low at back.
Dearest Joan:

SUCH fun reading your grand letter. But now, alas, how my heart is aching. A major catastrophe—I have just lost the most enchanting bonnet. And all because I was a dilly-dallier. For several days I turned over in my mind the idea of purchasing a superlative red chapeaux (with impudent daisies on it). The hat had madness, and it had chic—but when I went to buy it, it was gone! (Low moans.) Sylvia Sidney now owns the little darling. I imagine it's to go with some of the new Greer gowns she has been so excited about. She's getting herself an entire new wardrobe all made up at once, which is a pretty grand way of keeping yourself happy, I'd say.

Well, anyway, as I sat in the store commiserating with myself, all of a sudden I noticed a perfectly stunning coupé stop outside and from it step the beauteous Fay Wray. She had on white slacks, white beret, and three-quarter length white sailor coat with slightly puffed sleeves. She gaily wagged a finger at the milliner and pantomimed that she would be in next week. Then she went into the beauty shop next door.

Now if you are up on your psychology, Joan, you know that there is nothing better for low spirits than a beauty shop. (Unless it's a new hat!) So, with new life in me, I followed Miss Wray's lead and went and got myself a manicure. Things happened. First, Frances Dee
Anyway, my manicurist's voice brought me back to the present, and she made me rather sad when she told me that one of her customers was on her way over to Edmund Lowe's house. He was giving away all of Lilian Tashman's clothes to her dearest friends. I think it's pretty touching, don't you? And a very beautiful way of keeping her memory alive. I had seen him lunching at the Vendome a few days previously, and the black band around his sleeve was no more heart-breaking than the look of loneliness in his eyes.

My mind is on "what to do to make yourself beautiful" these days, and even at the expense of appearing ridiculous to you, I must tell you what happened last week. I had read how Jean Harlow (pet, did I or did I not tell you that she's worn the same little turban for six years? She has it copied, you ninny!) puts skin food on her nicely cleaned face and then ducks it several times in a pan of ice and water. So, I hastened to do likewise. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

came leaping in and made a mad dash for the back of the store where the bath and massage department is. "Cute girl," I murmured, whereupon the manicurist got very solemn-voiced and said, "Never was such a darling." Now I don't know the lady, but I do know her husband, Joel McCrea, although it's been many moons since these old eyes have had the pleasure of seeing him in person. Him I'd certainly nominate as a darling, so Frances probably is, too. My mind tottered back to the old days at the Beach Club where Joel, when he was just starting pictures, played volleyball religiously. He cut a pretty sensational figure, too, I might add.

Do you remember George O'Brien, the muscle lad? He was Joel's big sidekick. Well do I remember how once I nearly won the day for the Santa Monica Swimming Club team, the Beach Club's bitter rival. Joel, who was playing for the Beach Club, came over to talk to me. I was in the stands and had just tossed a cigarette in the sand. It seems the thing was not extinguished, and the McCrea would step right on the burning end! How he leaped! Totally kangarooish, really. But then a burnt sole is nothing to be placid about. I was so sorry, and so was he, but fortune being with the Beach Club, Joel did not develop a blister and was able to go into the game and win "for dear old Yale." There may be a moral to this, but it's rather vague, so we'll let it go.

Leslie Howard has fifty-two beagles, each named after a card in the deck, in his hunting pack. His favorite pups are called Six of Clubs and Nine of Diamonds

Lew Ayers impresses Mitzi ever so much, at work on his composing. Lew has had his symphony broadcast "all over," and is taking his music very seriously.

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Plenty of money, a fine house and freedom don't make a marriage happy, according to Mr. Beery.

By Eleanor Packer

"Childless marriages are the bunk!" says Wally. The Beerys are rearing three: Baby Carol Ann, George and William. This picture was made in 1931, when they took the children.

STRONG, lusty and hearty are Wallace Beery's ten rules for happy marriages.

And Wally should know. Among all the topsy-turvy, here-today-and-gone-tomorrow marriages of Hollywood, Wally's own marital ship had sailed along smoothly and serenely for ten years, when his charming wife was taken very ill. But some of Wally's cheerfulness has returned with Mrs. Beery back from the hospital, and Wally determined that there shall be many happy years ahead of them.

"The first rule is an easy one," he fairly shouted. "If you can't have a child of your own, go out and get one.

"Just ask Rita (Rita is Mrs. Beery) what a change Carol Ann has made in our house. We were happy before she arrived, but we're twice as happy since then. I'm naturally a selfish sort of person. I want what I want when I want it, and in the way I want it. But, since we adopted Carol Ann a couple of years ago, I haven't had so much chance to think about the wants of Wally Beery. Why, even when we went to Europe—and it was my first trip, too—I caught myself wondering whether Carol Ann would enjoy certain things, instead of whether it was what I wanted to do.

Then Wally went on to point out the successful marriages in Hollywood where there was a child in the household—the Thalbergs, Irving and Norma, who are fortunate enough.
don't believe in husbands trying to tell their wives how to manage their business. If I had a husband like that, I'd throw him out, bag and baggage."

Then Wally propounded his third rule.

"No wife should have a career. It won't mix with marriage, other than in a few exceptional cases. If a woman is ambitious, she should forget about a husband. I tried being married to a career woman and it didn't work. When I married Rita, she gave up all thought of a career of her own and, so far, everything has been great."

Wally's first wife, as almost everyone knows, was Gloria Swanson. They were married many years ago, when Gloria was a beginner in pictures and Wally was already a featured comedian. Gloria carcuened dizzyly to stardom and the marriage was lost on the way. [Please turn to page 108]

Wally and Rita spend all the time possible with Carol Ann, whom they legally adopted. "We're twice as happy since we took her," they say. Mrs. Beery has been very ill, but is on the road to recovery.

have a baby of their own flesh and blood; the Fredric Marches, who adopted a child; the Slim Summervilles, who also found a homeless little orphan to call their own, and a half dozen others.

Wally spends every possible moment with his Carol Ann.

"She eats breakfast and dinner with me every day," he said proudly. Wally is always proud when he talks of the three-year-old apple of his eye, "and as many lunches as I can manage. This business of putting children out of the way and letting nurses get all the joy out of them, never appealed to me."

The Beerys legally adopted Carol Ann when her mother, Mrs. Beery's aunt, died over two years ago, leaving three young children. Wally and Rita are also bringing up the other two youngsters, George Priester, now eleven, and William, who is six-years-old.

WALLY'S second rule was given with an emphasis almost equal to the first.

"Keep your wife away from the studio. Your work and your home should never mix. Your wife should run one, and you the other. I don't interfere with the way Rita manages the house and I don't believe that she should interfere with the way I run my business. Not that she would want to. She is far too sensible and smart for that. But I have seen a lot of actors' wives who want to hang around the studio, mixing into things. You don't see doctors' wives or lawyers' wives or manufacturers' wives camping in their office, trying to have a say-so in their business. Well, believe it or not, acting these days is a business, too.

"And there's plenty to be said on the other side, also. I
GOOD grief! Look who's in the movies! None other than Irvin S. Cobb himself, writer of those grand Judge Priest stories, as well as countless other yarns.

Out to become a movie star!

After that—the deluge. For movies have seen a lot of things in their young and slightly befuddled life, but never anything like Irvin—with his Mexican-blue shirt, his bottle-green bow tie, his tummy, a pair of Argonne forests for eyebrows, and a lip that looks like the grand-pappy of the one Chevalier sports.

Not only does Irvin in profile look like a roll-top desk, but he says himself that when turned sideways he's the most outstanding literary figure in America today. He's one of the Wittiest, grandest and funniest persons to hit Hollywood in years and years, and girls, listen:

He has new and refreshing ideas about who are the real heroes of the movies. None of the handsome women-tamers of the acting profession will do for him. Your pretty idols crack their clay feet in retreat when Irvin Cobb of Paducah, Kentucky, inhales and goes into this monologue:

"Out in the wood-sheds, back of the movies, are the real heroes of this business. Those boys who, with a hammer, a few nails, a nickel's worth of chicken wire and a bucket of plaster, can slap up a mosque with hot and cold running Arabs that would knock the Maharajah of Junkey-Dory flat on his face. Without the least flurry of excitement or the slightest effort, they do it. That's the beauty of it. They never get temperamental or fling out of the prop room in a tantrum. They do everything they're asked to do, from creating a whale that will swallow ten Jonahs to erecting the ruins of Pompeii in ten minutes."

So, girls, follow on.

It all began, this prop man business, the first time Cobb came to Hollywood some years ago. They shoved him into a scene in a picture called "The Arab." Cobb was supposed to be a tourist wandering about. And, as a matter of fact, with that protuberance where the waist-line should be, he provided the only shade the Arabs had during the making of the whole picture.

But the trouble was, when they [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]
Fashion Scribbling in Hollywood

Blouse, skirt and shorts—Hollywood’s beach uniform. Myrna Loy wears it in white linen.

Irene Castle, returning to films, sketched at lunch in straw baby bonnet with white ruffle under brim.

Knit cotton fabric and wood in beach shoes—circular canvas beach bag.

Elizabeth Young plays Badminton in flannel slacks and shirt—silk scarf tucked into collar.

Norma Shearer sketched at wedding in huge white cart-wheel hat, white long skirted suit.
ONE evening gown doesn't make a summer—which is twisting an old adage about. But it is true, none the less. This charming white chiffon is the perfect gown to augment your midsummer dancing list. Kalloch has designed it for Dorothy Burgess to wear in "Black Moon." The décolletage is daring with its deep square cut, two clips emphasizing it on either side. The halter effect joins a piece at the back which meets the belt at an even deeper point. A sparkling brooch fastens the belt at front, matching the clips. The idea of a double train formed by two distinct pieces is unusual. Note Dorothy's smart twin bracelets.
ROMAN striped ribbon contributes a gay detail to this white cotton dress which Kalloch has designed for Fay Wray to wear in a scene from "Black Moon." The ribbon is drawn through buckles for both belt and bow tie. The dress is simple with a simulated two-piece design. The pleated brim of large cotton hat is an original twist.

BILLIE BURKE has to be snipped right out of a scene from "Arabella" in order to give you a preview of this attractive costume. It's a pajama outfit as worn by Billie Burke, but we have copied the quilted jacket, chiffon scarf and all to make a dancing costume of it!
Taking A Vacation In Smart Costumes

Red and white is a cool contradiction for hot days. Claire Trevor wears this lipstick-red dress which Royer has designed for "Baby Take a Bow." Crystal cube buttons linked with chain and white piqué collar and cuffs lend a frosty offset to the torrid color. Claire, as you notice, chooses white accents in shoes, gloves and bag. Also a white bandeau on her hat.

White cartridge pleating used to trim the blue coat of Irene Hervey’s ensemble gives a Russian dash to the costume. Irene wears this in "Let’s Try Again," but it is recommended as a good traveler on that vacation jaunt of yours. Blue silk for both dress and coat. The dress has a high neckline with tucked vest and white buttons as fashion interest!
IT'S no exaggeration to say a half dozen of this type of cotton dress will not go amiss on your vacation holiday, whether you spend it at a resort, on a boat or at home. Fay Wray wears this in another scene from "Black Moon." Kalloch's artistry is evident in the detail of the blouse, especially the collar and buttoned patch pockets. White with blue accents

THE shipboard scene in "Grand Canary" where Zita Johann wears this silk frock suggests future travel for it in your wardrobe! It's a fashion that looks toward Fall with its long sleeves, high neckline and rippling jabot—yet it is cool and wearable for right now. The sleeves have a restrained fullness which will be evident in the newest Autumn costumes.
A sunny and summery yellow takes its fashion inspiration from the exciting new film, "Grand Canary." You get your first glimpse of it in this cool, becoming sports dress which Madge Evans wears in a shipboard scene. Short-sleeved, the dress is simply designed with a wide collar finished in self silk fringe, tying like a 'kerchief. Wooden clips make a smart decoration for the wide silk belt. Pleats animate the skirt, as shown in the scene still at the right.
DON'T you think this is just about the most entrancing photograph of Ginger Rogers you ever saw? Ginger is always busy, thrives on work and grows more fascinating all the time. Her latest picture is "Change of Heart," for Fox, and her next assignment is in "The Gay Divorce" at her home studio, Radio, opposite Fred Astaire. She and Fred were established as a popular team in "Flying Down to Rio," when they introduced the Carioca.
SHIRLEY TEMPLE is cute any way you take her. The photographer told her to be a good little girl, so she looked angelic. But she can, just as delightfully, pout or play at the art of the coquette (they're never too young!). Shirley willingly posed at the studio, but when the cameraman came into her garden, interrupting her romp—that wasn't so nice. As for having pictures taken at bedtime, Shirley just yawned at that
SHIRLEY,
Take A Bow!

Little Miss Temple remains unspoiled despite all of her amazing new honors

By Barbara Shawn

A PICTURE stealer—at five!
A new, sudden, meteoric personality, discovered overnight.
One day she was just Mr. and Mrs. George Temple’s little girl, Shirley. The next day she was star material, Shirley Temple—in electric lights.
This is what happened.
The Fox studio made a million dollar picture, “Stand Up and Cheer.” The producer was Winfield Sheehan. This was his pet picture, and nothing was spared in assembling the finest talent available, with lavish scenes and effects. John Boles, Warner Baxter, Madge Evans and Jimmy Dunn were in the cast.
Several nationally famous comedians were brought out from New York—Mitchell and Durant, Aunt Jemima and Stepin Fetchit. Such infallible actors as Ralph Morgan and Nigel Bruce just had bits to do.
Then a mere baby stepped into the scene, did a little tap dance, sang a song—and walked away with the picture! A baby named Shirley Temple, who was not five-years-old at the time.
Audiences went wild about her, every place. Letters, telegrams poured into the studio from critics and theater managers all over the country—demanding information about the child. Their customers were besieging them to know all about her.

SUCH a sensation had not been caused by a youngster in pictures for a long, long time. There was once a little boy named Jackie Coogan, who gave our hearts an awful tug with a pair of melting brown eyes and an old’ cap—without words or music. Another extraordinary youngster who could act rings around many of the oldsters—Jackie Cooper—did it again.
But among the hundreds of talented little girls, there had never been one who broke into the front rank of screen personalities on the strength of a few short little scenes—until Shirley came along.
She is pure gaiety and love of life, and miraculous unself-consciousness. Her hair is a mop of flying spun-gold. There is a stray dimple down at the corner of her pink little mouth. She is as natural as a puppy, in a world where children are quickly turned into affected imitations.
She is capable of letting out a whoop of abandon and turning a handspring, without warning—or she can sit primly in a huge chair, as I found her, trying to reach her legs to the floor.

She gave that up, folded her hands with resignation, and looked ready, not saying a word. “Well, Shirley,” prompted her mother.
“I’m waiting till she gets her pencil and paper out,” explained Shirley, patiently.
Many a blonde five times as old as Shirley has been interviewed who didn’t have the situation half so well in hand. She’s a precious, that one.

NOT “smarty.” Not any of those irritating things precocious stage children can be. Shirley has the dignity that only five-years-old can achieve. It has to put up a defense against such a lot of grown-up twaddle.
As unspoiled now as your own little girl, busy wearing out her dolls and her shoes and the seat of her rompers. And oh, please, everybody say a prayer that she’ll stay that way. Because there never was a little lamb in such a tough spot to hold onto her equilibrium.
The press in every part of the country is doing nip-ups over her discovery, audiences obey the title of her big success “Stand Up and Cheer,” and everybody in the studio just goes ga-ga as soon as she is in sight.
But when the impulsive ones, who don’t stop to figure the consequences, go off on a tangent... Please turn to page 115.
DEAR JEAN: Hail, little woman of "Little Women"! Jean, darling, this month I'm holding you up as the shining example. I want every star in Hollywood to take a good long look at you.

Hundreds of PHOTOPLAY readers have been writing and asking me to tell them what I thought was the perfect figure. They've wanted me to give them elaborate charts and diagrams.

Well, I don't believe in stereotyped stuff like that. So, I'm answering their questions through you, Jean. Here—all you girls—here is the girl with the perfect little figure. Jean Parker! I drink a toast—of tomato juice—to her!

There—and I hope, Jean, that you show this letter to some of those girls in Hollywood who squawk when I criticize their figures. Believe me, darling, when I see something good I can admire it. I want those girls to take a look at your figure and get what I mean when I speak about beauty of form.

In a published interview, Sam Goldwyn is quoted as saying movie glamour is on the wane; that overdressing in the movies must cease; that audiences are fed up with too luxurious costumes and sets and that people want simplicity. I'll go Sam one better and say that people are fed up with overdressed figures—with bad lines concealed (or at least, people think they're concealed) by fluffs and frills.

Sam claims people want simplicity. I say people want simplicity of figure. You, Jean, have that, and that's more—you have a simple, unaffected grace because you're not corseted to the eyebrows. A good foundation garment is okay, but a tight corset never fooled anybody. Don't overdress your figure with fat.

Sam Goldwyn also says, "People are fed up with overdone backgrounds in pictures." Well, I'm fed up with overdone backgrounds too—but I'm not talking about movie sets. I'm talking about those spare tires around a lot of stellar waistlines, and about excess weight on hips and ankles.

Your figure is grand, Jean Parker, and I want you to keep it that way, so let me give you a word of warning.

You're young. You're working in the most nerve-racking business in the world. The producers—who are pretty smart fellows and know an actress of charm and beauty when they see one—are putting you into picture after picture. I don't want you to grow old before your time.

There are plenty of fine, courageous young girls in the world who, still in their teens, are doing the work of grown men. I want to save you and all other hard-working girls from overstrain. Therefore, it's about time I gave you a heart-to-heart talk about health, a straightforward warning about keeping your vitality and beauty. If somebody gave you a beautiful diamond necklace you'd keep it in a safe place, wouldn't you? You wouldn't throw it around. Well, the greatest gift you can have in this world is beauty and health. Guard it! Keep it! Preserve it!

So, listen, Jean, I want you to show those Hollywood girls that my faith in you is well-founded. I want to point to you ten years from now and say, "See, she still has a perfect figure!" That's why I'm writing you—out of my great admiration—imploring you to preserve what you've got. Jean, you must keep healthy!

Here's my health routine.
Every morning after you've had your bath, flop onto the bed face down and have your maid or your companion give you a brisk rub-down with witch hazel, paying particular attention to the spine and the muscles at the back of the neck. And have her dig in hard, now, with her thumbs, under the scalp. Also have her knead you hard under the shoulder-blades. All of this loosens up the nerves and muscles, keeping you relaxed, free of tenseness the whole day long.

Then have her put a Turkish towel along your spine, and, with brisk slaps of the palm of the hands, go up and down your spine.

You girls who haven't a maid can persuade your mother or sister or some girl friend to do this for you. Even if you live alone, you can work on your own spine and muscles.

On the days you're not working, take a sun bath every day—but don't be foolish and spoil that beautiful skin of yours. Protect your complexion with a red chiffon veil and your body by a generous covering of oil. Begin your sun bath by lying on your back for five minutes, then your stomach for five minutes. You can work that up to an hour a day.

You girls who can't get outdoors to do this can let a patch of sun in through an open window and take the sun bath on your bedroom floor.

And, no matter how tired you are, sit up straight at meals, then right after meals walk around the room for ten or fifteen minutes with the stomach in, shoulders back and head up.

Do you know the part of the body to which you must give most attention if you want real and lasting health? I'll tell you. It's the solar plexus, which controls the liver and spleen. The Greeks used to think that the seat of the emotions—the heart—was in the solar plexus. And they weren't so far wrong. The condition of your liver affects your moods—makes you gay or grouchy, happy or blue. So, if you want real health, you've got to concentrate on that solar plexus, and here's how to make the old liver work for you instead of against you.

Stand straight with the right arm over your head and the left hand underneath your right ribs. Now, in this position—your upper arm fairly well stretched—dance sideways with a little hopping motion across the floor—moving right with the right arm above your head. Now change hands—left arm up, right hand under left ribs and dance back across the floor, sideways. Go back and forth like that four times every single day. That stimulates the liver action, which is most beneficial to your general health.

Your spine is important to your health, too. Here's the exercise to keep the spine limber. In the morning, lie flat on your back on the floor, with your arms above your head. Swing quickly upwards and forward, touching your fingers to the floor with your face between your knees. Now back to the original prone position, then—with your knees slightly relaxed—touch your toes to the floor over your head. Oh, boy, that puts pep into the spine, and it makes you feel like a million dollars! Do that half a dozen times.

[Please turn to page 84]

Personal replies by Sylvia, on Page 84, will help many who seek health and beauty. What is your own problem?
Walter Huston’s ideal year is seven months’ work, five months’ rest. He would do his resting in his cabin in the mountains where he is photographed with Mrs. Huston (Nan Sunderland) after a vacation? Work? Well, I’ll be all right when I get into it. And I’ll like it, if I’m doing what I want to do.”

In his last months in the movies, Huston was not doing as he wanted to do. He was much dissatisfied with the pictures that were coming his way. Also, he felt that long-term contracts limited his activities too much. He didn’t want to be tied down. He had plans. So, for a time, he has dropped movies, although they are not wholly out of his plans.

But, to my mind, his major reason for shelving pictures is summed up in two lines from Sidney Howard’s play based on Sinclair Lewis’ book, “Dodsworth,” in which Huston as Dodsworth is scoring a smash hit on Broadway.

Dodsworth, in one scene aboard a liner bound for Europe, is talking with Edith Cortright, played by Nan Sunderland (in private life, Mrs. Walter Huston). They are talking of life and aims.

“Mr. Dodsworth,” says Mrs. Cortright, “just what are you after?”


Walter Huston Shuns Pictures

This stage star insists he must have suitable rôles and plenty of leisure

By Walter D. Shackleton

He loves life, and wants time to enjoy it fully

A

bout three years ago, Walter Huston came back from his one and only trip to Europe. He was asked the usual commonplaces—how he had enjoyed his vacation, how good did the Statue of Liberty look to him as his ship breasted its way up through the Narrows, and other such mummified questions in the museum-piece list of an interviewer. Then someone said, “Well, Mr. Huston, you must be just keen to get back to your art.”

“In the first place,” grinned Huston, “art’ nothing! It’s work—a job. And in the second place, did you ever hear of anyone wanting to rush right onto the job

Huston wants leisure to do the work he desires to do when and where he wants to do it. Also, he wants leisure to rest. His ideal year would be seven months’ work and five months’ rest, as he terms it. The rest period he would spend at his place near Lake Arrowhead, up in the mountains not a great distance from Hollywood.

He has a fairly well mapped out plan of how he is going to employ his leisure for the next three years. But, his plan is elastic so that if something more appealing than what he is doing at the time comes up, he may turn to it. A picture, for instance.

(Please turn to page 10)
PHOTOPLAY’S
Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

A warm-weather coiffure with two good points in its favor. It’s off the face for coolness and the tiny rolls at the back are flattering but easy to arrange. Created by Mel Berns especially for Sidney Fox. Here are youthful, good lines for the full, young face.

An interesting pose of Mona Barrie, in which she introduces a dramatic touch by those silver bands among her dark hair. Silver cloth ribbon is plaited in with that braid, which is then adjusted in the coronet manner. A cool, distinctive and charming novelty for the summer evening coiffure. That separate braid will create effects on the long or short-haired girl that are smart, new, different and most refreshing.
The whole secret of summer loveliness and charm is looking cool and feeling cool. Never have clothes lent themselves better to this purpose than this year, it seems to me. Soft, big hats, lovely fabrics and gay sandals all help you create a picture of summer beauty. But actually feeling cool is another matter. So, taking a big lesson from the Hollywood stars, I give you some practical suggestions for feeling like the proverbial cucumber or crisp lettuce leaf even when the thermometer is at ninety degrees above.

The summer bath is all-important. Whether you use tub or shower, you will get more cooling results from tepid water than you will from cold, although that cold is a great temptation when you're just too hot to breathe. If you choose a tub, do avail yourself of some of those delightful bath salts, water softeners and perfumers, as well as those bath oils that make a bath a luxury and leave you feeling soft, cool and fragrant for hours after. If you take a shower, one of the stars has discovered that you can still use a bath perfume to advantage. After she has dried herself, she takes a drop or two of the perfumed oil on her damp bath-cloth and rubs this well over her body. The perfume will cling for hours.

No one should be without a toilet water or eau de Cologne in summer. They are the greatest revitalizers I know. After you have dried yourself from the bath, pour a few drops into the palm of your hand and rub lightly over your whole body. These lotions give you a smooth, tingling feeling that is delightful. Use dusting powder generously, and be sure you are heat-proof for hours to come. Many dusting powders now come in flesh tints, which avoid powder lines between face and neck. For safety, you may need a spray or dab of your favorite deodorant or non-perspirant, and you are ready for fresh, soft underthings.

If you are going into the country, or anywhere, in fact, inhabited by mosquitoes, here's another Hollywood tip. Use your eau de Cologne or toilet water well down over legs and ankles. Only the mosquitoes will not like you when thus laved, and this precaution will spare you their annoying bites.

Hair is our next consideration. You must keep it extra immaculate in summer, because normal perspiration around the hair line and on the scalp can soon flatten and deaden its appearance. If you use cream for cleansing your face, be very careful to remove every bit around the hair line with a bit of cotton dampened in face tonic. When you go away for weekends or vacation, it's a very good idea to carry with you...
one of those waterless shampoos. They cleanse very perfectly and will not remove your wave. And here is something every-
one, even men, should remember about salt water bathing. Regard-
less of the caps we may wear, the hair invariably gets wet. If you let it dry with salt water on it, you do your hair great harm. The trick is to give it a good clear water rinsing as soon as possible. This removes the salt and will keep your hair in good condition generally, regardless of oceans.

If you can possibly wear your hair off the face, summer is the time. It creates a cool, cameo-cut line, particularly lovely on the younger person. Sidney Fox shows a typical warm-weather coiffure on the first page of this department. Or, if you must have fullness at the sides, try to keep that line smooth and clear cut. Wild, fluffy hair is charming when you're lying about on a beach or riding a bicycle in the country. But un-
groomed hair in town or with conventional clothes is not a smart touch any more. I don't mean that you can't have your curls and all the trimmings, but work to keep them in a definite design.

NAILS are another matter that need special attention in summer. Salt water and outdoor life cause them to mis-
behave if you aren't careful. Cuticle oil or cream will help keep them in good condition. Even a new polish remover is now made with oil, to give the nails every possible benefit of this beautifier. Watch your lacquer in summer, too. As your hands begin to get that out-door color, you can use a deeper tone. It is gay, in good taste and will do nice things for hand skin that is getting darker. And don't forget your toes. Even if you won't go in for lacquering—and you should if you follow fashion's dictates—do give them the care that you would your fingers. With the summer sandals and occasions for beach bathing, it is much to your advantage to have every bit of you as lovely as possible.

I've purposely left your face until now, because there's a lot to say about that.

A new study of Joan Crawford, emphasizing three important beauty trends. A lustre make-up for an opalescent effect, eye-
brows following a natural line and dark nail lacquer right to the nail tip

Although I covered freckles and sunburn last month, there will be new readers to whom this subject is their worst summer problem. Ida Lupino, whose pictures are shown in these pages, has the right idea. Protec-
tion against freckles and tan. Ida has one of those fair, flawless English skins, and for this type, freckles and burn are fatal to beauty. Liquid pow-
der or a good foundation is the first step in thwarting the inroads of summer. Apply this generously to face, neck, arms and whatever part of the body is exposed. You can use plenty of it if you will be careful to smooth and spread it evenly. Ida

Between calls to the set, Thelma Todd pauses for an eye bath to keep her eyes clear, refreshed and brilliant. All eyes need this daily care, especially after exposure
A Hollywood tip for a coppery skin tone. Raquel Torres puts a few drops of iodine in face bath, soaks her face well and applies mineral or olive oil before exposure. Sun then gives a golden-brown tint

uses a soft sponge in the picture, which is a good idea. If you will dampen it first, squeeze out all the water, then apply the liquid, it works even better. The same goes for absorbent cotton—which, by the way, is one of your best beauty allies for many purposes.

If you happen to apply too much liquid powder or foundation, take a cleansing tissue and blot it up. Don’t try to rub it away, for then it will streak and look uneven.

Now, over this skin coating, press on plenty of powder.

Evelyn Venable offers the sensible solution of putting on even too much, then brushing the surplus away with a powder brush or any very soft brush.

You now have a protection that will work on any skin, but is especially advisable for sensitive skin.

If you are a brunette, you may want just the right degree of tan.

And to some faces it unquestionably is a charming touch.

For you dark-heads, then, use a suntan oil, with or without powder, until your skin is just the shade you want. You will get better results if you will expose yourself by timing, giving your skin a little more sun each day, then go in for the general protective routine.

Otherwise, you will get that dark, unbecoming shade which is hard to bleach away when you’re ready for darker costumes.

Unless summer has dried your skin excessively, you will find that the best warm-weather cleansing method is the cream and soap-and-water way.

Use both.

There is nothing like cream for removing make-up, and there is nothing like soap and water for that perfectly clean feeling.

THEN, if your skin seems a little tight or dry, use a nourishing cream or oil, but don’t leave it on too long.

When you remove it, use a good skin tonic or plenty of ice-cold water.

This water is a wonderful natural astringent, and is refreshing and refining.

Summer make-up is very important. My first tip is always to remove old make-up if possible before putting on new. Make-up “cakes” on the face more readily in summer than in cooler weather, and if you put new on old, not only does it dim the fresh, lovely effect you should have from your artistic touches, but it is not good for your skin, no matter how pure your cosmetics. Naturally, few of us have time for a thorough cleansing routine throughout the day, but a liquid cleanser for in-between use is splendid.

It will rid you of that old make-up in a hurry and if you use it correctly, it will leave just a bit of dampness to the skin which will serve as foundation for the fresh powder.

This in-between cleansing is particularly important to girls who work. It will keep you far more attractive looking all the time and is a wonderful preventive for the usual skin ailments of blackheads, large pores, etc., many of which result from faulty cleansing.

For make-up, there are just two places for decided effect—eyes and lips. Use even less rouge in summer than you do in winter. Your face usually has more natural color in warm weather, and too much rouge gives a heated, florid look.
Three things women enjoy especially in smoking Camels

"I enjoy their full, rich flavor," says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd ••• "They never make my nerves jumpy," reports Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr. ••• "They are smooth and mild," adds Mrs. James Russell Lowell ••• Again and again women make these same points about Camels.

"I find Camels delightfully mild," agrees Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer ••• "Camels never make me nervous," Miss Alice Byrd says. "I like their taste better," states Miss Anne Gould ••• Why don't you see if your nerves and taste aren't exactly suited by Camel's costlier tobaccos?

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, 2ND

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.

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MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Miss Mary Byrd
Miss Alice Byrd
Mrs. Powell Cabot
Miss Anne Gould
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer
1. "Oh, this silk gingham ensemble isn’t new!” says Dee. "I’ve washed it so many times with Ivory Flakes, I guess that’s why you think it’s new—Ivory’s so marvelous for colors.” True, Dee, but aren’t you glad that nice salesgirl advised you to use only pure Ivory Flakes?

2. "Do you use Ivory Flakes, too?” asks Peggy, the wide-eyed witch in rosy-red. "I guess everybody does who knows. I wouldn’t buy this silk shirt-dress until I knew it was washable. Then the salesgirl told me just how to squeeze it through lukewarm Ivory suds!”

3. "Mother Molly” joins in, "I’d be sunk without Ivory—because my clothes have to last forever! I never tremble over soap spots with Ivory Flakes—they melt so fast—you couldn’t make me use another kind of soap flakes after what a salesgirl once told me!”

4. "Small Molly” wears an Ivory-bathed skin and an Ivory-washed frock. As all fine stores know—Ivory is safe for all fine things because it’s safe for a baby’s sensitive skin!

Save 20%... See how much bigger the IVORY FLAKES box is than that of any other fine-fabrics soap flakes. More soap for your money!
Nick Foran is the chief topic of interest in the Answer Man's mail bag this month. The fact that he made his screen début in "Stand Up and Cheer" with a dirty face, didn't keep the girls from falling for him. Here's the low-down on the smiling Irish lad.

Nick was born in Flemington, New Jersey, June 18th, 24 years ago. His father, Colonel Arthur F. Foran, is chairman of the New Jersey Highway Commission; former comptroller of the Port of New York; banker, iron founder, and director of steamship and railway companies. Nick worked in the foundry and also on his father's farm in Flemington. His hobby is raising game birds (pheasants), and breeding dogs. Favorite pastime is hunting; then fishing and horseback riding. In sports he prefers tennis, although he was once star tackle on the Princeton eleven.

He studied music at the Leibling studio in New York and then got a chance singing over the radio. Formed his own orchestra, but disbanded because of difficulty in securing bookings. An assignment to make a survey of bus service from Coast to Coast took him to Hollywood. Lew Brown, an old family friend, who was casting for "Stand Up and Cheer," gave Nick a test and a part in the picture. His work in it won him a five-year contract with Fox.

Nick is 6 feet, 2½ inches tall, weighs 205 pounds and has bright red hair and blue eyes. His real name is John Nicholas Foran. He is superstitious about the numeral "13." Wore that number in three football games and was hurt in each one of them. Hates to dress up, prefers sports clothes. His latest appearance is in "Change of Heart," the Gaynor-Farrell film. Hollywood girls fell for this handsome red-head but papa Foran thinks Nick should stick to pictures.

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 "Ask the Answer Man" Photoplay Magazine, 224 W. 57th St., New York City.

MARIAN SPRADEN, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Clark Gable was born on February 1st, 1901. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall. His latest picture is "Manhattan Melodrama" with Myrna Loy and William Powell. Next picture will be with Joan Crawford.

JANE NEAL, SNYDER, N. Y.—Johnny Weissmuller's latest picture is "Tarzan and His Mate." Maureen O'Sullivan is the mate.

MARY ELLEN SCHILLINGBERG, BALTIMORE, MD.—Shirley Temple was born in Santa Monica, Calif., April 24th, 1929. She is 40 inches tall (and growing fast), weighs 42 pounds; has golden hair and hazel eyes.

PAT, SEATTLE, WASH.—Pat, the cute chap who was the coxswain in "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" was Eddie Tamlyn. His latest picture is "Money Means Nothing." Eddie doesn't quite agree on that statement. Who does?

LUCILLE BAKER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Lucy, you'll have all those he-men admirers running for you if you insist that Russ Columbo is the "most perfect male" in pictures. Look out the goblins don't get you. Russ was born in San Francisco, Calif., January 14, 1908. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and brown eyes. His full name is Ruggerio Eugenio De Rudolpho Columbo, and I'm not kidding either. George Blackwood, who stands next in your esteem, is a Dalton, Ohio, chap, born there July 17, 1905. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 185 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. His latest pictures are "Son of a Sailor," "Lady Killer," and "Massacre."

DORIS JOHNSON, GALESBURG, ILL.—So glad you like our magazine. Constance Cummings is the girl who played the rôle of Joan Whelan in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole." Paul Kelly was the gang leader who appeared in the same picture. Edward Everett Horton was the lad who owned the shop in "The Way to Love." Don't hesitate to call on me for any information you want about your favorites.

A.A.C., SAUGUS, MASS.—Since appearing in "The Sign of the Cross," Tommy Conlon has appeared in "No Man of Her Own." "Laughter in Hell," "Auction in Souls" and "Only Yesterday."
Decorative Summer Salads

A TREAT is in store for those who visit Adalyn Doyle, former stand-in for Katharine Hepburn. She has gained a reputation in the film colony for her delicious salads. Invariably, one is in readiness when guests are expected. And not only is Adalyn proficient in preparation of the salad itself, she realizes the importance of selecting the proper dressing.

Take a tip, then, and use Lemon Cream Dressing with all fruit mixtures, and a true mayonnaise (thinned, if desired, by adding a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar) for all other salads.

Here is the method used in preparing Chilled Lamb Salad—

Boil a piece of lean lamb until tender, then dice. Skim liquor in which it was boiled until entirely free from grease. Bring to a boil 2 cups of this liquor, and in it dissolve two tablespoons of plain gelatine. Strain through cheese cloth. Add one tablespoon lemon juice, two tablespoons orange juice, pepper and salt to taste. Now mix in the diced lamb and a chopped green pepper. Pour into a wet mold and put in refrigerator to set. When firm, turn out on a nest of crisp lettuce, spread with mayonnaise and garnish with whole ripe olives.

For a summer luncheon, nothing is quite so appetizing as Pineapple-Strawberry Salad—

This tempter is arranged by cutting pineapple in half lengthwise, scooping out the center and cutting in small cubes. Be careful not to destroy the shell.

Now one pint of hulled strawberries are halved, mixed with the pineapple cubes and blended with one cup of Lemon Cream Dressing. Arrange the mixture in half of the pineapple shell, and garnish with whole berries. Makes six generous portions.

Crab Surprise is indeed a boon when unexpected guests arrive. Preparation of this dainty morsel takes the hostess away from her party for only a very few minutes—one of those "jiffy snacks" ideal for summer menus.

Make incisions from center almost to stem-end in four equal sections of six chilled tomatoes. Press apart, remove seeds and part of pulp. Salt inside of tomatoes.

Blend 1/2 cup of true mayonnaise with 2 cups of flaked crabmeat, 1/2 cup diced celery, 1/2 teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Pile mixture lightly in tomatoes. Serve on crisp bed of lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise and anchovies. Amounts stated serve six.

With fruit salads, remember, we are going to serve—Lemon Cream Dressing: Fold 1/2 cup of double-whipped mayonnaise, 2 1/2 tablespoons confectioners’ sugar, a dash of salt, and 1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice into 1 1/4 cup of whipped cream. Blend thoroughly. Makes one cup.

You won’t want to use anything else over fruits when once you have whisked together a batch of this delicately flavored dressing. It satisfies the most discriminating tastes, and puts on the saucy side many who have always preferred their salads, especially fruits, without dressing.
"Gee, but you're beautiful... I'm crazy about you"

Read how a simple clothes secret helped Nancy win Romance

Your clothes money goes farther this way

Clothes are important to success—to romance, clever girls frankly admit.

"That's why it is so foolish," they say, "to let wrong washing fade colors, spoil texture and fit. We don't risk this—we always use Lux."

To be safe, you'd better insist on these exquisite tissue-thin flakes for your nice things, too! They dissolve instantly in lukewarm water—contain no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often do, to fade and shrink—do away with the dangerous rubbing you have with even the mildest cake soap.

Whatever is safe in water will come out of Lux like a dream—look new all season long. Gentle Lux care makes your clothes money go twice as far!
No more squinting at the sun... with
Verichrome you take people at their best... relaxed, natural.

Forget about useless... just snap the picture.

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Holation “fuzz” prevented by special back coating on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Adrienne Ames
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Eddy Carlson
Claude Colbert
Cary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Ring Crosby
Albert Delaney
Katharine DeMille
Marguerite DeMille
Jessica Draganoff
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Frances Fuller
Gwenllian Julia Graham
Gary Grant
Jack Haley
Charlotte Henry
Miriam Hopkins
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
William Kingford
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
John Lodge
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Juliette Marine
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Mabel Morris
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lydia Roberti
Lynne Roberts
Jean Rouvel
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Luu Sheridan
Sylvia Semmes
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Dorothy Stickney
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tubbary
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Maxウェイク
Henry Wilcoxon
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nille Asther
Bobby Breen
Bernard Berenson
Eli Bendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Movieta Casandra
Aldo Cavelli
Chic Chandler
Alphonse Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Sheila Durham
Eileen Dunne
Harley Earl
Sheets Gallagher
William Gaxton
Wyne Gibson

United Artists Studios, 1941 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks
20th Century Studios, 1941 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Alphonseベネット
Constance Bennett

Columbia Studios, 1438 Linder St.

Robert Allen
Nancy Carroll
Patricia Carroll
Walker Connelly
Donald Cook
Mary Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Dick Heming
Arthur Holl
Jack Holt
Fred Kasten
Tim McCoy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Ahern
Katherine Alexander
Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Mary Carlyle
Lea Carrillo
Crichton Crayson
Curtis Crayson
Maurice Chevalier
Mary Chevril
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Drossler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Lillian Ellis
Marian Evans
Martha Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Bitty Furness
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
Charles Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
John Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Rus Brown
Russ Columbo
Ann Blyth
Andy Devine
Sally Edwards
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gaff
Edward Everett Horton
Alan Hale
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lella Hyams
Lois Janis
Jack Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston

June Knight
Edmund Lowe
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neva Nourse
Edda Nabès
Oliver Norr
Zuzu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Bette Davis
James Seaton
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Marge Macdonavan
Sissie Summer
Polly Walker
Lois Winstone
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Brougham
James Cagney
Emil Caruso, Jnr.
Irma Canteau
Robert Canuahan
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dane
Betty Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claude Dood
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Genda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kav Francis
Pauline Garon
Germia Gerst
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allan Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye
Lloyd Hughes, 516 Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Norma Shearer
Our Gang
Thalberg, Tom
Douglas Fairbairn

William Henry
Jess Harnelt
Ida Hovey
Jean Howard
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elena Lancaster
Evelyn Laye
Myra Lloyd
Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Mattson
Florence McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Ramón Navarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Wanda Perry
William Powell
Elear Ralston
Donald Reed
Myra Sohn
Shirley Temple
Norma Shearer
Marta Sprecher
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Francot. Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Dina Wysned
Loretta Young
Robert Young

June Knight
Edmund Lowe
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neva Nourse
Edda Nabès
Oliver Norr
Zuzu Pitts
Roger Pryor
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Polly Walker
Lois Winstone
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.
He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of the girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW ... you must take TODAY
In order to keep a beautiful figure and to have a graceful walk you must keep limber and relaxed. You can prolong your life ten years if every time the clock strikes—meaning every hour—you stand up and stretch as you do when you first wake up. Yes sir! If you stretch those lazy muscles, you’ll give yourself an extra ten years of life and health. Just do that every hour. It’s such a simple thing, isn’t it? Learn how to stretch from watching a cat or a dog. Animals are lots smarter about health than we humans are. Notice how they turn and stretch even in their sleep.

And remember this: The body needs proper food, air, sun, stimulation and correct elimination. Don’t forget to take plenty of air baths to purify the pores and allow them to breathe properly. Always remember to rest before your meals—to get the stomach relaxed so that it will accept and properly digest your food.

And now just a word about food. You’ve got to have iron in your system. Eat plenty of celery, spinach, raw red and white cabbage (eat large amounts of raw cabbage), beets, lettuce, raw carrots and fresh berries. Meat once a day.

You’ve got to have energy and stimulation, so take orange juice, tomato juice, berry juice, fruit juice, milk, gelatine, vegetable juices—particularly turnip-top juice. Eat lots of fresh fruit, but I don’t advocate bananas because every nervous person I’ve ever known has told me that he felt uncomfortable after eating them.

Don’t overload your stomach. Keep lean, lithe and limber.

There, Jean, these are simple, easily followed rules. I want you to keep that beautiful, grand figure, to keep on being my best example of perfection; to preserve your health.

This letter is for you, and for every person who doesn’t want to be ill. It is for all girls who are building a foundation for the future, to give them courage, and to help them see the beauty of life.

Remember, Jean, I’m rooting for you. I’m sincere when I tell you I’m one of your greatest admirers. I’m your real fan, and I want to be seeing you on the screen for years to come.

Devotelly,

SYLVIA.

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Dear Sylvia:

I’ve heard that laughing makes wrinkles. Can you tell me what to do about laugh wrinkles around the eyes and mouth?

U. T., Butte, Mont.

Sure, laughing makes little wrinkles. But what do you care? It’s better to have wrinkles from laughing than crying. You don’t want to go around with a straight face all your life, do you? Laugh a lot—and don’t worry about the wrinkles. Worrying makes the bad wrinkles. Don’t be a grouch. Don’t worry. Naturally, however, you want to keep your skin soft and smooth. Nice, firm, smooth skin doesn’t take wrinkles as harsh, dry skin does. Give yourself a good facial every day, with plenty of cold cream smeared on both fingers and face and use the tips of the fingers to tap gently into the wrinkles. Also use the fingers in a gentle rotary movement, but never pull at the skin. Just keep it stimulated and alive with the finger-tips.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I notice that you often talk about air baths. What do you call an air bath?

Mrs. R. G. D., Madison, Wis.

An air bath is just what it sounds like. The pores need air, just as the lungs do. They must be allowed to breathe. It stimulates and refreshes the body. Here’s how to take one. Every day of your life, open all the windows in your house—maybe you’ll better lock the door—and go about your daily tasks without any clothes on. No, I don’t advocate nudism. I’m not a cultist, but I know that the body needs air. I know a woman who does all her housework without any clothes on. It’s a wonderful idea. Naturally, she keeps a robe handy if the door-bell should ring. If it is impossible to have enough privacy for complete nudity, then wear very loose, light clothes and let the air get to your pores.

Dear Sylvia:

My bust is firm but one breast is slightly larger than the other. Can you tell me how to reduce that one and not the other?

C. D., Philadelphia, Penna.

Almost every woman has one breast slightly larger than the other. Be thankful they’re firm. You should see what lots of women go through to make their busts that way. If you did, you wouldn’t be complaining.

Dear Sylvia:

I’m one of those people who lie in bed at nights and worry about everything that has happened during the day. I wish you would tell me how to go to sleep quickly.

H. H. R., Montpelier, Vt.

First of all, don’t worry. Think of something besides your own troubles. Get the proper mental attitude about yourself and your relationship to the rest of the world. Your mental attitude is wrong. Then try these purely physical methods for inducing sleep: Drink a glass of grapefruit juice (I said grapefruit juice, not orange juice) before going to bed. Relax in bed. If you awake very early in the morning, get up and dress and stay up. Don’t lie in bed and worry about not sleeping. Just get up and do some little task, even if it’s three o’clock in the morning. The next night you’ll sleep soundly.

Dear Sylvia:

I am overweight in spots, I know that. I’ve read all your articles and I’m sure they have wonderful advice in them, but I just do not seem to find the time to take exercises. Is there any other way to reduce in spots?

D. W., Macon, Ga.

I wish I could get my hands on you. I would give you a good shaking. You can find the time if you want to find the time. Shave off a little of the time you spend in bed sleeping to take exercises. If the stars, who literally work from ten to sixteen hours a day when they’re making a picture, can find time to take my exercises, I’d like to know why you can’t. Girls who do the most strenuous work are my best patients. Gosh! You make me mad! No—and a thousand times no—there isn’t any way to reduce in spots except by exercise and squeezing off the flesh. Make the time. There are no short-cuts to beauty. Snap out of your indolent ways and get busy right now!

Dear Sylvia:

I’m on your building-up diet, but I dislike milk. Is there any substitute?

J. V., St. Louis, Mo.

No, I’m afraid there isn’t. You’ll just have to learn to like milk. Drink it very slowly so it won’t form a lump in your stomach.

Dear Sylvia:

I wrote to you two months ago, asking what I could do to reduce my hips. Your exercise worked wonders, and I’m very grateful.

B. D., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sylvia:

I am taking your building-up diet, but I find that when I eat as much as you prescribe I feel uncomfortable and heavy after meals. I just have to force myself to get down that much food and drink the milk, too, but I’m very much underweight and want to build up. What can I do?

S. A., Omaha, Nebr.

Dollars to doughnuts you’re nervous, very nervous, although you didn’t tell me that. Nervous people always have trouble in digesting their food. So here’s what to do. Take everything I’ve given you, but spread it out, so that you have five or six meals a day instead of three. In this way, you will have what you need, without overburdening your stomach at any one time.

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Keep That Perfect Figure!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Answers by Sylvia
This is not a screen test...

BUT IT UNCOVERS A PANTRY STAR!

Here's 3-way proof that Borden's Evaporated Milk is better!

NUMBER 1 IS PROOF ENOUGH!
One taste of Borden's Evaporated Milk, just as it comes from the can, will convince you that Borden's is better! Note the fresh, sweet flavor... the creamy color and full, rich body. Pour some into a tumbler... and out again. It clings to the sides of the glass... just like cream!

NUMBER 2 SURPRISES EVERYONE!
Men and women everywhere are amazed at the richness of coffee "creamed" with Borden's. Try it—and taste! Had you ever dreamed that any evaporated milk could taste so fresh, so creamy? Women who pride themselves on their tables prefer it. It's more economical, too!

NUMBER 3 CLINCHES THE CASE!
Wherever milk or cream is used in cooking, Borden's Evaporated Milk fills the bill! In white sauces, cream soups, mashed potatoes... it gives you the sweet, fresh quality, the richness of pure cream. It adds to taste and texture, too! So, when you buy evaporated milk, ask for Borden's.

...you'll love Borden's Cheeses too!

On your next visit to your favorite food store, ask for Borden's Fine Cheeses... cheese treats from all over the world at their delicious best! Treats that once only world travelers could know—today, thanks to Borden, these treats are all on parade right in your neighborhood.

Take a tour!
Start your cheese tour with good old-fashioned Borden's American. Next step over the border into Canada and discover Borden's Chateau, the mild, rich cheese flavor that cheese-lovers everywhere are praising. Then to France with Borden's Military Brand Camembert and Brie—and Napoleon Roquefort. Now meet golden Liederkranz—a German type cheese. Let's be on to Switzerland and a new thrill in Borden's nut-sweet Swiss and mellow Gruyere.

Get some today!
Good fun, isn't it... this Borden cheese cruise? And we've just started. Many another member of Borden's cheese family is waiting to greet you at your food store. And every one, in goodness and quality, is worthy of the name Borden.
When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way, you guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

POWDER and rouge every day? Skin delicate? Even then there’s no need to worry about getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Even though you may already have detected warning signals—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores, blackheads, perhaps—you can guard against this modern complexion trouble the Hollywood way.

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to **choke the pores**. Many women who think they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are all unconsciously leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores day after day.

When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics **thoroughly**. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up **thoroughly** the modern Lux Toilet Soap way.

In this simple way you can protect your skin—keep it lovely.
USE ALL THE MAKE-UP YOU WISH, MY DEAR, BUT PLEASE LET US BREATHE!
SAY THOUSANDS OF TINY PORES

You can use cosmetics as freely as you wish, if you guard your skin as I do—with gentle Lux Toilet Soap

Elissa Landi
STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "THE GREAT FLIRTAION"
A Star Who Won't Forget Her Friends

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Then, in October, Ann Sothern was "born." In November, when "Let's Fall in Love" was released, she let out her first little silvery croon—and the whole town peeked in the crib to see what it had there.

It discovered it had quite a crib full of dainty, musical, danical and dramatic star material.

And so—Hollywood paid court to baby. Paramount begged for her for "Melody in Space" and she stretched her stay back for "The Party's Over" and "The Hell Cat." Samuel Goldwyn will bounce her on his knee as Eddie Cantor's next leading lady—but he'll have to hurry, because Columbia must have her right back for "Blind Date."

ANN Sothern—let's call her Ann, although in those days she used her own name, Harriette Lake—was a pretty important person to herself before she arrived in Hollywood—the first time. She came of a good family, an intelli gent family of means. There is a staunch Scandinavian strain in her blood. Her mother was a concert singer; her father a successful business man. Ambition for achievement was predominant in her family, and an elemental part of her background.

Ann herself had studiously acquired a well rounded musical education. She was proud that for three successive years she had won first prize for the best original piano composition in an international high school contest. Her old maestro, Henri Verbruggen, had preached to her that she must develop her talent.

She had made high grades at the University of Washington. She was an important figure on the campus.

Then she came to Hollywood to visit her mother, who was coaching talkie-stranded actresses how to speak English. There wasn't any idea of her going on the screen—but one day she went out to Warners-First National Studios with her mother. A friend, then studio manager, suggested she join their stock company. The studio gave her a contract.

Ann was thrilled with the prospect of a movie career. She treasured her first seventy-five dollar pay check—but as the days and the weeks went by, she actually began to resent it. It was like a gift with no feeling from the giver.

BECAUSE there was nothing for Ann to do. Practically nothing. Studio executives hardly knew her name. She was lost in the shuffle, less important than the brown dust of the Burbank studio lot, and in picture knowledge as green as the grass on the front lawn.

Her pride was crushed; she was puzzled and confused. What to do! How to do it? No one seemed to mother to explain. Her few partial friends terrified her.

Ann's morale sank to its lowest ebb; she des perately needed friends—that's why Marion "Peanuts" Byron is one girl who will always be close to her heart, no matter how fortunate deals with her. "Peanuts" was up there—Ann was down, pretty far down in spirits. "Peanuts," then an important, featured actress at Warners, took time off to help a fellow out.

"Your make-up's all wrong," she told her.

"Come on, let me show you how."

Make-up wasn't all. "Peanuts" gave sound advice in a hundred other matters. Gave Ann some idea of what this picture business was all about. Bolstered her confidence.

And Ann has never forgotten. Even though he's not so kind to "Peanuts" now, she was the first person Ann looked up when she came out the second time. Today, "Peanuts" is a frequent and honored guest at lunch in Ann's Columbia dressing-room. Neither is a weather friend, going up or coming down.

Lou Silvers, then head of Warners sound department, is another friend Ann met on the first trip up, passed again on the way down, then found still a friend at a dangerous point in her second climb.

Silvers had no particular reason to take an interest in her at Warners. She was just a long-tying, promising young tyro.

But she could sing, and it seemed a shame—so he took an interest in Ann.

"You know music," he told her, "and you can sing. All you've got to know is how to sing for pictures, and I'm going to teach you that you learn."

So he spent hours of his precious time teaching Ann how to lend her voice to the microphone. He gave her sound, almost fatherly advice about Hollywood.

And then, as if that wasn't enough, he risked his reputation to go to bat for Ann at Columbia when her big opportunity picture, "Let's Fall in Love," was finished.

SILVERS had just been signed to a new job when he saw the finished piece. Maybe it wasn't any of his business, but there were some recordings of Ann's that weren't up to par. They might have gotten by, but if they had they wouldn't have helped a newcomer. So he fought for—and got—the important rewrites which were the margin between success and just getting by.

You can't call Lou Silvers a name in front of Ann. Nor the late Paul Bern, who saw her through the discouraging months at M-G-M, her second inactive stock contract during the first Hollywood venture—who told her she was going to make good eventually—and never to forget him. Nor Ivan Kahn, the agent who took a gamble on an unknown girl, because he believed in her. Who persuaded M-G-M to sign her and then sacrificed what profit he made by getting her out of her contract when her chance with Ziegfeld came.

Ivan Kahn is Ann's agent today. She put herself in his hands the minute she arrived in Hollywood, because she doesn't forget those things.

Nor will she ever forget her utter desolation and lonely fear of Broadway when Ziegfeld's unexpected wire called her for a part in "Smiles." Broadway was to be the turning point in her career. But, as she had come to Hollywood in complete ignorance, so Ann went to the bright lights, not knowing a back-drop from a curtain-cue.

The wire was butt of a blue sky. Ziegfeld had met her at a party, and admired her voice. He said she ought to be on Broadway—but Ann had learned not to take producers' remarks too seriously by this time.

She left the next morning.

Not a friend in Manhattan—she thought—but she was wrong.

There was Tom Howard. Tom was an old-time stage comedian—and a good one. And his experience penetrated Ann's masked ignorance.

Never on a stage before in her life, she was given two songs. No one volunteered to tip her on stage technique. She received cut orders and was expected to know what to do. At a dress rehearsal the stage manager called her.

"You go on in one," he said, with no further explanation.

"Yes, sir," Ann replied, afraid to tell him that she had no idea of what in the world he meant.

TOM Howard caught the situation. He strolled up. "You don't know what he's talking about, do you?" he grinned.

Ann smiled her confession.

"Well, he means you go in that alley over there marked Number One," explained Tom, "and stand just off the stage, ready to go on."

Ann bent over. "Oh," tripped and fell on her face, stumbled through her song, wondering all the while how she was ever going to get off the stage!

But Tom showed her how, and took her aside more than once to give her the wisdom of his years of toying.

Ann has never seen him since—she left "Smiles" after two weeks—but "if I ever do, I'm going to throw my arms around his neck," she swears. And she will. She's that kind.

Walter Donaldson is another friend of those frightened, precarious days who popped up again.

When Ann left "Smiles," discouraged that the show had nothing in it for her after all, she walked into the office of Walter Donaldson, a song writer she had met.

"I've just left the Ziegfeld show," she told him flatly. "I hate the stage."

"No you don't," said Donaldson. "Wait. You ought to meet Larry Schwab of Schwab and Mandel. Stick tight and I'll get you up here."

She could hardly believe her eyes when, after Donaldson's sales talk, the big producer—who never was known to go out of his office to interview anyone, let alone unknowns—actually arrived and signed her for her first real part, in "America's Sweetheart."

Twenty-three weeks of that—and a couple of stage shows, "Everybody's Welcome," and "O! They! 1 Sing."

Then Hollywood, where she blossomed out under the brand-new name.

DONALDSON has been signed to write the songs for Ann in the next Eddie Cantor picture.

"And he'll write grand ones for me," Ann is confident. He's her friend. He was her friend when he didn't have to be at all.

"I've never forgotten and I never will forget the people who have been nice to me," she vows.

"I'll never change, never go high hat. Because I'm counting on those friends to put me right, if I ever start in that direction.

"I'm not kidding myself. I know that fame often has a short life in Hollywood—and if I must go down eventually, I want to meet a few friends on the way."
What a shame! That compact was a keepsake.
"Pocketbook Panic"* cures this star.

NOW Frances Dee

INSISTS ON HANDBAGS WITH THE SECURITY
OF THE TALON SLIDE FASTENER » » »

"Careless" handbags with insecure fastening devices can cause a lot of damage. Precious contents slip out, unnoticed, until the important moment when you look for them and they are gone!

The Talon Slide Fastener eliminates accidents and insures safety for the contents of your bags! This modern closing device actually adds to the trimness of handbag styles, too. Smooth, easy-operating (just a pull on the Talon Slider opens or closes your handbag), it has revolutionized handbag tailoring. Insist on this safety and style device when you choose your next handbag. You'll find Talon-fastened bags in varied styles and at all prices in your favorite shop.

Take the screen-world's word for it . . . it doesn't do to carry anything but a Talon-fastened handbag!

*"Pocketbook Panic" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA.
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE
he lighted three cigarettes for the leading lady. Impulse. Which one did he like best? Result: a draw, and two tousled coiffures. I happened to run across the same ingnue recently, and asked her casually why she thought women liked John Boles.

"Because he's so unattainable," she answered wistfully.

And the very next person I asked said, "Because he makes every girl believe she is the one."

HOW can you figure out a man like that?

Then I went out to Universal and braced little Margaret Sullivan with the question. Margaret shies like a startled fawn surprised by big bad hunters when she spots a reporter in the ofing.

But she talked willingly about John.

"He was so wonderful to me while we were working in 'Only Yesterday.' Generous, helpful and patient. It was my first picture, and there were many things to discourage me. John Stahl is a superb but a very mercurial director. He will make fifty shots of the same scene to capture exactly the mood he wants. I thought it was my fault. It was John Boles, with his quiet understanding and encouragement, who helped me through.

Once they worked for two entire days on a single scene. And John Stahl works his actors. Ask anyone in pictures. The tension would have driven all but any other player into a frenzy. But this is what Stahl said, later:

"John Boles is so polite it is actually difficult to direct him, to criticize him. You can't bawl him out, the way you have to bawl out some actors to get what you want from them. Where another man would blow up, Boles says, 'Very well, Mr. Stahl. Let's try it again.' He dislikes me. I am in a fever—and he remains so cool. What can you do with a man like that?" he pleaded, helplessly.

John, himself, says:

"There is a rhythm and a lift to life that one learns through association with music."

WHEN or where in all the world has there ever been a musician who did not attract women? And in the life of every one of them women have figured conspicuously. John Boles is no exception.

When he first went to New York, after the war, it was a little chorus girl who took the golden-voiced young man in hand and showed him the ropes. She told him how to talk to managers—and which managers to talk to. Then Geraldine Farrar rehearsed an opera with him. It was never presented, but he derived priceless experience from it.

Next Gloria Swanson saw him on the stage, and wanted him for "Love of Sunya," one of her own productions in the silent days. She brought him to California. His agent is a woman, Rebecca, of Rebecca and Silton.

He has been married to the sweetheart of his college days, for seventeen years. And admits that he considers it more romantic to keep one woman happy for that long than to have married half a dozen. The answer to a romance, says John, is how long you can make it last.

He is so grandly, contagiously happy. Life is a sort of revel and he is the guest of honor. You look at him and say:

"There is a man who loves his work!"

Winter a dozen. And as a boy I was forced to wear the same boiled wool coat Papa gave me. And I was never so delighted as when I saw a picture a smiling, happy man—a man who had won his own way—in the same coat.

There is a danger, to the man who is going to win a woman's love, that of letting the woman do all the winning. Never forget—women are fundamentally clinging vines, in spite of any and all militant independence.

Remember, women are easy to capture and hard to hold...the ones worth holding.
"AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE CAR, TOO, SON!"

The Best Care you can Give the Engine in a Modern Car—is Mobiloil

Trust the younger generation to be careful with the family car! Take this pair. They know why Dad says, "Use Mobiloil."

They know that the family "bus" has a high-speed motor. They know parts fit so closely you couldn't slip a sheet of letter-paper between them.

They know that such motors "turn over" faster—and naturally generate more heat at normal running speeds.

And they know that this calls for an oil that holds its toughness in a film thin as onion skin—an oil like Mobiloil, that won't thin out dangerously under high heat.

To most people, Mobiloil is the oil that makes their cars run best. The reason is that Mobiloil is made to take the extra punishment that modern motors put on oil.

This summer, give your motor the benefit of Mobiloil—particularly if you're driving a new car. The lighter grades—such as Mobiloil Arctic—will get your motor "broken-in" safely and perfectly. After that, the nearest Mobiloil dealer will know exactly what grade is best for your particular make of car.

Look for the Mobiloil dealer nearest you. Where you see the sign of the Flying Red Horse, you can also get Mobilgas, Mobiloil's quality mate.

Mobiloil

Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc.
Warm Weather Beauty Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck

that I do not need to tell you they will stay on while in bathing. Most cream rouges are the same, too, so that the modern mermaid emerges from the ocean as lovely as when she went in.

In summer, it is especially advisable that your powder be your own skin tint. You need more powder in summer, and if it is too light or too dark, you will not be in step with present-day beauty standards.

"FRESH as a Daisy" tells you the tricks of summer daintiness and the names of reputable preparations, and the "Sunburn, Freckles and Tan" leaflet still awaits the late-comers. Both leaflets will help you get through the summer without the usual warm weather tell-tale signs. Both are yours on request for stamped, self-addressed envelopes—one for each, please. Personal beauty problem letters are also carefully answered. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Milk plays an important part in Judith Allen's diet, because she knows its beauty and health-giving values. If you like milk and it does not make you fat, take as much as you want. It's marvelous for skin and hair charm and will build you up if you are thin.

With eyes, you must be very careful. The best day tricks are a tiny bit of shadow spread over the upper lid and a touch of mascara.

The new water-proof mascaras leave you confident that dampness around the eyes will not make it run.

This is a good thing to know, too, if you want to come out of the ocean with lashes instead of dark streaks about the eyes.

For evening, of course, you can resort to your eyebrow pencil for making the eyes appear longer at the outer corners, or for accenting the lid along which the lower lashes grow. But for the latter, be sure that a dark lashline under the eye is becoming. On many, it gives a heavily made-up look, anything but attractive.

Summer lipstick should be bright and soft looking. It should create the idea that summer is making you glow with good health and color.

A dark, dull lipstick will not do this. Most of the lipsticks are so permanent now

Without combing and brushing, you can never have real hair beauty, Frances Drake believes. Brushing exercises the scalp, cleanses and polishes the hair; combing also exercises and airs it. For a smooth effect, brush; always comb for a fluffy halo.
MY SECRET to give Beauty ADDED Loveliness

As told to Florence Vondelle by CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Powder... the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor’s Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

Rouge... next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks. Rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor’s Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone... and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly... imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.

Lipstick... last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It’s moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I’ve made up my lips I know they’ll appear perfect for hours.

WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up. Each detail is perfect, yet unnoticed... it is the vision of beauty that attracts and impresses.

“...To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature’s colorings,” explains Claudette Colbert. “That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect. The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness.”

New loveliness for you, too... for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius. Max Factor’s Face Powder, $1; Max Factor’s Rouge, 50c; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1. At leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK


MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD

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10-74
Synopsis of “Anthony Adverse”  
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Anthony is again in love. But they must part. Anthony is bound for Africa to collect the Bonnyfeather debt in kind—slaves. On the ship is Brother Francois, exiled for his sympathy with the slaves.

At the slaver establishment, Anthony finds the owner dead and he takes over, building up a flourishing business and taking as his sweetheart, Neleta, half Spanish, “a honey colored Senorita,” of curves and lines. Brother Francois and Neleta fight for Anthony, he for his soul and she for his body. Brother Francois goes into the wilderness to set up a chapel. Anthony comes upon his body—crucified by the natives. It is this experience that loses the fight for Neleta.

Anthony returns to Livorno, after an absence of four years. John Bonnyfeather is dead. But Anthony again meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis’ hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony’s identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris.

Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails. In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrullee, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores dela Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but “pass by,” accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFitte as his silver “bootlegger.” Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udney, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overtakes them. Florence and their child, María, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.

He takes the Madonna and drifts off to the wilderness that is the West, hoping to forget even himself. He is captured by Spanish-Mexican horsemen and taken before the governor of Santa Fe—Don Luis. Don Luis sends him, on foot, with other prisoners to Mexico City. On this terrible “American Siberian pilgrimage,” Anthony finds eternal truth and peace of mind.

He nearly dies in the prison at Mexico City, but he is rescued by Dolores de la Fuente, herself a widow, and come to Mexico to live on the vast estates left her by her husband. She and Anthony escape to a mountain, near El Paso, Texas. For some years they have peace and happiness—until the day Anthony goes to cut down an ancient tree. In the center of the tree, centuries before, a stone has been caught up in its growth. Anthony’s axe is deflected by the stone and it gashes him. He bleeds to death.

Many years later, a group of pioneers come upon the spot, deserted and in ruins. Nearby are the ruins of a small chapel and in a niche is Anthony’s Madonna—unrecognizable, ravaged by the elements. A little girl cries for the figure, for a doll. Her father, Abner Jorham, sees the figure as a pagan statue. He and his companions set it up as a target. A bullet knocks the Madonna to dust.

Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood  
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

I T’S certainly no secret that Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow are anything but chummy. And now Joan’s big, big heart interest, Franchot Tone, is busily engaged making torrid love to Jean in her new picture, “Born To Be Kissed.”

“Stills” from the picture show the love making between Franchot and Jean growing warmer by the picture. And someone remarked that Franchot looks a bit more frightened in each picture. Well he may, after the snubbing Joan gave the lovely British star, Madeleine Carroll, with whom Franchot played recently in “The World Moves On.” A frigid “How do you do” dismissed Miss Carroll from Miss Crawford’s life. Now the studio is wondering if any fireworks will result from the Tone-Harlow team.

Anyway, Hollywood is getting a chuckle from the enthusiastic praise for Mr. Tone which Jean is spreading around. And when that reaches Joan’s ears—!!

I T’S called the “Jean Harlow Fascination” and it’s a brand new way to have the nails manicured. Instead of having the nails finished in red polish and the tips white, Jean has just reversed the process and has the nails finished in a white polish and the tips red. Very fetching, girls, very fetching.

I T was during a stockade scene on the “Treasure Island” set. Smoke and flames were filling the place. A pirate extra was overdoing his bit to attract the director’s attention, and when the scene was finished, staggered over to the assistant director and said, “Whew, I feel like a smoked herring.” “You mean a smoked ham, don’t you?” said the disgusted director.

CHALK up another tragedy of thwarted hopes in Hollywood.

Sigurn Solvason, professionally known as Rae Randall, who had a fleeting taste of fame when she was hailed as Greta Garbo’s double, ended it all with poison.

She couldn’t stand failure; she was unable to cope with the pangs of a stifled ambition. Only the month before, Julia Graham tried the same thing—but fortunately Earl Carroll intervened.

L ITLE Carol Ann Beery was visiting her daddly, Wally Beery, on the “Treasure Island” set. Wally was in his small portable dressing-room, resting while a scene was taken. He was tilted back in his chair, his eyes closed, while Carol Ann sat on the floor cutting out paper dolls. After a great deal of delay and effort the actual shooting of the difficult scene got under way. Guns barked and popped.

Right in the middle of it, the director was horrified to hear a child’s voice ring out. It was Carol Ann calling from her daddy’s dressing-room. “Here, you over there,” she called, “you stop all that noise. My daddy wants to rest.” The entire scene had to be remade.

PAUL AMES, brother of Stephen—ex-husband of Adrienne, now married to Raquel Torres—has turned his eyes from Renee—sister of Raquel—toward June Knight. And we had hoped for a double family wedding!

O F course you remember Charlie Ray. Well, Charlie, after a six-year absence from the screen, is back in a Paramount picture, “Ladies Should Listen.” Charlie’s last appearance was in “The Garden of Eden,” with Corinne Griffith.

T HE gossip who insisted that Katharine Hepburn and her manager, Leland Hayward, were headed for the altar, received a rude shock when Mrs. Hayward recalled her announced plans for divorce, which, by all the rules, makes Mr. Hayward ineligible.

Mrs. Hayward, the former Lola Gibbs, filed her action in Mexico, and when she withdrew it explained laconically and cryptically, “Oh, it’s too hot in Mexico right now.”

A T a cocktail party given by Al and Ena Rotafl—Harry Joe Brown and Sally Ellen, lots of ex-es got together. Sue Carroll and Nick Stuart were so palsy-walsy that Ken Murray hardly had a chance. And, as Marian Nixon was leaving with Bill Seiter, in walked Eddie Hillman and stopped her for a friendly chat. Question: How does the other man (which is the other man?) feel at a time like that?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
Here's News--that will Thrill Every Woman!

FOR THE FIRST TIME
THAT MIRACLE WORKER

Sylvia of Hollywood

HAS PUT ALL HER BEAUTY SECRETS BETWEEN THE COVERS OF ONE BOOK

A Statement by
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
Publisher of
Photoplay Magazine

I REALLY believe this announcement is one of the great moments of my life. You see, it was through Photoplay Magazine that so many of you readers became almost personally acquainted with Sylvia of Hollywood. You read her fascinating stories of the stars and their beauty problems in Photoplay... you flooded her, through this magazine, with questions about your own health and beauty. And now, after months of persuasion on my part, Sylvia has finally consented to put all her beauty secrets... every scrap of the knowledge she has acquired through years of work and study... into a single book. A book written just for you, thousands of women who can be beautiful... if you only know how and where to begin.

"No More Alibis!" is even more wonderful than I expected it to be... and I expected a lot! It is, I believe, a great book because it is a philosophy of life as well as a lesson in beauty. It will teach you how to live as well as how to become lovely.

It is written in the frank, breezy style which is so like the Sylvia I know... it is simple, easy to follow, full of information every one of you should have. It tells in detail every single one of Sylvia's famous methods and treatments... tells you how to apply them yourself in the privacy of your own home. The exercises are fully explained and illustrated with photographs... the diets are accompanied by complete directions. In fact, in this book, Sylvia has given you everything Hollywood's most glamorous stars paid her thousands of dollars to learn. I truly feel that "No More Alibis!" offers the women of America a rare opportunity to place themselves under the expert care and guidance of one of the most remarkable women of our times.

I urge you to own a copy of "No More Alibis!" because I sincerely think it can "remake" you just as the methods it tells about "remake" so many stage and screen notables. Treasure it, study it carefully, follow the treatments outlined. Then you too may acquire the beauty, the charm, the vitality, which you admire so much on the screen. You will learn how to improve your figure so that you may wear the striking clothes you've always wanted. You will acquire that self-confidence which is the basis of all charm. Every woman can be beautiful and alluring... every woman can know the delight of attracting admiring glances wherever she may be. Every woman can be her "best self"... a self which Sylvia develops for you in her marvelous new book, "No More Alibis!"

Don't miss another day. Send for it now!

"NO MORE ALIBIS!"

By
SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

The most famous women in Hollywood have been made lovelier, more radiant by Sylvia... and you too can join the long and glorious list of Sylvia's successes.

Yet

while screen stars too numerous to mention have paid Sylvia fabulous sums for her help you can have it merely for the price of Sylvia's marvelous new $1 book, "No More Alibis!"

If your department or book store is already "sold out" of "No More Alibis!" by Sylvia of Hollywood, clip this coupon and mail it to Photoplay Publishing Company today!

Mail Coupon For This Amazing Book!

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P4-24
The exclusiveness of Garbo has extended to her Swedish chauffeur. No longer does the chauffeur drive openly into a Beverly Hills garage to have Garbo's car greased and oiled. He now telephones the garage attendants that they will find the car parked on such and such a corner (usually around the block) with the key hidden in such and such a place. When the job is done, the chauffeur slinks back and picks up the car.

Perhaps all the publicity about Garbo's exclusiveness has gone to the chauffeur's head.

EDDIE CANTOR attended a stag party, given by a hundred and fifty doctors, the other evening at the Beach Club. The medics put on their own show, which no one seemed to enjoy more than Cantor. But after it was all over, one of the doctor-actors, mopping his brow remarked—"Whew! That's what I call hard work. Why is it, Eddie, that it never seems to be any effort for you to amuse people?"

"Listen," said Eddie, deadly serious, "with six girls, I got to be funny!"

A DRILL master was training some soldiers for a scene in "The Merry Widow." One extra was slow in his response. "You're always behind the others in presenting arms. What's the matter with you?" yelled the drill master.

Once you knew her as a flapper. But Colleen Moore is doing tinged-with-tragedy roles these days. She just made the screen version of Hawthorne's classic, "The Scarlet Letter," for Majestic
GLAZO costs you less, but that’s not the point... it’s a Better Nail Polish!

Many’s the girl who dotes on three-dollar powders, twelve-dollar perfumes... and New Glazo For Glazo is a very special polish... and its modest 25¢ price is just your amazing good luck.

The lovelier, richer sheen of its new lacquers alone would put Glazo in a class by itself. Then Glazo gives you 50% longer wear... tests prove it!

And if you’re extra-choosy about colors... Glazo’s six authentic shades are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. The exclusive Color Chart Package shows them all, just as they’ll look on your nails.

You’ll thank Glazo’s new metal-shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, for making nail polish easier to apply. And the bristles won’t come loose.

Glazo New Polish Remover! Contains Oil. Does not dry Cuticle or Nails!

Just out! Glazo’s New Polish Remover contains a special oil that leaves cuticle soft. No more fear of brittle, splitting nails due to the use of old-time harsh removers. Leaves a perfect surface for fresh polish. Extra-size bottle, and no increase in price.

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red. Colorless. 25¢ each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO NEW POLISH REMOVER. Just out! Contains Oil! Non-drying to cuticle and nails! Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.


GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size New Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-94 191 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.

(On Canada, address P. O. Box 2370, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred)...

☐ Natural    ☐ Shell    ☐ Flame    ☐ Geranium

punched the time-clock at Paramount instead of M-G-M—but Louis very hospitably sacrificed professional jealousy and whisked the ruler and his retinue over to the rival lot to find out if it was or was not a sin.

Is Mae West a menace to our schoolchildren? 
Well—judge for yourself.
From the cultural center of Waldorf, Kansas, came a report of the Western influence upon the youth of the nation recently. A schoolteacher wrote that she was holding in her hand an examination paper in arithmetic signed “Mae West”—handed in by one of her pupils. Asking for an explanation, the tot wise-cracked, “Because I done 'em wrong.”

IRVIN S. COBB, just about the biggest son Paducah, Kentucky, has ever boasted, now trying his hand at picture acting, was invited to a tea along with a number of other prominent writers in Hollywood. Each of the writers was asked to bring a copy of his own works, to be auctioned off for some worthy cause. Kunnel Cobb, sub, didn’t have one of his books with him, so he went shopping. He couldn’t get one for love or money. Now that noble Southern brown of his is furrowed with the question of whether it’s a case of no one buying any of his books or whether the books were all bought up.

QUESTION: If divorce shatters a delayed honeymoon trip, is the trip off?Answer: Not in Hollywood. A little thing like a wrecked marriage shouldn’t ever disturb your plans.
Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson planned a love-juant to Honolulu, but they never found time until it was too late.
However, Jean is going to take the trip—with mother, Mrs. Marino Bello.

BING CROSBY has been around offering to bet some of his friends that he would be the proud father of a brace of croonerettes within a few months. But nobody took his wager, because they suspected that Bing had been to the doctor’s first and doctors can tell almost anything these days. Bing’s wife is the former Dixie Lee, of the screen, you know, and they already have one heir, Gary Evan Crosby.

“WHAT was the most thrilling and exciting thing that happened to you on your European trip?” I asked Dick Arlen.

“Getting home!” answered Dick.

THE neatest marital trick of the month in Hollywood goes to Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor-husband of Gloria Stuart. Gloria and the “ex” tried a much publicized “marital vacation” and “trial separation” for a year—then they decided to cut all ties.

Gloria sued for divorce, and while she was suing, the spouse became impatient, so took himself a trip to Mexico and divorced Gloria! To cap it, he married again the next morning.

Gloria is still a little dizzy about just who’s who and why—but the Hollywood swains, who have been holding off because of this “marital vacation” business, aren’t going to hold off any longer, Gloria is warned.

THAT arch rib-splitter, W. C. Fields, is can-

ner than that bulbous nose leads you to believe. As the back-fencers have it—W. C. and Judith Allen are stepping about, hand in hand, in the eventide.
makes up his own mind. There are several very extensively publicized "beauties" whom he has pointedly ignored. For instance, I inquired if a certain so-called glamorous star had entered into his considerations of the thirteen leading beauties.

Gently, a trifle sadly and without acrimony, he dismissed her with these words: "I would not photograph her. She is simply bovine. We will not discuss it."

And, of course, he works his camera with superlative skill.

So, now that you've met the Baron, let me present his beauties irresistible.

On Garbo and Hepburn, the artist adds:

"THEY are at opposite 'poles,' so that all other women must be classified between. These are the greatest women, as Charles Chaplin and Walt Disney are the greatest men in Hollywood. Garbo is unequaled and unparalleled. Her spiritual quality is beyond any definition of beauty. She is so far superior to any other woman on the screen that she has to be classed apart, not compared."

"The Baron met Hepburn on the boat coming over from Europe. He was with Ernest Hemingway, whom she wanted to meet. So his artist's eye had the opportunity to study her informally, at close range."

"Katharine Hepburn," he says, "is the contrast of tremendous, burning intensity, inside a placid face with tiny features and the skin drawn tight like a drum. She is like a fire at which you would wish to warm yourself, and you would surely be burned if she did not dart away too soon. There is a fanatical expression in her eyes and a dynamo inside her which makes her slightest word or gesture take on enormous importance."

"With her flaring nostrils and harsh mouth, she could never be called beautiful, but her face has a dynamic quality which is more important to an actress than beauty. She could make you believe anything; she is almost hypnotic. It is this which is back of her ability. It makes everything she does dramatic, and it makes you wait for her to do something else, if only to sit down. It is too bad she has had a quick career. She should have arrived later, after work and struggle, because she has the same touch of violence that Sarah Bernhardt had—only Bernhardt had it under perfect control. She must have muscular things to do rather than spiritual."

"Then there is the genuine Peter Pan quality about her, too. She is always young. Her casualness as to appearance, that, also, is genuine, not intentional. I should describe Katharine Hepburn as 'civilized.' "

DOLORES Del Rio, who tops his list of classified beauties, fires the Baron's enthusiasm to high pitch.

"She wears less makeup than any of the stars I have met, yet her vividness is breathtaking. The bone structure of her head and body is magnificent. Her skin is like ripe fruit. She has sinuous yet artless grace; her face is so perfectly constructed that she can be photographed in any light, at any angle. Wherever the light falls, it composes beauty." "As an experiment, we went outside the studio in the glaring sunlight, the most ungentle light of all, and I photographed her there. It made no difference. She requires no artifice whatever—the supreme test."

"She is the most beautiful Latin since Cavalieri, more lovely than Raquel Meller." Dietrich he ranks second—with this interesting observation: "Here is a purely physical beauty, as her face lacks 'soul.' It has no depth, but it is the most beautiful superficial face."

"In such physical terms, she is the perfect example of blonde beauty, more lovely off the screen than on. There is an opposition of skin-tone and hair, creamy-silk skin and red-gold hair. She has perfectly cut eyes and mouth. The placing of her eyes is unique, and there is an exciting quality in her hollow yet normally full cheeks."

After Dietrich, the Baron places Gloria Swanson:

"Her face is exotic, irregular, with infinite variety. She has the loveliest eyes of any screen actress. She successfully combines exotic beauty with a fundamental 'niceness'—that is, discrimination and good taste. A rare combination, almost impossible to find elsewhere."

Fourth—Anna Sten.

"I don't know what she looks like," he comments. "She changes constantly, under your eyes. She is an insignificant and colorless background on which any picture may be painted. She is like a blank canvas on which an artist can reproduce anything he likes; a perfect type to be an actress, never a personality. She has an ephemeral, fleeting quality. She can look like many people, and be any of them. Hers is an unobvious, obscure beauty that takes time to grow on one."

"There was considerable ceremony involved when this star was photographed by Baron Huene. Miss Sten arrived. She was most charming, sweet—but firm."

"Where is my dressing-room?" she demanded. And again, more firmly: "Where is my dressing-room?"

"The Baron was somewhat puzzled. There were but a few poses to be made, in only one costume... But he soon found out."

WITH a momentous flourish, all the streets around the vast stage were cleared. Then, with stately majesty, up drove a gigantic truck, and out of it was wheeled the portable dressing-room, two-room bungalow size. Finally placed in a position in the middle of the stage was the Baron, and the scene was set up with huge screens of gauze—hundreds of yards of gauze, enclosing the Baron and his subject in an enchanting circle. Then, and only then, did Anna Sten have her picture taken!"

Loretta Young, Number Five, fetches this eulogy from the Baron:

"She is the perfect type of refined young girl. It is youth with great distinction. She is the only remaining one of her type. All the others have gone into exaggeration; she alone has remained natural. She has the same face, constructively, as Joan Crawford, without the Crawford extremes."

"Miss Young has splendid ideas for posing, and poses better than anyone with whom I have worked out here. She poses easily, is most encouraging, and seemingly never tires. She has the fresh dégagé quality of the French jeune fille, with, of course, more poise and experience."

"Jean Parker, who wins sixth place on the listing, starts the Baron to remark:

"Miss Parker is the very incarnation of insouciant youth. Her coloring is incomparable, she has pretty features and enormous talent. But she is so full of life she jumps around like a monkey, and one needs a snapshot camera and a ladder to photograph her."

NOW comes that remarkable pairing of Miriam Hopkins and Grace Moore in seventh position, they being the two women whom the Baron found "so fundamentally alike" that he could not choose between them."

"Grace Moore," he says, "has a radiant, sunshine quality—she is glowing with health and inspired vitality. She has exquisite arms, teeth, hair and figure. These make her beautiful in spite of her irregular features. She is divinely gay, as only the true musical temperament is capable of being."

"She poses with champagne all around, a colorful confusion of flowers, music, people, cigarettes, chatter, spontaneous bursts of laughter. She has swirls of dresses brought in, and may wear one of them. She cannot wear all of them in the poses, but everyone has to see them anyway, and admire them, with Miss Moore admiring them most of all—delighted as a child, breaking out in arias. Then there is more champagne. It is a party, everyone has a
glorious time. Grace Moore is what you call a swell girl, in any language. She is so happy, no one can help having a good time around her. After which, we’d say, Miriam Hopkins surely ought to take a bow, too. It is high praise to be bracketed with such charm.

And this description of Jean Harlow, whom the Baron ranks eighth, has us all in a swirl.

“She is the most effective woman I have ever seen, the most sensational and carnal creature in female form. She is what Jean Nash and Peggy Hopkins Joyce should have looked like. She is Sex, projected on a poster with a capital S—arresting, startling.

“But to analyze her—It is as if a sculptor said, ‘I am going to make a woman with the most beautiful body ever dreamed of by man.’

“And so he shaped and formed with infinite feeling for design, sensuality and perfection.

“It was a labor of love, and he achieved the most divinely female symmetry ever seen.

“But he became so absorbed in the glorious body—he forgot the face!

“It is a strange puzzle of features, thrown hastily in a heap. There is sharp discord in juxtaposition. The features have no rhyme or reason or relation to each other. The final result, with the thin, soaring, striped eyebrows, is definitely Oriental.

“But, I repeat, she is the most effective woman I have ever seen. She has the most wonderful good nature. She was in the midst of filming a picture and had to dart in and out between scenes, rushing back and forth between my camera and the set, when I photographed her. It must have been trying, but you would never have known it.”

Carole Lombard takes her niche:

“A most unusual woman who could be a very important actress if she had a chance. She more nearly displays her possibilities in ‘20th Century’ than in anything she has ever done, I am told. Otherwise, she has played falsely-sophisticated women who look dreary on the screen.

“But they are not herself. She is energetic, full of good-will and genuine gaiety, she has intelligence of a high order, and imagination.

“Miss Lombard bounds around her dressing-room in an excess of good animal spirits. It was an agreeable surprise to find her so vivacious. Also, she has great chic, a real feeling for fashion, and an interesting face with a fine sculptural forehead. She had so much fun posing that two hours seemed like ten minutes!”

As for the tenth selection in the classified list:

“Toby Wing belongs here. She is a lineal descendant of all the revue queens and chorus girls that have existed from Gaby Deslys on.

“Say a man has seen five hundred chorus girls—he remembers them in a composite picture. The image he takes home with him is Toby Wing, the perfect chorus girl.”

Eleventh in the ranks comes Adrienne Ames.

The Baron considers her “the perfect fashion plate, the prototype of every woman whose primary interest is in clothes. She is what Americans imagine every smart woman in Paris to look like. She has good bone-structure, poise, and a calm distinction. She more nearly resembles an English beauty than any other race, but she has more flair for dress. She poses easily and well.

So much of the picture, they have them—the numbered eleven, or rather, twelve (with the one two-in-one arrangement), and the two great picture personalities who frame them: First, Greta Garbo, and here—

Katharine Hepburn

... And all outside the frame, there is great wailing and gnashing of pretty teeth.

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS

Save the B & W coupons packed in KOOL. They are good for worth-while, nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for complete illustrated list.

A MOST REFRESHING SMOKE

KOOLs are definitely refreshing. They’re mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. The Cork tips save your lips.
Hollywood Goes Communist

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

"Ah, Comrade Gloria Swansonova. Vat is your hurry?" called Garboski.

"I'm on my way to the Registrar's office to get a divorce," said Swansonova, with a merry smile. "All I have to do is sign on the dotted line. Back in five minutes."

"She's had a divorce effery day this week," informed Garboski. "Such an energy! I should t'ink she gets tired, walking all dose stairs up to the Registrar's office."

"Say, that gives me a grand idea!" whooped Comrade Ivanovitch. "Why don't you get married, Comrade Garboski, and give me the story? You can get a divorce the next morn-

Greata Garboski closed her eyes wearily. "All dose stairs ... Ay am too tired, Comrade. Ay tank ay go home."

"Remember the soap—and your promise!" hissed Ivan Ivanovitch through his long pink beard.

"Comrade, I congratulate you," Garboski bowed low. "In all this Communistic Hollywood where clothes and food, housing and wages, are given to all alike and incentive to achieve is gone—you, you alone have left ambition. Such ambition. To get Garboski mar-

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In the center of the group were Irving Thalbergovich and Darryl Zanuckski, looking very cross. They were being forcibly borne away on a vacation, because it was their turn to take a vacation, and the Communist law said they had to take three weeks, whether they liked it or not. Thalbergovich was ordered to play polo on what were formerly Zanuckski's polo ponies, and Zanuckski was obliged to do thirty-six holes of golf a day with Thalbergovich's clubs.

In their absence, there would be a suspension of activities in the production of propaganda pictures, which were the only kind the Communist Government permitted to be made. They were all eulogies on the joys of Communism.

Thalbergovich's latest sex-thriller, "French Fried," depicted five families living in a one-family bungalow. Its purpose was to educate the women to the use of one communal kitchen, with sweetness and light triumphant over argument as to which one used the paring-

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Armand, Des Moines, IA

Send me a free sample of Armand Bouquet Powder.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

Out in the M-G-M mad room was a large placard in letters of flame: "I am mad at Louis B. Mayerk. He has been renting my Franchot Toneau to other studios. First, that lead with Connie Bennettovich. Then with Madeleine Carrollitzky. But that isn't the half of it. Now he has been cast opposite Jean Harlowski! AM I BURNING?" Signed: "Joan Crawfordski," with a flourish.

The Warner mad room was decorated with thousands of signs, but the most prominent read: "I am mad at Perc Westmorovitch and Orly Kelzysky, because they couldn't make me look like Napoleon." Signed, Edward G. Robinsonovitch. And a small, neat bulletin proclaimed: "I am not mad at anyone—today. BUT LOOK OUT!" Signed: "Jimmy Cagneyza." 

OVER at Fox there was a cute little baby-blue sign, all curlicues, which stated, "I am mad at Warner Baxter and John Boles for getting more fan mail than I do." Signed: "Janet Gaynorbova."

Wherever Lupe Velezski happened to be working, this sign inevitably blew into the mad room, as if propelled by a hurricane—"Lupe is so mad at you—Deleted by Government censors—reporters for talking about me and Johnny. This is a private fight. You keep out or I keep you!"

All the complaints were regularly inspected by the Triangle, and if the accusations were unjustified, the accuser was made to go without close-ups for a week. If they were justified, when they happened to name a producer, the actor could fire the producer.

Naturally, everybody except gluttons for punishment dodged executive positions. Executives were paid the same as laborers, issued the same food, clothing and housing. They could not even will their money, if any, to their children... they couldn't own anything, not even a yam. So why, most of them reasoned, assume the mental worry and responsibility that burns up the human system? Sex was regarded with disfavor, and only a few of the habitual old-timers clung to the custom. Boys and girls were dressed, educated, and had their hair clipped exactly alike, so it was indeed difficult to tell the younger generation apart. It was becoming increasingly difficult to tell them anything.

SUCH luxuries as silk stockings and fountain pens were unknown. All uniforms had long trousers, anyway, designed by Dietrichski, and there were no checks or contracts to sign.

Dictator Stalin-von-Sternberg cast all pictures by the simple expedient of dropping his glove. The first girl to retrieve it was given the starring part in the picture. The most nimble of all was Marlene. The day following the soap drama, Comrade Ivan Ivanovich was agreeably surprised in his attic by a call from Comrade Garboshi, who practically never called on writers before the New Regime... She danced in with airy grace, full of glee. "So what's up?" inquired Ivan Ivanovich. "I had decided to git you a story," she giggled.

"All right, shootova," ordered Ivanovich, his typewriter poised for action.

"I am going to marry the three reporters," said Greta Garboshi. "My heavenski!" yelled Comrade Ivan Ivanovich. "It must be Communism!"

**COPY THESE Piquant Hollywood Hair Styles**

only if your hair is not too DRY or too OILY

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every few or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluidiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

**PACKER'S**

**OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO**

for DRY hair

**PACKER'S**

**PINE TAR SHAMPOO**

for OILY hair
Here's the Easy-to-Use
NEW LIQUID
DEODORANT

QUICKER TO APPLY
QUICKER TO DRY

No separate applicator.
Simply touch the sponge-topped bottle to your armpits.

What a grand improvement!
A clear white liquid to stop perspiration, approved by Good Housekeeping... in a bottle that cannot spill or splash.

Women tell us it’s the fastest-drying liquid deodorant they’ve ever used. Gentle on the skin, too.

See How Easy it is to Keep Armpits Dry and Odorless
You just lift the Perstop bottle and pass its little sponge top over the armpits. Precisely the right amount of safe, harmless Perstop covers the underarms using this new drip-proof and splash-proof built-in applicator.

Nothing more to do! You set your Perstop bottle back on the boudoir table and forget it for 1 to 5 days. Your armpits are now moisture-proof as well as odor-proof. Your frocks are free from ugly perspiration stains.

Leading department stores and druggists from coast to coast now feature Perstop. 50¢ buys a bottle that seems to last forever.

Made by the makers of Perstop, the original cream deodorant applied like a lipstick.

Feminine Products
469 5th Ave., N.Y.

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot
EDITOR PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name
Address

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Send in This Ballot

Last Chance to Vote
For The Best Picture Of 1933

IF you haven’t already mailed your ballot, now is the time to send it. The polls will soon be closing, and we know you are anxious to have a part in awarding the annual Photoplay Gold Medal.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. But you are not limited to these. Any film released up to December 31st may be considered. Pictures reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue are eligible.

As we have said in previous issues, there are no rules to follow, no limitations. In making your selection, simply consider acting ability of players, story, photography, direction and the spirit behind the making of the picture.

The medal, donated by Photoplay, is of solid gold, weighing 123 1/4 pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

This annual award—made each year to the film adjudged best by the greatest number of Photoplay readers—is highest honor in the movie world, the Nobel prize of the Cinema. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of movie-goers to the makers of motion pictures.

On the contents page of this issue you will find a list of the thirteen previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of a place in this famous Honor Roll.

It is not necessary that you be a regular reader of Photoplay Magazine to vote. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year.

By signing the coupon below or sending a letter naming your choice, you will be performing a real service for the industry that gives us all so many pleasant hours.

During the past month—since the extension of voting time—ballots have continued to pour in.

The polls will close July 25th.

Because it is impossible for us to judge how long counting the votes will take, we ask that you watch for information relative to announcement of the winner in the September issue of Photoplay.

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

Adorable
Another Language
Berkeley Square
Blonde Bombshell, The
Bowery, The
Cavalcade
College Humor
Counsellor-at-Law
Dancing Lady
Dinner at Eight
Double Harness
Farewell to Arms, A
Footlight Parade
42nd Street
Gabriel Over the White House
Gold Diggers of 1933
Hold Your Man
I'm No Angel
King Kong
Lady for a Day
Little Women
Mama Loves Papa
Masquerader, The
Morning Glory, The
Night Flight
One Man's Journey
Only Yesterday
Paddy, the Next Best Thing
Peg o' My Heart
Picture Snatcher
Pilgrimage
Power and the Glory, The
Private Life of Henry VIII, The
Pricefighter and the Lady, The
Reunion in Vienna
Roman Scandals
She Done Him Wrong
Sign of the Cross
Slate Fair
Sweeps
This Day and Age
Today We Live
Too Much Harmony
Trapeze
Tugboat Annie
Turn Back the Clock
Valliere
When Ladies Meet
White Sister, The
Zoo in Budapest
Hollywood Turned Inside-Out

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

I will break down and confess that it made my complexion simply ravishing, but it also speeded up the circulation so that every bit of bad came out in me! Now the next evening I had a big date with a new and fascinating gent when, good heavens, a daisy pops out right on the tip of my nose! Now, I'm pretty fond of this Harlow woman, and her idea is a little pip, but let me warn you, my Joanille, if you're thinking of inaugurating this little blood speeder-upper, don't make any dates for two or three days. After that, judging from my results anyway, your peaches and cream will do devastating things to even the most preserved of men.

YOU'VE kept on asking me about that fascinating, kitten-faced Loretta Young till I decided I ought to do something about it. Well, I did. Yesterday I hied myself over to Fox (in all the flower plots they have appealing little signs that read "Please don't pick me") and found her on the "Caravan" set. (Do you realize what a big pal I am, always granting your slightest whim?) She looked pretty devastating. I remember she was quite an eyeeful at thirteen, even. We had a merry laugh over one thing and another until she had to go to work. I got a few moments to talk to vivid, colorful Conchita Montenegro who, although she is a simply stunning dancer, does everything but dance in the picture. In fact, she is cast as a perennial weeper.

But to get back to Loretta. She was doing a picturesque scene—playing hostess to about seventy Gypsies, all in native costume. Loretta was dressed in a magnificent wedding gown of white net with exciting pleated frou-frou and golden spangles on it. Her new husband (in the picture, my pet. Don't jump so at conclusions!), the good looking Charles Boyer, sat beside her in Gypsy costume... You can now conclude that she's an outsider who marries into the tribe... I forgot to mention that before Loretta took her place at the head of the mile-long banquet table she handed a little home-movie camera to the assistant director and, with an enchanting smile, asked him if he would please shoot. He seemed willing, all right. With mouth agawk I watched him film the whole scene just as the director directed it.

NOW that idea struck me as a little beauty, so I got inquisitive and Loretta told me that she liked to shoot all the nice scenes from her pictures and then run them for her family and friends. She even goes further. She directs said family and friends in little stories. Last one was called "A Man's Rassle," a take-off on her picture with Spencer Tracy you so raved about, "A Man's Castle." Sister Polly Ann and Billy Bakewell acted in it. Loretta directed the thing all over the place, the garden, upstairs, the roof even. Remember the whistle-of-the-train business? Well, Loretta took her kid sister's toy train and every so often would take a shot of it racing around the tiny, circular track. All in all, a simply dandy picture came out. Can you imagine the fun the grandchildren are going to have?

Of course, I am interested in the more lofty things of life, too. I was ever so impressed the other day when I saw Lew Ayres bending...
beautiful every type

Maybelline adds charm in "sweet 16"

Maybelline makes glamour to "smart 21"

Maybelline beautifies dignity of "quickly 30"

Beautiful eyes are your best asset at any age. Have long, dark, curling lashes quickly and easily with harmless Maybelline mascara. It is non-smearing, tear-proof and applied in a jiffy with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush. Do as over eight million other women do—insist upon genuine Maybelline! Black, Brown and the new dark Blue. 75c at all leading Drug and Department stores.

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(MASCARA)

80 years of beautifying beauty

1917 - 1997

NEW

OLD RED AND

Scarlet Meal Cure

PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1934

studiously over some music on which he had been working. Yas'm! Mr. Ayres, so boyishly handsome and sighed over by many of our leading beauties, is a composer. Uh-uh! a music composer. And he's had his symphony broadcast all over. I'll wager you have your pretty ear glued to the old rad-c-e-o. Eh?

Oh, I forgot to tell you, Joan, when I was on the subject of beauty somewhere back yonder in this epistle, that the lady who washes my raven curls also washes the crowning glory of Mrs. Nils Dietrich. She, the shampooing only ducks, nothing else does she do, and a grand looking mop she turns out, what with oil rub, egg shampoo and hand dry. She thinks that Miss Dietrich is the sweetest, noblest, finest, most beautiful and one of the best women in the land. I also learned that both Marie and Mr. Dietrich, that vision of all the virtues comes for the weekly laundering she is accompanied by small daughter Maria. Maria is dressed sometimes in slacks, like her mother may be, or in just plain kid's dresses, like your neighbor's child. Maria waits for mama, or mama waits for Maria. But both get washed. Sometimes Maria comes alone with her nurse to get her golden curls scrubbed. Sometimes the shampooing lady goes to the house, when the actress can't get away. Marlene has lovely, heavy, fine-textured hair, which the child inherits, and the two of them, incidentally, seem pretty crazy about each other.

You know how sentimental I get when I see a dog that resembles my dear departed Tango—the Boston? I really don't know how I've existed these last seventy-odd years without him. The memory is most precious to me and his gentleness with me—and his fierceness with any stranger that he felt might harm me. That's why foolish tears sprang to my eyes when Dolores Del Rio's husband (you never saw a more handsome individual, perfect pair they are) told me how her little bull, Michael, (born March 17), guards her jealously. He said that the other day a man came to fix some of the mirrors and Michael went for him. Dolores called him off and reprimanded him for his bad manners. Afterwards, though, she took him into her room, petted him and told him that really she adored him. If dogs beam, Michael beamed. And I hereby give Dolores my personal nomination as a grand person. She's got appreciation, that's what.

Oh, listen! I must tell you what happened recently at Columbia where Grace Moore was working. It could have developed into a simply splendid situation, only Miss Moore happens to be a grand wife as she is a singer (and actress) and feels that everyone is entitled to at least one wife. You know she has an impressively attractive Spanish band who acts, too. His name is Parera—Valentin Parera—and he doesn't always get his vowels and consonants just right. I was over in a corner talking to him about cabbages and kings while Mrs. Parera was finishing up a scene with Lyle Talbot. When she joined us, good old Valentin popped out with, "Miss Cummings has just given me a massage." My heart stood still, I expected practically anything in reply from the missus, but she just grinned and said, "You mean 'message,' don't you dear?" "Yes, yes," the gentleman responded eagerly, "massage."

This is a lesson in faith, little one. Always trust your husband, no matter what he says! A good thing to have in life is an ideal, don't you think? Even if it's just impossible to achieve, it still is exciting to think about. So I just spend my days making up impossible dreams about Leslie Howard. (Let me tell you that that's the safest possible ground to tread on!) Do you want to know the perfectly new, and—according to his dear friend, Monckton Hoffe, a biggy English playwright—is only real lowdown on him? Here it is, though it may startle you: "He's of Hungarian descent!"

That, more than likely, is where he inherited his taste for polo. In the old country, according to Mr. Hoffe, Howard's team played with twenty-seven men on a side. Isn't that exciting? Of Mr. Hoffe's heroine, Miss Hoffe, hunts three days a week when at home in jolly England and has his own private pack of beagles (Hunting dogs for small game; see the dictionary if you don't believe me). He knows every one of them by name. There are five, and he's justly proud of a fox in the deck. His two most favored ones are Six of Clubs and Nine of Diamonds. (Mr. Hoffe's favorite is the Joker!) But there is yet more that this extraordinary fellow can do. He rows, too. Now this is no small accomplishment, particularly when you're a sculling champion like he is, three years in a row (champ of the Thames Barragemen). But he doesn't just row in a shell—nothing so unspectacular, my dear, he rows a yacht! No, I don't know how, either. Mr. Hoffe, my informant, looks the very soul of integrity, but, you may believe him or not. Personally . . .

ANYWAY, there's no disputing this: Leslie is a perfectly grand actor. He gets my money any day he's in a picture. Yours too, I expect, after reading this.

Of course, little one, if you're not quite up to refined, blond men, I can give you a whirl at the dark, dashing Nils Asther . . . he's mah pal, he is. No dreams this time. There's not another in the land as handsome, either. Now this isn't being a traitor to Sir Howard, it's just the way it is. Moreover, when, all decked out in my little sailor shorts and sandals, I went for a walk with the towering Asther. He looked particularly elegant in tweeds, the shaggy kind, you know.

That's a man for you—bows from the waist—the flowers in your room—selects the wines—pays you compliments that give you the vapours—drives about in a stunning open car with tonneau wind shield (and how tenderly he stows you away!). Oh, I could go on and on about this lad, but I'll let you fritter yourself into a stew of envy with this revelation . . .

He gave me his picture and on it is written . . . "To the only Mitzi." All right, all right, stop purring at me, you can come out and visit Hollywood this winter.

You know, Joan dear, I sometimes get to the point of thinking that what this world needs is bigger and better Privacy. Life gets so helter-skelter sometimes, don't you think? The only one who seems to have solved the problem so far, to a degree of nicety, is Elissa Landi. A capable girl, Joan. She not only writes books, rides horseback splendidly and knows her music (to say nothing about her acting), but she also has this Privacy situation perfectly in hand. A separate entrance for each member of the family is the solution. That's how her house is. First off, it's atop a canyon which takes you away from the madding crowd. Second, the three women occu-
pants (her mother, secretary and self) have private stairways leading to their rooms. That makes each coming and going a quiet, non-disturbing affair. The rest of the house is downstairs, the living-room, dining-room, etc. That way the ladies are together when they wish to be. A bright arrangement, if you ask me. I understand that there isn't a swimming pool, so she occasionally uses that of her neighbor, Vicki ("Grand Hotel") Baum. And (shh!) this gentle actress is pretty hot stuff in a bathing suit!

Once again my old malady is asserting itself ... writers' cramp in the left pinky. So I warn you, you old news devourer, that the end approacheth. But just this one last story which I must tell you: Norma Shearer's little Irving was out in the garden with his daddy looking at the flowers when a bee came buzzing around and tried to get inside the posies for honey. He just didn't meet with success, somehow, and he buzzed and buzzed about, until the wee child queried: "Daddy, why don't he turn his motor off?"

Which is what I shall do.

Yours (unless anyone cares to dispute it),

Mitzi.

The Very Human
Helen Hayes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Ernest Hemingway is," she went on. "You know I don't like to ask Charlie to introduce me to his friends, but I wish sometime when Hemingway is in New York that he would have me meet him. What power and gusto there is in his work ... I was terribly sorry he was so bitter against the picture version of 'A Farewell to Arms.' I would have given anything to have had them put in the boat ride on the lake, and I might have made other suggestions, but I honestly think it wasn't such a bad picture. After all, there are certain limitations, even in pictures."

The name of another distinguished writer came up for discussion. "The trouble with him," Miss Hayes pronounced with the ghost of a sigh, "is that he is always his own hero. It's terribly hard to have to pack your own hero forever on your back. It makes one stoop-shouldered. Just think of always having to play up to your own hero."

"Most successful people do that," I suggested.

"It's a queer form of ambition, isn't it? ... It's a rather devastating thing—too much ambition. And when one succeeds it's harder than ever. Most people can stand adversity, but it takes a great heart to withstand success. That'll break the best of men."

She was silent for a second. I could see her turning over in her shrewd and capable mind this whole glittering lure of ambition. It would never ruin her life. She had for too long tasted the full flavor of success. She would make life and glory, at least partly, meet her own terms. She would not permit others to dictate how she should spend the only really precious things she owns—her years. She would be the master of her own fate, and of her own very considerable and certain success.

Somehow the name of Anatole France, the great French writer, was mentioned. Eagerly Miss Hayes faced me. "I believe it was Max

Why the Writer of this ad suddenly took a New Interest in his wife!

BEING MARRIED to an ad-writer sometimes makes a woman skeptical about certain advertised products and their merits. I found this to be true in my case for my wife did not usually believe in the things I advocated.

But, she DID try the famous LINIT Beauty Bath, and she DID send in the LINIT package top (and 10c) for an attractive lipstick, 50¢ value. I know she enjoyed the LINIT Baths because her skin is more soft and smooth than ever before. I also know she was delighted with the lipstick because of my comments on how it improved her appearance. And naturally, she is pleased at the new interest and attention I have shown in her since then.

Signed Liz K. Luider

TRY LINIT—the Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin—and send in the top of a LINIT package and 10c (wrapping and postage costs) for each lipstick desired. See convenient coupon below.

LINIT is sold by grocers and department stores.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. P-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me................lipstick(s), Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose..................and.................LINIT package top(s).

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name.................................

Address........................................

City............................................State...........................

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934
No more worry about stains on white shoes! Shinola White Cleaner takes spots off quickly and easily, and leaves shoes looking like new! It's easy to apply, dries quickly and does not readily rub off.

Shinola is economical, too. It costs only 10 cents for the generous, full-sized bottle — enough to last for many cleanings. Shinola cannot harm leather in any way .. will not turn shoes yellow. And it works well on all white shoes — canvas, buck, suede or kid.

Try Shinola today. You'll be delighted! Choice of liquid, tube or cake — at all stores.

ANDERSON was telling me the other day that An toile France once advised his friends never to congratulate an author when he brought out a new book. "Each writer has been given only so much talent and only so much of a well as he was new," France explained, "and with each new book he has less and less of this talent and reserve remaining. He uses it up, just as he uses up his years."

Then I told a story of the peerless France, the distinguished sculptor, Jo Davidson, once related to me in Paris. Davidson was doing a bust of the old master, and during rest periods France would wander about his study, caressing the tiny ivory statuettes and treasures that he had gathered from over the world. Finally he turned to Jo and said:

"My friend, most people love to love art; I love art itself."

It's deep hazel eyes of this very fine woman mirrored her acceptance of this abiding truth. I am sure that she, too, loved art itself; the sheer beauty of perfection; the rare blending of a spirit with the whole universe.

So it was we fell to talking of the art of acting. "One very fine thing can be said for pictures," Miss Hayes explained. "You see, on the stage an actor or actress rarely reaches the very heights of his art. Possibly once or twice in a long season he can say, 'This night I touched the stars.' And that night he might have played in Peoria, Illinois, or Atlanta, Georgia. His audience appreciated this perfection, but it was at best such a tiny audience in this great world. And that moment of satisfaction was a second lost in endless time. But in pictures, once you are lifted to greatness even in one tiny scene, it lives on forever. It belongs to the world. Wanderers in Shanghai can see it, and lonely souls in Bagdad thrill over your triumph. That is very, very sweet to know."

"You like pictures, then?" I questioned.

"There is much in them that no stage can equal. But I do think an actor has a better chance to grow into a character in the theater than on the screen. The weakness is inherent in the very method of making pictures. A part is not slowly developed from the opening and permitted to grow and expand to the end. The last scene in a picture, the dramatic climax itself may be the first one shot. The actor has no time to study and enrich the character with his own gifts. You play a part exactly as the director wishes you to play it. And once it is played, it is over. But even at that, those high moments when one touches hands with real art are caught and preserved. And that compensates for a great deal."

MESS HAYES hesitated, then continued: "There are some who have made the screen carry them far into the blue. Take Garbo. You know, I follow her just as if I were a child trailing her heroine. She is a real heroine of mine, and a very great actress. And she will go on to greater heights. Hollywood is a strange place. It is a world unto itself. When you go there for the first time, it makes no difference how much stage experience or reputation you may have — you start all over again. Hollywood definitely looked upon me as an elderly beginner. I got a laugh out of that.

"It's perfectly true," she insisted. "I had been playing professionally since I was nine years old, and I had turned thirty when I went to the Coast to make my first picture, and yet I was distinctly an inexperienced outsider. It was fun to try to break through.

Miss Hayes' plans were to play "Mary of Scotland" in New York until early in June. Then she was to go to Hollywood to do "What Every Woman Knows."

"I'm terribly excited about it," she said. "I hope I can do something beautiful with it."

"Then what next?"

"Then I shall do a picture from the novel called 'Vanessa,' written by Hugh Walpole. I don't know what comes after that, but I've promised Max Anderson that later on I'll take 'Mary of Scotland' on the road — and then I'm going to take a full year off. I shall not even read a play during that time. I'm going to be plain Mrs. MacArthur. I'm going to rest and read and watch the old Hudson flow by our place in Nyack (New York), and play with my little girl. Goodness, it hardly seems possible that she's four years old."

WE walked the long blocks back to the theater. I started to say good-bye at the stage-door, but she insisted on my coming back to her dressing-room while she made up.

It was like talking to an old friend. You didn't even have to talk if you didn't feel like it.

I looked around the room, browsing among the pictures and photographs. There were a half-dozen authentic prints of the lovely Scotch queen on the wall, and over by the door were the old photographs of a rambling, old-fashioned white house.

"That's where we live," Helen said. "Charlie is crazy about photography. He took the picture himself."

"How much time do you spend there?" I asked.

"Why, I'm there all the time. I drive there every night after the theater; it only takes me forty-five minutes."

"Leaf lady!"

"It is nice to have a dear old house like ours, and rolling roads. It's great for us all. . . Little Mary is happy as a bird."

I thought, above everything else, what a sensible woman Helen Hayes is. She has refused to let values get mixed. She knows both what she wants and what every woman knows. She has plenty of fine ambition — but she has it well house-broken. She doesn't love to love art — she loves art itself. And she doesn't love to live life — she really loves life itself.

"What we're most interested in now is how the crocuses are coming up," she went on. "Out there it's nothing in the world quite so important to us."

I WAS such an old friend now that I wanted to give some advice. "Say, on that year off why don't you and Charlie go around the world?"

"Charlie has been talking about going to Algiers and Cairo and I'd love to visit Scotland."

"Ah, go to Japan and see the sun set on exquisite Mount Fuji," I rattled on. "And then cross to gorgeous Peking and see the Ming tombs and the Great Wall. And then drift down to Shanghai and Manila and Bali and Calcutta. And before you die, don't bother with Naples, but see the moonbeams trickle down on the white marble of the Taj Mahal."

A bell sounded somewhere. I should have gone long ago. I hurriedly found my hat. The great little trooper stepped from her table and said good-bye at the door.

"I'll send you a postal card with the Taj Mahal on it," she said as she shook hands.

And forty-five minutes away the crocuses were popping out of the green velvet lawn.
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ambition is to go down to the South Seas, where he has a family feud to settle with a sea monster. He says he has seen it and tried to capture it. Not only he, but his father. And before his father, and grandfather. One of the old days, "Mac" is going to get that serpent. He'll expand at great lengths on the story before you can say "Loch Ness."

HUSTON will stop in the middle of making-up to go onstage to listen to further plans of "Mac" on his capture of the sea monster. But when he does, Clarence, his benevolently professorial dresser, steps in and begins handing him things to jack his mind back. Clarence is quite a character in his own right.

"I worry," says Clarence softly, "until I get him dressed." Huston was then dressed and out in the corridor leading to his dressing-room bidding goodbye to "Mac." "But," added Clarence, reaching for one of the "mahster's" cigarettes, "he makes work so interesting. Never a dull moment."

And how Huston enjoys such episodes. He enjoys them as much as he does his audience enjoying him in his stage characterization. His greatest satisfaction comes when he overhears some person say, "Why, that's just the way he is off stage, I bet!"

Another factor in Huston's dropping movies for a time is his desire to play Shakespearean roles. In fact, he (with Mrs. Huston who will also take part) is on his way to Central City, home of the play "Macbeth." To permit the Hustons to do this, "Dodsworth" has closed until the middle of August.

Speaking of "Dodsworth," and to show that the movies are not wholly out of his mind, Huston says he is going to do the play in a screen version, when the New York and a contemplated London run are over. And also to show that he is not lacking in a business sense, and knows his way about a bit, he has a little clause in his "Dodsworth" contract which stipulates that should he not be chosen to do "Dodsworth", as is possible, he is to collect ten per cent of the money paid for the movie rights to the play.

ABOUT the London trip, Huston is looking "forward to it. He thinks the town is more receptive to acting than any other. Also, he would like to do a movie there. He already has two offers.

Yet, so far as long term contracts—tying himself down for any great period—are concerned, they are out, Huston says. Pictures he will do, but only as his leisure dictates.

Wally Beery Debunks Matrimony

The loss of that happiness almost wrecked Wally's career. For two years he wandered around, doing nothing, caring about nothing. Then, with one valiant effort, he pulled himself together and went back to work.

He met Rita Gilman when she was playing a small part in "Robin Hood," and Wally was doing his never-to-be-forgotten picture of Richard the Lion Hearted. They were married in August, 1924, and the lovely, blonde Rita disappeared completely from the screen.

"RITA had the makings of a good actress," Wally continued. "She might have been a star by this time, if the breaks had been right for her. We all know that success in this business is largely a matter of luck and the right break at the right time. But she agreed with me that happiness in marriage was more important than any career, so she gave it up without a second thought."

His fourth rule is:

"The wife should be home always at dinner time, should be there in the house, waiting when the husband returns. That may sound small and silly," Wally boomed, "but it means a lot to me, and I think it does to most men. There is something about coming home at the end of the day to find a wife waiting for you which warms the hearts of most men. Gadding wives are a nuisance and an unnecessary evil.

"These wives who think they are modern and sophisticated and all that sort of rot, may laugh at me for saying this. But they don't know what they are missing out of life and they don't know what trouble lies ahead of them. If a husband comes home a few times to an empty house, it soon becomes pretty darned easy to stop other places where there is human companionship. And that is usually the beginning of the end."

Wally labels his fifth rule: "Learn to share your recreations. When a husband finds his pleasure in one thing and a wife in another, they are starting on the road which leads to an eventual split-up.

"And I have been lucky because we've both liked the same things. If we hadn't, I hope to heaven that I would have been smart enough to make myself like the things she did, because I know that Rita would have learned to share my fun. In a case like that, the only answer is to make it a fifty-fifty proposition."

"Neither one of us cares a hang about social life and parties. Rita satisfies any desire she may have along that line by going to lunches and other things during the day when I'm busy. Both of us are crazy about out-door sports, hunting and fishing. When we built that place of ours at June Lake, I don't know which of us was the craziest about it. Whenever I feel the urge to go up there for a week or two—and it is 'way up in the wilds where there aren't any other people around—Rita is always willing and ready to pack up and go with me."

But, just as Wally believes in sharing pleasure, so does he believe in the wisdom of getting away from each other now and then.

"MY next rule is to take an occasional vacation from each other," he explained. "It does you both a world of good. You're always so damned glad to be back together again. Every once in a while I get in the plane and go somewhere on a hunting trip, some place where Rita would not want to go, where the hardships and roughness would be too much for a woman to enjoy. And, now and then, Rita goes down to Palm Springs or some other resort, and stays a week or so. She buys herself some new clothes and sits around a hotel for a while, doing the things all women like to do. Then, both of us are so happy to get back to the house in Beverly Hills."

Wally believes that the actual physical qualities of the house in which you live have a great deal to do with happiness.
“Make your home as attractive as possible,” is another good rule to follow. “It doesn’t make any difference how large or small, simple or dolly-dum it is. It has to be a place to which you want to go. These hotel-houses, where people are coming and going all day and half the night, are the cause of a lot of divorces. And these interior-decorated places, where you’re afraid to sit down because you might disturb the general layout, would drive any man away from a comfortable spot where he could be himself.

When our house burned down a couple of years ago, we decided to rebuild it as nearly as possible like it was before. We both enjoyed that first house. It was exactly what we wanted. So many houses belong just to the wife—they represent what she thinks is perfect in a home. Oh, maybe she throws the husband a spare bone by fixing him up a ‘den’ in some corner, but even that ‘den’ is usually her idea of what a gentleman’s hang-out should be.

“OUR house belongs to us both. We have tried to make every room easy to live in. There is no such thing as ‘your room’ or ‘my room’; they are all ‘our rooms.’ I’ve seen cheap little apartments that look more home-like than the big expensive bars over which some woman has worked and labored, thinking she was making a home for her husband.

“And, while we’re on the subject of houses, my next rule is to live in those homes, not to depend upon outside places and people for your happiness. These social butterflies are the ones that get into ‘trouble’ first, usually. What’s the use of being married, if you have to go running around to find your pleasure? We haven’t been to a real Hollywood social function since we’ve been married—I mean one of those affairs where everyone goes to be seen and to show off.

“Understand, I don’t mean that you should live like a couple of hermits. That’s almost—but not quite—as bad as the other. Everyone should have a few friends. But be sure that they’re friends, not fair-weather acquaintances. And don’t depend upon other people. Let your own companionship have a chance to grow.”

Wally’s ninth rule would make it possible to avoid many of the most serious ruptures in any marriage.

“THINK twice before you speak, whether you’re talking about something of importance, or something which looks in the beginning as if it didn’t count for anything,” he said. “That’s an old rule and you’d think, by this time, that people would have learned to follow it. But they haven’t. I have seen—and so has everyone—a husband and wife say little things to each other which grew and grew until they became darned important. And, the first thing, you know, they had a good,.first-class family row on their hands. If either one had kept his mouth shut, it never would have happened. Believe me, that’s one rule I had to learn to follow. I’ve got a habit of saying what I please without thinking. It’s pretty tough sometimes to keep my mouth shut.”

Wally believes that the one fundamental cause of so much unhappiness in Hollywood marriages is too much money. With one emphatic wave of his large hand, he brushed aside other causes as being of little importance compared to the matter of money.

“There is no use denying the fact that people can earn more money with less effort

---

**Women Are Quitting**

**Old Time Make-Up Shades... for an Utterly New Creation**

These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up

There is now a new and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A totally new idea in color that often changes a woman’s whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

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This new creation forever banishes the “cheap”, “hard” effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely natural and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

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It is called Angelus Rouge Incarnat. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on both the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, wickedly of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a jeune fille—ravishing, without revealing.

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You’ll be amazed at what it does for you.

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**The “Regular” Lipstick**

**The “Little Red Box” for lips and cheeks**

Angelus Rouge Incarnat

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS
The Woman Who Found Charlie Chaplin

[continued from page 27]

"He looked," Reeves described, "the typical London street urchin who knows every inch of the town as he darts through hurrying throngs and dodges in and out of rushing traffic, managing by some miracle to escape with his life. He had a cap on the back of his head and wore a dicky bow, a short, smart in the sleeves and frayed at the cuffs—a suit he had long since outgrown."

"Do you remember the name of the piece he was in?"

"I'll never forget it," he laughed. "It was 'Jimmy the Fearless,' a right-up-name so far as that goes. He had the leading part."

"Then he had got on, even at that time?"

"Indeed he had," Reeves proudly agreed, "though only in his teens. But it was not until he did something strikingly characteristic that I realized he was a rare find. His father in the skit was ordering him to drop his novel and eat his supper—'Get on with it now, m'd'—and jabbing a loaf of bread at him. Charlie, I noticed, cut the bread without once taking his eyes off his book. But what particularly attracted my attention was that while he absently kept cutting the bread, he held the knife in his left hand. Charlie's left-handed, but I didn't know it then. The next thing I knew, he had carved that loaf into the shape of a concertina."

Directly after the performance Charlie Chaplin had an unexpected visitor and a most unexpected offer.

"Will I go to America?" he cried. "Only too gladly, if you'll take me!"

"I told him," related Reeves, "I've a talk with Karno. At hearing this, he wiped the smudge of make-up off his face to give his smiling face a full play, and I saw he was a very good-looking boy. I had made up my mind about him before leaving his dressing-room."

"Well," considered Karno, "you can have him for the American company if you think he's old enough for the parts."

We were then giving 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' 'A Night in a London Club,' and 'A Night in a London Secret Society.'

"He's old enough," I told Karno, "and big enough and clever enough for anything!"

That settled it. At last no time in carrying the news to Amy.

"You're a good judge of talent, my girl," he assured her. "What about a bite of dinner together?"

A little celebration was in order, for, thanks to a woman, Charlie Chaplin had been "discovered" for America.

"At what salary are you inquired."

"Well, of course," said Reeves, defensively, "salaries with us weren't big in those days. You must remember, that was in 1910. Charlie was getting five pounds a week in England, but we doubled that for America to fifty dollars for the first year. It was really the opportunity, more than the money, that counted."

"It turned out well for more than one member of the company. At that time I also brought over Stan Laurel—then Stanley Jefferson—now the Laurel of Laurel and Hardy. It was a jump in salary for the others as well as Charlie, and they were all happy over it."

"Did you bring over 'Jimmy the Fearless'?"

I asked.

"No," Reeves smiled. "We left 'Jimmy' at home, feeling that otherwise Americans might think we were carrying coals to Newcastle. Our main piece was 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' with Charlie playing a drunk who falls out of a stage box. Karno needn't have worried about Chaplin's age, or rather his youth. Charlie fooled everybody, even the manager of a theater we played."

Perhaps I should explain that in English music halls in those days there was a great deal of what might be called compulsory drinking. In the front of the house was a bar, usually run by the manager himself. When he paid off the actors at noon on Saturday, he expected them to hang around for an hour or two and spend part of their salaries standing treat. If they didn't do so, they weren't so likely to get a return engagement at his theater.

Perhaps there seldom was a bar in an American vaudeville house, there was always sure to be a saloon on the corner. That's what I'm coming to. As 'A Night in an English Music Hall' was a long piece, it usually made up the last half of the bill, so Charlie and I often went out front to watch the earlier acts. One night we were standing in the lobby when the manager came out of the box-office and invited me to go for a drink.
A REASONABLY conservative opinion, you'll agree. Having unselfishly given it, Alfred Reeves parted company with Charlie Chaplin in Kansas City. Three years later, the now famous film comedian cabled his old manager in London:

"Am about to make my own productions. Would like to have you with me."

On the midnight that Reeves stepped from a train in Los Angeles to renew an association which has continued ever since, he found Chaplin waiting for him with a fine car and a liveried chauffeur.

"Charlie was now a wealthy man, but the same boy I'd always known," he remarked. "It was simply that he had gone on making his way and earning his living, just as he had done from the time he was eight years old, when he went on the music hall stage as a stepper with 'The Eight Lancashire Lads.'"

"Nothing proud about him," I remarked.

"No," declared Reeves. "The only thing I ever knew Charlie to be proud about was his first trip."

He heaved a sigh, then proceeded to lift the lid of an amazing trunk mystery.

"Up to that time Charlie, like the other members of the Karno troupe, had managed to get along with a basket—a sort of canvas-lined hamper commonly used in England. Then, one day as we were taking a stroll in Philadelphia, he saw in a shop window a huge trunk with drawers and no end of things. It was something new, just out. Charlie was determined to have it. What he wanted it for I couldn't possibly imagine, as he had only about two suits of clothes, with plenty of room for all his belongings in his basket.

"I tried to talk him out of such wasteful extravagance as paying over sixty dollars for a needless trunk. But, buy it he would, and buy it he did.

"Up to that time most of his money had gone for books—he was forever buying and burying himself in them.

"Then he splurged on the sixty dollar trunk, and at a railway station we always knew just where to find Charlie—look for his trunk. He was sure to be standing proudly beside its imposing bulk. As the tour went on I, who as company manager had to pay the bills, noticed that a hitherto unknown charge for excess baggage was steadily mounting. That puzzled me, as it had not added to the number of pieces since leaving Philadelphia. It was not until we reached the Canadian border, where customs officials inspected our baggage, that the mystery was solved. Charlie's enormous trunk was loaded with—books!"

Something still remained in a closed book to me, so I asked Reeves:

"And what became of Miss Amy Minister?"

"She became," he replied, pinching modestly, "Mrs. Alfred Reeves."

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**DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES**

![Image of two women, one brunette and one blonde, with text overlay: "DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES."

**THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!**

**BY Lady Esther**

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades.

One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a face powder shade that matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

**One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!**

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

**One Way to Tell!**

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it lasts.

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One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.
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VERMONT
The Fashion Shop, Barre
W. M. Otten, Inc., Barre
Economy Store, Burlington

WASHINGTON
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The False Store, Spokane
The Fish Co., Tacoma

WISCONSIN
The Women's Shop, Becker
The Vincent Co., Inc., Burlington

WYOMING
The Women's Shop, Casper

ALASKA
Hollywood Clothes Shop, Fairbanks
were ready to shoot a scene, they found their shade-giving tourist had wandered off to the nearby prop room. Pop-eyed and open-mouthed (there's a picture of Cobb to conjure with) he stood staring at an overalled lad, whistling away as he went on turning out a first-class, mountain-scaled dinosaur. Eventually, on the screen, the giant saurian would snap the pants off a pair of comedians and then roll over and play a mouth-organ.

It was there Cobb learned about those real artists of the movies. And what cinched the matter forever with him was that as he stood there, gazing awe-struck at the mechanical, harmonica-playing dinosaur, a man thrust his head through a window and yelled, "Bill, bring over the crown jewels and a can of mince meat to the back lot!" And Bill nonchalantly strolled off and, in exactly three minutes, strolled back just as nonchalantly, with the crown jewels in one hand—and the can of mince meat in the other!

"Hey, Bill," someone called him later, "the director don't like that mosque you built on 'The Arab' set." "Okay," Bill responded. "Didn't like it myself. Let's get it at it." And the next morning when Cobb appeared on the set, there stood a new mosque that made the old one look like a roadside service station.

From then on, Cobb scarcely knew there was a John Gilbert or a Rudolph Valentino in the business. No more than today he realizes, only in a vague and mildish sort of way, there's a Clark Gable, a Jimmy Cagney and a Fredric March.

For, to Irvin, the hero of the movies will always be back there with the mosque-building, mince meat-carrying gang—and don't try to tell him otherwise. What's more, he can't understand why we're not all more aware of them.

"Maybe the mechanics of the industry are the most fascinating part of the whole business to me," he says, "because I know nothing about mechanics at all. Just leave me alone at home long enough, and I'll get a nut-pick out of order.

"Now take this series of pictures I'm going to do for Hal Roach. I'm to be an old 'sister-peeked,' retired steamboat captain in Kentucky. The day I was called for my first test, I strolled down to the set and looked around. I noticed one or two little things that weren't exactly in keeping with an old Kentucky parlor.

"So, just offhand, I mentioned to Charlie Oelze, the prop man who was standing there, that it would have been better if we could have had a picture of a Confederate general over the mantel, and that the stuffed rainbow trout on the wall was kinda foreign to that part of the South. A big-mouthed, black bass would have been better, had there been such a thing as a stuffed big-mouthed black bass. And I also mentioned, offhand, that a horse doctor book was nearly always found in the front parlor of a Kentucky home.

"About twenty minutes later I strolled back to the set, and the first thing I noticed was a picture of General Fitzhugh Lee, himself, over the mantel, slightly gangrenous where the brass buttons had rubbed, but still game. The
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speckled trout was gone and a stuffed, big-mouthed bass hung on the wall! Then, to top it off, on the table lay old Doc Walters' book, 'Diseases of the Horse.'

"In twenty minutes time! With no talk, no boasting, no excitement, there was General Lee, a stuffed bass and a horse doctor book. Charlie, a fairy godfather in overalls, had merely waved his hammer, and lo and behold, there they were. Now, to me, Charlie is a wizard. A scientific artist. A real genius of the movies."

"Anyone with a funny face can be an actor. Acting is the most elementary of all impulses. When a baby reaches two he begins to act and imitate.

"But how many people can get hold of a stuffed, big-mouthed bass in twenty minutes? Or, if the producer demands a Western in thirty minutes, will go out and skin a buffalo if necessary, and stick up a teepee that would fool a Sioux?"

"Who hears anything of Willis O'Brien, the man who created those marvelous prehistoric animals that were seen in 'King Kong?' Or Wally Westmore, over at Paramount, who created those grotesque masks for the 'Alice In Wonderland' characters? And who helped Freddie March ride up to the top-notchers with that Mr. Hyde make-up in the picture, 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'? None other than Wally Westmore. These are the boys that make motion pictures the scientific artistry they are today. Isn't it the actor, it's those boys behind the actor."

"The producer is the general back of the line, mapping out the plan of attack. The directors are the colonels and majors, relaying the ideas to the actors, who are the airmen, the infantry or the cavalry. But the prop men are the shock troops who stand the real brunt of the battle, and come through every time with colors flying."

"They called me over on the Fox lot the other day to talk over the setting for one of my Judge Priest stories that Will Rogers is going to do. We were strolling around the lot when suddenly we came across a little New England village."

"Why, look here,' I suggested to the prop man, 'you don't need to build a new set. Put up a few columns on the front of that building and you've got a typical Kentucky court house. Take a few bricks out of the sidewalk and erect a monument of a Confederate cavalryman right where that statue of Joan of Arc now stands. Of course, where I come from we don't have "tuna salad" signs in our drug store windows, either. We have two big bottles, one filled with blue water and one with red. And, of course, between the bottles, in a jar, repose the largest tape worm taken from any inhabitant of Paducah County."

"Well, in a day or so I was wandering around that lot again with Rogers looking things over. I stopped dead in my tracks.

"Columns had been erected around the old New England building and there stood a typical Southern court house. The very street had the air of a lazy Kentucky village. There was something strangely familiar about the Confederate cavalryman who sat on his iron horse. I walked over to it. And, by golly, there sat Joan of Arc dressed in a Confederate coat, with a Confederate beard pasted on and looking more like Stonewall Jackson than Stonewall himself. The damnest thing to happen to Joan of Arc that I've ever heard of. Well, sir, I was overcome at the whole trans-
formations. And then, just as I was leaving, something else caught my eye. The drug-store had taken on a familiar down-South village atmosphere. There in the window sat two bottles, one with red water and one with blue. And between them was a jar with the largest tapeworm taken from any inhabitant of any county anywhere.

"Yessir, I'm for the boys who can turn New England into Paducah, Kentucky; can transform Joan of Arc into Stonewall Jackson with one jacket and one prop beard, and produce the largest tapeworm in captivity, all from Monday morning to Tuesday afternoon.

"In what other department of the movies can you find geniuses like that?"

"Of course," Irwin went on to explain, "as soon as I heard Cecil B. DeMille was making 'Cleopatra' I hurried out here to Hollywood to see if I could play the part of the asp. But, after thinking it over and knowing how Cleo feeds one moth-eaten victim after another to the lions, I knew he'd never be content with one little asp in a basket of figs. He'd want a boa-constrictor brought in with half the jungle of Africa and a mess of pygmies thrown in. And expect me to play both the snake and the pygmies. So I didn't try for the part after all.

"The shock of taking on my own movie test was enough. 'Just be natural, be natural, Mr. Cobb,' they kept telling me. Now there's nothing in the world so hard as just being natural before a camera. It requires more action to the square inch than to play Hamlet with gestures. I kept feeling all my vital organs coming up in my throat, and for the first time I discovered there was something vitally wrong with my liver. Nobody's liver could have that flavor and not have something wrong with it somewhere.

"Well, I went to see the finished product of myself on the screen the next day, and here was this huge, mountainous something moving about on the screen.

"I said, 'What's that? 'Why, that's the back of you, Mr. Cobb,' they said. 'You're bent over, digging for worms.'"

"I know only this. My friends, those mute, inglorious heroes of the prop department are in for another job. They've got to furnish a more genteel going-away view for Mr. Cobb, or the movies are for me.

"And knowing those boys back there in the wardrobe. I fully expect to be beautifully rebuilt in a most fascinating manner. And what actor in Hollywood can do that for me?"

Shirley, Take a Bow!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

She taught Jimmy Dunn the dance routine they did together in "Stand Up and Cheer." They rehearsed and rehearsed. After Jimmy, then the dance director, and finally the piano player were worn out, Shirley would rest a minute. It's well agreed that the picture was Shirley's—with Jimmy contributing such pleasing team-work that Fox is co-starring them now in "Baby Take a Bow." (This picture title was the name of her first song hit.)

If you ever saw two kids having themselves a field-day, it's Jimmy and Shirley. Whole parties have been known to move out quietly, leaving Jimmy all alone—still in a raving over Shirley.

The child's memory is astonishing. The old-timers regard her with joy—and despair. She knows her own lines and theirs, too. She rehearse her steps, runs over her dialogue for the next scene, and has her dress changed—all at once! Which will engage the understanding sympathy of all mothers of all little girls. It requires the dexterity of an acrobat to get her in and out of her clothes and to keep up with her, mentally and physically.

Mrs. Temple, wholesome-looking matron, attitudinally dressed, is not a chronic "don't" mother. Neither is she a " Netanyahu" who sits back and sighs and hands over the reins. Shirley is disciplined with a firm hand in a velvet glove, and her good manners are a gratifying result.

She is feminine all through. And original. The inventive—not the mime-type. Most likely she will fight against ever falling in line and being rubber-stamped. She has theories about being different already, and this is one example—

An Eastern visitor at the studio told Shirley about her little girl, and invited Shirley to call. Shirley accepted, and then gave the matter thought.

"Has your little girl a pink dress?" asked Shirley presently.

"Oh, yes, she has a pink dress," answered the visitor.
"Has she a blue dress?" persisted Shirley.
"Yes, indeed, she has a blue dress," answered the lady, slightly puzzled.
"Well, has she a riding habit?"
"No... she's rather young for that," admitted the lady.
Shirley beamed.
"All right. I'll wear my riding habit!"
There was the little affair of Janet Gaynor's autograph. Shirley has been a Gaynor admirer for years and years—well, two years, anyway. Way back to the time when Mrs. Temple hired the laundress on Mondays who washed for Frances Deenar on Fridays. Frances handles all Janet's publicity at the studio, and is a close friend as well.
The washlady heard Shirley mention Janet, so she proudly spoke up about her Friday customer—who really knew Janet Gaynor!
That was enough for Shirley. She had to get acquainted with Frances Deenar right away. And who could guess that in a fairly short time, Frances would be writing stories about Shirley, too?

JANET was very busy on a picture and there were several delays. Shirley is not good at waiting. She wants what she wants when she wants it, and, like all efficient persons, has discovered the best way to get a thing done is to do it yourself. Her mother took her out to the studio. Frances gave her the photograph, but the younger had to have the star's signature.

Clutching the picture, Shirley marched all over the huge Fox lot. Janet had just left the café, she could not be found on her own set or on any other set. Frances telephoned her home. No, Janet was still at the studio. She must be in her dressing-room. Frances turned to talk with someone—Shirley escaped like a shot. Straight to the sanctum sanctorum, Janet's dressing-room—the dressing-room in violation of the Queen of the Lot, which practically takes an act of Congress to approach. Shirley didn't know about that. She walked right in and said, "How do you do, Miss Gaynor. Will you please put your name there?"
Now they share honors, and are very good friends.

It is a misstatement to say Shirley is "working" in pictures. She is having too much fun. When she played hostess at her fifth birthday party at the Café de Paris, she said, "It was as much fun as making a picture." That was the highest expression of enjoyment she could think of.

HER favorite diet would be vegetable soup
and ice-cream with chocolate "gravy"—if it were left entirely to her.

She will begin her formal schooling in September, but she can read now, and write her name. She has two (toy) pups, a large family of dolls, a play house with real flowers in the window boxes— and an electric stove. But she has so little time for cooking any more!

Her father quietly took the afternoon off from the bank and went to look at his daughter's name in electric lights. He managed to remain calm—a little stunned (wouldn't you be?). But the friend with him stopped traffic in his excitement, exclaiming, "That's his little girl! That's Shirley!" Mr. Temple was embarrassed, but proud.

She is even a business asset to the bank her father manages. Since her success, business has improved. People come in to have a look at Shirley's papa—and remain to leave their money.

Her second picture is "Little Miss Marker," a story by Damon Runyon. It is all her picture, as intended, even though her support includes the veteran Adolphe Menjou.
So, as Tex Guinan used to say, let's give this little girl a great big hand. And you, Shirley, take a bow!
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(MORNING AFTER, THE)—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graintryan farce, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

★ MOULIN ROUGE—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tulio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of Mr. and Mrs. Skitch (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Merivale, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ MYSTERY OF MR. X—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer. Mr. X, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

★ NANA—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as Nana in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mac Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Right persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Brenton heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blake, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McDade's unappreciative family, Jack La-Rue kidnaps him and comes Lolla Hume and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skillfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy, Fair. (June)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continent Express. Fair. (March)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupa Velez, MaryIonic Rambau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shifts family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their carriage. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

POPPIN' THE CORN—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles. (March)

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PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn’t succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian joins fight. Philips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

QUEEN CHRISTINA—M-G-M.—As Sweden’s Queen, Greta Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in the part. Josie Cotton plays a love interest supplied by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen.

QUITTER, THE.—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charles Grannez, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son Brian Aherne, and then returning his love-lorn daughter happily ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

REGISTERED NURSE.—Warner’s.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Claire Carroll, Rita Calvert, and John Haliday’s admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE.—RKO.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marriesphony Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

RIFTSIDE.—M-G-M.—Tenacious drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (July)

ROMAN SCANDALS—Samuel Goldwyn—United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Anthony Warde, a band of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a charmer that’s thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

SADIE MCKEE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic métier, but the film is heightened by Edward Arnold’s superb work as Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly engrossing. (Mar.)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SCARLET EMPIRE—Paramount.—An unin- spired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Charles Laughton, Nita Naldi, and Sam Jaffe as Grand Duke Peter, John Lodge, Louise Desprez. Exquisite settings. (July)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The trial of Federation of Beauty contests. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and Jumier Bullard. (March)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell’s setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brown’s gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (July)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay movie, age-round of events—a tiger, a fire, a baby. Richard Arlen, Jr., in the ice-box create an exciting climax. Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)


SIDESTREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon’s characterization is an excellent one for woman who marries a job stable fellow (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastat- ing picture. Joan Fontaine makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit by distortion of Paramount’s Producers, E. H. Horatio and jeolous Bert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)


SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-chosen portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schenck makes this world-wide film farce, (June)

SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakies and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as the hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Pan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

SIX OF A KIND—Paramount.—This is a hoot, and goes over well by Boland, W. C. Fields, Addison Spooner, George Burns and Gracie Allen are all at their comic best. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Among the Williamson opposition of George Raft, Brian Aherne, and Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O’Neill. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which William Powell and Mary Astor play to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William Powell as Dunlap, is a fine performance. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SOUND GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it’s pretty certain the oldsters won’t think much of it. Gloria Shea. (June)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James’ wild cat “Smoky,” from colthold to “old age.” Turns in a good performance as bronze. (Feb.)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Morgan and Edna May Armstrong find the two-foot offering of fifty-foot Kong highly disappointing. No better than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach—M-G-M.—Members Laurence Hardinge, William Frawley, trying to escape wives Dorothy Christie and Mae Bactch so they may attend the annual convention. A bit too sentimental. (April)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evlyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

SPITFIRE—RKO—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountaineer is a noble appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performance by Otto Henry Kruger and Nipal Whitley Bruce, two up-and-coming youngsters to a naughtly whimsey, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

STAND BY AND CHEER—Paramount.—An ideal comedy. Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance. A strong character, Conway Tearce, and good support. (July)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moment for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim and Jack McCaughey driving the drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRINGENT DUTY—RKO—De- spite the popular cast—Lora Lee, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—is this a pretty weak attempt at humor. (March)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.’s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Noah Beery, Marion Byron, Nydia Westman, man just doesn’t click. (May)

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS—Fox.—Spindly in any case, dangerous situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelty, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuates him, Mona Barrie. (June)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack Labarbera is an idealist while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett, Martha Lawerence, Marion Byron. Perhaps too easy for your taste. (May)

THIRTY DAY PRAYERS—Paramount.—Sporadic humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn of the mythical-kingdom in Australia. Maureen O’Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are adeptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too easy for your taste. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the Tarse family. In Barrymore’s one-time child and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, cast in- cluding ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

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THUNDERER HERD, THE.—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TRUMPET BLOWS, THE.—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, hand-pit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tenderly await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

28TH CENTURY.—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, artfully wrenched. As the eccentric producer, young shop girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb, Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS.—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers "giving him the dick," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWO ALONE.—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the embittered orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

UNCERTAIN LADY.—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the gags, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if she'll find her other husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE.—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Mills, is only thing that makes this year about unethical divorce practice worth of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD.—Warner.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William marries with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset tidy plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY.—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown with body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (Aug.)

VIVA VILLA!—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, mistress of the Mexico, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry W. Balthall. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT.—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic teleplay-contract story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING.—Paramount.—Salior Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Grade Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WHALE--Angel.—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard-guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Allison Skipworth. (May)

WHERE SINNERS MEET.—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHEELS OF DESTINY.—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to any nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHIRLPOOL.—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WILD CARGO.—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle. With Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG.—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilian Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WITCHING HOUR, THE.—Paramount.—If hypnosis has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play, John Halliday, possession of uncanny bunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen Sir Gay. Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN'S MAN, A.—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prizefighter Wallace Ford to consider some as to his career, but she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN UNAFRAID.—Goldsmith Prod.—Suffi- cient surprise in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangland. Lona Andre, Sheets' Gallagher. (April)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE.—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owen, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE.—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds his wife in the old position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Moll, George Meeker. No particular comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

WONDER BAR.—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Cafe. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING.—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman whocheiden her life to purchase of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU.—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME.—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to Billie Burke. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1934 119

TATTOO YOUR LIPS AND CHEEKS into a symphony of devastating smartness

Back in the sun between polo matches at Delmonte (left to right): Mrs. C. M. Converse; Hal Roach, member of the winning Pacific Coast Senior team; Arthur Perkins, five-goal poloist; Mary Carlisle
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THE field of the motion picture broadened amazingly: They served science more and more. The queerest films yet projected revealed the work and love of gurus. As propaganda, Producer William A. Brady wrote: "The motion picture could, if it would, elect a President of the United States." Rupert Hughes poo-poooed the idea that the films were an evil influence on youth. Doug Fairbanks directed W. G. (now Senator) McAdoo's family in a home movie. Our critic spoke of D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Barthelmess, as "the first genuine tragedy of the movies," and "the very finest expression of the screen so far." Other current hits included "Daddy Long Legs" (Mary Pickford), "Pretty Smooth" (Priscilla Dean), "I'll Get Him Yet" (Dorothy Gish), "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" (Fairbanks), "Oh, You Woman!" (Ernest Truex), "Fires of Faith." (Catherine Calvert). The immaculate H. B. Warner told "How to Hold a Baby," illustrating with his eight-month-old Joan. Warner is now to be seen in the British production of "Sorrell and Son," which he made over here in 1927. Pages of pictures of bathing beauties of the day looked as if they were dressed for a Byrd Antarctic expedition. Director Mickey Neilan, wanting the juvenile role in Pickford's "Daddy Long Legs" well played, decided to return to acting himself. Lovely Anna Q. Nilsson's middle initial, we discovered, stands for Querentia. Remember Katherine MacDonald? We had a story on her. On the cover—Alice Brady.

10 Years Ago

Ina Chad's, which served as the set for "A Woman's World," was the scene of the first dressing room for the ladies of the picture world, where Joan Crawford, Joan Blondell, and Shelley Winters received their first lessons in HOLLYWOOD HOMEWORK. Air conditioning is the catchword these days, and in the dressing room you can always ask, "What is your signature look?"

5 Years Ago

revolutionize film making. But screen actresses were offering no quarter to husbands who proved "excess baggage," hampering their careers. Jeannette Lofi, Helen Costello, Pauline Garon, Dorothy Mackaill were some we told about who had checked their spouses with the judge. And Joan Bennett, just past eighteen, with a child and a divorce, was heading for stardom after appearing opposite Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Mary Duncan was the new sex-appeal riot. She retired when she married Laddie Sanford, the poloist, last year. The best pictures were "Broadway" (Glenn Tryon), "Evangeline" (Dolores Del Rio), "The Argyle Case" (Tom Meighan), "On With the Show" (Joe E. Brown), "Fashions in Love" (Adolphe Menjou), "Prisoners" (Corinne Griffith).
The Fan Club Corner

The Second Annual National Convention of Movie Fan Clubs is fast approaching. It will be held in Chicago, August 11-12-13. Those planning to be in Chicago at that time are asked to write to the organization sponsoring this year’s convention—the Movie Club Guild. Information regarding the entertainment, headquarters, messages, etc. may be had by writing either Lenore Heidorn, secretary of the Movie Club Guild, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, or to the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. A large number of delegations from various clubs throughout the country will no doubt be at the convention again this year and a happy time is anticipated by all. Don’t forget! Write for further details right away!

The new membership cards for the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs will be sent out soon. If you are a member of a fan club belonging to the Association, you are entitled to one of these new membership cards. They are attractively designed and will bear the official seal of the Association and the signature of the president. Club presidents and secretaries are asked to be on the lookout for these membership cards and further instructions.

For the benefit of those who wish to establish fan clubs in their home towns, it is more easily published in the following manner: Select your membership from friends and acquaintances, draw up plans for an organization to suit all members. Select a name in keeping with your interests and efforts. Do not select a star’s name, or a motion picture player’s name for your club, because you must, in such a case, obtain the personal approval and sanction of the star involved. This is often difficult to obtain. A club enjoying a program of entertaining activities such as movie parties, regular club meetings at the homes of club members etc., does not need the personal endorsement of one player by one player to make it a happy and instructive movie friendship club. After your club is organized and your officers selected, write to the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs for an official membership application blank. When your club has been admitted into the Association, it will share in the benefits just the same as clubs sponsoring and bearing a star’s name.

Welcome to the New Rudy Vallee Booster Club! This enthusiastic club sponsoring Rudy Vallee has a splendid membership and is doing great things. The club bulletin, “The Valley Voice,” is an interesting and well arranged news organ of club activities. Those interested in joining this new member-club of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs should write to Beatrice Good, club president, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City.

The new members of the Bodil Rising Fan Club have their names listed in the latest issue of “Bodil and Her Fans,” the club paper. Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., will send interested fans information.

The Bing Crosby Club recently appointed some officers, other than the president. Mrs. Doris Rivenbark is the new secretary. Mars Daniels and Adele Dracatos comprise the welcoming committee. Bing Crosby fans are asked to write to Mrs. Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.

“Fanklub News” is the new publication of the Ginger Rogers Club. The last issue of their club news contains the names of the sixty-seven active members, a list of the honorary, and much news of the happenings of the club. Marion L. Hesse, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J., is president.

Donato R. Cedrone, president of the Tom Brown Fan Club, writes: “I wish to extend my thanks to the Association for acquainting so many fans with my club, as I have received many new members since my club joined the Association. Also, Tom Brown is planning a vacation trip to Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, and the number of members will permit him to leave the west coast. I hope to visit him there if all plans materialize.” Mr. Cedrone’s address is 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

For all information regarding the Joan Crawford Fan Club please address Marion L. Dommer, 971 H. St., Owego, N. Y.

Miss Helen Holtz, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wis., sends word that she expects to be at the club convention again this year. She is president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club. McCrea fans are welcomed to write her about the club.

Many inquiries have been received regarding Dick Powell’s club. For news of this organization write to Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill. Mr. Mank is also president of the Movie Fans’ Friendship Club. All “shut-ins” are invited to write him about this new department of their club.

Miss Lucile Carlson, president of the Alice White Fan Club, 206 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., writes that her club will accept a few more girls members at this time.

The Chicago members of the Movie Club Guild are busy with arrangements for a large party to complete plans for the coming August convention.

Lenore Heidorn, president of the Billie Dove Club, entertained the Guild officers at a meeting in her home recently. It was decided at the meeting that our century of Pioneers, The Century of Progress, the Hollywood Exhibit, and a trip to Chicago’s Chinatown were to be definite entertainment features of the coming convention. Theater parties, luncheons and sight-seeing trips of special interest will be added to the many events already planned. The official program of events will be completed soon. Write for your copy.


Franchot Tone fans are invited to write to Phyllis Carlyle, president of the Silver Star Club, 1304 Pennsylvania Ave., Des Moines, Ia., for membership news.

Irene Brettmann, 895 Park Ave., New York City, is president of the Maureen O’Sullivan Fan Club. Fans of Miss O’Sullivan can get information about her club by writing to Miss Brettmann.

Ethelene Thornburg, 809 E. 15th St., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the Foto Fans Club. Write her for club information.

Carl Lefler, president of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club, 819 West Center St., Decatur, Ill., wants all of Miss Jordan’s fans to write to him.

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Casts of Current Photoplays
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"BEYOND BENGAL."—Snowman's Pictures. From the story by J. B. Priestley. Directed by Harry Schenck. The cast: Harry Schenck; A British Sentiment, Joan Baldwin; Miss Baldwin's Maid, Sue; Inspector, George Mitchell; Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. No. One Nautie, Tao Bin; Schenck's Man-Servant, All.

"BLUE LIGHT, THE."—Majestic Pictures. Story and Direction by Leni Riefenstahl. The cast: Juni Lenda, Reni Riefenstahl.


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Thorpe. The cast: Patricia Belmont, Sallie Blane; Bill Smith, Charles Starrett; Barrington Thorpe, Jameson Thomas, Belmont, Claude King; Prewitt, Jane Keckley; Thorpe, Phillips Smalley; The Builer, Tom Rickvettta; Sam, Johnny Harren; Betty, Petty Ann Young; Rust, Goinge Montgomery; Phil, Maynard Holmes; Mrs. Belmont, Ethel Griffen; Mrs. Thorpe, Maude Turner Gordon; The Cook, Aggie Harring.

"THIN MAN, THE"—M.G.M.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Nick, William Powell; Nora, Myrna Loy; Dolsey, Maureen O'Sullivan; Gold, Nat Pendleton; Mimi, Minna Gombell; MacDaidy, Porter Hall; Tommy, Henry Wadsworth; Gilbert, William Henry; Nanciew, Harold Huber; Chris, Cesar Romero; Julia Wolf, Natalie Moorhead; Morelli, Edward Brophy; Wymatt, Edward Ellis; Tanner, Cyril Thornton.

"TOMORROW'S CHILDREN"—Bryan Foy Photo.—From the story by Wallace Thurman. Directed by Crane Wilbur. The cast: Alice, Diane Sinclair; Dr. Brook, Donald Douglas; Dr. Torrey, Sterling Holloway; Dr. Crosby, John Preston; Mrs. Mason, Sarah Padden; Jim, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; Mr. Mason, Arthur Winner; Dr. MacDaidy, Guy Belis; Nurse, Constance Kent; Spyke, Hyram Hoover.

"TWIN HUSBANDS"—Invincible.—From the story by Robert Ellis and Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Jerry Van Dyke, John Miljan; Chloé Werrendre, Shirley Grey; Colton Drain, Monroe Owsley; Gordon Lewis, Hale Hamilton; Sergeant Kerrigan, Robert Elliott; Rod, Maurice Black; Chuck, William Franklin; Butler, Wilson Benge.

"WHEN STRANGERS MEET"—Liberty.—From the story by Zona Gale. Screen play by Adele Hutton. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Paul Tamara, Richard Cromwell; Ruth Crane, Arline Judge; Barons Crane; Lucien Littlefield; John Tamara, Charles Middleton; Capt. Manning, Hale Hamilton; Mrs. Tamara, Sarah Padden; Nell Price, Modele Eberme; Elaine, Barbara Weeks; Doby, Sheila Terry; Siera, Ray Walker; Mrs. Rosen, Vera Gordon; Sam Rosen, Lee Kohlan; Nick, Louis Alberni; Mrs. Mason, Jolla Hayden; Mr. Schatts, Herman Ring; Mr. Price, Arthur Hoyt; Ed Mason, Franklyn Parker; Leon Rosen, Sidney Miller; Mr. Pendleton, Bryant Washburn.

"WOMAN COMMANDS, THE"—Gaumont-British.—From the story by Douglas Furber. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: Sebastian Mario, Edward Everett Horton; Marius Marerro, Jenny Marerro, Cicely Courtland; Lt. Donald Jamieson, Anthony Bushell; Jude Marerro, Dorothy Hyson; Col. Philip Markham, Frank Celler; Albert Marerro, Rebka; Dan Marerro, Bombey Williams.
EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal

HAVING played one too many jokes on his sweetheart, Marian Nixon, and on a friend, Walter Woolf, Chester Morris has the tables turned on him, with result that he believes himself a murderer, escapes to Mexico and endures harrowing experiences. Grand work by Morris, and never a dull moment.

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount

PLENTY of laughs in this one. Beauty specialist Cary Grant, his patient Genevieve Tobin, Edward Everett Horton, the husband whom she divorces to marry Grant, and Helen Mack, the latter's secretary, are all involved in this merry romantic mix-up. Grant's taxi chase after Helen and Edward Everett will have audiences rolling in the aisles.

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal

THE players all deserve better than this hoary old tale of the mother (Wynne Gibson) who makes a great sacrifice for her son (played by Ted Alexander, and later by Eric Linden). Paul Lukas surpasses himself as the art instructor who brings up the boy after his father's (John Darrow) death, accidentally, at the hands of the boy's mother.

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia

A S the wife who is railroaded out of her home, Jean Arthur gives a performance that rates right up with the best of them. Too bad it's kissed away in a chronicle like this. She turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "liddy" in his college dormitory, and with her understanding, makes a man out of what was a first-class heel. Donald Cook is excellent.

THE MERRY FRINKS—First National

EVERY cast member is of definite value in "making up a comedy well worth your time. Aline MacMahon is superb as Ma Frink; Hugh Herbert is Pa Frink; Allen Jenkins, their Communist son; Frankie Darro, his smart-aleck brother, and Joan Wheeler, the daughter who believes she can sing. To top everything, Uncle Guy Kibbee moves in.

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount

THIS picture is just so-so. Jack Haley, whom Patricia Ellis introduces to the family as her crooner husband, has his high moments. The real crooner (Larry Gray) turns up, and besides this difficulty, it just happens that Haley's best girl, Isabel Jewell, is maid in the house. Mary Boland and Neil Hamilton are in it. Fair evening's entertainment.

THE LOVE CAPTIVE—Universal

A CONFUSED issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther is the doctor who effects marvelous cures—some time, and affects lovely ladies more. Two of these are Gloria Stuart and Renee Gadd. It is reasonably certain that any lady would enjoy being hypnotized by Asther. Paul Kelly and rest of cast fine, but story is weak.

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners

A NOther gangster picture, but with a new angle. On the spot, Jimmy Cagney flees from the big town, meets courteous Joan Blondell and goes with her to a small village where she is to marry fisherman Victor Jory. Jimmy and Joan are right there. Fair entertainment, but not recommended for children.

CALL IT LUCK—Fox

HERBERT MUNDIN'S characterization of a cockney cabbby and the fresh charm of the dainty Britisher, Pat Paterson, with a few laughs and a bit of suspense in the story, are the only worthwhile points in this over-worked plot—that of a supposedly broken-down horse, winning a big race.

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M

THE Oliver LaFarge story of Indian Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who has learned the evil ways of the white race, makes poor screen fare. Besides the fact that photography is excellent, little can be said for this dull, slow-moving film.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION—Paramount

FAMOUS in his native Budapest, actor Adolphe Menjou goes down-grade upon annexing a wife (Elissa Landi) and trying his luck in America. But now, through a ruse, a once rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, a college chum, shames the old fight back into Charlie. There are gaming tables, false fire alarms and a crooked politician. Ann Dvorak, Bertin Churchill.

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British

AN amusing skit from the British film factories, well up to anything that has come out of Hollywood. Excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood—a grand comedy team—the cast is all English. As a director and his nervous assistant, filming scenes at the barracks, they are a riot. Good support.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO— Warners

FEERBLE and unamusing, weak material, too much even for its good cast. Margaret Lindsay catches husband Donald Woods in a falsehood and heads for Reno with Ruth Donnelly, bent on divorcing Guy Kibbee. Guy, unaware of this, accompanies Woods to Reno to help patch up things. Then comes trapping of the innocent wives with Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Rosco Ates, and Hobart Cavanaugh.

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion—United Artists

WARWICK DEEPING'S famous story of love of a father and son is beautifully told in this English production. Not an exciting picture, but one that will hold your interest and make you weep. H. B. Warner does a splendid acting job as Sorrell, the rôle he played in the silent version of the film some years ago.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox

AN exciting melodrama in a romantic setting. Diamonds in great quantities are mysteriously smuggled out of Trinidad. When the British attempt to find the smugglers, two Englishmen are murdered. Nigel Bruce, as the eccentric detective, who unravels the mys-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]
FRIDAY THE 13TH—Gaumont-British

AND on this day of days we check back the events of six different groups, all involved, directly or indirectly, in a bus accident occurring at midnight. Cast is English, and every member does a splendid dramatic acting job. Carefully directed; generally appealing.

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures

MORE excitement in the jungle, wild elephants stampeding, flipping boats filled with natives around like straws, crocodiles crunching away at tasty humans, pythons throwing new and old wrestling holds on screaming monkeys—and, in addition, a touching native romance.

THE PERSONALITY KID—Warner

PAT O'BRIEN as Ritchy an egotistical prize-fighter believes he is winning on his ability, instead he is framed by friend wife, who is also his manager, Glenda Farrell. But he finds out, and leaves her, going down, down, down, until he learns he is to become a father. He accepts a framed fight and then crosses up the crossers and goes home to the little woman. Old stuff, well done.

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible

THERE'S a plentiful helping of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic and, at times, illogical. John Miljan plays a polished crook who, forced to assume a false identity, turns the situation to his advantage, thereby foiling villainous Monroe Owen & winning Shirley Grey. Miljan carries the burden of the acting.

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British

LOCAL of this melodramatic British offering is a ship enroute from Dover to Calais. And the scurrying about of pleasure-seeking passengers makes it all the more convincing. Besides Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell and Nigel Bruce, known to American audiences, there is Matheson Lang who handles the role of a ruined financier with finesse.

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty

THE Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court. Richard Cromwell, son of the rascally landlord, and Arline Judge, daughter of the court drunk, are in love. The landlord is caught by a tenant making advances to his wife. The landlord murders the two. And, of course, everybody is suspected. However, it finally works out and Richard and Arline plan their own future.

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.

ONSLOW STEVENS' splendid characterization keeps this story running smoothly and interestingly. In a hired dress suit, his first night out of jail where he has been railroaded by crooked bond dealers, he meets Lila Lee, a free and easy lady. They fall in love and decide on the straight and narrow. Onslow is saved from another dirty deal by Russell Gleason, and everybody's happy.

BLUE STEEL—Monogram

FOR the amusement of Western addicts and the youngsters, our handsome hero John Wayne once again shoots and galsps his way out of several jams when a band of outlaws attempt to take over a community because of gold deposits. George Hayes is the sheriff, and Eleanor Hunt the romantic interest.

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram

WALLY FORD, shipping clerk, is pursued and married by a rich girl, Gloria Shea. He loses his job, indirectly through her wealthy relatives who make fun of his boss, Edgar Kennedy. Then the panic is on. But Gloria sticks, Wally gets another job and traps a gang of thieves for good measure. Maidel Turner stands out as a goosing neighbor. A few dull spots, but as a whole quite entertaining.

THE BLUE LIGHT—Mayfair Prod.

EXQUISITE photography and Leni Riefenstahl's inspired performance are a combination for intelligent audiences. Story is about superstitions of the Tyrolean when a blue light appears on a mountain peak at each full moon. There is little dialogue—part Italian, part German—but those not knowing either language will have no difficulty in following the story.

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty

A VETERAN comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Neil Hamilton, young Park Avenue-er, marries Marian Nixon when his aunt threatens to close her purse, rumors having reached her in Paris of an affair with Alleen Pringle. Neil takes his wife over to straighten things out, not knowing she's in a jam with police and gangsters.

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.

AN argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. The Welfare Board, aiding a degenerate family whose sole support is one daughter, Diane Sinclair, insist upon sterilizing the whole family. But the girl is saved when it is discovered she is only a foster child. Sterling Holloway is the picture's one bright spot. Not recommended for children.

THE MAN FROM UTAH—Monogram

EXPOSING a gang of bank robbers who work a neat rodeo racket is John Wayne's job in this bang-up Western. And, in league with sheriff George Hayes, Wayne takes the situation in hand. Effective rodeo scenes add thrills. Polly Ann Young is the hero's prize.

THE WOMAN COMMANDS—Gaumont-British

ALTHOUGH Edward Everett Horton helps this English film considerably, he has appeared much better advantage. Neither the comedy situations nor Cicely Courtneidge's portrayal as Queen in command of the Moro-selo vandeele troupe rate more than a few hand-claps. Anthony Bushell and Dorothy Hyson are the romancers.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.

PLOT and dialogue are directed toward propaganda for early sex-knowledge to prevent youthful tragedies. It's more a preaching than screen drama. Crane Wilbur, who dares to teach sex hygiene in the high school, is ousted by Cecilia Parker's parents. But when trouble comes, they see the light. Well presented with Noel Warwick and Carlyle Moore, Jr. in support.

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield

THINGS just jumble along in an on-again off-again sort of way in this picture about heiress Sallie Blane, who can't make up her mind between the first-class boy she's engaged to and the second-class fellow she falls in love with. Finally, Charles Starrett takes the situation in hand, but gets himself a peck of trouble. Pretty poor screen fare.
JOIN THE BIG PARADE

Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, "I want Beech-Nut." Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, "Beech-Nut please."

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IN THIS ISSUE
IF IT'S OKAY . . . YOU'RE OKAY

- You want others to like you, don't you? You'd like to feel that you're an addition to a party instead of a nuisance. You'd like to feel that your business contacts are agreeable. Of course you would!

Then we say to you—be careful about your breath. Remember, halitosis (unpleasant breath) spares no one. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it.

You can reduce that risk by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine. Do it on arising, before retiring and, if you wish to be particularly careful, between times before meeting others. Listerine cleans and invigorates the mouth and combats halitosis. You know your breath is improved. Listerine gets results because it halts fermentation, decay, and infection—major causes of odors in the mouth.

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. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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PROUD OF HER JEWELS... SO BLIND TO HER DULL TEETH, TENDER GUMS... AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If men's eyes caught only the sparkle of her beautiful jeweled bracelet, this woman would leave a brilliant impression. But they can't forget and they won't forgive the fact that when she smiles her teeth are conspicuously dull and dingy.

Yet night and morning she brushes her teeth—just as faithfully as you do. Her teeth are dull because her gums need attention. She should clean her teeth with Ipana, and in addition she should massage Ipana into her gums.

Dental science explains "pink tooth brush" and the prevalence of tender, ailing gums. The coarse foods of yesterday have given place to soft and creamy dishes, that rob our gums of work and health. Gums become weak and flabby—they tend to bleed. "Pink tooth brush" appears.

Follow dental science. Massage your gums when you brush your teeth. Use Ipana Tooth Paste for both purposes. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in restoring firmness to the gums.

And hard, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush" but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition! And they are safer!

Professional Opinion says:

- From a standard text:
  "The effect of refined diet is appalling. The soft, fibreless foods do not give the gums sufficient exercise. They become tender and breeding places of infection."

- Excerpt from a professional journal:
  "The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."

- By a famous specialist:
  "Massaging the gums... aids the circulation of the blood and proves very beneficial."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
...AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to “Dancing Lady”... they're together again!

M.G.M. Studio
Hollywood, Cal.
May we please see Jean Crawford and Clark Gable co-starred again, like they were in "Dancing Lady"? They were glorious please let us see them together again.
Mary Lou, Dept.
Cherokee
Louis

JOAN CRAWFORD
CLARK GABLE

CHAINED

with OTTO KRUGER • STUART ERWIN
A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION
Produced by Hunt Stromberg.
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**Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year**

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Dick Powell—
Music Master

Dick Powell, the heartache of a million girls, is doing his stuff on the mandolin. Just one of Dick's many ways of making melody.

The comical looking gentleman on the end of the clarinet is none other than the same Dick Powell. Wonder how the girls feel about him when he looks this way? They probably think he's cute.

He may be handsome, but he's noisy! You see, this Mister Powell, who figures in all those song and dance movies, really knows what music is all about. And does he play plenty of instruments!

Ever see a film hero with mussed up hair? Well, look at Dick at his piano. Must have been composing to get in such a fix!
DAMES

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS
GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by BUSBY BERKELEY

Five New Song Successes by WARREN & DUBIN • KAHAL & FAIN • WRUBEL & DIXON
Working in "Now and Forever" Shirley was taken by surprise when she was tossed up on a tripod for this photograph! Her rise to fame has been almost as rapid.

THE $10 LETTER

Not long ago I attended a dinner, in which the feature speaker of the evening, a woman prominent in public life, wove into her talk two inspirational messages from "Queen Christina" and "The House of Rothschild."

One was taken from the impressive scene where the Queen said to the blacksmith, "I am highly trained for my calling and have a knack for ruling. So go back to your work, and leave me to attend to mine."

The second reference was to the words of Baron Rothschild, "To work with dignity; to trade with dignity; to walk the world with dignity."

These and similar incidents are living evidence that such plays wield a definite influence for good in people's lives.

MARBORIE COOK, Boise, Idaho

THE $5 LETTER

My name is "Audience." I am male and female. I am youth and age. My complexion is red and yellow and black and white. All day long I toil in the factory, I sweat in the fields, I move monotonously on through office routine, I despair amid the drudgery of domestic life, and then—I sink into a cinema seat, the lights dim, the show is on—then I am a king, I am a singer, I carry mulls in the clouds, love claims me in the desert. I live in the present, past and future—until the theater doors swing behind me and I am back once more in the dink-grab every day.

HAROLD BLECHYNDEN, Shanghai, China

CUBA'S QUEEN

I read the interesting article "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," and I think it's going to be a grand war. But we Cubans want Garbo out of it. She is the Queen and more than that, a genius. She admits no competition.

GRACIELLA RODRIGUEZ, Havana, Cuba

THREE-FOURTH GLAMOUR

The Garbo-Hepburn controversy that has been burning up the pages of PHOTOPLAY for the last few months, I find extremely interesting.

I couldn't be classified as either a Garbo fan or a Hepburn fan, but I want to have my say in the argument.

Miss Garbo has been holding audiences spellbound for a long time now. Her technique is seventy-five per cent glamour and twenty-five per cent true acting ability, and she has been consistently placed in glamorous roles. Miss Hepburn is purely an actress. Her star is in its ascendancy. I believe that if she plays "Joan of Arc" it will be the most inspiring portrayal of the decade.

R. MINZHEIMER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Who can dispute the great Garbo's right to her throne after seeing "Queen Christina"?

Garbo is an enchantress who holds millions spellbound. Greta will always reign queen in the hearts of her movie subjects.

JANET TEMLEY, Hope, Ark.

GARBO AS JO?

In the June issue of PHOTOPLAY Miss Inez Marne stated that Hepburn had not Garbo's acting ability. I disagree with her.

Katharine Hepburn has made five pictures, appearing each time in a different type of role. She has played each well.

Garbo has made but one good impression on me and that was her fine acting in "Queen Christina."

Hepburn could have played this role well. But could Garbo have played Jo in "Little Women"? Never!

I say—three cheers for Hepburn, the most talented of them all.

LUCILE MOTLEY, Murry, Ky.

TWENTY CENTS WORTH

Kathryn Dougherty seems to think it lamentoable that the public can see "Queen Christina" for twenty cents. She feels that a
BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
"She Loves Me Not"

with Kitty Carlisle - Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson - George Barbier
Warren Hymen - Directed by Elliott Nugent

MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Carley Flegg"

CROSBY-CARLISLE duet

KITTY CARLISLE

"LOVE IN BLOOM," "I'M HUMMIN', I'M WHISTLIN', I'M SINGIN'"
Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money, and disposition.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Prizes Totaling $10,500.00 are offered in two contests in this magazine. Warner Bros. Pictures and Photoplay invite you to name a cast for "Anthony Adverse." There are large rewards! And now's the time to send in your solutions to the "Movie Fill-Ins"

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—20th Century-United Artists. —You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most hair-raising case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox. —An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabby characterization and Pat Peterson's fresher charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

CAROLINA—Fox. —Jean Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (Apr.)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M. —Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (Apr.)


CITY LIMITS—Monogram. —Asisted by railroad magnate Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newsboy Ray Walker gets big scoop. As James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)


COME ON MARINES—Paramount. —Be assured of a thrilling time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wiz. Ma Lopina. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox. —So poor Gene is thwarted once again by the lady's man Loring. Oscar Levant is in studio car, registering at hotel as Courte, and being captured with credit of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)


CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures. —Edward Walker's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the Louisiana family. (May)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal. —Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Leo Carrer, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield. —The old, sad story of a doctor (John Mack Brown) who throws away his career and his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) to help him. Anna Louisa. (June)

DAVID HARUM—Fox. —Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades he will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (March)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron MacPherson Prod. —With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Juliet Haydon, Frank Eddle, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (March)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Paramount. —As Death, who minglest with guests at a house party, and falls in love with Evelyn Venable; Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (Apr.)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox. —Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Barnes in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

DOUBLE DOOR—Paramount. —A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the sinister who supplies a false order for her brother John Tugger, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

EASY TO LOVE—Warner's. —Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]
Here's your **Entertainment map** for the new season

**The WORLD MOVES ON**
Madeleine Carroll
Franchot Tone

**THE DUDE RANGER**
with George O'Brien

**HAROLD LLOYD**
"The CAT'S-PAW"

**ZANE GREY**

**CHARLIE CHAN in LONDON**
with Warner Oland

**JANET GAYNOR and LEW AYRES in**
'SERVANTS' ENTRANCE'
Ned Sparks - Walter Connolly

**MARIE GALANTE**
with Spencer Tracy
Kathi Galian
Ned Sparks - Stepin Fetchit

**WILL ROGERS in "JUDGE PRIEST"**

**CARAVAN**
Charles Boyer
Loretta Young
Jean Parker

**SERENADE**
Paterson - Nils Asther
Herbert Mundin - Harry Green

**THE STATE versus ELINOR NORTON**
Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel

For real good times... real good movies... just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories... such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again... watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner... pictures no movie fan wants to miss.
performance by the great Garbo is worth infinitely more. It is.

But there are many, many people who appreciate good acting and who cannot afford to pay very much to see it. Why begrudge them a "bargain"? True art, as I see it, will not deteriorate by being sold cheap.

LEE DE BLANC, New Iberia, La.

DOUBLE BILLS

Sometimes, like all physicians, I take one of my own prescriptions. These include moving pictures, which usually relieve fatigue, afford mental relaxation and banish worry.

But I am entirely with accord with the views expressed by Kathryn Dougherty on page twenty-six of July Photoplay, regarding the two-for-one policy of some movie houses. This negatives much, if not all, of the good that can be expected from attending such shows.

DE. HUGO ERICHSEN, Birmingham, Mich.

MARKEY

I have seen most of the star pictures of 1933-34. But none can compare with "Little Miss Marker." Shirley Temple should be crowned Queen of the screen.

JACQUELINE CAPLAN, Chicago, Ill.

A KING, TOO

While all this chaos is going on over Hepburn and Garbo, King Gable’s throne is being threatened! Franchot Tone is marching in!

Are we going to let Tone be acclaimed King? I should say not! Suppose some of you movie-goers tell the world that Gable still reigns. How about it?

KAY LUTZ, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PEACE MAKER

Garbo has ruled for years, but now Hepburn comes to share that command. The throne should be parted. One should have the crown, the other the sceptre.

FRANCISCO AVON, JR., El Paso, Texas

GO RIGHT AHEAD!

I’m tired of the question, “Is It Garbo or Hepburn?”

Please, can I start a squabble on, “Is It Thelma Todd or ZaSu Pitts?”

EVELYN HOBSON, Birmingham, Ala.

MAMA’S TECHNIQUE

Lots of grown-ups think movies are bad for kids. But I think movies make us behave. They also make us get good grades in school.

Last week, for instance, my mother said, “If you wash the supper dishes nicely every evening you can go to see Joan Crawford in ‘Sadie McKee’ on Saturday.” So I did. And, boy, was it worth it!

I know if I don’t make good grades, she won’t let me go to the movies and that makes me study hard.

Also, movies teach us how to act properly in public.

PAULINE M., Graham, N. C.

ADULT MAKE-BELIEVE

It’s the grown-ups, not the children, that need movies!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in
Jannie Hurst's
Imitation of Life'

Directed by
JOHN M. STAHL
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET" and
"ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by-
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Brickbats & Bouquets

*IF YOU DID LIKE IT, SAY SO*

But Powell's another favorite, large wish in Hollywood, everybody knows it, some guy comes into the barracks and yells, “Hey, fellers! Movies in five minutes!”

William Popeck, C. C. C., Coal Creek, Tenn.

**CENSOR BE PRAISED!**

Mr. Will Hays, you deserve praise! Your unceasing fight against the objectionable in pictures has the gratitude of every parent and person of good taste.

The battle is not yet won, but Mr. Hays is fast setting the standard of decency that the Motion Picture Art deserves.

Gerald J. Lane, Indianapolis, Ind.

**CLIP! CLIP!**

Clip, clip here. Clip, clip there. Here a clip, there a clip, everywhere clip, clip.

No, this is not a play-by-play account of a sheep-shearer doing his stuff. It is only the scissors of ye olde censorship.

I consider myself a “lady” and am accepted in the most refined of circles; but I am yet to be shocked by a film that portrays life as it is lived by millions, yes, lived even by our own dear censorship boards.

Bertha Dayara, Mt. Hope, Wash.

**QUINTUPLETS WANTED**

I wish Wallace Beery were triplets! Or better yet, quintuplets, since they've become the fashion anyhow.

As one man, he simply can't make enough pictures to suit me. I'm waiting anxiously now for “Treasure Island.”

M. Carter, St. Louis, Mo.

**ATTENTION!**

All married couples! Go and see Myrna Loy and William Powell in “The Thin Man.” Not a triangle throughout.

Bertha B. Thorneley, Sheldonville, Mass.

Wally looks rather glum! At the Screen Actors Frolic, too. But since he attended all five performances, he must have liked it! Long a favorite, Beery's glory never seems to dim.

Children play make-believe all day—pretending happy because they have a dream world.

But the only land of make-believe most busy adults have is the motion picture theater.

Mrs. W. K., Los Angeles, Calif.

At last the ideal setting for the most fascinating man in screenland was found! “Manhattan Melodrama” gave Clark Gable the chance to show his talent.

G. M., New York, N. Y.

**HICK TOWN HOLLYWOOD**

Some think Hollywood is a sophisticated place.

But I think it's just a hick town.

In Hollywood, as in any hick town, when a woman is going to have a baby, everybody knows it. The only difference is, in Hollywood, it gets in the papers.

In a hick town, if a boy calls on a girl twice in ten days, everybody predicts a marriage and

William Powell made a large hit in “The Thin Man.” Something about that half-insolent, come-hither look of Powell’s attracts the ladies! His next is “The Casino Murder Case”

Another reason why “The Thin Man” was a favorite film. Having definitely discarded her “other woman” roles, Myrna Loy will be teamed again with Powell in his next movie.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[continued from page 10]

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the box, do nice work in this rather old tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the role of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

★ FASHIONS OF 1931—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive contracts, William Powell, with the aid of Jetta Davis, and Frank McHugh, come through with a clever a presentation as you have seen. (March)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kavanagh, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FLYING DOWN TO RIO—RKO-Radio.—A decided change in this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective of which Betty Davis and Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods. Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcée Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who ate in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warner.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a bow-waist, dooring writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Apr.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he hides in a psychiatric asylum and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

GAMBLING LADY—Warner.—Barbara Stanwyck as the wife way in the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. AdelePause, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHoul, THE—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Seven Arts Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Stern) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

★ GLAMOUR—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, charming wife whom she betrays, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, add to the film's merit. (June)

GOING HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs, Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (March)

FIVE O'CLOCK, YOUNG LADY.—Time to quit. We're under the Blue Eagle, still. And I am glad!

OH, BOther, I just as soon work as sit around my room. I hardly know a soul here in the city.

NICE-LOOKING GIRL—LOVELY COMPLEXION. (May)

HOW GRANDLY, GLORIOUSLY CLEAN I FEEL! NO CHANCE OF "B.O." AFTER ALL THIS CREAMY LIFEbuoy LATHER

SHE uses Lifebuoy — unif said! For bland, creamy Lifebuoy lather deep-cleanses both face and body pores — freshens even the dullest skin to new radiance. Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft — it purifies and deodorizes; stops "B.O." (body odor). Its fresh, clean scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you Lifebuoy protects.
Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—so modern and scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the lower intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

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**GOOD DAME—** Paramount. The romance of Fredric March and carribean wine-queen Bette Davis's love affair in the Caribbean. Mariette Hartley and Geraldine Fitzgerald in supporting roles. Marius Goring is a fine actor. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (Apr 11)

**GREAT FLIGHTATION, THE—** Paramount. A Jambled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolph Menjou) losing popularity with his marriage, and his wife (Elsa Landi) becoming a star. (May 2)

**HALF A SINNER—** Universal. Film version of Louis de Bernieres' novel about an English school-teacher and his relationships with his students. Lots of suspense and a good deal of excitement. (May 17)

**HANDY ANDY—** Fox. —As the apothecary. —As the university dom in his picturesque characters. Besides a fast cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank McHugh—are good dialogue and believable barbers. (July 22)

**HAROLD TEEN—** Warner. —Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hall Taoro as Harold and Dorothy Lee as Lilian are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May 27)

**HEAT LIGHTNING—** Warners. —Comedy-drama—comes supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (July 27)

**HERE COMES THE GROOM—** Paramount. —S disables and two fakers, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Del May and Dorothy Lee. Leaves town by way of a cross country auto tour. Good music and dancing. (March 26)

**HIDDEN WIFE—** Pine-Tree Prod. —Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) locked for one year by Welden Heyburn for lack of a good cast. Cast tired, but not go. (June 10)

**HIS DOUBLE LIFE—** Paramount. —A through mistake in identity is believed that artist Roland Young dies when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's maid—fiance, Lilian Gish, as an amusing satire. (March 26)

**HOLD THAT GIRL—** Fox. —Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and newspaper columnist Greta Nissen who tries to solve a mystery. A gangster's peace thrives until the climax. (June 10)

**HOLLYWOOD PARTY—** M-G-M. —Jimmy Durante plays a vaudeville sharpshooter who brings about all the hilarity. Jane Velez, Laird and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and the valet of nonsense. (June 26)

**HONOR OF THE WEST—** Universal. —A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual role, and thrilling chases as he battles Ken, in chases as he battles Ken, at his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May 26)


**IAM SUZANNE!—** Fox. —Lillie Harvey at her best as the Russian bordello, a pervert, in a brand new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March 21)

**I BELIEVED IN YOU—** Fox. —Rosemary Ames film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artists friends Victor Jory, Leo Carrillo, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May 7)

**I CAN'T ESCAPE—** Bannock Prod. —Overdo Stowko business and a grand characterisation of the ex convict who gets straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Apr 11)

**I GIVE YOU MY LOVE—** Universal. —Paul Lukas, Vivien Leigh and John Carradine,忠心耿耿 of the story of the lover (Gloria Stuart) as a gangster club entertainer. Fair. (May 2)

**I'LL TELL THE WORLD—** Universal. —Lots of action as reporter Lee Tracey and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to track down clues to the story of the hour, Gloria Stuart lovely. (June 7)

**INTRUDER, THE—** Allied. —Murder at sea, and suspense upskeeppered on desert island inhabited by a crazy man (Alec Guinness) who is the best film of the week. (June 7)

**IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT—** Columbia. —Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed, a gay, well directed film. (June 7)

**I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—** Warner. —Tele phone repair man Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell and Raymond Hatton, as a great mystery which is not hard to figure out. (June 27)

**JIMMY THE GENT—** (Revised under title "Always a Gentleman") Warners. —His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the West. for the last time, it is finally a good story. Conrad Veidt. (April 11)


**MY GIRL—** Fox. —An American生产能力. (May 17)

**NIGHTHIDE—** RKO-Radio.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good story. Vincent Price. (April 24)


**STATE OF THE UNION—** Columbia. —Deanna Durbin, ventura and Sperry Riley are two charmingly amusing. (May 17)

**SWEET SMELL OF SUGAR—** Fox. —Romantic comedy, from the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald, a delightful film. Meredith Willson's score is appealing. (June 24)


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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.

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**Notorious Sophie Lang, The—** Paramount. (April 24)

**Of Human Bondage—** RKO-Radio. (May 11)


**Randy Rides Alone—** Monogram. (May 11)

**She Learned About Sailors—** Fox. (May 11)

**She Loves Me Not—** Paramount. (May 8)

**Shout the Works—** Paramount. (May 11)

**Stamboul Quest—** M-G-M. (May 11)

**Star Packer, The—** Monogram. (May 11)

**Tell-Tale Heart, The—** Clifton-Hurst Prod. (May 8)

**Treasure Island—** M-G-M. (May 11)

**Two Heads on a Pillow—** Liberty. (May 8)

**We're Rich Again—** RKO-Radio. (May 11)

**White Heat—** Seven Seas Prod. (May 11)

**World Moves on, The—** Fox. (May 11)
CARL LAEMMLE, JR. APPOINTED CHAIRMAN, COMMITTEE OF JUDGES

AGFA TEST FOR HOLLYWOOD

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MADAME DU BARRY—Warners—An elabo-
rate, brilliantly directed and produced story of the famous French empress. Luise Rainer (as Madame Du Barry's Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Civil War. Miss Rainer is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (April)
★ MADAME SPY—Universal—Spy Fay Wray marries murderer officer Niel Astor, who also becomes a spy. Vincent Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (March)

CARL LAEMMLE, JR. GENERAL MANAGER OF ALL PRODUCTIONS UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORP.

CARL LAEMMLE, JR. APPOINTED CHAIRMAN, COMMITTEE OF JUDGES

AGFA TEST FOR HOLLYWOOD

The latest news flash from Hollywood announces the appointment of Carl Laemmle, Jr., as Chairman of the Committee of Judges to pick the winner of the nation-wide Agfa Test for Hollywood.

Mr. Laemmle, Jr., and his committee-group of famous Hollywood Directors and Stars will personally study the snapshots and the screen tests of the twenty-five winners of the Free Regional Screen Tests offered as prizes in the Agfa Test.

Mr. Laemmle, Jr., and his committee will select the five winners, who will be brought to Hollywood—all expenses paid—one of whom will be awarded the First Grand Prize of a guaranteed movie contract.

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So much of their Loveliness depends on the tooth paste they use

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds. All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics... for whom no beauty aid is too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here’s thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The country over, more than 2 million women have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste... it cleans so much better... gives teeth such high lustre.

Why not try a tube?
JOAN MARSH, blonde and lively, the epitome of youth and all its lovely allure, now has a featured part in RKO-Radio’s picture “We’re Rich Again.” Joan, as you know, designs her own clothes, when she can find the time. Here she is wearing her latest creation. We’d say Joan has a keen eye to grace and charm of line and assembled effect.
BETTE DAVIS has been so busy, she wishes she were two people. And here, with the help of a mirror, she shows how she'd look if she were. She'd make more money, too, and that's what she wants. Bette finished "Housewife" at her home studio, Warners, and "Of Human Bondage" for Radio, then struck for a higher Warner contract.
HANDSOME Don Alvarado and the petite Steffi Duna glide gracefully through the movements of one of their romantic dances in the RKO-Radio musical short subject, "La Cucaracha," in which they have the leading rôles. Something novel is promised with this picture. It will be filmed entirely in color, under a new and greatly improved process.
BLONDE, blue-eyed Alice Faye, called “Cuddly” by her intimate friends, continues her meteoric screen stardom with the leading feminine rôle in the Fox picture, “She Learned About Sailors.” This former Vallee troupe singer has been a star since her first film rôle, in “George White’s Scandals.” Next came drama in “Now I’ll Tell”
PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty

HOLLYWOOD is having a reformation. It has placed its own ban on sex pictures—an intricate problem for the producing companies to solve, for there are millions of dollars tied up in pictures either already made or in process of filming. The situation is like that of an automobile manufacturer who must either cast aside or rebuild the models already under construction. Mae West’s “It Ain’t No Sin” is being re-vamped, and is expected eventually to go forth under another very much milder title. And there are other similar cases. The question is, will these rebuilt films be in harmony with the trade-marked players’ personalities?

THE studios are all headed for the vast open spaces. We may consider “Treasure Island” as a fair index of forthcoming productions. And our old time cowboys may ride range again.

But, meantime, what of the ladies of boudoir manners and sophisticated speech? Will they be able to turn to the right and get away with it? Well, I believe that Harlow, for one, can. In “Red Dust” she showed a distinct flair for comedy. Besides, it’s not hard to imagine Jean playing the rôle of an outdoor girl.

On the other hand, wouldn’t it be a bit absurd to send that gorgeous face and figure into the wilderness as a trapper’s mate?

Gloria Swanson is not only a personality. She is an actress of considerable versatility. Gloria has weathered many changes in screen modes these eighteen years. I have an intuition she can again turn the trick.

As for Anna Sten, she is in the fortunate position of being new—not altogether tried. She began with a somewhat artificial sex rôle, but there are possibilities of tragedy in that sturdy little Russian. In spite of her great success in “Nana,” I feel that her real abilities have not yet been tested.

However, all this is largely guess. What will the tomorrow really bring for these great ones of today?

And so, it is not only the producers whose heads toss these nights on sleepless pillows. Many a star is also kept awake by her perturbing thoughts.

At the time this is written Marie Dressler is very close to the Great Divide. Some months ago, after a devastating illness, she returned to the studio to make “Tugboat Annie,” in conjunction with Wallace Beery. Though so weakened she went through her rôle with difficulty, nevertheless her inimitable power to depict laughter and pathos never failed her for a moment. What a gallant team was the Dressler-Beery combination. How it won the hearts of the world!
The secret of the success of this great pair of actors is not hard to find. Only a truly sincere person can play the rôle of a lovable, honest woman or man on the screen. Marie and Wally were never really acting in those heart-throb scenes in "Min and Bill" or "Tugboat Annie." They would have deported themselves in much the same way in real-life circumstances.

How understandably sympathetic have been Marie’s relations with all about her—from prop boy to fellow stars and producers. But her personal influence has necessarily been limited as compared with the good she exerted through pictures. Whereas only hundreds directly benefited from her helpful word and kindly smile, millions who laughed and wept with her throughout a film, left the theater bettered and comforted by the marvelous warmth of her screen presence.

I think it was a mistake ever to call the making of motion pictures an “industry.” One might just as accurately speak of the “theater industry,” the “dancing industry” or the “book-writing industry.” No industry—important or interesting as it may be—such as manufacturing locomotives or oatmeal, ever captured the emotions. But that is really what a film does. Those back of your screen fare, from scenarist and casting director to producer, are engaged in one of the fine arts. If they are not, that particular studio must mend its ways or go out of business.

The case of Irving Thalberg exactly illustrates my point. Run off before him a motion picture that won’t click with the public, he’ll tell you what is wrong with it, and, what is better, so amend the plot and the lines as to insure the desired audience response.

Mr. Thalberg is an ace producer on the M-G-M lot. He is both creative and practical. No long-haired dreamer who believes in art for art’s sake, he demands only entertainment in a picture—live, vivid entertainment that the average intelligent man and woman can understand and enjoy. If that theory isn’t sound, then Charles Dickens was a failure as a novelist.

Today but thirty-five years old, Mr. Thalberg early won his spurs as a maker of great pictures. On the Universal lot, where he began his career, he inspired such memorable productions as “Merry-Go-Round” and “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.” Later, going to Metro, his “The Big Parade” was an international sensation and made John Gilbert a world-wide favorite. Likewise, “Ben-Hur” was acclaimed by the world. He sponsored “Flesh and the Devil,” the picture that set Garbo’s feet firmly on the ladder of fame. “The Trial of Mary Dugan,” in which his wife, Norma Shearer, showed preeminent ability as an actress; “The Sin of Madelon Claudet,” in which Helen Hayes first appeared on the screen; “Grand Hotel,” which brought together in one picture a dozen great stars—all attested to the fact that whatever Irving Thalberg’s genius touched, was shaped into a masterpiece, notable not only for its entertainment value but for its artistry.

A man with a highly sensitive imagination, he might have been a novelist or a playwright, but he has the rare faculty of being able to deal with life as well as to create ideas; to manage people, and to organize and coordinate.

It is on such men as Irving Thalberg that motion picture hopes must be pinned. He can sponsor a film as robustly adventurous as “Trader Horn,” or as ethereal as “Snailin’ Through.”

Under his sponsorship, Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Charles Laughton are now completing “The Barretts of Wimpole Street,” which, by the way, is one answer to the cry for better pictures.
A face for every rôle! And Herbert Mundin can change his face as quickly as a director can yell "Camera!". The versatile English comedian rarely changes his speech, however. It usually remains cockney. He learned the brogue from a London deck-hand during the War. Off the screen 'Erb speaks polished English. He's one of the busiest players on the Fox lot.
POUNDERING at some length upon the brief economy of Maureen O'Sullivan's costume in "Tarzan and His Mate," I sat in the commissary at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and wondered, while waiting for her to join me at lunch, what the lady thought about nudism in general and nudism-for-the-sake-of-art in particular.

Nobody else in the celluloid circle had quite as much right to think about it as she had, I thought.

The vision of her, swinging lithely from tree to tree in nothing but the swift streamline that nature had given her, with no ruffles or skirts to offer any wind resistance, was occupying my mind when Miss O'Sullivan hove in sight.

Hove is the right word.

Bonked, stayed, and arrayed in the voluminous, electric blue velvet costume of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she stood in the doorway of the commissary, completely blocking out all the California sunshine, and cast a despairing look across the crowded room in my direction.

"Nudism worked in the Garden of Eden until the snake came along and said, 'Yaah! You're naked!' Right there women began to figure out ways to look attractive, though clothed," says Maureen O'Sullivan.
Proceeding cautiously and slowly, she barged between the tables, dragging chairs in her wake and gathering up quite a number of men's hats. It all reminded me of a large vessel easing through the crowded locks of a canal.

Exhausted, she finally came to rest beside me. And then began the business of getting her and all her paraphernalia into a chair, and her knees, stiffly fenced with an enormous hoop skirt, under the table. The combined efforts of two waiters and Johnny Farrow at last achieved the impossible. She was docked.

"Ship ahoy!" I said.

"Whew!" she heaved. "What a difference a couple of pictures can make in a girl's costume! Whenever I light anywhere in this dress I feel like staying for awhile."

"What do you think of nudism in general and nudism-for-the-sake-of-art in particular?" I asked, without further ceremony.

"I have the fillet of beef with mushroom sauce," she told the waiter. Then, turning to me: "I eat like a horse."

"Neigh, neigh," I disagreed, for I also had ordered the fillet of beef.

"But what do you think—?"

"I approve of nudism in the right place, by the right people, and in the right way," she said. "But I do not approve of enforced nudism."

"What do you mean—enforced?"

"I mean, 'Tarzan,'" she said. "If I were on a desert island, I should probably dress exactly as I did in that picture. If I were in my own back yard for a sun bath I should probably have on less than that, for I think the sun is a great health factor. But, to be forced to go around with practically no clothes on for eight hours every day of a freezing winter; to stand knee deep in what I am sure was melted ice water and then have the sound man yell, 'I can hear your teeth chattering, Miss O'Sullivan. You'll have to control them' and with not even the doubtful recompense of a good, healthy tan after a year of working under those conditions—for the thick coat of body paint I had to wear kept me as white as a lily.... That's what I mean by the miseries of enforced nudism."

"But didn't you, on the whole, feel healthier while making 'Tarzan'?" I asked.

"I never was [please turn to page 119]

"Baby monks are darling, but the adults are mean. Every time one of them came toward me, I gritted my teeth. It meant another bite."

If anyone in Hollywood has a right to talk about nudism, it is Maureen O'Sullivan. And Tarzan's mate says she never was more miserable than when forced to go raw
strangely assorted pair—the diminutive Josef Von Sternberg and a large but very beautiful blonde. Cables had warned us that the noted director was bringing from Germany an unknown genius, so I realized that this blonde was the genius.

With an orthodox eye, I took inventory of her make-up. The clothes were unpromising—a frankly “Ducky” baby-blue chiffon frock (selected, no doubt, for the mythical tropical California climate), an enormous bow-trimmed, pink hat and, upon-my-word-as-a-lady-press-agent, PINK SATIN SHOES.

We were introduced. She murmured something indistinctly. Von Sternberg did all the talking, laying out a definite campaign for her introduction to the American press. Miss Dietrich (we didn’t know how to pronounce her name correctly at the time) managed occasionally a quavering “yes” or “no,” but nothing more. She was frightened into a state of rigidity. A new country, a new language, and a fabulous Hollywood filled with lovely women of a slimness she never thought possible, had her stymied. There is little doubt Marlene that day felt like a country bumpkin.

Came the afternoon of her first interview. Marlene arrived at the studio an hour early. She had discarded the baby-blue and pink creation, to my immense relief, and affected an extremely mannish blue-serge suit with a vagabond hat that did wonders for her gold and marble beauty. The date was with the most famous of Hollywood’s feminine columnists, and Marlene was in a fine flurry of nerves.

“Do you think she will like me?” she
Against Dietrich

Does the German beauty stand at the top of the toboggan slide from which no one returns?

By Julie Lang

pleaded. "She will make fun of my English, no? She will like my clothes, you think? Must I not talk of my baby, Maria? Will she not like me if I have a baby?"

The famous feminine columnist, let me state, was more than an hour late, but Marlene did not think of questioning a newspaper woman's right to such privileges.

Now let us draw the curtain aside on a typical Dietrich interview in the 1934 manner.

An important screen magazine writer wishes to see Marlene. Five dates have been made and five dates the star's secretary has cancelled before the writer is admitted to the suite moderne, Number 112, Dressing-Room Row, Paramount Studios. Ah, no, Dietrich never opens the doors of her home to the press. Her deep broadloom is never sullied with the imprints of soles that tread editorial floors.

The writer waits an hour before the star arrives, but never thinks of questioning the great one's right to such privileges. Clad in a costume that is a cross between a Heidelberg student's uniform and a doorman's outfit, Dietrich enters with body-guard and chauffeur. After numerous telephone calls, a session with a perfume atomizer and a glance through a portfolio of her latest still pictures, she sends for the long-suffering writer.

The interview begins (with Dietrich staring out the window). It turns out to be one of her famous "yes and no" interviews. The tremulous writer asks question after question, but she is buffeted by that insurmountable "yes" or "no," or now and then a reckless "I don't know."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
MARLENE DIETRICH may remain loyal to Josef Von Sternberg (he will direct her next picture, "Red Pawn"), but Josef hasn't got a monopoly on her time any more. He used to be her escort on practically every occasion. For a while they were not on speaking terms.

And Hollywood has seen Marlene going about recently with Brian Aherne and Douglass Montgomery.

'Tis said that La Dietrich likes to go places with the tall and handsome Aherne because he can dance like nobody's business, and Douglass — well, maybe he appeals to her maternal instincts. Hubby Rudolph Sieber occasionally chaperons them.

WHEN Hal Rosson, Jean Harlow's "ex," was stricken recently with infantile paralysis, Jean was most solicitous about him, visited him daily, and phoned several times about his condition. Of course, Hollywood wondered if the tragedy of sickness would reconcile the pair. But Jean's closest friends say absolutely no. Naturally, Jean thinks a great deal of her former lord and master, and when he was in danger he was first in her thought—but Cupid won't get a return engagement.

PRACTICALLY all Hollywood was backing Max Baer to win in the heavyweight championship ring massacre. Except one girl—June Knight.

FRANTIC calls from the maison W. C. Fields at Toluca Lake had Hollywood medics scurrying there, to find the inimitable fiend in dire distress. He said he had done something to his leg while playing tennis and that it was turning green. Well, the doctors assured him it wasn't green, but black and blue, and that the trouble was a torn ligament. Bill heaved a deep sigh of relief.

'I thought it might have to be amputated," he said, "and it wasn't that so much." He sighed again.

"But what?" asked the puzzled doctors.

"Well—that's my hollow leg," Mr. Fields explained, as he rose, with another sigh, this time one of contentment, and hobbled to his pet revolving bar in the den.

It would seem Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., might need that one thousand dollars a day his California real estate holdings bring him in.

His castle in England has eighty-three bedrooms, seven drawing rooms, a ballroom which accommodates five hundred people, not forgetting a staff of forty-eight servants—and a constant stream of guests.

By the way, he's reported returning this fall for a Broadway stage show.

Surrounded by an admiring throng, Mary Pickford and Grace Moore leave the theater after the preview of "One Night of Love," Miss Moore's sensational screen hit

One wouldn't think it possible to see four happily married Hollywoodians at one time—but here they are. Seated are Mrs. Conrad Nagel, left, and Vilma Banky. Standing, Rod La Rocque and Leatrice Joy, now Mrs. William Hook, Jr., at the Hotel Del Monte
Richard Dix' marriage to his secretary, Virginia Webster, was a perfect screen-idol-worshiper's dream come true. Here's how it happened.

Virginia, just out of college, was looking for a job. She answered an ad for a secretary, and found five hundred and ninety-nine other girls there. All were interviewed by one Mr. John Brimmer. The most favorable checks fell beside Virginia's name. She was hired.

Not as secretary to Mr. Brimmer, however, but to Richard Dix. Uncle John, as he is to Dix, was only fronting for the star.

In less than six months the secretary found herself in love with the boss, and vice versa. So what? So they quietly came East and were just as quietly married, with an European honeymoon in view.

But Dix's father became ill, and they compromised on a boat trip back to California. And there they are.

In a little talk with Kay Francis just before she departed on her long-deferred European vacation, I found out that Maurice Chevalier does not hold the field alone. There are "three or four others" whom she sees as often as she does Maurice, but the fact has not been as publicized. Also, she is not going to be married, according to the way she teets now . . . But you never can tell what will happen on an ocean voyage!

Jack Barymore is seriously ill with another attack of the jungle fever which he contracted several years ago. The germ of this malignant fever will lie dormant in the system for a long time, to go into action again when the resistance is low.

Warners' current "A Lady Surrenders," Jean Muir is the lady. But more money was spent on Verree Teasdale's costumes than on Jean's, which proves something or other.
IF Franchot Tone has been letting his picture success travel above his ears, as some have said, he should be back running a normal temperature now.

A friend of his took it upon himself to collar Franchot and tell him the facts of Hollywood, ending thus:

"And please don't let Joan Crawford's success go to your head."

IT'S more like the third act of a Noel Coward play than an actual happening.

But it did happen and in Hollywood, of course.

Gloria Swanson rounded a corner on the M-G-M lot with Herbert Marshall in tow. "Oh pardon, please," they murmured as they ran head-on into someone in a hurry. There was a pause, then there they were—Gloria's ex-husband, Wally Beery, face to face with Gloria and her new heart interest. To top it off, around the same corner just then bobbed Connie Bennett, who married another of Gloria's ex-husbands, the Marquis, and who is Herbert Marshall's screen heart interest in her next picture, title in doubt.

For a long painful moment, the four of them stood there, not saying a word. Then all at once they started in the same direction, halted, started in the other, paused again and, finally, drifted off one by one.

Romantic rumors continue to fly concerning Lyle Talbot and Sallie Blane. Here they are, leaving the Hollywood Playhouse after the "Keep It a Dream" première

A PRODUCER who was present tells exactly how Garbo went about casting her new picture, "The Painted Veil." A list of all available directors was handed her. Carefully she read down until the name Boleslavsky caught her eye. "I'll take him," she said calmly, but firmly.

"You like his work?" the producer asked.

Garbo shrugged. "I don't know his work, but he is a foreigner and they are better."

Next a list of leading men was given her. "We really have Otto Kruger, a splendid actor, in mind," she was told. Garbo was silent.

"Of course, there is another prospect," they said, "Herbert Marshall, an Englishman."

"An Englishman?" asked Garbo. "All right. I take him."

"We're glad you like his work," they told her. "He's a fine actor."

"I am glad," she said. "Of his work I know nothing. But if he is an Englishman, he is all right."

Now the American company and American crew are wondering if Garbo will tolerate them long enough to make an American movie. And have even gone so far as to wonder if the American money she receives also will be acceptable.

THE creme de la creme turned out for Grace Moore's preview of "One Night of Love." Gloria Swanson arrived with Herbert Marshall, and as they were leaving, Gloria raised quite a fuss with a news photographer whom she thought had snapped them. He gallantly removed the plate from his camera and destroyed it. Gloria rewarded him with a reluctant smile, never guessing that the plate was a total blank!

ONE of Hollywood's most shocking tragedies was the violent death of Dorothy Dell in a recent automobile accident.

Dorothy, "Miss Universe" of 1930, gave unusual promise as a first rate star-to-be in "Little Miss Marker." She had played a lead in the last "Follies" produced by Flo Ziegfeld, had won a name on the radio—and seemed to...
Garbo's amazing indifference to what is said and written about her continues to stump completely even the people who work with her.

Recently, a member of the M-G-M publicity staff closest to the Swedish enigma, gathered together a flock of clippings of all the wild stories—that Greta had married ten husbands, that she had been raised as a boy—that she was the secret daughter of a Scandinavian king—all sorts of things. He thought Garbo would really react when she saw how her silence had been distorted. She ran through the clippings, and then looked up.

"You put these in?" she smiled sweetly.

Connie Bennett is still dazed with it all. She met her temperamental Waterloo in Robert Leonard, who directed her latest opus, still untitled. It was done by Leonard's mild, even and unruffled disposition. Nothing disturbs him. Thus, if a man isn't going to be conscious of fireworks, why set them off? So, after the first few days of the director's withering unconcern, Miss Bennett settled down to real cooperation and everything was sweetness and light.

Gloria Swanson's matrimonial adventures threaten to make almost everyone in Hollywood an ex-brother-in-law or ex-sister-in-law to everyone else.

The last estranged Swasonian spouse, Michael Farmer, is said to have admitted in Europe he was "that way" about Jean Harlow and would like to have her boil his morning eggs—or words to that effect.

Swanson, Bennett and Harlow—ex-sisters-in-law, Beery, de Falaise, Rosson and Farmer—ex-brothers-in-law. Wouldn't that be something?

[Please turn to page 124]

Fred Astaire, dance king, insisted on having a stand-in on the set.

"Wouldn't do any good," the director told him. "No one else can imitate your steps or fold up into your postures."

"I know," agreed Fred, "but I want somebody to pant for me."

You'd never think, to look at him now, that some years ago the doctor told W. C. Field's he was in the last stages of tuberculosis and might as well give up. Instead, Bill bought himself an open-topped Ford and went driving over the country wherever his vaudeville tour took him.

No matter how far below zero the thermometer sank, there sat Willie with the breezes blowing about his head.

A year later he went back to the doctor. Much to that gentleman's surprise there wasn't a trace of the disease left. Since then, you can be sure, Fields has had a fondness for open cars.

It's a soft drink at that! Jackie Coogan, once a star, is just another college boy now, taking his girl to the corner soda fountain. The girl is Toby Wing. She and Mr. Coogan are "steadies" now.

Sidney Fox used to be a dancer, and she says the training exercises she learned then still help her keep that slender figure. Sidney only tips the scales at ninety-eight. And she wears a size ten dress.

Have arrived at the first steps of an important career.

Nineteen years old—everything ahead of her—then a sharp turn in the road—and oblivion.

And apparently she was in the safest of all possible hands. The doctor who had saved her mother's life during a pneumonia siege was at the wheel of the ill-fated car, and died with her.

Here is where I do a little announcing about myself. It gave me quite a nice feeling to find all you readers listening in when I began my broadcasts in "45 Minutes In Hollywood," the Borden program, when it was started Saturday, January 27.

It was even more enjoyable to find you kept right up with me when "45 Minutes In Hollywood" went over to Sunday nights on April 8.

So, knowing your interest, I want to tell you that on and after Thursday, July 26, you'll hear me, still on the Borden program, "45 Minutes In Hollywood," at ten o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Don't forget it's a date, Thursday night, July 26, at ten o'clock, E. D. S. T., Cal York announcing. Thank you.

Crooner in the courtroom! But this round of Rudy Vallee's separation battle with Fay Webb was postponed in New York, so one of his lawyers could go on a honeymoon!
Will Outwits The Sexy Fellows

Why a homespun star tops all the romantic males at the box-office

By Thornton Sargent

WILL ROGERS — homely, homespun, and getting well on to fifty-five.

Outdrawing stars charged with sex-appeal like Clark Gable and Fredric March.

So say the motion picture theater owners of America. They confess they'll take Will Rogers in any kind of picture, good or bad, over any male star in the business. They ought to know. They are the gents who count your nickels as they roll through the box-office.

Seems strange—

Rogers never told the story of his love life. He's been married but once, and he's still working at it.

He's never revealed the great sorrow of his life, nor the great inspiration.

Then what kind of person is Will Rogers? What makes him tick—and click?

If you saw him in action and heard him talk, I think you'd agree with me—he's just a typical American. The keynote of his character is naturalness. He keeps it, despite Hollywood, by his inherent love of meeting people.

"There's nothing like meeting people face to face," says Rogers of the many excursions he takes out of Hollywood. "It keeps you on edge, meeting new folks all the time."

The most popular of Hollywood stars of his sex, according to the theater men, Rogers is necessarily one of the best paid. He is said to receive a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a picture. He gets five thousand dollars for each radio broadcast and huge sums for writing.

And what Rogers makes he takes good care of. His personal fortune runs into the millions. "I've got a dollar for every joke I've told," he says.

He puts money where he can keep it—into real estate—and comments sagely: "At least I [please turn to page 106]"
How to be Naughty But Nice

Sparkling Jeanette MacDonald is the perfect example

In “The Merry Widow,” with Chevalier, Jeanette is truly merry—not sophisticated and surfeited. Her American freshness excites and intrigues Europeans.

It takes a nice girl to be naughty—
And a nice girl who is just naughty enough is so very, very nice.

That is precisely the opinion of at least two continents about Jeanette MacDonald. She has succeeded in combining in one personality the seemingly irreconcilable qualities which make her the typical ideal of sweet American womanhood and the darling of such sophisticated cities as London and Paris.

Every American mother would like to have her daughter as nice a girl as Jeanette. She radiates the fresh cleanliness, the vital charm and healthiness which is her American birthright.

There is about her nothing of the vamp, of the adventuress, of the Old World sophisticate. It was Flo Ziegfeld who once said that if he had to typify the American Beauty, he could do it only with Jeanette MacDonald.

And yet Jeanette swept the Old World off its feet. She is a amazingly popular all over Europe, particularly in places like Paris and Vienna, where an altogether different kind of charm is demanded of a woman.

Chevalier, Lubitsch, and Jeanette going over “The Merry Widow” scripts at a rehearsal. Lubitsch insisted on her for the title role, over Maurice’s objections.

There she must pierce the worldliness of centuries by her piquancy, by her wit, by her appeal to a psychology utterly foreign to Americans. And in Europe they applauded, acclaimed and almost mobbed Jeanette.

The American shakes a girl’s hand. The European kisses it. There, in a nutshell, is the vast difference between New World directness and Old World finesse—and how can the same girl appeal to both?

Jeanette MacDonald is the Dollar Princess and she is the Merry Widow. How can the centuries and the psychologies be bridged by the same girl? The Dollar Princess is one kind of a woman and the Merry Widow quite another, and yet, unlike Kipling’s East and West, they do meet in Jeanette.

That’s because Jeanette knows just how naughty to be while still remaining nice, and just how nice a girl has to be to get away with being naughty.

And that deliberately intriguing sparkle in her eyes, the sparkle that

"The Cat's-Paw" is the first published story Lloyd ever purchased for production, and represents a new policy for him. He gets away from gag comedy, relying upon story situations.

Lloyd plays a young man who has grown up in China, where his father is a missionary. He returns to America, becomes involved in a political ring, and is elected mayor of a good-sized city. Members of the ring frame him to protect their interests. Harold, imbued with Oriental philosophy, attempts to meet his problem as a Chinese gentleman would. This leads to amusing situations.
And He Brings Us a New Type of Lloyd Comedy

The scene above shows Harold, in an ox cart, ready to leave the mission in a Chinese province and start on his journey to America. The missionary, standing in the doorway, is Alec B. Francis. On his left is Frederick Burt as *Keen Lung*, an influential Chinaman.

At the left of the picture, standing by the camera and wearing a fedora hat, is Director Sam Taylor. Behind him is Jack MacKenzie, cameraman. All the extras are Chinese. Before making the film, Lloyd studied two Chinese dialects. Chinese Nationalist government representatives helped on the Oriental sequences.

The supporting cast includes Una Merkel, Alan Dinehart, Grace Bradley, George Barbier, Nat Pendleton, Vince Barnett, Fuzzy Knight and Grant Mitchell.
Carl Laemmle, Jr., was born the year his father made his first motion picture, "Hiawatha." Junior and motion pictures grew up together.

He replied: "Sometimes good, and sometimes not so good, like all boys."

Those were his exact words. I shall never forget them. I love them because they were the truth. Junior has never told me a lie. I think that is the greatest tribute he could pay me, for it means that I have his confidence. When children start lying to their parents, the parents have in some way destroyed the close personal relationship which should exist between them and their offspring.

You have the key, now, to Junior's character.

I am going to tell you a great deal more about him. But before I do so, I must set you aright on one important point.

So much has been written and has been said about my desire to have a son and to have him succeed me that my devotion to my daughter, Rosabelle, has been almost entirely overlooked by both press and public. This is, in a way, natural, for she is neither involved in nor at the head of a great studio, while Junior is.

I wish to say that in my heart she is not overlooked and I love her as deeply and as sincerely as I love my son.

**"The Boy"**

By Carl Laemmle

President, Universal Pictures Corp.

The "grand old man of films" here presents a remarkable tribute to his brilliant son, who has followed in the footsteps of his distinguished father.

—The Editor
LORETTA YOUNG is fascinating in a languorous mood—and, for that matter, in most any other mood. The girl with the dream in her eyes will be seen next in "Caravan," a Fox production. Her latest release is 20th Century's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Loretta is under contract to M-G-M, but all the studios want to borrow her.
RUBY KEELER is so pensive, and Al Dubin, the song writer, feels that way, too. You see, they are conjuring up inspiration—Ruby for a new tap step and Al for a fresh tune to go with it. In a minute, we'll bet, there'll be exultant activity all over the "Flirtation Walk" set at Warners. Cute rehearsal togs on Ruby, eh?
If the mirror doesn’t lie, it’s love—and very tricky camera work, withal. The charming lady is Myrna Loy, and the gentleman in the looking-glass is George Brent, who, if you must have your details, is standing to the rear and right of Myrna. Director Sam Wood sits down to direct this sequence from “Stamboul Quest,” for M-G-M.
Toby Wing is all aglow with love at nineteen—an exciting and important experience! So important for Toby that she intends to wait until Jackie Coogan can ask her to wed (he’ll be twenty in October). “Kiss and Make-Up” is the title of Toby’s new Paramount picture, but she and Jackie don’t have to make up. They don’t even spit.
Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia, on the set where Patsy is learning about movie production. Her father, the late Flo Ziegfeld (right) watched constantly for evidence of talent in Patsy

Child of Scorpio

It's in the stars for Patsy Ziegfeld to be an executive like her father, says Billie Burke

By Vera Ingersoll

WHETHER or not you believe in astrology, Billie Burke does. And that belief has guided her faith in her daughter's future. The actress, famous in her own right and as the wife of the late Florence Ziegfeld, speaks here as the mother of the young, lovable and ambitious Patricia. Her words should be of great interest to any parent.

The stars made the choice for him.

"Every girl in planning her career should ask herself the question: 'What after forty? How about my career then? Will I still have it, or will life be ended for me?' You see, forty comes. We never think it will, but it does—and what then? I'm asking Patsy that already. You see—she's got to face life, and I want her to do it just as young as possible. Before it hurts too much!"

Stern talk this, from one to whom life had turned so different a face at the very age the young Patricia is now—seventeen. At seventeen Billie Burke, blue-eyed daughter of the circus and stage, was already a toasted darling in London and New York music halls; Billie Burke curls were the rage of the hour.

Billie Burke and stodgy middle age—the two are a contradiction in terms. Billie Burke today, vibrantly slender, alert, poised, with her tawny hair still in ringlets—still young in spirit. She was..."
**$10,000 in Prizes for “Anthony Adverse”**

**Cast Selections**

Get in on this contest now! It’s red hot—as hot as $10,000.00 IN PRIZES, plus the most thrilling romance of modern literature, can make it! What’s it all about? Why, PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures are INVITING YOU TO NAME THE CAST FOR THE MOST AMBITIOUS FILM PRODUCTION IN HISTORY—“ANTHONY ADVERSE.”

A total of $10,000.00 in prizes for that fun! ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN (157) PRIZES? Why—Who is this Anthony Adverse, anyway?

Well, he’s the adventurous lover of a royal purple and blood red age that Hervey Allen brought to life in his great novel published by Farrar & Rinehart and READ BY MORE THAN TWO MILLION PEOPLE IN A YEAR. And Warner Bros. Pictures will keep him alive in A GREAT MOTION PICTURE.

Anthony’s recreated world is peopled with exciting men and women, and you are asked to think of them in terms of the most appropriate talent Hollywood has to offer, to make these absorbing creatures visible on the screen.

Postal Telegraph’s far-flung facilities are making available to persons everywhere, ballots similar to the one appearing in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, and which will also appear in the October issue. Warner Brothers Theaters and Farrar & Rinehart also are distributing these ballots, as are the Ford Motor Company factories and agencies, the manufacturers of the various other articles offered as prizes, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen, himself, has listed the twelve most important characters in this book, for the screen play. Fill in your ballot with your selection of actors and actresses best fitted to play each part, in accordance with the rules accompanying this announcement. Also fill the blank Postal telegram space with a fifty-word explanation of why you think a particular star should play the monumental role of Anthony Adverse himself.

For your convenience, a synopsis of the book is offered below, but the best way to understand the characters is to read the book. On page 80 you will find a list of players under contract to Warner Bros. Pictures. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players of other companies for this production. The availability of these other players depends upon their contracts and production schedules.

All ballots must be in by midnight, September 15.

Full instructions about mailing them to PHOTOPLAY’S New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the opinion of the judges, are suited for the production by Warner Bros. Pictures, and on the strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title role. Neatness also will be taken into consideration by the judges.

And those prizes—ah, a few more words about those prizes! The Ford V-8 motor cars—five of them—speak for themselves. You can have your pick of any of five swanky models, the De Luxe Fords, Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Victoria; Coupe, or the Convertible Cabriolet. Likewise the quality of Tecla Cultured Pearls is known to everybody. Think of a $700.00 necklace for sending in the sixth best ballot!

Cash is welcome in anybody’s pocket these days, and there are fifteen money awards ranging from $300.00 to $25.00.

Ten lucky contestants will fly to the Chicago Fair via one of America’s finest, fastest and most comfortable air routes—the United Air Lines. They will enjoy the hospitality of the luxurious Drake Hotel, for one week. This great hotel is beautifully located on Lake Michigan. The Century of Progress is more extensive, more elaborate, more thrilling this year than last. What more need be said?

Six gowns designed for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures by Orry-Kelly, that company’s renowned stylist, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of New York and Hollywood, make most attractive prizes. Orry-Kelly is one of the geniuses of the Movie Capital who sets the fashions for smart women everywhere today. These are the same type frocks designed for new productions and for the private wardrobes of some of the loveliest and best-dressed women in pictures. Winners may select gowns such as those worn by Betty Davis, star of “Housewife,” by Kay Francis, star of “Dr. Monica,” by Dorothy Tree, appearing in “Here Comes the Navy,” or Margaret Lindsay, who is so delightful in “The Dragon Murder Case.”

And what woman doesn’t delight in an abundance of fine silk stockings? Women also know the superior quality of Mojjud Clari-phanie hosiery. Each of twenty prize winners will be supplied with forty pairs for a whole year’s wardrobe—all the very latest shades. They are knitted of highest grade silk by a new process which eliminates all rings, streaks or shadows. Their “Screen-Bie” shades are styled and sponsored by Orry-Kelly. To insure prize winners receiving up-to-the-minute shades each season through the year, they will have the privilege of ordering their stockings at any time over that period.

Women will be intrigued, too, by the offer of one hundred Day-Night Pre-Vue mirrors, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases. They actually preview make-up. Two-faced and purse-sized, Pre-Vue’s electric blue side reveals just how make-up applied under artificial lighting will look in the glare of the sun. The amber-gold face foretells the appearance of daylight make-up when midday is viewed under electric lights. Thrilling, eh?

And so we offer you, the SUPREME MOVIE CONTEST OF ALL TIME! SEND IN YOUR BALLOT NOW!

**Synopsis of “Anthony Adverse”**

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 47

Don Luis, Marquis da Vincitata, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and conceited, stops off at Avurgenz, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at Livorno, Italy. Maria’s beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes, straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

Denis Moore, Maria’s lover, an Irish cavalry officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has...
LOVE—"Anthony Adverse" is a thesaurus of love, one of the greatest romances of literature

Fly to the Fair! Ten contest winners will get round-trips to A Century of Progress in Chicago on United Air Liners

Margaret Lindsay in one of six prize gowns designed by Orry-Kelly of Warner Bros. and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc. They are lovely!

The luxurious, magnificently located Drake Hotel will accommodate those who win trips to the Chicago Fair. The Drake is the building on the right

The new Ford V-8 De Luxe Fordor Sedan. One of the five models from which the first five prize winners may make a choice

DARING—"Anthony Adverse" as an adventure story is not equalled in all the writings of our modern fiction
followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steel-blue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grimness to radiance in about thirty seconds.

During the absence of the apoplectic Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, ascetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1576. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figured medal of St. Anthony.

Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education. Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise. He is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udnye, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arrangements, through Father Xavier and Mr. Udnye, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonnyfeather—the boy's grandfather.

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonnyfeather as a child and because of the statue of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonnyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

The trading factory, Casa de Bonnyfeather, is a cosmopolitan cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be a "gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, droll humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a chivalrous-feudal-classical slant, with a shrewd drench of Scotch commercialism and hardheadedness. From Touissant Clair-

vieux, small and dapper, youngish-faced, sparkling-eyed gentleman

writer-clerk of Casa de Bonnyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes much of the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daughter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first real tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won in a lottery. It is that night Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town traversing the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown.

Rules of the $10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the prize winners are resi-

dents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be donated by United Air Lines, with guest privi-

leges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

First prize—Fordor V-8 motor cars, to be selected by winners from any of five models: De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or Convertible Cabriolet. Value $700.00.

Sixth prize—Tecla pearl necklace worth $500.00.

Seventh prize—$300.00 in cash. Eighth to thirtieth prizes—Ten airline trips to a Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with all traveling expenses of round-trip paid by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel. Value $200.00 in cash.

Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, re-

produced by Studio Styles, Inc.

26th prize—$75.00 in cash.

31st prize—$75.00 in cash.

45th to 47th prizes—Twenty complete hopscotch wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojul Clari-plane silk stockings (up to 40 pairs of sizes: 1 to 10). Value $25.00 in cash to each.

53rd to 55th prizes—Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, with hand-made leather cases.

58th prize—$25.00 in cash. September (September and October) Photoplay Magazine is publishing the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest. A ballot submitted with contestant's selection of the twelve actors and actresses is considered most suitable to portray the twelve principal characters in the motion picture production of the book, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of why a certain star has been selected for the role of Anthony Adverse, will constitute the correct entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the spaces opposite the listings of characters in the contest box, you may write the names of actors and actresses you believe most admirably fitted to play the twelve roles.

In the blank space below the cast box, corre-

sponding to a Postal Telegraph form, you should explain, in not more than fifty words, why you suggest a particular star for the leading role of Anthony Adverse himself.

4. The ballot form and rules specified in Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons who send in ballots which are most similar to the cast that will be announced for the Warner Bros. Pictures screen production of "Anthony Adverse," and which convey the best explanations of why a certain actor has been recommended for the title role. The judges will take neatness into consideration in all cases.

5. The cast voted for may be selected from the list of players under the heading, "Ad-

dressers of the Stars," which appears in this issue on page 80 and which will appear in the October issue of Photoplay. Under this heading you will find the contract players at the top, with the stars named. Where it is possible, may suggest actors and actresses under con-

tract to either Warners or other companies here listed, or free-lance players. The avail-

ability of these names as "Anthony Adverse" will, of course, will depend upon the terms of any con-

tracts involving them, production schedules, etc.,

but all players suggested will be duly considered.

6. The "Anthony Adverse" ballot carried in this issue of Photoplay will be duplicated in the October issue. Identical ballots may be obtained free of charge from any Postal Telegraph office or uniformed messenger of that company, from Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the Ford Motor Company factories or agencies, the manufacturers of any of the other articles offered as prizes in this contest, and from book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse." 7. Ballots may be sent to the "ANTHONY ADVERSE" CAST CONTEST EDITOR, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, or may be turned in at any Postal Telegraph station. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on each ballot. If you mail it to Photoplay Magazine's office, make certain it carries sufficient postage.

8. You need not be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You may copy the official ballot from the originals in Photoplay Magazine. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the Photoplay Magazine office, 611 Broadway, New York City.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accompa-

nies this announcement of the contest and will be published in the October issue. How-

ever, it will be greatly to your advantage, in attempting to name a cast, to read the book published by Farrar & Rinehart.

10. The judges will be a committee selected by Photoplay Magazine, Warner Bros. Pic-

tures, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of "Anthony Adverse." They are: representation of Photoplay, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-

president in charge of production; representing Photoplay, Ira L. Diamond, editor; representing the Postal Telegraph Company, and Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse." The decisions of this com-

mittee will be final.

No relatives or members of the household of any of the above named companies, or of the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

11. In event of a tie for any of the prizes offered a duplicate award will be made to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 15. All ballots should be in by that date. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of Photoplay Magazine.
Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jordan of Rhode Island, a colossus of a man—red-faced, with iron gray beard, cold blue eyes—and his wife, Jane, a prim, bony woman, with extraordinarily pointed lips. They sail by way of Genoa where Anthony again sees Father Xavier, now slight and emaciated, thin, gray locks, but whose face still glows from a quiet light within.

At Havana, Anthony lives at the home of one Carlo Cibo, Italian merchant long in Cuba. Cibo is a huge man, good-naturedly fat, with tightly curled, black hair.

Here Anthony meets Brother François, the same priest who had seen Don Luis kill Anthony's father. He also meets the niece of the Governor General of Cuba, Dolores de la...
The Lassoing

RAIN lashed at him. Cool, tantalizing, man-made rain.

Saturday afternoon on the M-G-M lot. A blazing sun outside. The dismal, dank atmosphere of war-torn France inside. Mud. Damp stage odors in still air. Gary Cooper flipped a cigarette. There was that mountain stream high up in the Sierras. He could make it in a little over two hours if they stopped work now.

"Cut," called the director. And another scene of "Today We Live" was in the box. "Nine o'clock Monday, everybody . . . Just a minute, Coop. How about joining us for a little deep sea fishing over the week-end? I've got the boat stocked up and we're leaving at four."

"Sorry. It's the mountains for me. Thanks—" He swung off and made a wide leap from the loading platform to the ground. Whew, it was hot enough to cook a cow's hoof! He'd forgotten the heat with that rain turned on. Already his wet clothes were steaming. The ocean suddenly became infinitely more attractive than a long, sizzling ride inland. "Hey!" he shouted to Howard Hawks, "Is that offer still open? Yea? Well, I'll be there . . ."

That's the way things happen. A rise in temperature and you make a casual decision that changes your life.

COOP didn't see her at first. It was dark in the companionway and as the slim yacht met the swells of the outer harbor, they lunged together.

"You seem to like my peach?" Her voice was gay, laughing. Coop took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. Darn it all, girls shouldn't eat peaches in dark places for a man to bump into. "'Scuse me," he mumbled and passed on. Probably she was the giggle kind. Or worse yet, a dizzy deb who thought everything was "too, too divine." Almost, he wished she hadn't come.

For romantic effect, one should always see a girl silhouetted against an ocean sunset, her dress gently whipped about her.

Gary saw her sprawled on her stomach in an unrelenting sun, wearing slacks that couldn't possibly be "gently whipped." There was a nice smudge on her nose. She didn't bother to notice him especially. She just said, "Find another peach?" in a lazy, amused way. He grinned. "Yea. Right now!" It was too good an opening to miss. Anyway, she was sort of cute . . .

"Want to shoot fish?"

It was steaming hot. The cool ocean beckoned Gary Cooper. He accepted the invitation to go fishing on Director Howard Hawks' yacht — and that decision changed his life
Of The Lone Cowboy

There were mixed-up meetings, and Veronica fitted into his moods. So Gary Cooper decided it was fate, and fell in love

By Jerry Lane
Illustrated by Frank Doblas

"Are you by any chance guying me?"
"No." Lord, didn't she even know you could shoot fish! She was pretty dumb about it, too. But game. Her technique in handling a gun would not exactly have sent old Joe back on the ranch into ecstasy. She let the shell nick her nose and the rebound sent her reeling against the taffrail. No whisper from her, though. She took it like a hardy old buster. Coop wiped the blood away. "Good sport," he said gruffly, because he was feeling rather queer himself. She was all right, this girl. You didn't find 'em like that every day in the week.

That night she was even better. By moonlight...
He had discovered a lot about her from Hawks by that time. He knew she was Veronica Balfe, daughter of the Social Registerites, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields of New York. That she had come West to visit her grandmother on the Balfe ranch near Fresno, and was at present a house guest of her uncle, Cedric Gibbons and his wife, Dolores Del Rio.

He learned, too, that she'd had a fling at a screen career under the name of Sandra Shaw.

Winny, the dappled gray mare on Coop's ranch, approved of the yacht girl, too. Rocky could ride — she could speak his language. So, before long, they spoke of marriage.
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

HERE COMES THE NAVY—Warners

PUNCHES! Thrills! Climax piling on climax, laid against the background of battleships and dirigibles in one of the best Cagney films to date.

Jimmy, a hard-headed riveter, sets out to satisfy a grudge against petty officer Pat O'Brien by joining the navy and eventually O'Brien's ship. Then he falls in love with the officer's sister, Gloria Stuart, and the war is on.

Transferred to the aircraft division, Cagney comes to the rescue of his enemy, O'Brien, who has been accidentally carried aloft on a dirigible rope. Of course Jimmy wins Gloria and a promotion, but his cockiness is never conquered. Frank McHugh adds to the fun as his buddy.

There is a snappy staccato in the dialogue, performances, and direction by Lloyd Bacon.

CLEOPATRA—Paramount

Launched in a lavish production, with all the typical DeMille feasts and festivities, the story of Cleopatra (Claudette Colbert) meeting with Caesar (Warren William) by way of a rolled rug, and her completely ensnaring him so that he decides to divorce his wife, marry Cleopatra and form an empire. His assassination leaves her at the mercy of his friend, Antony (Henry Wilcoxon), who also succumbs to her fatal charms, deserting his country, his army, his friends to be with her in Egypt.

Steadfastly, through doubts and fears, bribes and threats of war, they cling together and finally, defeated by Rome, they choose death in preference to slavery.

It is a passionate love story with thrilling effects. First-rate performances by the principals, and good support.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO-Radio

Superb performances and a deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's outstanding novel make "Of Human Bondage" an unusually interesting picture. Not all of what Maugham had to say has been retained, but there's enough to make an enjoyable evening for adults in the theater.

The film benefits from the uniform skill of Leslie Howard, an amazing talent newly revealed by Bette Davis, the charm of Frances Dee, and the seasoned work of Reginald Owen, Alan Hale, Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. Lester Cohen, the scenarist, obviously understood and relished the book, and John Cromwell, the director, handled the bitter story with intelligence.

It is a bitter story, this one about the cripple, thwarted in his ambitions as an artist and trying to reconcile himself to the study of medicine, who gives himself wholly to a torturous, insistent love for a vicious and ungrateful trull. Kindly love is wasted on him so long as her spell persists, and his adoration goes wasted and derided.

Club-footed Philip Carey could very easily have been made just asirn and ridiculous by an actor lacking Howard's mentaity and artistry.

Bette Davis, heretofore in none too conspicuous ingenue roles, makes of Mildred, the London waitress, a remarkable study of unfaithfulness. The story is handled without offense to good taste.
The Best Pictures of the Month

OF HUMAN BONDAGE  TREASURE ISLAND  CLEOPATRA
HERE COMES THE NAVY
SHOOT THE WORKS  THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY
HIS GREATEST GAMBLE  SHE LOVES ME NOT

The Best Performances of the Month

Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage"
Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage"
Wallace Beery in "Treasure Island"
Jackie Cooper in "Treasure Island"
Chic Sale in "Treasure Island"
Jimmy Cagney in "Here Comes the Navy"
Jack Oakie in "Shoot the Works"
W. C. Fields in "The Old-Fashioned Way"
Richard Dix in "His Greatest Gamble"
Marian Nixon in "We're Rich Again"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122

☆ TREASURE ISLAND—M-G-M

WITH a zip and a zoom, a gusto and a sturdy "yo, ho, ho!" this story of Treasure Island swings into action right at the start, carries thrills, chills, suspense and stirring drama right smack through to the heart-touching end.

It is a beautiful, moving, inspired and inspiring picture that will appeal not only to children, and have them right on the edge of the seat with enjoyment, but will do just about as much to those love-admiring adults.

It gives you a cheerful glow, a decided lift out of the run of ordinary things.

The picture stands the acid test of reality—meaning by that this—you find yourself taking part in the life of exciting adventure, quest of treasure trove; you feel the sting of the salt sea spume on your face in warm, tropical waters of a land of mystery and fascination. In other words, you live the roles you see before you on the screen. You are taken out of yourself.

And it has such enjoyable characters as Lionel Barrymore as Billy Bones, Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins, Wallace Beery as Long John Silver, Chic Sale as old Ben Gunn, and Otto Kruger as Dr. Livesey, and Nigel Bruce as Squire Trelawney.

All grandly entertaining. And grandly exhilarating. The picture is a monument to Robert Louis Stevenson.

☆ THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY—Paramount

IT'S hard to tell whether W. C. Fields or Director William Beaudine should be credited with the paralyzing gags, situations and lines—but they're grand. Certainly the director should take a bow for casting the chain of chuckles without one weak link.

Fields, as The Great McGonigle, is entirely too classically comic to describe. You'll just have to see him.

The story is laid in the Nineties, and the McGonigle company's great opus, that antiquated "mellerdrammer" "The Drunkard," is presented with the entire original stage revival cast except with Fields as the dastardly villain.

With Joe Morrison, a valuable addition to the screen, Judith Allen takes care of the love interest. Baby LeRoy makes a few scenes miserable for his arch enemy, the star.
PRESENTING a struggle between a life-loving father (Richard Dix) and a cold, convention-loving mother for the molding of a daughter's (Edith Fellows) character, this film has its moments of real emotional power. He kidnaps the child, but loses her to his wife when sent to prison. Years later, however, he escapes to aid the grown girl (Dorothy Wilson) and her lover (Bruce Cabot) to happiness.

SMART treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as light, riotously funny entertainment. Fireworks fly when gangsters, movie producers and the law seek out Miriam Hopkins in Bing Crosby's college dormitory after a shooting in the night club where she works. And it is in this scene that Miriam uncorks to display a type of humor that will amaze you. Kitty Carlisle, Edward Nugent.

AND sailors learned about women in this fast, clean comedy that borders on lusty rowdiness. When gob Lew Ayres tries to get gay with cabaret singer Alice Faye in a Shanghai club, he finds plenty of opposition. They agree to be just pals, which, of course, leads to love. But that screamingly funny team, Mitchell and Durant, meddle in and mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine as a South American.

YOU'VE never seen such a merry marital madhouse. It all revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to millionaire Reginald Denny. There's a polo-playing grand-daughter (Edna May Oliver) and her rowdy gang, Gloria Shea, who elopes with Buster Crabbe—and country cousin Arabella (Marian Nixon) who gets the millionaire in the end. Bouquets to Marian Nixon, Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell.

THE riot of thrills, laughs and nonsense will no doubt cover up any weak spots in the plot. Things happen when Mary Carlisle discovers she is a missing heiress and, with Una Merkel, sets out in a private car to meet her father. Charles Ruggles, a "crime deflector," and Russell Hardie add to the confusion. Climax is reached when the car is uncoupled and starts back down grade.

AN intriguing beginning sags in the middle and fades out to a thin, sad end. The tale of a doctor who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, takes a ship to Santa Cruz, meets Lady Mary Fielding (Madge Evans) and finally recaptures his past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Warner Baxter wasted as the doctor. Barry Norton, Zita Johann, Marjorie Rambeau, Roger Imhof also in cast.
Saves Your Picture Time and Money

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists

AFTER a lengthy absence from the screen, King Vidor returns with much of his old power to direct his original story of man's struggle with the soil. Frankly communistic, the film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Tom Keene and Karen Morley do well, while Barbara Pepper, a vest-pocket Jean Harlow, makes the male contingent sit up and take notice.

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio

DIVERTING comedy for the family. Stuart Erwin as Wilbur Foss, an honest but simple guy, is type-perfect. Wilbur is an idealist who wants to see everyone happily married. He loses his job at the marriage license bureau, and stumbles onto a matrimonial-agency scheme, "Romance, Inc.," which makes a fortune. Rochelle Hudson is the girl. Pert Kelton and Skeets Gallagher are an amusing team.

THE WORLD MOVES ON—Fox

MADELEINE CARROLL, English beauty, begins her American film career inauspiciously in this picture. A dozen threads of plot are picked up and broken in this prolonged opus. From a rather irrelevant duel in 1825, we are carried through the World War and the financial debacle of 1929, to a humble but snug harbor of today. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. Fair.

STAMBOUL QUEST—M-G-M

A SPY story that builds and lets down, but has its moments. As the compatriot of Mata Hari, who makes the mistake of falling in love, Myrna Loy is excellent. George Brent is the man. He is a most ingratiating American doctor who gets mixed up in German-Turkish intrigue. Lionel Atwill is his menacing best as head of the Secret Service. C. Henry Gordon is still our favorite villain. Sufficient suspense.

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox

THAT incomparable child, Shirley Temple, saves the day with her natural charm and ability. It's the old story of the "stolen pearls." Jimmy Dunn, her jailbird dad, who is going straight, is accused of the theft, but Shirley rescues the "jools" and reaps the reward. Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor and Ray Walker are also in the cast, but everyone has to take a rear seat when baby takes a bow.

BLACK MOON—Columbia

IF you are in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, native drums and human sacrifice, this will prove fairly entertaining. Action takes place on a West Indies isle where secretary Fay Wray has been sent to accompany Jack Holt's wife and child (Cora Sue Collins). A sinister note rings all through.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 98]
Women Must Be Amused

A sense of humor is essential to a successful lover

William Powell tells Ruth Rankin

"If you keep putting out a product that bores the public, pretty soon you won't have any public," announced William Powell, fresh out of his swimming pool in a pair of ravishing red trunks.

"Same way with women. Have to keep 'em amused. Strangely enough, if you amuse them, they will amuse you. Because is there anything that keeps a man entertained better than listening to the sweet, appreciative laughter that follows his playful quips and droll sallies?" With which Bill took another head-on dive, to emerge dripping with protest this trip.

"But why ask me? Although highly flattered at the invitation, I must in all truth confess I am not qualified to speak."

"Go right ahead. You're doing handsomely—so far," I encouraged.

"But really—on account of having made two conspicuous failures at marriage, and . . ."

"Who said anything about marriage? We are discussing lovers, not husbands."

"Of course, there is a difference," Bill admitted, "although I strive to please in any capacity. When one meets with failure, that is the time a sense of humor is absolutely necessary in order to bound back.

"If you expect to be caught on the rebound, you can't go around in mourning for your lost love. Not so that it shows on you, anyway.

"And it's not so easy. That's the time you have trouble just getting along with yourself. In my case, I wake up in the morning too mad even to talk to me. It is practically luncheon time before I can smile at that long, sour face the mirror gives back.

"So the next best thing to do is try to fall in love right away, and then you have to be pleasant. More than merely pleasant—you have to be agreeable, companionable, and amusing. And you certainly can't be any of those things without a sense of humor. Don't even try. It's just a waste of time."

"To get back to our premise—a successful lover—but with whom? People meet, they click, or they don't click. You can't do one thing about it if you don't hear that click, except smile gently and think 'better luck next time.'"

"You need a sense of humor desperately when you take your best friend's wife to luncheon—and the telephone starts ringing the minute you get home. All the telephones ring, all over Hollywood, including your best friend's. Of course he knew all about it beforehand, because he encouraged it. But try and tell that to Hollywood."

After two "conspicuous failures" as a husband, Powell has decided to "marry" a house instead of a woman. It may be more permanent.

[Please turn to page 120]
Guessing
Time for
GARBO

Her Highness' contract ends soon. And new mystery envelops Greta's future.

It's open season for Garbo-guessing in Hollywood. Anyone can play. All you have to do is guess what the mystic daughter of Sweden is going to do after she finishes her next picture, Somerset Maugham's "The Painted Veil." Because, when that picture is finished, Garbo's contract with M-G-M is finished. She'll be as free as the air, to do what she pleases, to go where she wants. Already the cameras are grinding well along—in a few days she will have her freedom.

"Queen Christina" did not meet with the expected reception. And Greta's M-G-M pact ends with "The Painted Veil."

Will she quit Hollywood and the screen—cold? Will she embark on a new lap of her screen career, or stride silently and swiftly to the gangplank of a steamer and sail for Sweden and the impregnable seclusion which she apparently treasures so much? Will she make her own pictures in Sweden; will she marry; will she vanish in a cloud of blue smoke; will she run for Congress in the Fall elections?

Nobody knows just what the star will decide to do. That's why the guessing is hot, hectic and heavy right now. At the present writing, Louis B. Mayer, who signs Garbo's pay checks, is as much in the dark as "Slickum," the studio bootblack. Maybe Garbo is guessing herself—who knows?

And perhaps she has reason at that—for circumstances are of a different complexion than those which surrounded the last great Greta speculative spree.

You'll remember, that took place [please turn to page 86].
DEAR EVELYN: Oh, baby, I've got some wonderful news for you!
The other day I was thinking about you—and you're the type of person who has such a lovely face that once you're seen, you're hard to forget. So, while thinking about you, I evolved two absolutely brand-new exercises. I could have written them out and stuck them in an envelope and sent them to your Hollywood address. But—even if I do say it myself—they're such grand exercises that I want all the girls who read Photoplay to have the benefit of them.

They're just for you, Evelyn Venable, but I'm sure you won't mind sharing them with other girls and women who need them. Besides, ever since I first started seeing you on the screen, I've wanted to tell you a few things.

Evelyn Venable is lovely—but no girl can be ethereal if she's plump! Sylvia detects a marring curve along the upper leg when Evelyn sits down. Now well-designed clothes hide it. But Sylvia says Evelyn must exercise it off for true beauty and protection.

You have one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen. (Don't fall over dead at hearing Sylvia give such an unreserved compliment. You should know, by now, that I never say anything I don't mean. That's the way I am.) When I see something I admire I've got to spill over about it. And I certainly admire your face. It has an exquisite ethereal quality all its own. You look as if you came from another world. You really look like an angel. But, oh honey! what a plump little angel you are!

People, watching your pictures in theaters, gasp when they see you in a close-up, because you're so beautiful. I gasp when I see how much there is of you in long-shots!

Yes, Evelyn, you're ethereal. But you won't be for long if you keep putting on weight. When I saw "Double Door," all around me people were saying, "My! Isn't she getting heavy!" The excess showed up in those tight costumes.

Look at yourself. What do you think of your upper arms? They could do with a little taking down, couldn't they? And how about the hips? You could spare a bit off them, too, and it wouldn't be any sacrifice. As for your legs—I don't know, but I've got an opinion.

I notice that the costume...
Legs and Arms!

designers are always careful to make your dresses ankle length—even when you're not in a costume picture. That just makes me suspicious. I can judge, from the rest of your figure, that you could lose something off your legs. And when you sit down and your skirt clings to you, my eagle eye detects a curve that shouldn't be on your upper leg.

So, because I dislike fat so much and because I think you can do so much more justice to your face by shaving off your body, I created some new exercises for you. Raise your right hand and swear you'll do just what I tell you. And I'll raise my right hand and swear you won't regret it!

First of all I want to give you that hip exercise,

Feeling that Evelyn should reduce hips and legs, Sylvia created two exercises to meet these special needs

With Kent Taylor in "Double Door," Evelyn was beautiful. But Sylvia says her facial beauty will be enhanced if she reduces her upper arms. It will take only a week

because it's so new and I'm so crazy about the things it will accomplish.

Stand with your arms at your sides and your feet straight ahead. Now turn your right foot so that the toe is pointing due left and the heel due right. Raise your arms above your head. Stretch your left foot as far back as you can make it go (bending your right knee). Now your feet will be about three feet apart. With arms still above your head, turn your body, twisting at the hips, and slowly touch the floor with your fingers as far to the right as they will go.

Baby, you can feel a pulling in your hips such as you've never felt before. The first time you try it, it will nearly kill you and you'll be cursing me out. (Well, maybe you won't, Evelyn, because I understand that you're a ladylike girl who doesn't use profanity. But some of the rest of the girls who try this one will start hurling words at my head. And the funny part is, I won't care—if they'll just do the exercise.)

When you've done that as I've described, reverse the process and put your left foot in the forward position and your right foot back, twisting and touching your fingers to the floor on the left side.

Do this five times on the left and five times on the right. That will be about all you can take at first. But do it every day. You'll be tired and sore until the fat starts breaking away. But don't mind that. You know [please turn to page 82]
Rubbing Elbows With The Stars

GREETINGS, JOAN:
You shameless hussy, you! Basking in the delight of a vacation and asking me, sweating away at my work, to write you all the news. Spoiled, that's what you are. Oh well, I'm a weak woman when it comes to friendship, so here I go . . . off to the races!

Let's begin with these candy-and-cake making Samson sisters, whose maple fudge alone is guaranteed to chuck your strongest resolutions helter-skelter. The Samsons do a lot of candy-making for the movie colony.

Craving free samples, I went to their little white cottage. Mary Carlisle and Grace Bradley, covered with chocolate goo from toe to top, greeted me gaily. They were packing their own boxes. The pleas from the proprietresses meant nothing to those pretty souls. They were having the time of their lives and nobody but little Mary and Grace was going to place their candy. "No packee . . . nobuyee!" Mary laughed, and tossed me a chocolate cream. So I joined in the packing.

The phone rang. It was Constance Bennett who wanted a couple of pounds of almond caramels. "Good and chewy," she stressed.

Joan, that's life for you. To gain a single ounce this Bennett woman not only eats candy, but whipped cream desserts, big Yorkshire puddings, double helpings of mashed potatoes, juicy steaks, et als. Grimly I masticated the chocolate cream. Go on, hips, I dare you!

EVERY time I've gone to the movies lately I've run into one of our brighter lights doing something amusing.

First time it was Maurice Chevalier. I went to the theater alone one night. Dark glasses were on my retirossé nose (take it or leave it!) because I'd been sitting around on a set too long and got my blinkers sore. It was the middle of a picture so I sneaked in and took

Another Mitzi Cummings Letter

MITZI is a Hollywood girl who knows her home town's celebrities intimately. Blithely she skips from studio to party, from one famous personality's home to another.

Her letters to her friend Joan appear every month in Photoplay. They are spicy and revealing; sometimes a bit audacious, but never without gay humor.

Mitzi, in the middle, Grace Bradley, in the light dress, and Mary Carlisle go for sweets in a big way

Proprietresses may protest, but these girls pack their own candy. It has to be done just so

58
Hollywood's Clever Extras

Huge silver bracelet and ring-trinket worn by Frances Drake.

Carole Lombard's dashing sombrero, kerchief, and jewelry for beach costumes.

A white dove, wings spread, trims Pat Paterson's gown uniquely.

Bold script gold initials—a new Hollywood adjunct to neckline.

Aeronautical trend—sweeping wings on Carole Lombard's stitched taffeta hat.

A vintage head adorning holder jewelry.

Beaten gold straps for Kitty Carlisle's twin bracelets.
COATS will have a lot of back interest this coming season. Royer has anticipated this trend in the striped wool coat which he has created for Peggy Wood to wear in "Handy Andy." An inset belt extends across the back only and a bloused effect is achieved between the shoulder yoke and this belt. The front of the coat is made with self-fringed revers, a scarf to match the crepe dress being drawn through buttonholes on each side. Note the sleeve fullness.

Woolens In Interesting Fall Guises

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA 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 representative merchants.
ANOTHER Royer costume for Peggy Wood combines two shades of woolen with great success. The dark monotone forms the body of the dress, extending up over the shoulders in front and back. The light patterned woolen forms sleeves and a deep section set in under armholes. Clips and a small collar are the only trimming.

AN unusual version of the wide rever gives a new look to Drue Leyton's suit jacket in the picture above. The revers are set away from the closing instead of being a part of it. And the front hooks half way down in lieu of buttons. A collar of the blouse material is worn over the jacket. Woolen hat to match. A Royer design worn in "Charlie Chan's Courage"
WOULD you imagine that Kay's gown had such a daring backless treatment? The wing detail is repeated and the grapes are used again for a large clip effect.

WING-LIKE pieces jutting from the bodice of this black satin gown suggest a new fall silhouette. Walter Plunkett created it for Kay Johnson to wear in a scene from "Afterwards." The shoulder straps are held to the bodice by clusters of green grapes. As you can see, the skirt is very high waisted and slender to the point where a wide train sweeps out gracefully at the back.
A PETAL motif is the clever theme stressed in both trimming and seaming of this gown Julie Haydon wears in "Afterwards." It is a regal gown in aquamarine crepe with a full train fanning out at back. The petals are graduated and stitched, the deeper ones forming a slight shoulder covering. A back view of the gown is shown at right. Plunkett design

CINNAMON velvet and antique gold lamé make a rich medium for this evening gown which Royer has designed for Peggy Wood. Worn in a scene from "Handy Andy," its silhouette and detail are typical of the new season's luxurious formality. The lamé bodice is Grecian in feeling with its soft drapery. The high waisted velvet skirt is quite slender through the hips
College Tips In Two New Pictures

YOU who are shopping with an eye to college just take a good look at this suit which Diana Wynyard wears in "One More River." You'll find any travel and campus esforit. A mixed tweed pocket tops a monotone woolen skirt. Diana's knit sweater is the same color as the skirt, as is the usual felt hat with roll trim and creased crown.

In this scene with Cary Grant, at right, you see the back detail and cuff treatment of Helen Mack's smart dress. Grosgrain ribbon lacing at the back and crystal ball cuff links.

TRAVIS BANTON has used the popular shirtwaist theme for a simple little gray wool frock worn by Helen Mack in "Kiss and Make-Up." It's a grand campus dress, tailored and wears well. Grosgrain ribbon laces the bodice which has inverted pleat fullness. Stitching is used to suggest a belt line for the straight skirt. Smart detail
JEAN PARKER has the most beautiful figure to be seen in Hollywood, according to no less an authority than Mme. Sylvia. Here is Jean, posing, we may presume, as the Spirit of Athletics—hurling the discus, flinging the javelin, and taking off for a standing broad jump. All very Grecian, except the bathing suit, which runs more along the lines of West Coast beach 1934 models. Miss Parker's newest picture for M-G-M is "Operator 13," and she has been loaned to Fox for a leading rôle in "Caravan."
MAE WEST makes a glorious, if somewhat buxom, rosebud in all her floral finery for a burlesque show scene in "It Ain't No Sin." Not a thorn in sight, and surely Mae couldn't conceal one in that gown. She is known as "the American Beauty" in her new Paramount picture, which takes us back to the curves and capers of the Naughty Nineties.
The Man You Want

Mae West Gives You His Number

Reported by Helen Harrison

"Sex and me," says Mae West, "have a lot in common. I don't want to take any credit for inventing it—but I may say, in my own modest way, and in a manner of speakin'—that I have discovered it!"

Who can doubt it? When Mae West talks on love it behooves all you smart girls and boys to lend thine ear to a bit of a load of wisdom—and so the microphone goes to the lady with the golden hair, the provocative eyes, the curvilinear torso and the undulating hips!

"I don't need a psychologist to tell me what a man's thinkin' when we been dancing and he suddenly suggests a walk in the garden under a full yellow moon. If he's good-lookin', normal and in full possession of his faculties, it's a cinch he's goin' to want to take me in his arms and kiss me. I'd be worried about him if he didn't think about it. Of course, I may have ideas of my own. And just because a girl has a come-on look doesn't mean that every man she dances with is good for a kiss.

"You may recall that in my pictures there are very few kisses. Remember 'way back to 'She Done Him Wrong' and 'I'm No Angel'? The same goes for 'It Ain't No Sin.' But when I kiss I mean it—as far as the story goes—and that brings me to a phrase that I've used often in pictures—but oftener in life: 'Is he or is he not just my type?'

"That's what you've got to ask yourself before you go into a clinch—and let a lot of heartaches meet you more than half-way.

"And just what is your type—bein' that I'm talkin' about you today. There's been plenty of talk about me. There'll be more. ..."

"It's up to every woman to find out just what her type is. I've been around and I've noticed that 'Marry in haste, repent in Reno' is something more than a railroad man's dream. But don't worry—I'm not goin' to preach to

Mae's Love Proverbs

A girl whose curves are knockouts has been known to win on points!

Tall, dark 'n' handsome—remember, women have a weakness for strong men!

Love is sweet madness—and many a woman's crazy to get married!

The harder a girl is to get—the easier she finds it is to get 'em!

A woman in love can't be reasonable—or she probably wouldn't be in love!

Men, marrying for a helpmate, often find they've picked a mismatch!

When a man starts to alibi he usually has a pretty good reason for it—a blonde or brunette!

A man in love is like a clipped coupon—it's time to cash in!

Men are all alike—except the one you're met who's different!

Many a man picks up a girl—only to fall himself!

Men admire devotion in their wives—beauty in other women!

There are only three types of men, says Mae, which greatly simplifies the picking for you girls. (What she is writing is just an invitation to "come up")

[Please turn to page 110]
NOW you may complete your three sets of solutions to the exciting, fascinating Photoplay "Movie Fill-in" Contest. The game draws near the end—and hasn't it been fun? But, if you haven't already started, there's still time for you to enter the contest. It closes at midnight, September 10th.

All you need do to have a grand time, and perhaps win one of the prizes totaling $500.00, in cash, is fill in the solution ballots appearing in the July and August issues, and this September issue of Photoplay, and send them in. You'll find full instructions for arranging and mailing your entries in the rules printed on the bottom of this page.

How well do you know your movies, your stars and their backgrounds? Here's a chance to test yourself. You will get a world of enjoyment out of it. And couldn't you use the money?

Absorbing Chatter with words missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter. When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballots provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each single dash represents a single letter and the total number of dashes given, in each instance, the total number of letters in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the blank spaces. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite — — — in some short comedies called "— — — " — — is now married to a screen player whose name is — — —

**CLUES**

**ANSWERS**

1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel
   Harold

2. The first half of the last name of a British war-time Premier
   Lloyd (Lloyd-George)

3. A solitary state
   Lonesome

4. One of the Apostles
   Luke

5. The first two letters mean *to exist*; the second two letters also, *to exist*
   Bebe

6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name
   Daniels

7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den
   Lyon

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by *sounds* of words as well as actual spelling when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

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**Rules of the Contest**

1. Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine as follows:
   - First Prize .................................. $125.00
   - Second Prize ................................. 75.00
   - Third Prize ................................. 50.00
   - Fourth Prize ................................. 25.00
   - Ten Prizes of $10 each .................... 100.00
   - Twenty-five Prizes of $5 each .......... 125.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine has published "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing appears in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-in" for that month.

3. Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—
   1. Harold
   2. Lloyd
   3. Lonesome

4. $500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.

5. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," for July, August and September. All solutions should be sent to Puzzle Contest Editors, Photoplay Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage. Spell "Fill-ins" the *commonly accepted way*, according to Webster's and Funk & Wagnalls dictionaries.

6. Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants' method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.

7. You need not be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the originals in Photoplay Magazine. 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.

8. 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 may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

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

10. The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of Photoplay.
CHATTER
FOR SEPTEMBER

One of the most rapidly progressing stars of the day is the charming brunette, — __ — 2 — 3 — 4 —. Two of the pictures which brought her back to fame and fortune are — 5 — 6 — 7 — 8 — 9 —. The first title contains her own name. A couple in Hollywood have separated and divorced, but neither — 10 — 11 — 12 — nor — 13 — permits that to spoil mutual respect. One of his recent releases is — 14 — 15 — 16 —.

A prominent producer is sure that when — 17 — 18 — 19 — 20 — 21 — 22 — will be recognized as one of the foremost feminine stars. A young blonde is forging to the front. Her first triumph of this year was — 23 — 24 — 25 — 26 — and now — 27 — 28 — 29 — is well on her way to stellar honors. Another blonde who is carrying the high expectations of another studio is — 30 — 31 — 32 — 33 —.

Some gentlemen still like them, a little!

An actor born in England, — 34 — 35 — 36 —, and married to an American actress whose first name is — 37 —, is on the up-grade.

With each picture, the voice of — 38 — 39 — improves. This star may go operatic. He was most impressive in — 40 — 41 — 42 — 43 — 44 — playing opposite — 45 — 46 —. An actor who overcame the handicap of his resemblance to another star, and is now popular in his own right, is — 47 — 48 — 49 —.

The question now being asked of — 50 — 51 — 52 — 53 — is whether or not she intends to live up to the title of her picture, — 54 — 55 — 56 — or be a good girl and act otherwise.

A foreign star in the midst of a severe crisis in her American career is — 57 — 58 — 59 —. The man who “discovered” her in Europe, and made her famous over here, now gets the blame for blotching her career. Well, life must have its little ironies. But aren’t you glad that — 60 — 61 — 62 —, who got in trouble in Mexico, survived his difficulties and is still a Hollywood top-notch star?

One of the proudest of Hollywood’s young fathers is — 63 — 64 — 65 — 66 —. And Jobyna says he has a perfect right to be. . . . And so we wish you good luck!

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September Movie “Fill-in” Contest Solution

1. 17
2. 18
3. 19
4. 20
5. 21
6. 22
7. 23
8. 24
9. 25
10. 26
11. 27
12. 28
13. 29
14. 30
15. 31
16. 32

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CLUES
FOR SEPTEMBER

1. The first five letters, sorrow, the last two letters, plural suffix.
2. A glen.
3. The popular name for a South American city.
4. Motion through the air.
5. Toward a lower level.
6. A preposition.
7. The popular designation of a South American city.
8. To marvel.
9. To obstruct.
10. The first name of an English King called “The Conqueror.”
11. The first two letters, a river in Italy, last four letters, healthy.
12. To sing.
13. A banker or money lender.
14. Definite article.
15. Skinny.
16. An adult male person.
17. The whole.
19. Plural present indicative of be.
22. The first six letters, a number below twenty, last five letters, a perennial woody plant having a self-supporting trunk. Plural.
23. Having reached the end.
25. A spicy plant.
26. The last name of a famous American humorist.
27. A very thin cigar; a stogie.
28. A part of an airplane.
29. These four letters have the sound of a word meaning to toe.
30. A Civil War general.
31. One of the Southern States.
32. A pile or heap.
33. The first four letters have the sound of a word meaning out of humor, the remaining two letters mean past.
34. The act of departing.
35. The first five letters, a Christmas shrub, final four letters, the hard, solid part between the pulp and bark of a tree.
36. The first four letters have the sound of a word meaning to nod, the remaining two letters mean upon.
37. The first two letters have the sound of a word meaning the opposite of night, the last four letters mean, suitable for superiority.
38. The first three letters, sunset, the remaining three letters have the sound of a word which names a small bird.
39. The first name of a King called “— — — — — — — — of Orange.”
40. The first name of the author of “Young Man of Manhattan.”
41. The first three letters, the fruit of the wild dogrose, the last four letters, to destroy by fire.
42. The first four letters, salad, last four letters, to explode.
43. The first four letters, an earthly deposit containing lime, last three letters (capitalized) stand for east-northeast.
44. The first four letters, a regulated course of eating, the remaining four letters mean wealthy.
45. A Confederate general.
46. The first three letters have the sound of a word meaning a shallow utensil with raised edges, last two letters, a man’s nickname.
47. The first three letters, a suffix—jurisdiction, the remaining four letters, not soft.
48. The name of the author of “The Green Hat.”
The Smile That Hides A Tear

By Sara Hamilton

There was a bitter reason, too. Back in the days when Eric Von Stroheim was making "Foolish Wives," he brought from Germany its most famous actor, Rudolph Christians, for one of the roles. A world famous actor was Christians, known and loved in Moscow, Vienna, New York, Berlin and London. In Berlin, Christians' wife and daughter, Mady, were waiting for him to complete his picture and hurry back to them.

"Only two more weeks," Mady, who was then attending Max Reinhardt's School of the Theater, would say. "I've been promised the role of Portia and I can't wait till father sees me. It will be the greatest thrill of my life."

But he never did see his daughter's Portia.

The day he finished his part, he died in Hollywood.

Suddenly, without a chance to send a word to his loved ones.

The news was a blow, not only to Mady, a young girl on the threshold of her career, but to the entire theater-loving world.

MADY couldn't bear the thought of coming to a place that had robbed her of her father. For years she held out, and then, as the pain lessened and Hollywood claimed so many of her co-workers back in Germany and in New York, she relented.

The day she arrived she clutched firmly in her hand a slip of paper. She couldn't even bear to trust it in her purse. It bore the address of the place where her father had lived and died. Before she saw any of her friends, she stopped off quietly to look for the little cottage he had written them about.

But it was gone. Time and Hollywood had marched on since those old days of silent pictures. The village had become a brisk little city. There were none of the palms and pepper trees her father had described to them. The lazy, lovely little street, shadowed by overhanging pepper trees which she had expected to find, was no more. It had become a busy avenue, with shops and office buildings, and a huge new theater. And directly behind the theater, where once the pretty little cottage she was looking for had stood, was a crowded parking station.

And yet Mady Christians [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Mady Christians is one foreign star who shunned Hollywood, because it robbed her of a loved one. But at last she came, and isn't sorry
Hollywood Buys A Duck

By Mildred Mastin

Quack, quack, quack! Wanna buy a duck?

Joe Penner has been asking that question for the last nine years! Lots of people laughed. But no one but him — until a few months ago.

Wanna buy a duck?

The answer, coming from Hollywood, is “To be sure, to be sure.”

And the price being paid for the first “duck” Joe delivers is seventy-five thousand dollars. He’s getting it from Paramount for a picture to be called “College Rhythm.”

Hollywood could have bought this duck long ago — for much less money. As a matter of fact, four years ago Penner made a series of comedies in the East. But the movie people paid little attention to them. Recently, when these comedies were released again in the wake of his radio popularity, they packed the theaters and brought down the houses, in spite of their out-dated gags and old technique.

But four years ago Hollywood considered him just another slapstick comedian the movies didn’t want. Until very recently, nobody anywhere ever wanted Joe Penner very much.

Nobody wanted him when, a youngster in a Detroit picture house, he performed on “amateur night.” They thought he was terrible! Afterwords, when he batted around for years, from cheap vaudeville to burlesque and small town musicals, nobody was eager to sign him up.

He was appearing in movie houses on stage show programs when his first real break came along, less than a year ago. It was in radio. He didn’t want to take it. Rudy Vallee made him the offer. Wanted Joe on one of his broadcasts.

“Aw, Rudy, I don’t wanna,” Joe begged off, “I wouldn’t be any good on the air. I’d flop. My stuff depends on pantomime — my cigar, gestures, bouncing my hat. That stuff is no good on the air. Besides, talking before a mike is like talking to a brick wall. I gotta have people around. I ad lib, you know. I hate radio!”

“But, Joe, on my hour you’ll have people out in front. We broadcast before an audience.”

It took a lot of persuasion, but Penner finally agreed to appear on the program.

“I tried not to think about the mike and that I was broadcasting,” Joe says. “I kept my... [Please turn to page 100]
PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP
Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

WHAT is the magic that Hollywood works on the faces of the stars? Many a nice-looking girl has gone to Hollywood to emerge on the screen a glorious, appealing person. Hollywood wields a potent lipstick and a telling eyebrow pencil. But that is not all of the trick. Hollywood knows the art of dramatization. It knows that all the make-up in the world won't do that legerdemain alone. It knows that a keen eye and a deft hand are needed, but more than those, a sense of the dramatic.

Hollywood has done such a thorough job on the blondes alone that the whole country is blonde-conscious. Given a choice, many of us would choose golden locks in preference to bronze or black. And because this art of making the blonde picturesque is a very definite job and quite different from glorifying the brunette, I concentrate on the golden lilies this time. But the brunettes will have their turn later.

There are just three facial points that we may depend upon for theatrical value, and this is as true of you or me as of the stars. Those points are eyes, lips and hair.

Let's begin at the top and think of hair. If you are blonde, Hollywood would like to make you a little blonder, and that is for the sake of contrast in photography. If you are blonde, Hollywood would probably curl your hair, because in pictures at least you get more design. But that idea works just as well for the average girl, because curling gives you a sense of fluffiness which you always think of in connection with light hair. Light hair suggests a child; curls suggest an angel. And an unbeatable combination for beauty, that is, when hair is the right shade and curled properly. Carole Lombard and Bette Davis are two blondes whose hair is lovely either curled or straight.

But even when you are blonde and curled, Hollywood isn't done with your hair. Not by a long shot. Arrangement is the next consideration. It must be orderly; the design must be definite, and in most cases you must have a clear face-line, untouched by dabs and loops of hair. With the exception of feathery bangs, every player on this page has a cameo face-line. Do remember this, for it's very important for your best effect. You can create almost any illusion you wish by the arrangement of your hair.

I admit that most of us are limited in daytime by good taste and the flat-crowned, saucer type of hat. But by night, you can put that hair as high or low as you please; you can copy Claire Trevor's intriguing bangs, you can do a dozen and one things. There are so many things to do that
you need never look just like the girl next to you, and yet you will be lovely and chic. The hatless hair fashion becomes more elastic all the time. So long as the arrangement is right for you, it's right, regardless of Hollywood, Paris or New York dictates. If you have grown monotonous to yourself, when you read this, sit right down to your dressing-table and do a little experimenting, and discover something new and lovely and alluring about yourself.

Now the eyes get their turn. That's where Hollywood is supreme. It can do almost anything with eyes. I shall never forget seeing my own after a master of make-up had used mascara, shadow and pencil. And was I pleased? Yet from the screen today, you don't see heavily laden, made-up eyes staring at you. They are subtly, naturally lovely in effect. And that's the lesson for all blondes.

The blonde eyebrow is usually lovelier when it's narrow, long and not too black. As a matter of fact, in personal make-up, it's more artistic to make that brow dark brown, and to use a black mascara on the lashes. And that mascara must be skilfully applied; never allow the lashes to clot and cling together. When the mascara is dry, comb the lashes with those tiny combs for the purpose. And in the use of shadow, select pastel tones. These tones should have relation to your skin rather than your eyes. Many blondes have faint purple shadows, beautiful with white skin. Then a lavender shadow does the trick. Sometimes there are faint blue veins about the eyes. Then blue is your color. On the golden blonde, the natural shadow is usually brown, so brown shadow would carry out the normal coloring scheme, or perhaps a green for evening. You see, you are only emphasizing the intents of nature when you use color in this manner. And never overdo. Ann Harding's eyes are always beautifully made up for the screen. Their loveliness is artfully intensified without a harsh note or line anywhere. If you employ this same principle in your own make-up, you will be doing yourself a great favor.

Now we reach the lips. The blonde, almost more than any type, needs color on her lips, but this color must not be harsh or too deep. As a rule, there are two types of blondes,
We have learned, after much study, that there is a compact make-up which will give you the beauty of a flawless skin. A well-known beauty wash in the form of tiny grains, mixed to a paste with milk, is one of the reasons for Joan Bennett's flawless skin. Good for all skin types.

A well-known beauty wash in the form of tiny grains, mixed to a paste with milk, is one of the reasons for Joan Bennett's flawless skin. Good for all skin types.

Those with gold in their skin and those with pink. The golden-skinned blonde needs a vivid, warm shade—a shade which usually contains a little yellow, while the pink-skinned blonde needs a tone with just a touch of blue, which gives a rose-tinted rouge. If you will look at your skin without make-up in a clear light, it will not be hard to decide what type you are and what color accents you need. Face rouge should always be of the same general tone as your lipstick and powder of a true skin-matching shade. A trio of this make-up in the natural shades suggested will give you a natural, lovely and flattering make-up harmony.

The art of rouging the lips is very important. The general screen tendency today is to enlarge the lips slightly, the idea being that the generous mouth is much preferred to the tiny mouth. In the first place, it is far more expressive, a terrifically important thing on the screen; and a slightly full mouth seems to indicate many of the more desirable human attributes, just as frank, sincere eyes do.

While it is unwise to tamper too much with the natural shape of the mouth by day, evening gives you more license. However you apply that daytime rouge, the line should be smooth and even if you wish attractive lips. Men, particularly, are repelled by carelessly smudged rouge lines. Lipsticks wear down that clear point after a while and simply won't give you a well defined line. But here is a Hollywood method that does it. After applying the rouge, take the flat end of an orangewood manicure stick and smooth that line perfectly. But do it when you first apply the rouge and while it is moist and creamy. If you will do this with any reasonably indelible lipstick, you may be sure that clear line will last you until you remove the rouge. If rouge fades from eating, etc., during the day or evening, you need only retouch the inner part of the lips; don't try to re-rouge the outline. You have no idea how this little trick will improve your appearance generally.

Blondes always look lovelier and fresher if that lip rouge is slightly creamy. If your favorite lipstick doesn't give you quite this effect, try applying a tiny dab of cream to the lips, wiping it away and then applying the lipstick. This touch gives you just that added bit of creaminess you need.

You may think by now that we are done with the blonde. But no. The subject of dramatization goes deeper than make-up, which is only one aid, after all. It is very intimately tied up with yourself. What the screen has done for all types is to teach them to express themselves through face, bodily movement and voice. You probably have watched many a player grow from a pretty face to an unforgettable personality. You might give a little thought to your face. Most of us are inclined not to use our face at all or to use it the wrong way. Many girls in an effort

[ Please turn to page 90 ]
"I LIKE ESPECIALLY THE FRAGRANT MILDNESS OF CAMELS"
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE OF PHILADELPHIA

As Sarah Lippincott, Mrs. Nicholas Biddle grew up in Philadelphia, playing in historic Rittenhouse Square, and then went to school in France. She shares her husband's enthusiasm for big game hunting and their country house is full of trophies. Golf, trap shooting, and tennis are great favorites with her and in the summer she gets very tanned sailing with her five children. She loves people and parties and invariably smokes Camel cigarettes.

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos than any other popular brand

“Yes, I always smoke Camels,” says Mrs. Biddle, “because I like their taste so much better than any of the other cigarettes. Camels have real flavor and yet they are so pleasantly mild that I never worry about how many I smoke. Camels never get on my nerves. That is another reason why I am so devoted to them. And I notice that whenever my energy is low, smoking a Camel renews it.”

When you smoke a Camel you do feel an almost immediate relief from fatigue. You have released and made available the latent energy in your system. Camels will give you a “lift” and they won’t get on your nerves.

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOs ARE MILDER
Relief every woman should know about

One of the most comforting times to have Bromo-Seltzer handy is around the trying time of the month. Not only is it helpful in relieving cramps and pains of nerve origin, but it likewise brings additional benefits which every woman will appreciate.

Thanks to its effervescence, Bromo-Seltzer promptly relieves gas on the stomach. If your head is dull or achey...that, too, is quickly relieved. At the same time, you are steadied and soothed. And your alkaline reserve, so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up by the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self...comfortable and relaxed.

Only a balanced preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could be so prompt and effective. Mere pain-killers do not bring the same results. Bromo-Seltzer contains 5 medicinal ingredients carefully compounded to bring the most effective results. Each ingredient has a special purpose. Moreover you take it as a liquid—hence it works much faster.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by for headaches, neuralgia, and pain of nerve origin. Always pleasant...ever reliable...it contains no narcotics and doesn’t upset the stomach.

It is easy to mix a Bromo-Seltzer at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet...ready to relieve pain at a moment’s notice. Or get it by the dose at soda-fountains.

There is only one "Bromo-Seltzer" so look for the full name. Imitations are not the same balanced preparation...are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. A product of The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.
Ask The Answer Man

When Gertrude Michael went to Hollywood she expected to remain a week. That was over two years ago, and she's still there! As Calpernia in the movie, "Cleopatra," she is most alluring. It looks like Antony (Henry Wilcoxon) must think so too.

GERTRUDE MICHAEL, whom everyone is asking about now, began her picture career "as a lark." She played the role of Richard Arlen's fiancée in "Wayward" which was made in Paramount's Long Island Studio two years ago. After the picture was finished she turned down other movie offers and returned to the stage. Later she accepted an offer to go to Hollywood, for a test. She expected to stay a week, but was kept so busy she hasn't had time to return East, even for a visit.

In Talladega, Ala., where she was born, she was giving piano concerts at the age of twelve and also taking violin lessons. Graduated from high school at fourteen and entered the University of Alabama law school for a year. From there she went to Converse College; then to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music where she won a five year scholarship to study music in Italy. Plans to make use of this scholarship were altered by the death of her father.

Playing the piano and violin as well as singing and directing dramatic sketches over a radio station she founded, kept Gertrude busy for some time. Then followed stock work, Broadway plays and finally pictures.

Gertrude is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes. She lives in Hollywood with her mother and brother. Enjoys swimming, tennis and badminton. Has an extensive library of music. Some of her latest pictures are "Bolero," "George White's Scandals," "Murder at the Vanities" and "The Witching Hour." She will be seen soon in "Notorious Sophie Lang" and "Cleopatra."

GLENDA O. SCHUBERT, Swacuse, N. Y.—Picture-goers are continually getting the Morgan brothers, Ralph and Frank, mixed. It was Ralph whom you saw in "Orient Express." He has also appeared in "Rasputin and the Empress," "No Greater Glory" and "Stand Up and Cheer."

NAPOLEON BERNARE, BULACAN, P. L.—The star whose birthday comes nearest yours is Elissa Landi, December 6th. Other stars who come under the sign of Sagittarius are Doug Fairbanks, Jr., December 9th; Sally Eilers and Rosemary Ames, December 11th; Karen Morley, the 12th and Irene Dunne, the 20th.

BERTHA DE PIERRE, MONTREAL, Que., Can.—In "Little Women" Paul Lucas played the role of Fritz Bauer, the professor. The cast of the picture is too long to list here. If you will send a stamped return envelope, I will give you a copy of it.

MRS. CARLOS ANTHONY, CASCADIA, Mont.—Words fail me when it comes to describing one Marx brother, let alone four of them. Anyway, here's the way you can tell who is who. Groucho wears glasses and an imitation mustache. Harpo wears a bushy red wig and never speaks on the stage or screen. (I hear that he makes up for it off stage.) Chico is the one who speaks with a dialect and Zeppo, the baby of the family, plays straight. The names their parents gave them were Julius, Arthur, Leonard and Herbert, respectively.

They were all born in New York and are all married, except Harpo.

W. C. CLEMENS, CHICAGO, Ill.—The names of the songs in "Too Much Harmony" were "Black Moonlight," "The Day You Came Along," "Too Much Harmony," "Thanks," and "Buzzin' the Wind." In "Torch Singer" you heard "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." In "Gold Diggers of 1933" were featured "Shadow Waltz," "I've Gotta Sing a Torch Song," "Remember My Forgotten Man," "Gold Diggers Song" and "Petin' in the Park."

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scene 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

At 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, 277 W. 57th St., New York City.
Dishes that became favorites with Dick and Jobyna while they vacationed abroad

cheese, cut in small pieces, 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, and a few grains of cayenne.

Soak the bread-crumbs in milk for 15 minutes. Melt the butter, add the cheese and melt. Add the bread-crumbs and milk, the egg beaten slightly, and the seasonings. Cook for 3 minutes, stirring constantly, and pour over toasted crackers or thin toast.

English Patties are a perfect entree for luncheon, and also a good way to use leftover cold chicken. Have a cup of chicken, cut in small pieces, 6 mushroom caps, 2 tablespoons of butter, 2 tablespoons of flour, ½ teaspoon salt, dash cayenne, dash of grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon of sherry, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cream, and 1 cup of chicken stock. (The prepared chicken bouillon cubes may be used.)

Peel the mushroom caps and cut in cubes. Place these in a pan with the butter and chicken. Cook 5 minutes, stirring. Then add the flour, blend, and pour on the chicken stock. Let simmer for 10 minutes. Season with salt, cayenne, nutmeg and sherry. Beat egg, add the cream, and pour in the mixture. When well blended and heated, fill patty cases with the mixture, and garnish with parsley.

And if you have never made a Rum Souffle, now is the time to begin. They are simply delicious, and can be made more interesting by pouring brandy over just before serving, which is lighted, and sent to the table flaming.

Rum Souffle—Beat the yolks of 2 eggs until lemon colored. Then add ¼ cup of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon of rum. Beat the whites of 4 eggs until dry. Fold these in with the other mixture. Butter a hot omelet pan, pour in ½ the mixture, brown underneath and fold carefully. Place on a hot serving dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Cook remaining batter the same way. The souffle should be slightly underdone inside. And will you enjoy it!

Indian Pudding—You scald 5 cups of milk and pour very slowly on ½ cup of Indian meal (white corn meal is an equivalent). Now cook in the double boiler for 20 minutes. Then add ½ cup of molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon of ginger. Pour into a buttered baking dish, place in a pan of hot water, and bake in a slow oven for 2 hours. Serve with cream.
Dorothy Jordan knows a secret you should, too

"With LUX there's no trick at all in keeping dainty sweaters and frocks looking new"

"In Hollywood we wear washable things all the year round," says Dorothy Jordan, "and our one simple care for them is lukewarm water and Lux.

"Lux is marvelous for flannels, sweaters, dresses, blouses—lingerie and stockings, too. It is especially grand for knitted things because it never shrinks them. They come out wonderfully soft, and the colors stay lovely as new."

YOU, TOO, can keep your things like new the way Dorothy Jordan does. It's an economy because they'll stay smart looking twice as long. Avoid ordinary soaps... they often contain harmful alkali. Rubbing with cake soap mats fibres, makes woolens harsh and stiff. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

TRUST TO LUX


**Addresses of the Stars**

**Hollywood, Calif.**

**Paramount Studios**

Don Barclay  
Billy Bletcher  
Charlie Chan  
Billy Gilbert  
Oliver Hardy

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios**

Katherine Alexander  
Fredric March  
Elizabeth Allan  
John Barrymore  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Virginia Bruce  
Charles Butterworth  
Mrs. Patrick Campbell  
Mary Carlisle  
Loe Carrol  
Creighton Chaney  
Ruth Channing  
Marie Corelli  
Mady Christians  
Mac Clarke  
Jackie Cooper  
Jean Crawford  
Marion Davies  
Marie Dressler  
Jimmy Durante  
Nelson Eddy  
Spencer Tracy  
William Tabby  
William Henry

**Culver City, Calif.**

**Hal Roach Studios**

Patsy Kelly  
Stan Laurel  
Bud Abbott  
Our Gang

**Universal City, Calif.**

**Universal Studios**

Heather Angel  
Henry Armetta  
Vince Barnett  
Dean Benton  
Russ Brown  
Russ Columbia  
Ann Darling  
Andy Devine  
Sally Fildes  
Hugh Evelyn  
Francesca Farrow  
Edward Everett Horton  
Arlene Hare  
P. G. Hare  
Lily Humes  
Lilo January  
Jack Jones  
Boris Karloff  
Lenore Kingston

**Burbank, Calif.**

**Warner-First National Studios**

Ruby Keeler  
Guy Kibbee  
Emmett Vogan  
Terry LaFranchi  
Hall LeRoy  
Margaret Lindsay  
Emily Lowry  
Alma Mahoney  
Frank McHugh  
Jean Muir  
Paul Muni  
Pat O'Brien  
Henry O'Neill  
Virginia Pine

**KODAK VERICHROME FILM**

The Verichrome process is a unique way of capturing an image that is unlike any other. It produces a fine-grained, high-contrast negative that is exceptionally sharp and clear. The resulting prints are vibrant and true to life, making it the perfect choice for capturing your special moments. Contact us today to learn more about how Verichrome can elevate your photography to a whole new level.

**VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM**

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive material.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "flares" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in bright lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

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The day takes on a new glow—here’s a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl... How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man’s heart tremble and pound... So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They’ve become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.
you’re accomplishing what you need to accomplish. And you’ll use muscles you’ve never used before!

And now for those upper arms. As I said in the first of this letter, I’ve got grand news for you, darling. I promise that if you do just what I say, you will reduce your heavy upper arms in one week’s time. It hardly seems believable, but it’s true. I know! I’ve tried it!

With the heel of your hand and all your fingers (but keep the fingers together), knead your upper arm as if it were dough. Don’t dig in with the finger-tips, because you don’t want to bruise your lovely skin. Just squeeze and squeeze hard with the heel of your hand on top, and your fingers, all tight together, on the lower part of your arm. Then put a Turkish towel over your arm and slap the fat away.

When you’ve done that, go in and lie down on your bed. Ask a friend to help you with this one. Relax the whole body. Lie on your right side. Stretch the left leg out behind you, keep the right leg straight. Now put your left arm above your head and have someone pull on that left arm. But here’s a warning: Don’t let that pull be jerky. Have your friend pull slowly and steadily upward and be sure you feel all your weight being pulled upward. You must relax while this is being done. But isn’t it a marvelous feeling? You can feel all those muscles stretching, stretching, and you can know that the flesh is being pulled off your arms.

After each steady pull, lie still for a second or two and then repeat. This should be done five times every morning and five times every evening, darling. Don’t neglect it. There you are—the kneading with the hand on the arm, the pulling and stretching, the slapping with a towel over the arm, and I assure you that in just one week’s time the flesh will melt away.

Incidentally, both the stretching arm exercise and the hip exercise will also reduce the upper part of your leg. It has never failed. The idea is that the stretching and pulling destroy the fat cells underneath the skin.

That’s all I’m going to give you for now, Evelyn. I’m going to put you on your honor to eat properly. Take simple, sensible food and go in for plenty of vegetables and fruit. Avoid (and this is all you have to avoid in the fruit line) peaches and watermelon. Both increase the water in the body and that causes weight. I’d like for you to go on my general reducing diet. I don’t want you to starve yourself and you won’t need to, if you’ll take these exercises conscientiously.

Please, Evelyn, follow this advice, because with a few pounds off your body you’ll be one of the most charming girls on the screen. You have beautiful mannerisms, an unsophisticated calmness and such a lovely facial expression.

Your facial expression tells me a lot about you. It tells me you’re a lovely girl, gently bred. But all of your loveliness can be so much more enhanced if you will get to work and take off the excess weight.

You know what I wish you’d do? I wish in about a month, after you’ve been doing these exercises, you’d send me your picture in a bathtub suit. I’d like to compare it with some of the photographs I’ve seen of you in long fluffy skirts. You see, Evelyn, when that excess weight is off, when those hips, arms and legs have been shaved down, you won’t have to conceal yourself in long, loose clothes. Why, you’ll be so proud of your figure you’ll begin begging for roles in which you can wear abbreviated costumes. All Hollywood will be envious of you! You can do it. You know you can! And I’m rooting for you.

Love,

SYLVIA.

Dear Sylvia:

Would you be good enough to repeat your “complexion diet” in your very interesting department?

Mrs. C. C. B., Boulder, Colo.

Gladly. Here it is. Once a month, for five days do this: Take a quart box of raspberries or, if available, cherries, and boil them (without rinsing) over a very slow fire. Start with just enough cold water to cover them for about an hour of boiling. Spread a double layer of cheesecloth in a sieve and let the juice strain through this overnight. 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 going to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice. When raspberries or cherries aren’t in season, use tomato juice instead. Glad you think my articles interesting. Thanks for the compliment.

Dear Sylvia:

Would you be good enough to send me your reducing diet? I need it very badly.

H. T. R.

I love to hear people with enough strength of character to admit they need reducing. But that diet is very long and takes up a lot of space, so please send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope so I can mail it to you. You’ll find it beneficial, I am sure. You get plenty of the right kind of food and lose weight, too.

Answers by Sylvia

LETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You’ll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I’ve helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I am a violinst. My hands are very red and it embarrasses me, since when I play people naturally watch my hands. Can you help me?

T. W., New York City

You bet I can help you. Every night before going to bed, massage your hands with a good cold-cream and massage each finger, too, with the same movement you use to pull on tight gloves. Then put gobs of cold-cream on your hands and sleep with loose kid gloves on. It’s an old-fashioned remedy for red hands but it works. Every morning wash your hands in cold water and use plenty of hand lotion on them and then, a dozen times during the day, rub down your hands and fingers with that same “glove movement.” Just before you go on the stage to play, hold your hands high above your head so that the blood can run away from them. And when you’re sitting, do not let your hands hang down at your side. Place them so the blood runs toward the arms.

Dear Sylvia:

I’ve always understood that apples were fattening, yet I notice that you give them in some of your reducing diets. Why?

V. A., Nashville, Tenn.

Raw apples seem to absorb the water in the body and that’s reducing. Also, they’re wonderful eliminators and nobody can get thin unless the eliminating processes are in perfect working order. Eat plenty of raw apples. They’re healthful—and thinning as well.

Dear Sylvia:

My husband doesn’t want me to diet. He says it will make me grouchy. How can I persuade him?

Mrs. R. W. W., Kansas City, Mo.

Well, I don’t know how you can persuade him, but I know one thing: There is plenty of nourishing and stimulating food in all my diets, and if you don’t believe that, take them to your doctor. He will tell you that you get plenty to eat. The reason people on most diets are grouchy is because they’re half starved. If the system has all the energy-food and all the minerals it needs, you don’t get grouchy. Why don’t you ask your husband to let you diet for a week and promise him that if you complain once, you will stop. After that it will be up to you not to complain. But you’ll feel so grand that you won’t want to complain. You’ll certainly feel better than when you stuff your stomach with rich, heavy foods. I’ll guarantee that!

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Tune in on Borden’s
“45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD”

NOW BROADCAST THURSDAY NIGHTS AT 10:00, E.D.S.T.
OVER THE COLUMBIA NETWORK

HERE’s what America calls superlative radio entertainment!

It’s exciting as Hollywood . . . glamorous as Hollywood . . . because it is Hollywood—transplanted for forty-five breath-taking minutes before the microphone.

Make it a date to tune in this Thursday night on Borden’s “45 Minutes In Hollywood,” at 10 o’clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time (9:00 P. M., E.S.T., 8:00 P.M., C.S.T., 7:00 P.M., M.T.) Columbia Network.

Gary Cooper and Shirley Temple, starred in “Now and Forever,” new Paramount production.

Irene Dunne and John Boles in RKO’s “Age of Innocence.”

Chorus of Universal’s forthcoming musical, “Romance In The Rain.”

PRESENTED BY
Borden’s
EVAPORATED MILK
Jane dreams of romance—

BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks

Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics Hollywood's way, she'd guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Jane dreams of romance—every girl does! But like Jane, many a girl is taking foolish chances with her beauty. She thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she is leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores to choke them day after day.

"What can be the matter with my skin!" Soon to her dismay she discovers enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps. The distressing signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin, a widespread modern complexion trouble.

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. For cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care. Then you protect it—keep it beautiful.

The Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally worth millions, have used this pure, mild soap for years.
Naturally I use cosmetics, but with my regular Lux Toilet Soap care there's no danger of my getting Cosmetic Skin.

Kay Francis
Star of Warner Brothers' "British Agent"
when Garbo's contract expired following the completion of "As You Desire Me," which was a tremendous hit, capping a chain of hits. She packed up her bags, stored her antiquated limousine and sailed away amid a deafening chorus of idolatrous cheers. She was in a position to practically write her own ticket and dictate her own destiny. She could return, if, when and how she pleased—and when she did a substantial salary boost awaited her.

At that time she said nothing. Other than an understood agreement with M-G-M that if she did make any pictures she would make them for M-G-M, no contract bound her. For almost two years she did not communicate with her producers.

But now, new Garbo, cold figures, reveal that the popularity of Garbo today is not the popularity of the Garbo of that golden age. And you can't blame it all on the depression. “Queen Christina”—the picture which was Garbo-inspired and Garbo-generated—fell short of the anticipated enthusiastic reception which a Garbo return picture should have met. Several things worked against it; bad times; an always doubtful costume play with characters of little general appeal; the rise of new idols; Katharine Hepburn—and an inexplicable Garbo apathy.

At the recent convention of the Motion Picture Theater Operators in Hollywood, statistics showed her former box-office ranking had been passed by almost a dozen stars. Some were on her own studio lot.

The explanation was to this effect: "Garbo is still Garbo—but she can't stay away like this and keep her place. Unless she works more often, she'll keep on slipping. And even the great Garbo has to have popular pictures. The ones she has been playing in are too sombre, solemn and serious."

Some—Unless "The Painted Veil" is a phenomenal success, Garbo possibly will be accounted an expensive flop.

Doubtless her present earning power will have a great deal to do with the terms of any new contract offered by M-G-M—and if her salary were lowered—if it were held where it is without a boost—would Garbo take it?

She never has before.

This much everyone who has got to within shouting distance of Greta agrees:

If Garbo ever decides that she is considered a flop—if her own mind tells her she is slipping—she will quit Hollywood and pictures over-night.

She may do it anyway. For personal reasons. Marriage?

There always have been Garboesque marital rumors, the most recent and exciting, of course, involving Rouen Mamanoulian, the director.

Long before that, flitting back from Sweden, came the word that Queen Greta was about to become a Princess, under persuasion of Prince Ingvar of the Royal House. Actually, it is all said to have started when Garbo and a suitor of long standing, named Sorenson, were seen in the company of the Prince. But, anyway, that even remotely rumored possibility is out. Prince Ingvar is now a married man, the husband of a former German actress for whom he renounced his royal rights.

Name anyone else who, by the greatest elasticity of fact or rumor, threatens Garbo's single state.

Marriage is a poor, almost absurd, conjecture.

But a Hollywood desertion is not.

Garbo has never owned a square foot of Hollywood soil. She has nothing to bind her to this country. But in Stockholm her friends and her business agents have been busily preparing for the Queen's return. A town house, high on a hill in Stockholm, belongs to her, and a forty-five mile square estate on a remote peninsula across the bay from the summer estate of King Gustaf is being made ready for the erection of a country chateau. Her

Contiued from page 55

THEN, too, she's something of a national idol in her homeland, an idol who transcends the limits of a picture personality. She could be even a bigger frog in a smaller pond—in Sweden.

That her mother, her brother, grandmother, and various relatives still live in Sweden would probably have little bearing on her actions, because Garbo is not particularly a family girl. In fact, the relatives thoroughly disapprove of her.

Just how much Garbo's place on the screen means to her now is hard to estimate; but it would seem to be the only thing of real value in her life—in Hollywood at least. She must have saved enough money to supply all possible wants, because it is pretty hard to see where she has spent much.

But giving up the adulation of millions would be a loss to which even Garbo could hardly remain indifferent.

Is there any possible truth to the insistent rumors that Garbo will produce her own pictures in Sweden?

She would not have to touch a nickel of her own. English and German picture interests, both now playing for the world market, would snap up Garbo at once. Even if she insisted on shooting her films in Stockholm, either production group would be glad to accommodate her.

However, at M-G-M she has the very cream of the artistic talent in the industry at her beck and call. The same seasoned men—right on down to the lowliest "grip" and prop boy—have literally grown up with her. They know how to present her in the most effective manner on the screen.

Would she be the Great Garbo without them?

No, she wouldn't! Garbo may express preference for actors and technical men who are not native Americans, but she knows that the best talent, regardless of nationality, is in Hollywood. And perhaps that is the reason that during the past few weeks the pop-eyed populace of M-G-M has noticed Garbo more than once on the set of "The Merry Widow" in earnest conversation with Ernst Lubitsch. It is known that she admires his work deeply, and wants him to direct her.

And perhaps that is the reason why Adrian, the famous costume designer at M-G-M, and Greta have been thick as thieves. Garbo thinks a lot of Adrian.

Could it be possible that she is at this moment planning a producing organization of her own—fortified with the best ability in Hollywood?

Could she possibly be luring these men of unquestioned genius to help her make greater Greta Garbo pictures in Sweden?

Hollywood's having more fun, guessing!
NO MORE POCKETBOOK PANIC*

for Loretta Young

"Re-take ... and all because her handbag spilled open."

NOW this star insists on the convenience and security of TALON-FASTENED Handbags

Screen stars are really before the footlights all the time. Whether at work or play, they have to be particular about the clothes they wear, the accessories they choose.

When it comes to handbags, it's the ones with the Talon-fastened closing that star with the stars. For this slide fastener adds to the trimness of any handbag style ... eliminates unhappy accidents ... and assures convenience and security. Smooth in operation, lightning-fast, the Talon Fastener closes a handbag quickly, easily.

Talon-fastened handbags for every occasion are available at leading stores in all price ranges.

Be sure to look for the name Talon on the slider. It's your guarantee of quality, not only in the fastener but in the bag itself!

*Pocketbook Panic is that terrible feeling you get when your handbag opens and the contents spill out or are lost.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE
The Lassoing of the Lone Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

But he discovered more about her as they danced at the Casino on Catalina Island. Very important things, such as the fact that she reached nearly to his shoulder, had the most amazing blue-green eyes in the world and wonderful dark hair and a marvel of a mouth. She had a dimple, too. Every girl, Coop decided, should have one. You kept saying things to make it appear.

It had been a peak that afternoon, she was an enchantress by moonlight. A young witch in floating silvery green that did things to her eyes. Why couldn’t all girls fit into moods like this? She didn’t say much, either. But the silence between them vibrated electrically.

“Do you ride?” he wanted to know the next morning, as they sat on deck in bathing-suits. “Yes, but I’m a little afraid of horses.” Women did not admit that to him as a rule. Here was a novelty!

“But you do swim?” For answer she sprang lightly to the rail.

“Last one in is a——” But she didn’t finish, for a long shadow shot out beside her. All in all, it was a most successful week-end.

Monday meant slipping back into the humid and-rain atmosphere of the picture. Work, rehearsals, drill, slushing about a “stormy” stage, more work. . . . Visions of Veronica vanished into the background. He didn’t call her up. She didn’t call him. Lost contact.

A few days later Gary went into the projection room to view the rushes. He was late. The small theater already was darkened and he stumbled over someone’s foot. Stumbled heavily. With a quick apology he drew back and sank into a vacant chair, wondering why the “someone” had said nothing.

Not even a healthy “ouch!” When the lights went up he looked around—and there was Veronica.

After that, of course, there was just one thing to do. Gary did it. She had come with friends but Gary insisted on taking her alone.

“I can’t half kill a girl without doing something about it,” he grinnel. “Besides we seem to bump together quite well!”

They were at her door before either of them realized it.

He hadn’t intended asking her to dinner—but he did. He hadn’t considered taking her to dance at the Coconut Grove—but that’s where they went.

A grand evening—and the next morning he had to leave for a ten-day location trip to March field for airplane sequences. Sky rides—tail spins against soft white clouds—a man’s world—and a pair of fascinating green eyes faded into the distance.

And then he was back. Spending every free moment out at old Jeff’s place working on his saliva problems.

On Sunday Sam Goldwyn gave a party at his Malibu beach home. Not the ordinary party. Sam’s kind.

That means you spend the day in a revel of good talk and good sport—or sleep—just as you please.

Gary went. He stretched out luxuriously in the warm sand with his head resting on a slight elevation. Minutes passed. Then the elevation moved. The sand slipped away and from behind an antelope face appeared. Veronica’s.

“This isn’t funny any more—our mixed-up meetings,” declared Gary. “It’s fate!”

And maybe it was.

Wednesday night they danced. Friday night they went to the fights. Rocky, as everybody called Veronica, wasn’t the squealing sort. She sat perfectly still when Thunder Pete socked the life out of Battling Jim. And she didn’t catch a fellow’s arm and pretend to be frightened when he put his “Yellow Peril,” that imposing motor car, up to seventy along the highway.

Coop felt a sort of wonderment.

He’s never known anyone like her. Was it possible he had found a girl who spoke his language?

One evening they were asked to an elaborate dinner. Very dressy—the silver-on-gleaming-damask variety. Coop had worked eleven hours that day and he had a hangering for starlight and quiet. And just Rocky. Would she understand? She was wearing a glamorous new gown that any girl would want to display.

In silence they got into the Yellow Peril. Simultaneously they turned and something in her eyes made Coop venture to say it. “Would you mind if we ducked the dinner?”

She laughed. “Do you know, I was just wondering if you would mind!”

It was the beginning of one of those spun-with-magic nights. The ocean tossed jeweled moonbeams at them as they sped up the coast road.

In formal evening clothes they drove into a dining shack famous for its fried chicken and the absence of such small items as knives and forks.

Coop watched her managing a drumstick with her fingers as if she had been used to it all her life. “You’ll be a great hand at round-up time,” he mused.

“No but I haven’t informed him between bites, this is really living!”

“And now, Lady Balfe, shall we wait for the finger bowls?” That slow, twisted smile of his. They laughed together—and drove off into the night.

Rocky had taken a little house with the old Swedish woman who has been her companion since she was two. The Yellow Peril began to brighten its driveway with astonishing regularity. And the two women were frequent visitors at Gary’s ranch.

The first time they went there was a great fuss. Winny caused it.

Winny, the dappled gray mare that is Coop’s pride, has always maintained a dignified aloofness in regard to ladies. In fact, she scorn them. But with Rocky it was different. She went up to her and nuzzled her gently and nibbled at the wood violets Rocky was carrying.

And for once the girl wasn’t afraid of a horse. She rode off on her, leaving Coop in a state of supreme contentment. If those two were pals already Well!

But it was Riff who officially adopted Rocky into the family circle. The ugly, lov-able old bulldog lumbered up to her for close inspection. She might have been passing through customs. When he finished, Biff said. “That’s the best I’ve ever seen in my life.” Then, with a quick spring, seventy pounds of loyal dog landed beside her on the couch and “griffed” his approval.

Following that, it was only a question of time before Coop himself asked her to join the family.

He said it after a long afternoon ride. He had on the ramshackle hat he invariably wears, that he has hung on to since “The Virginian.”

A girl like Rocky might be expected to be annoyed at it. Instead—she took it from him and wore it.

“Do you know what that means out West here, when a girl wears a man’s hat?” Coop demanded.

“I know it’s a good sunshade, but—— But Coop had her in his arms and was demonstrating.

They decided to wait a year until Rocky was twenty-one before they married. It seemed the wisest thing to do. Gary had a heavy production schedule that permitted no time off for honeymoons. He started working day and night in “Design for Living.”

And then, abruptly, a year loomed up as eternity. It happened like this:

Rocky decided it was about time she paid her parents in New York a visit. At the same time, Paramount requested Coop to make a personal appearance there in connection with the opening of “Design for Living.” He had to leave ahead of her, and for the first time in eight months there was no way of reaching her.

It dawned on Coop that separation could be pretty terrible. He met her at the station in a huge car, with showers of roses—forgetting completely that she had three cars of her own. But she went in while her chauffeur and people trailed behind.

Gary crammed five shows a day and twenty-one interviews into the next two weeks—and supported the time for a date with Rocky. He was taking off make-up in his dressing-room at the Paramount Theater when he arrived at a sudden decision. He swung around and caught Rocky by the shoulders.

“Let’s have the wedding now——and later the doorman cast a curious look at the starry-eyed girl coming out with a streak of grease paint across her chin.

Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe were married on December fifteenth at two o’clock in her mother’s Park Avenue apartment, in front of six people. A few days later in Phoenix, Arizona, he told her: “Why didn’t I discover you sooner? What a lot of time I’ve wasted!” Seven months later he was still telling her that.

They were standing at the taffrail of a slim yacht as it rose to meet the swells of the outer harbor—and shooting fish. Only this time the shell didn’t nick her nose. She knew how to handle the gun now. And over it, her eyes met Gary’s in a look of complete understanding.

He realized it then, once and for all. He had found a girl who spoke his language . . .
From the Wardrobes of the Stars To Your Very Own!

GLAMOROUS FASHIONS OF CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Universal's lovely English star, Binnie Barnes, chooses Celanese Satin Striped Taffeta for this dramatic gown. This unusual halter neckline creates a revealing decolletage, front and back.

Available at the shops carrying Hollywood Cinema Fashions

Celanese—the fabric playing the starring role in the private wardrobes of Hollywood's chic stars—is available now in stunning Hollywood Cinema Fashions. The very fashions your best-beloved star chooses for herself—in her favored Celanese—can be yours too. And in the same rich, shimmering weaves—silvery Celanese Satins...metal-printed Celanese Crepes...rustling Celanese Taffetas and Moires. Like Hollywood, you'll applaud the serviceable advantages of these fashions, as Celanese weaves are all pure dye, and dry clean perfectly.

Barbara Robbins, petite star of the RKO-Radio picture, "A Hat, a Coat, a Glove," greets the cocktail hour in a sleek tailored frock of sumptuous Celanese Dama Moiraneses.

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City.
HIGH-LIGHTING BLONDE BEAUTY REQUIRES
A KEEN EYE, SUBTLE COLOR
SENSE AND A DEFT HAND

By Carolyn Van Wyck

[continued from page 74]

to appear sophisticated and old beyond their years, develop a dead, set face expression, and only now and then can you shake them out of it. Many are denying their greatest charm when they do it, because, after all, you are your loveliest usually when you permit some real emotion to play on the face—gay, unstinted laughter, pensive thought, tenderness and understanding or happy animation. On the screen you must use your face; you must develop sincere expressions that help your story along.

Then, opposed to the set face, is the type that works it to death. Now and then you see the coy girl who seldom puts herself over by this method, but more often you see the tense, strained face, which is just as unrestful and unattractive as the girl who is all arched eyes and twinkles. Animated relaxation, which means that your face is relaxed but that eyes show a spark of life and meaning, is something worth developing. If you've fallen into any of the bad facial habits mentioned, give a little time to correcting them, just as you might bad posture. About the best way is to think of pleasant things when you can, to forget your face while you're thinking. While you're doing this, if you could catch a quick glance in the mirror, you'd probably find a newer, more interesting self there.

Since the blonde, by the very tone of her coloring, suggests beauty and grace, don't let awkward, hasty movements ruin this illusion for others. You have an airy, fairy look, so you must live up to it. Try to learn to move lightly and gracefully; don't plump yourself down heavily in chairs, or bang through doors or stomp along the street as you walk. Again you kill the illusion of loveliness. Here's an important actress' method of developing a graceful, easy walk. Think of some tune—the popular ones are great for this—as you walk along. You don't have to hum, but just think. You'll find yourself in step with "May I?" or something of the kind. Another advantage, it gets you where you're going in a hurry. You'll find that this thinking of a pleasant tune puts you in a nice mood, too.

Your speaking voice is far more important than you generally think it is. Aside from appearance, it is one of the first things that meets the attention of the newcomer. You may be the grandest, prettiest girl in the world, but if your voice is rasping, shrill, you poison yourself with others right then and there. All of us can't take elocution or singing lessons, but we can watch ourselves and avoid the usual pitfalls, two of which are a flat, nasal pronunciation or its opposite, the very broad a, which sounds affected and ridiculous. There is, however, a note between the two which places your a's and other vowels in a pleasant sound range.

A low voice is much preferable to a high, shrill one, and most of us can drop the tone a little if we try. Hasty speech always annoys others because they can't get what you say, and no one likes to ask you to repeat. Affected slowness is just as bad. Again, there is a desirable in-between.

If you can't think of bright, pleasant things to say, everyone of you can avoid banality in speech, two or three of which are the much-used, over-worked comments, "Is that so?" and "And how?" Another overdone phrase is "Pleased to meet you," when you're introduced to someone. Better just a nice smile and no words, than that. We all fall into speech habits and now and then if we'd just stop to think what we're saying, we'd be amazed. The point is, we're not saying anything at all.

"MAKE-UP TIPS;" our youngest leaflet, was written for both blonde and brunette. It tells you methods of application as well as name of products, and is yours for the usual fee of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Other leaflets on hand are "Sunburn, Freckles, and Tan," "Fresh as a Daisy," "Skin Worries," and "A Heavenly Halo." Please send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope for each leaflet to facilitate mailing. And address Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, who is also glad to advise you on any beauty problem including hair, skin, make-up, nails, etc.
IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars, and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

Imagine color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick so wonderful as to enhance the beauty of your favorite star. Think of the beauty they will bring to you.

Imagine make-up so lasting, so perfect as to withstand every test in Hollywood's motion picture and social life. Think how your make-up will be solved.

Now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret. You will find Max Factor's face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, at all stores.

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Max Factor Hollywood... Society Make-Up

Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... in Color Harmony

"Born to be Kissed"

MG-M Production starring
JEAN HARLOW with FRANCHOT TONE
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

POWDER...You will note the difference in the caring smoothness. You will see a satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen. You will marvel how naturally the color harmony enlivens the beauty of your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar. ROUGE... You will see how beautifully a color tone in rouge can harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. As you blend your rouge coloring, you'll note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin texture. Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents. LIPSTICK... Super-Indelible, for lipstick must be lasting in Hollywood, and you, too, will find it permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too, so that you may be sure of a perfect lip make-up that will last for hours and hours. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Jean Harlow's Color Harmony Make-Up

Max Factor, Hollywood... Society Make-Up

Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... in Color Harmony
No More Crooners!
But Fifteen Prize Winners!

Bing Crosby gets a new name to describe his individual vocal style and fifteen people share $300.00 in awards. And Bing gives fifty pictures!

THOUSANDS of admirers of Bing Crosby offered new terms to describe his individual vocal style, as a result of the story, "No More Crooners!" that appeared in Photoplay Magazine last May. Now the Anti-Crooner Contest Editor gives you the names of the winners.

Responses flooded in from everywhere, from all over this country and from Canada. This widespread interest is the highest form of compliment for the brilliant Paramount star. His devoted followers were all pleased at the idea that Bing should no longer be labeled just a crooner. And so, what will he be called in the future? Ah, that's a surprise in store for you!

Those of you who did not win awards have the gratitude of Photoplay Magazine and Paramount Pictures Corporation for your efforts. And Bing says many thanks!

First Prize Winner—$100.00
Jeanne H. Johnson, 1808 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Second Prize Winner—$50.00
Neil Vaughn, 416 Tabor Building, Denver, Colo.

Third Prize Winner—$30.00
Mrs. Carrie S. Davis, West Newbury, Mass.

Twelve $10.00 Prize Winners
Alice Le Vasseur, 7 Lake Street, Wolfboro, N. H.; Marie Bertheisen, 267 East Seventh Street, Hanford, Calif.; Mrs. Zelma Greider, 1145 Charles Street, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. C. E. Wiseman, 1712 Bolling Avenue, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Flora Ter Meulen, 1049 Park Avenue, New York City; Gretchen Paterson, 111 Spencer Street, Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. J. Frank, 2000 N Hodiamont, St. Louis, Mo.; Katherine Brandl, 164 Martin Street, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. W. D. Pendleton, 116 South Laurel, North Little Rock, Ark.; Miss Margie Vail, Lebanon, N. H.; Veronica Rothermel, Logansport, Ind.; Helen A. Best, Webster City, Iowa.

Fifty Consolation Awards
Personally Autographed Photographs of Bing Crosby
Washington Women
Buy Their CINEMA Fashions
at THE HECHT CO.

THE same glamorous... dramatic fashions that are worn by your favorite movie stars! So quickly are they brought to The Hecht Co. after their designing that you may go dressed as a twin to Garbo... or Crawford... or Harding, when you see her latest picture! In Washington, only in The Hecht Co.’s Cinema Shop will you find frocks identical to those worn by the best dressed stars of the silver screen.
While Junior was born in Chicago, we soon moved to New York City. Junior attended the Ethical Culture and Clark Academies in New York City, graduating in 1925. His precocity pleased me, and his close attention to his work and high scholastic records were a constant source of pleasure to me. He was an entirely normal boy in every way and, while not neglecting his studies, went in for outdoor sports of all kinds, particularly tennis, at which he was adept.

FROM the time of his birth, he was close to me. He also was close to my business. Many executives still in my employ can remember Junior playing in the corridors of the offices we occupied. They also remember his napt attention when they came to my home to discuss our problems. I made it a point to take Junior with me on many of my trips abroad. We have been companions on trips across the Atlantic at least a dozen times. I believed that travel was a part of his education, and I think it meant much to him. His understanding of human and international relationships contributed, I believe to his success in making "All Quiet on the Western Front," one of the greatest pictures of all time.

On these trips and when we were at home together in New York City he continually talked of motion pictures, the problems of production and distribution. I encouraged this interest, delighted to see it grow. At no time in his life has Junior ever wanted to do anything but what he is doing.

Had he shown a desire or inclination to do anything else, I would have allowed him to do that thing. I would have helped him in every way possible to make good. He never would have known my disappointment. But, fortunately, he took to motion pictures. The result is that he is giving his best to his work today. If he had gone into them because I had wanted him to do so, or if I had forced him into them, he would today be a mechanical executive instead of a creator, breathing life into his products and inspiring those who work with him to their greatest efforts.

Junior always has had everything he desired that was good for him. He has never known the meaning of poverty as I have known it, and I am glad. But he has known of my poverty. He knows what it means. He is tolerant of it. He has no false ideas about wealth. Therefore, he is not a snob.

I think that our first difference of opinion— and there have been many—came when Junior, in his eagerness, wanted to work.

I WANTED him to attend college. I knew the handicaps of a lack of education. And there was vanity in my stand, too. I wanted to be able to say:

"My son is a college man."

But he had different ideas.

"Papa," he said, "there is no university in the world giving courses in how to make motion pictures. And making motion pictures is what I want to do. You have a college, papa, from which I would like to graduate. It's Universal City, California. There I'll learn something worth while."

I saw that the boy was thinking clearly and sensibly, and that if he had learned to think that way, his education wouldn't be slighted. A man who thinks educates himself. So I said:

"Quite right, Junior." We moved to California and bought a home in Beverly Hills. It is a large place to accommodate our growing family. The are sixteen rooms in a Spanish home, surrounded by thirty-one acres. With me live Rosabelle and her husband, M. Stanley Bergerman, an associate producer there. Junior, Carol Bergerman, 4, and Stanley, Jr., 2, in addition to Junior.

Some day, Junior will bring home a bride. This will make me very happy. I, as do all persons of German birth, like to be surrounded by children and grand-children. Junior and I eat all our meals together at home. From morning until night we talk pictures.

Sometimes, Junior comes into my room in the morning with a fresh idea which he thinks will work. He sits on the side of my bed, wakes me up, and says:

"Papa, what do you think of this?"

Perhaps it has something to do with production methods. I go back through the years and tell him of the times similar ideas have been tried out, and whether or not they proved practical. Then I tell him whether or not I think his idea is good.

Sometimes he takes my advice—sometimes he doesn't.

People ask me what questions he brings to me. The answer is that he brings every problem which bothers him to me, whether it has to do with the business or his personal affairs. As said in the beginning, I have no confidence, he always talks things over with me, and always is absolutely frank.

I HAVE met all the young ladies he takes out socially, and I know exactly how he feels towards all of them. Some of them I like and some of them I do not like. I keep my feelings to myself unless he asks for my opinion.

I must say this for Junior—whether or not I have liked all the young ladies to whom he has been attentive, he has shown remarkably good taste and never has associated with any young men or young women who have not been worthy of his companionship and friendship.

I say that sometimes he wakes me up in the morning to talk over his problems. To carry on through the day, we talk over the business at the breakfast table if there is any need for it. Throughout the day he has access to my office at all times. Again we meet at dinner— and I have seen the time when he has wakened me out of a sound sleep at night to ask me to help him solve some problem which is upsetting him.

In all years, I have never known a young man who has worked as hard as he has. He starts to work early in the morning and often doesn't stop until early the next morning. He settles production problems, confers with writers, directors and players, plans advertising campaigns—and, on top of this, he reads books every chance he gets. His desire is to find stories which can be produced—good stories.

All in all, I believe he works too hard. He suffers from cold because he seldom gets the exercise he needs, and at times is forced to go away for rest and relaxation.

"Junior," I say to him, "you are working too hard."

But he only smiles at me and keeps on working.

He has one trait that I admire above all else save his honesty. He is like a bulldog. Once he gets his teeth into a thing, he won't let go until the job is done. Once he makes up his mind to do a thing, he does it. Nothing will stop him.

HE attacks a problem from one angle. He's stopped. He goes after it from another and another and another until finally he wins out. He always seems to get what he wants. He's been that way since he was a little boy. Once he thinks he is right, there isn't one chance in a hundred of slowing him down, not to mention stopping him.

WHEN he first arrived in Universal City, he had an inspiration. As long as he had gone to college, I guess, he decided to bring college to Universal. He wrote, directed and supervised "The Collegians," a series of short subjects. They were highly successful and praise was heaped upon his head. He paid no attention to this, but kept plugging.

Before he had finished, he had made four successful series, totaling forty-four pictures, and every one of them made money. They were clean, clever, bright and entertaining.

His mental growth was rapid. I saw, by the very problems he brought to me that he was ready for promotion, so I made him an associate producer. Four years after he had first walked into Universal City, he was elevated to the rank of general manager. He was then just 21 years old. In fact, his promotion was in reality a birthday present to him. It was a wise move for at that time I was in poor health and needed someone to carry on.

Junior was and still is the youngest executive in the industry. A great many people questioned my judgment. They didn't know Junior very well. Since then, they have learned to know him, and they respect his judgment. The critics forgot that I'd been in his confidence from the day of his birth, almost, and that I knew his capabilities.

I went to Europe shortly after giving him his new job. I wanted to see what would happen. Plenty did.

He decided that "All Quiet on the Western Front" would make a great picture, purchased the rights, got his writers and director, and went into production. There is no need to dwell on the artistic and financial success of that picture. It brought international renown to Junior, to Universal, and to myself.

I CONSIDER it his greatest achievement, even to this day, after he has made more than three score of excellent pictures.

Perhaps, in telling of my relations with him, I am painting too sanguine a picture. I have told you of his attainment and keen judgment, with the wish to add that I consider him impulsive. All youth is impulsive. Age becomes conservative, makes fewer mistakes—but loses some of the divine fire and the inspiration that is needed in life.
Junior has made mistakes—plenty of them. I would not could not, humiliate him by enumerating them here. He knows what they are. He has learned from bitter experience. We all make mistakes. I have made my share. The motion picture industry has gained a sort of international fame for some of its more glaring mis-steps because it always basks in the light of publicity, where nothing can be hidden from an interested public. And in industries which have not attracted such wide attention, gross mistakes have been made. There never was an infallible man.

Junior is a thoughtful boy, always has been. He has always been considerate of me in every way. He has given me many material gifts to show his affection. On my desk and in my office are at least half a dozen pictures of him. One which he gave me when he was seventeen is the most precious present I ever have had from him, I think. And I like another one he had taken for me when he was eleven, and still another when he was 21—the year he became general manager.

Unfortunately, we have not been together socially a great deal during recent years, and have not been able to travel together. I would have enjoyed these things. However, we have both been working, and have not been able to get away from work together. One of us always has to be on the job. And I have been ill a great deal, and unable to travel. The trips we had together when he was a boy linger as golden hours and days in my memory.

Wednesday nights, we go out to dinner together. That's the servant's night out. We attend many banquets and other functions of a semi-public nature, attend previews and such things. We always try to see the previews of the pictures which Junior makes, so that we can discuss their reception afterwards. But I'm afraid our days of travel are over.

The best "get-togethers" we have are the nights we stay home and play poker together. I like that game. I'm old-fashioned and never have learned to care for bridge.

Even during the games he asks me questions. Should we buy this story—engage that star—give a contract to this director—spend so much on a forthcoming production? As the years pass, I know that he will act with better and better judgment. He has the whole world before him. And I hope, as the years pass, I will never lose his confidence and his respect. I have made money out of motion pictures, but his love and the love Rosabelle holds for me are far more precious.

I can give the world little advice on how to raise children. I have only one rule by which I have been guided. That is, to train children to be truthful. Moral strength, character, will develop from this.

In the years to come, I hope that Junior will carry on as I have carried on, even if I am not here to see. I want him to keep his youthful outlook, to struggle against mistakes, to hold to the ideals that I have held to in my conduct of his own personal life and in the conduct of the studio I have built.

From a business standpoint, my hope for him runs parallel to the hope I have for my business.

There is a large sign at Universal which reads:

"Universal's ambition: To make motion pictures so interesting, distinctive and entertaining that every person in the whole world will want to view them."

Beneath it is signed my name.

For lovely fingertips
no polish so smart
as New GLAZO...now 25¢

Glazo, to your good fortune, is the rare exception to the rule that fine things are expensive. It is ultra-modest in price...at 25c...but you'll enthuse most on its unique virtues that give you lovelier hands. You'll be won at once by Glazo's new, more lustrous lacquers that give nails a smoother, lovelier sheen...and that give, by test, 50% longer wear.

You'll recognize Glazo's six authentic shades as the latest word in color perfection. They're approved, each one, by beauty and fashion authorities. And the Color Chart Package shows them all as they'll look on your nails.

You'll thank Glazo's new metal-shaft brush for making nail polish far easier to apply...and for gripping the bristles so not one can come loose.

New Polish Remover Contains Oil Does Not Dry Cuticle or Nails!

Glazo's New Polish Remover contains no acetone! It does contain a special oil that leaves the cuticle soft, and banishes all fear of brittle, splitting nails due to old-time harsh removers of acetone type. Leaves a perfect surface for fresh polish.

Extra-size bottle, ample to last as long as your polish, only 25c.

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25¢ each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO NEW POLISH REMOVER. Contains no acetone! It does contain oil that makes it non-drying to cuticle and nails! Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.


GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size New Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-94
194 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2130, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred)

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium
No, she cannot talk much about Maria, there is the kidnapping menace. No, she cannot talk about her personal life, it is so silly, so crude of these Americans wanting to know how she works, plays and lives. No, she cannot say much about her latest picture, because Mr. Von Sternberg would not like that. No, no, NO AND NO!

She is openly bored with the business at hand, while the desparate writer struggles valiantly to get just one "quote" for her editor. But the great star shrugs, drags her lovely fingers through a mass of curling copper hair, inhales lustily the essence of tuberose and lets the embarrassed interviewer suffer.

AND then the subservient writer pounds out a story which dresses up the Dietrich rudeness in glamour, her lack of opinions in mystery, her ruthless disregard for the men and women who have pushed her to the heights in picturesque eccentricity.

But revolution is brewing. The latest edict from the Queen has caused rebellious muttering among the serfs. The arrogant manifesto decrees that no one, not even Marlene's co-workers at the Paramount Studio, may contact her directly.

Some writers who, for four years, have ex-tolled Dietrich are now ready to take a nice juicy crack at their former idol in print. I know of half a dozen men and women whose jobs have been jeopardized because they were unable to deliver—after weeks of nerve-racked waiting—a Dietrich interview to their editors.

I know of one girl who saw Dietrich just before the exclusion edict, got little or nothing from the interview, but succeeded in writing a whopping good story. Marlene asked to okay the article. But, instead of being approved, the manuscript was "blue penciled" to such an extent the spineless mess was thrown into a waste-basket. This girl lost a badly needed check and the doors of one publication are closed to her because of the fascio.

The same writer is now a motion picture critic. I wonder what she has written about the automatic gyrations of Marlene in that baffling union of statues and pageantry, "Scar-let Empress"?

We who have worked beside her find it impossible to reconcile the Dietrich of 1930, who did not think she was important enough to demand a mirror from the prop boy for location work on "Morocco," with the star who now walks across the lot, eyes straight ahead, with seldom a flicker of recognition for passing studio employees.

HOLLYWOOD blames one man for the regrettable change in Dietrich, and refers to him as "I've seen her!" Von Sternberg. The charge is that he has made a Trilby of Marlene. It is true Marlene has gone along believing Von Sternberg a genius, the only man who could guide her to lasting fame. It is true that she permitted him to talk her out of her early enthusiasms and informalities, to cut short her close friendships, to build a semi-hermit existence. As for the rumors of a mesmeric power he has over her, I give them short shrift. But if it was Von's idea that Marlene should consider herself on a rarefied plane where earthly criticisms, conventional-ities and laws cannot touch her, then Dietrich swallowed his dogma without question.

As for her devotion and gratitude to the man who took her out of a Berlin music hall, I'll still give the lovely frondeur a hand. This loyalty is one of the few original Dietrich characteristics still visible to the naked eye. Despite all rumors of a split between them, he will direct her again, in "Red Pawn." But should she extend gratitude to the point of endangering her professional career?

Recalling some of those qualities of the pre-royalist era, it is comforting to remember Marlene's former manner of presenting a gift. Her offerings were many and were invariably presented personally, so she might enjoy the surprise and pleasure of her friends. When she ordered flowers for those first Hollywood acquain-tances, she delivered them herself, carrying an armful of roses into homes where butlers agitatedly puzzeled over such an un-precedented social gesture.

There is still another re-collection of a Mar-lene longing for her baby Maria during that first separation—the day she caught up a three-year-old child visiting the studio with its aunt (the ill-starred Daisy De Voe, former secretary to Clara Bow). The baby, fascinated by the color, clutched Marlene's costly strand of turquoise beads, breaking it. But Marlene made short of our audible distress. She gathered the beads from the floor, placed them in an envelope and gave them to the child!

Marlene's impulsive generosity has not changed. She still enjoys gift-giving, but now it is done in the manner of a queen deigning to bestow royal favors on deserving subjects. Recently, she heard that her make-up operator had lost a prize wired-haired terrier. She had the dog replaced with another blue ribbon specimen within five hours. She overheard her hair-dresser describing a coveted sports fur coat. The fortunate young lady is now wearing the garment.

COMPARE this with a Dietrich who had the sets of "Scarlet Empress" barred to the press, after an item appeared in a New York tabloid stating that the star was very playful between scenes and did a good job of mimicking her director. It seems it is not politic for the serfs to know the great Dietrich is human. She has the extent of indulging in nonsense and laughter. There is little doubt that Von Sternberg was in back of this Czarist order, but Marlene is the one who will have to accept the result.

Then there was that mortifying incident on the Paramount lot last April, when several thousand motion picture exhibitors were making a tour of the studio and meeting the stars. To a man, the players had turned out to say "hello" to what Mae West calls, "The real men in our lives," Dietrich was absent. Excuses were made for her and the delegation was divided into groups of two hundred to be guided over the sets. The irrepressible Texas contingent spied Marlene walking a few yards ahead of them, deep in conversation with Von Sternberg. A young and effervescent owner of a large chain of Southern theaters called, "Hi, Miss Dietrich, turn 'round and say howdy." The cry was taken up by the other Texans, begging for an autograph, even a smile, but Dietrich went on walking—not a backward glance, not even a moment's hesitation. The reactions of a few of our best Southern theater owners cannot be put down on paper.

LEADING drama critics have voiced the opinion that Dietrich's star soon will be on the wane if she is not awakened from the Von Sternberg anesthesia, both off and on the screen. They say her acting in "Scarlet Empress" is that of a puppet.

If this is true, I wonder what Marlene will do. She has made prodigious sums during her stardom, but she has spent a great deal. The rent alone of her Bel-Air home runs into four figures monthly, and there are six servants and a personal-guest office. She has been billed in luxury for four years, a luxury made possible by the worship of movie-going America, a worship fanned into a conflagration by the American press.

But what a wanton waste if the Dietrich beauty is permitted to slip into the limbo of futed stars. What a stupid sacrifice if she clings to her present mirage of mistakes, and what a blast to the hopes of those who still believe in her if she refuses to recapture the fine shadows of her early good sportsmanship.
Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

[continued from page 47]

Fuente, of the pale gold, gleaming hair, nearly blue-black eyes and a deeply stirring voice. Anthony is again in love. But they must part. Anthony is bound for Africa to collect the Bonnyfeather debt in kind—slaves. On the ship is Brother Francois, exiled for his sympathy with the slaves.

At the slave establishment, Anthony finds the owner dead and he takes over, building up a flourishing business and taking as his sweetheart, Neleta, half Spanish, "a honey colored Senorita," of curves and lines. Brother Francois and Neleta fight for Anthony, he for his soul and she for his body. Brother Francois goes into the wilderness to set up a chapel. Anthony comes upon his body—crucified by the natives. It is this experience that loses the fight for Neleta.

Anthony returns to Livorno, after an absence of four years. John Bonnyfeather is dead. But Anthony again meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis' hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony's identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris. Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails.

In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrulle, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvrard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores de la Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but "pass by," accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFitte as his silver "bootlegger." Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udny, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overtakes them. Florence and their child, Maria, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.

He takes the Madonna and drifts off to the wilderness that is the West, hoping to forget even himself. He is captured by Spanish-Mexican horsemen and taken before the governor of Santa Fe—Don Luis. Don Luis sends him, on foot, with other prisoners to Mexico City. On this terrible "American Siberian pilgrimage," Anthony finds eternal truth and peace of mind.

He nearly dies in the prison at Mexico City, but he is rescued by Dolores de la Fuente, herself a widow, and come to Mexico to live on the vast estates left her by her husband. She and Anthony escape to a mountain, near

If you ever kissed yourself

You’d be more careful of your breath!

You would use the way that assures pure, sweet breath one to two hours longer.

It's not necessary to tell you unpleasant breath is a social offense. You know that through the carelessness of others. If you are guilty of halitosis, it may be that you are mistaken in the antiseptic you use to overcome it.

What women should know

For fighting Bad Breath (Halitosis), there are two 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 when used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs in less than ten seconds.

Makes 50c equal $1.50

Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against unpleasant breath—likewise against 50 other common symptoms. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be sure! Be safe—and save your money! That's what millions are doing with the most gratifying results.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG—Paramount

A CROOK comedy-melodrama involving two thieves Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh who, jealous of each other’s notoriety and skill, endeavor to prove to each other and to the police their respective superiority in matters of stealing. Good comedy is supplied by Alison Skipworth and Leon Errol. Miss Michael and Cavanagh both do well.

DR. MONICA—Warners

THOUGH slow-moving, this story of the woman doctor (Kay Francis) who wants to have a baby, and some unique appeal to feminine audiences. She takes the maternity case of a friend (Jean Muir) only to discover that her own husband (Warren William) is the child’s father. Kay has some excellent scenes, and Jean does a fine job, but Warren is wasted in a walk-through role.

JANE EYRE—Monogram

THE old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Important in that it brings back Virginia Bruce, breath-takingly beautiful, and reveals a lovely rich voice in the Schubert “Serenade.” The story concerns an orphan who becomes a governess in the strange Rochester (Colin Clive) household, where an insane wife with a pyromania complex is kept hidden.

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—Liberty

FASHIONED with original twists and pre- sented with a minimum of effects, this interesting enough story serves Nell Hamilton and Miriam Jordan as a very entertaining vehicle. It is a smooth, well-rounded, amusing semifarce. Nell and Miriam, divorced, become successful lawyers, opposing each other in court over the same subject that disrupted their own marital bliss—mothers-in-law. But it all ends well. Henry Armetta, Claude King, Hardie Albright, Dorothy Appleby.

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British

A PLEASANT little English dialogue film, in which the queen’s maid, Lilian Harvey, enters duke Charles Boyer with a song, while he is temporarily blinded. His various attempts, upon recovery, to find the “voice” that thrilled, made a delightful fantasy.

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.

AN interesting experiment which fails to “sell in spots,” is this picture with an all-Negro cast. There are moments when it reaches a high point of frenzied sincerity. It is the story of a group of Negroes, torn between their pastor’s teaching and lingering racial belief in the old Voodoo woman who casts spells with incantations and drums. Some of the scenes are fascinating, and beautiful voices are heard in spirituals.

CHARLIE CHAN’S COURAGE—Fox

CERTAINLY the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series, with Warner Oland doing nothing much besides tip-toeing around in a cook’s costume. The story, involved and sleepy-eyed, concerns a string of pearls and the trouble Chan had to deliver them. There is a near murder, a real murder, four crooks, a moving picture company on location, and a romance between Donald Woods and Drue Leyton.

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram

THOSE favoring Westerns will be thoroughly entertained by John Wayne’s tracking down an outlaw gang led by George Hayes. Lots of action, and good suspense. Alberta Vaughn is the feminine appeal.

IT’S A BOY—Gainsborough

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON does his very best in this English farce, but that isn’t quite enough to carry the whole picture. It’s all about a bridegroom being blackmailed on the morning of his wedding. However, everything comes out right in the end, as usual.

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Rospin Prod.

DRAMATIZING various conflicts from the very beginning of civilization, William Farnum preaches a powerful sermon on world peace. Through his talk is woven a poorly handled modern tale of tyranny and news censorship, which is interrupted by historical scenes of certain era, as he refers to them.

THE STAR PACKER—Monogram

DISCOVERING the identity of The Shadow (George Hayes) is no easy job, but John Wayne gives us an exciting chase and gains his point by outwitting this master criminal who has terrorized the community. Youngsters will be on the edge of their seats every minute. Verna Hillie is the girl.

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.

OCALe of this mild little yarn is Hawaii, where David Newell, in charge of a sugar plantation, affairs with a native (Mona Mariis), but later marries Virginia Chernill from the States. A cane fire, started while Newell and Hardie Albright are in terrific fistic combat, livens things at the end.
ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough

A NOther British-made musical that just doesn't hit the bell, despite the comedy efforts of Cicely Courtneidge, popular in England, and Sam Hardy who plays the part of King Kelly, a night club owner. Cicely handles the dual role of Kelly's maid and a famous French actress Mlle. Zaza.

THE TELL-TALE HEART—Clifton-Hurst Prod.

THIS gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for timid souls or children. The cast is all English, with Norman Dryden portraying the youth who slowly goes mad, to the point of killing an old man whose ugly eye haunts him. Splendid direction and photography.

THE LOST JUNGLE—Mascot

AFTER an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage, Clyde Beatty takes us to a South Sea isle for still greater thrills. Not an especially strong plot, but it's meat for the youngsters. Cecilia Parker is adequate as Beatty's fiancée.

Child of Scorpio

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

wearing a frock of blue sprigged net, a fabric so crisp and Springlike that no woman could look other than young, lighthearted and sparkling in it. Much of the "little girl" charm that for two decades held Florence Ziegfeld, the "Great Glorifier" and connoisseur of feminine beauty still shines from her, as she talks calmly of business and its exacting demands and the necessity of starting young, in order not to be left high and dry in later life. But never once does she make the poignant reminder: "Look at me." It is of Patricia that she speaks: first, last and always of Patricia. The "Baby Pat" so well known on Broadway as her father's idol. The "little girl who had everything."

"The reason I want Patsey to be an executive and not an actress is that she is much like her father. And he was a truly great businessman, you know, although he was so much of an artist, through and through, people were apt to forget his business side. But he had it, and it was one of the sides I loved and admired the most in him, even though he never encouraged me to mix in it—much as I might.

"Patsey had always done well in school," abruptly she turned back to seventeen and its plans. "She has quite a taste for research, chemistry, biology, and so on. After she graduated from school this June, I told her she could go to college. It was her own choice to become associated with William A. McGuire and myself in the production of the life story of her father. She has a role in the film, but she is also working in the research end while she masters production technique. Meanwhile, she is working hard on her stenography. That will help her, wherever she works. I can hardly expect her to be just a housewife, can I? Patsey has always lived on Broadway, you see."

No, one could hardly expect the young Patricia to talk to darning socks, straight

Exhilarating as sinking your putt from the far edge of the green! Kool are definitely cooler: distinctly refreshing. They're mildly mentholated by a clever process that preserves the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. Cork tips don't stick to lips.

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INLAID WOOD CIGARETTE BOX, modernistic and beautiful... 100 coupons.

B & W coupons also packed with our non-mentholated Raleigh Cigarettes. Raleigh now cost no more than ordinary cigarettes.
from that background of tulle, light, color, scenery. Nor with entire ease can one vision her at a typewriter, clicking out: "Dear Sirs: I have yours of the tenth . . ."

"Her father wanted her to be a good troupier always. That was what he was always teaching her. He was always watching for evidences of talent in her."

"Yes, we did think of the stage for Patsy, once. She had her taste of the stage young—as early as fourteen—in 'The Truth Game,' for its short run in Baltimore. That was in 1931. And I hope she has the Ziegfeld talent and administrative ability. The stars say so, anyway. Patsy is a child of Scorpio, you know. That brings her very close to her father's Aries, and it may be why they were so crazy about each other."

According to Miss Burke's explanation, executive ability of the highest order, great tenacity of purpose and tremendous will power enable the children of Scorpio to reach any goal they may espouse. If this were so, in Patricia's case it would seem logical enough that it should be the theater and the business life of the theater.

"The business end of production has such perfectly tremendous opportunities now. Even though advancement may seem slow to Patsy, when it comes it should be of the permanent order. I figure it will take at least five years for her to find herself, but that ought not to be too high a price to pay. Patsy is only seventeen."

"But aren't you forgetting one rather important thing, Miss Burke? I asked. "Patricia may marry, and upset all these plans. Have you never thought of that?"

"Patricia marry? No, I haven't thought of that!" Her tone was the subtly hostile tone mothers will use when they talk of their children marrying. "No, no, that will not be possible in Patricia's case—until many years hence, when she has launched her own career, made her own place in the world. She has no right to think of marriage until then," Patsy's mother insisted firmly. "To do so, she would have to slight either her husband or her career. To mix the two is impossible. That was recognized even in my day. I had to give my promise to Charles Frohman that I wouldn't marry for five years, after he gave me my first chance. And I kept my word."

Now spoke Billie Burke, the good troupier who, with the body of her idolized husband lying in state, had agreed "the picture must go on." She did not stop to shed one tear until her part in that picture was completed.

"But that promise you made to Charles Frohman—after all, wasn't that before? I suggested. "Before?"

"Before that masked ball of New Year's Eve, 1913, when you first met Mr. Ziegfeld?" I was well up on my Burke memoirs. "And the moment he stepped into the room your heart fairly stopped. You were ready to collapse in a faint. You haven't forgotten all that?"

"I've forgotten nothing! Except your tea, I'm afraid." I was facing a perfectly poised, correct hostess in her salon. "How will you have it, cream or lemon?"

"Lemon, if you please." I tried to sound just as composed. And so Billie Burke gave me tea, and we talked of this and that.

"My hour was up. "Thanks a lot and good-by." I was outside the Burke door.

"Wait!" A slender, white hand was on my arm. A pair of blue eyes, blazing like California sun through midsummer storm. "I want to ask one little favor," Billie Burke was whispering. "Whatever you write, don't speak of me as Pío Ziegfeld's widow. Say I'm his wife, more than ever his wife, now he's not here. That I'd rather have had these nineteen years with him than the grandest stage career in all the world. I take it all back, all. Patricia not marry? No, no. Certainly she must marry!"

"I wouldn't have her miss what I've had, not an hour or a thrill of it. No matter what else she has or doesn't have, she must have that—love. It's all there is, really. Her voice broke. "The one thing truly glorious!"

Hollywood Buys A Duck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Stains and dirt quickly disappear when you use the new Shinola White Cleaner. In a jiffy, your white shoes—canvas, buck, suede, or kid—show whiter than new. Easy to use. Costs only 10 cents in any of two convenient forms—liquid or cake.
Eleanor Vogt was a dancer in a show that Joe played in. Like most of the show people, Eleanor didn’t think much of Joe at first. She watched his act from the wings, and razzed him when he came off. But then, the show got stranded in St. Louis over Christmas, and her folks lived there, so Eleanor invited Joe down to the house for Christmas dinner. They were married the following November—1928.

“No siree,” Joe repeated, “Hollywood couldn’t make any difference as far as Eleanor and I are concerned. Besides, I’m not going to play any love stuff in the movies. No-o-o-o-o. I think it’s a mistake for comedians to try to hold up the love interest of a picture. They’re supposed to be funny, not romantic. I don’t want to be a movie hero. I just want to be comedy relief. See? I’m not good looking enough for love stuff, anyhow. But I think I’ll be able to put my comedy over in the movies, because there’s so much pantomime to it.

“Only trouble is, I can’t ever rehearse right. Four years ago when I made those two-reelers I would learn my lines, then in rehearsal I just walked through the part. It wasn’t until the cameras began to grind that I could really ‘turn on’ Then I would say to myself, ‘This is the real goods! Whatever you do now goes down on celluloid, and the people sitting out front in movie houses are going to see it!’ Gee! Then I could get going. But not in rehearsal. Same way with radio. I’ve had sponsors and directors say to me at a rehearsal, ‘That’s flat, Penner. Is that the way you’re going to do it on the air?’ ‘Heck, no!’ I always tell them. ‘Just leave it to me. I’ll be okay when I can see some people out in front!’ ”

PART of the secret of Penner’s success is his spontaneity. Even on the air he changes lines or adds gags as he goes along. All of his famous gag lines have happened spontaneously. On the vaudeville stage he used to wise-crack, “Wanna buy a rhinoceros?” Or, “Wanna buy an ash barrel?” The lines usually got a laugh. But one day, out of a clear sky, he said, “Wanna buy a duck?” And the audience howled. He repeated the line again before he left the stage, and it got a bigger laugh the second time. He was playing in Birmingham, Alabama, in a small theater, and his dressing-room had windows that opened on the street. After his performance he went into his dressing-room to rest. As the people poured out of the theater, he heard the youngest member of his company yelling at the other, “Wanna buy a duck?”

He’s used the gag ever since.

The thing that pleases him most about his stuff is that it appears so universally to children. “That’s why I try hard to keep my humor clean,” he says.

Penner is the only outstanding radio comedian who didn’t make a big reputation on the stage before he went on the air. Will Rogers, Durante, Cantor, Ed Wynn—all of them were nationally known stage successes before they ever faced the mike.

He is also one of the few “big names” who made a hit without any help. He had no build-up, no elaborate publicity or advertising. He went over simply because the public heard him and liked him.

Success hasn’t changed him—he still has the same manager, the same agent, the same song writer he had when he was playing small-time vaudeville.

“I’m working hard now and cashing in while I can,” he says. “I probably won’t last long. You see, I’m not really great. Maybe the public will tire of me before long, and I’ll lose my popularity. But, gee, while it lasts, it’s grand! And I still can’t believe it!”

**Pert new Hair Styles from Hollywood Hits**

**Easy to copy if your hair is not TOO DRY or TOO OILY**

**To correct OILY hair:**

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It’s quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

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Don’t put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don’t—oh, don’t—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle “emollient” shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycercine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer’s Tar Soap. Get Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

**Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo for OILY hair**

**Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo for DRY hair**
**How to Be Naughty But Nice**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

means so much when her lips say so little, sums up the entire answer. It was that sparkle, and the same sparkle in her voice, that made the playboys of Paris cable frantically to New York for American Beauty roses to shower her with—and, believe it or not, that sparkle came from the Quaker town of Philadelphia.

It was that same sparkle which made two young French women see Jeanette's performance twenty-seven consecutive times in Paris, each time to wait outside the stage door with a home-picked bouquet and scold the gendarmes for letting the crowd get so close that they threatened to crush their favorite. Jeanette's sparkle is as much for women as for men. Both sexes on both continents idolize her.

In London Jeanette knows a middle-aged woman cook. She knows her because one day, while an English crowd was virtually mobbing Jeanette in her car, they almost crushed a little old lady in a bonnet, who had inadvertently gotten in the middle of them. Seeing the old lady's danger, Jeanette quickly opened the door of her car and pulled her inside. This action, unknown to Jeanette, was seen by the middle-aged cook.

"I never thought much of Americans, and still less of American movie actresses," the cook wrote to Jeanette shortly afterward, "but the kindness I saw you do that old lady has changed my opinion altogether. I know you are famous and I am only a cook, but I know that even famous actresses sometimes get to the place where they need money. I have a little—not much—saved up, and I wanted to tell you that it is for you any time you want it. If you are sick or anything and cannot come to me, I will come to you wherever you are.

When Jeanette went to Europe they had a wild newspaper story over there that she had had an affair with a prince on the Riviera, and that the prince's wife had found out about it and disfigured her. Jeanette's personal appearance proved that she was not disfigured. Then the newspapers claimed that she was in reality her sister, and Jeanette knew only one way to prove that she was herself.

She sang "Beyond the Blue Horizon" from "Monte Carlo."

The public feeling, which might have condemned the imaginary affair with the prince, turned to wild acclaim. After her first performance she was the toast of Paris. She sang, and sang—and the mobs up in the highest galleries yelled for more.

In London she swells in the stalls and the costermongers in the balconies yelled, "More! More!"

"I loved it!" said Jeanette. "Don't ever let anyone tell you that the English aren't enthusiastic. At times, I believe, they are even more enthusiastic than Americans."

Jeanette is very proud of being American. She has assumed no European mannerisms—never a trace of a broad a, or any attempt to be anything but herself. That makes her all the more proud of her European triumph. Her pictures are more popular over there than any other films that the theaters can buy; they even revive her old ones in preference to showing the new ones of other stars. That is why
she has made "The Merry Widow" at M-G-M simultaneously in English and French.

Ernst Lubitsch, who has directed Jeanette and Maurice Chevalier, together again in this picture, knows all about Jeanette's being naughty but nice. Himself a European and generally conceded to be the master hand at naughty-niceness on the screen, he insisted upon Jeanette playing the rôle even over Chevalier's loudly published protests. And he sat in his office, chewing his cigar, until he got her.

"JEA~ETTE has just what it takes to make the widow merry," was the way he put it. "Without her, she would be a sad widow indeed."

Her Lubitsch, incidentally, is the gentleman responsible for the rather daring experiment of rewriting the lyrics of all the songs in the picture to bring them up to date, at the same time making Jeanette wear a tightly-laced corset to fit the period. The music, of course, remains the same.

But that "what it takes" is merely Lubitsch's phrase for Jeanette's ability to appear naughty without sacrificing a whit of her niceness. Those changeable green eyes of hers, that easy, natural grace, and that virile something which makes her the only American actress who actually convinces you she is a European princess.

Anything crude, vulgar, or even suggestive is as foreign to her as it is to her rôle on the screen. One of the biggest professional affairs Jeanette ever had was over a picture made at another studio, which, wholly against her wishes, stressed the naughtiness.

"Sophistication—real sophistication—is out of the question if a girl is to try to be both naughty and nice at the same time," she said.

"Without that disarming innocence she becomes simply naughty, or even obviously off-color."

It is a peculiar naivete which prevents Jeanette herself from becoming sophisticated; perhaps the sincerity and simplicity which she inherited from her Welsh mother. Her father was Scotch. And maybe it is easier to understand that twinkle in her eyes when she admits she has some Irish in her somewhere. After London, Paris, several years on the stage and several more in the studios—all centers of sophistication—Jeanette has acquired a knowledge of the world and its ways, but has not lost her enthusiasm while acquiring it.

"I still get as big a kick out of everything as I ever did," she tells us. "And I don't think a girl who has become blasé can possibly have the same sort of appeal she had when things were new to her. They don't thrill her any more, and consequently she loses her charm to thrill others. There is something about the freshness of youth, about the niceness of youth, that no amount of naughtiness can replace."

PLAIN naughtiness, says Jeanette, is always ugly. It is only when combined with niceness that the naughtiness is piquant like a spice and tickles the world's sensibilities in exactly the same way. And she says that the naughtiness more or less comes natural to most of us; in other words, there will be just enough of it if people just keep on trying their hardest to keep on being nice.

For the rest, forty million Frenchmen and a hundred and twenty million Americans can't be wrong—not to mention a few million Britishers. Jeanette MacDonald is both naughty and nice; she couldn't be half as nice if she weren't just as naughty, and she couldn't be so naughty if she weren't so nice.

Walk into Fall with chic Vitality in the Charmed Circle

FALL is the time for chic vitality. And shoes, of course, are the finishing touch to the Fall fashion picture. Especially so, now that the smart world has revived the art of walking. But the footwear you select must be right. Vitality Health Shoes are the perfect answer! For you will discover in their style the beauty of authentic smartness—and in their perfect fit assured poise and buoyant foot-freedom. As for value, their thorough-going quality and their inviting prices suggest a very worthwhile economy.

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY—St. Louis Division of International Shoe Co.
The Smile That Hides A Tear

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70)

isn't sorry she has come. Somehow, she feels she has grown closer to her father just by coming. Now, his work will be her work and she feels she can take his place and carry on.

With the arrival of Mady Christians in Hollywood, we find the rarest of all things—a new type. There is no one quite like her in the movie colony. Which is a relief, heaven knows, from the numerous Garbo and Hepburn and Dietrich doubles that hit town. She tall, even above average height, she's frankly hefty. Her intimations of certain pro-
cuters wringing their hands and wildly ex-
claiming, “Oh, my dear Miss Christians, you
must reduce. You're just gotta get thinner,”
is a riot in itself. And I doubt very much if she has even the slightest notion of starring herself into the usual semi-come.

FOR one thing, she laughs almost constantly. There's a gay, infectious something about her that hints of Vienna and London and other exciting places—places where she has lived and known gay, exciting people. Her hair is chestnut-blonde and even naturally curly. Her eyes are an astonishing childlike blue.

But it's her mouth, a big, sensitive, beauti-


 wouldn't be Rembrandt, rather a Trouvè, a
new, raving, on blondes and ill-luminated
blondes.

"EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliante, yet trans-


 To the memory of a scene, I think we just can't find the right words to describe it, but you'll feel it very
effectively.

"NATURAL is a true golden shade. A true, rich blood color
that will be an asset to any brunette.

"PASTEL is of the type through which color when applied to the lips, it gives


 you a look of youth, parent richness and a depth of the color that is truly


 Don't be misled by imitators...there isn't a


 box of chocolates to get her father's auto-


 graph for them.

"It was the hidden chocolates and resulting


 upset tummy” that finally persuaded her


 famous parents that a conven was best, per-


 hap, for little Mady.

Mady didn't mind the convent. In fact,


 she loved having children to push over.


 Naturally she was punished for it, but good


 grief! there they were and, as she never


 before played with children, she thought it


 was the right thing to do the thing that brought


 from them the lowest hows. So she pushed them


 over.

SOME years later, when her father took over
the Irving Place Theater in New York in
which to present a series of German plays, Mady crossed to New York and remained
several years.

She begged, wept and stormed to be allowed
to act in one of her father's plays. "Well, of


 course, Mady," her father said, "you know


 you are more than a little like an elephant,


 don't you?" Which didn't bother her in the


 least. Elephant or no, she wanted to act.

Finally he gave her a mere bit and then next
day, after her performance, told plainly but


 kindly that she would make a marvelous


 Viennese cook. But never an actress.

Did it daunt her? Did it daunt Mady? She


 actually inveigled her father into giving
her a letter to Max Reinhardt, the great pro-
cuter in Germany. And when the war broke
out, she and her mother fled themselves to


 Germany and Max.

"What are your qualifications?" he de-
manded. "Why should I admit you to my
school?"

"I was one of the biggest actresses on
the New York stage," Mady assured him, which


 in truth she was.

"What have you played in?" he asked.

Mady rattled off a list of Shakespeare, 
Ibsen, Moliere and others.

"Very well," he shrugged. "Appeal before
the board the day after tomorrow and let


 us know." And here was a pretty kettle of
fish, for she didn't know a line of any of them.

Not a word.

DID it stop her? You still don't know Mady.
She memorized passages by the yard and ap-


peared right on time before a straight-faced, 
story-teller board, who watched her coldly as
she ranted and recited.

And looked at her as if to say, "So this is
all that comes from Rudolph Christians, tck,
tck."

At last Reinhardt spoke. "Not good but
loud," he said, and to her utter amazement,
accepted her in his school.

But the trouble was, as soon as he gave Mady
a part with Ernst Lubitsch, a fine character
actor in those days, or some other noted player,
she became so engrossed in watching him that
she forgot her cues. It was awful and Lubitsch
could have killed her.

But Reinhardt didn't lose faith. He chose
her from all the school to play Portia. It
was just at this time that her father was in
Hollywood. She cabled him the news. But he
never heard how Mady walked out on a Ber-

lin stage and brought tears to all eyes because
she, Rudolph's daughter, the child of their
idol, was also a fine artist.

He died the day she made her début.
After a tremendous success on the Conti-


ent, she was sent for to make an English
month's tour.

"You speak English, of course?" they asked.

"Of course," she replied.

It nearly knocked them silly. "Of all the
goofy questions," she grinned. And that


 finished them.

"Miss Christians," they said, "we are de-
lighted to find you speak such priceless
New York slang, but you must learn to talk

English. What you are speaking is New Yorkese
with an awful twang."

So she unlearned New York and learned


 English, softening her vowels. She now
speaks to her amazement, very precise


 English.

And there isn't a trace of German accent
except when she gets excited.

She has had her successes on the New
York stage, and now Hollywood has her for its
own. And I think this grand person who takes time
and effort to write in a little note-book the
name of every studio employee with whom she
comes in contact, and opposite each name lists
little mannerisms and habits. These she
memorizes, so she won't call Mr. Strickling,
Mr. Wheelwright. Or Mr. Locan, Mr. Wiles.
Or she doesn't know.

And unless I miss my guess, the public will
soon be taking Mady (which is really short for
Margaret) for their own when they see her in
her first M-G-M movie, "Wicked Woman."
For she came to Hollywood with a great


 heartache which she is hiding under smiles.
Rubbing Elbows
With The Stars

[continued from page 58]

an aisle seat. Maybe I looked Greta Garboish, I don't know, but Maurice, sitting right in front of me, turned around and that lower lip shot out in a big smile of greeting. I smiled right back. Just before the picture was ended, however, I stole out into the night. That's what Garbo would have done... and that's what I had to do so he wouldn't know I wasn't Garbo.

Item two: Having heard tell that "20th Century" was simply goofy and lots of fun, I gathered up my best boy friend and trotted down to see it. I loved it, but what was even more exciting than the picture itself was the exit, from the row ahead again, of Claudette Colbert. With her was tall Pat de Cicco, whose picturesque name once belonged to the golden Thelma Todd.

I choked down my pride, summoned audacity and stared her up and down. The results of which are, to wit: A white felt mannish sports hat with brown band; a tailor-made white polo coat fitting superbly; brown and white sports shoes; plenty of rouge, and bangs.

I not only ogled her, I followed her right out of the theater to the street. She stopped in front of a billboard that read, "The Hit Picture Since It Happened One Night." I am moved to remark that this tickled the fair lady no little. Which isn't, after all, so surprising.

Episode number three: Nancy Carroll, one of my pals, came down the aisle with a young man and stood there, helplessly looking for a seat in the packed house. The usher led them to the only vacancies there were... two seats all equipped for the deaf and dumb!

MEET Mary Caroline, my dear Joan, the fair young daughter of the Belle of the South, Dorothy Jordan, and Merian Cooper of RKO-Radio. The whole family just returned from Honolulu, where the wee person made her début.

I was interested in seeing her wardrobe, so it was thrown open for my inspection. A tiny, half-finished petticoat, folded away amidst the magnificence, caught my eye. Dorothy had started to make it, sister Mary explained (Dot was out of the room), but never having handled a needle before in all her life, she finally gave up in despair. Mary rescued it from the wastebasket and there it was.

Now Dorothy, before she was married and lived down at the beach across the street from my sister, used to always wither us with glib recitations of what she was studying. She was always studying, that one. It made us feel that our own lives were wasted and futile. Now, announced Mary with a gleam in her eye, the very next time Dorothy gets academic she'll just wave that half-finished slip and wither her.

ONE of my pet tricks is to eat my heart out looking at jewelry that I can't afford. But I do enjoy myself, just picturing they were mine, so I went into a shop where a lot of very special movie jewelry gets sold, and had a look around.

I noticed a handsome smoking set. It consisted of cigarette holder, match case and cigarette case. It was all in ebony, set in diamonds in a cobra design. The jeweler told me it had belonged to Rudolph Valentino, who


She always thought
Dull teeth were Natural
..until she tried a true film-
removing tooth paste

FILM mars the loveliness of teeth. It is the greatest single cause of tooth decay. And, if you use ordinary brushing methods, you may not escape this dangerous film, which forms constantly on everyone's teeth.

There is now one best way to keep your teeth free of film. Laboratory tests and scientific facts indicate that way is Pepsodenthnown as the special film-removing tooth paste. For, of all other leading methods, none other equally safe, removes film so thoroughly. The cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent is alone responsible. This film-removing material is twice as soft as the polishing materials used in other leading tooth pastes—many times as soft as that in leading tooth powders. Yet the way it removes film and cleans teeth is indeed impressive.

This polishing agent is contained exclusively in Pepsodent. That's why Pepsodent is really different. It works in a different way to give different results. When Pepsodent is so safe, so certain, how can you afford to entrust the care of your teeth to "hit or miss" methods or bargain dentifrices? Mail coupon for generous trial tube. Watch results! We believe you will want to use Pepsodent regularly twice a day thereafter. And be sure to see your dentist at least twice a year.

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A NEW KURLASH TO MAKE YOUR LASHES MORE Alluring

It’s your eyes that a man looks at first... and last... and pretty nearly always. And no eyes are really beautiful unless the lashes are lovely too. Kurlash gives your lashes that upward sweep that seems the most enchanting thing in the world. The new, improved Kurlash does it with greater ease than ever. Kurlash costs $1, and if your own drug or department store doesn’t have it, we’ll send it direct.

THE NEW, IMPROVED Kurlash

Photoplay Magazine for September, 1934

Will Outwits the Sexy Fellows

[continued from page 34]

can ride over it.” Despite his wealth, deep in his veins runs the true, down-to-earth neighborliness that made “Old Hickory” Jackson and the yawn-spinning Abe Lincoln so dear to the hearts of this country.

Like them, he hates pretense. Destroys humbug. Like them he’s just folks. If he doesn’t like something, he tells the world about it. And we sit back and cheer the guy who has the nerve to say what we’re scared to.

There’s one beguiling impression of Will Rogers I must first destroy—that he can’t be interviewed. The quotes in this article are genuine, though Rogers really does not grant interviews very often in Hollywood. Not so much that Will minds being quoted—but he objects to being misquoted.

The quickest way to arouse his dander is to tell him you’ve heard he doesn’t talk to reporters because he can sell his jokes. When he goes on the road for lectures, he receives reporters. And he talks. His American sense of fair play rules these interviews. He gives everyone the same thing. Doesn’t play favorites with the paper that runs his column.

Back in Hollywood Rogers is more reticent. Perhaps he dislikes the silly questions hurled at movie stars. Or perhaps it’s the sentiment he voiced when he said: “When I die, I’m going to have on my tombstone: ‘Here lies Will Rogers—not responsible for all the bum gags the publicity department has pinned on me.’”

What kind of a man is this? To continue, Will, or—as he is known to his friends—Bill, will be fifty-five on March fourth. He was born in Oologah, Indian territory, and a thing of which he is very proud is the Rogers Hotel in his home town, Claremore, Oklahoma.

He’s kind of leathery and weatherbeaten, weighs two hundred pounds in the raw (which surprises most folks). Nobody tries to trip him around. The only one that ever succeeded was a ferocious steer, which left a twelve-inch scar on his waist. “He was a tough baby,” comments Rogers.

He has a blue suit and a brown one and his pressing bills are the lowest in the nation. He wears the same clothes the road or to parties. Will may wear a dress suit in an occasional picture, but away from the studio his greatest concession to Hollywood style is to buttern
up his shirt and wear a black bow tie with a
dark coat.

In Hollywood you're likely to see him sliding
from behind the wheel of his car and ducking
into a lunch stand for a bowl of chili and beans.

At such a time he looks like a cow-hand—
with boots, blue dungarees, open shirt, and
probably a leather jacket. When he balks at
posing for still pictures, the photographer
usually quiets Rogers by promising a dish of
chili.

LIKE most Americans, Rogers is an indulgent
father. He's proud of his son, Will, Jr.,
who's going to Stanford, and of son Jimmy,
who attends a boys' school about thirty miles
from Los Angeles.

Like their father, they're polo enthusiasts.

Rogers admits to no favorites, though he
may be soft on Jimmy.

"When it comes to picking the horses,
Jimmy usually gets his choice," observes
Rogers. "And whatever horses he gets he
usually makes them look the best."

He's also proud of daughter Mary, who
looks more like a movie star than her father.

When she recently returned from a road tour
with "Reunion in Vienna," he was asked what
he thought of her going on the stage.

"What has a parent got to say about any-
thing like that?" he parried. "I'm in the
same business."

While at home any place, he's not too keen
on fashionable society. One Sunday, on the
pitch and putt golf course on his Santa Monica
Canyon ranch, Mary Rogers' niblick drove a
ball between the eyes of a young social light
and stretched him out cold on the turf.

The next day Rogers was absent, in the
city, until night. His family figured he must
have been busy buying some sort of guest in-
surance. But when Mary unwrapped the
package her father brought home, she found
it contained a dozen new drivers.

Rogers is a restless individual with the
spirit of the pioneer cowboy surging through
his blood. He never has to stop and think up
something to do next. There are always a
dozen things he'd like to do. Some years ago
he barnstormed about the country, lecturing
in sixty cities in as many nights.

After completing a picture last summer he
jumped off to Europe and flew through Asia.

In the middle of a production, he's just as
likely as not to hop an airplane for an appear-
ance on Sunday, thousands of miles away,
and show up for work on the dot Monday.

His latest excursion in quest of adventure
left Hollywood breathless. Stirring a desire
to take a ten weeks' airplane tour of Russia
and Africa, he announced his intention of
essayng his first dramatic stage role—that of
the father in the West Coast presentation of
Eugene O'Neill's great play, "Ah, Wilderness."

CYNICS tried to imagine Rogers improving
on Eugene O'Neill's lines. He killed that
thought quickly. "I wouldn't think of trying
to change a word."

Rogers explained that his return to the stage
is a fulfillment of a long restrained desire.

"I want to get back, just for a while. Get-
ing back on the stage now and then is good for
a person; it keeps them on their toes.

"Some people can't figure me playing any
part that George M. Cohan played. But, as a
matter of fact, this 'Ah, Wilderness' in some
ways is just like lots of pictures I've made.
It's about a plain family man and his troubles,
not a lot different from David Harum.

"I don't know whether I can get away with
This is something for
every beauty to read

IF you enjoy Double Mint gum every day, you are
making use of one of the best little beauty ideas
that Nature has to pass out. The chewing helps you
to keep the muscles of your face youthful and the
contour of your chin and cheek line delightfully
young. The reason is simply that Soft Food does
not offer enough chewing. Thus, flabbiness appears,
which is the first sign of age and lost beauty. Double
Mint gum is therefore a very wonderful beauty aid.
it, or whether I'll be a flop, but I'm certainly going to try it for all I'm worth."

And just to show he is worth plenty, he packed theaters like they haven't been packed on the Pacific Coast in years.

But because he won't improve on O'Neill, don't imagine he follows scripts verbatim. His pet abomination is what he calls "A B C directors—the kind who want you to stick in every comma, if and but. I won't do it. It isn't natural. People don't talk that way in real life."

Rogers' penchant for improving scripts demoralizes Peggy Wood, featured with him in "Handy Andy." She had been used to memorizing her lines ahead of time. But with Rogers she gave up.

"I don't even look at my lines until an hour or two before I'm going to speak them, because Will Rogers is quite likely to speak lines the scenarist never thought of. That makes me change my dialogue. If I get definitely 'up' on certain lines, I can't just forget them and say something else.

"So I just wait and hear what Will says and then try to fit the script's dialogue to it. The result is sparkingly fresh conversation. One else in the world but Will Rogers could do it."

Rogers, on the spur of the moment, invented one of the best laughs in "Handy Andy." Coming to him in jail, the script called for Peggy Wood to say: "I've got to get you out."

"Get me out," said Rogers, with a look that suggested it was unnecessary: "I've already whistled out my gun."

Again, during the same picture, he was supposed to be taking golf lessons. The professional grabbed Rogers' arm during the course of the swing. Turning to him, Rogers improvised: "I had no idea golf was such an affectionate game."

Rogers' independence makes him stand out as one of the few persons Hollywood hasn't been able to train.

He has simplified the picture acting business to the point where he makes it appear ridiculously easy. He doesn't bother with rehearsals. He doesn't study dialogue.

He doesn't use a dressing-room. If clothes are to be changed, he does it in his car or behind a set.

The only thing that makes him fighting mad is to be around a set with nothing to do. He doesn't mind reporting for work on time but he dislikes being called at an early hour and then waiting — sometimes an unavoidable situation.

He economizes on time by sleeping anywhere, at any time, and waking up with a wise-crack.

His office is the portable typewriter he carries in his car. While waiting on the set, he reads every paper from cover to cover.

Between noon and two o'clock he concentrates more intently, and at that time writes his column for the newspapers. If he's busy, he sometimes puts it off to four—but not often.

Rogers remembers his better jokes. When this writer commented on his favorite, "The way to cure the traffic problem is to keep off the streets the automobiles that ain't paid for," he smiled appreciatively and replied: "And I liked the one, 'This country may need a good five cent cigar, but it also needs a place where man can park his car.'"

Though one of "us folks," Rogers' favorite diversion is the millionaire pasture, polo. His penchant for this game, and for flying, has given the Fox studio officials gray hairs. But they're helpless before the stubborn determination of Rogers to do as he pleases.

His love of horses, dating back to his cowboy days, led him into polo. He had borrowed two horses from J. A. Wigmore, Cleveland millionaire and polo enthusiast, to enter a gate roping contest.

When Rogers tried to buy the horses, Wigmore refused, saying he could have the ponies if he'd come to Midwich and learn to play "stick and ball."

Rogers' interest, once aroused, never waned. He now has a polo field and could have a three goal ranking if he desired.

It is Rogers' opinion that in the not too distant future, polo will become as popular as baseball is today.

"Of course, it isn't easy for a great many boys to pay what it costs to get the right kind of horses, but we're steadily getting more and more polo players in the country, and the

Avoid Laxatives That Constipate!

Ever hear of "cathartic constipation?" Some laxatives cause it. They work by irritating the membranes of the digestive tract—and when taken regularly lose their effect. Soon the laxative-constipation habit has you in its grip!

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Plut o Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine laxative but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it—always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle—but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve—permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water—is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish—get results within an hour—and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces), 25c—large bottles (3 times the quantity), 50c. At all druggists.

PLUTO
WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

Just one more move out of Shirley Temple, and Baby LeRoy is going to start throwing things! He was having a good time by himself, playing with all the chessmen at once, when Shirley horned in
game some day will be within the reach of almost everyone."

During the filming of "Handy Andy," he took one of the worst spills of the season, though he discounted the seriousness of his fall at the Riviera Field.

"I bumped into another rider, and it threw me off balance. I knew I was going overboard, so I tried to step off just like you do in a pony express change and I thought maybe I could keep my feet. I was wrong."

Rogers rolled over and over, the horse's feet miraculously missing him. Will got up, ran after his mount, played the rest of the game, scoring five goals to star in his team's victory.

As an onlooker later, he saw Cecil Smith, Texas player, knocked from his horse when the ball struck his knee. As Smith lay still for a long time on the far side of the field, a man turned to Rogers and said, "Think he broke his leg, Mr. Rogers?"

"Dunno," replied Rogers. "Take a pretty good doctor to tell that from here."

With all his activities, picture making, radio, writing and traveling, Rogers leads a well ordered life—despite the countless requests for him to act as toastmaster at banquets. He ducks all he can, but every time he sees a publicity man coming he calls, "What's the benefit?"

Rogers really has Hollywood baffled. It's scared he won't come and scared he will. He doesn't spare anyone. But in banquet speeches he carries on as always, hewing to the line that has brought him success—striving to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the least number of words.

A lot of folks have attempted to match wits with the sage of Santa Monica Canyon to their regret. At a recent Chamber of Commerce banquet in Beverly Hills, the "ex-mayor" of that community was the victim of considerable ribbing by the speakers, including Frank Miriam, Lieutenant-Governor of California. Miriam complained that Rogers' conversation with a lady at his right made it difficult for other guests to hear what Miriam was saying.

"I apologize," said Rogers mildly. "You see I was just asking the lady on my right who was the distinguished speaker, and she did not know so she had to ask the party next to her, and it went on that way all around the table. You'll just have to blame it all on the ignorance of the guests as to the identity of the distinguished speaker."

If Rogers accepted every invitation to speak that he receives, he wouldn't even have breakfast to himself. But despite his many refusals, particularly to those whom he thinks are attempting to capitalize on his name, he makes a surprising number of appearances. And he works tirelessly to give a perfect performance.

THOUGH it isn't generally known, Will Rogers almost lost his life as a result of a trip to Pomona to address some high school baseball players. On the way home, tired from his drive and picture work, he went to sleep at the wheel. He woke up with a start and found his car off the road, its radiator against an embankment on the side.

But such a narrow escape doesn't mean so much to Rogers. At fifty-four he's as young as any boy of eighteen—just as eagerly excited about his next airplane trip, polo game, or long drive.

For some time a magazine has been after Rogers to write his biography.

"I shaw," he says, "I'm too young to write the story of my life."

Once more youth creeps back into the skin

A scientist's discovery has set women agog

Junis Cream brings a new principle to skin care... forms a complete beauty treatment in itself.

"WOMEN are so fascinating at middle age," mused a scientist, "how wonderful it would be if they could possess the added allurement of true girlhood skin!"

The thought challenged him. This scientist knew that young skin contains a natural, softening substance, which makes it gloriously attractive. "Why not put into a face cream this vital substance old skins lack," pondered the scientist. "Maybe then... who knows?"

That's what he did. The remarkable results became evident when women tried this new creation. Their skins grew radianty clearer. Tiny wrinkles began to smooth out. Old, dry skin gained a new, animated freshness.

Selsol—what it is

The natural, skin-softening substance the scientist put into Junis Cream he named selsol. It is essential to every living cell. The Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure selsol. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether selsol alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

As you apply Junis Cream, feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe you will be delighted with results. Coupon brings free 10-day's supply.

FREE—GROUSERS SUPPLY

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

THE PEPSODENT CO. 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

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Name__________________________
Address__________________________
City__________________________
State__________________________

Note: This offer available only to residents of the United States. Only one to a family.
The Man You Want

[continued from page 67]

"Women want certain things in marriage—companionship, a home and children; or security, the right to a title and a front seat in the lap of luxury—or maybe just love, plain and fancy. Then make up your mind, first of all, as to just what you want—and don't kid yourself! Maybe you'll find you don't want marriage at all. It's possible, you know. Better get yourself straight on this at the beginning. It'll save a lot of lawyer's fees later on!

"HOW do you go about knowin' what type a man is?

"It's simple. Let me show you.

"Say you go to a dance and meet a man who seems mighty attractive to you. He makes a date with you. You start going out 'steady,' as the phrase is. Just naturally, the talk gets around to love—and marriage—and you (if you know what's good for you) keep pretty quiet. You get his views. Men, I have found, aren't nearly as apt to say things they don't mean as women. If they don't get their cue they usually tell the truth. That's your chance!

"He'll either confide in you that he wants a home and three kids—two boys and a girl, maybe—and a little car. Or he'll give you a line about how marriage is all right, in its way, but it just isn't his way. Or he'll tell you how lonesome he's been (and this type will probably be a lot older than the others), and how he craves companionship for his long, lonely evenings in front of the fireplace in his carpet slippers. Of course, they won't say it just in those words—but that's what it'll amount to.

"And that's the time to do some mental arithmetic!

"JUST what are you looking for? If you want a home, some kids of your own and a pretty loyal husband, then take that first guy. If you like men yourself and are broadminded about the way your husband spends his evenings—and if he finally gets around to offering matrimony—then the second one'll do for you; though you mustn't get the idea you can change him after marriage. Maybe he'll change—and maybe he won't. But don't put your money on it—win, place or show. If, on the other hand, you've seen a little of life yourself and find that it's not much fun to spend your time waitin' around for a man's free evenings . . . that you're still catchin' all the bridal bounties, but haven't caught a groom yet, then the security this third man offers is something you can afford to spare a few minutes considerin'.

"In talkin' to so many people in this kind of an intimate talk I have to set down certain general ideas. Some of them'll apply to your case—and some of them will give the girl next door somethin' to think about. In order to help you find your type and to sidestep some of the pitfalls that are avoidable, I'd suggest you listen to a little reason along the following lines:

DON'T marry a man to reform him—that's what reform schools are for.

DON'T be suspicious or unnecessarily jealous—it just gives a man ideas.

DON'T keep a man guessin' too long

—he's sure to get the answer somewhere else.

DON'T give up all your boy friends for one man—you may need them when he forgets to call.

DON'T ape the movie stars—your sweetheart fell in love with you.

DON'T think a career will replace love—Eden's more fun than a noiseless typewriter.

DON'T come crawlin' to a man for love—he likes to get a run for his money.

DON'T believe all a man tells you—he probably doesn't himself.

DON'T cry for a man who's left you—the next one may fall for your smile.

DON'T sacrifice too much for a man—he never enjoyed anything more than giving up a rub!

"And here are a few hints which may open the door to your happiness:

To hold a man's love—keep lovin' him.

Keep your youth—there's more calls for sixteen than sixty.

Men like to be praised—never miss an opportunity.

Look your best—who said love's blind?

Be amiable—men don't like to be crossed—or double-crossed.

Kiss and make up—but too much make-up has ruined many a kiss.

Cultivate your curves—they may be dangerous but they won't be avoided!

Brains are an asset to the woman in love who's smart enough to hide 'em.

Be regular—there isn't any competition against the girl who's regular.

What's the use of talkin'—actions speak louder than words?

"I've had lots of friendships with men in my life and I think the public has a pretty good idea of my type of man after seein' me in my pictures. I've never been very vague about it—tall, dark 'n' handsome.

"Of all things there's nothin' sadder than a woman afraid of love. The homes of relatives are cluttered up with such disappointed, embittered, old-young women—who didn't know love ain't no sin! They've missed up on the best things of life—a home of their own, admiration, the beauty of contentment—because of some silly, old-fashioned notions that have kept them from being themselves—from holdin' hands over a rustic fence with a freckle-faced boy—or kissin' a handsome young sailor lad near a waterfall when the stars hung low!

"LOVE ain't no sin—like the world, it's the people in it, and it's what makes the wheels go 'round!

"I've always contended the right place for a woman is in a man's arms—but a man whose lovin' can make her believe a three-year-old coat is better than a new mink. When he can do that—well, as they say in Hollywood—'He's just the type!'"
The Fan Club Corner

Many fan club delegates are preparing to attend the second annual convention of movie fan clubs, sponsored by the Movie Club Guild, to be held in Chicago, August 11, 12, and 13. The program follows:

Saturday, August 11th
1:30—Registration of delegates—Photoplay magazine office, Room 1129, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
3:30—Visit to Lincoln Park.
4:30—Trip to Chinatown.
7:30—WLS Barn Dance—or Theater Party. (WLS Barn Dance reservations must be made in advance.)

Sunday, August 12th
10:30 A. M.—Meeting of all delegates for visit to Century of Progress. Special visit to Hollywood at the Fair.
Monday, August 13th
12:00 A. M.—Luncheon.
7:00 P. M.—Theater Party.
10:00 P. M.—Dancing Party.

Many important questions regarding fan club activities will be discussed during the business sessions of the convention, and the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs extends a hearty welcome to all delegates.

Lenore Heldorn, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill., is Chairman of Arrangements for the convention.

The Agnes Ayres Fan Club is planning some very interesting new contests, prizes to be donated by Miss Ayres, herself. The club headquarters have been moved to 955 N. Central Ave., Chicago, Ill. A copy of the club’s publication, “Stardust,” will be sent to all Agnes Ayres fans interested in joining this club.

Miss Florence Scafidi, secretary of the Buddy Rogers Fan Club, 92 Borden Ave., Norwich, N. Y., writes: “You scrapbook fans have a splendid opportunity to increase your collection through our club clipping bureau.” Interested Rogers fans are invited to write her for more information.

The president of the John Boles Music Club writes: “All John Boles fans interested in hearing about Lillian Musgrave’s visit to John Boles’ home in Beverly Hills, and her good luck in meeting Mr. and Mrs. John Boles and family, should write to her at 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.”

Helen Raether, president of the Lew Ayres Fan Club, sends in the first issue of the club bulletin, “The Telescope.” It is an interesting little club paper. All Lew Ayres fans are asked to write Miss Raether at 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich.

Donato R. Cedrone, president of the Tom Brown Fan Club, writes: “Our club is making plans to issue a club news magazine in early winter. This will be published every three months. It will contain departments of much interest to all Tom Brown enthusiasts. Please tell other club officials to send me copies of their bulletins.” Mr. Cedrone’s address is 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

Glenna Riley, 149 S. 7th St., New Castle, Ind., is the new president of the Chevalier-MacDonald Fan Club. She is taking over the duties of Mrs. Eva White, a staunch fan club worker, who has accepted the post of honorary president of her chapter. All Chevalier and MacDonald fans write her.

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**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

[Continued from Page 17]

**MANHATTAN LOVE SONG**—Monogram.—Penny lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (July)

**MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M.G.M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two murder victims, attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship, Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

**MAN FROM UTAH, THE**—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (July)

**MAN OF TWO WORLDS**—RKO—Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have been given a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It’s the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

**MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE**—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

**MANDALAY**—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as she may be, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

**MANY HAPPY RETURNS**—Paramount.—Just a basket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

**MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL**—Freer Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dallas are married but she doesn’t know about it, though she lives with him because they are on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

**MASSACRE**—First National.—Erected Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World’s Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Anna Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

**MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE**—RKO—Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including Ed Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, “Sheets” Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worthwhile entertainment. (March)

**MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Robert’s well-known stage makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charleston Noises. Joan Blondell, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

**MERRY FRINKS, THE**—First National.—Alma Macbeth (Adrienne Ames), Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frank Marcy, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (April)

**MERRY WIVES OF RENO**—Warners.—The.feasible and amusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Lee Bowman, Donna Kay Kibbee. (Aug.)

**MIDNIGHT**—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this world film drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

**MIDNIGHT ALIBI**—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Anna Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

**MISS FANE’S BABY IS STOLEN**—Para.—A yearning little caper, a perfect morsel of the kidnapping menace, with Dorothy Wack as Baby LeRoy’s mother, Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (June)

**MODERN HERO**—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess’ sole aim is to achieve financial success, so多彩. barcode. Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but weak. (June)

**MONTÉ CARLO NIGHTS**—Monogram.—This scrappy little international caper is light enough to allow for the extended story joke. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

**MORNING AFTER, THE**—British Internationals.—Grand hotel for run through Ben Lyon’s adventures of the “morning after”—Georgian setting, Eugene Pallette's Paul as foppish hero. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

**MONEY MEANS NOTHING**—Monogram.—A few odd spots, but on the whole this will do for this with about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

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CHICAGO, ILL.
**SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN**—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-staged portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

**SIX OF A KIND—Paramount.**—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Marie Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—i.e., comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (July)

**SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.**—Against the villainous opposition of George Riggs, Crayon Chancy succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

**SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.**—Wyman Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

**SMARTY—Warner.**—This marital comedy in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to Warren again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

**SMOKING GUNS—Universal.**—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse operas, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

**SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.**—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot Kong much more friendly than was father. Fine photography. (March)

**SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.**—Not only the fans have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch, but they have a grand time at the Universal convention. And they do. See this. (March)

**SORRELL AND SON**—British & Dominions.-Artists.—Warwick. Diving a famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

**SPEED WINGS**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

**SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio.**—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katherine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

**SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.**—Ace high performances by Otto Krueper, Kruger and Nigel Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsey, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

**STAND UP AND CHEER—Fox,**—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

**STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.**—An unusual production, lavished in Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the hamlet Singaree, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, Fairly, and good support. (July)

**STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.**—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sally Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with. Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

**STRAIGHTWAY**—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto-racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carrol provides love interest. (April)

**STRICKLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.**—Despicable gags Pitts and Heatley. Benny Dupont, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

**SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.**—Sassy material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman, film just doesn't click. (May)

**SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and left direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

**TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.**—Columnist Jack LaRoe is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive, but who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

**TARZAN AND HIS MATE—M-G-M.**—A breath-taking production that skillfully blends realism with fantasy. Tarzan, Johnny Weismuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly supported by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

**THIN MAN, THE—M-G-M.**—See retired detective William Powell fall right into the baffling murder case he wouldn't go 'on,' and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

**THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.**—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this warm about mythical-king-in-princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his role with finesse. (June)

**THIS MAN IS MINE—RKO-Radio.**—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

**THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.**—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the Turner family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

**TREASURE ISLAND—Fox.**—Trouble starts when Sally Ellers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast includes Robert Armstrong, Wheeler Oakman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

**TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.**—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway, Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

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TRUMPET BLOWS, THE—Paramount.—George Raft's stunt in building up the thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit, is loved by both men, Jensen awaiting outcome of the great conflict. (July)

20th CENTURY—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically presented. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Harrmore is superb, Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS—First National.—Through the gifts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "saving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. Zasu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan in this melodrama about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warner.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his excommunication, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY—First National.—Nobert Kelmar Joe E. Brown sells his body to a syndicate to pay debts, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

VIVA VILLA!—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa Mexico's burlesque bandleader Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Wallich. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Raft and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme treatment of the only thing that saved gunfighter Adolphe Menjou is the girl, Allison Skipworth. (May)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur, Richard Cromwell and Artie Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

WHERE SINNERS MEET—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples lying over the Dover Road, provides interesting scene material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie dogs. - a little riding to see nothing of Eke Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fake's death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WILD CARGO—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Mobie a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnosis has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play, John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marlene Dietrich as a La Mante causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)


WONDER BAR—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devised her life to a pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Foster Crabe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

Bebe Daniels quit capering opposite young Harold Lloyd and moved over to Lasky's for dramatic parts. Mary Miles Minter's new Realart contract was said to assure her $1,300,000 over a three-year period. Pearl White, abdicating as the Pathe serial queen, signed with Fox for dramatic features. Boyish Dick Bartheswell had raised a mustache for his next Griffith film.

Rex Beach was in the movie game to supervise production of his novels. We noted editorially: There is a most extraordinary reaction everywhere against the 'war story.' Superior pictures were Chaplin's "Sunnyside," "The Avalanch" (Elsie Ferguson), "Better Times" (Zasu Pitts), "The Spark Divine" (Alice Joyce), "Secret Service" (Robert Warwick). The beauty on the cover—Mary Thurman.

10 Years Ago

Blanche Sweet

Blanche Sweet, ill and in retirement for years, was acclaimed for her comeback via the "Anna Christie" route, with "a new charm, a new power." (After 1925, Miss Sweet's rally collapsed. She has not been seen at all on the screen since 1930, and lives quietly in New York.) Much more famous than when we wrote him up in 1919, James Cruze had not forgotten a needy old friend who "knew him when." Luke Cage, paternal partner of Cruze's youthful barnstorming, told how the director had recently lifted him from "wagon stock" obscurity to good roles in Hollywood. Nita Naldi, an outstanding vamp, dieted off twenty pounds. Chaplin at last had found a leading lady to supplant Edna Purviance. She was unknown Lita Grey. He said she had "the spark." And how the spark did fly! Charlie's "ex," Mildred Harris, was about to realize a lifetime ambition—going to Europe to study and entertain. "The Diplomat of Hollywood" was Kathryn Williams' title. Possibly because she was the first to charm Pola Negri. It will be recalled that she was apt at charming tigresses in the serial days. Robert W. Frazer, whom Pola called "the perfect lover," was "Hollywood's champion radio bug." Dustin Farnum was divorcing. The six best pictures: "Babbitt" (Willard Louis), "The Arab" (Ramon Novarro), "Being Respectable" (Irene Rich), "Manhandled" (Gloria Swanson), "Captain January" (Hobart Bosworth), and "The Perfect Flapper," with Colleen Moore, who was also the cover girl.

5 Years Ago

Garbo went vacationing, "maybe to avoid meeting Gilbert," who wed Ina Claire. Greta was to do one more silent, then her talking "Anna Christie." Unknown Virginia Bruce got a Paramount contract. Dustin Farnum did. The following night his brother, William, pulled himself together for a stage comeback. Ora Carew was now known as Alva Hokkan. Mary and Doug were making "The Taming of the Shrew." The best pictures included "The Hollywood Revue of 1929" (M-G-M all-star cast), "The Single Standard" (Garbo), "Drag" (Bartheswell), "The Greene Murder Case" (William Powell), "Paris Bound" (Ann Harding), and "The Dance of Life," with the late Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll, whose red locks gave color to our cover. Maurice Chevalier was an idol over here after making one bad Hollywood film, "Innocents of Paris." Personality! Matty Kemp, Buddy Rogers, and Grant Withers were the principal Hollywood beaux. Quotations: Lila "Cuddles" Lee, now grown-up: "I don't want to be a sweet soul with a ga-ga heart." Myrna Loy: "I could never have been a leading lady in silent pictures." William Haines: "At heart I am not a wise-cracker." The first musical film boom pushed ahead full speed. Louis Silvers, Buddy De Sylva, and many other composers mined Hollywood gold. All big producers had annexed song publishing houses. John Boles, with a broad musical background, was hoisted to prominence by sound, after months of Hollywood indifference. Bebe Daniels was a singing sensation.

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Photoplay Magazine for September, 1934
more consistently sick and miserable in my
life. I had one cold after another. I was never
without a sniffle, but always without a hand-
kercif, for where could I carry a handker-
cifl in that costume without appearing over-
dressed. I was never without an ache or a
pain.
"I was never completely and comfortably
warm, and I was never, never, never without a
bite from one of those da—those monkeys. I
always had the sameaverage—one fresh bite,
one about half-headed, and one scar.

"LOVED the baby monkeys. They’re darling
and lots of fun. But the adults are mean,
and whenever the action called for one of them
to come running toward me and tell me some-
ting about Tarzan, I just had to grit my chattering
teeth and pray. It always meant another
bite, some place.
"It took us a year to make the picture, you
know. And I just chalk it up as three hundred
and sixty-five days of unexcelled discomfort.
And even leaving the monkeys out of it, I
wouldn’t be a nudist for anything. Even now,
in the middle of summer, I sometimes stand
and shiver at the remembrance of those freez-
ing days and nights in that calico wisp before
the camera, and send up thanks that I am
fully and warmly dressed again.

"No sharp twigs, no roots, no razor-backed
trees, no ice water, no mosquitoes, no flies, no
gnats.

"The theory of nudism is all right—if there
is no snake. It worked perfectly in the Garden
of Eden, until the snake came along and said,
‘Yah! Yah! You’re naked!’

"Right then and there, women began to figure
out ways and means of appearing attractive,
though clothed.

"And every woman today knows that if she is
dressed in a gown that has a high collar and a
skirt that swills around the ankles, the entire
ensemble leaving everything to the im-
agination, she is much more attractive and
mysterious than if she were in a Tarzan
costume. A dress conceals a multitude of de-
fects.”

I contemplated in my mind’s eye Tarzan’s
mate all wrapped around in cotton batting and
sewed up for the winter. The picture was dis-
appointing, and carried with it a sort of
mummified dullness.

"I’ll tell you one thing,” she said. “If there
really is a definite trend toward nudism, I don’t
think it will do a bit of harm. But if I were in
charge of things, I would have a board of
censorship which could perch critically on the
necessary aesthetic plane to differentiate be-
tween those who are beautiful enough to
appear in public without any clothes on, and
those who would disfigure the landscape.”

SHE paused and regarded the pitiful remains
of her handsome lunch.

“They say,” she remarked thoughtfully,
“that they might make another Tarzan.” But
after ‘The Barretts’ is finished I’ll make ‘Hide
Out,’ then I am going back to Ireland for a
visit. You know, I’m awfully glad I came to
Hollywood in the first place, even if I have been
uncomfortable, but I’ll never be a big success
in pictures.

“You have to be a freak of nature to be a

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and

BUY TO SAVE

READ this headline forwards or read it
backwards—it gives you the same, sound
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from surplus savings, over and above those
set apart to cover living costs. To make
those savings buy the utmost value for the
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store. Know what you can afford to pay
before you start out to make a purchase.
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your money.

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Is it the kind of picture I would like?
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Photoplay's

"Shadow Stage"

is nationally famous. Here are reviews of all the new pictures, with the casts of all the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY.

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Articles about every phase of the screen by outstanding authorities who have made pictures their life business.

Women Must Be Amused

[continued from page 54]

Bill paused to welcome two more architects and a scenario writer. The rest were already there. He is about to perform in another picture. He is in the throes of building a house.

He is looking for a boat to charter for a vacation cruise. Another man arrived, armed with alluring photographs and descriptions of boats. Bill is a permanent welcome committee.

He bought Hobart Bosworth's house and decided to make a few changes. When he finished having ideas, there was nothing left standing but a fireplace, chimney and the foundation. So he (and forty-seven other people) are now at work building a Georgian house on the Spanish foundation. Isn't that just like a man? Always wanting to change things.

"Thought I'd marry a house for a change," Bill tossed in an aside from a discussion as to where he will put the Acropolis when Billy Haines brings it back from Greece.

"I've married a lot of women—well, two—and I thought a house might be more permanent. Right now it's very difficult for me to talk about love, except architecturally, be-
cause my love-life is almost entirely absorbed by the house... Now here, at this end of the swimming-pool,” Powell turns to Architect III, “I want a group of trees with sex-appeal. Graceful, languid, cool-looking. Not crisp or active, or trees that make you think. Sort of tired and willing, sleepy—soft little gentle sounds—trees to relax with...” That ought to give you some idea about Bill.

“FULLY anticipate being the successful lover of this house,” Bill explained with a suave Powell look, especially effective in a pair of red shorts, “because I expect to combine humor with underlying stability. I always think of the house as feminine, and I am going to give it the most tender and devoted care.

“In the first place, everything is being paid for as we go along. I think women are apt to suspect a man’s sense of humor if he doesn’t pay his debts. My house will never have to worry over the bills for her façade, her patio, or her plumbing. A woman in debt always has so much defiance mixed with her gaiety.

“I shall prove that my sense of humor is substantial by having her pantry always well-stocked. You can be as humorous as you like, but it won’t amuse a hungry woman. That reminds me, excuse me a moment.”

His voice on the telephone drifted back into the garden—“Russian Eagle? Table for two, eight o’clock. Blini and Shaslik. Powell.”

And Kathryn Sergava, the lovely little Russian actress in the one-piece bathing-suit, sunning herself in the Powell patio, smiled with pleased serenity.

Theodor, the infallible Powell butler, arrived with a drink for the most recent dropper-inner (this goes on all the time), and proved that his master’s sense of humor must be contagious.

It was an enormous drink—half a tumbler full—with water on the side.

“But, but—I just wanted a small-waisted high-ball,” protested the flattered and flabbergasted guest.

“Oh, pardon sir,” said Theodor, removing it. “I thought you were from Connecticut!”

We don’t know what Connecticut has to do with it—but it seemed a good answer at the time.

“And then,” Bill jumped back, abandoning architecture for a short moment, “there is always one woman that every man can love successfully. When he branches out, it requires that he be adaptable and persevering. He has to seem entirely natural, no matter what kind of a performance he is required to give.

“Every experience alters his opinion. Situations one approached with assurance at twenty are bafflers later on. You have far less conviction as you learn more. The channel widens until the shore is invisible on both sides.

A SENSE of humor is imperative when a lady says ‘no.’

“You need it more when she says ‘yes’—or when she implies it, since the sages inform us that no lady says ‘yes.’ But you can tell:

“When she does say it, sometimes you’re so surprised you run like fury. Sometimes you marry the poor girl—to her infinite regret. Probably out of fatigue she has given the fatal word. But how are you to know?

“Personally, it would seem to me that the time a man most desperately needs a sense of humor is when the lady’s husband walks in—and then walks out, saying, ‘She’s all yours, my boy. Take her, with my blessing.’

“That’s a very tough one to laugh off!”

### The SHERRY-NETHERLAND

![Living-room in soft greens and beige](image1)

![Bedroom in restful blue and rose](image2)

![Superb view of Central Park](image3)

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Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

“Do you believe in love at first sight?” Charlie Ruggles asked a girl on the set.

“Well,” considered the lady, “I think it saves a lot of time.”

YOU’LL never know how near Jean Harlow came to following Lilian Tashman, Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell to the Great Beyond, via a tragic accident.

It happened when Jean and Patsy Kelly were making a scene at M-G-M in “Born To Be Kissed.” Suddenly, a huge arc light, high above them, ripped from its moorings and plummeted right for the well-known platinum-blond head.

But fortunately, a safety chain, attached to the rafters, caught the mass of glass and metal a few feet above her—and held it swaying, just time enough for Jean to show a next pair of French heels flying away from there.

No show of temperament, however (and that’s one occasion when one would have been justified). Jean went right back to work, after the light had been hoisted back in place.

Just to keep you in touch with the grapevine rumors.

Glenda Farrell insists it’s a lot of nonsense that she’ll marry Robert Riskin, the screen writer. . . . Lyle Talbot and Sallie Blane have eyes for no one else. . . . Meanwhile, Lyle’s “ex,” Elaine Melchior, and a New York attorney are very serious. . . . The whisper is that the Madge Evans and Tom Gallery romance is not getting closer, with Madge seeing quite a bit of a studio executive. . . . Ernst Lubitsch is siring Sheila Mannors. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie are so close to marriage, the grapevine has them secretly wed. But that rumor is many months old. . . . Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson and Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard form a week-end yachting foursome. . . . It is still being insisted that Charles and Paulette ought to announce their two-year-old marriage. . . . Winifred Coe Dix, “ex” of Richard Dix, denies she will marry Dr. Harley J. Gunderson . . . . This must be something on the Hollywood eligibles—Madge Christians sending to Europe for her sweetheart. . . . Randolph Scott right after he and Vivian Gage broke their engagement took to Sari Maritza and Wynne Gibson, with Vivian taking to Bobby Labranche. . . . The Rudy Rogers siring of Mary Pickford goes on apace. . . . Katharine Hepburn still picks Director Gregory La Cava as the ace escort. . . . Phil Regan may visit Joan Crawford on the set and vice versa, but Phil is doing quite some croming to Betty Grable. . . . Patricia Ellis is all taken up with Henry Wilcoxon. . . . Lanny Ross and his manager Olive White had fun on the sands at Atlantic City. . . . Sylvia Sidney and George Jean Nathan still palling around. . . . Lilian Bond, it’s around, and Sidney Smith, wealthy playboy now shooting big game in Africa, will marry when he returns. . . . And Marian Marsh’s admirer is Lord Waldoron.

RALPH GRAVES, the triple-threat man, author-actor-director, and Betty Flournoy, débutante and University of California co-ed, think their elopement to Yuma, Arizona, to become Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves was one of the best things either has done.

OVERHEARD on a movie set. A leading man asked a lovely little bit player to go with him to see the play, “Ah, Wilderness.”

“Why, thanks a lot,” the little blonde cooed, “but honestly, I never cared for them jungle plays. The snakes make me nervous.”

AFTER all the talk about there being no stars in Hecht and MacArthur’s movie, “Crime Without Passion,” we find there is one—Helen Hayes. She went out to the studio to visit her husband, MacArthur, and he put her to work in the picture—as an extra.

Fanny Brice was out there that day, too, and she fared the same.

Then, caught up in the spirit of the thing themselves, Ben and Charlie put on their coats and played in the picture, too.

Helen Hayes was curious to see her husband on the screen, so she went out several days later to look at the rushes. Everyone who had seen them thought Charlie was a success. But Helen’s comment was, “You’re a good fellow, Charlie, but a terrible actor!”

THE only time Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur ever really “went Hollywood” was a few weeks ago when Charles Lederer arrived from the coast. In his honor, Hecht and MacArthur banked the whole studio with flowers and hung golden tinsel and red satin streamers from the ceilings. Thought the gaudy show would make the Hollywood technician feel more at home.

IT’S going to be fun to see who wins in the ZaSu Pitts-Pauline Lord “hand-sprints.” Both are in “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,” and both have strikingly similar a manner of using their fluttering hands. Maybe Director Norman Taurog will have to turn it into a relay race.

And will they be shaking hands when it’s all over?

WHEN Mae West loves ’em—they’re never the same. Witness the case of Roger Pryor, who stayed from his home lot at Universal to play with Mae in “It Ain’t No Sin” (which may get a new title).

Roger came back to Universal—and no one knew him. All the kinks had been taken out of his hair! It was curly before he left—but Mae must have melted them out.

Roger casually explained it with—“I’ve had enough curves to last for a while—I’m going straight from now on.”

RUTH CHATTERTON thought she was insuring a little privacy when she selected a Hollywood rooftop as a sunbathing spot. But she didn’t figure on the marvelous mechanical age in which we live.

Several times recently, no sooner has Ruth, sans clothing, stretched out for a bit of roasting than the whirr of propellers on an airplane swooping low has sent her scurrying to safety.

Henry Wadsworth, of the Kentucky Wadsworths, suh, has been given a role in M-G-M’s “Four Walls.” He was in “Operator 13,” too.

Molly O’Day, favorite of silent pictures, is making a comeback with an important part in RKO-Radio’s film, “The Life of Vergie Winters”
Here’s News—that will Thrill Every Woman!

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THAT MIRACLE WORKER

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HAS PUT ALL HER BEAUTY SECRETS BETWEEN THE COVERS OF ONE BOOK

A Statement by
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
Publisher of
PHOTOPLAY Magazine

I REALLY believe this announcement is one of the great moments of my life. You see, it was through PHOTOPLAY Magazine that so many of you readers became almost personally acquainted with Sylvia of Hollywood. You read her fascinating stories of the stars and their beauty problems in PHOTOPLAY...you flooded her, through this magazine, with questions about your own health and beauty. And now, after months of persuasion on my part, Sylvia has finally consented to put all her beauty secrets...every scrap of the knowledge she has acquired through years of work and study...into a single book. A book written just for you thousands of women who can be beautiful...if you only know how and where to begin.

“No More Alibis!” is even more wonderful than I expected it to be...and I expected a lot! It is, I believe, a great book because it is a philosophy of life as well as a lesson in beauty. It will teach you how to live as well as how to become lovely.

It is written in the frank, breezy style which is so like the Sylvia I know...it is simple, easy to follow, full of information every one of you should have. It tells in detail every single one of Sylvia’s famous methods and treatments...tells you how to apply them yourself in the privacy of your own home. The exercises are fully explained and illustrated with photographs...the diets are accompanied by complete directions. In fact, in this book, Sylvia has given you everything Hollywood’s most glamorous stars paid her thousands of dollars to learn. I do truly feel that “No More Alibis!” offers the women of America a rare opportunity to place themselves under the expert care and guidance of one of the most remarkable women of our times.

I urge you to own a copy of “No More Alibis!” because I sincerely think it can “remake” you just as the methods it tells about “remade” so many stage and screen notables. Treasure it, study it carefully, follow the treatments outlined. Then you too may acquire the beauty, the charm, the vitality, which you admire so much on the screen.

You will learn how to improve your figure so that you may wear the striking clothes you’ve always wanted. You will acquire that self-confidence which is the basis of all charm. Every woman can be beautiful and alluring...every woman can know the delight of attracting admiring glances wherever she may be. Every woman can be her “best self”...a self which Sylvia develops for you in her marvelous new book, “No More Alibis!” Don’t miss another day. Send for it now!

The most famous women in Hollywood have been made lovelier, more radiant by Sylvia...and you too can join the long and glorious list of Sylvia’s successes.

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IRENE DUNNE
Who thought the finest thing in life would be to travel—just up and down Of’ Man River...but whose fame swept him ’round the world...whose personality was so compelling that he stood out brilliantly at any gathering...whose keen wit and perception made his one of the brightest names in American letters? Of course...Mark Twain!

Which beer, brewed on the banks of the Mississippi, became world-famous for its own delightful ‘personality’...whose unforgettable quality made it stand out brilliantly from all others...which established an unmatched record—the biggest-selling bottled beer in history? Of course...Budweiser!
What a social asset it is ... the breath of youth, wholesomely fresh and delicately sweet. Isn’t such an advantage worth trying for? Is there any reason why you should tolerate in yourself the faintest trace of halitosis (unpleasant breath), when it is so easy to overcome? Fastidious people realize that, due to modern habits, everybody is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—without knowing it. The safe, pleasant way to correct such a condition is to use Listerine, especially before social or business engagements. Its deodorant action is simply amazing, and its stimulating, freshening effect in the mouth will delight you. Why not begin using Listerine every day? It’s better to be safe than sorry that you offended.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS... (BAD BREATH)
Three "Best" Stars in a Star Picture

Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"... Chat. Laughton for "Heery the Eighth".

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards...are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

Norma Shearer
Fredric March
Charles Laughton

with

Maureen O'Sullivan
Katharine Alexander

From the play by...Rudolph Besier
Directed by...Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
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BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

BOTTOMS UP—Fox.—A grand musical, spoofing two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Peterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—British.—A splendid musical comedy which explodes into the most baffling case in many a month. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney characterization and Pat Peterson's circus charm make it fine entertainment. (Aug.)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

AFFAIRS OF CELLIINI, THE—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of Renesmee Cellini. (Donatella Montezemolo, as the Duchess, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES—Fox.—A very British appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetrees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual role, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Rasipin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization to the age of a candle sermon on world peace by William Parnam. (Sept.)

ARIAINE—Pathé-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Berger, does excellent work opposite Percy Marventi in this modern filmed screen with English dialogue. (June)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladsy Hately stars in a life, unusual woman life, portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Duni) accused of stealing the "pearls" (Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker). (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Port Kemel, Sketsa Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maided and bearded steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another fine propaganda picture, with animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Borja Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners and Genevieve Kelly Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (Sept.)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intellectual audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallows, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

BOLETO—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around an English detective in the Philippines, delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mansfield, Alphonse Nouhrawy and William Collier, Sr., do nicely. (July)

CIRCUS CLOCK, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown, in his first important role, is magnetic in the sympathetic role of circus toughbust who later becomes a trapeze artist, Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnate Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blake, newshound Ray Walker gets big in studio. As tramps, Jimmy Durante and Dayna Collin are amusing. (April)

CLEOPATRA—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title role, Warren William as Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon as Antony. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

COCKEYED CAVALIERS—RKO Radio.—A hilarious hour in M. C. Gain's Old England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time, as the sympathetic roles of Anthony Arlen, Roscoe Karns, Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Also Lupino and Arne专项s. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming binged event and goes through with her society debut. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

CONSTANT NYPH—Fox, Gaumont-British.—Harrington Keeler's wife is a victim of children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen, Brice Ahern and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

COURT OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—叙 about one of extra Fay Wray driving off in old touring car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

CRIME DOCTOR—Fox.—A detective who has the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther too, score. Houdini interest every minute. (May)

CROSS STREETS—Cherchester.—The old, and a story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Chair Windors) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DAVID HARUM—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers now this time in a small town he helps a horse go in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Paramount.—As DeForest, who mingle with guests at a house party and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

DOUBLE DOOR—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title role with finesse. And Jean Muir is the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

DO NOT TURN TO PAGE 17.
Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You

the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that

Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe

The story of one man against a million—and of the woman who loved him, yet was his enemy to the death. Told by the man who lived this astounding romance.

Leslie Howard
Kay Francis
Appear together for the first time in
British Agent

With William Gargan in Cast of Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
*** A First National Picture ***
Brickbats & Bouquets

THE AUDIENCE SPEAKS TO THE CENSORS—

We, his children, are often surprised at Dad's taste. But he defends his likes and dislikes ardently. In his day he saw many of the fine actors of the old school. He knows good acting. And, if truth be told, he also likes to look at a beautiful girl. But he is really an idealist at heart, a romanticist of the first water.

Good, bad or indifferent, however, the movies claim him for their own on this one lark each week. He has lived a vigorous life, a hard-working life, a self-sacrificing life. His children call him "Old Faithful." His shoulders are a little stooped now. But he gets far more pleasure from his two movies a week than his children and grand-children get from their amusements.

MARY PYLE, EVANSTON, ILL.

THE $10 LETTER

My mother recently underwent a complete examination in a nationally known medical clinic for a serious heart irregularity. The final verdict was, "No organic trouble whatsoever. Worry, nervousness, strain."

Her eminent specialist, after learning that she lived in a small town where recreations are few, said, "Do you go to the movies?"

"Often," my mother answered.

"When you go, do you still worry? Or do you lose yourself in watching the picture?"

"That is the one time," she answered him, "when I forget about everything—health, business and all the rest."

"That's fine!" said the specialist. "Do you know, when the doctors and nurses think they'll go mad with the blood and pain and death around here, they go to the movies? It keeps them sane. You just keep on going to the movies."

PEGGY BAUM, AUSTIN, MINN.

THE $25 LETTER

He has worked hard for many years making a good living for a large family. He still keeps the old-fashioned working hours that the years have accustomed him to. But there are Saturday afternoons. Then no golf course calls him, no club lures him. His treat, looked forward to all week, is the movies.

By leaving the office promptly at noon and eating a hasty lunch, he is in front of the box-office buying his ticket at quarter to one. There is a method in his carefully planned routine. Counting two hours to a show, he is out by a quarter to three. This enables him to get to another movie house in time for the three o'clock show. Out at five, home to dinner at six. Two movies—it's been a wonderful Saturday!

THE $5 LETTER

I am becoming more and more convinced every day that the movies are a most essential form of education, especially to our children.

Recently we were entertaining some guests, when the topic of conversation turned to whaling. After most of us grown-ups had expressed our view of methods, etc., my little nine-year-old daughter, Sylvia, asked if she might "have the floor."

Upon being given permission, she went into a detailed description enlightening us as to just what course is pursued from the time a whale is sighted until it is finally harpooned. It terminated that she had seen a picture with whaling sequences and had been greatly impressed. This is just one instance of the many educational benefits she has derived from the movies.

MRS. HENRY S. DARN, RICHMOND, VA.

IN MEMORIAM TO MARIE DRESSLER

You so loved laughter that we must not weep
Since you are gone. The winds of heaven sweep
Your soul to quiet harbors. May you know
How much we miss you here. We loved you so!

LOUISE BALDWIN, MT. VERNON, IND.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]
• Coming events cast their shadows before

The love story of one woman and one man...

THE WORLD MOVES ON
"THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY"

MADELEINE CARROLL
FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan • Directed by John Ford • Author: Reginald Berkeley
...that mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today

Critics shout their praises

A deeply stirring tale... An exquisite mingling of humor and heartache... An important event in motion picture history. —New York American

This massive and spectacular film tells a beautiful love story. —New York Daily Mirror

It has plenty to offer as entertainment. Stirring moments... gay and charming ones as well. —New York Sun

A lavish production, made on a grand scale. —New York Daily News
HOME-COMING

Heaven was hushed, and excited.
The most beautiful stars were carefully arranged. The Man in the Moon had a shining face. Angels pinned white gardenias on their filmy gowns, and waited breathlessly. In a moment the most adored star of the whole world would arrive—Marie, who walked with kings and queens but never lost the common touch.

Lucky angels! Treat your new star ever so kindly. For down here we love her dearly.

MABEL S. VAN TASSELL, Newark, Ohio

A FULL LIFE

She went through years of heart-break and failure, but never was she bitter. And when, at the age of sixty, she "made good," fame and success didn't change her.

Marie Dressler was always the same—generous, human, understanding, and courageous to the end.

Even Shirley Temple's smash hit, "Little Miss Marker," has been cited as giving offense. No, it wasn't Shirley's swiping a barbers' pole, but the film's gangster element that was frowned upon.

Her passing has left an empty place that can't be filled.
But because of the way she lived, she leaves a rich heritage. For she gave heart and hope to those who have passed the bloom of youth. And to the young she offered inspiration and a pattern for successful living.

We mourn the loss of a fine actress and a great person.

MRS. T. R. ADAMS, Milwaukee, Wis.

A LESSON TO LEARN

The present censorship movement demonstrates that we have failed to learn the lesson which our experience with the Volstead Act should have taught us—namely, that it is about as impossible to dictate the public morals as to direct the weather.

If a wholesale purging of the screen takes place, the bootlegger in the form of night club entertainers, publishers of risqué books, etc., will gobble off the fat of the profits.

CHARLES SEITZE, JR., Salina, Kan.

Why can't the reformers realize that the people influence the movies, and not that movies influence the people?

MRS. CARL BICKELL, Salem, Ore.

A few years ago in a downtown theater a bomb was found. The guilty ones, when asked by the judge where they had learned to make a bomb, said, "From books in the Carnegie Library."

Some people were dumbfounded! For, of course, they had expected young people to get all such ideas from seeing movies!

MRS. N. W. WILLIAMS, Atlanta, Ga.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]
The warmth of Sten! The brilliance of March! The genius of Tolstoy!
The vision of Mamoulian! The wizardry of Samuel Goldwyn!
... here truly is a romance of unforgettable beauty!

ANNA STEN and FREDRIC MARCH
in SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S PRESENTATION OF We Live Again
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION
From the novel, "Resurrection" by Leo Tolstoy • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
I have read modern novels which have shocked me with the gross immorality of their daring wording. Then I have seen the movies derived from these novels and been astounded by the totally clean products begotten from such sordid sources. Motion pictures, although they have handled extremely delicate themes, have not been immoral.

Irvin Callahan, Baltimore, Md.

The cry is, “These pictures should not be seen by our children! Ban them!” This is the only country I know of that believes in bringing the nation’s mentality down to the level of a child’s.

As for the reformers, the sad part is they are sincere in believing they have a right to say what you and I shall or shall not see.

J. S. Hook, Washington, D.C.

Why not have pictures that are made specially for the children and limit the patrons of other pictures to adults?

Robert W. Pettit, Freeport, N. Y.

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable delighted many audiences in “It Happened One Night.” But this picture has been branded “objectionable in spots” by the reform movement.

Thanks to The League of Decency, indecent motion pictures are on the wane and will in a short time have vanished entirely. Give us more movies like “Harold Teen” and “Melody in Spring.”

William F. Wright, Jr., Texarkana, Tex.

CHILDREN WHO CHOOSE

I believe every sensible person wants vulgarity and filth kept from the screen, just as we want it kept out of our schools and homes. But to accuse and attack the movies as a whole is unfair.

The movies play nursemaid to my youngsters, and they are devout movie fans. No, no, ye purity squad! Don’t quake for their safety. They are taught at home to discriminate their actions as well as their associates.

O. P. Coleman, Memphis, Tenn.

To clean up the screen for me, give me talkies that will laugh and ridicule the reformers into silence, as Don Quixote did knight-errantry in Spain when it went too far. Pollyanna is dead!


I am in favor of this crusade to “clean up” the movies, but I think it is being stretched a little too far. After all, Box Office is really our best censor. The public will go to see good, entertaining films and stay away from those that are bad and worthless.

Edward G. Gregg, San Francisco, Calif.

Why make a slapstick comedy out of the drive for better films by throwing things at the producers? Why not lay the blame where it belongs—at the feet of the public? Films are made to please the public.

Mrs. T. L. McNamara, El Dorado, Ark.

Ann Harding became a target when “The Life of Vergie Winters” was declared to be “not recommended.”

Dolores Del Rio and Victor Jory here seem utterly oblivious to what the world thinks! But when “Madame Dubarry” was finished, it had to be virtually remade to meet the new moral code.
HEAR THESE SONG HITS—
"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."

GIFT
of
GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment
SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen and Radio
—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ Edmund Lowe
★ GLORIA STUART
★ PHIL BAKER
★ Paul Lukas
★ Ethel Waters
★ Chester Morris
★ Alexander Woollcott
★ Douglass Montgomery
★ Binnie Barnes
★ Roger Pryor
★ Karlaff
★ Gene Austin
★ Graham McNamee
★ Bela Lugosi
★ Alice White
★ Ruth Etting
★ June Knight
★ Victor Moore
★ Andy Devine
★ Hugh O'Connell
★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
★ Sterling Holloway
★ Henry Armetta
★ Downey Sisters
★ Beul Street Boys
★ Douglas Fowley
★ Wini Shaw
★ Helen Vinson
★ Candy and Coco
★ Surprise Personality

Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
MISUSED SEX

The basic obligation of any art is to portray human character and life. Any sex fact or situation which truly mirrors life as an integral part of the story is justified, no matter how startling. Surely the youngsters are better off in contacting such facts artistically instead of smutty, as most of us learned them.

Reformers have objected to some spots in the Margaret Sullivan-Douglas Montgomery hit, "Little Man, What Now?" Reason for protest: some scenes depict ladies of questionable character in back alleyways. But the use of sex to bolster up an inherent weakness in a film should be condemned.

Paul Cheshire, Portland, Ore.

GOOD AND BAD

Films have cultivated among thousands of young people a love for and interest in literature, the arts, history, more correct English, better diction and poise. They have stimulated things that are fine and beautiful. And while films, like most people, have weak spots and faults, mostly they are good.

Sallie M. Ball, Marshall, N. C.

While several women are having censor trouble, George Raft is the only male star to get the rap from the purifiers. The reason, of course, is Raft's playing so many gangster roles

STAGE STANDARDS

May the movement to clean up pictures tend to bring about better movies in every way?

I think it is only fair to ask motion pictures to maintain the highest standards of the legitimate stage and not turn our movie houses into burlesque shows.

Mrs. W. Noble, Auburn, N. Y.

As for making all pictures suitable for children to see, I have read many splendid books which I would not want immature children to read. But I fail to see why I should curtail my reading for that reason.

M. B. M., Asheville, N. C.

If the public, through the Box-Office, shows an inclination toward pictures of a "more wholesome" type, the producers certainly will not hesitate in trying to give them what they desire.

Lloyd Smith, Baltimore, Md.

PAGING SHAKESPEARE!

All in all, a "clean up the movies" campaign is a good thing. But those who are up in arms over the immorality of pictures should take a good, long look at Shakespeare, whose plays are filled with the identical vices shown on the screen today. Immorality in those days was something to get excited about! Yet, everyone is urged to see Shakespeare's plays.

Mary Irene Woodruff, Charlestown, Mass.

I think about ninety-nine per cent of this criticism against movies is unjustified! The work of modern film producers is the best education one may procure at a small cost.

Florence Street, Chicago, Ill.

When they get through censoring the movies what will we have left? If you go down Photoplay's own list of "Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933," (August issue, page 102) twenty-five at least would now not be permitted, while changes in some of the others would be necessary.

Elaine Lewis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Only last night I read this statement by a famous sociologist, "Education, sex education, is what is needed today to prevent the sex crimes that are sweeping our country."

The screen is a most effective way in which to teach sex-education.

P. L. Rhodes, Wilmington, N. C.

As the wife of a small-town theater owner, I know that we can scarcely take in film rental on the so-called "good, clean" pictures, while we park our house with a Mae West film.

Mrs. Ralph Menefee, Hoxie, Kan.

It was the gangster element, too, that put "Manhattan Melodrama," with William Powell and Myrna Loy, on the reformers' lengthy taboo lists
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[continued from page 6]

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (Apr 16)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the role of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there’s never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O’Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of bagels. (Apr 21)

FEROCIous PAL—Princess Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kasan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbishness, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor inmate Bruce Calhoun for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when butter crust becomes “foggy” in stolen security racket. And there’s romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods. Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage
This Issue

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

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“B.O.” GONE — appreciated at last!

YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN THANKS FOR ASKING ME

DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR, THIS TOWN IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU!

YES, THAT'S ANOTHER THING LIFEBOUY HAS DONE FOR HER

YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and refreshes cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (body odor). Easy to offend—play safe!

Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you safe? Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the extra protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you. Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.
Headaches that come at the end of the day

You come home tired and depressed. Your headaches with dull pain. Your alkaline reserve may be low. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer and before you know it, you feel like a different person. You feel more relaxed and have a better appetite for dinner.

Here's what happens. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache stops—your head clears. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And all the while the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed as alkali by the bloodstream. Your alkaline reserve is made more normal. In a short time you will experience marked relief.

The balanced relief

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients... each of which has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness. And it works faster, too, because you take it as a liquid.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by to relieve headaches. Prompt and reliable, it contains no narcotics, and doesn’t upset the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda-fountain. Or mix one quickly and easily at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet ready at a moment’s notice to relieve headache, neuralgia, “morning-after,” and pain of nerve origin. Always look for the full name “Bromo-Seltzer.” Imitations are not the same balanced preparation... are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.
VIRGINIA BRUCE did right well by herself in her comeback picture, "Jane Eyre," even though she had been away from the screen for nearly two years. She was loaned by M.G.M to Monogram for the film, M.G.M having renewed her contract on her return. Negotiations with other producers who are seeking the loan of Virginia are under way
JOAN BENNETT and Francis Lederer practice their music lesson for Paramount's version of the New York stage hit, "The Pursuit of Happiness." And Joan and Francis sing to the accompaniment of the clavichord, grand-daddy to the piano. The action is during the Revolutionary War, and a piano would be a century ahead of its time.
HER majesty, the Queen! It's Anna Neagle, a reigning favorite on the English screen, playing the rôle of the young monarch in the British picture, "The Queen's Affair." Hollywood has been trying to lure Miss Neagle into American films. And it's rumored now that before long she will be cast opposite Ronald Colman in a Hollywood movie.
WILL ROGERS, as the amiable and shrewd Judge Priest of the Fox film of that name, enjoys a drink, a smoke, and a little chewing. In real life, Rogers does none of these things, except chew gum. His next picture is to be a version of Pitkin's "Life Begins at Forty." Incidentally, Shirley Temple is to do a film titled "Life Begins at Four."
WHEN a big job needs doing, usually along comes the right man
to do it. While the cry for reform of motion pictures has been
going up throughout the land, a revolution has been taking place within
the inner circles of the industry itself.

In Hollywood sits Joe Breen, a crusading, determined Irishman, who has been
delegated by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America to make
a thorough, non-compromising clean-up of the screen and Breen is taking his
mission with the grimmest seriousness. So is his superior, Will Hays.

Codes have been drawn up in the past, but supervisors, directors and others have
shown a latitude at times in observing them. Perhaps we should not blame them
much. Americans are notorious as a people for enacting and then forgetting laws.
Besides, the making of a picture is an amazingly involved process—a score of per-
sons influence its course. What comes out of the hopper is not always the idea that
went in.

SINCE he became "czar" of the movies in 1922—in reality but a newspaper title
—Will Hays has done much to keep the industry within bounds. But it must
be remembered that Mr. Hays’ power is not absolute; he can only suggest or argue;
he cannot command. Able and influential as he is, in the final analysis he is an
employee of the motion picture industry. Yet without his guiding hand the
industry would long ago have got into serious trouble. He has again and again set
his foot down upon practices likely to bring unfavorable public reaction. I am
pretty certain that had he had undisputed control the present wave of reform
would not be rolling across the land.

BUT the producers have suddenly become submissive to the Hays influence. And
that is why Joe Breen, in charge of studio relations, is watching every step of
every film production like a hawk.

The reform is so wide sweeping that not a single foot of film may be released
without Joe Breen’s stamp of approval.

This means that he first must have thoroughly read the story from which the
script is to be made; that he must approve the script; that he or his representatives
must see all the rushes as the production progresses; that he must recommend cuts
and retakes where he thinks necessary; and that he must follow through every
change. When the picture is ready for the theaters he must see the final print.
Appeal is permitted, but the machinery for that is a new set-up altogether removed
from the Hollywood studio heads. If the system doesn’t work it won’t be the fault
of Will Hays or Joe Breen.
ANOTHER factor that has added fire to the conflagration now burning has been much of motion picture advertising. Unwise advertising has often made pictures appear objectionable. As long ago as November of last year an Advertising Advisory Council was formed, by resolution of the Board of Directors of the Hays organization. The purpose was to secure uniform interpretation of the industry’s advertising code. J. J. McCarthy was charged with this responsibility.

The clean-up he has accomplished in advertising has really been quite surprising. Mr. McCarthy has shown what the industry can accomplish when it gives its full-hearted support to any movement over which it has control.

But there is another phase of the situation that is giving serious concern—a phase that long has irked the motion picture producers. A number of publications—chiefly magazines—have made it their business to print whatever they have deemed fit concerning motion pictures and motion picture players. Every pretense of a scandal, every rumor, is set forth in a manner that reeks of the surrillous.

Brazen misrepresentations made about both actors and pictures give the public an impression that is very misleading and damaging. Obviously this cannot go on. I venture to prophesy that the producers will find a way to break down upon the publications guilty of these offenses. Photoplay has never printed an untruthful or offensive article and I can promise that it never will.

It is the greatest of all tributes to Marie Dressler to say that her appeal was universal. That is a stamp which has been placed upon but few human beings. It is the unmistakable sign of true greatness. I do not care what your status in life may be, of one thing I am certain: if you ever saw Marie Dressler on the screen she went straight to your heart. That was because the shining qualities that made her so beloved by everyone that knew her personally, were revealed—every word, gesture, and facial expression—in her film interpretations.

Sympathy and kindness are not unusual qualities, but too often they are based on a kind of indefinable weakness. Marie Dressler’s understanding was rooted in character. I think it was the recognition of this strength behind her kindliness that won for her not only the love but the respect of the world.

Character can be faked but for a short time. Four years before the public is a prolonged acid test. And during that period of her great screen triumphs Marie Dressler did not reveal so much as a single flaw. From the moment she appeared in the rôle of the old broken-down woman in “Anna Christie” and we took her to our hearts, we recognized in her golden metal of the finest quality, quality that had been achieved in the fiery furnace of life.

Two years ago, revealing in Photoplay something of her philosophy, she said: “I know now that external things do not mean much and that human relationships are all that count. The road may look different, but it is the same road of life; the obstacles may have different names, but they are the same obstacles—and the goal is the same—happiness.

“Depression? I have lived a lifetime of depression, skating on thin ice among the rich and the poor. Nobody ever knew. Why should they? It was my business. What did it matter? If I could not possess things, I could own them with my mind and my heart and my imagination.” (And what a mind and heart and imagination was she blessed with!)

A million human beings come and go, some of them making a great stir in the world. Some leave behind them a legacy of fear, of glittering grandeur, or of ruthless ambition. Marie left a far greater legacy: the respect, the tenderness and the love of us all.
The Most Exciting Woman in Hollywood

Movies once eluded her. Now Grace Moore stirs Filmdom as no actress has ever done before

By Barbara Shawn

NEVER has such a demonstration been experienced in Hollywood.

The audience literally carried Grace Moore from the theater, in a triumphant wave of enthusiasm. If a carriage had been waiting, they would have torn loose the horses and pulled it down Wilshire Boulevard!

Mary Pickford fought her way through to touch her hand, the tears of emotion damp on little Mary's face, her hat sitting comically on top of her head. Gloria Swanson ran from person to person, hysterically exclaiming, "And to think that all my life I've tried to be a prima donna!"

The mob stampeded to get one glimpse of Grace, shouts of "bravo" split the quiet Beverly Hills air, husband Valentin Parera saluted producer Harry Cohn on both cheeks (did Cohn blush?)—it was one big, happy riot!

It happened at a little neighborhood theater at a preview of "One Night of Love," to a girl who made up her mind four years ago that it was going to happen—some day.

There were no "bravos" at her first picture début. There was no departure in a blaze of glory. She had conquered the hyper-critical audiences of Europe and the Metropolitan Opera, but Hollywood had eluded her. In spite of three seasons with the Metropolitan, of her incomparable voice, her rich background—Grace was not a success in her first two pictures made at M-G-M, "A Lady's Morals," and "New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett.

Arriving directly from the operatic stage, she was too overweight to photograph well. "Because then," she explains impishly, "it was the fond theory that all singers had to be fat—a theory now entirely outmoded. When I reduced later without the least damage to my voice and gained a lot more nervous energy, Gatti-Cazzaza

"To health and love!" Grace Moore says they are the most precious things in life. But she is finding her triumph in "One Night of Love" very sweet, too! Her husband, Valentin Parera, Spanish actor, was a constant visitor on the set during the making of this thrilling comeback picture.
Hollywood’s new fad is husbandry (which means agriculture, and not matrimony)

By Sara Hamilton

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

QUICK—back to the farm! Grab the first bus, train, plane or passing wheelbarrow. If you want to keep up with the latest, hottest, newest Hollywood craze, get yourself a pair of blue jeans, grab up a stray pitchfork and heave-ho for the hay mow.

Because Hollywood has gone farm crazy and nothing can stop it. Extras, actors, producers, supervisors (the latter, quite a little dazed by it all, keep asking just where they are going and why they must carry two pigs under their arms) are rushing out to buy up farms, ranches, orchards, countryside acres—anything for a chance to get back to the soil. It’s the biggest trend since the Cherokee-strip land rush, and dozens of swanky interior decorators have hoisted signs reading, “Classy Tops for Covered Wagons.”

Oh, Suzanna!

Of course, all this back-to-the-land rush really started when Hollywood got a load of the peace and contentment of the Joel McCreas on their little ranch out “San Fernandy Way,” and harked to the call of Lewis Stone yelling “gee-haw” to a team of plough horses. And glimpsed (a glimpse was plenty!) Victor McLaglen digging away in his little flower bed, and beheld Leo Carrillo “ranchoing” it like mad in Santa Monica Canyon.

Then out stepped Bing Crosby to buy up a horse farm. Mae West went sightseeing for an orange ranch. Dick Powell went nutty on a walnut ranch spree and the rush was on.

Those who couldn’t leave town caught up the spirit of the thing in grand style. Now fancy outdoor swimming pools are being rapidly remodeled into duck ponds. In fact, the quacking of ducks and hissing of geese is the commonest sound in all Beverly Hills today. At first everyone thought it was Lupe quacking and Johnny hissing, but now they know better.

Limousines are being turned in by the dozen for surreys (with fringes on) and streamline hay wagons, equipped, of course, with radios, make-up tables, black marble bars and miniature badminton courts. It’s no sight at all any more to see a heated game of badminton going on atop a hay wagon trundling down Hollywood Boulevard while spectators loll around.

The cows are movie-struck now, with all the stars raising lemons and turkeys.
in the hay, sipping hard cider cocktails from old oaken buckets.

Golf courses are becoming cow pastures overnight with the cry, "Soo-Bossy, Soo-Bossy," supplanting the cry of "Fore, you — — !"

Summer houses and play-rooms are being done over by Willie Haines into simply elegant barns with white satin walls and muslin trimmed cow stalls (you should see the look on the cows’ faces). Ducky orchid-hued elevators run up to the hay lofts, where only the best people are found these days.

Invitations to really swank affairs today read: "You’re invited to a horseshoe pitchin’, gol durn it, down to Bing Crosby’s old horse farm. Take the ‘San Dieg’ pike past Lew Stone’s potter patch until you come to Mae West’s silo. After that it’s up to you."

All these houses, of course, are equipped with hot and cold running water, and chromium-lined butter churns are the last word.

NIGHT clubs are converted into Little Red School Houses at the rate of one club a day. For the first time, several Hollywood movie moguls are (to their childish delight) discovering the difference between hen tracks and writing.

Adrian is sewing night and day, turning out little Maud Muller costumes that consist of a wisp of brassière and cloth of gold shorts. Purple toe-nails go with these, of course. And what’s more, Adrian predicts the return of the sunbonnet and the traveling salesman.

Hens’ nests are being designed by the best Hollywood designers with typical Hollywood touches. One farmer reports one of his hens went completely Hollywood in her little love nest and laid twenty eggs that immediately opened and (surprise, surprise!) twenty little Bus Berkeley cuties leaped out and went into a farmerette’s routine that threw the cows into some kind of mooing fits. The girls went right into their dance, singing "We Are Little Ruby Keeler Milk Maids," and swung their milk pails (pails by Travis Banton), and danced up and down the silos (also by Banton). The cows went into the center formation that should have been photographed looking down from the windmill, flipping their tails like mad — so that the ensemble looked like a sunflower opening to greet the dawn.

But that was nothing, just nothing, they say, to what happened over on the Ted Healy stooge farm. It seems Ted has gone in for stooge-raising and goes about with a little sprinkling can, singing,

"Sprinkle little baby stooges
In the noon day suns;
Peep up your little half-cracked heads,
You simple sons of guns."

Jimmy Durante, poor [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]
MARIE DRESSLER is gone.

But, as long as the world loves to laugh, with a sprinkling of tears in that laughter, her name will live in its memory.

Marie did not belong to this or any other one generation. She was as young as eternal youth and as mellow with rich experience as all maturity. One of her proudest little boasts was that she had lived to entertain the grand-

children, and even the great-grandchildren, of the men and women who had laughed over her songs and antics in the days of carriages and gas-lighted theaters and "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

Marie faced death as she had faced life, fearlessly. For three years she had known that she was suffering from an incurable disease. But she had met poverty and disappointment and heart-break without flinching. So she met pain and illness with a smile which refused to be dimmed. No one, except the few who were closest to her, knew the hours of agony which Marie suffered behind the closed doors of her own home.

On the night that "Christopher Bean," her last picture, was previewed, Marie insisted on going to the neighborhood theater where it was shown. She had made that picture only by the sheer force of her indomitable will to work and she wanted to see, with her own eyes, the reaction of a living audience.

After the preview, Marie was mobbed in the lobby and on the sidewalk by an admiring, affectionate crowd. In spite of the protests of her friends, she stood for more than an hour, laughing and talking and autographing books and scraps.

Of all Marie Dressler's popular film performances, the public and critics probably liked her best in "Min and Bill," with Wallace Beery

All the world truly was her stage, and mourns the gallant trouper whose career spanned generations. Her character exalted her profession.

The sensational "rediscovery" of a once brilliant stage star: The "Anna Christie" talkie (1930) rescued Miss Dressler from long eclipse
Lady of Them All

By

Eleanor Packer

of paper. Afterward, she collapsed in her car, white-faced with the excitement and exertion.

"It makes me mad to think that I can't stand up under a little thing like that," she said with a sparkle of fire in her tired, blue eyes. "I wouldn't have disappointed those people for anything in the world. They had waited to see me. I would have been an ungrateful old fool if I had slipped out a side door, as the folks from the studio wanted me to. Those people are my friends. I owe everything I am to them. And I'll do my share as long as I can stand on my two feet."

That was the fighting, gallant spirit which carried Marie through the long, hard, worried years until she reached her final triumph in motion pictures. That was the unconquerable courage which forced her to open her eyes during the last hours of her life, to smile hopefully into the faces of her friends, gathered in heart-broken anxiety at her bedside, and to whisper gratefully, "Everyone is so good to me."

Marie found her greatest joy, during the last months of her life, in the friends whom she knew and in the messages from the thousands of friends whom she had never seen. Every day, until almost the last, Marie was lifted against a pile of soft pillows so that she could look through the letters and gifts which poured in from every part of the world. Again and again she took off her glasses to brush away the tears in her eyes.

Though ill, Miss Dressler attended the preview of her last film, "Christopher Bean," and stood for over an hour, besieged by admirers.

The farewell appearance of the most popular star in motion pictures. The beloved Miss Dressler in "Christopher Bean," with Lionel Barrymore.

"I don't know what I've done to deserve all this," she said, her voice trembling with gratitude. "I must get well so that I can show everyone my appreciation."

When the entire country joined in the celebration of Marie's sixty-second birthday last November, Marie refused to consider it as a personal tribute.

"It is not Marie Dressler whom they are honoring," she explained, "it is the profession which I represent. At last, after all the years in which they have been treated as mountebanks, or disregarded—except when they were needed—the men and women of the stage are coming into the respect which they deserve. If I have done any little thing to help us reach that place of dignity, I am proud and happy."

Marie probably did more than any other one person to elevate the stage and screen to their rightful places in the respect and admiration of the world. A profession to which Marie Dressler belonged must have dignity and stability. Because Marie so thoroughly represented those qualities. She was one of the first to step over the deep chasm between the social world and the colorful, whispered-about realm of the theater. She glorified the profession of entertainment by the wholesome, generous wealth of her own proud dignity. The men and women of the theater, whom she has so honored, as well as the men and women to whom she has given laughter and pleasure, owe Marie a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid.

Marie spent several days in rest and seclusion before that birthday dinner, gathering strength for the excitement of the evening. Even so long ago as last November, Marie's illness was rapidly wearing down her vast store of vital energy. Dressed in white and wearing at her shoulder the snowy orchids which were the gift of her friend, Will Rogers, Marie was driven to the side entrance of the huge sound stage which had been transformed into a dining and dancing room. The words "Happy Birthday, Marie," were spelled in red roses against the velvet draperies behind the speakers' table.
GARBO
Starts
Her New
Picture

"TAKE 1"—which means the first scene in Greta's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "The Painted Veil." The first call of "Camera!" for a Garbo picture is always a thrilling second. This time it stirred more excitement, more speculation than ever before. The great Swedish star's M-G-M contract ends with this production. What will she do? What will M-G-M do? Well, perhaps much depends on the public's verdict. Is Garbo still the queen? Will the public like the adaptation of this Somerset Maugham novel, about man's battle against cholera in the Chinese interior, and a woman starved for love through her doctor-husband's zeal for his work? It should, for Garbo never fails. The great one, as Katherine Koehler, is displaying some silk stockings to her sister, Olga, who is preparing for her honeymoon. The sister rôle, second most important in the picture, was coveted by many of Hollywood's younger actresses, but finally entrusted to Cecilia Parker, just graduating from Westerns and serials. Richard Boleslavsky, directing Garbo for the first time, reclines on the floor in his worn leather jacket, with his inevitable pipe. William Daniels, head cameraman for the celebrated Scandinavian in all her American pictures, sits pensively on the step-ladder, left foreground. His assistant, Al Lane, is at the camera controls. (The electrician, standing in the background, also has worked on all of Garbo's productions.) All of the sets for "The Painted Veil" were constructed on stilts, as this photograph reveals. The set has a ceiling, which is unusual from a scenic angle.—Photo by Milton Brown
vaudeville, the pool room, beer parlor and saloon then were standard forms of recreation. Occasionally a "legitimate" stage show came to town. That was about all the average American community could boast of in the way of organized entertainment.

The younger generation knows little of these oft-repeated facts, except through hearsay; the older generation seems to have forgotten them. Monotony made town and village life of only yesterday, if not dreary, at least uninteresting.

There was little for respectable citizens to do when the day was over except to sit on the front porch, or wander on Saturday night with the crowd up and down Main Street. Most lights were out before the night was well begun.

The pool rooms, livery stables, saloons, and even the barber shops were breeding spots of vice. Young men ganged on corners and annoyed women and girls passing by with their leers and their comments. Girls sat at home peering from behind lace curtains, longing, rather than hoping, for something to happen. And sometimes it did.

Bright spots lurked just beyond the edge of town—dance halls, where young men dashed up in their buggies behind high-stepping trotters, with their girls. And drinks were freely served. "Nice girls" were not supposed to go to such places, but then as now impatient youth was often careless or reckless. Many a scandal was wafted over back fences of quiet streets lined with rows of majestic elms.

It was an age of repression and—hypocritically—of innocence. Underneath, that ole debbil, human nature, was rarin' to go, and often did.

Compare the past of one of those towns with its present. The pool rooms are uncurtained. You can see through to the rear walls. So, too, with the bars that have replaced the ancient saloons. The few words you will hear in the barber shop are as sanitary as the equipment. Street corner loungers are scarce. There is little aimless walking or forathering. The brightly illuminated motion picture theaters have absorbed the throngs. And the long lines of dapped cars tell where families are spending the evening.

At the present time motion pictures are on trial. They are under a barrage of criticism such as perhaps was never before directed against a major industry. It is one of the most amazing phenomena in history. Seventy million people who have been weekly patrons of the twenty-odd thousand theaters in the land are suddenly asked to question their greatest amusement; to reject much of what they had come to accept as legitimate entertainment.

Half the present population of the United States had not been born when motion pictures came into recognition as a new form of entertainment. The burlesque and
CENSORSHIP?

The old question of what to do was solved for the town with the appearance of the first motion picture theater. It brought something to amuse, interest and feed the mind. It provided a place to go. It made contact with the outside world to the remotest spot in every continent. It brought new thinking, new living, new manners, new ways of dressing, of speaking. The motion picture, as it developed into a fine art, became one of the greatest revolutionizing forces that history has ever known.

It has comforted our loneliness, lightened our burdens, brought us forgetfulness or solace in our sorrows. It has heightened our happiness, and increased our laughter. It has helped solve our problems and made us better men and women.

In its twenty years of existence PHOTOPLAY Magazine has received over six million letters from its readers. And among those letters there have been thousands that come straight from the heart. "I have been blind for thirty years," one man writes, "but, thank God, my sense of hearing is acute, and a talkie gives me a pleasant evening of entertainment. From the words I visualize action and actors."

"I lost a son," says a woman, "and there is one young actor on the screen who is so reminiscent of him in appearance, speech, and gesture that for the brief hour the picture lasts I am almost convinced I have my boy with me again."

"I had a quarrel with my husband, and we did not look at each other until the film was half over. A sentimental scene found our hands reaching for each other."

Others write they are "toned up for a day," acquire a "broader, more tolerant view of life," find their hearts softened toward their enemies, resolve to take better care of their parents, or just have "a good, all around time."

And yet, in spite of the great good motion pictures have done and are doing, it was inevitable that, sooner or later, they should receive the attention of reformers.

It is no indictment of the motion picture industry to say that the most surprising thing about this great clean-up wave is not that it should now arrive, but that it has been so long in arriving. The deep, underlying Puritanical strain that began with our colonies has never left us. At heart — no matter what superficial indications may be—we are suspicious of even the appearance of departure from a strict moral code.

The flood of gangster pictures of yesterday were dubious regard by many broad-minded citizens because, so they said, if not actually inciting to crime, they might dull the public conscience toward crime. As a matter-of-fact, producers were merely transferring to the screen faithful replicas of one phase of our national life. And the public, as a whole, made no protest.

Hard on the trail of gangster films came another flood more equivocal, perhaps, in its effects, but in the minds of moralists possibly all the more questionable for that reason —- sexy, sophisticated films, dialogue with double entendre, heroines none too virtuous, heroes none too honorable. Around such pictures as these the clouds of censure began to gather; but still the storm did not break.

It was argued that the typical American novel, the typical American play, went much farther than did these films, and that indeed such pictures were but sections from the daily lives of many; that the screen was but a mirror that reflected in considerable measure contemporary American life. Such arguments, however, could not stave off the inevitable; the tempest of screen reform finally was upon us.

The producers believe in all sincerity that their pictures have contributed nothing to anybody's moral delinquency; that if a theater-goer walks out with evil in his mind, he brought that evil in with him; that he would go wrong whether or not he ever saw a picture. And in that belief I think there is much truth. However, there can be no question that not infrequently they have overstepped the bounds of good taste; that they have permitted scenes, dialogues and jokes that are objectionable per se. And because of these offenses motion pictures are undergoing a drastic purging.

As a consequence, today they are taking a terrific loss. Millions of dollars are tied up in stories, scenarios, or films that can never be released; other films are being remade at tremendous cost. Producers have been selling the public films that the box-office receipts emphatically stated the public wanted.

The great question now in the producers' minds is: How will the public like the new film fare? For, with plots and situations reminiscent of the less sophisticated days of pictures, what assurance have they that they

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
They are looking upon the Gary Cooper-Sandra Shaw Eastern vacation trip as another victory of the sweet social graces over the rugged Cooper yearn for the open spaces. The first one was Gary's capitulation and abandonment of his beloved Van Nuys ranch for a palatial Beverly Hills mansion. Then it was understood that the first vacation trip would be *a la* Gary—out into the mountains on some kind of hunt or other.

**But lo!**—Arriveth ye vacation and it's the man that pays and pays. The Coopers are now in the very social atmosphere of Long Island where the only bit of wild life to please the eye of the former "cattle-rassler" is a lone and confused migratory duck flying over the marshes.

It's said that Sandra has suggested that Gary appease his urge for the outdoors by a fishing trip in Florida waters aboard her stepfather's yacht—but what is a fish to a guy who has shot lions?

**Will Rogers** makes the following sage observation: A girl may wear a bathing-suit when she can't swim, a riding habit when she can't ride—but when she puts on a wedding gown, she means business.

In her first scene with Garbo in "The Painted Veil," little Cecilia Parker who plays her sister, was no more nervous than the great Garbo herself. Greta was supposed to unhook Cecilia's wedding gown, and help her lift it over her head.

Garbo didn't get all the hooks undone, and in the ensuing struggle, it looked as if Cecilia would be imprisoned for good.

She choked and sputtered, and Greta worked feverishly at the hooks, murmuring agitatedly, "I'm so sorry!"

It would seem a certainty that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., intends to spend the rest of his natural life as a Britisher, in that he has turned down at least two lucrative Hollywood movie offers.

It is also rumored he is selling his holdings here.

What with Doug, Sr., buying a monole. Wonder if he brought it back with him?

**Josef Von Sternberg** tells this story on himself. (The man's human, after all!) As he was leaving a Hollywood restaurant the other eve, several autograph hunters bored down on him, led by a small girl. "Sorry," he said, "I can't write."

The girl looked him over coolly, and remarked, "I thought as much, after seeing your pictures!"

A young lady sent Dick Powell a letter full of lip-rouge kisses—and her name. No need for words!
WILLIAM POWELL, that high-powered escort he's turned out to be, was sauntering a lovely girl the other night at a well-known restaurant, gathering place of the stars. At a nearby table, facing him, was Judith Wood, who also has been getting a lot of attention lately from Bill. Well, Judith spent the evening pulling faces at Bill every time he leaned over to talk to the latest "heart." But really, Judith isn't bothered. Because Douglass Montgomery is around quite a bit, with that romantic look in his eye.

It is interesting that Gloria Swanson has been elected to play—and sing—opposite John Boles in "Music in the Air," the Jerome Kern operetta Fox is producing. Gloria gave John his first opportunity in the movies in one of her pictures.

CLARK GABLE and Director Clarence Brown were discussing a mutual friend.

"Did Bill complete his education?" asked Brown.

"Not yet," said Clark. "He's still a bachelor."

Greta Garbo has a new coiffure, which you'll see in "The Painted Veil." It's an improvement on her well-known long bob. Look right behind the ears and you'll see two strands brought up, one from each side, to form a band—ribbon-like—across the top of the famous head. Fastened with invisible hairpins, and unbraided, it will look as if it has been trained in the position.

Get to work with a mirror and you can beat Greta to the punch.

Alice Faye is just like the little old lady who very carefully dresses herself in her best whenever she leaves the house—in case of accident she'll not be embarrassed.

Alice, before going to bed nights, dons a fresh, frilly nightie, ties a new ribbon about her blonde locks, dabs on the mascara and lipstick, says her prayers—and so to bed, ready for fire or earthquake. Alice is particularly afraid of the latter.

In fact, her new home is of wood construction, supposed to be safest, in case—

Incidentally, or maybe not incidentally, Alice is—oh, such a good girl at the studio—so she can get off every Thursday between four and five—to listen to the Valley broadcast.

ONE of the most lavish soirees of the past calendar stretch was Junior Laemmle's masque ball in honor of Director Mervyn LeRoy and his bride, Doris Warner. The merriment lasted until dawn.

Two famous stars were not there—but still they dominated the party.

Mac West and Greta Garbo don't go in for such whing-ding—but there were more West and Garbo impersonations and costumes there than any other!
HERE'S a deep-dyed secret for you, girls. Clara Bow's flaming hair is not naturally red. It's brown.

THIS was to be expected—since the twins.
His pals now call him "Bing-Bing" Crosby, and the twins, "Bang" and "Boom."

IS it anything more than a coincidence that shortly following Kay Francis' departure for Europe, Maurice Chevalier announced plans for a quick trip to open his villa at Cannes? Kay and the personable Gaul have long been said to be more than just professionally interested in each other, although Kay denied that when she sailed. Yet, both plan to be in England during the same weeks.

It was a typical Will Rogers suggestion, the one he made to Irvin S. Cobb. Irvin has been having plenty of fun in his own right in bragging about taking over Greta Garbo's beach house. So, Will up and told Irvin he ought to change his name to Cobb.

YEARS ago, Mae West's father, Jack West, was the idol of prize-fight followers in New York. He was then a contender for the welter-weight ring title.
The other day Jack and daughter Mae strolled into a popular Hollywood dining rendezvous, and were greeted with tumultuous applause. West, elder, pinched his daughter's arm.
"You see?" he expanded. "They haven't forgotten me."

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was safe on the boat at last, what a sigh of relief Joseph M. Schenck must have heaved. He was always for a reconciliation between Mary and Doug.
Perhaps it was his wishing that sent Doug back to America. Mr. Schenck was so happy over his engagement to Merle Oberon, British actress, he wanted everyone else to do likewise.

HERE'S an item about "45 Minutes in Hollywood," the Borden radio hour Thursday nights at ten o'clock. You know, that Borden program is my week's moment. I wouldn't miss it for a date with—well, anyhow, I wouldn't miss it. So many interesting bits happen in the studio.
You heard Jack Smart impersonate Victor McLaglen—many have written me about the thrills. Jack was telling Vic's life story. You remember the scene where he was in a tomb—way out in the wilds of Egypt.
The technicians wanted to make a voice sound sepulchral—just as if it was coming from a tomb.
Everything was tried—talking through the wrong end of a megaphone—through cheese cloth, and a lot of other tricks. They just didn't work—until Jack—smart—"Little" Jack, scales something like three hundred—ambled in with a huge pasteboard carton and smashed it over his own head. Then he took the microphone and shoved it up under the carton and muffled his voice. You remember the voice—more sepulchral than a tomb!

Eddie G. Robinson and family, little Eddie, Mrs. Robinson (standing), and Jeanne, her daughter by a former marriage, taking the sun on the lawn of their Beverly Hills home. Eddie is known as one of Hollywood's proudest fathers. And this picture seems to prove it's true. The baby is just seventeen months old.

An excellent day on the links for an autograph hound when four stars of the films go out to shine at golf. From left to right, Johnny Weissmuller, Bruce Cabot, Richard Arlen, and Adolphe Menjou, walking along the fairway. We don't know who won, but of the four serious gentlemen, Adolphe is the most grim.
WHATEVER the reconciliation between Lupe and her Tarzan Weissmuller, the fact remains, Johnny turned down a part in "The Girl Friend" (no less), starring wife Lupe Velez.

CONNIE BENNETT'S friends say it is true that she'll return from her European jaunt no longer a Marquise. Anyhow, just when the Marquis Henri started for Hollywood from far distant parts, Connie started packing.

WHEN Virginia Pine Lehman packed up and went to New York, many of the wiseacres regarded it as a cooling of the romance between herself and George Raft. But Virginia said that George hadn't his divorce yet, and she needed some stage experience before attempting an ambitious screen rôle.

A N actor friend was about to introduce Jimmy Cagney to his wife. "But I know your wife already," Jimmy smiled. "I knew her before you married her."

"That's where you have the advantage of me," cracked the friend, "I didn't."

Family reunion. Alice Brady affectionately greets her father, William A. Brady, noted theatrical producer, who came to the Coast to visit his famous actress daughter.

Latest romantic rumors are teaming Douglass Montgomery and Judith Wood. Certainly they seem to be having a good time partying together at the Fifty-Fifty Club.

It's rarely you see a picture of Marlene with her husband and daughter, Maria. The Siebers were attending a concert. When Miss Dietrich turned, at the end of a number, to comment to her husband, "fuff!—the camera-man's bulb flashed, and the photograph was made. Marlene was startled!

Wedding bells again for Gloria! Just two months after a divorce from sculptor Blair Gordon Newell, the beautiful Miss Stuart tripped down to Mexico and became the wife of Arthur Sheekman, a scenario writer. Mr. Sheekman has collaborated on several of Eddie Cantor's scripts.

GLORIA STUART, now the wife of Arthur Sheekman, the writer, told me in great confidence that she and Arthur would be one quicker than Photoplay could be printed. Being an old skeptic, I raised a well-trained right eyebrow. They were married just a week later.

A T four P. M., Director Norman McLeod was discovered to be in bed. A total collapse, we were informed.

It seems he arose early, gay as a lark, and had his first bout with a new physical instructor.

Dressed, lasted through breakfast—staggered back to bed. The instructor was too good.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
Helen Mack has no regrets. But she would not let a daughter of hers become a child actress

By Julie Lang Hunt

Helen's mother, Mrs. Regina Mack, had what it takes to be a child star's mother. Today, with greater screen success ahead, she is still Helen's adviser and guide.

"PROMISE me there won't be a line of self-pity in this story."

This admonition came at the end of my interview with Helen Mack—an interview devoted to childhood lost while taking the jumps that sometime lead to fame.

"I don't regret a minute of it. I would do it all over again, including every sacrifice. I am glad my mother took destiny into her own hands and turned out a child actress."

This observation came at the beginning of my interview with Helen Mack.

"I would never let a daughter of mine do it. I would never permit her to set foot on a motion picture set or on the stage until she is quite done with childhood, with dolls—and later—with boys and college."

This acknowledgment came during my interview with Helen Mack.

At twenty, an established screen actress, with a substantial Paramount contract, and thirteen years of stage and picture experience, Helen directs all credit to her mother.

If she can't recall much of dolls or nursery rhymes, she can suavely reminisce with her directors on Gloria Swanson's rendition of "Zaza," and how she, Helen, learned during that picture to cry on a minute's command. And just in case you like dates and figures, Helen was eight years old when she played with Swanson in "Zaza."

If there isn't even a dim recollection of "dressing up in mother's clothes," of a favorite school chum, or of raids on the cookie jar, Helen can conjure up pictures of herself at seven, entering the forbidding offices of theatrical agents, chanting the litany of Broadway, "Is there anything for me today?"

A childhood was traded in for a make-up box, and a childhood was swapped for a vaudeville tour, but Helen says it was worth it. She got the best of the deal—but the same deal won't do for her child.

Helen was born in Rock Island, Illinois, and her leap from the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of the Hudson happened something like this.

Mrs. Regina Mack's life was tinted by a footlight fixation. But she married early, settled down in a neat white house and copied French dresses for Helen when she came along.

When Mrs. Mack discovered her four-year-old mimicking Marguerite Clark after a movie matinée, she decided on the spot that her child had that something from which stage stars are made, and from that moment Helen's future was clinched.

But what to do with a child-genius in the Middle West? Mrs. Mack had never met an actor in her life and hadn't the vaguest notion of how one goes about presenting a prodigy to the world at large. So Helen was presented to the neighbors. She did bits of Francis X. Bushman, to the delight of Mrs. Mc Gillicuddy down the street, and dashes of Kathleen Williams for the admiring O'Briens across the road. The child was a wonder, the neighborhood agreed, and Mrs. Mack seethed with ambitions for her offspring.

When Helen was seven, and her repertoire of imitations had extended to Clara Kimball Young and Bessie Barriscale, Rock Island was thrown into a ferment. [Please turn to page 84]
As a belle of the Mid-Victorian period, Julie Haydon makes a lovely picture. The gown, fashionable in the eighteen-seventies, is a confection of green taffeta with lace ruffles. Julie wears it in "The Age of Innocence," RKO-Radio's screen adaptation of Edith Wharton's famous novel, with John Boles and Irene Dunne in the leading roles.
Leslie Howard and Kay Francis in the leading roles (he in the title part) of Warner’s version of the novel, "British Agent"

"British Agent" recalls the gory nightmare of proletarian Russia throwing off the oppression of centuries and pouring through the streets in armed hordes, venting hatred on overlords. Through it all, the British agent watches for a chance to further his scheme. His job is to keep the Russians in the trenches, harassing the Germans from the East. The Allies must have time to weld the millions of eager young Americans into an irresistible battering-ram for democracy.

The agent seeks relief from the strain of waiting at a Gypsy tavern. Here we see (left to right) Phillip Reed, Howard, Mariana Schubert, William Gargan, Cesar Romero.

The voices of the nation’s new leaders keep the Russian populace at a fanatical pitch. Share, comrades, share alike, Lenin tells them. The picture abounds in colorful scenes.
Here he was, now in Russia, as undercover man for the British government. And his first assignment was to attend a ball, when he knew that Russia was a powder mine—with the fuse already lit. Action was imperative! Yet he (Leslie Howard) talks calmly to Lady Carrister (Doris Lloyd), exchanging social chit-chat. Both in center

His government had said if he was caught, it would not help him. He was caught, betrayed by the girl he loved. He hears this from the Commissioner (J. Carrol Naish), on the right. But he still hasn’t played all his cards

She (Kay Francis) loved the British agent deeply, but Russia more. She dupes his pal (William Gargan) and learns his hideout, that he might be shot down

With representatives of two other governments (left, Phillip Reed; right, William Gargan), the British agent (Leslie Howard) cunningly lays his plots
STAGE, radio and screen meet on a movie set to combine their talents for picture making. These four entertainers, left to right, are: Victor Moore, Broadway veteran; Ruth Etting, of radio fame; Alice White, film actress, and Phil Baker, radio and musical comedy favorite. They met at the Universal Studio to begin work on "Gift of Gab"
How I Make A Spectacle

The directorial wizard gives us a "look-in" on his super-showmanship

By Cecil B. DeMille

To begin with, when I make a spectacle it is not merely the work of a few months of research and study, it is the product of twenty years' experience in motion pictures. The staff assisting me has been with me over a period of many years, and those in the audience with keen eyes will catch in the crowds on the screen many faces familiar in my pictures for two decades.

A spectacle cannot be made by one man alone—it is a combination of the work of dozens of people whose concentrated effort over a period of months—years, really—brings to life all the color and authority of an era in the world's history.

Period in which these great lovers lived. It must be authentic, because history is known. It must be imaginative, because imagination is the life of all artistic creation. It must be forceful, because the Roman was the most dynamic period in the history of the world. It must have passion, because the passion of Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra rocked the destinies of an empire.

In research we cannot stop with the findings of one authority. We must read all who treat on the subject, and all of this knowledge must be adapted to fit the "ideal" of the subject as it exists in and appears to the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]
YOU'VE just enough time left to enter the GREATEST CONTEST IN THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES, with the chance to share in $10,000.00 IN PRIZES FOR NAMING A CAST FOR "ANTHONY ADVERSE"!

Don't miss this thrilling experience afforded you by Photoplay Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures. Get busy right away and send in your selection of actors and actresses for the screen adaptation of Hervey Allen's superb romantic novel, published by Farrar & Rinehart, which Warner Bros. will produce soon. And remember, THE CONTEST CLOSES AT MIDNIGHT, SEPTEMBER 15! All entries must be in by then.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN (157) AWARDS WILL BE MADE! Motor cars—Airplane round-trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago—Cash—A varied and inspiring assortment! Such a generous prize list gives you an unusual opportunity to be among the winners. And YOUR IDEA MAY BE THE VERY ONE NEEDED TO SOLVE THE DIFFICULT CASTING PROBLEMS.

The best way for anyone to understand the characters is to read the book. However, a synopsis is printed below.

Your cast is to be written on a ballot form, which appears on Page 47. Identical ballots are being made available everywhere by Postal Telegraph, Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the manufacturers of the various prize articles, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen has listed on the ballot the twelve most important characters in his story. Fill in your choice of an actor or actress best fitted to play each part. Also fill in the blank Postal telegram space with an explanation (not over fifty words) of why you choose a particular star for the tremendously important title role of Anthony Adverse himself.

On page 108 you will find a list of players under contract to Warners-First National Studios. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players under contract to other companies, or free-lancing, and they will be considered if their working schedules permit their availability for "Anthony Adverse."

Full instructions about mailing ballots to Photoplay's New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the opinion of the judges, are suited for the Warner Bros. production, and on strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title role. Neatness counts.

FIVE NEW FORD V-8 MOTOR CARS HEAD THE PRIZE LIST! Winners may select any of the five models named in the rules. No superlatives need be employed here to describe the Ford car. Its performance and beauty are familiar the world over. Nor is there any cause for elaborating on the $700.00 TECLA PEARL NECKLACE, WITH GENUINE DIAMOND CLASP, offered as sixth prize. Matchless awards, these!

CASH—you say you can use some cash? Well, fifteen money awards are waiting, ranging from $300.00 to $25.00!

United Air Lines is providing TEN ROUND-TRIPS BY PLANE TO THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR! The lucky contestants will be accommodated for one week at the luxurious Drake Hotel, situated on Lake Michigan.

Orry-Kelly, renowned stylist for Warner Bros., has designed SIX PRIZE GOWNS, which have been reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of Hollywood and New York. They have the same fine lines and quality as Orry-Kelly's creations for Warner productions and the private wardrobes of many fashionable stars. Winners may select such gowns as those worn by Bette Davis, star of "Housewife," by Kay Francis, star of "Dr. Monica," by Dorothy Tree, appearing in "Here Comes the Navy," or Margaret Lindsay, so delightfully in "The Dragon Murder Case."

And girls, you won't be out of SILK STOCKINGS FOR A YEAR if you win one of the twenty MogudClari-panhesiery wardrobes. FORTY PAIRS! And you may order part of the wardrobe at different seasons, to keep up with the new shades. New-process yarns are ringless, streakless, shadowless. "Screenlite" shades are styled by Orry-Kelly.

ONE HUNDRED PRE-VUE DAY-NIGHT MIRRORS, of convenient purse size, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases, make ideal prizes for women—or perfect gifts for masculine winners to pass on to sweethearts, wives, or sisters. They actually preview make-up, show how cosmetics will look under any light. Their patented double-face, electric-blue and amber-gold, make this possible.

So don't delay. Send us your "Anthony Adverse" cast—PRONTO!

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 47

DON LUIS, Marquis da Vincitata, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and conceited, stops off at Auvergne, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at Livorno, Italy. Maria's beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes, straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

Denis Moore, Maria's lover, an Irish cavalry officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steelblue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grim determination to extreme charm. He is about thirty.
for "Anthony Adverse"
Cast Selections

During the absence of the apoplectic Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, aescetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1776. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figure of the Madonna. Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education. Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise.

Six enchanting gowns designed by the celebrated Orry-Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. pictures, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., will be among the prizes. The Orry-Kelly creation above, worn by pretty Dorothy Tree in "Here Comes the Navy," gives you an idea of their chic and fine quality.

Just look at these prizes! The first five winners get a new Ford V-8—five models to choose from! Above is the popular Convertible Cabriolet.

Silk Stockings
For A Year!

Each of twenty prize winners will get as many as forty pairs of the famous Mojud Clari-Phane silk stockings! The year's hosiery wardrobe may be completed by ordering a part each season, to be sure of up-to-the-minute shades! (These stockings styled by Orry-Kelly.)

100 Day-Night Pre-Vue Mirrors, with fine leather cases, will be awarded. They serve for proper make-up in any light.

A $700.00 Tecla pearl necklace, made of real pearls "cultured" in the oyster, is offered as the sixth prize. It has a genuine diamond clasp.

[Please turn to page 46]
When he is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udny, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arranges through Father Xavier and Mr. Udny, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonnyfeather — the boy's grand-

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonnyfeather as a child and because of the statue of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonnyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

A Loyalist family is a 17th century cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be "a gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, drily humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a rather feudal-classical slant, with a strong sense of Scotch commercialism and hard-headedness. From Toussaint Clair-
vieux, small and dapper, youngish-fanged, sparkling-eyed gentleman writer-clerk of Casa de Bonnyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town tawling the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown. It is at this time he again sees Florence Udny, of the brown-golden hair and deep grey eyes, his first childhood playmate, now engaged to David Parish, young Englishman. And Anthony rediscovers his sweetheart, Angela, singing at the opera. She is determined to become a prima donna, under the patronage of Debrulle, fatherly, middle-aged German theatrical manager and singer. Anthony still loves Angela, but again they must part.

In the French army descend on Livorno and close the port. The aged Bonnyfeather closes his house and retires, sending Anthony, restless, and at times despairing at his loss of Angela, to Havana to collect a debt of forty-five thousand dollars due from a slave-trading firm.

Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jornham of

Send in your "Anthony Adverse" cast selections now! The contest closes September 15. Don't let the chance to win one of these 157 impressive prizes slip by!

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daugh-
ter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won a battle against Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

Rules of the $10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by members of the Warner Bros. Theatres in or near the towns where the prize winners are resi-
dents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be done by United Air Lines, with great privi-
leges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

First prize—$700.00, in cash.
Sixth prize—$75.00, in cash.
Seventh prize—$300.00, in cash.
Eighth to 17th prizes—Ten airplane trips to
A Century of Progress World's Fair in
Chicago, with all travel expenses of round-
trips paid by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous
Drake Hotel.
18th prize—$200.00, in cash.
19th prize—$125.00, in cash.
20th to 25th prizes—Nine auto runs designed by Ory-Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. Pic-
tures, reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc.,
26th prize—$50.00, in cash.
27th to 40th prizes—Twenty complete hosiery
wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of
Mujiel Chari-laine silk stockings (up to 40
pairs for each of the 20 winners).
41st to 57th prizes—$75.00, in cash each.
58th to 157th prizes—100 Pre-Vue Day-Night
masks, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of
why a certain star has been selected for the role
of Anthony Adverse, will constitute the correct
entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the
spaces opposite the listings of characters in
the cast, you should insert the names of actors
and actresses you believe most admirably
fitted to play the twelve roles.

In the blank space below the cast box, cor-
responding to a Postal Telegraph form, you
should explain, in not more than fifty words,
why you suggest a particular star for the leading role of Anthony Adverse himself.

7. Ballots may be submitted as specified in
Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons
who send in ballots which are most similar
to the cast that will be announced for the Warner Bros. Picture production of
"Anthony Adverse," and which convey the
best explanations of why a certain actor has
been recommended for the title role. The
judges will take neatness into consideration in
case.

In the contest, Anthony Adverse will be
represented by a character described as a
chivalrous-feudal-classical man, whose
name shall be limited to "Anthony Adverse." He will be a certain actor, and the judges
will select the best actor for the role.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accom-
panies this announcement of the contest and
may be used at your convenience. How-
ever, it will be greatly to your advantage
in attempting to name a cast, to read the book published by Farrar & Rinehart.

10. The judges will be a committee selected
by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Warner Bros. Pic-
tures, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of
"Anthony Adverse." They are: Representing
PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dynan, publisher,
and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing
Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-
president in charge of production; representing
Farrar & Rinehart, W. C. Daviet, vice-
president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and
Hervey Allen, author of "An-
thony Adverse." The decisions of this com-
mittee will be final.

No relatives or members of the household
of any of the above named companies, or of
the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to
submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open
to everyone, everywhere.

In the event of tie for any of the prizes
offered, a duplicate award will be made to each
tying contestant.

The contest will close at midnight on
September 15. All ballots 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 complete list of prize winners will be
announced in the December, 1934, issue of
PHOTOPLAY Magazine.
Rhode Island, a colossus of a man—red-faced, with iron gray beard, cold blue eyes—and his wife, Jane, a prim, bony woman, with extraordinarily pointed lips. They sail by way of Genoa where Anthony again sees Father Xavier, now slight and emaciated, thin, gray locks, but whose face still glows from a quiet light within.

At Havana, Anthony lives at the home of one Carlo Cibo, Italian merchant long in Cuba. Cibo is a huge man, good-naturedly fat, with tightly curled, black hair.

Here Anthony meets Brother Francois, the same priest who had seen Don Luis kill Anthony's father. He also meets the niece of the Governor General of Cuba, Dolores de la Fuente, of the pale gold, gleaming hair, nearly blue-black eyes and a deeply stirring voice.

Anthony is again in love. But they must part. Anthony is bound for Africa to collect the Bonnyfeather debt in kind—slaves. On the ship is Brother Francois, exiled for his sympathy with the slaves.

At the slave establishment, Anthony finds the owner dead and he takes over, building up a flourishing business and taking as his sweet-heart, Neleta, half Spanish, "a honey colored Senorita," of curves and lines. Brother Francois and Neleta fight for Anthony, he for his soul and she for his body.

Brother Francois goes into the wilderness to set up a chapel. Anthony comes upon his body—crucified by the natives.

It is this experience that loses the fight for Neleta.

Anthony returns to Livorno, after an absence of four years. John Bonnyfeather is dead. But Anthony again [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

VOTE BY POSTAL TELEGRAPH FOR YOUR FAVORITE CAST IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

The world's greatest modern book is to be made into a motion picture. "Anthony Adverse" goes into production at Warner Bros. Studios beginning November, 1924. WHAT HOLLYWOOD STARS WILL PLAY THE PARTS OF THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"? A cast must be selected by September. The tide of selecting this cast is a gigantic one. Warner Bros., who will make the story history-making picture, and Farrar & Rischbieth, publishers of the book, have joined with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in seeking the help of American movie-goers for the final selection of this cast. To make the cast of "Anthony Adverse," a real representative choice of all American movie fans, Postal Telegraph Co. has made a contest of this special ballot which you may fill out and return to any of their stations. The ballot may also be mailed directly to PHOTOPLAY Magazine in New York City. All entries in this contest must be made no later than Sept. 15.

IMPORTANT: THE CAST YOU VOTE FOR MAY BE SELECTED FROM THE LIST OF HOLLYWOOD STARS ANNOUNCED IN THE AUGUST, SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Consult any of these issues of PHOTOPLAY before filling out this ballot for contest instructions and complete list of names.

Below are listed the twelve most important characters in ANTHONY ADVERSE. In the blank space opposite each character write the name of the star you would like to see play the part.

| ANTHONY ADVERSE | 1 |
| NELETA | 7 |
| NAPOLEON BONAPARTE | 2 |
| G. J. OUVRARD | 8 |
| CARLO CIBO | 3 |
| SENORITA DOLORES | 9 |
| BROTHER FRANCOIS | 4 |
| JOHN BONNYFEATHER | 10 |
| ANGELA GUESSIPPI | 5 |
| FAITH PALEOLOGUS | 11 |
| VINCENT NOLTE | 6 |
| DON LUIS | 12 |

In this space write a message (up to 50 words) explaining why you choose Character No. 1 to play the part of Anthony

Name

Address

PRIZES: One thousand dollars in cash. Five 1924 Model Ford Automobiles. Winners may select any of these models. Ten round trips to Chicago World's Fair via United Air Lines with one week's accommodation at the Drake Hotel. Seven hundred dollars in cash. Contest deadline for winners by Sept. 15. Fifty dollars in cash. Twenty prizes of Mogul Chart-phone stockings, each prize good for one year's supply (40 pairs). One hundred genuine patented Paper Day-Night Mirrors, in handsome handbound leather cases.

READ COMPLETE DETAILS IN PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE BEFORE VOTING
It's a galaxy—a whole galaxy of famous folk, no less. Mitzi met them at the Miramar, and from left to right they are (seated) Sid Silvers, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey (on the arm of the couch), John P. Medbury, (rear) George Raft, Virginia Pine, and Kay Kyser, hotel band leader.

Mitzi misses nothing! She's a Hollywood girl who knows her Hollywood. She goes everywhere, sees everybody, and every month she writes a letter about the human and humorous side of the movie capital, for Photoplay.

Came the night and I dipped into my new blue number and away to the Miramar with a party of friends. 'Twas so gala. Wheeler and Woolsey were guests of honor with a tableful of celebrities. Let's see—Dorothy Lee, of course, and Thelma Todd and Anita Louise were the ladies. Tom Brown and Sid Silvers and John P. Medbury were the guests.

Nearby sat sleek, handsomely turned-out George Raft (he got up and did his famous dance routine and brought the house down!). With him was Virginia  [PLease turn to page 105]
The Fairy-Tale Family

Fredric and Florence March are living a story to bring happiness to their children

By Julie Lang Hunt

JUST two years ago, Florence and Fredric March announced the adoption of a baby girl. She was named Penelope—Penny for short—and her radiant parents let it be known that a brother would be found for her in the near future. There were those in Hollywood who sniffed:

"Give them six months of baby bottles and spinach purée and they will settle down to their one."

But a few months ago, Anthony—Tony for short—nineteen pounds of him, a five-months-old bundle of husky howls and chuckles, was registered for life in the March household.

"Some day, Penny and Tony will have another brother and sister," Florence March told me during a visit to the four-room nursery suite that occupies a wing of their new Beverly Hills home.

There was nothing of impulse or whim about their decision to adopt a robust-sized family.

Florence tells it so well:

"When we were married seven years ago, we made a solemn agreement that, if at the end of four or five years we had no children, we would find children to adopt.

"I'm afraid we took the business of becoming parents rather seriously. We believed then, and we believe now, in intelligent preparation for the privilege of raising a child. A year before we had Penny, I

Fredric (his sideburns match the woolly pup!), Florence, and little Penny. Five-months-old Tony isn't posing for photographers, as yet

The fairy-tale princess and the prince—Florence and Fredric March. They have adopted two children, and now they want two more

studied innumerable volumes on child psychology, and took an extension course on the subject from Dr. Laws at the University of Southern California. The most valuable books I have read on this matter are Hughes Mearns' 'Creative Youth' and 'Creative Power,' and, for very
A Son of Freedom

Scream, you American eagle, scream with envy! Britisher Charles Laughton is the chap that invented liberty!

*By Ruth Rankin*

Carefree and informal, Laughton and his wife, roguish, red-haired Elsa Lanchester, are a devoted pair

"MONEY is no good unless it buys you freedom," Charles Laughton will tell you. Then he adds: "The only free man is he who is doing exactly what he likes best to do."

And Laughton is an actor who operates on that rule. He deliberately walked away from the fabulous Hollywood picture mint to play on the English stage at one hundred dollars a week. Because he wanted to act in repertoire at Old Vic's, a small, dim and dusty London playhouse. And repertoire is the hardest kind of stage work—a new play every two weeks—acting one production and rehearsing another.

"Actors need to learn what it means to pull a play through two hours on the stage," he says. "To create a mood, building it steadily to the finish, there, at that very time. That's more intense than the way it is with..."
Laughton, as the tyrannical head of the Barrett household, on “The Barretts of Wimpole Street” set. Behind him is Fredric March, as Robert Browning. The lovely Norma Shearer, in the role of Elizabeth Barrett, smiles over the banister. Director Sidney Franklin is seated in the foreground, below the camera.

pictures, where the finish is usually several weeks away.

“I have no criticism to make of the actors and actresses in Hollywood who have not had this experience. I merely state that it is valuable—and, for me, essential.

“For instance, I wanted to do Shakespeare. Why? Well, what sort of books do people read? Contemporary novels, biography. But mental muscles are developed on the classics. In the theater, the classics are the solid foundation.

“We did ‘Macbeth,’ ‘Twelfth Night,’ that brilliant Con-
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

THE CAT'S-PAW—Fox

ONCE again Harold Lloyd is the naïve, unsuspecting young man with wide, horn-rimmed eyes, who blunders into difficult situations that work out miraculously for him. Story has fundamentally the same formula as his previous pictures, but the plot is more consistent.

Missionary's son Ezekiel Cobb (Lloyd), brought up in a remote Chinese province, has the culture of the Oriental, quotes to advantage from the poet Ling Po, and knows nothing of the modern world.

Through a blitze, he is elected mayor, while in America looking for a "mother for his children." But the crooked politicians frame him when he refuses to take orders.

Comedy builds steadily to final climax. Una Merkel and George Barbier splendid. Good family entertainment.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—M-G-M

The tender love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning comes to the screen in a picture approaching perfection.

This adaptation of a stage play, which served Katharine Cornell so well, has been given one of M-G-M's most meritorious productions, and serves Norma Shearer just as fittingly. As the invalid and emotionally restless poetess, Elizabeth, whom love miraculously leads from the shadows of death, Miss Shearer is inspired to do her best work.

Fredric March is brilliant as the Browning who will not be denied his love, and whose zest for living is the tonic that saves Elizabeth. Charles Laughton again increases his acting stature as the tyrannical, psychopathic head of the house of Barrett. There are excellent supporting performances by Maureen O'Sullivan, Una O'Connor, Marlon Clayton, and Ralph Forbes.

Director Sidney Franklin wins new respect for his handling of this able cast and a worthy story.

The drama is one of flashing, burning romance that finds its way through the ominous, near-impenetrable fog of paternal objection and jealousy. Its sombre overtones enhance the beauty of its sharp, clear notes.

The dialogue, impressive on the stage, is equally so in the film; perhaps even improved. The Victorian settings are truly drawn. Don't miss this picture.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN—Universal

A amusing fantastic semi-musical, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny.

Roger Pryor writes true confession yarns for the funniest editor alive—Victor Moore, late of the stage. Roger also thinks up circulation ideas, and his best brainstorm is a Cinderella contest, won by Heather Angel.

Heather falls in love with him. But Roger, being up to his ears in a "Prince Charming" contest with Cinderella slated to marry the winner, doesn't notice. At the last moment he realizes all, and hides with Heather while Victor Moore is dragged to the altar by Esther Ralston.

Pryor registers decidedly, but it is Moore—luteile, fussy and fluttering—who pockets the picture. Lots of fun—and not a blush in the whole opus!
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET BRITISH AGENT
THE CAT’S-PAW ROMANCE IN THE RAIN
NOW AND FOREVER THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI
HIDE-OUT SERVANTS’ ENTRANCE
LADIES SHOULD LISTEN STRAIGHT IS THE WAY

The Best Performances of the Month

Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
Fredric March in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
Charles Laughton in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
Maureen O’Sullivan in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
Leslie Howard in "British Agent"
Victor Moore in "Romance in the Rain"
Gary Cooper in "Now and Forever"
Shirley Temple in "Now and Forever"
Mickey Rooney in "Hide-Out"
Janet Gaynor in "Servants’ Entrance"
Nydia Westman in "Ladies Should Listen"
Franchot Tone in "Straight Is the Way"
Margaret Hamilton in "Hat, Coat and Glove"
Dorothy Burgess in "Hat, Coat and Glove"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 119

☆ BRITISH AGENT—First National

There is a sense of being “in” on history in the making when you view this well-executed production. Absorbing until the very last sequence, but temporized with an illogical ending. However, don’t let that stop you.

Locale is Russia during the war and at the inception of the Revolution with the Reds, the Soviet, the White Army, drawing up sides.

Stephen Locke (Leslie Howard), “unofficial” representative of the British Government, gives an outstanding performance as the man with the responsibility of keeping Russia at the front to prevent the burden of defense resting on England and France. His duties become more complicated when he protects and forms a deep attachment for Elena (Kay Francis), secretary to Lenin, who passionately loves her country. She also loves Stephen, but manages to keep the two deviations separately catalogued to the extent of betraying his plans—but retaining his love.

The plot unfolds with sharp clarity. And suspense is so well sustained that one is always tensely alert.

Howard is completely satisfying in his rôle. William Gargan as the American, Phillip Reed as the Frenchman, Cesar Romero as the Spaniard—who, with Howard make up an international quartet with a common aim—are all superb. Ivan Simpson was born to the part of the “diplomatic” man-servant. Masterly direction and photography.

☆ NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount

How that greatest of all past and present child stars, Shirley Temple, keeps on topping every previous performance is amazing. And in this case her natural charm is contagious, or perhaps Henry Hathaway’s deft direction accounts for Gary Cooper’s doing his most sincerely convincing screen job.

Gary is a life-loving vagabond adventurer, unhindered by scruples about honesty. Shirley is his motherless tot, and Carole Lombard is the woman who can’t help loving him in spite of his faults. His regeneration, through them, is the theme—presented interestingly, and moving through colorful locales.

Sir Guy Standing and Charlotte Granville turn in believable characterizations. A picture well worth seeing.

☆ THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI—M-G-M

Noisily defiant, rip-sporting and raucous in spots is this hilarious Jean Harlow opus. Though the lines play pretty safe, it is fast and furious adult fare.

Jean is a gorgeous eyebul, with all the right answers—one of those “good girl” chorines out for matrimony and millions, but the two must go together. She is determined to meet the right people, and any method goes.

Franchot Tone meets her requirements, and Jean promises not to split her infinitives, and to be a credit to him. And how that girl can wear clothes!

The scene on the yacht, which Jean visits (uninvited) is a classic in its line. Lionel Barrymore is his usual sterling self as Franchot’s ruthless papa, who eventually gives in. Patsy Kelly and Lewis Stone fine.
DUE to clever adaptation and direction, this charming picture develops out of a trifle of a plot. After a narrow escape from the coppers, racketeer playboy Robert Montgomery is taken in by an upstate farmer. His regeneration through Maureen O'Sullivan is pretty well realized when Detective Edward Arnold locates him. A-1 cast includes Mickey Rooney, C. Henry Gordon and Elizabeth Patterson.

DELIGHTFULLY adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a farceur of distinction in the role of a Parisian bachelor. Telephone operator Frances Drake makes Cary her responsibility and, by listening-in, protects him from the machinations of two designing women. Edward Everett Horton is grand. Nydia Westman simply sparkles! Rosita Moreno and Charles Ray in support.

AN amusing group of American expatriates in Paris move at times gaily and again tragically through a story with a good idea and setting, but a disjointed telling. Hero-worship is the theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, a drunken, adventurous newspaperman who loves Madge Evans and then vanishes to China. Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Edward Brophy supply the laughs.

THEIR fairy-tale story takes Janet Gaynor to Sweden where, as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, she voluntarily hires out as a servant. In her adopted household she meets Lew Ayres, engineering-genius chauffeur, who forgets "Minnie," his speedboat invention, to work along more romantic lines. Hearty characterizations by Siegfried Ruman, Louise Dresser; devastating dead-pan humor by Ned Sparks.

ALL you doubters, come and see Franchot Tone give a performance, because he can and does! He is Benny Hornesite, just back from prison. Although determined to go straight, he gets mixed up again with the old gang, led by Jack LaRue, and his old flame (Gladys George) in spite of Karen Morley's love for him. A powerfully constructed drama. May Robson, Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon.

HELEN TWELVETREES is miscast in first part of the film, but seems more at home as the gambling-den "come on" in latter half. She is the daughter of Ralph Morgan who married his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd. After his death, Helen fulfills her father's wish that she go to England and be a "lady." Snubbed, she takes the gambling job and Donald Woods. Picture just so-so, but fine work by Doris Lloyd.
A BARREL of good humor, and several excellent tunes by Dick Powell who is teamed again with Ruby Keeler. The popular cast also includes ZaSu Pitts and Guy Kibbee on whom a puritanical uncle (Hugh Herbert) considers settling ten million dollars. And Joan Blondell, who lends the film the snap it needs, besides leading a cleverly presented number as "The Girl at the Ironing Board."

A N interesting, but by no means flawless filming of the stage play. Faults of adaptation and casting, however, may be overlooked in the general excellence of the story and the superb performances of Dorothy Burgess and newcomer Margaret Hamilton. There is an exciting courtroom scene, with Ricardo Cortez as the lawyer who defends his wife's (Barbara Robbins) lover (John Beal), accused of murder.

A MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal

A NOTHER Damon Runyon yarn, with an unusual angle. Edward Arnold, a former liquor baron who has served a stretch and is going straight, kidnap's Phillips Holmes to prevent the latter's mother from a silly marriage. But he's double-crossed, and both Holmes and Arnold's daughter (Mary Carlisle) are really kidnapped. Film maintains a fast pace throughout. Principals do fine work. A-1 support.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

DAMES—Warners

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO-Radio

HOUSEWIFE—Warners

ANOTHER Damon Runyon yarn, with an unusual angle. Edward Arnold, a former liquor baron who has served a stretch and is going straight, kidnap's Phillips Holmes to prevent the latter's mother from a silly marriage. But he's double-crossed, and both Holmes and Arnold's daughter (Mary Carlisle) are really kidnapped. Film maintains a fast pace throughout. Principals do fine work. A-1 support.

RELIABLE characterizations do a lot to mitigate the lack of originality, but they fail to make the picture interesting. George Brent is the spineless office worker who, through his wife's (Ann Dvorak) encouragement, starts his own business and acquires wealth and a mistress, Bette Davis. Highlights are gowns by Orry-Kelly, good scenes of tiny Ronnie Cosby, and the comedy of Leila Bennett.

A LIGHT family picture, striving to show that women, after all, run things today. Little in it that is new, but performances by Frances Fuller, Nella Walker, George Barbier, Roscoe Karns are pleasing. And George Bancroft, as Frances' none-too-bright truck driver husband, reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 94]
DEAR MARY: For once I wish I were a critic of motion pictures, rather than people. I’d like to tell you what a clever and promising actress I think you are. But when I’ve watched you in your pictures—lately in “Handy Andy” with Will Rogers, in particular—my hands tingled to get hold of you and take off some of that excess poundage.

Honestly, you sweet, cute darling, you are not a Mae West type. And there’s no reason that I can see, why you ought to have Mae Westish curves.

Ah, those Mae West curves—right here I want to talk to you, and to every other girl in the world, about that “emphatic” figure. When Mae appeared in her first pictures they said exaggerated curves were coming back.

Well, all I can say is, I hope you’re not letting anybody kid you. Mae finds her figure an advantage because she’s different—a type, a character, a gay nineties belle. But her figure is

Mary Carlisle is not the Mae West type, says Sylvia, who believes the pretty Mary's career would profit if she would take off some poundage. Miss Carlisle is well-proportioned and Sylvia's diet is prescribed for "all over" reduction, maintaining her symmetry.

Raw apples are approved in the one-month diet Sylvia suggests for Mary, who is gnawing one in this scene with druggist Will Rogers in "Handy Andy".

Sylvia advises Mary Carlisle to be careful about her curves.
hardly to be taken as a model of feminine beauty today. Her curves are grand for the parts she plays—but they're not for the women of this day and time.

I tell you—too much fat endangers your health, your disposition, and may actually cut down your earning power.

I honestly do not believe that Mae West meant to start a fad. I'm inclined to think lazy women who haven't the perserverance to take off fat are the ones who most want to believe that extreme curves are back.

They aren't back—and never will be.

So listen, Mary Carlisle, don't you try to build up your career with a Mae West assortment of curves. You don't have to. You have a personality all your own, and it is a delightful one! And you are certainly too pretty to be plump. Your figure is in good proportion, but you need to take off weight. Right now you're okay for the roles you play, but you'll be much more versatile when you're slim. There's no limit to what woman can do when she's slim.

Fat is not a stationary thing. It creeps up on you—from your ankles to your chin—when you least expect it. And it's much better to stem the tide, now, than regret it later. And, darling, you're on the road to flesh. I know! I haven't focused my eyes on the fat of Hollywood and elsewhere for the last ten years without being able to spot every ounce of extra flesh I see. You've got to get busy. You and every other girl and woman in the world who is overweight—get busy! Get busy now!

Fat is a habit. As you put it on, you begin to get used to yourself. It comes so gradually. Well, give yourself the once-over in your mirror. Don't you think you can spare some poundage with no harm done? Well, I do. So here's how!

Mary, I'm going to tell you—and every other girl—a wonderful new way of losing as much as fifteen pounds in one month. That's just one month of obeying me—and up to fifteen pounds come off that "fidget." How's that?

WHAT'S more—I'm not going to give you any exercises to do, because your body is so equally proportioned now. I'm just going to tell you a wonderful diet for taking off flesh all over your figure.

First of all, get your system thoroughly cleaned out to prepare it for the pure food you're going to have. And for five days I want you to go on a liquid diet. This will absolutely take off weight and I'm not telling you a fairy story.

Get up at eight A.M. Take a glass of Vichy water immediately.

Take your bath, dress, and then have a large glass of orange juice.

Two hours later—at ten o'clock—take a glass of skimmed milk.

At twelve, have a cup of hot vegetable consommé and a demi-tasse (that's for energy).
Two Who Hiss Hollywood

MacArthur and Hecht of "Front Page" fame have their own ideas about producing films

By Mildred Mastin

A movie set in midsummer is a hot spot! So Hecht made himself as comfortable as possible while directing Margo in a scene in "Crime Without Passion"

Once two playwrights went to Hollywood. And they so panned the place, nobody liked them.

But they were two of the few men there who could write stories that were box-office successes, and pleased the intelligentsia, too. So Hollywood dodged the lemons they threw and put up a bolt front against their barrage of razing criticism. When their hisses reached a new high, Hollywood reminded itself that the pair had written money-makers such as "Front Page," and "20th Century."

Sometimes an irate director or producer would say, "They give me a pain! Sure they can write! But I'd like to see them make a movie."

Recently they went to work in New York—to make a movie. They wrote the script and titled it "Crime Without Passion." They never changed the title.

The two men are Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur.


Now they began work on a story of their own, which they would produce and direct themselves—a picture in which they would avoid everything bad they had seen in Hollywood and to which they would apply everything good they had learned on Broadway.

If you've ever been to a Hollywood studio, their set-up out in Astoria, Long Island, would seem pretty small and unpretentious. With a tremendous stage at their disposal, they camp their equipment in one corner, build a set six

[ Please turn to page 117 ]

Whitney Bourne, leading lady, had never been in films. Claude Rains had made but one picture

To MacArthur and Ben Hecht, picture making should be informal. Their most important decisions have been made while playing a game of backgammon
TRENDS

A SPANISH influence from "The Private Life of Don Juan." Who knows what this starched white ruff and pointed hat of the lovely Joan Gardner may inspire?

THERE'S kinship between the small fur collars and feather trimmed hats of today and Julie Haydon's costume of the Eighties.

A "CLEOPATRA" turban and massive jewelry have been created directly from Claudette Colbert's fascinating screen costume here.

A BOWKNOT of romance worn about the alluring neck of Nell Gwyn. Yet, since pearls are exceedingly chic, why should not modern jewelers copy this very necklace worn by Anna Neagle in that film?

AGAIN the Spanish — with a ribbon in the hair, coarse net for the long knot of hair, spangled net gloves and fan. All evening ideas suggested by Patricia Hilliard in "The Private Life of Don Juan."
THE tunic theme is enjoying an interesting revival this season. It appears in both daytime and evening fashions. In "One More River," Diana Wynyard wears this charming crêpe evening gown with a jacket length tunic. Deep armholes, cleverly draped, make shoulder caps. A dashing red velvet sash has streamers to the skirt train.

RENE HUBERT has designed a cocktail tunic costume for Mona Barrie's own wardrobe which shows how vivid contrast can be artfully employed. A lipstick red crêpe tunic with long black crêpe skirt and sash in a half-and-half affair of both colors. This tunic is longer than Diana's and is quite definitely Russian in its atmosphere.
TWO synthetic fabrics achieve color and texture contrast in a tailored daytime dress from Dorothy Lee's Fall wardrobe. The body of the dress is a moss-like green crêpe. The vestee, buttoning on in novel manner, is a cream colored fabric with one side in a bengaline weave, the other in a satin finish. Accessories are of suede.

RENE HUBERT has gone to costumes of Hungarian peasants for inspiration in designing this satin blouse worn by Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance." The sleeves and the gay embroidery are of peasant origin as well as the basque-like design. Blue wool skirt finishes off this outfit.

COLOR CONTRAST
A FLURRY OF FUR FOR DAYTIME SUITS

JANE WYATT wears two woolen suits in “One More River” that are fur trimmed in unusual ways. One, above, has rich dark brown kolinsky fur trimming her jacket in a complete border about the neck, down the front and around the hem. At the neck the fur forms an upstanding rippled collar which is set away from the face to permit the use of a bright scarf. Hooks and eyes close the jacket.

THE other suit worn by Jane is made with the simplicity of a two-piece dress. The neckline is collarless with only the pleating of the woolen to stand up about the throat. Single fox skins circle each sleeve. And two wooden buttons with a patent leather belt help as closing to the jacket. Her hat is piped and banded with patent leather, suede pumps are trimmed with it. Vera West, designer
NO Fall wardrobe is complete without one black afternoon dress. Walter Plunkett has designed one for Rochelle Hudson to wear in 'Bachelor Bait' that will be perfect for you, too. The synthetic silk is ribbed like bengaline, its sole ornamentation being the clever white lace collar appliqued to it and brought across one side in a sweep. The picture at left gives you a close-up of it.
SUITED TO GAYNOR TYPES

READERS are always crying for more pictures of Janet Gaynor's clothes, so we are being very obliging this month! Here are two more costumes which she wears in "Servants' Entrance." Rene Hubert has given them his deft touch and you will want them for yourselves. Above is a green wool suit with Eton-type jacket. Leopard collar and muff.

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA 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 representative merchants.

- Seymour

POCKET flaps buttoned with wooden knobs are the beginning of box pleats, stitched down, which feature both jacket and skirt. The gay red and white striped blouse collar is worn over the collarless neckline.

TWO poses of a simple little beige wool suit Janet wears in an important scene in the picture show you the details. This is the type of suit that you may wear now and under your tweed or fur coat all winter.
Taking advantage of the leading man's absence! As soon as Roger Pryor left the set, Onslow Stevens and Douglas Fowley began entertaining Heather Angel. And competition between them is strong! Douglas, with that checkered jacket, has her eye at the moment. Miss Angel and Pryor were making "Romance in the Rain," a Universal picture.
LOOKS like manslaughter—in the "old Spanish custom" manner. The young lady with the sharp knife and an evil glint in her eye is Jean Parker. And the strong-armed gentleman, getting rough in self-defense, is Charles Boyer. A dramatic scene from Fox's "Caravan"
Binnie With A Grin

This English red-head has had many tough breaks, but she can smile when recalling them now

By Kirtley Baskette

A big, black sedan speeding madly to Newark airport, to catch a plane bound for Hollywood. Its cargo—a red-headed English actress, her auburn-haired cousin, and a restless, watch-glancing Universal executive.

Near the Holland Tunnel, the piercing wall of sirens, blinding red spotlights—a cordon of pistol-pointing police surrounding the car.

"Looks like 'em all right—two red-heads. File out sister. Let's have a look."

Thus the auspicious American reception of Binnie Barnes, alias Katherine Howard, favorite charmer of bluff King Hal (Charles Laughton) in the memorable film, "The Private Life of Henry VIII." The favorite daughter of England's cinema world, only a few minutes off the boat in New York City, stopped by the law and accused of being a Dillinger gun moll!

The drag-net was out for "two red-headed Dillinger molls" fleeing justice. Both Binnie and her cousin and constant companion, Edna Earle, have reddish tresses. Whether the Universal big-wig looked like Pretty Boy Floyd or not is uncertain.

Binnie's passport was in her trunk—all she had to identify her as a deserving actress was her personality—and the plane was leaving right away. So she turned on her big grin.

A matter of seconds and the cops were asking for her autograph and arranging a motorcycle escort!

Of course, Binnie's not the first English actress to invade Hollywood, but she is the first to breeze in like a Texas prairie wind with a handshake built for a congressman and a smile reaching from one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other.

If the King of England won't pay us the war debts, he might as well let us keep grinnin' Binnie—that is, if Binnie feels like havin' any further traffic with English kings. Her last little experience with Henry cost her her head—but not her smile.

Binnie smiles at everything she says—and she says plenty—truthfully, frankly, willingly.

Since coming to Hollywood that grin has become wider and wider! For Miss Barnes loves roller-skating and Mexican food

For instance, that her given name is not really "Binnie" but "Gittle" (she even smiles when you crack "Gittle long little Binnie") and a smile in the face of a pun like that is some smiling! "Binnie" evolved from an assumed "Billie," because her voice was so masculine over the radio that people began writing her as "Mr. Billie Barnes!"

She grins the information (the first English actress on record to grin such information, no doubt) that her immediate ancestors were not Lady Vere de Vere and Lord Montmorency—Twillingham-on-Thames, but an Italian woman of no aristocratic pretensions and a London bobby.

She can smile when she tells her story of a girlhood clouded with poverty—in London, where poverty is poverty. She smiles as she tells of moving to the country—to a farm in Kent, "Seven Oaks Green," where she pulled a milk-cart about the countryside, delivering milk to rich estates. There she also hired out as a kennel-maid to comb, brush and feed expensive, aristocratic mutts for a few "bob" before her father died. His death forced her mother and her to return to London to a catchpenny existence—and hard work.

Her unconquerably bright face lights up when she recalls the spare pleasures of her girlhood—the "shilling hops" at public dance halls, the only social life she ever knew as a girl. She learned to whirl and dip like a dervish, because there were prizes and because, if you were good enough, there was a chance for a job at the Palais de Danse where an attractive, graceful girl could make a tidy sum taxi-dancing with the cash customers. Sitting in a pen and smiling for a partner who paid a shilling a dance—and the house got half of that.

Then the Cosmo Club—a bit of a better class hall—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]
PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD
BEAUTY SHOP
Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck

FASHION and beauty standards have an interesting way of turning topsy-turvy ever so often. What is de rigueur today, is ridiculously wrong tomorrow. So that the girl who keeps up with the times really needs to have an elastic figure and hair, features and coloring of strangely chameleonic qualities. Bette Davis illustrates these pages this month by reason of two reasons. First, her coiffure styles are new, chic and unique, yet simple enough to do yourself. Second, and this is where the change in beauty standards comes in, Bette explodes an ancient hair theory, which should make a lot of us feel happier. Twenty years ago, to be pretty—because prettiness, not loveliness, was the womankind pulsititude-standard—you needed very long, thick and preferably curly hair. Richness in color was prized, too, but length was certainly the measuring rod. Today, no one wants too thick hair. We pay to have it thinned. No one wants very long hair any more. Again, we pay to have it cut off. We don't even worry much about color any more. We use a rinse for a gleam of the wanted light or depend upon chic arrangement for beauty. Consider Bette's first design at the top, left and right. Apparently, it is a mingling of the Civil War period, Lilly Langtry and the Gibson Girl era, undoubtedly brought to life again by Bette's recent rôle as Mildred in "Of Human Bondage," modified to meet present conceptions of good taste and style. A long hair is tightly curled, then loosely combed to give a slightly frizzy effect. From a side part, the long hair is combed smoothly and rolled in a small pompadour to encircle the head, leaving the ears partly exposed. If your hair is short and curly enough, you won't need pins. If it isn't, use small invisibles to hold the roll. The mode is youthful and creates an illusion of ethereal loveliness.

In the center pictures, left and right, Bette goes very elegant with a coiffure that is as smooth as ice, with a wave on either side and tiny, flat curls for decoration. The coiffure lends a dash and piquancy with a charmingly contradictory school-girlishness. A curling-iron does that bang, half of which is flat and smooth. A little curling lotion, one dent movement with the side of your hand, and you have the side waves. A little more lotion for the flat side curls and ends, and you have a coiffure that would make a French hairdresser gnash his teeth in envy. Use tiny invisible hairpins to hold the side curled until dry. Simply roll up the dampened back on kid or metal curlers and leave on until absolutely dry. Later remove, and use your comb cleverly to keep every hair in place, for that is essential to this arrangement. If you are the type to whom bangs are not flattering, you can see the possibilities of this style with just the side part and plain forehead line. Another adjustment you can make is with the back. If your neck is short or if you are heavy, those low curls will not be becoming. In that case, roll up the ends as suggested, take off the curlers, then re-roll smoothly and high on a cold curling-iron. This will give you high, precise, even curls, inclined to suggest slimness and height. That cold curling-iron is a great aid, in case you don't know about it. It makes far nicer curls than you can ever make on the finger, and is easier. Simply comb out the strands of hair very evenly, grasp the ends lightly in the iron, then roll upward, increasing the pressure. When the curl is in place, hold the rolled hair firmly with the palm of the hand and carefully slip out the iron. Fasten with a fine hairpin, and another, until the curl is firmly in place. The same technique works on bangs and side curls. In fact, wherever stray ends prove stubborn.

To Bette Davis and Carole Lombard go the bouquets for having the most varied and loveliest coiffures in Hollywood. For an arrangement worthy of your swankiest evening gown, look at the two bottom pictures of Bette. While you might manage this affair yourself, I suggest the hairdresser because you want hair perfection for evening. There is a very tricky parting. From a side part, half of the hair on the crown of the head is combed smoothly to the side, the other half brought forward and flatly waved directly over the plain half. All the other hair is flatly waved over the head, while the ends are tightly curled, later to be combed in a soft fluff. The entire hair is then turned into a dozen tiny flat curls, later combed into their original form. A jeweled clasp is the finishing touch. And what a touch! And what a bang! There is, however, a real trick to wearing bangs. They are not for everyone. Usually, if you are young and have a high, smooth forehead like Bette's,
OUR LATEST
COIFFURE ALBUM

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

they are good—and when you have big eyes like the Davis optics. Bangs to be in good taste, should always be the adornment of youth or age. They are not for the middle-aged woman, except in extreme cases. Because, bangs are essentially an adornment. Like gay, fluffy dresses. And so they go for the juenne fille or grandmother type. It seems a case of the extreme for the extremes. Bangs are either very softening to the face or very hardening. They are reminiscent of childhood, so while the face is yet young enough, they are pleasantly suggestive of youth and worldliness. Perhaps that is the reason they are nice also on sweet old ladies. Time has erased the stress of time that often afflicts our faces after thirty and seems to last until life has eased down a bit. So try bangs if you look less than thirty; otherwise think twice before you do.

And now that summer suns and salt water and hatless heads are on the wane for some months, perhaps it might be wise to forget lovely coiffures for the moment and to concentrate on the hair, itself. If you are blonde, perhaps you will find lighter streaks in your hair. If so, that’s what the summer did for you, actually bleached your hair. Fine for many, if it had done a nice, even job. But usually it hasn’t, because only the top that is touched by the sun is bleached. Don’t worry; those light bands will soon disappear with a little home aid. And if you take the stars seriously enough to want to follow some of their expert advice, you will pay a little more attention to the beauty aids you can really give yourself. In the first place, few know you like you know yourself. You, better than anyone else, know the results of care, of treatments, of your reactions to the ministrations to your beauty. If you have time and money for a good hair dresser, there is certainly no reason why you should go through the performance of your own shampoo—which we all know is work. But, on the other hand, if you have not an income to permit the best, it is far more economical and wiser to learn a few little stunts for yourself. A hot oil treatment, for example, than which there is no better method for conditioning hair after summer. If you can do this the night before a shampoo, so much the better. If not, even an hour or two of oil on your scalp is going to show you a new head of hair. You can use olive oil or one of the daintier prepared oils. Begin by brushing hair free of dust, combing, then applying on small square of cotton about a tablespoon of the oil, which has been comfortably warmed. Cover the whole scalp with oil, then gently massage in with fingertips. Steam if possible, cover the head with a towel and leave on as long as you can.

Suppose we roll up our sleeves and go to work in earnest in the cause of a good shampoo. You have a wide choice in your cleansing agents. There are liquid shampoos, powders that you first dissolve in water, jellies in tubes and cake soap. Choice is a matter of preference. If a cake soap agrees with your face and you like it for hair also, use it in this manner. Shave about a third of a cake in two cups of cold water, simmer over a low flame until all is dissolved. Wet the hair thoroughly in water as hot as you can stand, except in the few cases where the shampoo is to be applied to unwet hair. When the shampoo is on the head, concentrate on the scalp, because there the oil and other deposits gather. Always use the pads of the fingers, never the nails. Instead of rubbing, manipulate the fingers in firm, rotary movements over the entire head, concentrating on the hairline at forehead, ears and back of neck. These edges gather an accumulation of powder and cream and always need extra cleansing. After the first attack, rinse and start all over again. As a rule, two washings are all that the average head needs, but if your shampoo is overdue, three times aren’t too many. Now that we’ve covered the groundwork, the finishing touch is the rinse, and on this depends much of the success of your home shampoo. You know how the beauty parlor rinses and rinses. Well, you do the same. A shower or spray lightens the job for you. A comfortably warm rinse seems the best, although if you react well to that final dash of cold water, all right. I do know, however, that naturally curly hair is always nicer with a warm parting rinse. It leaves hair softer and curlier. Gently manipulate the scalp and lift the hair as you rinse. Partly dry in a large, lintless towel in a mild sun, if possible. Then brush the tangled ends of your hair before you apply a comb, preparatory to the setting and final curling.
THE labor is now done and we begin the art—the art of setting and curling. For this you may need a wave set lotion, and you will need setting combs, kid or metal curlers and hairpins. In the May issue of *Photoplay* this department showed in detail just how Alice White makes her own curls, and because her soft bob and feathery bangs are typical of many heads today, the same routine is repeated for the benefit of those with the average soft bob. With this type it is easier if you leave the head hair unwaved and concentrate on ends and bangs. However, if you want a head wave, apply a light lotion by smoothing over the hair a square of absorbent cotton saturated with it. You can also comb it through the hair, if you prefer this method. Press in broad, irregular waves with the side of the hand and catch with the setting combs. This requires a knack, but it will come with practice. Now take the bangs or any face curls, dampen well and twirl in a tight, snail effect. Catch each securely with an invisible hairpin. Part at least two layers of hair at the back sideways, then divide and roll up the little curls on the curlers. Do the next layer in the same manner. By doing them this way, you may make two even rolls, individual curls or comb the hair out in a fluff. Millions of hairpins and many curlers have been used by the Hollywood stars in just this manner. Of course, if you have a permanent to work on, your job is that much easier, but you can manage pretty well on untouched hair if it has the slightest tendency to curl. On this page you will see a picture of Glenda Farrell wearing a net wave cap, which is just the trick after that hair is all in place. It's a great little device for preserving a wave.

**PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR GOOD LOOKS**

**Glenda Farrell** tells most of her beauty story in the pictures on this page, with the exceptions of two points. If the contours of your face are like Glenda's you can make your face appear more oval by extending the outer lines of the brows and by applying your face rouge rather far back on the cheekbones. This treatment of make-up has a tendency to clarify the upper face and to make the lower face appear slenderer. Then I asked Glenda a question of importance to us all. Just what does the man of today like about the modern girl? Glenda, who was sitting on a bed, hunched herself up on the pillow for an answer. The answer required thought. But Glenda is the girl with the thoughts and the spirit to express them. Glenda thinks that extremes in personality are always dangerous. She cited the case of the girl who goes so demure that her escort is afraid to offer her a cocktail. Men don’t like that kind, nor do they like the type who goes ultra-smart and ultra-modern, and above all they detest the type that will tell off-color stories or use off-color words simply for effect. It seems unfeminine and unnatural, and is certainly not the right personality touch for a lovely coiffure and a charming gown. Yet many girls will foolishly persist in such an attack as a play for attention. It gets the attention, all right, but not the right kind.

There is a degree in personality between the hoyden and the violet that seems to strike a good chord because it is a normal attitude. It puts other people at their ease, and humor and tolerance are important ingredients. There is just one thing about the humor that you must always remember, cautions Glenda, and that is...
STOCKING RUNS used to be June's pet peeve before she began using Lux. For this popular young blonde knows that dowdy stockings make even the loveliest legs look ugly.

But while she was dancing her way to stardom, she discovered for herself an important stocking secret. Like so many other Hollywood stars, she found that stockings whisked through Lux after every wearing not only fit better—but don't go into runs nearly so often!

YOU, TOO, can cut down runs in stockings the way Hollywood does. Lux helps stockings give instead of snapping under everyday strains, because it saves elasticity.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali, because these things weaken elasticity. Of course, Lux has no harmful alkali. Stockings wear ever so much longer cared for the Lux way!

"I won't let my maid use anything but Lux for my stockings or any of my personal things," says this star of Universal's Romance in the Rain. "It keeps them lovely as new!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

Vera West, wardrobe supervisor for Universal Pictures, says, "Some of the costumes used on the sets are returned to my department in rather bad condition. But if they're washable at all, I know Lux will make them like new. It cleans them like magic, and it's so safe! Materials and colors come out of Lux as lovely as ever. I wouldn't be without it!"

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

TRUST TO LUX
FOR many, many years Walter Connolly refused to travel West to make pictures. He didn’t like them and wouldn’t have anything to do with them. It was while he was ill in a hospital that he let Columbia coax him into signing a contract to go to Hollywood.

The contract called for four months a year in pictures and the rest of the time to be devoted to the New York stage. With his very first role, that of the Senator in “Washington Merry-Go-Round” he became a “picture stealer” and with each new picture his popularity increased. He now has a new five year contract with Columbia which keeps him in Hollywood constantly.

Walter was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 8, 1888. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall; weighs 190 pounds and has light brown hair and brown eyes. While appearing on the stage he met and married Nedda Harrigan. That was thirteen years ago. They have one daughter, Anna, aged nine, who is in school in the East. Mrs. Connolly appeared on the stage until recently when she signed for a role in Jack Holt’s picture “I’ll Fix It.”

Walter’s latest release is “Whom the Gods Destroy.” Next he will be seen in “Servants’ Entrance” as Janet Gaynor’s father. This is the second time he has played dad to Janet. Remember him in “Paddy, the Next Best Thing”? He recently finished “The Captain Hates the Sea” and after many weeks spent on the water taking scenes, Walter doesn’t blame the Captain.

SYLVIA JACOBSON, ELKADER, IOWA.—William Powell was born July 29, 1892. He was divorced from Carole Lombard in August 1933.
STYL-EEZ Shoes
know the way...

THEY know the way to beauty, to smartness, to comfort...these lovely shoes...and they know the way to the heart of every fashion-wise young woman who keeps an eye on her budget. Their slender grace and flattering lines emphasize the daintiness of feminine feet. Their scientific features (so cleverly concealed) are your secret protection from tired, aching arches and that awkward inward rotating which can so easily mar the beauty of your walk. Once you wear Styl-Eez shoes, with their smooth combination of chic and comfort, you’ll wonder why you were ever satisfied with less.

"See Your Chiropodist Regularly"

The "ZULA"
Combines gabardine or suede with kid - $6 and $6.50
Slightly higher west of Rockies

The Selby Shoe Co. Portsmouth, Ohio
Please send me a copy of your Styl-Eez Booklet.

Name:
Address:

Send this coupon for the Styl-Eez Booklet of features and new models
A Raid on the Refrigerator

A novel party idea that does away with all the formalities

dished out and in the refrigerator before going off early in the evening. Leaving only the coffee to "perc" while the party chats over a highball or two.

Of course, you will set out a board with a few cheese favorites. And there will be cold cuts, bread or muffins, and such other appetizers as potato chips, olives, pickled beets, sliced cucumbers, anchovies, etc.

Now for a new twist to some old reliable.

STUFFED CELERY—Use cream cheese and Roquefort in equal proportions. Mash with a silver fork, thin to proper consistency by adding mayonnaise. Season with salt, pepper, paprika and a few drops of Worcestershire Sauce. Fill the chilled, crisp stalks, sprinkle with paprika.

STUFFED EGGS—Another tempter, also slightly varied by use of gelatin. Dissolve 1 teaspoon of plain gelatin in 1 tablespoon of cold water, over hot water. Mix with 1 cup of mayonnaise. Cut 6 hardboiled eggs in half lengthwise and remove the yolks. Mix and mash yolks with 2 tablespoons chopped ham, 1 teaspoon pickle relish, salt and pepper. Thin with juice from relish. Fill the whites with this mixture and garnish with rings of stuffed olives.

MOLDED SUPPER SALAD—This is almost imperative, and can be made up several hours in advance. Dissolve 1 package of lemon gelatin in 2 cups of boiling water. Add 2 tablespoons of vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt. Let it cool until it begins to thicken. Then fold in 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup of shredded cabbage, ¼ cup of grated carrot and chopped green pepper. Turn into a mold. Serve on crisp lettuce.

A delicious dessert, easy to make, and one which is always acceptable, is BISCUIT TORTONI—Use the following ingredients: 1 cup dry macaroni crumbs, 1 cup of milk, ¾ cup of sugar, 1 cup of whipped cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon of almond extract, and a few grains of salt. Soak most of the macaroni crumbs in the milk, with the sugar and salt, for one hour. Then fold in the whipped cream and the extracts. Fill little paper cases such as are used around cup cakes, with the mixture and place remaining crumbs on top. Now put in the chilling unit of your refrigerator to freeze.

If you prefer a fruit dessert, also made in a jiffy, try STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM—Soak 2 tablespoons of plain gelatin in ¾ cup of cold water, and dissolve in ½ cup of boiling fruit juice. Cool. Then use 1½ cups of crushed fresh strawberries, sweetened to taste. Add fruit to the gelatin mixture, and allow it to become cold, but not set. Then gradually fold in 1½ cups of whipped cream, and return to the refrigerator until firm.

Next time you have friends in after the theater, make them earn their way. And they'll like it—on that you can depend. Lead on to the kitchen, give the crowd just the faintest clue, and watch them scamper for that "treasure chest."

Pretty Maureen O'Sullivan says, "For real fun and a real supper, give me a raid on the ice-box, anytime!"

This lass of the Erin Isles knows the precious combination to a successful party—good, wholesome food, prepared in advance, and an atmosphere of cordial informality (though, of course, it may be a dressy affair) with each guest having a definite part in the activities.

Whether or not we realize it, we all most enjoy visiting the friends who make us feel at home by soliciting our suggestions and little helps. Following this simple practise, Maureen invariably has the sort of merry get-together talked over in glowing terms weeks afterward.

For the "after-theater raid," Maureen has everything nicely

So that she will be free to entertain her guests, Maureen prepares all her dishes early in the evening, setting china, cutlery, napkins, etc., in readiness, too.
Paris...IN THE EVENING!

All its fascination, its gaiety, its glamour... in a Perfume

ROMANCE is in the very air—exciting mystery lurks around every corner—a glamorous spell broods over the whole of the great city. It always captivates—the enchantment of an Evening in Paris.

Yet, for you, here in America, is the same enchantment! For, caught in a rare and glorious perfume, is the very spirit of an Evening in Paris. Under the spell of its fragrance, as of a real Evening in Paris, you discover the most glamorous you!

EVENING IN PARIS
Perfume $5.50. Other sizes $1.10, $2.75. De luxe package $10.00. Toilet Water $1.25. Face Powder $1.10. Vanities $1.10 to $2.75.

Evening in Paris PERFUME by BOURJOIS
Sally's pretty and Sally's smart!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way... guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—blackheads, perhaps? No need to worry! Hollywood's beauty care—Lux Toilet Soap—will help you!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way
Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many a girl who thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—unable to function normally. Cosmetic Skin develops.

You needn't run this risk. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up thoroughly the modern Lux Toilet Soap way. Then you protect your skin—keep it beautiful. You want the loveliness that makes a girl attractive to everyone who sees her!
Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with Lux Toilet Soap I guard against Cosmetic Skin

Miriam Hopkins
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S “SHE LOVES ME NOT”
Out rolled everything—and "Pocketbook Panic"* opened her eyes . . .

FROM THEN ON

Ginger Rogers

INSISTED ON TALON•FASTENED HANDBAGS

for SECURITY

Appearance counts with the stars. Hours are spent planning their costumes, completing them with the correct accessories. And when it comes to handbags, they choose models with Talon Fasteners because of the trimness, security and convenience this device assures!

The Talon Fastener actually adds to the appearance of a handbag while assuring the security and safety of its contents. It operates with lightning speed—opens quickly—closes snugly—with a gentle pull on the Talon Slider.

You'll find it on smart handbags of every type . . . in every price range. Sometimes it's on the inside, sometimes it's the closing of the bag itself. But be sure it is there! For this slide fastener is your guide to a completely satisfactory bag—from every point of view!

*"Pocketbook Panic" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.

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Answers by Sylvia

My dear Sylvia:

Just a note to thank you for all you've done for me. I hardly believed it when you said that we women could do for ourselves what you have done for the movie stars. But when I compare a snapshot of myself (when I weighed one hundred and sixty-five) to my reflection in the mirror (I now weigh one hundred and thirty) I, too, know it can be done.

R. W. D., Stockton, Calif.

I give you my word, I'd rather have a letter like that than a diamond bracelet (and I'm feminine enough to like diamond bracelets). Your letter makes me feel simply grand! I want a lot of lazy girls who won't do what I tell them to read it, and maybe they'll get the courage you have. For, although you didn't say so, believe me, I know it takes courage to reduce thirty-five pounds. More power to you—and I know you look beautiful.

Dear Sylvia:

Would you mind repeating your exercise for reducing the stomach and abdomen? I would appreciate it very much.

Mrs. A. D., New York City.

Here are two exercises for reducing the stomach and abdomen. Lie face down on the floor with arms stretched tight above your head. Feel the muscles in your stomach pull. Now roll back and forth and, at the same time, hitch yourself along the floor, putting all your weight on your stomach. You can just feel the fat cells being smashed off. Here's another: Lie face down on the floor with your arms above your head. Get a friend to take hold of your ankles and pull your legs high in the air, then lower them to the floor. Feel your stom-

In the morning a glass of Vichy water. For breakfast have a piece of melon with lemon juice or some other raw fruit (but in the morning keep away from peaches, apricots and grapes). Have clear coffee and rye wafers with a little butter and honey, if you like.

At eleven, take a glass of tomato or orange juice.

For luncheon have a big lettuce salad with lemon juice, rye wafers spread with cream cheese, lots of fresh green onions and a clear cup of tea. That's a wonderful luncheon—tasty and nourishing.

Eat a big raw apple at four p.m.

For dinner have lots of celery, a cup of jellied consommé, a salad of red or white raw cabbage with lemon juice, all the green asparagus you like (but be sure it isn't steamed for more than twenty minutes, as more cooking than that takes out the valuable minerals). Don't take any more meat than a piece about the size of a big lamb chop. Then, for dessert, have some fresh fruit and a demi-tasse.

Now remember—for five days the liquid diet. Then for the rest of the month the diet I've just given you, and, Mary, darling, I honestly believe you'll be grateful to me for this for the rest of your life. Because you can lose fifteen pounds in one month—and maybe even a little more—and you'll feel so grand you'll be going around snapping your fingers in supervisors' faces. You'll have more pep and energy than a puppy. And what a figure you'll have!

I just can't wait to see how gorgeous you're going to look if you take this advice. Everyone already raves about your acting. I want people to rave about your figure, too. And I think I've been more than generous not to make you take any exercises. But wait—I've got my eye on you.

If I see any lumps of flesh on you after you've reduced about fifteen pounds all over, I'll write you another letter.

And listen, darling, don't let anybody tell you again that "curves are coming back." They never will, and I don't want to hear that you've fallen for that. Shave down your figure, build up your energy, don't let fat get a running start on you. You can get by now, but I'm warning you about the next three months—unless you take this advice. Your followers take my advice, Mary, and I'm sure that you have as much foresight and courage as they have. I'm betting on you.

Love,

Sylvia.
Be the Twin of Your Favorite Star in Her Favorite Fabric—CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The queenly beauty of Frances Drake is enhanced by the slim, gracious lines of this gown, and the richly dull texture of Celanese Pabrilla. Worn with the brief jacket, it is perfect for the cocktail hour.

Luminous Celanese Satin in a slim, molded white gown that flows to a brief train is the choice of Frances Drake, Paramount star appearing in "Ladies Should Listen." The matching jacket is finger-tip length.

- Since the chic "inner circle" of Hollywood's best-dressed stars discovered the flattering qualities of Celanese Fabrics, these glamorous weaves are playing starring roles. They are seen not only "on the lot," but at exclusive Hollywood social events. The Cinema Shop in your city brings you duplicates—in slinky satin weaves of Celanese or richly dull Celanese Crepes—of the same dramatic fashions you applaud on the screen, as well as the fashions worn at the moment by the smartest stars in Hollywood!

Hollywood Fashions in Celanese Fabrics available at shops carrying Hollywood Cinema Fashions

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City
HOME-MADE LOVELINESS

By Carolyn Van Wyck

Pert Kelton knows that cleanliness is the source of skin beauty, so she does a good job with a complexion brush on her face, neck, arms and hands.

High time for conditioning hair, skin and hands after the summer. Our leaflets, "Skin Ailments," "A Heavenly Halo" and "The Perfect Home Manicure" tell you of simple, effective home aids that will enable you to throw off signs of too much summer. Yours for a stamped, self-addressed envelope—one for each, please. On personal problems also please write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY® Magazine, 221 West 57th St., New York City.

| continued from page 70 |

that if you can laugh at other people you must be sure also to be able to laugh at yourself. Glenda, you can see, would have a joke at her own expense if it would amuse other people. This is what is known as being a good sort, the type whom others will want to call friend and comrade. And for general popularity, nothing beats this relationship. Romance is often short-lived, but if your companionship is the kind that is elastic with men, that is if you can manage to get as much fun out of a movie or a walk in the park as you can from an extravagant dinner and dance on some glittering roof-garden, then you never need fear for your popularity.

Glenda warns you above all of the girl with the self-importance complex. The Sarah Bernhardt slant, she calls it. We all dramatize ourselves at times, but indulge in this little pastime for yourself only. Don't inflict it on others if you want your telephone to ring frequently. Glenda tells me that because of having several brothers, her own sense of self-importance was shot to pieces at an early age, and nothing better could happen to any girl, she believes.

A likable quality in Glenda is her frankness. There she sat, plumped in the middle of a pillow, in canary silk pajamas the color of her hair, frankly admitting to the beauty problems that best us all. Glenda would tell you that she is a natural ash blonde who introduces more gold in her hair by a special treatment. Girls with the same problem of hair should first consult the best available hairdresser, then learn to keep the hair light as the authority suggests. There are so many varying shades of blonde hair; hair, itself, is so very individual, that this is by far the safest method.

Glenda admits to a blackhead now and then. "Who doesn't occasionally have at least one?" she asks. And who doesn't? Glenda's cleansing ritual is, first, an application of cleansing cream to remove make-up, then a thorough washing with water and soap, followed by a nourishing or softening cream which remains on her face while she baths, or overnight if the skin seems dry. In the case of an offending blackhead, just a little more thorough cleansing.

If more of us could realize that every skin will protest now and then over some little indiscretion in diet, sleep or daily habits, we would not fly into a panic over every little outbreak. You should first of all watch diet, drink a little more water, get enough sleep, and then watch cleansing methods. An extra-thorough scrubbing with soap and water often does the trick. That complexion brush that Pert Kelton is using is a marvelous aid in avoiding skin ailments because it not only cleanses thoroughly but arouses a rapid circulation, a good cure in itself for a faulty skin.

You would be surprised to know how many famous screen beauties supplement their regular visits to a beauty salon with vigorous homework on themselves. And that is what you must learn to do, if it is not yet a definite routine with you. Make use of your spare moments for sound beautifying work. It's a poor excuse to say you haven't time in a busy day for a few essential yet simple beauty rites. Only lazy people wait for the beauty experts to do all the work for them!

And these personal tips from the stars are applicable to every girl who reads them— their problems are yours and their solutions prove guide-posts for each of you.
Learn Your Color Harmony in Make-Up

* You Can Be More Beautiful Than You Really Think You Are!

YOU are a definite color harmony type... whatever may be your variation of blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, proved in creating make-up for the stars of the screen. Thus, it is only by using the correct color harmony tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick that you can really bring out to the fullest degree the dramatic interest and magnetic attraction of your own beauty. And this Hollywood's screen stars have found to be the secret of beauty in make-up...and so will you, too.

In the New Attraction of Your Beauty You'll See Why This New Make-Up is Magic

What a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own color harmony in Max Factor's make-up. For imagine how perfect it must be...each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the life-like color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Society Make-Up

Accept This Priceless Beauty Gift...

Would you like to have the personal make-up advice of the genius who for twenty-odd years has created the make-up for Hollywood's Motion Picture World? Would you like to receive your personal Color Harmony Make-Up Chart? Would you like to know Hollywood's secrets in the art and technique of make-up? See coupon at right.

Max Factor's Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally

Actual life-like color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge... and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings...as you blend it, you'll see how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin texture.

Lip Make-Up that Lasts and Lasts

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone... Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours, yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test.

Genius Cannot be Imitated...

And it is Max Factor's name only, that assures you of true color harmony tones in Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Remember, that the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Magazine, is recognition that must have been deserved.

Now the Luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Holly- wood'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 dol- lar...featured by all leading stores.

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR...HOLLYWOOD
Now fill in the spaces for Powder and Rouge in your color harmony chart and coupon, below. Send 10 cents for postage and handling. You will receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a Wonder Booklet, "The New Art of Beauty Making"...FREE.
Not a Minute of Childhood

(continued from page 38)

by the personal appearance of Vera Gordon, then at the height of her picture career. Mrs. Mack determined to see the great Gordon and seek her advice. Helen was dressed in her best dotted Swiss, her dark hair parted into rigid curls, and the Macks set out for Miss Gordon's hotel.

The plushy humanness of Vera Gordon is no mere stage technique. She loves people, her fellow beings—even mothers with elocution-ridden children. She didn't turn the Macks away, although she was resting between shows.

Helen says, “I wonder often about my fate, if Vera Gordon had refused to see us that afternoon. Would my routine read, college, romance, and marriage, instead of greasepaint, footsteps and cameras? I wonder.”

The Gordon advice was short and to the point:

“Take the child to Hollywood or New York, if you want a career for her.”

The Macks had missed two months after the Gordon interview, to provide funds for the launching of Helen. Mother and daughter boarded a train for New York, while Mr. Mack, with the benign patience of the typical American husband, stayed in Rock Island, bereft of his family.

Now Mrs. Mack had what it takes to be a child star's mother. A strange city, a hall bedroom and a scant bank balance didn't stymie her.

She picked up a telephone thirty minutes after their arrival in New York and told the confounded operator to get Vera Gordon on the line.

It was an old Rock Island custom, but it didn’t work in New York.

Mrs. Mack felt that the Eastern folks weren't treating a stranger with decent hospitality, and told the operator as much before she hung up.

After several weeks searching, Miss Gordon was found at the old Cosmopolitan Studio, and to this day Helen says she can remember the dismayed expression on that gentle woman's face when she spied the pair of them.

But she could take it standing up, Vera Gordon could, and she made immediate arrangements for Helen's enrollment in the Professional Children's School, for a series of still pictures, and for her registration with every good theatrical agent's office in New York City.

Helen was first called from her studies in the third grade at the Professional School for a time to part in a story play, “The Idle Inn.” From that moment a deluge of work engulfed her, a deluge that submerged childhood, the seasons, the years. Helen's life became a crazy-quilt pattern of silent pictures, lines in plays, walks in casting offices, rehearsals, weeks on the road, piece meal periods at the Professional School, daily tussles with school books on dim stages or glaring sets (the New York laws were severe, even then, on the educational standards of child players).

The avalanche of work was, no doubt, due to Mrs. Mack's clever method of permitting Helen to apply alone for jobs. At the age of seven, Helen was trained to leave her mother at the foot of the stairways leading to agent's offices and take her place on the long waiting bench.

She was a tiny child for her age, with enormous black eyes and long dark curls. It is little wonder that the brittle crust armoring New York's casting directors was pierced by the solitary efforts of this mite.

Her spectacular days in advance went something like this:

“Good afternoon, Mr. Ginsberg. I am Helen Mack. I have just finished 'Pied Piper Malone' with Thomas Meighan, for Paramount, and I have appeared on the stage in 'The Idle Inn,' 'Pompery's Night,' and 'Neighbors.' Have you anything for me today?" Mr. Ginsberg usually had something for her.

She captured the coveted child's rôle in “Zaza” from the ranks of a mob scene, by following her mother's advice to waylay Allan Dwan, the director.

“Couldn't I play the part of Mr. Warner's little girl?" she lisped to the amused man. But the slap got over, and she got the part.

It was at this time that her periodic schoolmates at the Professional School and on the sets included Ruby Keeler, Tom Brown, Helen Chandler, Gene Raymond and Marguerite Churchill.

It was also at this time that the foundation was laid for one of her most vivid childhood memories—that of narrow-eyed, tense mothers looming from behind directors' chairs.

Helen tells it so well in her own words:

"I've seen children, limp with the effort of redoing a scene or from the mental feat of remembering long stage lines, start to cry with fatigue.

"I have seen them blink back the tears, muster a smile and go on, trying after one black glare from the inevitable mother in the background.

"My mother never practiced this fine form of torture. The moment I was on a set or in a stage, she disappeared behind the scenery, only to reappear when lunch or the finish was called.

"She never reprimanded me for a failure, and only once can I recall any impatience over a professional stupidity. But mother was the exception, not the rule among stage parents."

Another poignant memory concerns her graduation day from the Professional School. She was thirteen at the time, but the memory does not do with the usual baccalaureate details—that her frock was white taffeta or that she carried yellow roses.

She only recalls that before the ceremonies were completed she learned that two young girls were needed in a hurry for a vaudeville sketch.

With a girl friend, Helen left her graduation flat, and, still clutching her sheaf of yellow roses, tore up Forty-Second Street to the agents' office.

Both girls advanced their respective ages to sixteen, and landed the jobs.

So Helen celebrated adolescence, the approach of young womanhood, in a two-town-a-week vaudeville act.

Mother Mack did not accompany her on the tour, and Helen found it necessary to grow up over night.

True to the vaudevillians' code, the adults in the act watched over the youngsters like a group of New England aunts. But there were other things that a thirteen-year-old seldom learns—how to keep a laundry bill down, how to make handkerchiefs look as if they had really been ironed, how to check baggage, catch a train after midnight, to sleep at any time and in any position, and how to make a distinctly tired stage costume come to life with a dry cleaning session.

A fourteen she had her first dinner date and was not at all abashed by a masculine "line," head-waiters or caviar.

She was ready for adult roles when she returned to New York, after two years on the road.

She had seen every corner of America during that time, an accomplishment few fifteen-year-olds achieve.

The first grown-up rôle was in “Straight Through The Door,” then “Subway Express” and “Dread,” the latter having Madge Evans and Spencer Tracy as the principals.

The Fox contract that developed from these stage appearances you have probably read and learned about long ere this. That Helen was cast in her initial pictures in simpering ingenue roles, and, as a result, spent the following year without a day's work in the film colony, you, no doubt, know.

That she didn't mind stooping to Westerns with Buck Jones and Ken Maynard, just for a chance to "show 'em," has been published many times.

That she did an amazing comeback in "Sweepings" and again in "All of Me," is current news.

That everything is in full sail, with fair weather ahead, is proved by Paramount's faith in her—a faith that included the plum of the year, the lead in "You Belong To Me," appears on the horizon.

For victories like these, Helen claims a childhood is well lost. For the rich warehouse of knowledge she has stored full during thirteen years of incessant work, she gladly relinquishes a girlhood. For the joy of signing her name to a Paramount contract, she would match her ratio of happiness with that of any other girl of twenty.

But all this won't do for her daughter.

There will be no lost childhood for Helen Mack's progeny. All the conventional mechanics of the nursery will surround the children she so definitely plans to have in the future.

No footlights, no grease-paint, no elocution, and no cameras. There will be fairy tales and spinach, clocked sunbaths and orange juice, and a child psychology chart tacked to the nursery wall.

Only once during our three-hour session was Helen's soliloquy interrupted. That occurred when tiny Shirley Temple, the five-year-old sensation of "Little Miss Marker" and "Baby Take A Bow," passed the dressing room door with her mother.

As if to herself, Helen murmured, "Poor little Shirley."
Anouncing the 154 Prize Winners
in Borden’s $2,850 Letter Contest

CONGRATULATIONS and far checks to
the writers of the 154 best contest letters on “Why I Like BORDEN’S Evaporated Milk Best.”

During this contest thousands upon thousands of letters poured in from all parts of the country. Many wrote that they insist on Borden’s because of its rich, true milk flavor — others because their doctor recommended it for infant-feeding — others because of the creaminess it gives coffee, tea, soups and dishes in which milk or cream is used.

The downright economy of Borden’s Evaporated Milk was still another popular reason.

And — what pleases us most — almost every writer mentioned his confidence in any product bearing the Borden name.

Winners of the major prizes were announced during the July 22 broadcast of Borden’s famous radio show “45 Minutes In Hollywood.” The complete list of prize winners is given below:

FIRST PRIZE $1,000

MRS. SAM FLINT,

SECOND PRIZE $500

MISS ALICE AYAMAI,
4500 So. Downing, Englewood, Colo.

THIRD PRIZE $250

MRS. MARY H. CROCKETT,
320 Anderson, Warrensburg, Mo.

FOURTH PRIZE $100

MRS. P. M. WYNNE,
431 N. E. 29th St., Miami, Fla.

50 FIFTH PRIZES — $10 EACH

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Mrs. Bertha Boos, Albany, N. Y.
Mr. J. L. Way, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. M. E. Birkner, Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. W. C. Bohn, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. G. H. Brown, Boston, Mass.
Mr. J. B. Bryan, D. D. S., Evansville, Ind.
Mr. J. Campion, East Cleveland, Ohio
Miss H. W. Cook, Reading, Pa.
Mrs. F. Cottingham, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. John Criggs, Vineland, N. J.
Mrs. Albertta Duff, Toronto, Ont.
Mr. Laneata Fairson, Toronto, Ont.
Mr. Gordon Forrest, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Robert Granor, Hartsdale, N. Y.
Mrs. G. T. Henderson, Augusta, Ga.
Mrs. R. H. Hilt, Chicago, II.
Mrs. C. S. Hollis, Troy, N. Y.
George N. Jensen, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Robert Johnson, Roosevelt, N. Y.
Mrs. R. E. Jones, Salt Lake City, Utah
Mrs. Ruth Keith, Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Miss Bert Knowles, Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. Pauline Krueger, Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. A. L. Little, Berkeley, Calif.
Mrs. F. L. Long, Sterling, Ill.
Mrs. Irene Lovett, West Phila., Pa.
Mrs. Jessie Mages, Jerome, Ariz.
R. O. Mooney, Denver, Colo.
Mrs. I. Nance, Washington, D. C.
Mr. M. E. Nell, West Norristown, Pa.
Mrs. A. C. Parnell, Atlantic, Ga.
Mr. O. L. Parker, Salt Lake City, Utah
Virginia Pleil, Highland Park, Mich.
Mrs. Zoe Porter, Chittenden, Vt.
Mrs. J. C. Power, Baltimore, Md.
Henry Raile, M. D., Salt Lake City, Utah
Mrs. H. S. Robb, Edwards Mother, Mich.
Mrs. R. R. Smith, Richmond, Ky., Mo.
Miss Sophia Staliker, Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. O. L. Sunset, Orlando, Fla.
H. A. Summer, Des Moines, Iowa
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Miss Louise Walton, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. E. D. Welter, Waco, Tex.

100 SIXTH PRIZES — $5 EACH

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Mrs. L. A. Anderson, Waco, Tex.
Mrs. M. Norr Anderson, Grantville, Utah
Mrs. L. C. Armstrong, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Elma A. Bailey, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Emma Rumbull, Topeka, Kans.
Mrs. E. F. Bate, Logan, Utah
Nancy S. Bean, Beatrice, Neb.
Mrs. R. W. Bell, Hebron, Ohio
Mrs. C. S. Bennett, Tampa, Fla.
A. W. Bick, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Evelyn Bowes, St. John, N. B.
George L. Bradley, Houston, Tex.
Mrs. K. C. Brown, Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. G. C. Cardwell, Jr., West Chester, Pa.
Mr. W. A. Carr, Carthage, N. Y.
Mrs. Thomas Carr, St. Paul, Minn.
Mrs. F. S. Conn, Charlotte, N. C.
Anne C. Copeland, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. M. Connolly, New York, N. Y.
Glady Davis, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. E. Davis, Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Mrs. Theo. Daniels, St. Charles, Idaho
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Mr. George Finlayson, Woonsocket, R. I.
Mr. E. Fisher, Tucson, Ariz.
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Back to the Farm

[continued from page 27]

farmer, had about the saddest experience of anyone. It seems Warner went about for days, begging and pleading with people to help him with his "irritation." But no one could make out what or who he wanted to irritate. "It's my crops," he cried. "They'll die if they're not irritated." "Well, for heaven's sake," one actor finally snapped, "if anyone can irritate them, you. You've got me irritated into a nervous wreck."

And then, by crackle, it was discovered that Jimmy was engaged in crossing cucumbers with grapefruit in order to get lemons with schmozales. Which would have been all right if the frosts hadn't come and all the schmozales began sneezing and blowing at once. It was awful. Smudge pots (in pastel shades) were brought out to no avail. The sneezing kept up till they finally blew off all the peellings from the fruit on Mae West's ranch next door. Nothing daunted, Mae simply hung up a sign advertising, "Gonost orange. Not a fan in sight. No peel but sex-appeal." And made a fortune overnight.

Beulah, pare me a persimmon.

Of course, the time Jack Oakie in his sweater-shirt appeared at the last costume dance of the Mayfair held in Adolphe Menjou's barn, followed by six little pigs in all-sweater-shirts just about climaxed the whole farm movement. Jack's such a card! But the way the pigs (he swore they were the Four Marxes and Wheeler and Woolsey in disguise) kept squealing when the dancers trampled them, or when they were tripped headlong into the leg of hard cider, was too amazing.

And what with Wally Beery going about cracking farmers and farmerettes over the bandanas, screaming, "I see you durn fool be the constable" was more fun. More people were crippled for life.

Of course, the next day all the farmers gathered at farmer Will Rogers' general store down by the crossroads and sent the following with Mr. Hoover to Congress: "We farmers want relief." And Congress wired back, "Relief from what?"

The farmers replied, "Relief from Jack Oakie." Then the lawmakers came back with "You keep Oakie and we'll keep the war debt." So the matter was dropped.

Gable bought acres and acres of farm land merely for his beloved sketeshoot. And then came a dandy letter from an admirer in New Jersey: "Why don't you come over here and shoot sketesh? We've got them as big as pigs." But Clark didn't go.

It's Jack Warner, producer of Warner Brothers pictures, who has the most unique farm of all. He merely ordered from the studio prop room four acres of papier-mache apple trees and then had the entire acreage surrounded by mirrors, which made exactly four hundred acres where only four had been before. And, as Mr. Warner himself asks us, "Consider the apple picking it saves."

Well, yes and no.

Of course, there's that recently imported star who has gone too, too Hollywood for words. His arrival from out his Egyptian-Scottish type farm house each morning is heralded by four blasts on the cornet, formerly used to summon the harvest hands to supper. This, naturally, sets up a fearful row among the animals, who have no way of knowing whether here, at last, is Gabriel after all this time—or what?

Then a large, black Negro with a slight Cecil DeMille influence carries an umbrella over the monocled, white-lined actor. Another black carries a cocktail shaker of champagne cocktails.

Awaiting him on the edge of the field is his chair with his name printed on the back in gold letters.

"Proceed," he says with a wave of his hand as he reclines in his chair. A pair of plough horses, in sun tan make-up and wearing slave bracelets around their ankles, are led forward. These he examines disdainfully. Next they are hitched to a plough and for the space of five minutes the gentleman farmer watches the farm hands do a bit of ploughing. Exhausted with his day's labor, he is then escorted back to the house where another bit of load blasting from the horn throws the animals into more spasms. With a lot more bellowing all around from the actor.

The rival dude ranches of Connie Bennett and Gloria Swanson are the talk of the town, naturally. So far they have attracted one Frenchman, one Englishman, and one Mexican, slightly used. And quite a lot of dudes, all busted flat.

Johnny Weissmuller not only won all the hog calling contests with his Tarzan yodel, but when the report went around that Johnny had blasted all the pollen from the apple trees into Jimmy Cagney's cow pasture with the result that Jimmy's cows gave nothing but apple butter for weeks and weeks, all future hog callings were called off.

But it was Gracie Allen who really proved the greatest problem to the whole back-to-the-soil movement. The day she and George Burns were finally settled on their little farm will go down in history the way George went down in a heap.

George, wouldn't it be nice if we gave a party?

"I think so, Gracie. Let's have a hugging bee."

"All right, but you'll have to husk the beans, remember."

Quiet, Gracie. Look, what have you got in those pails?

"Well, George, this one is full of cracked ice. I'm going to feed it to the cows."

"Good heavens, what for?"

"Well, you see, George, I thought I'd just feed the cracked ice to the cows and then we'd get our ice cream right out of those little faucets on the cow. Only wouldn't it be grand, George, if we could mark one faucet vanilla and one chocolate and one—"

"Tutti frutti with chopped nuts, I suppose," George groaned.

"Oh, George, you think of the grandest things!"

"Never mind that. What's in the other pail?"

"Hot water. I'm going to feed it to the hens and get my eggs already boiled. Don't you think that's a good idea, George?"

"Gracie, why don't you plant yourself ten feet in the ground?"

"Oh, George, there you go. You think I'd come up a lily."

"I know darn well you'd come up poison ivy."

"Oh, George—"

Slowly the evening sun crept over the purple tinted hills.

Evening on the farms of Hollywood had come. A gentle breeze wafted the perfume from Joan Crawford's gardenia farm over the peaceful valleys.

Down in the distance could be glimpsed W. C. Fields atop his trailer hitched to six horses as he wended his weary way home through the rye fields singing lustily "Comin' Thru' the Rye Highballs."

A gentle moo from a contented platinum cow on Jean Harlow's farm mingled strangely with Gracie's high laughter. Softly the notes of "Love Thy Neighbor" floated over from the Bing Crosby farm.

The shadows deepened. One last burning ray caught the red of Bill Fields' nose and for a moment shone brightly in the reflected glory, down in the rye field.

A last hush. Evening on the old mortgaged homesteads of Hollywood had come. And then, as if in one final benediction, Al Jolson's old Missouri mule leaned over the pasture gate and breathed, with one loud raspberry, "Heel Haw!"
Chicago has "Gone Hollywood"
in a big way with the advent of
MANDEL BROTHERS
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STATE AND MADISON STREETS  CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
declared, ‘You are ruining my opera company! All the girls are now getting thin.’ ‘Ha,’ I thought, ‘and a very good thing, too!’ I think I was frightened that first time in Hollywood—afraid of all the things I now accept with ease and a sense of humor. From the Metropolitan, where everything one does must be exaggerated to reach the topmost gallery in that vast place—coming to the camera and the microphone where all must be restrained—it was a gap I was not prepared to bridge in such short order. I made awful faces! I gestured like a windmill!’ She flung out her arms in a wild caricature and burst into the gayest laughter I have ever heard.

Grace laughs like a song from the happy heart—an infectious spirited mirth that incorporates all the sunshine, all the carnival of her romantic, varied life. It is Italy and Spring wine, California, warmth and color and glory.

From the moment you approach her perfect French chateau with the dreaming gardens, excitement reaches out and touches you. It is the surrounding of a romantic prima donna, and you know that, unerringly, with a fine feeling for dramatic rightness, she selected it from all the other houses in Beverly. It is the place where lives Mimi and Margherite and The Lady of the Camellias. It is proudly the enchanted domicile of divine melody. Anything could happen in that house—anything but bad music.

The vast shadowy drawing-room is dominated by a concert grand piano, covered with an opulent confusion of signed photographs. Mary Garden, Herbert Hoover, Gatti-Cazza, Jeritza, Franklin D. Roosevelt, John Charles Thomas, Mussolini—great names to appal a great lady as she trills melodic scales. And color—lots of color in that lovely room, subdued and gracious, to delight eyes tired from the glare of so many sterile-white-operating-room effects in the pretty parlors of Hollywood.

The lady enters.

La Moore. Not the entrance of a diva, measured and sure, with the dramatic pause in the doorway. No, a young girl (all right, all right. Not in years, then) skips down those winding stairs in the hall and dashes in, extending a hearty hand. She is not beautiful (but who cares?). Not by Hollywood standards, but, if you ask me, Hollywood needs a new set of standards. She is infinitely more than just beautiful.

She tosses a mane of tumbled blonde hair, wears a blue print dress over a model fourteen figure, and displays no polish on her fingernails. She is a woman with a rich full life, a quick, warm way of speaking, with just a soft touch of lingering Southern accent (she was born in Jellico, Tennessee). A simple country girl from the Cumberland Mountains who wanted to be a missionary, who was an irresistible cook and won prizes with her cakes at the county fair! Who sang in the choir, was deeply impressed with the devote Negro spirituals she heard, by the religious fervor of her environment.

Then she was sent to Ward-Belmont, finishing school in Nashville. There she heard Mary Garden, and forget her earlier urge to convert the heathen. From there to the Wilson-Greene Music School in Washington, and a début in concert with Martinelli, in 1918. Facing family disapproval of operatic ambition, Grace went to New York on her own, lived in Greenwich Village and sang for her supper in the celebrated old artist's hang-out, the Black Cat. She lost her voice and pursued the busy vocal expert, Dr. Mario Maritiotti, until he gave in and restored it. Became Julia Sanderson's understudy, and had her first chance one Thanksgiving night—because Julia had too much dinner. Grace didn't. So, you see, there is positive proof of the compensation that comes after starving.

You imagine what it meant to that girl to leave Hollywood with her career in ashes? If she had it to do over again, Grace would consider Hollywood her first thing. Before she went to Europe at all.

"If it were now, and I knew what I do, I would study in California. It has the atmosphere, the warmth and languor of Italy. 'Oh, this is the place,' I tell all the ambitious young singers who were for France. And I answer every one of those letters personally, give a lot of thought to each problem they present. Perhaps it wasn't the place that long ago, when I was studying, but now it is. The Californians even have the same lazy, soft way of speaking as they do in Italy. There are superb teachers here—my own Maritiotti, without whom I refused to come to Hollywood that first time, and M-G-M had to sign him at a thousand dollars a week—for a year! (She was terribly pleased over that.)" "This is it, the place, the paradise of possible achievement for all the artists of the world. No other environment on the globe has more to offer than right here."

The thrill of coming back to success is still upon her—the success of making grand opera attractive through the medium of the motion picture.

"It took courage, I admit it. Disappointment, so cruel, disillusion—so destructive—were still present in my mind. But now I have acquired a physical and mental maturity far greater than could ordinarily take place in four short years. There has been the radio, The DuBarry last season on Broadway (it was a personal triumph for Grace), my marriage—everything has all worked harmoniously to develop and bring me to this point. I have conscientiously studied everything that could help me, even remotely, on the screen. Practiced in front of the mirror for hours, so I wouldn't make faces.

"Then, the first time Harry Cohn saw the picture he exclaimed, in actual alarm, 'Good heavens, Grace, you don't look as if you're singing!' " "No faces, no vocal cords tied in knots. They will think it's a double! I could have shouted for joy. " "Singing is the most emotional of all the arts—the mind and the perceptions must be warm and vibrant, one must love people and life. 

"And then there is this—I have come to regard as the most important of all—I tell it unfailingly to every young artist who writes to me. Don't be afraid to be alone! Until you mean something to yourself, you can't be important to anyone else. People here and everywhere have been so afraid of isolation, of solitude. Now there comes the new type that demands it, and they are the ones who have the great interest for us—the Garboes, the Hephorns, the Paul Munis. For years, Mary Garden has gone into complete retirement for six months of the year, high up on the Riviera. One must learn to live the good alone-life, in order to grow and develop in one's own way. We are gradually turning toward it more and more, people are seeking a life of their own, tired of the tremendous pace of the past decade. They demand more good things.
to read, more worthy things to see and hear when they do go out.

"Contrary to popular belief, you really get nothing from people, just hordes of people skipping through your life, hardly touching you. You make progress as a human being by yourself, you make progress as an artist by yourself—it all goes into one initial fund, yourself and your value to humanity—like putting money in the bank!

"That is why the great singers of all time have created a furor when they appeared—they 'made an entrance'—they were a rare and stimulating sight—and they had something to show, out of their long hours of study and contemplation.

"SOLITUDE is imperative to the painter, the composer, the writer, the scientist and the singer. Develop yourself, and forget what effect you hope to have on the public. Establish your own standards and the public will rise to them. Don't ever think you must descend to the public! Let them come up to you.

It is a very discerning public, you know, and you need never fear destroying any instinctive coyness to meet it. There is an audience for the best you have to offer.

"You develop that best—alone. With perhaps the one person who is nearest and dearest and part of you, accessible, because he or she thinks with you. 'Happy is the person who demands of life the leisure to catch the beauty and emotion of deep living.' And here is a translation from DeMusset that I love to think about—'There is nothing which renders us as sublime as a great passion. The most despairing songs are the most beautiful songs. And I know immortal lyrics which are cries from the heart.'

"And the 'great passion' the poet talks about," said Grace, "can be music—or it can be housekeeping."

The two great things of life, Grace Moore believes (how ardently she believes what she believes), are love and health. And into that is included the love of work, the love of all the minutes in the day.

When she stepped on the ile de France, in 1931, Grace remarked to her companion that "something divine" would happen on that voyage. It did. She met and married Valentina Parera, the Ronald Colman of Spain. They honeymooned in a thirteenth century palace in Venice.

It's a long way from the Cumberland Mountains to a Venetian palazzo, but that is inevitably and exactly the sort of thing that happens to Grace.

If it didn't, there wouldn't be any Grace Moore to stir our imaginations and enthusiasms with her magnificent voice, her thrilling personality.

WE ARE a trifle surfeited with posturing dolls who can wear beautiful clothes and read lines. We desperately needed the new and genuine excitement of a great talent patiently developed through years of study and hard work. And projected through a personality that has real glamour—not the manufactured article.

She is capable of stirring a hard-boiled preview audience to a frenzy of admiration and acclaim, such as no other person in Hollywood has ever done.

She is capable of stirring her friends to the peak of loyalty and devotion.

I have nominated her "the most exciting woman in Hollywood!"

It is up to you to elect her to the office!

---

Size doesn't mean just Foot Size any more

- It's more important to flatter your leg than to flatter your foot. Belle-Sharmeear Stockings are actually fashioned in four different proportions, for every type of woman, in width and length as well as foot size. The foot size has a number, the leg size has a name. Brev is for small women, Modite for average types, Duchess for tall women and Classic for the plump. No wrinkled ankles, twisted seams or slipping heels. No strained-up tops to cause garter runs. No lumpy, doubled over hems beneath smooth gowns. Just perfect with the new flat garters.

Belle-Sharmeear Stockings are exclusive at one fine store in each community. Write for the one nearest you. Address Belle-Sharmeear Division, Wayne Knitting Mills, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
TWO cases of infantile paralysis may equal one romance. Meaning Hal Rosson (Jean Harlow's estranged spouse) and Ida Lupino who were both stricken with the dangerous disease within hours of each other. Both succeeded in fighting it off, Ida's case being much lighter than Hal's. But during the hospital siege, he ordered ponies to keep her room well perfumed—and Ida wrote Hal notes. (P. S.—But don't overlook the romantic rumors about Ida and Henry Wadsworth.)

WHILE casting the Russian picture Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur are making in New York, Hecht sent out a call for expert Russian riders. A man in a Cossack uniform came into the office and stood at attention.

"Can you ride?" Hecht asked him.

"Certainly. I am a colonel—Cossacks—Ukraine."

"Oh, a colonel?" Hecht laughed. "Where's your regiment?"

The Russian turned, opened the door, spoke a sharp command. Fourteen huge, uniformed Cossacks rushed into the office, stood at attention, and saluted Hecht.

"This is my regiment—all that is left."

Hecht hired them all.

Despite censor trouble over Mae West's latest picture, Paramount must be satisfied, for the curvilinear star was given a brand-new two-year contract.

Blithely arriving on the set of "Now and Forever," Gary Cooper walked over and caroled a gay good morning to Mistress Shirley Temple, who rewarded him with a "Hush up."

Of course, her mother told her she must go right over and apologize to Mr. Cooper for being so unexplainably rude. Shirley did.

"But you should have hushed up," she said. "How can I learn my lines if you talk to me?"

Whatever the disparaging talk about Katharine Hepburn's last picture and her subsequent stage work in New York, it is apparent RKO-Radio took no stock in it. The studio handed Katharine a two-year contract. On top of it, Katharine and her former husband, Ludlow Ogden Smith, may resume where they left off.

Bruce Cabot and his wife, Adrienne Ames, called off their sparring; 'tis said. Then Adrienne went to New York to do a picture there, leaving Bruce on the Coast.

Freddie March's inordinate craving for caviar very nearly resulted in a case of lead poisoning. His boyhood recollections saved the day.

Browsing over an elaborate supper table set of "We Live Again," Freddie approached some of his favorite fish eggs reposing in a lovely iced bowl. He was about to dip deeply and partake when the suspicious thought entered his mind.

"Say," he turned to Director Rouben Mamoulian, "these look like B-B gun shot."

"That's what they are," calmly replied the director.

Although Anita Page is Mrs. Nacio Herb Brown, they must maintain separate residences until next June 5, when Nacio's divorce from his second wife goes into effect. Anita's and Nacio's Mexican marriage is not recognized in California.

Henry B. Walthall not only gets a "chance to wear his 'Little Colonel' uniform again in Judge Priest," with Irvin Cobb—but in the picture his eighteen-year-old daughter, Patricia, will make her screen début. She was signed by Fox after excellent work in community theaters around Los Angeles.

Another daughter who recently distinguished herself is Sheila McLaglen, Victor's girl—eleven years old. Sheila's recent piano recital had some hardened critics admiring and applauding.

Carly Grant and Virginia Cherrill are going for roller-skating in a big way. They even gave a skating party in a local rollerdrome, with twenty guests to take falls with them.

Johnny Weissmuller takes one of his youngest admirers for a swim. And judging by the grins, they are having a good time.
**AT LAST! Sylvia of Hollywood...**

**FAMOUS HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXPERT**

**PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVISOR OF STAGE AND SCREEN STARS**

**PUTS HER SECRETS BETWEEN THE COVERS OF A BOOK...**

Now Published for the First Time...

"**NO MORE ALIBIS!**"

By Sylvia of Hollywood

---

**HERE** it is... the book you’ve been wanting and needing ever since you realized what Sylvia has done for your favorite screen stars. You’ve seen the results of Sylvia’s remarkable work in the faces and the figures of the most beautiful women in the world. "No More Alibis!" now tells you everything! Every one of the health and beauty secrets which have "remade" the glamorous beauties of Hollywood is now revealed... for the first time.

"No More Alibis!" is as amazing, as inspiring, as beneficial as Sylvia’s personal treatments! It is written in the easy, conversational style which made Sylvia’s magazine articles so fascinating to all women who seek beauty. It is not just another book of beauty hints... not just another list of exercises! It is a practical, common-sense guide to physical beauty and mental ease... a philosophy of life as well as a lesson in loveliness. Get it, study it carefully, follow its simple instructions and you will soon be a revelation to your friends... and to yourself.

Surely you have read Sylvia’s inspiring articles about the stars and their beauty problems in Photoplay Magazine. Now, in this book, Sylvia does for you what she did for these beautiful women. She shows you how to overcome every physical defect... how to improve your figure... how to acquire grace, poise and charm... how to make your skin beautiful and your eyes sparkling.

---

**THIS IS**
Sylvia

Never before has Sylvia thus revealed her innermost health and beauty secrets... in the past she has only hinted at the marvelous treatments she now outlines for you in detail in her amazing book, "No More Alibis!" Now you can learn how to be beautiful and alluring at all times... how to attract the admiring glances of men and women wherever you may be! Here is a book you’ll always treasure... a book that is vitally important to you! Don’t miss another day. Send for it now!

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- When Fat is Localized
- Gain Fifteen or More Pounds a Month
- Skin Beauty Diet
- Correcting Facial and Neck Contours
- Overcome Nervousness
- How to Acquire Poise and Grace
- Advice for the Adolescent
- The Woman Past Forty
- And many, many more inspiring, informative sections.

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Yet while screen stars too numerous to mention have paid Sylvia fabulous sums for her help you can have it merely for the price of Sylvia’s marvelous new book, "No More Alibis!"

If your department or book store is already “sold out” of “No More Alibis!” by Sylvia of Hollywood...

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P-10-34
Cal York’s Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

HOLLYWOOD is welcoming back Marshall "Micky" Neilan to active directing again. Time was when Neilan was one of the most distinguished of all the old megaphonists. Practically every Mary Pickford hit was a Neilan-directed picture. But for the past six years, he has been conspicuous by his absence. He'll make "The Lemon Drop Kid," a Damon Runyon story in which Paramount will star Lee Tracy.

Once upon a time a director named Eric Von Stroheim used to take off a couple of years, maybe more, and direct a picture. Von Stroheim is now acting in an independent production, where they start them on Monday morning and wind up everything Thursday afternoon in time for dinner. The other afternoon, Eric and Wera Engels wandered off their set onto another. Busy talking, they roamed around until Von suddenly remembered where he was and exclaimed: "We had better return to our own set or the picture will be finished before we get back!"

No one, it would seem, on strolling about Hollywood is without at least one dog—mainly they seem to be in flocks, or herds, or whatever you call a pack of dogs. But, it has taken Donald Cook to capitalize on them. He has a flourishing ultra modern canine cafe in Beverly Hills, with a daily delivery service, rushing the hot groceries to the pups by truck. He even specializes in diets.

CLARA BOW is back in Hollywood—but don’t get excited. No lure of a return to the screen brought her here—only the hot weather at the Bell-Bow ranch in Nevada.

Rex is due to start making Westerns right away, but Clara will play the now familiar role of housewife as she awaits the announced "blessed event," for which she may sail to Honolulu.

CONRAD NAGEL’s divorce seems to have knocked the bottom out of the stability of all Hollywood marriage. Yet those on the inside say it has been in the air for nearly two years. Something to these rumors, eh?

If every author took his work as seriously as Mistress Peggy Lloyd, nine-year-old daughter of the famous comedian—there would be some realistic literature floating about. Peggy’s sobs brought her mother, Mildred Davis Lloyd, running into her room.

"What is the matter?" she asked. And Peggy, who says she is going to be an author even when she grows up, replied, "I’m writing a mystery story—and I got scared."

RONALD COLMAN says he has no thought for intention of a second marriage, and signs as he adds that his divorce from Thelma Raye was all for the best. The ex-Mrs. Colman secured the divorce in London. She has lived there, with the exception of one brief trip here in 1925 to arrange a property settlement, since 1924. That was the year of their separation.

VERREE TEASDALE traveled all the way from Hollywood to New York to select her trousseau for her coming marriage to Adolphe Menjou, only to find all the shops holding sales—and she couldn’t get any of the advance styles. As if that wasn’t enough, the studio wired her she had to be on the way back by the next Thursday, and she’d only been in New York three days.

Verree was much needed for "Firebird," and when she did get back, she found that she even had to postpone the wedding—the picture had to go into immediate production. Warners took up her option when it came due.

So she is set to be an actress, and Mrs. Menjou, at the same time.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]
Synopsis of Anthony Adverse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis' hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony's identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris. Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails.

In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrulle, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvrard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores de la Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but "pass by," accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFite as his silver "bootlegger." Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udney, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overcomes them. Florence and their child, Maria, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.

"...a glorious evening, Betty!"

For the woman who has long dreamed of owning Community Plate, a Special Plan has been arranged, by which a Service for Six Persons, regularly priced at $30.00, can be bought for $25.00. Ask your dealer about the Quantity-Discount Plan.

COMMUNITY PLATE
LEADERSHIP IN DESIGN AUTHORITY

It took many months to get Grant to pose with his bride. But here they are: Mr. Withers and wife, formerly Alice Walsh, of Cleveland
A NEW SENSATION

DOROTHY LEE
charming young
RKO star

TEMPTERS—crunchy, crisp, candy-sealed chewing gum in five delightful flavors. So new, so different, so delicious that you are sure to like them.

RICH COLORS SHOW FLAVORS—Peppermint, Spearmint, Lico-rice, Cinnamon, Tutti-Frutti—each one a different color—for instant selection of your favorite.

SEALED-IN FRESHNESS—Candy coating seals in the full flavor freshness. Fresh, pure, appetizing.

3 FOR 5¢—Three packs—twelve Tempters—for only five cents. Ask for Tempters.

The Shadow Stage

[continued from page 55]

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Columbia

A HEAVY melodrama which is impressive because of the fine acting of Walter Connolly as the successful theatrical producer whom the gods destroy. Doris Kenyon, as his wife, Robert Young, and little Scotty Beckett also do good work.

THE SCARLET LETTER—Majestic

MOVING in a dignified tempo, this classic is revived with Colleen Moore in the tragic role of Hester Prynne. Cora Sue Collins is a delight as her child, and Hardie Albright is convincing as the guilty Pastor Dimmesdale.

Locale, Massachusetts during the early Puritan period.

Unable to find another child Spanky's size who was smart enough to act as his "stand-in" at the Hal Roach Studio, Charlie Oelze, property man, made this dummy, which always obeys and never tires.
In spite of the efforts of Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook, this film about a ten-years-married couple falling out of love can be catalogued only as "Fair." It is much, much too talkie, and moves along at a slow pace. Helen Vinson does as "the other woman." Irene Hervey, Theodore Newton and Arthur Hoyt complete the cast.

**THE MOONSTONE—Monogram**

Although based on one of the finest mystery stories ever written, Wilkie Collins' famous novel, "The Moonstone," is a mediocre picture. David Manners and Phyllis Barry, in the leading roles, do good work in spite of the poor direction and a loose screen story.

**ONE MORE RIVER—Universal**

This is a trifle ponderous for American appreciation. Diana Wynyard is married to a sadist with charming manners, who beat her in the tropics, so she returns to England. There she has an innocuous interlude with Frank Lawton, but the husband follows her and cooks it up into a divorce suit of national proportions. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Jane Wyatt, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Denny, Henry Stephenson.

**NELL GWYN—British & Dominion—United Artists**

The life of the lowly, capricious actress, who became the favorite of the supposedly merry monarch, Charles II, is brought to the screen in magnificent settings. But the picture has a woeful weakness in story appeal.  

**THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio**

Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. A magic fakir and his assistants, called in to rescue a young widow from a sinister doctor's clutches, dip into a real scane and reveal a lot of embarrassing things. Lines are so-so, and gags aren't too funny. Kay Johnson, Ralph Morgan, William Gaxton and Bruce Cabot all try hard.

**BLIND DATE—Columbia**

Moderately satisfactory film fare about a girl who goes out on a blind date when her steady boy business interfere with her birthday party. Ann Sothern is the girl, Nell Hamilton the blind date, and Paul Kelly the boy friend. Pretty hackneyed in spots. For that matter, the whole story is concocted rather than genuine emotion, which is too bad, because Ann really does a good acting job.

**HAPPY LANDINGS—Monogram**

How the kids—big and little—will go for this. Lots of action and punch. Ray Walker and his pal are Border Patrolers, and the air stuff is first-rate. Crooks use the radio to get Ray in a jam. But he goes after them when they attempt the threatened bombing of an ocean liner, and brings down the bomber with plenty of thrills. Noah Beery, Jacqueline Wells, William Farnum, Morgan Conway.

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**Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO Oily to do these New Hollywood Curls?**

The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peg over the crown like roses on a fence.  

**Help for DRY hair:**

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali ... Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silker and more manageable.

No free alkali ... no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

**To correct Oily hair:**

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

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**PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO for DRY hair**

**PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO for OILY hair**


**DANCING MAN—Pyramid Prod.**

A MEDIOCRE murder mystery about a gigolo (Reginald Denny) who falls in love with a girl (Judith Allen) whom he discovers is the step-daughter of a hard-boiled lady (Natalie Moorhead) with whom he has been having an affair. When Natalie is murdered, Denny, of course, is accused of the crime.

**SHOCK—Monogram**

A SENTIMENTAL and improbable story of the World War. A young officer (Ralph Forbes) leaves his bride (Gwennill Gill) the day after their wedding to return to the trenches. There he is shell-shocked, losing his memory and his identity. And it's a long, long trail--a winding before he gets back to his bride! Good war effects. Monroe Owsley in support.

**BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.**

 REGARD this as a scenic travelogue, and try to overlook the dialogue because it is pretty painful. There are some interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. The story is about the sultan's daughter who falls in love with a Mohammedan turned Christian, and is, therefore, ostracized. A revelation of the customs and rites of a primitive people.

**SHE HAD TO CHOOSE—Majestic**

ISABEL JEWELL coaxes her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand—when many things, including a stick-up, a gay trip to Mexico and a killing, get under way. Entertaining because of the barbecue stand atmosphere, cute comedy by Fuzzy Knight and Arthur Stone, and Buster's tricks in a swimming pool. Sallie Blane, Regis Toomey.

**FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion**

THIS little comedy that bluffs its entire way through big business, is mild and slow-moving to say the least! Its all-British cast includes Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat who recently appeared in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

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**Do We Want Censorship?**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Can hold their present audience? However, that is a chance they will have to take. They have no alternative.

So far the church reformers have shown good sense, tolerance and fairness in their attitude. They recognize the power pictures have upon the lives of all of us; their tremendous recreational and educational value. Consider, for example, the almost incalculable effects of such a film as "The Birth of a Nation." It taught us history and patriotism. It gave us an unforgettable panorama of the Civil War and of the problems of Reconstruction that arose after that great struggle.

The clergy have only asked the members of their congregations to avoid pictures that are believed to be essentially immoral. And in all fairness they have issued a recommended list to guide their parishioners.

There is one aspect of the situation that might well give ground for grave uneasiness. It is quite possible that the movement may get out of hand—that unauthorized groups and individuals, inspired by the zeal to reform, may too eagerly take up the cause.

Already there have been threats to picture theaters where alleged objectionable films are being shown; local organizations have brought pressure to bear upon mayors and police officials to have the showing of certain pictures cancelled; and the rumblings of threats for a general boycott of all theaters in certain areas may still be heard. In a great reform movement like this, there will always be found a number of self-appointed vigilantes who, by their persistent noise and bluster, are likely finally to influence the clear-thinking, fair-minded majority to take unwarranted steps. The real danger in these irresponsible direct-actionists is that it may lead to legalized censorship.

LIKE legal prohibition, censorship of motion pictures, wherever it has been tried, has in general been a failure. The reasons are not far to seek. State or municipal censorship laws, even when intelligently conceived, must necessarily be broad in their wording. Interpretation of the laws too often reveals political appointees lacking in experience, in breadth of view and in a real comprehension of the task that lies before them.

If one will follow through for a period the rulings of nearly any board of censors he will be amazed by the startling inconsistency of their decisions. Perfectly harmless trivialities will be omitted from one film, and really gross implications will be permitted in another.

And even if trained sociologists were appointed to boards of censorship, I fear there would be much confusion in their decisions and much unfairness, though not intentionally so. No committee of human beings can be trusted to pass upon the tastes and habits of others.

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**THE Most Reverend John T. McNicholas,**

Archbishop of Cincinnati, made a report which appeared in the Ecclesiastical Review, on "The Problem of Evil Motion Pictures. "Archbishop McNicholas' words carry exceptional weight, for he is Chairman of the Motion Picture Committee of the Roman Catholic Bishops, which initiated the idea of The Legion of Decency. Says Archbishop McNicholas: "Public opinion, if governed by good sense and relentless in its opposition to the evil motion picture, has many advantages over censorship that may be politically controlled or corrupted or may become utterly indifferent to the commonweal."

"It may be well to make clear that the church is not asking for a solemn type of picture that gives no real amusement and no opportunity for a hearty laugh. The Catholic Church, in a true sense, is broad and liberal, and no legitimate recreation need fear her opposition."

In other words, this prelate who, it goes without saying, has given a tremendous amount of thought and study to the problem of better pictures, comes out against legalized censorship, and I further infer from his statement.
that the matter of censorship should be left where it belongs—in the conscience of each individual.

No moral question was ever settled by compulsion. It is proverbial that you cannot make a man good by force. And legal censorship means to attempt just that.

If arguments for censorship arise in your community, combat them. If members of your city council or your State legislature introduce bills of censorship, protest by letter to these officials or to your local newspapers or by word of mouth to your friends and associates. For, if we should have a widely extended, legalized censorship, it may mean new dangers. We all know but too well that the evils prohibition was supposed to do away with were only multiplied by it. The penumbra is likely to swing over so far that we shall have only saccharine, Pollyanna stories. They will bereave instead of entertain; they will drive the young away from the motion picture theaters into other very questionable forms of pleasure. Motion pictures are too vital a part of American life to be tampered with. If we are not careful, we are in danger of seeing evils arise of far greater magnitude than any of those now charged against this great amusement.

Be your own censor. In that lies safety for us all.

The Fairy-Tale Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]
young children, Blatz and Botts' 'The Parent' and the Pre-School Child.'

"Most of the studying, Freddie and I agreed, would be up to me. Studio schedules leave little time for a thorough exploration of such a subject. However, we discuss my accumulated findings constantly, and Freddie reads the most important of the volumes. It is a fascinating subject; in fact, it is our favorite topic when we are alone.

"We were teased rather systematically when friends discovered our serious absorption. They told us it was so much 'twaddle'—this psychology business—that we couldn't raise children from books or without punishments or scoldings. We disagreed firmly and kept right on collecting a library on the subject."

"And did it work out with Penny—all these ultra-modern theories?" I queried.

"Perfectly," was her reply. "So much so that the friends who once said 'twaddle' are now asking me how to break your youngest out of thumb-sucking. Penny is somewhat of a marvel to people because she is reasonably obedient at all times and has never been punished."

At this point I asked the most difficult question I have ever put to anyone.

"How are you going to let them know, about being adopted?"

There is something so personal, so deeply emotional about such a query. I didn't want to ask it. I felt uncomfortable when I blurted it out—but now I'm glad I did, for this was her answer:

"I am writing a fairy-tale for the children. It will be printed in a little book, just for them, and as soon as they have reached the bedtime age, Freddie and I will read it to them every night."

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"QUIET, BUT WITH A STRANGE PERSISTENCE"

And then Florence March, the former Florence Eldridge, star of the Broadway stage and silent pictures, who lightly tossed away a career for the holy profession of wife and mother, told a story so poignantly sweet, it played tricks with my store of well-controlled feelings.

"Quite briefly and roughly," she continued, "the story will go like this:

"A prince and princess were happily married. They had wealth, health and love, but still they wept bitterly. You see, their arms were empty, and they prayed to have them filled.

"They prayed to the God of Faith, but no lovely child came to fill the void. They prayed to the God of Science, and still their pleas went unanswered."

"One day the prince and princess walked home from their prayers weeping, when an old woman stopped them.

"Why do you weep when there are children without warm arms to hold them, waiting for you?"

"The prince and the princess asked the old woman what she meant, and she bade them follow her over the hill.

"And there they found the most beautiful baby in the world. And guess who that baby was—Penny March!"

"It will soon become their favorite story, and then gradually the romance of it will interest them. And then slowly, as they grow older, it will be as if they had always known the beautiful story of how they came to be our little boys and girls, and there will be no doubts, no troublesome complexes."

"I didn't trust those tears glands of mine another second, so I piloted the interview back to the announcement of the impending brother and sister for Penny and Tony.

"I think it all reverts to my first introduction to Freddie's family," Florence explained. "There are three boys and one girl—Harold, Elizabeth, John and Freddie. There was something so healthy, so right, so fulfilling in the bond between them. Since childhood they have all shared one another's responsibilities. They are a gay, harmonious, sympathetic quartet, and growing up and long separations have never disturbed the pattern of their relationship. I suppose that is why I always visualize our family in the term of four.

"And then there is a psychological advantage for the children of a big family. There is a healthy struggle to establish individuality and assert personality. This constructive competition is a splendid foundation for their adult problems.

"It is also our theory that two children, say a brother and sister like Penny and Tony, are in danger of becoming too dependent upon one another. Anthony might look for a champion in his older sister during childhood. Later, she might automatically look out for him with that natural sisterly-maternal affection so many girls have for younger brothers. Such a relationship is definitely weakening to the boy's character. Where there are four children fighting for attention in a family, any recessive qualities are soon wiped out."

"And when they grow up, what then?" I asked.

"I suppose you mean what do Freddie and I want them to be and do. Anything they want, of course. As for education, we will want to give them everything—travel, tutors, universities; but if they want something else, they will get it. Travel, a lot of it, at an early age, will give them a cosmopolitan social education, a knowledge of how to meet and get along with all types and races of people.

"And then we are so anxious that they will learn to enjoy life, to appreciate the banquet of life—upon a good music, art, the fascination of botany and the rudiments of biology. That they may be self-sufficient, have a store of knowledge that will defeat loneliness or boredom—that is our first aim. After that, it is up to them.

"And if Penny decides upon the stage?" I had to ask that one.

"We would not stand in her way, but Freddie and I would prefer to have Penny marry happily and know the romance and contentment of making a gracious home and coming a mother. Career-bound women are never truly happy. They can't be. They are constantly harassed by ambition. I happen to know what I am talking about.

"We want happiness for Penny, that is why I will try to make her see the completeness of a life devoted to the man she loves. But if she wishes to be a careerist she will have our support, naturally."

BUT what if luxury and money diminish their ambition, dull their energies? The Marches have prepared against this headache.

"For each child we will establish an annuity so that when they are ready for marriage or professions there will be a weekly income for them of fifty dollars a week. This is enough to protect them from hardship, while they strive to establish themselves in music, art, law, surgery, the theater—or it will give the girls something to add to the income of the men they marry, in case such assistance is necessary."}

"Freddie and I feel that fifty dollars a week is not enough to interfere with their ambitions. They will not suffer from illusions of grandeur on that amount, and we do not believe in the theory that mild starvation and privation is conducive to creative development. Economic pressure has wiped out more embryonic talent in the world than too much money ever did."

"And for those who might ask what the Marches expect in return for their years of devotion and selfless love—listen to this!"

"We want nothing of gratitude or routine duty from our children. What love and companionship we receive from them, we know we must earn with sympathy, with understanding, with good sportsmanship.

"We want their friendship, not their reverence. We want them to be interested in us as people, not duty-bound by a burdening sense of obligation. And we know we will have to work hard to win their complete confidence. If we fail in this, we will be our laxity, not theirs."

"And then a clock struck six long chimes. Florence March was on her feet instantly.

"You'll excuse me? The children have their supper at six every night and I never miss helping the nurse prepare their food. And I like to sit with Penny during supper. Freddie joins us at this ceremony when he is free."

WE said good-bye, and she disappeared up the stairway leading to the nursery wing.

"So you see, Freddie and Florence (fascinating though those two names seem to glide together) are not only writing a fairy-tale, they are actually living one.

"They are the prince and the princess, who now walk over the hill, their arms filled, their happiness complete.
How I Make A Spectacle

[continued from page 43]

mind of the public. Plutarch, Dion Cassius, Livy, Seneca, all contribute their data in the life of the fascinating and much malignid queen, and we used them freely.

I used over one hundred volumes from my own private collection of historical books in preparing "Cleopatra," as well as dozens from the Paramount research department and various libraries, not only for actual history, but for authenticity of costume, furniture, jewelry, architecture, war instruments, and the manners and customs of ancient Rome and Egypt.

YOU can't have Caesar sending a di-patch on writing paper, or Cleopatra's handmaiden begging an idle hour playing a piano, when neither was in use for hundreds of years later.

Also, I consulted the old masters of painting, those who glorified the historical characters of the world in paint, not only to impress them on my mind as human beings, but for posture, composition and detail. Gradually, you see, I took from various sources all that I needed for the picture, and as they all began to take form in my mind, I consulted with the scenario writers who were going to tell the story for the screen.

In the case of "Cleopatra," the abundance and wealth of material was so great that the mere sifting out process was a matter of weeks.

With the story in progress, we often adjourned to my yacht, or to my ranch in the mountains, where, strange as it may seem, I find that Wagner's music relayed by the phonograph is the greatest source of inspiration during working hours.

The studio at this juncture became a vast arena of activity in all departments. To the Art Department was consigned the designing of costumes. Daily the sketches were brought to my office. They were sorted, sifted and selected, and those chosen—sometimes two out of fifty—were fastened with thumb-tacks to my wall.

As the weeks went by, the walls were literally lined with royalty, servitors, warriors, handmaidens, awaiting orders to come to life.

Materials were brought to me, cloth of gold, rich velvets, shimmering silks, headdresses, and we decked a human model in the soft folds of the graceful costumes until the desired effect was achieved for reproduction on the screen.

Great attention was paid to every costume, not only individually, but in relation to the scene and the circumstance when it would be worn, and since five thousand took part in "Cleopatra," that was no small task.

WHEN Cleopatra, triumphant, awaited her lover, Caesar, in her secret bower, she bedecked herself very differendly from the desperate, thwarted Cleopatra who appeared beside Mark Antony at the battle of Actium.

As you can imagine, dressing Cleopatra was a very fascinating occupation for any man, particularly when she came to life once more in the person of the delectable Claudette Colbert.

Then Rome had to be built, and the scenic artists were concurrently busy. With the selection of the settings and designs, the cost...
times were given over to the dexterous hands who were to create them, and the architects and carpenters made the grandeur that was Rome a visual fact.

You must remember that everything you see in a spectacle has to be made. You don't run around the corner and find Roman and Egyptian helmets, jewelry, anklets, armor, goblets and furniture. All these things had to be made according to the findings of our months of research.

For example, all the Roman insignia, the jewelry, and the metal implements used in "Cleopatra" were cast and plated from models in the jewelry shop on the Paramount lot, and all the ornaments, the rings, the circlets, bracelets, brilliants, chains and gems, trinkets and gawgs with which ladies have loved to bedeck themselves from the beginning of time, had to be authentically reproduced by our own workmen.

THE wigs were made in the wig department, where a score of deft hairdressers concocted and modeled the exotic coiffures of a day gone by.

Make-up was experimented with in one department, sandals and gadgets were made in another, models of jewels and accessories of Rome came from another.

And while these were being brought daily to my office for inspection and criticism, a great problem was on my mind: Just how did Cleopatra receive Antony on her barge at Tarsus?

Just how did she make this handsome young warrior, fearless in the face of the world, weak before her charms, succumb to her enticements and become—he who had bowed to no man—her worshipping and admiring slave? How did she entertain him? How did she make life for him on that floating palace such an enchanting dream that he forgot honor, country, everything for her sake?

What must be done to bring to life the bands of dancers, musicians, poets accompanying them as they floated lazingly along, propelled by the steady rowing of fifty Nubians, pulling on oars of ebony, intoxicated with freedom and happiness under the glowing, golden sun? Here was life in its most exotic and intoxicating aspects, here was desire and passion in utmost abandon.

And it was here that we find all the opulence and extravagance of that great period in the world's history, utilized by a beautiful, seductive woman, determined to bring the world's great hero to her arms and let the rest of the world go by.

THESE, too, are a director's problems in the making of a spectacle, because without the spirit of the age and without vitality and humanity the greatest spectacle is dead.

All this time the business of casting had been quietly proceeding, even to the minutest character and extra. It wasn't an easy matter to find a Caesar, an Antony, and each evening when I returned to my home, my family, my staff and myself would go into our projection room after dinner to see tests and performances of actors under consideration for the various roles. General discussion followed the showing.

So, by working from nine in the morning till eleven at night for eight months or so, the script and cast were finally ready. The sets were erected, the properties had been made and assembled, and everything was in readiness for the picture to be made. It was then my real work began—and shooting started at six in the morning.
Binnie With A Grin  

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

where as hostess she reached fifty pounds a week. But she sacrificed her place there to make only four pounds per, staging a cabaret act worked up with the orchestra drummer—an act which, intended to be artistic and serious, broke her heart when its amateurish staging sent her audience into convulsions of laughter.

Next Binnie describes an ensuing African tour with "Tex" McLeod, an American cowboy with a Will Rogers type rope and yam-scream, who promised her that by his twirling looped lariats and yelling "vippin'" she could make her début as a singer. He kept his promise—in a tiny town in Africa noted for its tin roofs and its frequent hailstorms. The tin and hail got together the night Binnie made her vocal début, singing "My Blue Heaven."

The blue heaven turned black, and when hailstones the size of turkey eggs started hammering on the tympanum roof in the middle of the first chorus, Binnie admitted the joke was on her. Everybody laughed—and so did she—although every howl tore her heart loose from its moorings.

"Texas" Binnie Barnes—that's how London knew her when she returned from the Westernizing influence of "Tex" McLeod. The gusty prefix was for business reasons. London was American-entertainment conscious. American girls were in demand. Binnie even affected a Southwestern drawl—"The Panhandle? Shuah, I've held it over a campfire many an evenin'."

Binnie got the desired results—jobs, cabaret jobs, dancing, singing jobs—work. She had no high dirigible ambitions other than for plenty to eat and a nice place to sleep.

That is, until things started happening—an amazing chain of fortunate things that widened and strengthened and fortified the undoubted smile of Binnie Barnes.

First Andre Charlot, a big London producer, saw her, gave her an audition and her first taste of real fame when he put her in his show in a torch song number, "Dejú" (Tomorrow). It swept the Continent, and the attention it caused brought her first opportunity to do a dramatic stage role, with Charles Laughton in "Silver Tassie."

Then Noel Coward, the playwright, sat in the audience of "Silver Tassie" one night. In Binnie he saw the Fanny he had imagined for the play he was to open in Drury Lane—"Cavalcade." Months later, Binnie received what was probably the most important telephone call of her career, for it resulted in her creating the "Twentieth Century Blues" singing role in the great English drama. She played with "Cavalcade" for more than a year.

"Cavalcade" brought her two picture contacts, a husband, and a trip to New York. The second contract was with Alexander Kirk da, the man who was later to really put her on the silver screen map—"Henry the VIII." The marriage was with Samuel Joseph, leading London antique bookseller—and they've been happy ever after. But the trip to New York—Sidney Kent, head of Fox Films, saw her in "Cavalcade" in London, and signed her on a two-year contract to come to America when the play was finished.

Binnie's boat docked in New York and no
Old as ANCIENT EGYPT
New as MODERN PARIS

alluring eye make-up

History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes... eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials... How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline... the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case... in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

She Was the Noblest Lady of Them All

[continued from page 29]

Marie sat in the improvised rest-room adjoining the stage, waiting for the moment when she would walk to her place, escorted by the Governor of California. There were tears in her blue-gray eyes, set in their fine network of laugh lines, and she twisted her handkerchief nervously in her beautifully tapered fingers—those expressive fingers which could summon an audience to laughter or tears at will.

"Why don't they come and get me?" she whispered. "I'm so nervous I can't stand this waiting much longer. I'll break down and cry like a fool in front of all those people if they don't take me in there before I lose my courage."

The noble red fire horse, as Norma Shearer affectionately called her the night when she presented her to the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the finest performance of the year, was still charging at the bit at the sound of the gong, although the weight of an illness from which she could never recover lay heavily upon her.

A few minutes later while an orchestra played the haunting strains of "Auld Lang Syne," Marie walked, with proudly raised head and eyes which were unabashed of their tears, to her chair at the head of the table. And the eyes of the thousand men and women, who rose to their feet in tribute to the majesty of Marie, were wet with tears, also unabashed. Perhaps they saw the dimly dark shadow hovering over Marie's head. Perhaps they knew, somehow, that never again would they be permitted to pay her honor on the anniversary of her birth. Perhaps they were seeing only the splendid beauty of the woman who had given so unstintedly of the warmth of her vitality to make the world a better place in which to live.

Marie was beautiful. She liked to call herself an ugly duckling, to laugh about her homeliness. But hers was a beauty which defined description. It came from within the soul of the woman who had battled against the world since she was thirteen years old, who had retained a glowing youth throughout the years because she had not known it when she was really young. The wisdom in her deep-set eyes and the sympathetic understanding of her smile transcended all physical beauty. Marie did not fear death. Neither did she welcome it. Until the last weeks of her illness, when the weakness of her body drowned the fire of her spirit, she found life a glorious and exciting adventure. At sixty-two Marie Dresser was more alive, more vibrantly interested in the business of living, more eager with enthusiasm than most people one-third her age.

"There is so much yet to be seen, so much to be learned, so much to be done," she said. And, until almost the hour of her passing, Marie was planning a future in which she could give more happiness to others.

Her entire life was devoted to the service of others. First her mother. It was for that frail little English-born mother that Marie left home to fight her way to the top rung of the ladder of achievement. Her one desire was to give her mother the luxuries and the happiness which had been denied her during her poverty-burdened years in the small Canadian town which she called home.

After the death of her mother, Marie turned her energies to the service of the public which had given her fame and which had made possible the comfortable peace of the last years of her mother's life. The glitter of wealth and success did not mean so much to Marie as did the affectionate, hearty "Hello" of the newsboys on the street or the policemen on the corners.

"They are my people," Marie often said. "I don't play to the front rows. My audience is the gallery. They are the ones whom I want to please."
During the World War, Marie tramped the country, selling Liberty Bonds and entertaining the boys in the camps. She was determined to do her bit, even though it cost her strength and a small fortune. The generous heart of Marie overflowed and her amazing energies never flagged during those dismal, war-ridden years.

When it was over and the boys were home and there was no more need to work for her country, it looked as if that country had forgotten Marie. The stage had no place for her in the post-war revelry of youth and music. Hollywood refused for several heart-breaking years to see the beauty behind the face of the middle-aged woman who asked it only for a chance to work. But Marie was undaunted. She kept on asking and she didn’t lose her smile.

Marie has bequeathed to the world a memory of generosity and courage which it can never forget. And Marie has taught Hollywood and the world that there is something greater than beauty, that maturity may be as beautiful and as interesting as youth. From her all women have learned of the happiness which life may hold after the first flush of youngness is passed.

The happiest, fullest years of Marie’s own life were lived after she was fifty-five. The tragedy is that they should have been cut short in their Autumn booking. But Marie, herself, would be the last one to recognize that tragedy. She would have said, with her wise, warm smile, that she had lived far more than her share in the sixty-two years which had been granted her.

MARIE Dressler had never stepped inside a schoolroom, but she was one of the most thoroughly and completely educated women in the world.

“My brain is sort of like a sponge,” she laughed one day. “It just can’t help soaking things up. Sometimes I wish it wouldn’t do such a good job of it.”

Her was no one-track mind. She could talk art with artists, politics with politicians, government with diplomats and rulers, and dishes and diapers with young mothers. Her friends were legion and belonged to all ranks of life and all countries.

Marie spent the last three months of her life in the home of one of those friends in quiet, serene Santa Barbara. Constantly at her bedside was another friend and the closest of them all, a sweet-faced colored woman, Mamie Cox. For more than twenty years, Mamie had served Marie and, as the shadows grew deeper, Marie turned to Mamie with the trusting faith of a small child. White, starched nurses came and went through that room, relieving her pain, making her last hours comfortable. But, always, when Marie opened her eyes, it was to Mamie’s smile that she turned.

Mamie sat beside her bed, with Frances Marion and a few other near and dear friends, hoping against hope that the woman they loved would win the fight against death. They smiled, Mamie and the others, because there was a smile on Marie’s lips and they could not fail her courage. Only when, at long last, she closed her eyes and slipped away from them, did they break into the sobs which had been burning their throats.

Marie Dressler was a great actress. But she was a greater woman. The stage was not her world. She made the whole world her stage. She has gone from that stage, but always her shadow will linger there, unforgettable.

---

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PhotoPlay Magazine for October, 1934

The Fan Club Corner

WITH the second annual convention of movie fan clubs over, and a great success, delegates have returned to their homes and club work with increased enthusiasm for the coming season. The convention was held in Chicago August 11, 12 and 13, with registration at the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs' offices. A more detailed account of convention sessions and activities will appear in this department next month.

Lanny Ross fans will be happy to learn of the two new Lanny Ross clubs admitted into the Association. Catharine Macadam, P. O. Box 164, Wilmington, Del., is president of the Lanny Ross League. Mildred Buck, Woburn St., N. Wilkinson, Mass., is president of the Lanny Ross Legion. Both clubs will be glad to hear from all fans interested in this screen and radio favorite.

The Association also welcomes the Mike and Movie Club into membership this month. Barbara Alice Tickell, 1925 Fourteenth Ave. S., Birmingham, Ala., is president.

The Ramon Novarro Service League announces that they recently opened a Ramon Novarro bed at the S. O. S. Fellowship (a home for destitute men) in London, England. The bed was dedicated by the Rev. J. C. Grey. The League writes:

"We have been honored by the receipt of a letter from the Personal Service League of which her esteemed Majesty, Mary, Queen of England, is patroness, asking that we become a branch of their League who, like us, distribute old and new clothes and help the needy in general. Our animal welfare branch is making very good progress in its work. We are more than proud to welcome as new honorary members, Miss Peggy Simpson, the Gaumont-British star, Mr. Edgar Peto, and Mr. William Fanshawe. For information regarding our club, please have fans write Mrs. W. Lewis Foss, 21 Eodersleigh Gardens, Hendon, N. W. 4, London, or General Secretary, Ethel Musgrave, 6848 Elgin Street, Vancouver, B. C., Canada."

The Platinum Page, club bulletin of the Jean Harlow Club, is most interesting this month. All Harlow fans are asked to write Dorothy L. Suter, vice-president, 2404 Ohio Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, for information about joining.

Members of the Norma Shearer Club dedicated an issue of their club paper to Gloria Stuart, sending along a nice complimentary photograph of Miss Stuart. Norma Shearer fans can get information about her club from Hans Faxdahl, president, 1947 Broadway, New York City.

The Bing Crosby Club dedicated their July-August club bulletin, Crosby Comments, to Rudy Vallee and his club, The Rudy Vallee Boosters. Mrs. Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Bcersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio, wants to hear from all Crosby fans regarding their club. Beatrice Gordon, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City, is president of The Rudy Vallee Booster Club. Write her for membership details.

The Telescope is the club paper of the Lew Ayres Fan Club. Fans of Mr. Ayres who are interested in seeing a copy of the club bulletin and want information on joining this organization are asked to write Miss Raether, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich.

Estelle Nowak, president of the Gloria Stuart Fan Club, 3223 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill., writes that Miss Stuart has sent the club some attractive new stationery as a gift. The club's birthday card album sent to their star pleased her very much, they report.

Jacqueline Lee, 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, N. Y., is president of the Buddy Rogers Club. Write her for club data.

It took the old nag, sway-back Martin, eighteen years to crash the movies. But he did it! He has a role in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Little David Holt, playing in the film, is "up"
Star-Gazing

[continued from page 48]

Pine and also the prize-fighting Maxie Rosenfield (who can do a killing imitation of Harry Richman).

Across and due north was the biggest applause-getter in the whole place, George Bancroft. Near him was the charming Rochelle Hudson.

Thelma Todd wore a black dinner dress with a pink lotus flower collar standing up around her face. Dottie Lee was a sensational cutie in red and white diagonally striped seersucker with tiny puffed sleeves in the tightly fitted jacket. Her hair, so shining and short and parted in the center, was adorned by two cunning little red bows!

Virginia Pine and Rochelle Hudson wore very ooh-la-la prints and the cameo-like Anita Louise gave her beau Brown a thrill in dazzling black and white. Such a complexion that child has! From using no powder, she claims. Cleanses her face with cream, then immediately washes it with soap and water. Then puts on her night cream.

But powdering her face is an exciting task for Ida Lupino. What do you suppose this little woman does, huh? Powders her mirror! You heard me. She slaps the puff on the looking-glass, then, with her finger, goes carefully from powder to individual freckle. Covers each one expertly with the tip of her pinkie, and when she's finished her exterior decorating, there's not a single sun-spot in view.

GAIETY being my main concern these nights, I tripped through the portals of the King's Club a couple of nights ago and casually ordered myself a Manhattan. (Adrienne Ames was there, looking especially fetching with hardly any make-up at all.) At the next table for two—with sixteen around it—sat the dramatic looking Helen Morgan. Of course, I had to make the faux pas of the evening. She was telling me about lawsuits and lawyers who remove one's surplus cash all too expertly, and I go and pipe up with, "Smartest thing to do is to marry one!" How should I know that she had!

With the whole world shrieking hosannas about small Shirley Temple these days, I, too, will put in my two cents worth and give you the real lowdown on her discovery. Here's how:

She was one of the famous Meglin Kiddies who are trained entertainers. The whole lot of them were called out to the studio to see if one could be found suitable to do the dance number with Jimmy Dunn in "Stand Up and Cheer."

The kiddies sat around for nearly an hour and nothing happened. Finally unknown Shirley got sick of it. She slid off her chair and marched up to the director, who was talking to some people at the other end of the room.

"Listen," she exclaimed, "I'm tired of sitting here waiting. Do I get the part or don't I? If don't, I'm going home!"

P.S. She got the part.

MY revered Walt Disney was at a cocktail party the other five o'clock with his charming, little wife. Such simple, genuine people, pet. You'd adore them. Mr. Disney hung over the penthouse balcony by himself, admiring the Hollywood hills, so I slipped over and commented with reverent voice on said scenery. That got us started. Pretty soon the subject turned to wallabies. Wallabies?

"Sah, Betty!... You're much too big to cry. Let's get Aunt Alice to tell us why a nice little girl feels so weepy and cross all of a sudden."

"This little girl says she doesn't want to play, either, Mother. Perhaps it's constipation that's making her so listless. I'd give her Fletcher's Castoria tonight."

"Oh, Aunt Alice!—I'm just fine today!—Yes, I had my Fletcher's Castoria last night—and Mother says to tell you that she thinks it's simply wonderful!"

"I'm so glad you're better, Betty, dear! You tell your Mother that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children just like you. And it hasn't a thing in it that would hurt your little baby brother, either. He'll love the taste of it just as much as you do."

CASTORIA
The children's laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

Fletcher's Castoria is especially helpful in cases of colic due to gas, diarrhea due to improper diet, sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And it's an effective first aid in treatment of colds.

News for Radio Fans!—"Rozy" and his gang will go on the air for Castoria starting September 15th. Listen in on this genial Master of Ceremonies and the liveliest, merriest gang of fun and melody makers that ever set the air waves dancing. Don't miss it! Saturdays, 8 to 8:15 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.
He'll remember YOUR EYES

Did they say: "Come Again?"

YOUR eyes are your fortune—your chance to charm or repel. Long, lovely lashes are fascinating. You can glorify your eyes in 40 seconds with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beauti-

ful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning applica-
tion lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordi-
nary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them." I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

A Son of Freedom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

stands on end like Jim Tully's. When it gets too long, she takes a mirror and a pair of scissors and whacks it off. That tickles Charles.

Elisa is little and slender and roguish. Charles sits quivering like a great jelly, in helpless mirth, when she does her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," her favorite character.

They enjoy swimming, live at the Garden of Allah because they like the pool there.

"I WONDER if Hollywood will appreciate Elisa this trip," Laughton remarked, wistfully, to his good friends, the Arlen's. "Henry VIII," in which she was "Ann of Cleves," the local cinema will now give her a chance—which amuses Laughton. He is so sure she is a greater artist than himself. The story has it that Thalberg signed her in order to get Laughton. He wouldn't come back without her.

Elisa came over with him, that first trip, but couldn't endure idleness and went back. Laughton pouted for days. He called her up on the boat, he pursued her all the way to England with radiograms. He was miserable. Even in its reception to him, Hollywood was skeptical. "It's fine, great English actor. Doesn't look it. All right, let's see what he can do."

Laughton is shy and diffident. No advances were made on either side. He went to work on "The Island of Lost Souls." Dick Arlen was in the cast. They detested each other cordially. Dick called Charles "Buster." Secretly, that tickled Laughton.

When the picture was over, they met again at Palm Springs. Laughton said to Joby Arlen, "I don't like your husband, but I like you."

Which was the beginning of a firm and beautiful friendship between the families.

On his first arrival, Laughton bought a second-hand, light car. A shocked head-office called him in and suggested that "possibly there were other men in the world that is, Mr. Laughton, for a man of your distinction, getting your salary—" etc., etc. Mr. Laughton favored them with a wry smile, and had lots of fun touring around in his flivver—with a driver. He can't drive.

"How did I know," he explained, "that I wouldn't be on my way back to London, after that first picture?" So far as the money is concerned, there is this: fifty per cent of his salary goes to the British income tax collector—twenty-five to the United States.

The conveyance department has extended to two light cars, now. Little sedans. One for Elsa, one for Charlie. They don't know why, because they always ride together in one of them.

They adore jig-saw puzzles, limericks.
Laughton knows thousands, and alley cats which follow them home. They have two, Nero and Louis.

Nero is the recent vicar of a gory battle which left him with ten hairs bristling on his tail.

"Like an old Christmas tree," Laughton describes it.

He wallows around the floor with the cats, calling "Louis-Louis-Louis-Louis!" in a rapidly ascending scale, like a prima donna vocalizing. It drives Louis crazy.

Their friends say Elsa Lanchester is a perfect foil for Laughton. Never once has she submerged her personality, never is there any danger of her becoming an echo in his reflected glory.

She is a constantly resourceful imp for whose wit he is the hysterial audience. Her precocious child imitations are flawless gems.

They love to turn the radio to those little darlings (the ones the rest of us tune out on—fast) and listen breathlessly, remembering every inflection. Then Elsa gives the performance over again.

Laughton's attitude is that of an indulgent parent, although he is very little older than Elsa.

To friends he says, "I am so ugly, how can any woman love me?" With which he smiled like an angel.

In England, they amuse themselves with a house built in the trees on their place, and rope swings to play in.

And in spite of all his glorious nonsense, Laughton is a good hard-headed business man with plenty of common sense. He is extremely happy in his present association with Irving Thalberg, because, he says, "Where most producers argue, Thalberg discusses and cooperates."

Laughton is seldom seen in public. The first night that he and Elsa went out, after their return to Hollywood, it was to see "Cavalcade" on the stage of the Pasadena Community Theater. They went to the Vendome for dinner.

Laughton ordered everything in sight, including the hot meat cart which perambulates from table to table.

He doesn't like Dickens, says he is a frightful bore. He won't play a Dickens' character, no matter what.

Pretty brave for an Englishman to stick to his guns like that, over the favorite British author.

There is a lot of sentiment in this talented Yorkshire man—but no sentimentality. He makes few friends, yet he is excessively fond of the ones he has.

One of his closest friends is Josef Von Sternberg. But Laughton refused to play in Von Sternberg's "Scarlet Empress." "We wouldn't get along," he said.

Dick Arlen and Joby were backstage at Old Vic's in London when Laughton was given Hollywood's Academy Award for the best acting of the past year. They told me he was so moved he could hardly continue with the play. Said it was the most sporting gesture ever made. When he walked, unannounced, on the "Barretts of Wimpole Street" set at M-G-M, the entire troupe burst into spontaneous applause.

A great talent which he respects, and a mind unconcerned with appearance or flattery, quick success or quick money have made Charles Laughton one of the few "free men" in the entire theatrical world.

3 delicate situations saved!

The life of the modern girl is carefree, successful... where it once was difficult and humiliating. How WONDERSOFT KOTEX is changing women's lives!

She wins at tennis!

- Vigorous, active, yet not the slightest discomfort. Pads don't pull or twist as they used to, because Wondersoft conforms to the body, readjusts itself to fit, no matter how active you are.

Business hours aren't hard...

- On those days, she used to suffer all during business hours. But Wondersoft pads stay dry at the edges. No chafing or rubbing, because of that exclusive Kotex patent, cotton sides where pad touches, but top and bottom left free to take up moisture.

A stunning, close-fitting silhouette

- Smooth fitting, snug—but no tell-tale lines showing. That's because of those flat, specially shaped ends on the Wondersoft pad. And no fear of soiling lingerie or frock. The center is different from any other pad, gives greater safety.

Why, even the package of Wondersof is different. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size—at all dealers.

Choice of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene. Check your choice on coupon below.

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☐ I should like a copy of "Health Facts on Menstruation."
☐ Send me "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," for a child.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures. A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British. An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. *(June)*

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warner. Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scene as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. *(Aug.)*

GAMBLING LADY—Warner. Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Snub Ruggles. Joe McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. *(May)*

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Fox. A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. *(May)*

GHOUl, THE—Gaumont-British. Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chiller. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. *(April)*

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod. Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Steen) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. *(April)*

GLAMOUR—Universal. This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorlie who becomes a star. Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. *(June)*

GOOD DAME—Paramount. The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Freddie March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cut fine. *(April)*

GRAND CANYON—Fox. Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by working out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. *(Sept.)*

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount. Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Lail) becoming a star. *(Aug.)*

HALF A SINNER—Universal. Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Beaton Churchill again rating loud handle. Joel McCrea and Sally Eade are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. *(July)*

HANDY ANDY—Fox. As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank McHugh—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. *(July)*

HAROLD TEEN—Warner. Screen translation of Earl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Harry LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lilium are perfect. Patricia Ellis. *(May)*

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British. A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. *(Sept.)*

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warner. Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. *(May)*

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount. So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband, but the real crooner turns up—and then! *(Aug.)*

HERE COMES THE NAVY—Warner. One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. *(Sept.)*


HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod. Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. *(Aug.)*

HI, NELLIE!—Warner. Paul Muni splendid as Macbeth. Editor devoted to Heart Throb Department for nothing story. Plot action, suspense, make this a movie headline. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. *(April)*

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod. Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Gertrude Niesen) hired for one year by Weldon Hovey for below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. *(June)*

In Portland, Oregon at Bedell's

This Seamless Hip Foundation Wins Feminine Enthusiasm

Clever women turn to Gossard for new ideas in figure beauty. The startling thing about this new foundation is that the satin finished two-way-stretch elastic is sewed only where it joins the satin panel front, leaving the hips smooth for sheath-like dresses. The lace bra top is designed to lift upwards, and the back is cut low.

The Gossard Line of Beauty

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. Chicago • New York • San Francisco • Dallas
Atlanta • London • Toronto • Melbourne • Sydney • Buenos Aires
HOLLYWOOD PARTY—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-successful Four Faces, which brings in more than all the hilarity. Lule Vale, Laural and Hardy are advertised. Lyle Talbot and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST.—Universal.—A novel with two leads, which is adding to and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecila Parker and others. (May)

MARGARET HAMILTON, THE.—The 20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile love story. (May)

I BELIEVED IN YOU.—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in a story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

I CAN'T ESCAPE.—Paramount.—Oswald Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict whose eyes are but images when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (May)

I GIVE MY LOVE.—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wife Celine, Robert Taylor and all do well but serve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great picture for her son. (May)

I HATE WOMEN.—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy skillfully handled. Fuzzy Knight, Bradley Page, Clara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD.—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters in the South Pacific try to figure out the globe trying to beat each other to the big story. Gloria Stuart, arising star. (June)

INTRUDER, THE.—Universal.—Murder at sea, and suspects supperrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe character. Stmeye, Lila Lee, Arthur Homenick at hand. (May)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike a working on between blonde and the city. Van Vaerenberg and Elizabeth Patterson are on a hilarious trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (May)

IT'S A BOY.—Gaumont-British.—Always a comedy of the year. This one is about Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharkshooper engaged in the latest legal shoot. Better Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME.—Warner Bros.—Scandalous psychological case history of a woman who has killed her lover. John Dohle, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JUST SMITH.—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Down" told with taste, wit and piquancy by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KEEP'EM ROLLING.—RKO-Radio.—A man in charge of a farm is hounded by his creditors and his wife. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

KEY, THE.—Warner Bros.—Melodrama about the St. Francis House, in San Francisco, in April and June. 1926. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot would not be known as a key. (July)

KISS AND MAKE-UP.—Paramount.—Plenty of bums while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton fromקס. Car Grant who really loves Helen Mck. (Aug)

LAST GENTLEMAN, THE.—The 20th Century-Universal.—A tale of a Missouri study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his fate. Real-Stereotyped and entertaining. (July)

LAUGHING BOY.—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving film about Indian boy Ramon Novarro for Lupe Velez, whose knew evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug)

LAZY RIVER.—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but the plotting is splendid in this tale of the following rights to the head of a newspaper. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Local, Louisianas bayous. (May)

LEGONG.—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd ritual, and no doubt what provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)


LILY ANNE.—RKO-Radio.—Beautiful, entrancing story of an innocent girl's struggle with her destiny. Margaret Sullivan is superb, as a Douglass Montgomery's role fits her like a glove. (Aug)

LITTLE MISS Marker.—Paramount.—A beauty story with Shirley Temple as a gemlet for an L. O. U. S., simply matches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Darr. Don't miss it, surely. (June)

LONG LOST FATHER.—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's stand. Student, stand-out star separated from father since childhood. (July)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.—20th Century-Fox.—Spencer Tracy and Robert Young in a love problem, phone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, coolies, earthquakes and fires. Easiest Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

LOST JUNGLE, THE.—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both hens and hawks. (July)

LUCY, THE.—United Artists.—A South Sea life experience add to the thrills. (Sept)

LUST PATROL.—The RKO.—When this wins, all other Westerns are in the dust. Westerns by Bosie Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE.—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Clark Gable) who never looks so good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Hefner, Grace Kelley, Howard Hickman. (Aug)

LOUISIANA.—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this old film about a group of Negroes torn by war, family and friends. Staged realistically. (June)

MANeuver.—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for skim Summerville-Zanu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE.—Universal.—A confused issue over the ownership of a certain illegitimate child between Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN.—Monogram.—With murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding, this western by Barbara Stanwyck and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME DUB BARRY.—Warner Bros.—An elabo-rate and diverting play of the lives of bar girl (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. Miss Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Roya Hardemon. (June)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG.—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Stack. But this Victor McLaglen film is an absolute flop. (Aug)


MANDALAY.—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson, is still the most decidedly good of the five, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug)

MANN FROM UTAH, THE.—Monogram.—Thrilling, fast-shoot Western with a beautifully played James Cagney doing up John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the woman. (June)

MANKIND OF TWO FACES, THE.—First National.—Rare cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson, is still the most decidedly good of the five, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Fields, and supporting cast making your ears ring with the racket. (July)

MELODY IN SPRING.—Paramount.—Raiding the barnyard, singing and dancing in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)
MEN IN WHITE—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Herlaut, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MERRY PRANKS—First National.—Alma MacKeller, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Gay Kiddie are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Apr.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warner. —This feeble and amusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Gay Kiddie. (Apr.)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this melodramatic drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the woman who loves the star (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Apr.)

MODERN HERO—Warner.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney face, but story weak. (Apr.)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS.—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after." Graustarkian intrigue, courtesies, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Bette for top honors. (April)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING.—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Show) is amusing. (Apr.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's life (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "loddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

MURDER AT THE VANITIES—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Raoul Walsh. All well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama: Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nervous habit women have of constantly dabbing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave." 

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman use her makeup box in public, on the street, in the store at the table where she dines? Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

"Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo"

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peering into her mirror or dashing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there was a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not clog or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it clings! By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes into the skin, but not into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself at my expense! So I say: Accept a generous supply of all five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

Reason for a smile! Twenty thousand girls applied for a certain role in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions." Sylvia Cole got it

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By Lady Esther

Stop making up in public

Men detest the intrusive powder puff

[Ad for Lady Esther Face Powder]

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Berry's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ MYSTERY OF MR. X—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Jr. Y. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and face support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McVane's unsympathetic family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and face support. (July)

★ OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO—Radio.—Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

★ OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE—Paramount.—Paralyzing gas, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marion Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skillfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest, Shirley Grey, Rita LeRoy. Fair. (June)

★ ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Columbia.—The story is beautifully handled, and Grace Moore's glorious voice will be a treat for all music lovers. Yule Talbot and Tulio Carminati. (Aug.)

OPERATOR 13—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly commutative, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morely, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the rooth burdened by a childless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prizefighter is okay. Genda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiance, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

QUIETER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charlie Grapevine, publisher of small town newspaper, decreasing Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

Boo! The gentleman who casts such a frightening shadow with those claws is Warner's "Philos Vancie." William of "The Dragon Murder Case" is a Warner Brothers Picture—mystery aplenty!
Randy Riders Alone—Monogram. Western devolves will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warner. Romance, tragedy, larceny, and the plot thickens when a troubadour nurse, Bebe Daniels, the object of Lyle Talbot’s and John Halliday’s admiration. Interesting plot details. (July)

**RETURN OF THE TERROR—First National.** A chilling mystery that has its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

**RIPTIDE—M-G-M.** Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the nurse, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

**Sadie McKee—M-G-M.** Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic métier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold’s superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Frankfort do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

**SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.** An unsung presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as Grand Duke Peter. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite acting. (July)

**SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.** Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell getting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian’s gaunt brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

She Learned About Sailors—Fox. Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get away with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (Sept.)

**She Loves Me Not—Paramount.** Smart treatment of the theme of success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an A1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Marim Hopkins. (Sept.)

She Made Her Bed—Paramount. A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, a baby; Richard Arlen, Jr., in the ice-box—create an exciting finish. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

**Shoot the Works—Paramount.** Headaches and rib-tickles of “show business” put to music and woven into a top-notch story. Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (Sept.)

**Show-Off, the—M-G-M.** Spencer Tracy handles role as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lola Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

**Side Streets—First National.** Alice Mack-Mahon’s characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Anna Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

**Sing and Like It—RKO-Radio.** A devastating earthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes a bid to disrupt the Scheme of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Per Koten. Ned Sparks. (May)

**Sisters Under the Skin—Columbia.** Characterization and photostatic portraits by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

**Six of a Kind—Paramount.** This is a hit for Charlie Ruggles, Mary Brian, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

**Sixteen Fathoms Deep—Monogram.** Against the villainous opposition of George Raft, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O’Neil. Fair. (April)

**Sleeper East—Fox.** Wynne Gibson is the only brightness in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

**Smartly—Warner.** This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches with Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to Warner, again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (April)

**Smoking Guns—Universal.** Perhaps children will like this Key Wayne horse opera, but it’s pretty certain the oldsters won’t think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

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SORRELL AND SON — British-Chilean
United Artists. — Walter Brennan's famous story of the
love of a father and son is beautifully told.
H. B. Warner splendor. (Aug.)

SPEED WINGS — Columbia. — Tim McCoy has
his usual difficulties, this time in winning the
air races of chivalrous Canadian, played by
Evans Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

SPITTIREK - RKO-Radio. — If you like char-
acters study at all, this splendid ecoe of Kath-
arine Hepburn's and Joby African in the
good girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY — Fox. — Ace high
performances by Otto Kruger and Nigel
Johnny Bruce, both under Spencer's influence.
spiritual, naive, whimsy, with Nancy Carroll,
Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

STAMBOL QUEST — M-G-M. — Myrna Loy
will be the most unusual girl you have ever seen, as the
British American in the story. There is a
nobleman, Castleman, played by
Tim Holt, has an American dream, Lionel Atwill a Service
man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain.
Castleman is a menace, legend. (June)

STAR UP AND CHEER — Fox. — Assisted
by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amendment
Walter Baxter clings to the nation with an inspiring
presentation of music and dance numbers by
Jim Durante, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score
of others. (June)

STAR PACKER, THE — Monogram. — Discover-
the story of a man who's a packer is an
easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine
style. Verna Hillie. (Sept.)

STINGAREE — RKO-Radio. — An unusual
production of the Hopis. — Twenty-Dime Street
voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the
bandit, is splendid. — With Anna Mayne,
Conrad, Tony O'Kane, Adele, and Kaye
Tearle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS — Chesterfield. — Pretty poor
game fare, with Sallie Blane as the heroine who
can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's
engaged to and the second-rate she's in love with.
Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

STRAIGHTAWAY — Columbia. — Lively mo-
ments for some young enthusiasts, as Tim
Mcloy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue
Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE — RKO-Radio. — De-
scribe the popular scientific magazine, William
Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon,
Sterling Holloway — this is a pretty weak attack at
human. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE — RKO-Radio. — Story
material so poor that in spite of Douglas
Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colin
Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank McBean,
Nyla West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS — Fox. —
Following genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the
best of them. Walter Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle
Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona
Barrie. (July)

TAKE THE STAND — Liberty. — Columnist Jack
LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked
room. Seven outstanding motives. But who did it?
Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton,
Vincent Barnett. (May)

TARZAN AND THE MATE — M-G-M. — A
beautifully filmed adaptation. — Tarzan is ur-
realistic and romance, Tarzan, Johnny Weismuller,
Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton are aptly
directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too boy
for young children. (July)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE — Clifton-Hurst
Pro. — This is the same Allen Fox tale is effec-
tively screened, but it is not recommended for
children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

THIN MAN, THE — M-G-M. — See retired
detective Mr. Black. Except "the baffling murder case he couldn't go on," and
the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS — Paramount. —
Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn
about, mytifying the princess. Sally Sidney's
eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his
role with finesse. (July)

THIS IS MY MAN — RKO-Radio. —
Nominated for Tony Award. Damon Runyon, Ralph
Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting
triangle. — With singing dialogue. Kay Johnson
deserves honors. (Sept.)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN — M-G-M. — A realistic
tale, one hectic day in the life of the Turner family.
Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge
unscathed. (July)

1 ON A HONEYMOON — Fox. — Trouble starts
when Edna Evers pursues officer Charles Starrett on
round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast in-
cluding Zasu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates
fair amount of interest. (June)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN — Bryan Foy Pro.
— Aimed against the delicate subject of sterili-
zation for the habitual drunkard, the weak-
headed and the criminal. Directed by
Stirling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

TREATURE ISLAND — M-G-M. — A
beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for
younger audiences. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie
Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto
Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading roles.
(Sept.)

TRUMPET BLOWS, THE — Paramount.
— George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide
thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, ban-
dit partner, and Bette Davis, the eccentric
producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lomb-
ardi to star. John Barrymore is superb. Walter
Connolly and excellently supporting cast. (Sept.)

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS —
First National. — Through efforts of Pat O'Leary,
and Ginger Rogers "giving him the air," Dick
Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand
supporting cast. (Sept.)

TWIN HUSBANDS — Inevitable. — Lots of susp-
ense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too
melodramatic. John Barrymore, Ginger Rogers, does a good acting job.
Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW — Liberty. — Smooth,
well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with
directors, Wallace Beery, Myrna Loy, and Myrna Loy, does an
unethical divorce practice worthy of some little men-
tion. (July)

UPPERWORLD — Warners. — In self-defense
William Warren shoots jealous lover who killed
dancer Ginger Rogers. After his excommunication,
William goes away with wife Mary Astor and
Dixie Moore. — Good performances, off-trail plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A — First National.
Gambler Joe is turned penitent and science to pay debt, but when "delivery
time" comes, the story holds. Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining.
(Sept.)

VIVA VILLA! — M-G-M. — Action galore in
this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa,
Mexico's barbasous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good
work by Henry B. Walthall. (Aug.)

VOCHEIN Voice in the Night — Columbia.
— Something funny every time. Jimmy Durante,
George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knockout
act of comic songs, too, with Ethel Merman
dozing her part. (Aug.)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING — Paramount. —
Sailor Bill, Cross-eyed, a man who thinks all women
are flirts. — Howard, Burns and Gracie Allen do a knockout
act of comic songs, too, with Ethel Merman
dozing her part. (Aug.)

WHARF ANGEL — Paramount. — Good theme
that didn't thrill. Yarn about hard guy Victor Mc-
Donnell selling off Precious Blood, a noble
as a noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the
girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty. —
The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court
in Little Tokyo, is splendid. — With two dem-
ocrats and Arline Judge supply the love interest.
(Sept.)

WHERE SINNERS MEET — RKO-Radio. —
A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples
traveling over the Dover Road, provides intimate
screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard,
Owen Moore, Alan Mowbray, and every Reginald
Owen give brilliant performances. (July)
WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, takes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maria and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

WILD CARGO—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken miner in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imbott is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnosis has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Gay standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)


WONDER BAR—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in stvue performances. (Sept.)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as achieving old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brags about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

James J. Corbett

Blond Hero." (He’s writing for movies today) — "The Miracle Man" with Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney, was pronounced one of the best films evermade. Eugene O’Brien’s "budding screen career," it was prophesied, would be furthered by his work in "The Perfect Lover." However, the real surprise in the cast was a lady named Mary Boland. Texas Guinan was praised for her rope tricks in their two-reel Westerns. And a favorite picture of the month was "The Fall of Babylon," starring Constance Talmadge and featuring Alma Rubens, Mildred Harris, Carl Stockdale, George Fawcett, Pauline Starke, and Eric Von Stroheim. Rumor said movies might leave California because Goldwyn planned opening a New York studio. Cover: Dorothy Dalton.

5 Years Ago

Gloria Swanson

Shades of pre-depression days! A story exposing the prices paid for stars’ finery said that Gloria Swanson’s hose cost $9,500.00 a year, and her wedding gown in “Her Love Story” cost $96,000.00. The two successive stories of the day were about Dagmar Godowsky and Betty Bronson. Dagmar, daughter of the pianist, Leopold Godowsky, was cast opposite Richard Dix entirely in “A Sainted Devil,” when his leading lady, Jetta Goudal, walked out in a fit of temper. Dagmar, however, dropped her film career a few months later. Betty was the lucky girl who sky-rocketed to fame when James Barrie chose her for the title role in “Peter Pan.” Photographs showed the child wonder, Jackie Coogan, keeping fit by exercising in his gym. And there was a lovely portrait of erstwhile favorite, Louis Huff and her two children. The outstanding picture of the month was Valentino’s “Mon-sieur Beaucheain,” with Bebe Daniels, Lowell Sherman, and Doris Kenyon. Playing the dramatic title role in “Janice Meredith,” Marion Davies was considered miscast, and advice to Marion was that she limit herself to comedy. The other two pictures of the month were “The Side Show of Life,” with Ernest Torrence; “Merton of the Movies,” with Viola Dana and Glenn Hunter; Jackie Coogan’s “Little Robinson Crusoe”; and “The Iron Horse,” with Madge Bellamy, George O’Brien and J. Farrell MacDonald. Laughter of the month: Pearl White, wanting movies a quick turn, took a henna bath and came out red all over! On the cover, Mary Philbin.

10 Years Ago

Gloria Swanson

“SHOULD Children Go To Movies?” The question was discussed by The Better Photoplay League, and the answer was “yes—if the movies are carefully chosen.” Then, as now, a long, happy marriage in Hollywood was a rarity. And so, Mrs. James J. Corbett, told the story of her and Gentleman Jim’s twenty-three years of marital happiness. (This marriage lasted for thirty-eight years, until Corbett’s death in 1933.) Priscilla Dean confessed that she found fame when she changed the style of her hairdress. A photograph showed Charlie Chaplin and Nazimova meeting for the first time, on the old Metro lot. A story on Marion Davies described her as “a lively Venus of common sense.” Great movie success was promised for Ralph Graves, known as “Griffith’s First Guinan was praised for her rope tricks in their two-reel Westerns. And a favorite picture of the month was "The Fall of Babylon," starring Constance Talmadge and featuring Alma Rubens, Mildred Harris, Carl Stockdale, George Fawcett, Pauline Starke, and Eric Von Stroheim. Rumor said movies might leave California because Goldwyn planned opening a New York studio. Cover: Dorothy Dalton. James J. Corbett

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feet square in size, and go to work. The huge stage had originally been built to accommodate the marble stairways and golden thrones Hollywood producers love. But Hecht and MacArthur are not dealing in extravagances.

If their sets are small, they are exquisitely perfect and correctly designed. In the set there is not one single object which does not have a purpose or a dramatic meaning to the scene. Thus the set may be almost stark in its simplicity, but it is complete.

This technique has been used with impressive results in designing stage sets for the legitimate theater.

In Hollywood they saw large sums of money spent on huge sets. That, they agreed, was usually unnecessary. For example, a movie camera does not need to show you the entire interior of a building to convey to you the idea that a man has entered a drug-store. A single counter displaying drug items, a white-jacketed clerk, and the fact and atmosphere of a drug-store are established. Furthermore, they are established more dramatically than if the screen were cluttered up with hundreds of objects that are part of a large interior.

The artist is economical with his medium. What a hack-writer takes a long paragraph to say, the great poet will express in a single line. It is this artistic economy that Hecht and MacArthur are trying to achieve in movies.

Furthermore, they intend to prove, with the four pictures they will make under the Paramount banner in Astoria, that their technique is practical for any type of movie.

“Crime Without Passion,” their first, is a highly dramatic, introspective picture concerned primarily with the psychology of one man.

For the second production they have chosen an entirely different type of thing—a romantic story of the noble love of a peasant actor for a beautiful young Russian princess who joins his traveling troupe in an attempt to elude the revolutionists. Their third picture will be a musical comedy, “Scarcie.” The fourth has not, yet, as been planned.

Probably few producers have wanted so intensely to make beautiful and important pictures. Yet, visiting their studios, you don’t have the feeling that any serious work is going on. Hecht and MacArthur are newspaper men. And at the studio is the same informality you find in the city room of a daily paper.

Their most important decisions have been made while they were sitting on the floor of their office, playing backgammon at a dollar a game. It was there Claude Rains, “The Invisible Man,” found out where he came out to Astoria, at their request, to consider playing the lead in “Crime Without Passion.” The game did not stop. They talked to him between moves. Finally, after talks of break talk between long pauses, MacArthur asked him, “By the way, would you be willing to wear a mustache?”

Rains answered enthusiastically, “For you, I’d wear a tail!”

But when Hecht rose from the floor, the game finished, to arrange such details as contract, salary, etc., MacArthur grabbed him by the ankle.

“No, you don’t!” he growled.

“What’s the matter with you, Mac? I’ve got to go—”

“No, you don’t! Not till you pay me my dollar! I won!”

Their office is anything but Hollywood’s conception of where a well-set up producer should work. It’s a large room, simply furnished, with signs painted on the walls—“Let the Public In On Our Secret,” or “What Is The Audience Doing Now?”

On the set Hecht will sit cross-legged on top of a table, directing a difficult emotional scene as calmly as if he were watching a slow game of tennis. Just off the set MacArthur is spinning a yarn for a group of extras. He will interrupt himself suddenly to yell at Hecht, “Hey, Ben! Shouldn’t Claude pause longer between those two sentences?”

“No.”

“Okay.” And he goes back to his story.

In a moment Hecht climbs slowly off the table. “Take it over, Mac. I’m going across the street for a cup of coffee.”

“Let Lee handle it. I’ll go with you.” So, the director-producers leave and Lee Garnes, their cinematographer, takes over the scene.

But if they are casual, they are never careless. And though the making of their picture seems like play instead of work, they do not overlook a single detail for making it more beautiful or more dramatic. Certainly it should give a buoyancy and spark that movies made in a hard-working, routine and less personal way lack.

For Hollywood’s star system they have supreme contempt. In choosing a cast for their pictures they use Broadway technique. In other words, they search for players who will fit the parts, not for people who are known as favorites.

They aren’t uneasy because their first picture boasts no star. They recall, for example, that before “Scarface” was released Paul Muni was about as well known as Claude Rains is now, and few people had heard of Ann Dvorak or George Raft. This believe if a picture is good, it will make stars of those in the cast. And if a picture is poor, there is no justice in its riding to the box-office on a big name. On Broadway a play must have merit in itself to have a successful run. A poor play is not tolerated because there’s a big name in the cast. Witness, for example, the flop of “The Lake,” with Katharine Hepburn. If the same standard could be set in movies, far better pictures would come out of Hollywood, they maintain. In casting their pictures they do not even search for players with movie experience.

George Jessel, who will play in “Hearts and Flowers,” their musical, has been before the camera more times than any other player on their list. For the important serio-comic lead in the Russian picture, they have chosen Jimmy Savo, Chaplinesque comedian of Broadway who has had some small experience in pictures, but no success.

In the “Crime Without Passion” cast, Rains was the only member who had faced a movie camera before. He had played the title role in “The Invisible Man.” The audience didn’t even see his face until the end of the picture.

And then he was dead.

For one of the two feminine leads they chose Whitney Bourne. She had never scored a big

“Have you ridden horseback, rain or shine, except for certain days that demanded quiet. Now, I ride without regard for those difficult days because there is no longer any difficulty or discomfort connected with them. My only regret is the time I lost in getting acquainted with Midol.”

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Don’t be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is not a narcotic. It is just as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

If you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol is a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for Midol.
Hit. Her name was not known. But she looked like the person Hecht and MacArthur had in mind for the rôle. She photographed well. She knew how to act. What more could a producer want?

The other important feminine rôle in the picture was that of a Mexican night club dancer. When the two directors started to cast that rôle, they looked for a Mexican girl who would photograph well and who danced in a night club. They found her doing a rumba at the Waldorf. Her name is Margo. She dances at night in the cabaret and comes to the studio the next morning to play the same rôle before the cameras. She even wears the same costume. Working with her on the set, Hecht will say, "How would you naturally do that sequence, Margo?"

"Like this." She rehearses it for several minutes.

"Very well, Camera?" And the scene is shot.

For one scene they needed a line of eighteen chorus girls. The usual movie gesture would be to call for eighteen extras, get a dancing instructor to teach them the steps, have costumes made, etc. All in all, the eighteen girls would have been on the lot (and on the pay-roll) for a week or more. The scene would have been very expensive.

Ben Hecht went to the telephone and called a Broadway cabaret. Yes, they had eighteen chorus girls in costume who could do a short routine. The girls piled into cabs, arrived at the studio, did their routines before the camera, and were back at the cabaret within two hours.

When they needed a Negro orchestra for a short scene, they made a similar arrangement with a Harlem night club. But intelligent economies such as these are possible only if the organization is small and the men responsible for the production are working directly with the cast, cameramen and technicians.

HECHT and MacArthur's cry in Hollywood is that the organization is so large and unwieldy, production is unnecessarily slow and expensive. For example, in Hollywood, MacArthur, as the writer of a movie script, was called to the set and told that a certain scene had to be rewritten. Production on the scene had to stop while half a dozen people were called into conference, consultations held, permissions sought, oaks given. Two weeks later the scene was finally rewritten and retaken.

When Hecht and MacArthur decided a scene in "Crime Without Passion" needed rewriting, they sat down on the set with a portable typewriter, rewrote the scene as they discussed it, explained the changes to the cast—and went on shooting.

Their staff is small. But it is efficient and highly experienced. Director Art Rosson came from Hollywood to help them. And they brought Lee Garmes, noted cinematographer, and Slavko Vorkapich, technical adviser, from the Coast.

The movie world is closely watching their experiment. If it is successful it means a boom for movie production in the East. More than that, it means that Hecht and MacArthur have proved that it is practical to produce movies more or less as plays are—with a small staff working directly with the cast; simple, well designed sets that are related to the dramatic action of the story; actors who fill the requirements of the roles, whether they are stars or not.

It sounds like a sensible and intelligent way of making pictures. Certainly it is an economical way. And nobody, since movies began, has had more fun making movies than Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur are having.
Cast of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE"—M.G.M.—From the play by Rudolf Besier. Screen play by Ernst Vials, Claude West and Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: Elizabeth, Norma Shearer; Browning, Fredric March; Mr. Barrett, Charles Laughton; Henrietta, Maureen O'Sullivan; Arabell, Katherine Alexander; Captain Cook, Ralph Forbes; Wilson, Una O'Connor; Bella, Marion Clayton; Ben, Ian Wolfe; Dr. Chambers, Ferdinand Munier; Dr. Ford-Watkinson, Leo Carroll.

"BEYOND THE LAW"—Columbia. From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: Tim, Tim McCoy; Helen, Shirley Grey; Morgan, Addison Richards; Professor, Harry C. Bradley; N. 1, Radio Policemen, Mert LaVerre, Dick Rush.

"BLIND DATE"—Columbia. From the story by Vida Hurst. Screen play by Ethel Hill. Directed by Roy Wm. Neill. The cast: Kitty Taylor, Ann Soberin; Bob Harrell, Neil Hamilton; Bill, Paul Kelly; Fred, Mickey Rooney; Pat Taylor, Spencer Charters; Ma Taylor, Jane Darwell; Flo, Joan Gale; Dol, Genevieve Mitchell; Tom, Theodore Newton; Eny, Tyler Brooke; Harrell, Sr., Henry Kolker; Burt Stewart, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; Mrs. Harrell, Mary Forbes; Barbara Harrell, Billy Barty.

"BRIDES OF SULU"—EXPLORATION PHOTOPLAYS—From the story by James Ormont. Directed by John Nelson. The cast: Kapura, Adembia Moreno; Arnon, Eduardo de Castro; Dale of Dahal, Genoria Tiaman; The Sultan of Sulu, Armanda Mahjibang; Dala Mada, Himself; Yu-Ti, Felines Fernandes.

"BRITISH AGENT"—FIRST NATIONAL—From the novel by H. Bruce Lockhart. Screen play by Linde Doyle. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Stephen Leacock, Leslie Howard; Lina, Kay Francis; Medini, William Garson; La Forge, Philip Reed; Parsons, Irving Pichel; Stanley, Walter Byron; Evans, Ivan Simpson; Maria, Marianne Schubert; Commissioner for War, J. Carroll Naish; Romano, Paul Porcasi; Sgt. Walter Carreras, Hallwell Hobbes; Lady Carriar, Doris Lloyd; Kilsdon, Gregory Gaye; Davlepine, Alphonse Abresch; Lewis, Tenen Holtz; Cabinet Officer, George Perske; Under Secretary, Walter Catlett; D.A. Val, Cedar Romanes; Farmer, Arthur Aylsworth; Zubinoff, Addison Richards.

"CAT'S PAW, THE"—FOCUS—From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Sun Taylor. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: Lydia Taylor, Colub, Harold Lloyd; Priscilla Pratt, Una Merkel; Jake Mayo, George Barrows; Strozzi, Nat Pendleton; Della, Ann Dinhurst; "Silk Hat" McGee, Grant Mitchell; Tien Fang, Fred Warren; "Spade" Statery, Warren Hymer; Snipes, J. Farrell MacDonald; Red, the Reporter, James Donlan; Del Anchil, Artie Avers; Bandleader, Frank Maxwell; Police Comm'ner,istry, Frank Sheridan; Edith, as a boy, David Jack Holt.

"DAMES"— WARNER—From the story by Robert Lord and Delmer Daves. Adapted by Delmer Daves. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: Mabel, Joan Blondell; Jimmy, Dick Powell; Barbara, Ruby Keeler; Mathilda, ZaSu Pitts; Horace, Guy Kibbee; Ezra,Hugh Herbert; Bulger, Arthur Vincent; Song Writer, Sammy Finn; Song Writer, Phil Regan; Conductor, Arthur Aylsworth; Maid, Leola Bennett; Elbers, Berton Craig.

"DANCING MAN"—PIRAMID PHOTOPLAY—From the story by Bethel Poynter. Directed by Al Ray. The cast: Diana Trenor, Judith Allen; Paul Diney, Reinhard Denny; J. C. Trenor, Edmund Breese; Tamara Trenor, Natalie Moorhead; Reynolds, Edwin; Duke Trenor, Richard Ney; Ed; Trena, Edwin; Earl Evans; Mrs. Combs, Robert Ellis; Celestine Castle, Charlotte Meredith; Mason, Harry Gordon; Mrs. St. John, Maude Trux; Eddie Stryker, Donald Stuart.

"ELMER AND ELISE"—PARAMOUNT—From the story by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connely. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Gilbert Pratt. The cast: Elmer Beebe, George Bancroft; Elsie Beebe, Frances Fuller; Rocky Cat, Rosemary Karns; John Kincaid, George Barrows; Mrs. Kincaid, Nella Walker; George Simpson, Charles Sellon; Ma Simpson, Helen Phillips Evans; Mamie, Ruth Clifford; Beatrice, Naomi Lansing; Ann, Phoebe Harkness; Verda, Vera Sedman; Ruby, Helen Lynch; Mabel, Marie Wells; Joe, Tom Dempsey; Evans, Edgar Kennedy; Duke York, Al, William Robyns; Patsam, Alf P. Janes.

"FOR LOVE OR MONEY"—BRITISH AND DOMINION—Based on a story by Anthony Gibbs and Dr. John Greenhill. Directed by Zoltan Korda. The cast: Paul, Robert Donat; Gelber, Edmund Gwenn; Lidwina, Wendy Barrie; Financer, Cliff Weatherley.


"HAPPY LANDING"—MONOGRAM—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: Nick Terry, Ray Walker; Janet, 

Four favorites of the screen who were guests of Ernst Lubitsch at the house-warming which celebrated the opening of his palatial home: Dolores Del Rio, Helen Hayes, Virginia Bruce and Mona Maris.

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. The tiny particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, supple and so soft it looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

-Powdered Saxolite

Reduce wrinkles and other age-marks. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-gallons witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.
Your hair needs a sunny disposition too...!

NELL O'DAY—POPULAR STAR

Much of the beauty of your smile and the charm of your personality is lost if your hair is dull and lifeless! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse will put dancing sunbeams in your hair—will make you know "that girl with a gleam in her hair!" Try it tonight...you'll be delighted! 25c at your dealers' store.

GOLDEN GLINT

Shampoo and Rinse

Send this ad with a certificate taken from a bottle of Liquid Veneer and we will send you a beautiful Paradise-design teaspoon, hand-engraved with your initial, A B E C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

SOLVENTLY FREE! One ad only redeemable with each certificate.

The certificate also entitles you to handsome silverplated tableware, each piece hand-engraved in initial, for a small sum as shown thereon, to cover engraving and postage.

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FREE SAMPLE

If you prefer, send for liberal 10c bottle of Liquid Veneer, free, and learn how to obtain a complete "Silver Chest" for almost nothing. You will also receive a fascinating story, "How Liquid Veneer Made Me Rich."

Liquid Veneer is marvelous for dressing and polishing to keep furniture, woodwork, automobiles looking brand new. Preserves the finish indefinitely. Leaves no greasy film.

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Jackie Coogan visited the "Peck's Bad Boy" set to see Jackie Cooper in the rôle Coogan played more than ten years ago. Director Edward F. Cline stopped work long enough for a "bad boy" reunion.
"PARIS INTERLUDE"—M-G-M.—Based on the play "All Good Americans" by F. J. Perelman and Laura Perelman. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: Julie, Madge Evans; Sam, Otto Kruger; Pat, Robert Young; George, June Lang. Directed by Robert G. Vignola. The cast: Heifer Pym, Colleen Moore; Arthur Dimmock, William这句话的后部分被截断了。"ROMANCE IN THE RAIN"—Universal. From the story by Sig Herzig and Jay Gorney. Screen play by Barry Trivers. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: Carol, Roger Pryor; Cynthia, Claire Trevor; Peter, Joseph H. Walker; Mary, Louise, Louise Henry; Ham, Edward Brophy; Roy, George Meeker; Nettie, Bert Roach; Sven, Richard Tucker.


"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"—Fox. From the novel by Sigrid Boo. Screen play by Norman Raskin. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Hilde Nilsson, Janet Gaynor; Eric Landstrom, Lew Ayres; Hilda Glyn, Ned Sparks; Otto Nilsson, Walter Connolly; Mrs. Hamilton, Louise Dresser; Karl Forsberg, Joseph Pagano; Fräulein Stoll, Louise Treece; Hertha, Regis Toomey; Sally, Fuzzy Knight; Mrs. Catter, Malayne货物; Miss Lees, District Attorney; Wallis Clark; Curt, Arthur Stone; Higgins, Edwin Coggs.

"SHE WAS A LADY"—Fox. From the novel by Elizabeth Cob. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Helen Twelvetrees; Verna Traill, Donald Woods; Stanley Vace, Ralph Morgan; Jerry Cullen, Larry Keating; Lorna Vane, Doris Lloyd; Daisy, Kitty Kelly; George Vane, Hallie Hobbs; Lady Diana Vane, Mary Forbes; Herbie Vace, Jackie Searl; Moira, Barbara Weeks; Reds, a child; Carol Kay; Jeff Dever, Paul Hartley; Yank, Harold Goodwin; Iris Vane, Anne Howard.

"SHOCK"—Monogram. From the story by Roy J. Pormony. Screen play by Madeline Ruthven. Directed by Roy J. Pomeroy. The cast: Derek Morgan, Jeanne Crain; Harold, Gwendolyn; Grace Roll (courtesy Paramount); Bob Haywood, Monroe Owen; Jack Clark, Carolyn Whitaker; Ginger Hayworth, Douglas Atten; Alma Neville, Alex Corey; Richel McPherson, David Jack Holt; Deanna Durbin, Marley Davidson, Billy Bevan; Hawthorne, Clyde Cook; Lord Heatherly, Mary Forbes; Colmer, Charles Coleman; Greer Gilroy, Colin Campbell; Max, Harry Endon; Francis; Jane, Cliff, Harry Holden.

"STRAIGHT" THE WAY"—M-G-M. From the play "Four Walls" by Dana Burnet and George Schaffner. Screen play by Bernard Herzberg. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: Ben, Frank, Choy; Trudy, June Lang; Mary, Mary Marlowe; Sally, Marion Byron; Shirley, Gladys Georges, Skiitty, Nat Pendleton; Monk, Jack LaRue; Salliehur, C. Henry Gordon; Green, Raymond Hatton; Dr. Walker, William Bakewell.

"THEIR BIG MOMENT"—RKO Radio. From the play by Walter Hackett. Screen play by Howard Green. Directed by James Cruse. The cast: Tillie Whim, Esu Pitts; Bill, Slim Summerville; Mrs. Marlow, Mary Morland; June Lang; Shirley, Gladys Georges, Skiitty, Nat Pendleton; Monk, Jack LaRue; Salliehur, C. Henry Gordon; Green, Raymond Hatton; Dr. Walker, William Bakewell.

"WHOM THE GODS DESTROY"—Columbia. From the story by Albert Payson Terhune. Adapted by Martin Rackin. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: John Forrester, Walter Connolly; Jack, Joe Cawthorne; Doris Kenyon, Jack (age 14), Macom Jones; Jacob (age 3), Scott Marshall; William, William, George; Louis, Franklin, Bruce Cabot; Eva Farrington, Kay Johnson; Foy Hayter, Julie Haydon; Doctor Farrington, William, George; Louis, Tamarra Gema.

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Carole Lombard decided to play her assigned role in "Orchids and Onions" for Columbia rather than face a lawsuit and maybe a six months' layoff. She had been loaned by Paramount for the picture.

Henry Gordon rated his professional standing as a villain many years ago, and he had never been able to get out of the menace class. M-G-M, at last, listened to his plea—and cast him for a sympathetic police officer. But there was a catch in it.

Henry had to sacrifice his badge-of-servitude, his little wicked mustache, which has decorated his upper lip for fifteen years. Henry feels so lonesome and so exposed.

In spite of her many beaux and friends, Jean Harlow is really a very self-sufficient person. She's never without a platinum and diamond anklet. The other day she was asked who gave it to her.

"I gave it to myself," said Jean.

Recently she's been reading up on fortune telling.

She says she can't see no reason why she can't tell her own fortune as well as someone else. If not better.

It was a badly battered, limp and wincing Clark Gable who showed up at M-G-M the other morning after a big Shrine whoop-de-doo in Los Angeles.

Answer: Clark had been riding a goat, taking impromptu spills and unexpected blows during a hot and heavy initiation. Away from all inquisitors he hobbled with the explanation, "I fell down."

Which, at that, was more original than the black-eye gag—"I ran into a door."

When Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur saw the rushes on their first picture, "Crime Without Passion," they were so pleased with themselves, they shook hands and congratulated each other. Then they went down to their office, drew up a contract, and hired themselves as directors on all forthcoming Hecht-MacArthur productions.

When Jerry Wald was a radio columnist he used to razz Rudy Vallee plenty. Now he has written a Warner movie called "Sweet Music"—and Rudy will be the leading man.

The usual procedure is for stock players to try to get in pictures, but Lyle Talbot is asking for a leave of absence to go back to his old stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska. His pals there helped him out once, and now he wants to reciprocate and assist the company to get back in the money.

If you have any odd photographic negatives that retouching would improve—save them for Marlene Dietrich. It's her hobby. And she's said that if she ever quits the screen she'll be found in the business. Already, the industrious Marlene has some two hundred finished negatives to attest her skill. It's one thing Von Sternberg did not teach her.

From now on, when you see the name of Ann Shirley in a picture's billing, it'll be none other than she who was known as Dawn O'Day.

Jack LaRue had to grow into his role of Monk in the M-G-M "Straight Is the Way" production. He was cast for the part nine years ago—in the stage production, under the title "Four Walls." It was decided then that he looked too young, and Paul Muni played it.

When Clark Gable was followed right through the gate into the studio by four motorcycle cops, the gateman practically fainted, and traffic was seriously obstructed by the curious who gathered to find out how many laws Clark had broken. But all the cops wanted was Clark's autograph!

Warner Baxter was given a vacation at Fox, as a reward for good behavior. So he went over to Columbia (with the consent of his home lot) to make "Broadway Bill" with Frank Capra. Warner was crazy about the story, and always wanted to work with Capra. Besides, he gets a location trip around San Francisco, his favorite town, and rates $89,600 for his work in the picture.

Grant Wither's new wife is a former Cleveland society girl who is a trifle stunned at the prevailing informality of Hollywood. However, her sense of humor has risen to the rescue, and she no longer minds being openly compared, with Grant's former wife, Loretta Young.

Mae West will have no competition from within her family. Her sister, Beverly West, visiting the reformed Mae, said she isn't even remotely considering shifting her career from the stage to pictures.
“LADY, WHY YO’ LEAVE dis chile wif me?” gasps Sam. “Yo’ train goin’ in five minutes!”


“Yas’m,” says Sam, now as smooth as chocolate custard.

Mrs. Gibson is not telling all. She’s going to get that Ivory for herself, too! It’s the pure complexion soap!

DOCTORS ADVISE GENTLE PURE IVORY

“GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!” says Jane. “I wash-ee, wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!”

“If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes,” teases Sally, “your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much.”

“That’s what the salesgirl at Baxton’s said,” says Jane. “She gave me a lecture on Ivory’s purity, she did. So don’t preach to me, Sally. From today I’m using Ivory.”

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

“Yes” or “No” to Beauty Magic?

SHE SIMPLY LOVED to read soap advertisements that promised “youth” … “beauty oils” … “the beautiful skin men can’t resist.”

So she tried these “magic” soaps. “But NOTHING happened!” she told her good doctor.

“Of course not!” said that unfeeling man. “No soap is magic. But a pure soap cleanses without drying. Why don’t you use Ivory?”

Doctors are like that about Ivory Soap, because they have observed that Ivory’s purity agrees even with a new-born baby’s touchy skin!

Is this purity vital to your complexion, too? Yes, indeed! For Ivory protects the soft youth of your complexion. No drawn, tight feeling! Your skin feels clean and naturally refreshed!

IVORY SOAP

99\(\frac{4}{100}\)% PURE • IT FLOATS

“I SAW YOU!” says Julia, the Gibsons’ pretty maid. “Bobby Gibson, you’re taking my Ivory Soap!”

“Aw gee!” squirms Bobby. “I want it for the Little Tigers’ club house so Pete won’t hand out his smelly soap.”

“All right,” relents Julia, “but leave some for my dishes!” Dishes, pish! Julia wants pure Ivory in the dishpan to keep her lovely hands smooth!

IVORY IS GENTLE TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES
Before her marriage to the grandnephew of Marshall Field, the founder of the family, Mrs. Henry Field went to school in Washington, in Switzerland, and in England. She collects French and American contemporary paintings, she writes, she plays, she is keenly interested in the theatre, and she prefers traveling by air. She loves to dance, goes constantly to balls and parties, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"The main reason I like Camels so much better than other cigarettes is because they taste better," says Mrs. Field. "I can smoke as many as I want because they are mild and don’t make my nerves jumpy. I find, when I am tired, that smoking a Camel renews my energy, gives me a ‘lift.’"

Camel smokers have noticed for a long time that they do get an increase in their flow of energy from Camels. This release of your latent energy is produced by Camels in a wholly safe and natural way. So, whenever you feel tired—smoke a mild, fragrant, refreshing Camel.

Camels are Milder
HER life is outdoors... the wind... the sun... the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined... the home... the school room... the factory... the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours... well, you really don’t know... you merely hope.

Don’t offend others!
Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn’t be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis (unpleasant breath)
... to make an Eyebrow so important ... and to neglect her Teeth and Gums ... to tolerate "Pink Tooth Brush"!

No one would quarrel with this woman for using every beauty art at her command. The shape of a fingertip ... the arch of an eyebrow—are all so important to true loveliness. But what is gained if dull teeth and tender gums destroy her charm!

So many women are unaware that their teeth need a beauty treatment too! So few realize the fact that "pink tooth brush" means tender gums and tender gums mean dull teeth and a clouded, unattractive smile.

Dental science explains "pink tooth brush"—and how massage and Ipana help keep gums firm and teeth bright. Soft foods are mainly responsible for "pink tooth brush." The coarse, fibrous foods of yesterday have given place to soft and creamy dishes that rob our gums of work and health.

Follow dental science. Massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Use Ipana for both purposes. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in bringing back firmness to the gums.

And firm, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush" but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition. And they are safer!

Professional Opinion says:

- By a well-known authority:
  "Modern food is too soft and does not call for a hard effort to chew it."

- From a widely-read textbook:
  "Massage improves the health of the gums by stimulating the blood circulation. It also toughens the gums, making them more resistant to disease."

- A famous scientist says:
  "Mouth hygiene means sound teeth and healthy gums in clean mouths."

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
WITH A WALTZ
IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".

MAURICE CHEVALIER
JEANETTE MACDONALD

an ERNST LUBITSCH Production

THE MERRY WIDOW

with
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER • • MINNA GOMBELL

Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
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Kathryn Dougherty, Editor and Publisher

Vol. XLVI No. 6

November, 1934

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"
Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas, as a detective, making women the chief characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ AFFAIRS OF CELINII, THE—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan’s performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this and includes much about the love of Loretta Young and Fredric March. (Aug.)

★ ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Helen Williams’ search for Helen Twelvevittes, after the war. Unsuccessful in Britain, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O’Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual role, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

ARIANE—Pathé-Cinema Prod.—The star of “Catherine the Great,” Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scenes again, this time in the character of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the “pearls.” Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR RAID—RKO-Radio.—As the producer of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skets Galling, and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

★ BARRETTS OF WIMPole STREET, THE—M-G-M.—Well-nigh perfect is this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid sisters and Fredric March as her husband. Charles Laughton and excellent support. (Oct.)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another’s name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEGGARS IN ERMIN.—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this a fine dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as a maligned and bearded steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walchalk. (May)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen’s Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animals shots and a tuneful song score. (Aug.)

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy’s investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey. (Oct.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff’s latest “chiller.” And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jeanne Cagney will be washed away in his weird alde are seem all too unconvincing. (July)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you’re in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you’ll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLIND DATE—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Sothern going out with Neil Hamilton when he’s “steady.” Paul Kelly lets business interfere with her birthday party. (Oct.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenthal production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Only magnificent camera effects are the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgalls, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only “bad” by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

BOTTOMS UP—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Patterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.—Regard this as a scenic travelogue and try to overlook the poor dialogue. Interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. (Oct.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama about the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN’S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland’s difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd’s return of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale, Dorothy Hyson, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CIRCUS GLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic role of circus roustabout, who later becomes a tracer artist; Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnate Frank Craven’s daughter Sally Blane, newsboy Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

CLEOPATRA—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as Caesar, and Henry Wilton as Antony. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

COCKEYED CAVALIERS—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Ann Dvorak and William Tabbert. Bradley’s dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

CONSTANT NYPH, THE—Fox—Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy’s novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Grey are in his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at times as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (Oct.)

CRIME DOCTOR, THE—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife’s lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CROSS STREETS—Columbia.—The old, sad story of a doctor (John Barrymore) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DAMES—Warner.—A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Huber Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

DANGING MAN—Pyramid.—Mediocre murder mystery, featuring Reginald Denny as a giggio in love with Judith Allen and affairs with her stepmother, Natalie Moorhead. (Oct.)

★ DAVID HARUM.—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who finds his horse trampled on the side. None of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

DOUBLE DOOR—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinner who cruelly rules over her Kent Taylor, sister, Stuart, Ann Robinson, John Hodiak, Walter Revere, and Kent’s bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

[JOURNAL TURN TO PAGE 15]
Hi America!... Here he comes.

...IN WARNER BROS.' WILDEST LAFF RIOT!
Every lap a laugh as the screen's ace comic
sets the pace!... See him as the Adonis of
the Arena—making chumps out of champs
...a cycling cyclone of mirth—head over
wheels in love with every gal in the
grandstand!... It's an hysteric event!

J. O. E.

BROWN in

"6-DAY BIKE RIDER"

With Maxine Doyle • Frank McHugh • Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon • A First National Picture
LIVE NOWHERE! ... REVEL

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on in your heart . . . . haunting you for days to come!

THRILL TO THE GAYETY OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:

"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA-CHA-CHA"
"WINE SONG"

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION
CARAVAN

Executive Producer:
Robert T. Kane

Directed by
Erik Charell

From a story by
Melchior Lengyel

Music by
Werner Richard Leymann
ANYWHERE!...LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her... whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!
The $25 Letter

I gave an ex-maid of mine money to buy butter for her children, and was disgusted to find she had spent my bounty at a movie.

Her defense was: “We talked it over with the children and they decided that they would rather go without butter on their bread than miss seeing the picture. And it’s a bit of retaliation for my husband, too. We don’t have much fun, and I’m thinking that this show will do more good than any amount of butter, or beefsteak for that matter.”

And from that I have an idea. Why can’t relief organizations provide free movies for their welfare lists? Why not dole out a little diversion along with the food? I feel that they would be well repaid for their trouble and expense by the improved attitudes of the now often bitter and discouraged dependents.

E. S. T., Kennebunkport, Maine

The $10 Letter

In our school we subscribe to four motion picture magazines, filing their lists of reviews of current pictures. We teachers make it our business to see all pictures which have been given an A or B quality rating. We see them as “first runs,” some time before they reach the school neighborhood, and classify them as “musts,” “maybe,” or “preferably for adults.”

Every Monday a list of our recommended movies is taken home by each child. The boys and girls are delighted when a “must” is listed, because this means that a child may substitute this picture for his homework and that a review of the picture will be accepted by his English teacher in lieu of the customary book report.

We also keep a scrap-book in which the children file their own reviews, which are frank and enlightening. Children often refer to the scrap-book before attending a show “to see if the boys liked it,” etc.

Parents like our lists because they, too, are steered to quality pictures in this way.

The neighborhood theater owners are glad to book our requests, thus improving the average.

M. Collins, Chicago, Ill.

The $5 Letter

When it’s singtime in the talkies
He is humming back of you.
And the way he keeps on singing,
Makes you mad clear through and through.
Off key he’ll bum the music
While you wish that he were mute.
When it’s singtime in the talkies,
He’s the pest you’d like to shoot!

Cora May Preble, Compton, Calif.

First Lady Honors?

I fully agree with Basil Lee in his article in your July issue—Norma Shearer is First Lady of the screen. She has never been identified with anything shoddy. An orchid to Norma—a great actress, but a greater woman!

Marie Kinne, Bescon, N. Y.

I cannot see how there can be any question of Ruth Chatterton’s title. She is the First Lady of the Screen.

Miss Shearer is charming and clever. But it should not be forgotten that Ruth Chatterton put talkies on the map.

L. Block, Hampstead, London, England

Surely every ambitious girl must agree that Joan Crawford is the First Lady of the American Screen. She got where she is by dint of hard work and self-education. And she graces the throne beautifully.

J. Hansen, Des Moines, Iowa

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 reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
I'M IN PICTURES NOW

At last I'm in the movies!
When my evening paper came tonight I turned to the amusement section, scanned its columns and there it was in big, dark type—
"Housewife!"
I stacked the supper dishes and rushed to the movie to see Ann Dvorak and George Brent as the married couple living in a little white cottage—even as my husband and I.
How I've hated that word! But now that the movies have glorified it, I think I can bear to sign myself,
Housewife, Colorado Springs, Colo.

TIRED BUT TOLERANT

Never again will I criticize, no matter how mediocre, any picture.
I came to this conclusion a few weeks ago after watching a picture made.
Prominent stars waited patiently, hour upon hour, for the electricians, carpenters and prop men to get things ready. When finally everything seemed just right, there suddenly descended a California fog, completely obliterating the landscape, and work had to be called off.
The next day was bright and sunny, and work went on under the broiling sun, to which was added the hot glare of lights and reflectors.
It wore the spectators to a frazzle, while the players serenely went on with their scenes, piece by piece.
Let's be charitable!
E. M. Rees, Long Beach, Calif.

SCOTCH CHOICE

We on this side of the Atlantic would welcome more pictures like "Carolina" and "It Happened One Night," the type of production American studios do superlatively well and which add to the prestige of Hollywood abroad.
Such films are part of the American scene, past and present, and undoubtedly help other nations to a better understanding of American character and outlook.
David D. Jolly, Angus, Scotland

KIDS CLAPPED!

Last week I saw "I Give My Love," with Paul Lukas and Wynne Gibson.
Ninety per cent of the audience was children.
In the very touching scene wherein the boy (Eric Linden), having just been told by his foster father that the old woman he has painted is his mother, acknowledges his mother and puts his head in her lap, there was an outburst of applause from the audience such as I have never before witnessed in any theater.
They clapped, cheered, whistled, and cheered again, while the operator held the scene for a few minutes.
It proved two things to me:
1. Children of today can appreciate real sentiment and fine acting.
2. All movies need not be reduced to the "Alice in Wonderland" level, for the childish mind to absorb.
Pictures such as "I Give My Love" tend to build up character and romance as no fairy-tale ever could.
Lillian R. Kraemer, Irvington, N. J. [please turn to page 12]

Then your breath may be bad!

Make this test. Look in the mirror. "Coated tongue" is found in 75% of cases of bad breath. Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you a pure, sweet breath at one-third the usual cost.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Now you no longer need dread whether you have bad breath. Often your own mirror will tell you. If your mirror reveals a gray, "coated tongue," the chances are that your breath is impure. For recent investigations have shown that in 75% of cases of bad breath, "coated tongue" condition was present.
The sensible way to guard against bad breath is to gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the mucous membrane lining of the mouth... to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches... the germs often responsible for the odors which cause unpleasant breath. Soon your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath cannot offend.
We do not claim that "coated tongue" always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Pepsodent is more powerful... Goes 3 times as far
But in fighting halitosis, never forget the vital difference between leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. So many mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.
Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are your best defenses against colds.
Brickbats & Bouquets

TELL IT TO HOLLYWOOD

 Demands that Irene Dunne and John Boles be teamed again were met with "The Age of Innocence." On this page are other requested teams.

Do you agree with those movie-goers who want to see Clark Gable teamed with Kay Francis in a motion picture?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

FRYING CENSORS

Why not a movie depicting the troubles of a committee of censors? It would doubtless combine pathos with pulchritude, mirth with mystery and the audience might burn incense to the directors, instead of the directors "burning up" at the incensed censors' censure!

Crewe Cowell, Montreal, Canada

FORGOTTEN GOLD MINES

Hollywood's film vaults are filled with millions of dollars worth of pictures, old pictures which have no further value to the studios. Jesse L. Lasky would turn them over to the schools. Certainly his idea and suggestion merits serious consideration.

Why can't we let a veteran film producer, Mr. Lasky, have his way? Let's resurrect these old films of educational value and put them to work.

H. B. Stephenson, Morrisonville, Ill.

PASSION OR BUTTERCUPS?

To satisfy everyone, why not make three distinct types of movies, classifying them in the advertisements so the wrong crowds won't see the wrong movies?

Like this:

Class 1. Purple Passion. An entirely salacious picture, containing four situations in which the leading lady appears in panties. Morons and degenerates shouldn't miss it.

Class 2. Among the Buttcups. Chemically pure to a point where it can have no possible appeal as a story. Contains lovely wildflower vistas, a fine view of Grant's Tomb, and an interesting picture of Niagara Falls in Winter. Suitable for people who still call a leg a limb.

Class 3. Life. An intelligently written and produced picture, recommended for rational, normal, intelligent people who realize that though the world is part good, part bad, it is a pretty interesting place.

J. A. WALLACE, San Francisco, Calif.

WANTED: SCREEN TEAMS

We Gable fans would like to see Clark play with lovely Kay Francis. There's a romantic team for you!

D. P., Mobile, Alabama

Why can't we have Irene Dunne and John Boles together in a picture again?

E. H. S., Gardner, Mass.

Why doesn't some wise producer team up Joan Blondell and that fine actor, Adolphe Menjou, in a couple more films?

J. B., Peekskill, N. Y.

My idea of a "smash hit" would be a Robert Montgomery-Jean Harlow picture! What do you think?

K. S., La Crosse, Wis.

WHO CARES?

The great of the past could come back to earth—but if they made a single mistake in speech or action, how some people would criticize them.

It's the same with the movies. The carping ones now get their pleasure by pointing out how in some moving picture a guy didn't pay his fare when he dismounted from a taxi or how a lady threw her gloves into the butler's pantry in one scene yet had them on in the next.

Trivalereers is what I call them!

Fred B. Mann, Danville, Ill.

REMEDY FOR TIRED FEET

Tramp, tramp, tramp the whole day through!

Such is the life of a salesman.

Ahh! here I am at last. At home in my easy chair. No, wifey, I don't want my slippers. Let's have a look at the paper. Whooppee! I'll pack up my troubles in an old kit bag and smile, smile, smile! I might even go so far as to laugh—for my favorite star is just around the corner. Jump into your clothes wifey. Because, my darling, we're going to the movies!

Franklin Owens, Nanticoke, Penna.

Clark has been teamed with most of the prominent women stars, but never with Kay. Is she Gable's type of leading lady?

Ever since the delightful acting of Adolphe and Jean in "Convention City," admirers have asked to see Miss Blondell and Menjou screen-teamed again.
MAKING ‘EM READ

All during vacation I’ve been trying to get my daughter interested in the works of Robert Louis Stevenson—long my favorite—but it was impossible.

Today I found her buried in “Treasure Island.”

She has just heard that two of her favorites, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery, are appearing in this.

Moving pictures are advancing education!

MRS. J. L. SPENCER, Independence, Mo.

TEACHER TARZAN

I live with my daughter and her ten-year-old son, Gordon, in the Sandia Mountains of New Mexico, a sort of back-settlement twenty-seven miles from a town.

The boy had no one to play with. He became listless, disinterested. He spent his time sitting out under a pine-tree in the front yard, no interest in play.

One day I took him into town, to see “Tarzan.”

When we returned, Gordon said to me, “Grandpa, will you help me build a house like Tarzan’s in that big juniper tree up in the canyon?”

We began work the next day—covering the tree-house with a cowskin, and making it just like one of Tarzan’s shelters.

Now Gordon is planning great things for himself—he wants to learn how to swim, he wants to learn to hunt fox and cougars with me this Winter so he can make clothes from their skins.

We are grateful to a motion picture for awakening interests that are wholesome and up-building in this boy.

B. F. CLARK, Sandia Park, New Mex.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Henry E. Walshall is dressed as Duke Johann von Hotfeld for Fox’s “Love Time,” the life story of Franz Schubert, composer

The Comfort
I declined
so long

“I don’t know why I refused so long to believe that Midol might help me, unless it was because I had tried so many things that never did. But I’m thankful I did try it, about two years ago, and haven’t had a severe time since I learned to rely on this form of relief.”

Some such endorsement could truthfully be given by numbers of women who have found, sooner or later, that Midol does relieve periodic pain. In many cases, these tablets have spared women even any discomfort at this time; nearly all receive definite relief.

Perhaps you have feared to take anything that acts as quickly, but don’t be afraid of its speed! Midol is not a narcotic. Midol is quite as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

Should you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol is a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for Midol. Do this today, and be prepared!

An Invitation

to try it without expense; just mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., and get trial box free.

Name ____________________________________________

Address __________________________________________

13
BAD LANGUAGE

Though the thermometer stands at 104 in the shade, and all of Shanghai is stewing in it’s own juice, I still have breath enough left to voice one faint plea to Movie Land!

If a story is set at a certain period, please let the dialogue match the costumes and setting.

I am thinking of the scene in “The Witching Hour” (as you see, pictures are slow reaching us out here) where the Bad Man talks to his enemy. The outburst sounded more like 1934 gangster talk than the villainous rantings of a gay nineties crook.

Why mar a splendid picture with such an incongruity?
Gertrude Hieden, Shanghai, China

ONE REEL CIRCUS

Why is it that the newsreels are abandoning the service of history and putting out a single as entertainers? They have become simply a collection of sideshows, foot races, and things which can better be viewed at a fair or vaudeville show.

Are other fans as tired as I am of being fed newsreels of parades and bathing girls?
Kerry Kavanaugh, Seattle, Wash.

IS THE PUBLIC FICKLE?

After many years off the screen, Alice Brady is back, as popular as ever. Practically the same may be said of Billie Burke.

I don’t think the public is as fickle as it is often painted. Do you?
W. T., Southport, N. C.

HONEYMOON MEMORIES

Thirty-four years ago I went to Las Palmas on my honeymoon.

In the years since I have never been able to return, nor have I met anyone from there.

But the other night I went to see “Grand Canary.” For a fleeting second, through the porthole of Warner Baxter’s yacht, I had a glimpse of Las Palmas.

It was worth more to me than you can imagine. And I want to thank M-G-M for the picture.

Mrs. M. A. Hope, Shelton, Penna.

In a class in American Literature this past Winter, one day a week we discussed movies.

We discovered that there was much more to a movie than we ever before dreamed there could be.

The work of the director interested us particularly, and we wondered why we couldn’t see a flash of the director at the beginning of each movie instead of just a momentary showing of his name.

Eugene Neman, Logan, Ohio

SWEET KITTY CARLISLE

I have just seen Bing Crosby’s new picture, “She Loves Me Not.” Bing and Miriam Hopkins were splendid. But I couldn’t help sending in this word of praise for Kitty Carlisle in particular. She is the most arresting person I have seen on the screen for a long while.

J. W., Danville, Va.

PEACE

The week after my only son was killed this spring, I received his last letter. The last letter he ever wrote.

I trembled as I opened it.

“Mother,” read part of the letter, “I’ve just been to town to see ‘Death Takes a Holiday.’ There’s a picture that explains everything I feel about Death. Nothing to arouse terror or alarm. Just an experience, an adventure, a holiday, a part of everyone’s life. Do see it when you can.”

Tonight, alone, I followed my son’s last request, and went to see “Death Takes a Holiday.”

From that movie I found a peace I never expected again in this life.

Mrs. Harry R. Stuart, Piedmont, Calif.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title role with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

ELMER AND ELsie—Paramount.—Light family fare, with Frances Fuller and George Beban. (Oct.)

EMBARASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the role of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" to stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion.—Catalogue this one under "Mild and Slow-Moving." Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (Oct.)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn, which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (Aug.)

FRIDAY THE 13TH—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles as a rowdy college lad who becomes a bow-beatam editor. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gamles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandal" stars. Adrienne Ames, Chill Edwars, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE—M-G-M.—Fast and furcious adult fare, presenting Joan Harlow as a "good girl" chorus, and Francis L. Sullivan as her millionaire "catch." Fine cast includes Lionel Barrymore. (Oct.)

GLAMOUR—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorict who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warren William), who, having been 'passed' out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

GREAT FLUTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actress's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Ellisa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "All for a Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedien. (July)

HANDY ANDY—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable farce. (July)

HAPPY LANDING—Monogram.—Plenty of thrills when Border Patrol officer Ray Walker goes after the crooks who use the radio to get him in a jam, and threaten bombing an ocean liner. A-1 support. (Oct.)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Bd's famous school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillian are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

---

Please tell me what is wrong dear!

—but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

We don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself.

It's easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed.

Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent as your assurance of extra protection.

Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy, abundant lather penetrates and purifies pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Complexions respond
How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That's because Lifebuoy's luxurious lather searches out even grimed-in dirt—washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!

LI EBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
ends "B.O."
DON'T SUFFER CONSTIPATION—there is effective relief if you just

**CHEW OUR LAXATIVE**

**FEEN-A-MINT**, the chew- ing-gum laxative has this great advantage: the chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the system—assuring more thorough and yet easy action.

To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the system, giving you thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for your young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

**I FINALLY FOUND THAT A LAXATIVE DOES NOT HAVE TO TASTE BAD TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEWING FEEN-A-MINT IS JUST LIKE CHEWING MY FAVORITE GUM.**

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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.

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ARE YOU ONE OF THE UNLUCKY 13?

By Lady Esther

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than their age.

Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "smear and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type. A bronuette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match any particular type, but to flatter one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of bronuette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try all the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

Your Shade Is One of These Five

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to you. One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder and as a Result, Look Years Older Than They Really Are!

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. Try all five! Just the one you least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

13 Out of 20 Women

Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a clinging face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write Today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.
3 Discerning Women

have found the way
to whiter teeth

Listerine Tooth Paste has won popularity in every walk of life by doing a superlatively efficient job of cleansing the teeth—at the same time imparting high polish to the enamel. Teeth fairly gleam!

These vital qualities, together with its cool, refreshing taste and the pleasing assurance it leaves of a purer, sweeter breath, have made Listerine Tooth Paste the choice of thousands who never stop to think of price when they buy a dentifrice.

Try it—and if you don’t agree that it is better, speak your mind by going back to the costlier brand you’re using now.

But remember, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25¢ (Double Size 40¢); so if you do like it, you’ll save money by continuing to use it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Left—“I wanted the best tooth paste at any price—and I found it for 25¢”

Right—“I like the idea of a tooth paste by the makers of Listerine and tried it. I’m very well pleased.”

Miss Marjorie Bushman is assistant in a doctor’s office, a kind of work which requires intelligence, energy and plenty of tact. She likes her occupation because, as she says, “you’re always learning something new.”

Catherine McHenry was vice-president of the senior class at University of Michigan. “This dentifrice is very popular among students at the University,” Miss McHenry says. “Others like myself prefer it to costlier brands.”

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP

REGULAR SIZE
25¢
NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Protect yourself from loose bristles!

REGULAR SIZE
25¢
NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

GOOD HAUSBKING GOOD HOUSEKEEPING 1885

U.S. PAT. No. 2171850
WINSOME Helen Hayes is an ideal Barrie heroine, and her appearance in M-G-M's version of "What Every Woman Knows" is an important event. She scored one of her stage triumphs in this play, and it was Barrie's "Dear Brutus" that made her a bright light of the theater at the age of sixteen.
THE movies borrowed Grace Moore from grand opera, and now they don’t want to let her go back! It’s rumored that Miss Moore may combine the two arts, making a film version of Bizet’s opera, “Carmen.” The beautiful young actress with the golden voice recently scored a hit in Columbia’s “One Night of Love”
BACK to Hollywood and pictures, after an Eastern vacation and a Mexican divorce, Katharine Hepburn found plans afoot for about half a dozen productions. Her first will be RKO-Radio's screen adaptation of James M. Barrie's famous love story, "The Little Minister." John Beal will play the title rôle
“MUSIC in the Air,” acclaimed as a Broadway stage success a couple of seasons ago, is being embellished by charming Gloria Swanson as a Fox musical film. And Gloria, who gave handsome John Boles his first boost toward prominence in silent pictures, will sing of love with him in this production
Douglas Fairbanks is reported as being quite displeased with the pertinacious curiosity of the American press with relation to his private affairs. I can sympathize with Mr. Fairbanks, for it is often a difficult matter to answer the intimate questions of reporters. On the other hand, the inevitable penalty for fame is wide publicizing of one's every action.

Perhaps distinguished motion picture players do not always realize how much they owe to the printed word. The press is a quick booster of professional reputations, and the recipients of these favors should not be too much perturbed if public curiosity at times seems to become plain, intruding inquisitiveness.

A few years ago, the band was playing, the crowd cheering, at the homecoming ceremonies of a very distinguished feminine star in Los Angeles. The press photographers were clamoring eagerly to take photographs of her. She attempted to sneak off the rear of the train, unseen. "I'm tired. I don't want to be bothered with all this," she protested.

"Listen, my dear," said a man, long in the motion picture business, "I've seen them come and I've seen them go. Perhaps five years from now you'll be wishing there were crowds and reporters to annoy you."

She thought twice, and made a smiling, gracious descent to the station platform.

The old-timer's words were prophetic. I think she would give much to stir that same eager curiosity today.

The hand of death has passed over Hollywood again and again within the past few months. Russ Columbo's sudden demise came as a particular shock. It was like a bolt from the clear sky. He was so young, so enthusiastic, with an unquestionably great career before him. His "Wake Up and Dream" had just been completed. Russ had crowded much into the brief twenty-six years that he lived.

First it was intrepid Lilyan Tashman, then Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell; next beloved Marie Dressler, Director George Hill, followed by those distinguished veterans, Alee B. Francis and Snub Pollard. May Russ Columbo's name be the last on this sad roster for a long time.

Nor have the non-professionals, indirectly connected with motion pictures through blood relationship or marriage, escaped. All Hollywood was stunned by the death in an automobile accident of Mrs. Arthur Stebbins—niece of Joseph and Nicholas Schenck—together with her two children and Mrs. Ned Marin, wife of a producer at M-G-M and sister to Billy Seeman and Mrs. Rube Goldberg.
Hugh Walpole, distinguished English novelist, brings to Hollywood a most refreshing viewpoint. It has long been the cry of successful novelists and playwrights summoned to the West Coast to give an artistic uplift to pictures, that the producers don’t know their own business.

Perhaps the best-known case of this kind was that of Theodore Dreiser, who objected strenuously to the manner in which his novel, “An American Tragedy,” had been revamped for the screen. In the book, the murderous protagonist was represented as a victim of social forces. On the screen, his act was shown to be the consequence of his own character—or lack of character. It was an honest difference of opinion.

On the other hand, Hugh Walpole has a somewhat revolutionary viewpoint. It is his conviction that motion picture writing is a special technique that requires close study. He accepted unflinchingly the blunt but sincere studio criticisms. On another page of this issue of Photoplay, I call your attention to an interview with Hugh Walpole on this subject. One cannot help but admire and respect the modesty and good sense revealed here by this international literary figure.

When Charlie MacArthur made a flying visit to Hollywood, he brought with him a present for his wife, Helen Hayes.

“You couldn’t have brought me anything I wanted more,” she said, and sat down and wept.

It was several reels of film showing Helen’s little daughter, Mary, as she played about the garden of their home at Nyack, New York.

Every noon now finds Helen in a stuffy projection room with her present.

Pictures recently released have unusual vitality and élan, a richer spirit of romance and breadth. Indeed, latest offerings would indicate a renaissance of the studios. This new birth, however, is not the work of a moment. Schedules for pictures are usually laid down many months ahead.

At the beginning of the year, Will Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, in a national radio hook-up, promised an advance in the quality of this year’s productions. Apparently Mr. Hays knew whereof he spoke, for as one who has been watching the changes, vicissitudes and growth of motion pictures for twenty years, I heartily endorse many of the late summer and early autumn offerings. If you will turn to the Shadow Stage in this and recent issues of Photoplay, you will find reviewed there, with their appropriate ratings, some of the films I have in mind.

The grandest trouper on the Warners lot—Joe E. Brown’s little daughter, Kathryn. In his latest picture, “Six Day Bicycle Rider,” the script required a child wearing huge goggles and suspended in a basket between Joe’s bicycle and Maxine Doyle’s. As the scene was a “process shot” the basket was shaken to give it motion. The day was spent trying one howling two-year-old after another.

Joe went home and brought back fourteen months old Kathryn. “You’re going to play with daddy,” he said. “And don’t take off the glasses. And don’t be afraid when the basket shakes. You’re helping daddy make a picture now.”

Kathryn just smiled with confidence at her daddy when the basket began to shake. The scene was shot with a perfect performance from little Kathryn. But when the glasses were removed it was discovered the heavy rims had brought forth a tiny trickle of blood from her little nose. Joe grabbed her in his arms. “You little trouper, you,” he whispered.
Do you recognize this exotic creature? It's the new and even more fascinating Joan Crawford, as she is in her latest M-G-M picture, "Chained," with Clark Gable. She is still the pulsating Joan as of old, but with a certain fetching aloofness, vital and gripping. It adds great luster to Jean's stardom.
Outside the gates of the studio stand a large group of people, waiting. From all walks of life they come.

The ex-vaudeville actor, the ex-jockey, former businessmen, Chinese girls, one-time millionaires, hobos, young men, old men, girls, old women—and still more heart-rending, former stars and featured players discarded by the changing movies.

All hoping against hope that some miracle will happen and they will find themselves inside the gates, headed for the casting office.

"Had any luck lately?" I asked a slim, young girl.

She smiled. "One day's work in seven months. I'm used to having a tough time, though. But see that guy up there with the blue flannel jacket? I can remember when he was an important casting director, himself."

Hollywood we know as a bright and tinselled land of romance. But now beneath its surface boils and bubbles a mass of trouble which threatens to burst through the glamour-coated crust of Moviedom and cover Hollywood with a lava of grief.

For, fifteen thousand people in Hollywood's motion picture industry will soon find themselves completely cut off from any chance of earning a living there. Their earnings were always meager enough! Mostly they lived on hope. And now that is being taken from them, too. Hope. Hope. Hope. Hope. It's the watchword of thousands who call themselves extras in this business of making motion pictures. It's the thing that keeps them going on day after day, hungry, anxious, tired, waiting in the hot sun or standing in the rain outside the studio gates, wearing a fixed, false smile because a director, an assistant director, a producer, anyone, someone, might notice the smile and beckon them into the magic portals of the motion picture studio.

And now, for fifteen thousand, that hope is being taken away.

For, there are 17,541 people registered at the Central Casting Office as extras. And the list now is being cut down to approximately fifteen hundred names.

A mere pencil mark, and fifteen thousand would-be actors and actresses will be flung out of the world of motion pictures forever, into the streets of Hollywood.

These two girls came to Hollywood and found jobs in the studios as extras. But now, after months of unemployment, they are living in a tent, clinging desperately to the hope that by some stroke of magic the studio gates will open to them again.

Weary after a day of shooting, the extras on location wait to be paid off. These were working in M-G-M's "The Tide of Empire." Since the spectacle picture has given way to the simpler drama, scenes like the above are becoming very rare.

26
of 15,000 Extras

Struggling to win a place in the cinema sun, hungry, dispirited, they must put behind them forever their dreams of screen success

By Sara Hamilton

What will Hollywood do with this mass of hungry, hopeless people?
And who is to blame for the tragedy?
Strangely enough, the extras themselves are greatly to blame for their own pitiful plight.

Tossed out of other work by the recent depression, attracted by the false stories of Hollywood's squanderings and extravagances, excited by the thrill of living and working in the same town and the same industry with world famous personalities, they drifted to Hollywood and attached themselves to the motion picture industry. They registered with the Central Casting Bureau, and joined the great army of extras.

The Central Casting Bureau, bewildered and harassed by the ever-increasing demands for work, overburdened with the growing army of ambitious, inexperienced extras, looked about for some solution.

It was the extras themselves who offered the solution.

Not the drifted-in extras. But the men and women who for years have made the business of being an extra their life work.

Dreams of stardom and living in a palace have vanished for the little group of extras who have begun to build themselves a shantytown near Universal City out of junked lumber and tin. In the film colony there is now no way for them to earn a living.

When a studio asks for extras, here's the answer. Thousands wait day after day, hungry but ever hopeful that a casting director will call for them. Before long, 15,000 extras will be cut off the lists of the Central Casting Bureau. Then all hope will be gone.
Hollywood Teaches Hugh

A GREAT writer has come to Hollywood.
At the age of fifty-two, he is already a figure of tradition in English letters. He has achieved the stature of an immortal while he is still very much alive to enjoy it.
The arrival of Hugh Walpole is an epic event in the history of pictures. He is the first classicist to be actively engaged in the formation of a motion picture from its most important and fundamental point, the story. The greatest living authority on Dickens, and vice-president of the Dickens Fellowship, he is engaged in the adaptation of “David Copperfield.” And he will be technical supervisor of the picture.
The works of other great classic novelists have been visualized on the screen. John Galsworthy’s “One More River,” Joseph Conrad’s “Lord Jim,” Thomas Hardy’s “Tess of the D’Urbervilles,” H. G. Wells’ “Invisible Man” and “Island of Lost Souls,” Tolstoi’s “Resurrection,” to name the few that come to mind from the pens of novelists contemporary with Walpole.
The writers, those who are living, simply sold the film rights to their work. That seemed to be that. No one of them has ever taken an active part in the actual translation from word to screen. None has ever seen fit to lend the dignity of his presence and his talent to the actual application of screen technique to either his own or another’s work.
Hugh Walpole has blazed the trail. He who is the author of those words among the most quoted in the English language—“It isn’t life that matters—it’s the courage you bring to it.” (From “Fortitude,” his first successful novel.)
Since 1909, when he was a busy schoolmaster who miraculously created the time to write “The Wooden Horse,” he has authored twenty-five novels. The ones most familiar to American readers include “The

“Writing for the screen is a highly specialized art and a most difficult one. A few days after my arrival, I sat down all by myself and wrote what I considered to be a very choice bit of sentiment—a scene described just as I would do it in a novel.
“A few days later, I saw my tender but verbose little treatment with a large blue ‘Lousy’ inscribed across its face! No one has written anything like that on my copy for thirty years.”—Hugh Walpole

Fritz Lang (left) and Dave Selznick, two of the men who went abroad for data on “David Copperfield” and brought back Walpole
Walpole How To Write

For the screen, of course! The famous British novelist is shattering all studio precedents

By Ruth Rankin

like tigers. The advent of a man of authentic letters should strike terror among them. And a trend, if and when started by him, should send them scattering. For if Walpole comes, can Wells be far behind?

Mr. Walpole was discovered in his office adjoining that of Irving Thalberg on the M-G-M lot. He was coatless, his shirt sleeves were rolled up, and he said he had been working harder than ever before in his life. He is a powerfully constructed man, sunburned, and radiates a sense of restrained but hearty well-being, not typically British nor typically anything. You find it in all healthy, profound men of achievement who are not bored with what they are doing. He is a dynamic person of vast controlled [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Hugh Walpole (left), with Howard Estabrook and George Cukor of M-G-M, arriving from England to begin his work in Hollywood


Walpole is the son of the Rt. Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh. He has a rich scholarly background.

It has been generally agreed that the most vulnerable weakness in pictures lies in the writing. . . . That there are too many skimp literary cats trying to look

Walpole is working on the screen adaptation of “David Copperfield”
The Way Good Stories

The Hollywood scramble is on. And I don’t mean with eggs. Or even with yeggs. I mean this eternal and infernal struggle for sexless, harmless, armless and even legless pictures. And in lots of cases it has turned out to be headless and even torsoless epics, which makes it hard on the Bus Berkeley girls. But the mandate has been handed down and it’s no use arguing. We gotta be good. We gotta be sweet. And we gotta be respectable.

So the mad search for sunshine and light in the movies goes on with everyone out hunting for stories about Goldilocks and the three Max Baers, as if one weren’t almost too much.

Now it occurred to me it would be a nice idea (nice, nothing—it would be colossal, that’s what it would be) if, in all this dearth of proper material, I would write and produce a super-gigantic story (clean but snappy) and give all these actors and actresses who have had long suppressed desires to play certain roles, a chance to play those roles. Now how’s that for a stunner? Of course, a lot of people are perfectly satisfied to be exactly what they are in movies (and as Grandma always insisted, it takes all kinds to make a world), so that’s okay, too. We’ll let them go right on doing what they’re doing. If they can stand it, we can. Or can we?

Now first, there’s Chaplin and his Napoleon complex. For years Charlie has wanted to play Napoleon. And because Charlie has yearned so long and faithfully, I thought it only fair to build our story about Charlie as the Little Emperor. And can’t you just see him with his little hat on sideways and his hand tucked in his little bosom? Bless his little heart. Charlie will never forget me for this.

Right here we can introduce a snappy little musical number to pep it up. After Charlie enters as Napoleon, followed by Mae West, as the Lady Who’s Known as Lou, the Eddie Cantor chorus girls could rush on singing, “Wotta Lou, Wotta Lou. Wait till snappy little Nappy meets his Wotta Lou.”

NEAT, eh? Nothing like combining history and Chaplin with a peppery chorus routine and Mae West. Unbeatable.

For drama and suspense and a lot of confusion, right here he could have the French Revolution with guns booming. The booming guns could be played by Wheeler and Woolsey, who have always wanted to be big shots, and here’s their chance and no more sass out of them.

For pomp and ceremony, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., could now enter as the King of England, the Duke de Briss, the three Mdivani boys and all their polo ponies. Lord Epsom from Saltz, Baron Von-two-three-go, and the entire Royal Guards changing the watch. People, in fact, would be so impressed, they would immediately fall prostrate. The sound of the prostrate fallers could be dubbed in by Will Rogers cracking his gum. Crack, crack, crack and down goes another. Then the prostrators could be picked up and thrown out of the window into the cactus bed.

Now in this next scene, I’m a little at sea and hanging over the rail, as it were. You see, we have to get away from too much French atmosphere, as Warner Brothers needed all the French props for “DuBarry” and wouldn’t let us have any more French props. So, for economy’s sake, we must take Chaplin, still as Napoleon, mind you (for nothing would ever induce him to take off that hat once he got in on, I’m sure), into a few slight DeMille episodes, as I feel certain Cecil DeMille will let us have all the props we need.

I want to bring in Salome right here, as both Mae West and Dietrich have had a constant yearning to be Salome, but I can’t decide which one should have the rôle. Dietrich, no doubt, would give it more of a salame Salome touch and might even scream for Joey Von Sternberg’s head—which is what a lot of unkind people are hoping.

We might even let Cecil, as a babe, be found among the pussy-willows along the banks of the Los Angeles river in a little basket shaped like a bath-tub. The pussy-willows could be played with complete understanding by Lupe and Johnny, especially when a storm comes up and the pussies end in a
Go Wrong

A super-colossal spectacle may scream for the censors despite cleanly intentions

By Sara Hamilton
Illustrated by Frank Dobias

cat fight. And wouldn't Cecil be stunned by it all, alone there in his little bath-tub basket? However, this scene is optional, as well as epileptic, and we'll see about it later.

I might add, a lot of people are in favor of just having Cecil stay undiscovered in his little basket for years and years, but personally I think it seems unnecessary—especially when we hope to get all our props from him. So we'll just let him be found and grow up to be a prophet. And prophet or no prophet, he can still wear his puttees and carry his megaphone, the sweet, old lamb pie.

In preparing this mammoth, awe-inspiring epic, I naturally went about asking the stars just what rôle they had really craved all their lives to play, and it amazed me to find that nearly everyone wanted to be Shirley Temple. Especially those from whom Shirley had stolen scenes. Naturally it would have been simply unbearable to have had dozens of Shirley Temples rushing in and about, so finally I hit on a grand idea. I would introduce a Shirley Temple chorus and have everyone who has suffered from Shirley's picture stealing, dressed as Shirley and do a little song and dance routine.

I had just gotten this far in the tragedy (and both M-G-M and Paramount are bidding for it, mind you) when up stepped Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford at the same time. Each, it turned out, wanted to be a great stage actress and each wanted to be Ethel Barrymore. Now here was a pretty how-de-do. I explained there simply couldn't be two Ethel Barrymores. In fact, a lot of people, especially in Philadelphia, could hardly bear up under one Ethel Barrymore, let alone two.

"Well, how about an Ethel Barrymore sister act?" someone suggested. And somebody else, I think it was Carole Lombard, said, "No, some people might think they were the Crosby twins."

Too, there was the problem of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has always wanted to be Hamlet. All his life, at the slightest provocation, Doug would grab up a pair of tights and go into his act. I've often thought, forsooth, he was Hamlet and the other fellow, the one in Shakespeare, was only Doug, Jr., playing Hamlet.

And then there was Jack Oakie, who time after time has wept huge, salty tears because he wasn't a successful screen lover like Gable. He wanted a part in the play as a heavy lover. It was all terribly perturbing. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

All's noise on the Western front! The Eddie Cantor chorus sings to Chaplin in a Napoleon hat: "Wotta Lou, Wotta Lou. Wait till snappy little Nappy meets his Wotta Lou"
"LITTLE WOMEN," the motion picture that created the greatest and most widespread furor of comment, written and spoken, in several years, has been awarded by public ballot the coveted Nobel prize of the screen—Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal for the best picture of the year 1933.

Of course, when "Little Women" was released it obviously was a great cinematic work. But it remained for the readers of Photoplay—the motion picture audience of the world—to put the full and final seal of "the best" on it.

Photoplay's review of the picture (in the January number) reads: "...The story could not have been lived out in real life more realistically than we see it portrayed on the screen." And, further along, "...Whatever your taste in pictures, you will feel its charm,...because this picture is a genuine masterpiece..."

Photoplay listed the picture the best of the month, and gave Katharine Hepburn and Paul Lukas top positions for the best performances out of six leading pictures for the month. Incidentally, Miss Hepburn was chosen by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences as the best actress for 1933.

But, there was something else to "Little Women" besides acting.

It was the story. The story was of simpler days, when people smiled. It brought memories—happy ones. It portrayed four girls, their overburdened mother, a father in the army, poverty in a post-war world, cheerfulness and the comicalities in trying to make both ends meet, with a smile, and kindly neighbors. People saw themselves as they wished they were.

Another factor, "Little Women" came out when this country was prostrated by a shortage of work and money, even more so than now, and with nowhere to turn for relief.
Leads All The Rest

PHOTOPLAY’S readers, by an overwhelming vote, award the Gold Medal to “the best picture of 1933”

“Little Women” (quoting PHOTOPLAY’s review again), whose story “forces repeated tears, then deftly brushes each away with a smile,” provided that relief.

It soothed people, and entertained them. Its emotional release eased Everyman’s and Everywoman’s burdens. It was good medicine, needed and timely.

The reaction to the picture was so great, newspapers filled columns with comment about it. Long editorials were composed about the reason or reasons for this widespread public reaction to such an old, old story of post-Civil War days. In fact, the editor of a New York newspaper, watching the reaction, felt at long last his readers were fed up with sex and crime, and that the pendulum had swung to the other extreme. He bought the serial rights. His directors said his circulation would fall off, the paper would lose money. It was just the reverse—the circulation went up and the paper made money.

All this was due to the power of the motion picture, “Little Women.”

Naturally, without the capabilities of the scenarists, director, cast, and cameraman, the full power that is in “Little Women” could not have been felt. Nor would the worth while purpose it served have been possible if RKO-Radio, the producing company, had not had the timely insight into what the public needed. It is an enduring monument to M. H. Aylesworth, president of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation and chairman of the board of RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc. And the production reflects great credit upon Merian C. Cooper, the producer, and Kenneth MacGowan, associate producer.

The balloting which has given “Little Women” the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal has emphasized the great and universal delight the movie-going public has found in the picture. And, it may be added, “Little Women” took and

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
nine times out of ten Hollywood gets what it asks for. And this time it asked, begged, even sat up and howled for youth, youth and more youth. And lo, youth was there!

But what youth! Not even Hollywood expected such an answer to its plea. For, marching along to fame, little feet stepping high, eyes shining brightly, little faces beaming, comes the “New Youth” to Hollywood.

Mere babes they are, but what babes!

Yes, Hollywood asked for youth and got it in Shirley Temple, David Holt, Baby LeRoy, Cora Sue Collins, Baby Jane Quigley, Jane Preston, Mickey Rooney, Scotty Beckett, Richard Ralston Arlen, Virginia Weidler, Carmencita Johnson, Ronnie Cosby, Spanky MacFarland, Buster Phelps, Edith Fellows, Billy Lee, Dickie Moore. And more, with the parade not over by any means. Others, perhaps just as talented, are storming the gates. The way things are going it looks as if Hollywood will soon be a Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians.

What’s more, they came at the psychological moment, these little life-savers. People were fed up with the old bill of fare. Nothing gave them a kick. Then out stepped Shirley Temple and the tired old public sat up with a gasp and begged for more.

And Hollywood, quick to take a hint after
With assurance and an amazing ability, babes in the Hollywoods are carrying the brunt of box-office business on their little shoulders

By Jane Hampton

a brick or two had been dropped on its badly dented head, is giving them more and more and more. And even allowing these mere babes, as it were, to carry the tremendous load of a motion picture success on their own baby shoulders.

And are they carrying through? Well, where would “Baby Take A Bow” be without Shirley Temple? And where would “Little Miss Marker” be without Shirley Temple? And where would “You Belong to Me” be without David Holt? And where would we all be without Baby LeRoy?

I shudder to think.

It’s ancient history, of course, how little Shirley Temple, unknown to the vast majority of film fans, suddenly stepped out before an amazed audience in “Stand Up and Cheer,” sang her little song, and did her little dance. Things have never been the same. I doubt if they ever will.

But mind you, not without serving her apprenticeship did this little five-year-old lamb pie win her laurels.

Baby LeRoy, about the youngest of the babes, has made all his rôles, like that leg he’s gnawing on, talk big turkey.

Baby Jane Quigley, a three-year-old, spoke right out to Claudette Colbert and told the adult star just how and where she muffed her lines.

A new discovery in the starlet heavens, Billy Lee, at the grand age of three. Billy is making his bow in the Paramount film, “Wagon Wheels.”

For two years Shirley worked long and hard in those short kid pictures over at Educational Studios. It was there she laid the foundation for her success.

They rather knew it was coming, however, for in the palm of her little right hand is a peculiar marking. It was the first thing the nurses noticed the day Shirley was escorted into the world.

“What does it mean, I wonder?” they asked. And then someone said in a rather awed...
DEAR JOAN: Loved your letter, pet, but I never saw a gal with such an appetite for news! You'll have me permanently paralyzed, you will, if I answer all your questions! However, pay attention. I may let a trickle or two out, before I'm through. You know me—just a Sucker for Friendship's Sake!

Lemme see. Van Dyke's party, first. You know, the director... made "Trader Horn," and "Eskimo" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady"... gives scintillating parties. Otto Kruger was there, and the swell new heavy, Edward Arnold, who told us about being at the preview of "Hide-Out" with his wife. When he made his first appearance, walking up a flight of stairs, a woman behind them breathed, "Oh! What a man!" Eddie's chest swelled—but the next moment he was a collapsed balloon, for paisie-waisie wife muttered, "Oh, yeah? You should live with him!" We all had a good laugh—and then his missus confided that she said it only to keep herself head-man.

Then Van waxed hoity-toity, account of he helped snag Dillinger. Sure, Joan—it was his picture, "Manhattan Melodrama," that drew the super-gangster into the theater, so no wonder he grew spiffy. But it was his turn to get deflated when someone piped up with: "Yes, the picture was so rotten he preferred coming out in the open and getting shot!"

Just a bunch of boosters!

Mitzi Cummings unlocks all the doors for you!

Mitzi's monthly letters in PHOTOPLAY are exciting and amusing motion picture followers everywhere. This Hollywood girl can introduce you to Film don't's famous folk because she knows them intimately!

She took both my hands in hers, and looked deep into my eyes. "Mitzi," she said softly, "these are my people—and this is my home."

I almost wept—and that's why the building seems a sort of shrine to her... for it was Mr. Mayer who brought her back to fame. And only yesterday I was talking to Iris Lee, her "stand-in" for years. Iris' eyes filled with tears when I asked if Miss Dressler had given her any keepsake. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

LAMB, it's strange how, every time I pass the new building occupied by Louis B. Mayer at M-G-M, it seems a sort of monument to our beloved Marie Dressler. It was on that spot, before the building was up, Joan, that I stopped to speak to her one day. She had just returned from a grand trip, during which she was a guest of the President at the White House. I said, "Well, Miss Dressler, how does it seem to be back with us ordinary folk?"

Bert Wheeler (left) and Bob Woolsey with Mitzi on the RKO-Radio lot. Yes, suh, the boys are in "Kentucky Kernels."

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Mutiny of the Talayha

An authentic account of Captain Ronald Colman's cruise, the vengeance of Seaman Warner Baxter, Admiral Richard Barthelmess' defection, and the bold mutiny of First Mate William Powell, as deciphered from the log by Jack Smalley

HAVING come into possession of the log of the sloop Talayha, recording its cruise to the South Pacific in this year of Grace, 1934, and reading therein the strange misadventures of Captain Ronald Colman and his crew, it be-seemeth me that divers rumors concerning this bold voyage should be set aright.

Mr. Richard Barthelmess (referred to confusingly in the log as "Admiral" and again as "supercargo") deserted the bark in Mexico and after incredible hardships in the cockpit of an airplane, made his way back to Hollywood. But he did not jump ship in tropical waters because there were no fish. The log states clearly that the cook served nothing but fish every (twice deleted) day.

Likewise, First Mate William Powell did lead a mutiny, escaping the consequences of same when a friendly whale caused all to unite in fear of common foe. And I am beholden to one W. Baxter, signed on the ship's articles as an Able-Bodied Seaman, for a true version of the events leading up to threats of making him walk the plank, as revealed to this board of inquiry.

On a bright, sunny morning the sloop-rigged ship left San Pedro Harbor .

First Mate Powell, left, and Captain Colman show a catch which proves that the Admiral did not desert because there were no fish

As soon as the ship headed on its first tack, Captain Colman realized they faced a problem. Once he thought he sighted Hawaii

Admiral Dick Barthelmess (in the fancy hat) comes aboard the ship Talayha and is saluted by the crew (left to right), Seaman Warner Baxter, First Mate Bill Powell, and the Captain Ronald Colman
WHEN she was twenty-three years old, Janet Beecher’s hair turned white. Not gray, but pure white, without a dark strand of the former color remaining.

There is no dramatic circumstance connected with this phenomenon. She was not startled, shocked, or sorrowed into it. Her innate honesty forbids her to say she was, or to exploit the fact as anything mysterious or theatrical.

The Beecher women simply turned gray early in life, and Janet Beecher inherited the tendency. That’s all.

But since a London coiffeur used a blue rinse which didn’t come out, the hair has become a dramatic asset—in spite of her. It is, peculiarly enough, quite breathlessly beautiful, and, viewed suddenly without warning, it gives the observer almost an electrical shock. On a less superlatively groomed, conservative, and cultured woman it would be sensational.

Janet Beecher is not a sensational woman, which makes the contrast more effective. She is a lineal descendant of Henry Ward Beecher, and of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” Clare Kummer, well-known playwright, is a cousin. William Gillette is another cousin. Olive Wyndham is her sister. It is a family of substantial intellectuals and artists whose antecedents, literally, came over on the Mayflower. So you can judge for yourself, with this convincing evidence, that Janet Beecher is no sensationalist.

The “accident” to her hair—which Miss Beecher first regarded as an overwhelming disaster—has turned into one of the most fortunate events in her life. It could not have been deliberately planned and executed by a high-pressure publicity artist with more outstanding success. (If she could have foreseen this at the time, it would have saved her some sleepless nights.)

Her years on the New York stage as one of the leading and most accomplished actresses, her background of great culture, have not stirred half so much interest in Hollywood as her “sapphire blonde” hair. She is a little amused and more than a little gratified by it.

Curiosity is engaged; imaginations are aroused, producers intrigued. Photographers are positively lyrical. They revel in the opportunity to aim a camera at this “light-proof” hair, which does them such enormous credit. If the cameramen could only have their way, every actress in pictures would wear blue hair!

The spectacular effect has served its perfectly legitimate purpose in making her something new and different in a profession where new and different...
No exaggeration! The blue tint of Janet Beecher’s locks in this photograph is the actual shade of her hair! It turned white when she was a girl. Later a London coiffeur used a blue rinse on it, which didn’t come out. But instead of being disastrous, Miss Beecher’s sapphire hair has been a valuable dramatic asset.
EVEN a theaterful of critics "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" when Margo came on the screen in "Crime Without Passion." It was the little Spanish dancer's first movie. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur saw Margo dancing in a night club and cast her in their picture. So far she has no professional last name because her two discoverers couldn't agree on one
IT was altogether fitting and proper that Ann Dvorak should be cast in a picture called "Housewife." For Ann is probably the most enthusiastic home-maker in all Hollywood. In private life, you know, she is Mrs. Leslie Fenton, and she won't permit movies to interfere with her career as a wife. Ann recently finished "Gentlemen Are Born"
DR. HERBERT MARSHALL discovers his neglected wife, Greta Garbo, trifling on him in “The Painted Veil.” But his heroism in the fight against cholera in the Chinese interior inspires a deep love; she risks her life for him. The M-G-M picture is from Somerset Maugham’s novel of the same name.
What It’s Like To Work With Garbo

Herbert Marshall’s intimate revelations about Greta will surprise you

By Otis Wiles

HERBERT MARSHALL was working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio in some added scenes for “Outcast Lady,” with Constance Bennett. Greta Garbo had begun work on the adjoining stage, in “The Painted Veil.” Marshall had known for many weeks that he was to play opposite Garbo in her new picture, but no one had yet introduced them to each other. And the English actor had discreetly retreated from one opportunity to introduce himself.

Then, on the “Outcast Lady” set, Marshall was asked to take a make-up test with Greta. “It was thought,” he said, “that my make-up for ‘Outcast Lady’ was a trifle too dark for scenes with Miss Garbo. So I went over to her set.”

Here was an artistic set, the quaint beam-ceilinged boudoir in the Austrian home of Professor Koerber. The room with its entrance-way was built upon stilts four feet high, for Director Richard Boleslavsky had so planned it for new camera angles—shooting upwards from the floor to catch the symmetrical angles of the ceiling and its rugged beams.

The time was between set-ups. The assistants of Cameraman William Daniels, who has photographed all of Garbo’s pictures in Hollywood, were reloading the camera. Jean Hersholt, the film story’s Professor Koerber and “father” of Garbo, was chatting on the sidelines with Beulah Bondi, Garbo’s “mother” in the picture, and Cecilia Parker, Garbo’s “sister,” when the uniformed policeman—who always guards the Garbo stage—opened the heavy door to Marshall.

“Miss Garbo was in her portable bungalow,” said Marshall. “She was told that I was on the set to do a test with her and she fairly flew out of the bungalow. I wasn’t kept waiting for a second.

“She came toward me smiling and with a very friendly hand extended toward me. She said:

“I understand, Mr.

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MARLENE DIETRICH, a picture devotee both on and off the screen, goes to the movies with Brian Aherne—and leaves a spare ticket at the window—for hubby Rudolph Sieber.

HARDLY had Connie Bennett reached her bedside than her ailing husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, leaped into clothes and the two vanished into seclusion in the south of France. Henri, it was reported, was on the verge of death from an illness contracted on his filming expedition to Indo-China. As Connie raced to him, impending divorce rumors were replaced by an impending full and complete reconciliation. And, 'tis said, the Marquis was well pleased, with his recovery immediate. Of course, minds have been changed after the black shadow of Death has been dispelled.

MARIE DRESSELLER lies in an unmarked grave. "Queen Marie's" popularity, persisting even after death, has caused crowds of people to gather daily in the Forest Lawn Memorial Cemetery, where she is buried. All beseech the attendant to show them Marie's crypt—but the guard's defense is that he doesn't know which one it is. Six or seven months or even maybe a year from now, when time has done its work in haz ing memories, Marie's friends will place her name where she rests. Now they're still protecting her.

PEACEFUL, slumbering Toluca Lake, around whose shores cluster the homes of many famous stars, is in the throes of a major excitement.

It seems that a mystery woman has been seen arriving frequently at the house of George Brent.

The unknown lady is heavily veiled, wears dark glasses and low heeled shoes. She moves silently and swiftly, without looking to right or left. And, apparently, she parks her automobile, or has her chauffeur let her out, some distance from the castle Brent. Mr. Brent has been working in "The Painted Veil."

WILLIAM POWELL has a clause in his screen contract stipulating that he never will be put in a picture directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

THE big and beautiful Fox Movietone lot is becoming the texting place of the stars. Every day, almost, is visitors' day at Fox.

Joan Crawford started it off when Franchot Tone was making "The World Moves On" with Madeleine Carroll. Joan kept a watchful eye on Franchot. Now every day finds Herbert Marshall pecking in on Gloria Swanson at work with John Boles in "Music in the Air." Connie Bennett, too, between scenes of "Outcast Lady," smiled almost every day at the gate man as he waved her past to see Gilbert Roland, pursuing his career in "Elinor Norton."

If you believe in the power of mass concentration, concentrate on the expected Clara Bow-Rex Bell heir being a boy.

He was worth all the trouble! Eddie Lowe lived with his two aunts when he was a kid. And Eddie was a little terror! But now he's making up for the trouble he caused them by bringing them to Hollywood on visits and giving parties for them. Here are Aunt Kate Murphy, Aunt Mary Rennie, and Nephew Eddie.

Even in Dublin, cameramen seek out a movie star! Maureen O'Sullivan was "shot!" in Ireland, while visiting her family and making preparations for her long-postponed marriage to John Farrow. The youngster with Miss O'Sullivan is her baby sister, who is feeling very shy about having her picture taken.

That's what they're hoping for—but, of course, they will probably be just as tickled if the new arrival requires pink ribbons.

The long-prophesied event will take place sometime before the new year.
THE next time Mae West announces the start of a picture they're going to have to rope off the Paramount lot to handle the crowds. Reason—Mae split a little fifteen thousand dollar bonus melon when she finished "Belle of the Nineties"—leaving not one single soul out of the money. Everyone in the cast and everyone in the crew came in for a nice share, in accordance with Mae's big-hearted custom. One lucky person was on the receiving end of a thousand dollar diamond from Mae's private collection of "Ice."

THERE'S the one about the youngster who stopped William Powell and said, "I've been an admirer of yours for a long time. How'd you like my autograph?"

WHEN you become as pluraly paternal as Bing Crosby, and youngsters are all of the same gender, something has to be done about it just to keep matters straight. So, to avoid confusion and possible mixed identities at birth existing forever and ever, Bing has affixed tags to the twins—numbered "One" and "Two." Later on they'll get nice shiny wristbands of gold—and perhaps their pictures taken just to cinch matters. Of course they have names, Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, but at this stage in the game, that doesn't mean a thing—they're just a couple of infant Crosbys—or is it "Crosbies"?

Adolphe and Verree posed for photographers with Judge Pope shortly after he tied the knot which made them Mr. and Mrs. Menjou. What a well-dressed family! The former Miss Teasdale is one of the best-groomed (no pun intended) women in Hollywood, and Adolphe's sartorial reputation is about tops for men.

This picture should finally quash those ugly rumors that Mae West and her manager, Jim Tiltony, aren't on speaking terms any longer. Because here she is, Jim at her side, watching the prize-fights—and people don't go to prize fights just not to talk to each other! Mae and Jim got a kick out of the bouts.

THE main point that was stressed in Russ Columbo's tragic death was the fact that he was on the verge of a comeback. Reading that, it gives the impression Columbo was fairly old, that he had long been at the peak, that he had sloughed off, and by several more years of painstaking, nerve-racking endeavor had managed to climb arduously back to the peak. The real tragedy is that he was but twenty-six.

In less than nine brief years, starting at the age of fourteen, Russ had risen to a drawing capacity which brought him in nearly seven thousand dollars a week.

That was his peak, and it lasted just about a year and a half. Then came his slump, of a little more than a year.

At the time of his death, he was back on top again, with his latest picture, "Wake Up and Dream," a singularly significant title. His comeback had begun with "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," released eight months before. Between these two pictures, he did another, "Moulin Rouge." Also, as he died, he was scheduled for another radio contract, and Universal had given him a new contract. Columbo's real ambition was grand opera, and he felt he had just begun to work toward that end. His life was just starting.

Of the feminine interests in Columbo's life, three stand out. The late Dorothy Dell, to whom he was once engaged. Then Sallie Blane, at his bedside when he died, torn by weeping. And last, but believed far from least, Carole Lombard. It was Russ who taught Carole the tricks of crooning, and Carole who taught Russ the tricks of screen acting. She hurried back from vacation when the tragedy occurred. Some thought they would wed some day.

LATEST evidence of the aesthetic trend in Hollywood is the presence of delicately tinted scripts. Paramount is using a pale orchid paper for its dialogue, while at Universal the "sides" are turned out on baby-pink stock.

But—one of Photoplay Magazine's staff writers did the trick in six typewritten sheets!

So much grief has come to "The Captain Hates The Sea" company, with players becoming ill or meeting with accidents, Columbia has a full-grown headache.

With costs mounting, Harry Cohn, of Columbia, was told of another delay.

"Wait a minute," Harry said, "I've got a new name for this picture. We're going to call it 'Harry Cohn and the Captain Hate the Sea.'"

Possibly the eccentricity of dress which Marlene Dietrich affects is catching. Anyway, since she and Josef Von Sternberg have been seen about together again around the Paramount lot, Von has taken to lurid and eye-dazzling shirts—the loudest of which is a salmon-pink number, calculated to require dark glasses on a bright day.

Marlene rather seems to fancy the natty attire, because she has been observed smoothing the collar, rolling up the sleeves and then standing back to admire Josef's new splendor.

Director Edmund Goulding had an ambulance specially equipped so his ill wife could be comfortably moved to the mountains or seashore. She was Marjorie Moss, the famous dancer, and has been ill for nearly a year.

Virginia Pine and her daughter, Joan, had a rollicking good time at Malibu Beach. Joan's father is E. J. Lehmann, whom Virginia divorced last March. Rumors persist that Miss Pine will marry George Raft before long.

Eddie Cantor was supposed to look like a mummy in this scene in "Kid Millions." But he just couldn't keep his eyes closed. Reason: Twenty of Hollywood's most gorgeous dancers were practicing a routine.
THE romance of Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young is over. And for two people in the most romantic industry in the world, it took place in the most unromantic way possible.

That farewell meeting occurred in the garden of a Los Angeles hospital. Loretta, just recovering from an operation, sat in a wheelchair. Pale and beautiful. On a nearby bench sat Spencer, his foot still bandaged from a recent accident.

After a long, long talk, Spencer rose and, pressing Loretta's hand in farewell, limped away. A nurse then came and wheeled Loretta back to her room. Tears dimmed her big eyes. And in less than half an hour the whole hospital knew that it was all over between the two. And spoke of it in soft whispers.

PICTURE, if you can, the ultra Norma Shearer tearing along the Santa Monica Speedway—after the monkey man. Seems he went right by, and young Master Thalberg, hearing the strains of the hand-organ, called plaintively, “Monkey, monkey!”

So Norma went on the chase and brought back the monk.

EDWARD McKIM, Ann Dvorak's father, whom she located after a long search, was a director in the earliest days of motion pictures. And before that, he was a Shakespearean actor.

Michael is the son of a famous director and a movie star, but he's camera shy! When his mother, Karen Morley, bounced him up in the air, he conceded a bashful smile, however. His father is Director Charles Vidor.

Reunion in Hollywood! After a separation of eighteen years, Ann Dvorak located her father, Edward McKim, of Philadelphia. Her mother divorced him when Ann was four. This was their first meeting since then.

Myrna Loy and her companion aren't mad at each other. It was the photographer's flash that disgruntled them. Myrna and Arthur Hornblow, associate producer at Paramount, were attending Eddie Lowe's party.
Beauty and Personality

Bette Davis has a lovely figure. But Sylvia tells us the trim little star has some faults that should be remedied. For one thing, her eyes are too staring. Such mannerisms can be corrected with a bit of persistence.

DEAR BETTE: For the last few years I’ve watched your career. And I’ve seen an amazing thing happen to you. I’ve seen you go from ingénue to extremist, and then to a wonderful character actress. In “The Working Man” you were grand. Then I saw you in “Fog Over Frisco” and I wondered why you would let the studios give you such an unsympathetic rôle. While I was still wondering, you stepped out in “Of Human Bondage” in another terrifically unsympathetic part but one in which you did such magnificent acting that I stood up and cheered. And you’re winning a reputation as a real actress in these new rôles. So you must be on the right track.

Now maybe you think I’m stepping out of my rôle as beauty doctor when I tell you that in this letter I want to talk to you about your personality. Really, I’m not, for beauty and personality are inseparable. The mental and the physical are as close together as a rose and its perfume.

The cords in Bette’s neck are accentuated by incorrect head posture, Sylvia says. But she has lots of charm, as hubby Harmon Nelson is aware.
Faulty mannerisms are fatal to charm. If you have any, write to Sylvia. Read her personal advice on Page 76.

Your mental attitude shows on your face, Bette Davis. The mental attitude of every woman shows on her face and makes her beautiful or homely, appealing or hard. If you’re going to continue to play unsympathetic roles (and I must say I admire your courage in taking the role of Mildred and making it sit up and beg), you’ve got to show me—and the rest of the world—that you’re not like that in real life. That you’re not actually hard and bitter and cynical. And you must pepper your career with a few sympathetic parts.

I know what you’ve been through, Bette. I know how you came to Hollywood and got shoved from one stupid role to another. So you stuck out your chin and said, “I’ll show ’em.” You showed ’em by changing your type. But don’t make a mistake, baby. Don’t let that harshness of the parts you play show on your face. Don’t let it keep you from being as lovely as you can be.

I want you to heed my advice. And I want every girl in the world who has, in the struggle for existence, grown cynical, to learn how to turn that bitterness into lovely, feminine appeal.

Look at yourself in the mirror, Bette. Your figure is lovely, isn’t it? You’re a cute, slim little thing. But, darling, your neck has its faults. Your eyes are too staring. Your jaw line is too prominent. And you can, if you will, do wonders with the shape of your nose. You have an ample mouth. I like that, but often you make it up to look too extreme.

Now that we know where we stand I’m going to tell you—and all the rest of my readers—how that face and neck can be remodeled.

One night, Bette, I heard you over the radio. It was one of the most intelligent talks that has ever come out of Hollywood. That intelligence manifested itself in “Of Human Bondage.” You’ve shown in that picture what a wonderful actress you are. You are right among the big shots of Hollywood. Now you can fight for a few sympathetic roles.

God gave you your intelligence. I can see that in your expressive forehead. But it isn’t always wise, in Hollywood (or anywhere else in the business world), to show it too pronouncedly. So make that intelligent forehead look softer by bringing your hair forward, over it. In the October Photoplay, you were pictured with half-a-dozen highly becoming coiffures. You should stick to them, or something similar.

Hollywood has made you determined, Bette. That’s why you stick your chin out and, thereby, give your jaw a line that it shouldn’t have. It’s a mannerism—a bad habit you’ve got to break, because when you carry your head in that way, it seduces the audience.

Miss Davis’ intelligence shows in her forehead, and her determination in her jaw. But Sylvia advises her to affect a somewhat “softer” appearance.
HOLLYWOOD 
LOVE SONG

THE taxi driver was pale. His foot was still on the brake he had just pressed down with all his weight to avoid a tragedy, but the girl, heedless of her narrow escape from death, continued to push her way through the crowds that flowed from Forty-second Street into the subway and theaters.

"God, oh God, what shall I do?"

Prayers like that are a weary repetition in the heavens above New York. But to Blondy this note of tragedy was new. She was wondering where one could go for fifteen cents at ten o'clock at night.

"Joan Blondell, you're in a spot," she whispered. "The worst spot you've ever been in!"

* * *

It was warm in the writing room of the Park Central Hotel. And quiet. She put her head on her arms and cried silently, desperately. After a while she drew pen and ink toward her and began a letter to her family. There would be no check to enclose this time. She was failing them, after she'd sent them, with such bravado, to California so the kid sister could lose that sickly cough.

In a blind, bitter mood she went into the main lobby to get a stamp for her letter. How could you play the game with the cards stacked against you? At the newsstand a man was glancing over the headlines. He looked up—and smiled. Not the sleazy smile of the masher. It wasn't ordinary in any single way. He saw the despair in her face, read in that instant the despondent droop of her lips. Because he put into that smile something she'd never felt before—confidence and warm encouragement and—something else. Joan could not define it. But as her heart stood still, her blue eyes flashed. The numb feeling was gone! She was alive again! Someone, she knew, had faith in her . . .

She walked briskly out into the after-theater crowds, unafraid now. She couldn't remember what he looked like, what he had said to the clerk. Only his smile was like a living thing, real and infinitely comforting.

It did not seem surprising that a block away she should bump into Mitzi, fresh from giving the Capitol Theater customers a treat.

"Hard up, eh? Baby, do I know that feeling!" Mitzi grinned. "But it's okay now, Blondy. You stay with me until you get a break, see?"

And the break came. Others followed. Joan got a job in a stock company. In a road show. Then, inevitably, Joan was on Broadway!

FIVE years after that mad, singularly eventful night—the night she received a breath of life from a strange man at a hotel newsstand—Joan Blondell sat on a lavish Hollywood set, speculating on what time the next train left for New York.

It was a queer thought for a girl who had just been selected as one of the three blondes for "The Greeks Had A Word For Them." But the truth was, Blondy, who had fought every inch of her way through life, was frightened. She could cope with poverty and cruel knocks, but this was different. Success, with a capital S, looming just around the corner, was a frightening matter.

"If I'm a fizzle in this . . ."

Her hands were icy as she watched the great Chanel from Paris drape delicate silks that assumed tantalizing folds on the captivating Ina Claire, on the beautiful Madge Evans.

"I can't wear clothes like that," said Joan to Joan miserably. "I can't . . ."

And at that moment, as if drawn through some hidden
A stranger's smile dried the tears in "Blondy" Blondell's eyes, gave her new courage in the darkest hour of her life

By Jerry Lane
Illustrated by Frank Dobias

and with matchless sparkle went into the scene. Even the great Chanel applauded. "Eh bien, and the verve you give that dress, my dear!" But Joan was looking at the dark young man standing in the shadows.

"Who is the cameraman on this picture?" she asked the wardrobe woman later.

"Why, honey, he's George Barnes. As fine as they come, if you ask me. Don't you go gettin' ideas, though. He's married!"

Married . . . Joan suddenly felt tired and unaccountably depressed.

For a week she made no attempt to speak to him. Nothing more than a casual "Good morning." But with that cameraman's dark eyes following her from beyond the sharp edge of light, Blondy was giving the performance of her life. Goldwyn patted her on the shoulder ecstatically after viewing the accumulated rushes. Her home studio, Warner Brothers, took up her option at an increase in salary. They planned to star her. "Swell," said Blondy, dismally—and wondered in a vague way why the bottom didn't drop out of the earth.

It was a mistake to have come. His home—it had an atmosphere of quiet sophisticated comfort she'd never seen before except in the movies. There were royal tapestries, antique Kermanshahs on the floor, Filipino boys hovering at your service.

"And here I thought he was just a cameraman!" Joan said to Roy Jones, his assistant.

"He is," laughed Roy, understanding her puzzled frown. "The fifteen hundred dollars a week kind!"

The party milled about them to the tinkle of glasses, soft music. Finally she found courage to ask, "Where is George?"

"Where is who? Oh . . . Why, good grief, don't you know? They're separated. George hasn't seen his wife in nearly four years."

Blondy sighed deeply. A rosy glow filled the room, filled the world. What a party! The best, she told herself, she'd ever attended.

She awoke the next morning.

"It had to be you," said Joan. "Because you're the only man in my life"
Joan soon found that Central America isn’t all a land of turquoise jewelry and hand-woven Indian blankets!

Filming the movie, “Adventure Girl,” wasn’t as simple as trading for a native bracelet.

You Can’t Call A Lady A Liar

JOAN LOWELL set sail in a forty-eight foot schooner with a motion picture camera, fifty dollars worth of ten cent store jewelry, and a crate of rubber toys. She was headed for Central America.

According to reports, Joan—a real sailor who prided herself on being the only lady on the high seas who could spit a curve in the wind—stood firmly on deck as the schooner sailed, and shouted loudly at those who were seeing her off, “If there are any landlubber critics there, you can all go plumb to—!”

Joan shouted so because she was bitter. And Joan was bitter (as any good story teller would have been!) because the “landlubber critics” hadn’t believed her yarns.


But Joan had heard that “seeing is believing.” If only she had had a camera along! So she was going back now, to Central America, where she would actually film the “incredible” experiences she had written about in “Adventure Girl.”

She took the ten cent store jewelry and the rubber toys because she wished to bring back a load of the exquisite silver and turquoise jewelry, the hand-woven serapis and fine pottery the natives made down there. And Joan knew any Indian lady would gladly trade a priceless bracelet for a dime store diamond, and that any stalwart Indian tribesman would be happy to give her a fine serapi for a dog that would float.

However, Central America isn’t all a land of bracelets and...
First Aid To Actors

Druggist Sam Kress was always ready to help a needy actor. His loans saved many careers

By Ruth Rankin

You’ve heard of the great who guided the destinies of the stars in the early days: D. W. Griffith, Cecil B. De Mille, Jesse Lasky, and all the rest of them. So now you can listen to the saga of Sam Kress, who did more for many of the stars than all the star-makers put together.

Sam is just a kindly little fellow who used to keep a drugstore on the Boulevard at Cahuenga, and it was to him that actors used to go for first aid. First aid when they needed two-bits to buy a meal, or a few dollars to pay the room rent. But for that first aid, many now scintillating careers would not have been possible.

Sam’s was the hand, those days, that held the heart of Hollywood. Also the stomach of Hollywood, which might be even more to the point.

Anyway, in those days when Hollywood was still a little village with growing pains—it still has the growing pains, too—Sam’s corner was the crossroads of town. The tallest building was then but two stories high and there weren’t many buildings. Hollywood both began and ended in a few straggly blocks, and between the [please turn to page 103]
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ CARAVAN—Fox

For sheer spirited and joyous abandon, for a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume, authentic background-feeling and operetta plot in the best tradition, we recommend this as the best picture of its type to date. Locale, Hungary; time, grape-festival in the Tokay country.

A darkly dangerous violinist is Lazi (Charles Boyer) who leads the gypsy orchestra.

Should nightfall find Countess Wilma (Loretta Young) unmarried, she will lose her inheritance. So she elects Lazi in spite of his jealous sweetheart (Jean Parker). Enter dashing Lieutenant von Tokay (Phillips Holmes)!

Director Erik Charell is to be highly complimented on his deft direction of the large company of extras who so admirably capture the gay spirit of the film.

☆ CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur have produced a picture that is truly remarkable. Its theme, the workings of an unscrupulous mind, might have been crudely melodramatic in the hands of less skilled craftsmen. Suspense is maintained throughout every foot of the film.

Lee Gorney (Claude Rains), a criminal a/torney, permits his subtle brain to gain the mastery of his better nature. He is invincible until he plays with the hearts of women. Endeavoring to break an affair with Carmen Brown (Margo) he tries to trap her with false evidence. The attempt results in a murder charge.

Margo, new to the screen, gives a splendid performance and Claude Rains is superb. Lee Garmes rates a medal for his photography. A picture you can never forget.

☆ THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—United Artists

Alexandre Dumas' melodramatic classic has been made into a thrilling film, which never once lets down—in fact, builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax.

As Edmond Dantes, later Count of Monte Cristo, Robert Donat is completely the character.

The celebrated plot concerns a young sailor, Dantes, falsely imprisoned for twenty years in a vile dungeon in the dismal Chateau d’If. He and a gentle scholar, the Abbe Faria, tunnel their way nearly out when the Abbe dies, leaving a map to fabulous treasure. Dantes makes his miraculous escape and finds the treasure.

Reappearing as the Count of Monte Cristo, Dantes avenges himself with diabolical ingenuity on his three enemies, one of whom has married the girl he, Dantes, loved.

With a background of national upheaval in the time of Napoleon, this great story contains every element of fine drama and personal conflict. It progresses with master strokes and the height of contrast—from the foul dungeon to the unparalleled magnificence of Monte Cristo.

Every player is brilliantly cast. Elissa Landi is a perfect Mercedes; Louis Calhern as de Villefort, Jr., Sidney Blackmer as Mondego, and Raymond Walburn as Danglars are three of the most nefarious villains ever witnessed.

No member of the family can afford to miss this picture. Direction is superb.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS
CARAVAN
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION
BELLE OF THE NINETIES
THE MERRY WIDOW
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE
YOU BELONG TO ME
THE HUMAN SIDE
BIG HEARTED HERBERT
PECK’S BAD BOY
THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

The Best Performances of the Month

Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows"
Claude Rains in "Crime Without Passion"
Mae West in "Belle of the Nineties"
Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow"
Irene Dunne in "The Age of Innocence"
John Boles in "The Age of Innocence"
David Jack Holt in "You Belong to Me"
Guy Kibbee in "Big Hearted Herbert"
O. P. Heggie in "Peck’s Bad Boy"
Miriam Hopkins in "The Richest Girl in the World"
Pauline Lord in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 123

☆ BELLE OF THE NINETIES—Paramount

YOU who thought Mae West couldn’t do it again—go, and lose your bet. Also your dignity.
As Ruby Carter, burlesque queen of the beef-trust days, Mae is still the consummately skilled artist of timing and delivery—and she has some knockout lines to deliver. Her costumes are something; her songs are good, too.
Ruby glides through, taking diamonds from Brooks Claybourne (John Mack Brown); love from Tiger Kid (Roger Pryor); Ace Lamont (John Miljan) from Molly (Katherine DeMille)—and no back-talk from anybody.
Duke Ellington’s orchestra accompanies Mae’s provocatively swaying hips and feathers. And the lines are so-o-o-o funny, without being offensive, that the outcome is a major triumph of Mae over matter!

☆ WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—M-G-M

RARELY is a picture blessed with such perfection of production, such flawless performances, and such inspired direction. The combination of a sensitive cast, an expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, and Gregory LaCava’s excitingly effective direction makes this one of the most important films of the year.
It towers mightily as a superb example of what is cinematically possible!
Helen Hayes has her biggest opportunity so far in the rôle of little Scotch Maggie, whose big, burly brothers and father assure her marriage in a legal document to John Shaud (Brian Aherne), fearing that without drastic measures she will never catch—let alone hold—the eye of any swain.
John, being a man of honor and no sense of humor, sticks to the bargain even after he makes a big splash in politics and Maggie offers to release him. In his grave, all-important, overbearing way, he never realizes that Maggie writes his speeches for him and puts him in Parliament until he falls briefly in love with Lady Sybil (Madge Evans) and tries to get along without Maggie.
The picture is a sly, human fantasy, made delightfully real by brilliant acting and directing.
Dudley Digges and Donald Crisp play Maggie’s brothers; David Torrence is her father, and Lucille Watson makes the Comtesse an intriguing figure.

☆ THE MERRY WIDOW—M-G-M

JEANETTE MACDONALD sings her part with ecstatic melody, and looks it in costumes that knock your eye out. And Maurice Chevalier is Danilo, the lad the ladies love.
Given a production which sets a new high for lavish magnificence, the costumes of the eighties, and ensembles of dancers in the waltz—thousands of them, it seems—it is a spectacle in elegance and exquisite taste.
The story, as you must know, is the problem of getting the richest widow in a small kingdom married to a local light, Count Danilo, to keep the taxes at home.
Edward Everett Horton is an ideal ambassador, Una Merkel a precious queen, and Minna Gombell is stunning as the lady at Maxim’s. There is a satin finish to the film, an opulence seldom achieved.
The story of a man who sacrifices great love and marries his properly ordained fiancée rather than wound the convention-steeped souls of their respective families. Again you see that fascinating combination, John Boles and Irene Dunne, giving an exquisite, moving performance. For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme, this is their picture. You are sure not to be disappointed.

ACCURATELY titled, with rich dialogue, enjoyable from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou is a wandering father with a love for his adorable kids and divorced wife Doris Kenyon—but a weakness for wealthy women as well. Doris decides to marry stuffed-shirt Reginald Owen, but Adolphe gets together with the kids—Charlotte Henry, Dickie Moore, Dick Winslow, George Ernest—and things happen.

WHEN wealthy Miriam Hopkins becomes interested in Joel McCrea, Henry Stephenson (her guardian), Fay Wray (her best friend), and Reginald Denny (Fay’s husband) all conspire to make the new suitor believe that Fay is the heiress, and play her against Miriam to prove his sincerity. Though sophisticated, this comedy offers splendid entertainment for everybody. Hopkins and McCrea are a grand team.
THE "gentlemanly" gallantry of Iris March (Constance Bennett) seems to belong to the era of the single standard flapper. Napier is not worthy of a Herbert Marshall to play him. Ralph Forbes is Boy Penwick, who kills himself on the night of his marriage to Iris, leaving her to face the accusations of her brother Gerald (Hugh Williams) who idolized Boy. Elizabeth Allan is wasted as Venice.

SMOOTH and clever, different and diverting, this novel murder mystery has plenty of talk, but enough action to balance. Attorney Warren William unravels all the complications of the mysterious tangle of a howling police dog, a nervous wreck (Gordon Westcott) and a beautiful lady (Mary Astor)—and then he pulls his surprise in the courtroom. Allen Jenkins hides behind a mustache.

SPLENDIDLY written, acted, directed and photographed. Joan Crawford's employer, Otto Kruger, divorces his wife and gives up his children in order to marry her. But in the meantime, Joan has fallen madly in love with Clark Gable. Unable to tell Kruger, after his sacrifice, she marries him, only to have Gable come forward later and demand her release. Stuart Erwin turns in a grand comedy job.

IT'S not the Mrs. Wiggs we wept and laughed over in the story, with her vim, vigor and grim determination, but it is a magnificent character Pauline Lord brings to the screen. ZaSu Pitts, as Miss Hazy, in search of a husband, is nigh perfect. While W. C. Fields, the answer to ZaSu's prayer, brings no end of excitement to the Cabbage Patch. Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable supply romance.

A BEAUTIFUL contemplative novel is made into a film exquisite to look at, but moving with measured tread. Ann Harding is the English girl married to a German officer (Paul Lukas), and interned in Holland. Brian Aherne, prisoner of war, arrives—and propinquity does the rest. Then the husband returned, shattered. Fine restrained acting by Harding, Lukas, and Hersholt as the old Dutch Baron.

AS the taken-for-granted father, who turns for small comforts denied him at home to Binnie Barnes, Frank Morgan is first-rate. But Binnie makes a gallant sacrifice to his wife (Lois Wilson) and children upon realization that they are merely unthinking in their absorption in their own affairs. English Binnie Barnes looks like a good bet.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 112]
He's Jinx-Proof Now

George Brent, who has had so much tough luck, comes back believing that he is immune to any more of it

By Jerry Lane

George Brent ran a hand through his mop of black hair, poked a potato in the outdoor fireplace, turned and grinned widely. "I'm going in to telephone. You watch the spuds."

Pretty soon his voice floated down from the English cottage he has taken—the cottage Charlie Farrell built at Toluca Lake.

"Hello. This is Brent. I understand you have a job for me Monday morning."

He said it lightly. You could hear the laughter behind the words. You never would have guessed it cost him more effort than anything else in his life.

That's the way his seven months of idleness ended. That's the way Warner Brothers' bad boy promised to be good.

"From now on I take a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude about everything, Jerry," he explained to me. "It doesn't pay to let yourself feel too deeply in Holly-

wood, to really care." He sprawled on the grass in front of the oven once more. "I swallowed enough pride back there to float the Mauretanis. Maybe it'll agree with me." He stabbed a potato, hard. It burst open and the mealy contents sprayed the air.

Monday morning on the "Housewife" set. The gateman looked at him out of the corner of his eye, saluted. The assistant director coughed and extended his hand. Even the prop boy stopped chewing gum. Brent was back. Now the fireworks would start—but they didn't.

In the middle of the picture someone whispered, "Funny about George. The prodigal's returned with his own fatted call!" For George was putting into his work the certain something it takes to pull the money in at the box-office. A flair, humor, sparkle. The something he'd given promise of in his first pictures. And by that remarkable grapevine route which is Hollywood's own, the whole town knew it. M-G-M knew it. They sent for him.

That evening as we sat guzzling coffee in Topo-maine Tommy's he told me quietly, "I'm going to do 'Stamboul Quest.' Opposite Myrna Loy. A swell part—" There was a suspicion of a brogue to his words. He wasn't as unexcited as he seemed.

"What a break!"

"Break!" he whirled around to face me. "Break! I don't believe I have ever had a break. I waited forever for a chance in the movies. You work for what you get out here." He smiled suddenly. It was like a lift in the storm. And I was remembering the young fellow whom Von Stroheim had promised a job—and forgotten. Who came West a second time to do a star part—and Charlie Farrell played it. Who went back East—blind. Nerve tension and strain, the doctor called it. Breaks? Perhaps he was right, after all.

Even his "discovery" in a stuffy projection room three years ago had a queer Hollywood slant. It gave him position, more money than he knew existed—and nearly ruined him professionally. You can't, it seems, marry a beautiful

Not even the Garbo jinx can frighten Brent any more. He's Gretta's lover in "The Painted Veil," but he doesn't think that will send him into obscurity

—

If George goes up in the air again, it'll be in a plane—not over a woman. He's taking a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude now.
Useful Gadgets With A Smart Twist

BARBARA Robbins, now appearing in "Hat, Coat and Glove," follows the vogue for low heels and open toes even into her lounging slippers. She has several pairs of these soft kid ones to match pajamas.

TO the casual eye Billie Seward's bag looks like a nice tailored envelope affair, but pull down one corner and out pops a cigarette! Container is inside. "Among the Missing" is Billie's next.

IT'S flat as a pancake and weighs only sixty ounces, but it will hold three to six dresses and hangers. Hollywood finds it a perfect additional piece of luggage for flying trips cross-country and back.

ADRIENNE Ames introduces a new idea in monograms for her trim leather handbag — her own initials in leather to match her bag! You will see Adrienne next in "Gigolette."

THE note of elegance revived in millinery this season is echoed in this velvet hat which Tala Birell wears in "The Captain Hates the Sea." Precious aigrettes as trimming.
THE use of rich fabrics and dramatic details such as in this gown worn by Drue Leyton, gives a new elegance to Winter evening fashions. Royer has placed a black feathered bird at the cowl neckline of this white uncut velvet dress. The bias skirt ties at the back over a train.

A VELVET and metallic combination is Royer's choice for another gown worn by Drue Leyton in "Charlie Chan in London." Here the tunic theme is used cleverly for the velvet body of the gown, the metallic making the underskirt and the unusual neckline. Notice how the metallic cloth is draped through the rhinestone buckle at front, forming streamers at the back décolletage. Drue's only jewelry is two bracelets.
HOLLYWOOD CINEMA 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 representative merchants.

— Seymour

SO adroitly has Plunkett cut the bodice of this vivid red velvet gown that no ornamentation of any kind is needed to stress its elegance. These two charming views of Fay Wray show you the front with its draped cowl and open shoulder treatment as well as the daring back décolletage formed by strips of the velvet fastened to a ring just below the shoulders. Elbow-length matching gauntlets are worn loosely wrinkled at the wrist. Fay wears this in a scene from "The Richest Girl in the World."
FROG braid trimming is an old-fashioned idea being revived for smart daytime costumes this Winter. Above, you see a simple black crêpe dress worn by Frances Drake which uses a series of frogs as fastening on both blouse and belt. The frogs are white, as are the collar and cuffs. It's a grand business dress. You can choose it in a bright shade, too, if you wish.

AGAIN the frog detail, this time on a steel-blue rabbit wool dress dotted in white. Royer has used frogs for ornamentation only on the bodice, as the dress buttons down the back. They are blue silk in a shade to match the dress. The drop shoulder-line and full sleeve gathered into elbow cuffs are repeatedly stressed Winter fashions. Drue Leyton wears this practical costume in her latest release, "Charlie Chan in London"
Screen Designers Use Frog and Nailhead Details

A RUSSIAN influence is one of several seen in Winter costumes. Kalloch has created this interesting dress for Helen Vinson to wear in "Broadway Bill." It features a Russian blouse of silk crépe with collar, wide belt and elbow-high cuffs studded with nailheads in a sequin effect. The skirt has a side slash, the sleeves blouse fully over tight cuffs. The back view shows you the fabric buttons used as fastening on both blouse and belt.
LAME is the choice of Claudette Colbert for this charming dinner gown which she wears in "Imitation of Life." The utter simplicity of the gown is offset by the rich formality of the metal fabric. The high neckline and cap sleeves, together with the tailored detailing, make it one of those perfect dinner costumes. Claudette wears her own jeweled pin at the neckline.

SUNBURST embroidery done in mulberry colored silk thread on a rippled white satin makes a stunning contrast for this dinner gown of Fay Wray's. Walter Plunkett designed it for her new rôle in "The Richest Girl in the World." The bodice is draped at back and slashed in front at the sides to show a mulberry lining. The princess silhouette is stressed.
PRETTY, and a good actress. But it was Jane Wyatt's stage voice that won her a place in films. With fifteen British players cast in "One More River," Director James Whale decided the remaining rôle must be filled by an American girl with a light and lovely voice which would contrast with the heavy, throatier tones of the Englishmen. So Jane got the job. Her next picture is Universal's "Great Expectations"
PEOPLE are always talking about Marlene Dietrich! First it was pants. And now it's her lunch! She carries it to the studio in a shoe box, you know. Apparently she and Josef Von Sternberg have patched the differences between them, for lately Marlene has been sharing her lunch with him. He may direct her in "Caprice Espanole," John Dos Passos' story which Paramount is planning to produce.

William Walling, Jr.
Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle
PHILADELPHIA

Miss Mary Byrd
NASHVILLE

Mrs. Powell Cabot
BOSTON

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegey, Jr.
NEW YORK

Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd
BOSTON

Mrs. Henry Field
CHICAGO

Miss Anne Giddel
NEW YORK

Mrs. James Russell Lowell

Miss Potter d'Orey, Palmer

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"I love the flavor of Camels" says Miss Evelyn Cameron Watts

"I never get tired of the smooth Camel flavor — the last one I smoke at night tastes just as good as the first in the morning," says the charming debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dorsey Watts of New York and Baltimore. "And Camels are very mild, too — even when I've smoked a lot, Camels never upset my nerves. And if I'm tired I find that smoking a Camel seems to refresh me — gives me a 'lift' that makes me ready to start all over again."

It is true that your energy is increased by smoking a Camel. It releases your latent energy in a safe and natural way. When tired, a Camel will drive fatigue and irritability away, and never affect your nerves.

Camels are Milder!

Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos, Turkish and Domestic, than any other popular brand.
"I feel fine, now...

"Oh, sure, I feel like going now! But that was the worst headache I ever had. I never took Bromo-Seltzer before, I don't know why. But thanks a lot, darling, that was just about the quickest relief I've ever experienced."

"Bromo-Seltzer's never failed me yet! And it tastes so good, doesn't it? Well, powder your nose and let's get going!"

**THERE ARE FIVE REASONS WHY**

In the past 40 years, many millions of headaches have been relieved by Bromo-Seltzer. There's no particle of doubt about the quick, thorough relief this effervescent and refreshing remedy brings you.

So often, to relieve a headache, a single-action formula that merely kills pain is not enough. At times like this, Bromo-Seltzer is dependable. It is not a mere pain-killer but a skillfully balanced preparation containing 5 different medicinal ingredients.

You get many benefits when you take a Bromo-Seltzer. Not only pain, but other discomforts of headaches, are promptly relieved. For example, your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is increased by Bromo-Seltzer's citric salts. Bromo-Seltzer also relieves nausea or gas on the stomach. And all the while, you are gently steadied and relaxed.

Most important of all, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. It is made under the strictest laboratory control. Be sure to keep Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet.

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

- Overwork or fatigue headache.
- Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.
- Headache due to lowered blood alkali.
- Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.
- Headache of the common cold.
- Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.
- Headache at trying time of month.
- Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

**BROMO-SELTZER**
Time to Serve Hot Foods

A TTRED in a lovely afternoon frock of brown taffeta and apricot wool crepe, Miriam Jordan entertains at an informal luncheon.

Carefully considering every detail, she sets amethyst tumblers on a linen cloth bordered by yellow and purple blooms. To complete her lovely color effect, purplish zinnias hold forth as center piece.

We use plain china, also of a purple hue, a very regal looking silver coffee service, silver muffin tray and cake plate. Flatware is in the handsome Burgundy pattern.

Of course, you will want to have homemade cake. And, though it can easily be managed during the morning, the layers may be baked a day before, leaving only the icing for a "last hour" task.

Our main dish is a tempter for sharpened cool-weather appetites—Macaroni and Beef Encasserole:

- 1 cup macaroni, small pieces
- ½ pound beef, ground
- 2 small onions, sliced
- 3 slices bacon, chopped
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- ½ cup real mayonnaise
- Buttered breadcrumbs


Miriam does the vegetable job right, with a "Medley"

- 1¼ cups onions, sliced
- 2 cups celery
- 1½ cups carrots
- 1½ cups mushrooms, sliced
- 3 tablespoons tapioca
- ¾ cup green pepper
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 2¼ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Cut vegetables in strips. Melt butter in kettle. Add onions, celery, carrots, string beans. Cover closely and cook 15 minutes. Then add remaining vegetables, salt, pepper, tapioca.

Casserole dishes supplant our summer salad plates.

Again cover and cook slowly 30–45 minutes, stirring occasionally. Place the mixture in a warm, buttered casserole and bake for 5 minutes. Serves six.

A nice change from sherbets, etc., is Imperial White Cake:

- 2½ cups cake flour
- 2½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ½ cup butter
- 1¾ cups sugar
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 egg whites, beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk. Beat after each addition. Add vanilla, fold in egg whites. Bake in moderate oven 25–30 minutes.

A grand color combination is this dough and Coffee Icing:

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons strong coffee
- Dash of salt
- 2 cups sifted confectioners sugar

Cream butter, add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add remaining sugar, alternately with coffee until of right consistency to spread. Add salt. Enough frosting to cover tops and sides of the two 9-inch layers.
FIRST GLANCE

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month.

The screen presents plenty of good make-up lessons. And the chapter on first glances is important at this time because so many girls are embarking on new episodes. College will open the portals to a new world for some; others will begin their first work in the careers they have chosen and every day, for that matter, is a new page. No girl can afford to neglect the importance of that first impression. It is remembered by too many. And a happy face, regardless of your lack or plenitude of other charms, leaves an indelible memory. That first glance makes the impression.

Hollywood likes to give that make-up touch or encourage the facial expression that has a lifting effect. Just as the whole trend in human development is upward, so even beauty reaches toward the heights. Witness the upward climb of this season's coiffures. The eyebrow, of course, has been up for a long time, but the skyscraper line has been modified to a decided arch. Wally Westmore, head of the make-up department at Paramount Studios, has a word to say on the subject:

"Don't shave your eyebrows. Of course they should not be allowed to grow bushy or unkempt, but I have advised all of the young players to leave as much of the natural line as possible, no matter what expression they must maintain for a rôle in a picture. Make your brows as thin as you like, but don't lose your character for the sake of an unnatural effect."

And so, granted that you have eyebrows to work on, consider for a moment the face-lifting tricks you can work on those brows. The whole secret is the outer brow end, which on almost every face benefits from the touch of an eyebrow pencil for lengthening purposes. Usually, this line is very tiny, and subtly drawn to emulate the tiny hairs. But slightly lift this line or keep it straight. Never let it droop. For that fraction of an inch can

Outward signs of personality are expressed through coiffure, mouth and eyes. Barbara Stanwyck, in four new poses, is a fascinating study. Oriental mode.
incline your facial expression downward. We want it upward. Prove this theory by sitting down right now with an eyebrow pencil and elongating the brows on straight lines, upward and downward.

Which do you like? I know already.

There's another eye line for evening make-up that can work magic with your smile. If your eyes improve with a tiny pencil line at the outer corners of the eyes themselves, try slanting this line upward. It does something nice for eyes when they smile. You need a practiced hand for this line. If it is obvious, it ruins the effect. Its purpose is to make your eyes appear larger and longer. First, draw a very light line, then smudge it upward so that all you can see is a faint shadow. It will give you the Cleopatra eye effect.

Your mouth is your other feature that is inclined to droop your face. Perc Westmore, Wally's younger brother and make-up expert at Warner Brothers Studios, showed a group of beauty editors how to avoid this sad mouth. It's all done by a slight upward fleck of the lipstick at the outer corners of the upper lip. Then, if you will concentrate rouge at the center of the lower lip and carry it lightly to the corners, you will have a pleasant, smilie mouth. It may take a little practice to achieve this screen mouth, but you will like the results.

The rest of the story on the happy face is a matter of self-discipline. Let Miriam Hopkins tell it in her own words:

"If you will take the trouble to learn how to relax, you will be repaid in full. Haggard lines will never form around the eyes and mouth at the end of the day, nor will headaches and irritability conquer you. Make it your business to relax four times daily, whether you are at home or at work. Appetite will improve along with your nerves."

Anne Shirley, the sixteen-year-old "Anne of Green Gables," is showing the hair-dressing, details of the new "Prom Bob," created especially by Mel Berns.

Back hair is as important as the front, though most of us forget that. Anne's is all anticipations realized. Add a gay bow for dress-up.

The hand-finished art. That fall set rests saucily on these curls, and not too much bangs to conceal Anne's nice forehead and brows.

The back diagram shows the dozen and one hair pins and bob pins in place to give Anne her beautiful halo. Ideal for many occasions.
NEW AND SMART
ARE FAY WRAY'S
LATEST BEAUTY
OFFERINGS

I SHALL always think of Fay Wray as
very much of an individual. Just why,
I am not sure. Her dark auburn hair, her
deep blue eyes and warm skin make her
exceptionally lovely to look at, but Holly-
wood is full of lovely girls. Perhaps it is
her fine sense of discrimination and taste
that makes her register as a person slightly
apart. This is something, however, that
you sense rather than see. If offers a
constructive idea for girls who are interested
in developing themselves and going just a
little beyond the average.

Fay’s taste in clothes, for example, is
perfect but conservative. I do not believe
her clothes alone would ever make you
turn and look at her on the street. Her
loveliness might, but not clothes alone or
her make-up. A color note seems per-
f ectly carried out; accessories seem chosen
with regard to each other. Make-up is
perfectly attuned to her coloring and type.
And all weld into a picture that is pleasing
and as it should be.

The modern girl has good taste in clothes,
as a rule. Europeans comment on that
universally. But on make-up we do not
achieve the perfect job. And I think the
reason is that we do not become adjusted
to our types. If our passion is blonde hair,
some of us run right out and have it
bleached, without a thought for the skin
and eyes that must accompany it. Or
eyebrows will be shaped regardless of the
eyes they frame.

Color tones in make-up are our most
general errors, though. The vogue is still
for the skin-toned powder, and that
should not be hard for us to decide. A
mere touch of rouge and plenty of matching
lipstick are the accent styles. Roughly,
we may divide skins into two color classes,
of which there are many tone gradations—
the cool skin which often contains a slightly
blush cast and the warm skin with a yel-
lowish cast.

Most saleswomen can advise you well on
make-up tones; or study your freshly
cleansed skin in a good light. If your
skin falls in the cool class, you will find
rouge and lipstick on the rose shade your
right colors. This is because rose con-
tains a tiny bit of blue. If your skin is
warm, then the vivid, bright tones with
a tiny bit of yellow add the right touch.

Manufacturers have tried to help you
out of your make-up predicaments by
devising many kinds of tone testing dis-
plays in the stores selling their brands.

"My pet peeve," says Bette Davis - "is having anything but Lux used for my personal things"

BETTE DAVIS, that talented young star, is now appearing in Warner Brothers-First National production, "Housewife."

"I wonder if there's anybody who doesn't use Lux for nice things," says Bette Davis. "It's so marvelously kind to colors—I'd trust it with anything safe in water alone. And lingerie stays grand looking for ages when it's Luxed after every wearing.

"I just hate to have my things get faded and dowdy looking, so I'm awfully particular about having them Luxed. I've often known cake-soap rubbing and ordinary soaps—the kind that have harmful alkali—to fade colors and weaken the silk fibres. Knowing that Lux has no harmful alkali, I just insist on it for all my washable things."

Are YOU caring for your nice things the Hollywood way? Then you know how Lux keeps them dainty—free from the least hint of perspiration odor... makes them last longer, too.

Hollywood Says - Don't trust to Luck

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"Lux is a real dollars and cents matter here," says N'Was McKenzie (left) wardrobe director of Warner Brothers-First National. "It keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—even flannels and draperies. They look swell! It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."
PRAISES and queries have poured in about Alice Faye, since movie-goers have seen her with Lew Ayres in "She Learned About Sailors." Her naturalness is what they admired. They say she doesn’t seem to be the least bit “high-hat.” That’s true—she isn’t. She likes everyone and wants everyone to like her because she wants to stay in pictures for a long time.

Alice was born in New York City on May 5, 1912. She left high school to join the Chester Hale dance unit. While appearing on the stage in the “Scandals,” a friend had her sing a song on one of those home-made records. The record was played for Rudy Vallee who sent for Alice and signed her as a featured singer with his band.

Her first break in pictures came when Fox was casting for the “George White’s Scandals.” Alice went West with Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees to appear in the picture. She was to sing one song and do one dance number. Lilian Harvey was scheduled to be the leading lady. Lilian became ill and Alice was given the lead. Her work in that led to a long term contract with Fox. Her latest picture is titled “365 Nights in Hollywood” in which she appears with Jimmy Dunn.

Alice lives in Hollywood with her mother and brother. She is a natural blonde with blue eyes. Is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 111 pounds and is of Irish-German descent. She is fond of walking, horseback riding and motoring. She gets plenty of these on the bridle paths and motor parkways of California.

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, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

BERtha BRANDT, San Antonio, TX.—Cheer up, Bertha, you will soon be seeing your friend Johnny Mack Brown again. He is in the new Mae West picture “Belle of the Nineties.” Johnny was born in Dothan, Ala., September 4, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has black hair and brown eyes. Is married and has one son and one daughter. You can write to him in care of the Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

H. M., Terre Haute, Ind.—If you will look back through your file of old Photoplays you will find a grand photograph of the late Marie Dressler, in color, in the September, 1931 issue.

Juanita Denney, Fort Worth, Tex.—Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City, August 8, 1910. You can write to Cary Grant and Sylvia in care of the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Addresses of other stars appear elsewhere in this issue.

Elinor Helliessen, Yakima, Wash.—Anita Louise and Tom Brown aren’t married yet, but they are keeping steady company. Joan Crawford played the name rôle in the old silent picture “Rose Marie.”

Dolly Hagen, Cincinnati, O.—Dolly, the man you are trying to identify is John David-son. “Murder in Trinidad” is his latest picture.

Betty Helm, Wilmington, Cal.—I enjoyed reading your letter very much, Betty. You will see Joan Bennett soon in “Pursuit of Happiness.” Evelyn Venable is a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, born there October 18, 1913. Her latest picture is “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.”

[Please turn to page 117]
NEVER a day when one's feet feel the need of a rest cure ... never a night when tired, aching feet take the lustre from a romantic hour ... if you're a Styl-EEZ wearer. These lovely shoes conceal within their flattering lines a smooth combination of smartness and comfort that wins the heart of every active young woman ... becoming even more intriguing because of their light touch on the budget. Deftly hidden in each slim arch, which emphasizes the daintiness of feminine feet, are the scientific Styl-EEZ features, your secret protection from tired feet and any possible awkward inward rotation of the ankles. For complete shoe satisfaction choose Styl-EEZ shoes!

"See Your Chiropodist Regularly"

The "WINSTON"
Trim of smooth calf and closely spaced multiple stitching are important fashion points of this soft, velvety suede afternoon oxford

Styl-EEZ
A SELBY SHOE

Send this coupon for the Styl-EEZ booklet of features and new models

The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio
Please send me your Styl-EEZ booklet and name of nearest Styl-EEZ dealer.
Name
Address
Beauty and Personality are Inseparable

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

wrong way it pulls the cords in the neck exaggerates them and also shows up your Adam's apple. So many girls have written asking me what to do about correcting such a neck that I'm glad I have a chance this month to tell you about it, Bette.

It all comes from faulty head posture. To keep your head in a correct line you have to strengthen those muscles which control the neck and head. So, every day I want you to sit in a relaxed position and, with three fingers of each hand, jab deep under the first three vertebrae of your spine. Work on these vertebrae, giving a deep massage to the muscles around them until you can feel your chin drawing down.

Now practice correct head posture. Let your chin relax naturally. Don't roll your eyes up. Keep them straight ahead. Concentrate every minute so that you will remember to pull your chin and jaw in.

Habits are hard to break. You need all your intelligence and courage and, perhaps, a little help from your friends. Let your pals know that you won't be sore at them if they yell at you every time they see you with that jaw stuck out. "Hi, Bette, pull your chin in!"

For, when you stick your jaw out, it hardens your face, brings out ugly muscles and cords in your neck. Also, remember that you'll have a much softer appearance if you refrain from pushing your hair back in such a hard line. Keep it fluffed about your face. And for heaven's sake, Bette, lay off making your mouth up in that extreme fashion. Remember when Joan Crawford did it? Remember how all her admirers got up on their hind feet and told her they didn't like it? She changed it at once.

She used her head, realized she had made a mistake and set about to rectify it.

And now about your nose. I changed Ruth Chatterton's nose, but you can change yours, yourself, by covering your fingers with cold cream and gently, gently pinching it, as if your nose were soft clay. Slowly and gently shape your nose into a beautiful mould with your own two hands and squeeze off a bit of the end of it. You must be very careful not to bruise the nose. So don't press too hard. It will take a little time but it will be so worth while when results are accomplished.

SOFTEN the lines of your face, Bette, first by the practical physical methods I've given you and then by training yourself actually to feel an inner warmth for people. Give a lot of yourself. Don't draw inside yourself. Get out of the physical habit of wrong head posture and beware of the mental habit of cynicism off-screen. Play up to your own charming type. Begin today. I tell you this in all sincerity and

Love, SYLVIA

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I notice that in many of your diets you include raw red or white cabbage. I wonder if the whole leaf should be eaten or if it should be chopped up. What is the best way to prepare it?

M. H., Eau Claire, Wis.

You can eat it any way you like as long as it isn't cooked, but I think the most appetizing way to prepare it is to shred it or chop it up fine and then squeeze a generous supply of lemon juice over it. It makes a delicious salad, contains many valuable minerals and should be included in your regular diet once a day.

My dear Sylvia:

I have very large wrists and, although I've read all of your articles (I think), I don't remember that you have ever given an exercise for reducing the wrists. Would you be good enough to tell me how to reduce my wrists?

Mrs. M. R. L., Olympia, Wash.

You can shave off your wrists in the same way that I've told you how to take down other parts of the body that are lumpy—by my squeezing and slapping method. With the fingers and the palm of one hand, work on the opposite wrist, digging into the excess muscles. If you've read my articles you know how this is done. Then put a Turkish towel over the wrists and slap them good and hard. In this way you can reduce the muscles and squeeze off the fat cells. I want every woman and girl to remember that her body is like sculptor's clay and she can model it exactly as she wants it modeled.

Dear Sylvia:

Is it okay if I substitute an extra glass of orange juice for the mid-morning tomato juice you give in your wonderful diet? I like orange juice and don't like tomato juice.

M. H. D., Boston, Mass.

Orange juice and tomato juice do almost the same thing, but not quite. The tomato juice is so swell for your complexion that if I were you I wouldn't give it up entirely unless I had a skin like rose-leaves. I believe you can learn to like it. Drink it ice-cold and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice in it. Why, baby, it's delicious. Come on, now, try it just one more week and remember how much it will improve your complexion.

Dear Sylvia:

Kindly give me an exercise for reducing the ankles.

Mrs. R. D., Washington, D. C.

Well, I'll certainly say you're brief and to the point. Okay, I'll try to be as much to the point. This is the way to make your ankles small. Lie on the floor on your back with your toes pointed straight in front and your arms above your head, as if you were a straight line from the tips of your fingers to the tips of your toes. Now, without moving the position of the toes, spring to a sitting position and try—with your hands—to touch the tips of your toes. Of course, this is impossible since the toes are still pointed, but never move the position of the toes all the time you're trying to touch them with your hands. You'll feel a sharp pain in your ankles as you do this exercise. Then you'll know you're doing it right. Do that five times in the morning and five times at night. You'll notice a big improvement in a very short time.

Dear Sylvia:

To settle an argument please answer this question. Which do you consider most important, a beautiful figure or a beautiful figure?

T. S. B., Jeffersonville, Ind.

A beautiful figure—and I'll tell you why. If you have worked hard for a beautiful figure—if you're thin and lithe, you'll have radiant good health. That will show in your face, make your eyes bright and sparkling and give you the illusion of beauty of face, no matter what the bone formation of the features is. You can't camouflage your figure. You can look beautiful—even if you aren't—by being sparkling and vivacious and animated. I've seen some great, big, fat women with faces that were actually beautiful. I've seen these women sitting in a room when a girl with a grand figure—and a face not so pretty—entered. What happened? The girl with the neat figure got the attention of all the men at once, and the fat girls were left out in the cold.

Dear Sylvia:

My shoulders are so broad that I'm all out of proportion. I'm really quite skinny. I wish you would tell me something to do.

D. W., Lynchburg, Va.

Telling people what to do is my easiest job. What you need is to put on weight, to build up until the rest of your body is in proportion to your shoulders. Wide shoulders are fine and very fashionable. But if you're skinny the answer is—don't stay that way. Send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll send you my general building-up diet and exercises. It's a very long diet so I haven't space enough to give it here.
The spirit of an Evening in Paris has been caught in a rare and glorious perfume! A stirring fragrance that brings to life, for your own delight—and the delight of others in you—the throbbing romance of the enchanted city at night! Perfume, $5.50. Other sizes, $1.10 and $2.75. De luxe package, $10.00. Toilet Water, $1.25. Face Powder, $1.10. Vanishes, $1.10 to $2.75... at the better drug and department stores.
Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up the Hollywood way.
Cosmetics left clogging the pores cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin

Beautify sleep’s important—for you and for your skin, too. So don’t go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoil your beauty.

Many a girl who thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly may all unconsciously be leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. It is this choking of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin to develop.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it’s time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood’s famous beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way
Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its active lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood’s priceless complexions.

In this way you can protect your skin—keep it clear and lovely!
Beauty sleep...

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard against Cosmetic Skin

*LUX TOILET SOAP*

Claudette Colbert

*STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"*
What It's Like to Work With Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Marshall, there seems to be some nonsense about make-up."

"I told her something like that was being discussed, and she said:

"If your make-up is wrong, I will change mine."

"Of course, I wouldn't permit her to go to all that trouble, but the incident gives a clear insight into the kindly, cooperative character of the woman."

"Well we stood side by side during this self-conscious thing that was to be the test—for such things always do make you feel self-conscious, no matter how many times you have done them before. But she made the brief procedure more comfortable than usual."

The following day was Saturday, and Marshall began his work opposite Garbo.

"I ended a very intensive scene with Miss Bennett in 'Outcast Lady' at one o'clock that day," said Marshall, "and at two-thirty o'clock, I was rehearsing a major scene with Miss Garbo in 'The Painted Veil.'"

"Ordinarily, to any artist, this is a nerve-racking thing to do, but because of Miss Garbo's attitude of friendliness that she extends toward a fellow artist, I seemed to fall into my first scene of this new picture without any sense of strangeness."

Other scenes followed with Marshall and Garbo—romantic scenes in the kitchen of Professor Koetter's Austrian home, semi-humorouss scenes in the drenching rain of a street in Giza, tense scenes in a Hongkong bangalow and dramatic scenes in riot-torn, plague-wrecked Kam Po Shan, in the interior of China.

And ever since those scenes, Marshall has been assailed by the question: "What's it like to work with Garbo?"

"When people ask me that question, it bores me, makes me feel uncomfortable. Briefly, I feel that she is completely all right. I know she is Garbo. Long before I ever knew that I was to work with her, I knew she was Garbo. I understand the veil of glamour that has been wrapped around her. I was, and still am, aware that she is a great actress and an extraordinary personality."

"Personally, I find her a very companionable and friendly artist with whom to work, and I feel that one should be grateful to be working with her, to work with anybody as fair as she is to her fellow artists..."

"But I know no fear of the lady—and I really believe that Miss Garbo will appreciate my boldness in saying so."

It was not fear that prompted Marshall to forfeit the one opportunity he had to meet Greta Garbo, before the make-up test.

Not fear—rather, as I said before, a nice discretion.

This was after Marshall had leased Director Edmund Goulding's lovely house nestled amid the verdant slopes of Beverly Hills, and shortly before "The Painted Veil" went before the camera.

One sunny afternoon, Marshall returned to the estate to find two women in possession of the tennis court—uninvited by him. And one was Greta Garbo! He stood for a few minutes, watching her graceful, skilful play—both women all the while unaware of his presence. Whatever temptation he might have had to speak to them, whatever right he had to, he resisted and went his way into the house.

Later he learned that Goulding had given Garbo a standing invitation to use the court when she pleased, and had forgotten to inform him about it.

An explanation of Marshall's frankness in speaking of Garbo may possibly be found in the similarity of the two personalities. Both possess an unusual quality of calmness.

"I am in sympathy with the solitary and the seclusion that Miss Garbo seems to prefer in living her own life," he says. "Quite often, I enjoy similar seclusion on the sound stage at such times when it is necessary to ponder over the lines and the problems of the scene that is to follow."

"In Miss Garbo, I detect that same quality of pondering over a scene, a quality which I venture to share with her. Also, there is a freedom from hysteria in Miss Garbo's company—which does not mean that we have not been able to laugh."

One thing has been evident during the filming of Garbo's latest picture, "The Painted Veil." That is her increased cheerfulness while at work.

In former pictures—and it was conspicuously noticeable during the filming of "Queen Christina"—Garbo seemed to emerge from a shell of reserve only long enough for the actual scenes. Immediately thereafter she retired to her dressing-room, to chat or discuss production problems with no one but her director.

Through "The Painted Veil" all this has changed. Frequently, Garbo has remained on the set, to converse with Marshall, or to share a hearty laugh with George Brent, or to exchange opinions on dramatic problems with young Keye Luke, a Chinese member of the cast, or some other Oriental actor in the company.

ASKED about it one day, Director Boleslavsky attempted to explain:

"I believe she is happier, for one reason, because she recognizes in Mr. Marshall that she has one of the finest artists that either stage or screen could produce to play opposite her."

Too, another observation of Garbo made by Marshall is her extreme consideration for others less great than herself. There was the time when five hundred extra players stood in a drenching downpour for two days during the shooting of a wedding procession.

I noticed during these drenching rain scenes," said Marshall, "that Miss Garbo displayed keen concern for several elderly ladies in the mob, actresses who had been more important people at an earlier time."

"Of one in particular, Miss Garbo was a little annoyed at herself because she could not recall the lady's name. She called to an assistant to get the name, and then requested the assistant to place a comfortable chair in a dry spot for the elderly actress."

Often, Marshall has been described as the "suave gentleman" of the stage and screen. He disagrees with these opinions.

"They keep on saying that I am always the suave gentleman," he complained. "They say I am aloof, choosing seclusion with a small circle of two or three friends. This is untrue. I have a host of friends and I enjoy their companionship. They say I am a shy fellow, but I have been a stray in some remote corner of the stage, my face behind an English newspaper. This is an exaggeration. Sometimes I do enjoy seclusion, as I have said before, but only to think over the problems of a scene that is to follow."

"However, there does seem to be a similarity, in the characters of these two important people—Garbo and Marshall. Both have had bitter struggles to reach success. Garbo began as a model in a department store, Marshall as an accountant's clerk who could not keep an office job."

Both remember the heartaches and hardships encountered on the upward climb.

"And now I have found myself, most gratefully, cast in a very good picture with a thoroughly understandable character for me to portray," he said. "Although I cannot predict the final result, I believe that Miss Garbo and I have managed to play our scenes together instinctively, and that we have played them well."

"I have never met a more natural woman than Greta Garbo. I would say, as an outsider, that much of the coldness that is ascribed to her is because she does not extend herself. Naturally, she is anxious and straightforward. When occasions arise—such as scenes, dialogue problems or wardrobe—she does not condemn or disapprove. She will only tell you that she is anxious about it."

"And, I may say, Miss Garbo has a grand sense of humor. Even though I don't believe she knows she played on my tennis court."
HERE'S ONE thing most everyone agrees on—that no pie's so good as mince pie during the fall . . . and that no mince pie's so downright delicious as a mince pie made with None Such Mince Meat.

And here's something new you'll be glad to know! . . . None Such Mince Meat—rich in old-fashioned spicy flavor and winey fragrance—is now prepared for the crust in only 5 minutes.

Get a package of None Such Mince Meat from your grocer today. Serve a None Such Mince Pie tonight . . . and wait for the applause! Complete recipes for a beauty (pie crust and all!) are on the package. And inside the package you'll find recipes for some grand new cookies, fruit cake and pudding! Try them too!

And here's a radio treat!
"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"
Thursday Nights at 10:00 (E. S. T.)
Over Columbia Network


Tune in this Thursday night! "45 Minutes in Hollywood" is sponsored by Borden's, distributors of None Such Mince Meat.
Garbo will sign a new Metro contract—that was my positive information at press time. After “The Painted Veil” she will spend a vacation in this country, then probably do two more pictures. The first is expected to be “Mary, Queen of Scots.”

Many had thought that since Garbo’s last picture, “Queen Christina,” was not a box-office sensation, she would be allowed to sail for Sweden and hide out in her castle as long as she wanted. Last year, she was said to have received around $25,000 per opus, with the present picture, “The Painted Veil,” netting her a raise of $20,000 due, no doubt, to the fact that Garbo has again entrusted her business affairs to the ace of all Hollywood business managers, Harry Edington.

Further whisperings relate that the M-G-M big-wigs decided to keep Garbo on the payroll another year at more money, not because she was such a tremendous money-maker, but because it was worth it to the studio in “prestige” alone. Also, it is said she no longer will be permitted to choose her stories, only approve them. She ordered “Christina.”

The millennium has surely arrived. Mae West announces that her next picture will be called “Now I’m a Lady.”

Mae is writing it herself, just to be sure that she will be a lady.

Can you imagine any actor having to be coaxed into a Garbo film? The studio did just that to Warner Oland. Warner gets flighty, now and then, and the persuasion corps has to be called in. When I was a kid, the broad palm of a paternal hand was an effective persuader.

When you are supposed to be grownup, it’s different. Maybe a baseball bat—

Night Life of the Gods” calls for a lot of statues to run around loose. The actors and actresses assigned to these parts were made to look like statues. A heavy coating of makeup did it. And it’s so thick they can neither sit nor lie down.

Natasha Rambova, Rudolph Valentino’s widow, now the wife of a Spanish Don, Alvaro de Urala, is known as the “Queen of Mallorca,” where she has made a fortune in real estate, renting or selling homes to visiting Americans.

Little Cora Sue Collins, just six, received a fan letter from another little girl, also six. And Cora Sue is worried. She can’t make head or tail of it.

The letter said:

“Dear Cora Sue

“I read in the paper that you are a freelance player and would like very much if you would send me a free lance to keep as a souvenir. Thank you very much.”

The calm evening of one autograph-seeking dancer at a Hollywood twilight rendezvous was ruffled by a mad caprice of Lupe Velez. Stopping in the middle of a dance, the young man went to her table and asked her to autograph something for him. Discovering no paper, in desperation he pulled out a dollar greenback.

“Too cheap,” said Lupe disdainfully. The perspiring admirer dug deeper and fished up a twenty-dollar bill. This Lupe eyed, took it and the dollar, and thrust them both down her dress with a “Thank you.”

Of course, she finally returned the currency—but not until the young man had feverish visions of a glowing waiter who would soon be presenting a check. And Lupe didn’t autograph the money—against the law to deface currency.

Looks as though Joan Crawford’s playing around with stage plays in her own private little theater some time ago wasn’t just fooling. The reports are around again that Joan is headed for the legitimate stage, having had an offer from a New York producer.

With Shirley Temple turning into the most successful “meal-ticket” of the year for producer and exhibitor alike, the current phrase you hear around Hollywood is “A little child shall feed them.”

Shirley Temple has a new game—and it’s a good one, from Shirley’s standpoint. I ran across this little bunch of loneliness at Paramount the other day. She had a playful glitter in her eyes that almost matched her goldlocks.

“Ietchoo a nickel,” she offered, holding aloft a screen magazine, “that my picture’s in here.”

“Oh, but you’ve looked,” I protested.

“No,” said Shirley, “you pick the magazine.”

I said we weren’t nearly as rich as she, but I’d risk a penny, and picked a magazine. Shirley ran through a few pages, looked up and grinned. There was her picture, so I paid the penny.

And when she lifted the wealth in her tiny pocket to add the penny to it, I noticed that there were about twenty other copper pieces in her palm.

I wasn’t the only fall guy.
"Here's the Stay Slim Secret I Taught Hollywood"
says Sylvia
Mme. Sylvia
world's foremost authority on
the care of the feminine figure
"EAT RY-KRISP EVERY DAY"

"The next time you find yourself envying some star her slender, graceful figure—don't sit down and feel sorry for yourself," says Mme. Sylvia, "Say to yourself, 'I'm going to take the advice Sylvia gave the loveliest stars on the screen today. I'm going to begin right now to exercise properly and eat Ry-Krisp with every meal.'

"You won't believe, when you first taste Ry-Krisp, that anything so good can be good for you. But I know, because I've proved it in my work with the movie stars—that these crisp, delicious wafers really help you to stay slim—because they help to keep you fit.

Filling but Not Fattening
"Ry-Krisp wafers are simply flaked whole rye, salt and water—double-baked. They can't do your figure any harm. Instead they do it good—because they're easily digested and mildly 'regulating'. They satisfy hunger safely—keep you from wanting fattening, starchy foods.

"You'll enjoy their unique whole rye flavor with any food at breakfast, lunch or dinner. And—for your figure's sake—get the habit of nibbling at a Ry-Krisp wafer when you're hungry between meals, too. It's the safest kind of tidbit!"

For a real treat—try Ry-Krisp lightly buttered, heated in a moderate oven (350° F.) and then cooled until crispness returns. It's marvelous that way. Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages.

June in Mme. Sylvia's RADIO PROGRAM

Hear Mme. Sylvia herself telling intimate stories of her own experiences in Hollywood. Hear how she can help you as she helps the movie stars to have and keep a perfect figure!

NBC Blue Network
Every Wednesday
Coast to Coast
10:15 E.S.T. 9:15 C.S.T.
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Beginning October 3rd

Exact Duplicates of Gowns Worn by Famous Stars in Hollywood Productions—FREE.

Think of having—for your very own—a gown exactly like one worn by your favorite star. Listen to Mme. Sylvia's radio program for full details.

Send for MME. SYLVIA'S Personal Consultation Chart...and 32-page booklet of diets and exercises illustrated by personally posed photographs of Mme. Sylvia—information you need to help solve your own beauty problem. It's yours in exchange for only one top from a package of Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers. Send to Mme. Sylvia, 44 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.
GREEN-EYED SCREEN BEAUTIES ARE NOW THE VOGUE

By Carolyn Van Wyck

frock or even a room can add or detract from the eye color.

The dark, flashing eye must depend almost entirely on expression rather than the subtle change in tone for its reactions.

EYE make-up is more important than ever before, and because the light eye usually needs it more than the dark, here are beauty tricks for blue, hazel, green and gray eyes. Your first refuge is shadow, and there are now loud whisperings of gold and silver shadow for evening, with brilliant, shiny lip lacquer as a foil to the metal eye effect. We all know the usual sparkle of gold or silver, than which nothing is lovelier for evening, because that bit of metallic sheen adds youthful lustre to the lids. Certainly, every eye benefits from shadow for evening make-up, whether you wish a real color contrast or only a velvety dampness. Since shadow is an approved vogue of the moment, you need not be self-conscious about its use, though you must do a neat, subtle job. Ordinarily, shadow should cover the entire upper lid with color concentrated near the lashline and fading away. Sometimes a grand effect may be had from touching a tiny bit to the outer corner of the eyes and brushing it upward toward the end of the brow. If you can use blue effectively, it is particularly good for this little stunt because it gives the impression of delicate veins, which you will often find just there on the fair-skinned person. Violet and green often add an ethereal effect when used in this manner, but I do not suggest it for brown. If, however, the use of any shadow does not appeal to your taste, you will still get an interesting effect from touching the upper lids with a bit of white petroleum jelly or any cream. The result will be the slightly shiny, moist eyelids you see on small children. The use of either shadow or cream is beneficial to the skin, too, for even a little bit helps to keep the lids smooth and unlined. If you use one of the gold or silver shadows, however, I suggest that you keep it entirely on the lid.

THE fitting finish to the glamour of shadow is the correct use of mascara. Those made by reliable manufacturers practically remake your eyes, because few, after all, are blessed with a lustrous, dark eye fringe. If you are blonde, brown is a better daytime choice than black, and for evening I suggest a blue. The effect under electric lights is lovely, and the bluish cast gives a softness that you do not get from black. The only harm that could result from a good mascara is your rough handling of your eyelashes in removal. The best method is to wet a piece of cotton in cold water and brush it upward over the upper lashes as if you were applying the mascara, and downward over the lower lashes. If your mascara is moisture proof, use a little cream in the same manner. Naturally, rough handling can pull out and break lashes, but the correct removal and application of mascara will probably stimulate your lashes and really improve them.

CHEER up, you green-eyed girls! If it has ever occurred to you that you'd like to change those jade eyes for violet or a dark brown, take a look over the Fox lot. Let the green-eyed beauties there console you with the thought that you possess a distinctive mark of beauty, after all. Look at lovely Rosemary Ames, clear-skinned, golden-haired and green-eyed.

Or radiant Pat Paterson, with that very English skin and green eyes also. French Ketti Gallian, Drue Leyton and Conchita Montenegro all have jewel-toned eyes, but Conchita is an interesting case. Born in Sebastian, Spain, in addition to those eyes, she has copper hair.

There are no more patterns for beauty. Old standards have fallen by the way, which gives every one of us a chance in the daily beauty competition. Going back to our green eyes again, it wasn't so long ago that there was a stigma attached to the fact that you didn't fall within the blue or brown classes. But no more.

It has always seemed to me that the light eye possessed more appeal than the very dark eye, for the reason that the light eye is very changeable according to your mood. You can notice the dilation or contraction of the pupil, so that these eyes really seem to change color at times, and of course it is true that a hat,
Why Any Girl Can Be
MORE ATTRACTIVE!

A New Kind of Make-Up
Originated by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius
Holds the Secret of

Lovely Beauty

THE real testing laboratory of beauty is Hollywood. Daily, hundreds of screen tests are recorded. Daily, hundreds of make-up tests are made. And now, for twenty-odd years, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, has worked intimately with the stars of the screen to discover new beauty secrets.

Now, out of this unique experience, Max Factor brings to you . . . to every woman . . . a new and original idea in make-up for every day.

It is color harmony make-up . . . because it is color, and color alone, as thousands of tests have proved, that can actually make natural beauty appear more ravishing, more youthful, more attractive. Yes, one may even appear ten years younger if correct color harmony is used.

But . . . color harmony make-up originated by Max Factor is amazingly different. It consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades that are scientifically and artistically perfected for each variation of blonde, brunette, red head and brown head types.

The face powder creates a satin-smooth, clinging make-up. The rouge is lifelike in its natural coloring. The lipstick is the one that withstands every close-up test. And the colors tones of each blend together in a beautiful harmony of color to create for you the lovely beauty of your own imagination.

Now this luxury, Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the screen stars, 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. Until you test your color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up, you will never know how beautiful you can be. At all leading stores.

FACE POWDER
In original color harmony shades that actually enhance the beauty of the skin . . . and there is a shade for your individual coloring. Perfect in texture, Max Factor's Face Powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours and hours. One dollar.

ROUGE
Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must withstand every close-up test. So here is the lipstick you can depend upon to create lasting lip make-up, permanent and uniform in color. And only Max Factor's Lipstick will give your lips that alluring beauty of perfect color harmony. One dollar.

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Illustrates a Max Factor Color
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For her colorings . . . reddish brown hair, creamy skin and brown eyes . . . the perfect color harmony make-up is Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

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Society Make-Up

Accept This Priceless Beauty Gift!
Learn These Secrets of Make-Up!

For you, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony make-up chart and send you his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." . . . How to rouge a round face; how to rouge a thin face; how to conceal hollow cheeks; how to make up small eyes, thin lips, and many other valuable secrets. Mail the coupon now.
CAROLE LOMBARD, known as Hollywood’s practical joke girl, who will go to no end of trouble to get a laugh, looks very alluring when she’s laughing herself. Nothing daunts her—ribbing, rumors or hard work. She finished “Now and Forever” at Paramount, then got right busy on “Part Time Lady” with Roger Pryor at Columbia.
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gives women freedom never
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- At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on those days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered in filmy cotton.

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**A filmy, daring frock**

- The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is absolutely sure of protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

- Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

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(Advertisement for Kotex with details about the product and a coupon for free samples.)
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The leading ladies of the films have to devote time and thought to their dress. And when it comes to handbags, they choose models with Talon Fasteners for many reasons.

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*"Pocketbook Panic" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.*
Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

"FIGHT for Clean Pictures Won!" was the title of a story in the November 1919 issue. According to the article, the heads of the studios passed a resolution "unanimously declaring war to the bitter end on anyone making or showing salacious pictures."

An interview with Dustin and William Farnum told of their childhood and how they started their theatrical careers.

Girls were urged to learn about vampires from Hedda Hopper, then a leading home-smashing, heart-busting lady on the screen. A story on Rod LaRocque said that he was reforming, giving up his villainous roles to become a comedian and a hero.

Girls were urged to learn about vampires from Hedda Hopper, then a leading home-smashing, heart-busting lady on the screen. A story on Rod LaRocque said that he was reforming, giving up his villainous roles to become a comedian and a hero.

There was an interesting story on Louise Fazenda, written by her friend, Emma-Lindsay Squier, in which it was revealed that the comédienne could bake pies as well as throw them. Several pen and ink drawings by Madge Kennedy proved she had earned her living as a newspaper sketch artist before going into the theater. This issue carried most interesting rotogravure pages, and among the stars whose portraits appeared in this section were Constance Talmadge, Mabel Normand, Mary MacLaren, John Barrymore, and Harold Lloyd, making a two-reeler, was injured when a supposedly harmless bomb exploded in his hand. It was feared that his screen career might be ended by the accident.


10 Years Ago

JUST ten years ago we were arguing over bobbed hair! The November, 1924, issue carried an article, "Why I Refuse to Let My Wife Bob Her Hair." Briefly the anonymous author's reason was, "Bobbed hair means bobbed brains." "What is Love?" Twelve women stars answered the question. In Gloria Swanson's definition is this comment, "I am through with love..." The finest thing about a passion is the memory of it. I have that memory." But Gloria has married twice since then. Horoscopes of various stars were read by Evangeline Adams. For Rudolph Valentino she forecast "contradictory aspects" beginning in 1925, saying, "It will either be the banner time of his life or he will be lost in space." Valentino died in 1926.

Gossip items: Agnes Ayres was married to S. M. Reachi (divorced 1927); Wallace Beery and Arieta Gillman were married (still happy); a baby boy was born to Lila Lee and James Kirkwood (they were divorced, 1929); Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford happily returned to Pickfair after a trip abroad. Asked if rumors of his engagement to Estelle Taylor were true, Jack Dempsey said, "It is just newspaper hokum." (But they were married in February 1925, divorced in 1931). Best movies included "The Man Who Came Back," teaming George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackall; Norma Shearer in "Empty Hands"; Pauline Frederick in "Three Women"; J. Warren Kerrigan's "Captain Blood"; Thomas Meighan's "The Alaskan"; Jutta Goudal in "Open All Night." On cover, Jackie Coogan.

5 Years Ago

THIS issue was very much concerned with fashions. And, looking at the pictures, we bet that you ladies would never believe you really wore 'em! Short skirts with very long waists, uneven hem lines, flowing scarfs—they look pretty silly now! Hollywood was still agog over the Crawford-Fairbanks nuptials. A story, "Filmland's Royal Family," in the article, told Crawford admirers that Joan's marriage had not made her high-hat, and asked the question: Will Joan and Doug uphold the Pickford-Fairbanks tradition? Other marriages of interest were: Janet Gaynor and Lyndell Peck (divorced in April, 1933); Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer (divorced August, 1933); Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman, Jr. (divorced March, 1933). Cal York said Loretta Young and Grant Withers were getting romantic. They were married in January, 1930, divorced September, 1931. "How Bachelors Manage Their Homes" told about the happy home life of Charles Farrell, Buddy Rogers, Bill Haines, Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro. Since then Charles has married Virginia Valli and Bill, has married Sandra Shaw. The others are still batching, however. Best movies were "Taming of the Shrew," Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks' venture into Shakespeare. It was hailed as "the event of the decade." Other best movies were: Ann Harding's "Her Private Affair," "Marianne," with Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray, and "Rio Rita," with Bebe Daniels and John Boles. Janet Gaynor was on the cover.

* Glisten as Brightly as the Stars of the Screen in

METALLIC EMBROIDERED CELANESSE

CLAIRANESSE TAFFETA

Chic stars that set the fashions in Hollywood are ardent supporters of the Paris gold standard. Not only in smartly costumed movies of the fall and winter season, but in the stars’ own personal wardrobes, all that glitters is gold, gleaming gold threads embroidered on the pure dye taffeta weave, Celanese Clairanese. In a gown of this sumptuous fabric—such as the lovely one Miss Clayworth wears—you will be a star in your own right!

* Miss June Clayworth, the Universal player seen in “Are You Decent?”. If the picture were called “Are You Chic?”, we’d say “very” to this stunning gown of metallic embroidered Celanese Clairanese with V decolletage topped by a flaring bow.

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City.
The Fan Club Corner

The second annual convention of movie fan clubs, held in Chicago, August 11-13, under the sponsorship of the Movie Club Guild of Chicago, brought a record number of delegates from fan clubs throughout the entire United States for three busy, interesting days.

Registration of delegates Saturday took place in the offices of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, where identification badges were distributed and official program books autographed. Many movie club officials who had for years corresponded with each other met for the first time. The offices fairly rang with happy laughter and enthusiastic fan club chatter until early evening, when the entire body went to Chicago’s famous Chinatown for dinner. Afterward, a tour of the streets, shops and temples was enjoyed, followed by a “last show” at a loop theater and a back-stage visit as guests of Carlos Molina, Hollywood orchestra leader.

Sunday was spent inspecting the sights of A Century of Progress (World’s Fair). An especially enjoyable visit was made to the Hollywood concession, where Don Dillaway, Lincoln Stedman, Victor Lewis and other Hollywood players attending the World’s Fair greeted the visiting fans.

At the official luncheon and business session, held in the Silver Room of the Hotel Knickerbocker, Monday, Buddy Rogers, Carlos Molina, Jackie Heller and his manager, and Rosita DuVal were guests of honor. Telegrams were read by club officers from Douglass Montgomery, Dolores Del Rio, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Roland, Helen Mack, Billie Dove, Johnny Downs and Ivan Lebedeff. And the beautiful gardenia corsage Barbara Stanwyck wired Bonnie Bergstrom, president of the Barbara Stanwyck Buddies, caused feminine hearts to flutter. Club reports from the various guests and committee members completed the luncheon program. Plans for increased activities and further development of fan clubs, as indicated by this session, make the coming year look like a big one for fan club work.

Following the luncheon, the delegates visited the NBC Broadcasting Studios. As guests of Jackie Heller, popular young radio songster, they enjoyed an entertaining and instructive hour.

A birthday dinner party, given in honor of Buddy Rogers, was celebrated at the College Inn in the evening, followed by dancing to the music of Buddy and his California Cavaliers.

Among visiting delegates at the convention were: Jean Betty Huber, June Clyde Club, Morris Plains, N.J.; Chaw Mank, Movie Fans Friendship Club, Staunton, Ill.; Minnette Shermak, Jean Harlow Club, New York City; Dorothy Suter, Jean Harlow Club, Youngs-

At the fan club convention. Above, left to right, rear row: Helen Moltz, Sheboygan, Wis.; Nettie Dering, Chicago; Phyllis Stewart, Madison, Wis.; Minnette Shermak, New York City; Lenore Heidorn, Chicago, and Harold Shell, Festus, Mo.; front row: Estelle Nowak, Chicago, (left) Dorothy Suter, Youngstown, O. At the left—Don Dillaway, Hollywood player (left), Lillian Conrad, Chicago, and Chaw Mank, Staunton, Ill. Below, Minnette Shermak and “Buddy” Rogers.
New, richer Polishes give you Lovelier nails!

New GLAZO now only 25¢

Whether or not it matters to you that Glazo’s price is so low, you surely care enough about lovely hands to want, in your nail polish, the virtues that Glazo alone can bring.

For Glazo has new polishes, richer and more lustrous, that give nails a lovelier sheen... and that wear, by actual test, 50% longer.

These six Glazo shades are color-perfect... approved with highest honors by beauty and fashion authorities. An exclusive Color Chart Package shows them all as they look when on your nails... the answer to that problem of choosing the shades you like best. And that’s not all... A new metal shaft brush is a special Glazo achievement, making application far easier with either hand. And neither brush nor bristles can come loose.

NEW POLISH REMOVER CONTAINS OIL... NO ACETONE TO DRY CUTICLE OR NAILS!

Glazo’s New Polish Remover contains no acetone! It does contain a special oil that leaves the cuticle soft, and banishes all fear of brittle, splitting nails due to harsh removers of acetone type. Leaves a perfect surface for fresh polish. Extra-size bottle, to last as long as your polish... 25c.

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, German, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO NEW POLISH REMOVER. Contains no acetone! It does contain oil that leaves the cuticle soft, and banishes all fear of brittle, splitting nails due to harsh removers of acetone type. 25c. In Canada, 30c.


GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size New Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. CQ-114
191 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.
(In Canada, address P.O. Box 2120, Montreal)

1 enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred...)

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

The Tragedy of 15,000 Extras

[Continued from Page 27]

These people saw no glitter, no romance, no bright mirage of stardom. To them, it was hard work and serious work. To it they gave all their thought, time and strength, exactly as any man or woman who loves his job. All the money they could possibly spare went into the replenishing of their wardrobes, so necessary to the ten and fifteen dollar pay checks. They gave time and money to maintaining their appearance. Hair must be waved, clothes pressed, hands manicured. But less and less money came in as the mob of unqualified drifters increased, and the amount of work had to be distributed over thousands of pleading, starving people.

Furthermore, the type of picture being made cut down the demand for extras. The gorgeous spectacles, with the exception of an occasional De Mille picture, gave way to homely little dramas demanding few supers.

Now the professional extra was fortunate if he worked one day out of three or four months. When the hue and cry of these people grew louder and louder, the NRA Code Committee took the matter in hand. A committee composed of men and women entirely outside the motion picture industry was formed. Its job was to whittle down the extra list so that, instead of thousands of extras eking out less than a bare existence from motion picture work, hundreds might earn a livable wage.

The committee asked each casting director from every studio to send in a list of recommended extras. These lists were gone over
HollyWood Love Song

[continued from page 51]

with a feeling of happy expectancy. "If he speaks to me I'll die—and if he doesn't I'll die!" she decided.

But she remained jubilantly alive when George Barnes invited her to join a week-end party on his yacht.

"It's my birthday—and the family's giving me a dinner—and maybe you'd better call mother," she finished lamely. As soon as his back was turned she flew to the telephone. "Mums, he is going to ring you up and please say yes. What? You don't understand? It was two minutes before Blondy could make herself intelligible.
In the end, Mrs. Blondell agreed the cake and candles could wait.

The Penguin was a fifty-seven foot cruiser built for deep-sea fishing. Only Blondy didn’t fish. She leaned back in a dark corner of the deck, strangely excited. What would happen next? She wasn’t long finding out.

A man’s figure was silhouetted for a second against a shaft of moonlight. Then he was beside her, lounging against the rail. They didn’t talk. Words seemed so unnecessary between them. It was as if they’d known each other since creation—and they’d never really spoken together. Someone in the cabin was strumming a guitar and singing. A wave splashed.

"Joan, will you marry me if I can get free?"

It didn’t strike her as odd, his proposal that first night, because it seemed as if she had been waiting for this moment all her life.

A CORSAGE of orchids arrived on Monday morning. Roses on Tuesday. "Thinking of opening a flower shop?" teased her mother. Joan had always been brusque with men. Gone Dutch treat with them, laughed with them, fought with them—and never loved one before. George’s attention was sensation novel.

They were going down to the boat one evening and Blondy slipped into a sweater. "You’ll need a coat," he advised.

"I haven’t one," she said casually.

She couldn’t go around buying coats, even with the salary she was getting now, when so many things were needed for the family and the house. George said nothing. But the following morning a camel’s hair coat, downy as silk, was delivered at the door. Without a card.

"There’s some mistake. You’ll have to take that back," protested Joan.

An hour later young Mr. Barnes appeared at the door with the coat over his arm. "Don’t be silly. You take this!" And Joan did.

It was the same way with the diamond and ruby brooch. She’d never owned any real jewels. Somehow they still seemed remote from the blonde kid who had fought her way up.

Hollywood gossips, of course, could not be denied their inning. And in this case they had a juicy morsel.

"You know, Joan dear, you’re just a young girl," they’d draw her aside to whisper. "And George Barnes has been married three times!"

"Yes, I know," she’d reply quietly. "He told me the first night I went out with him."

What did it matter? What did anything matter when two people belonged together—and had been lucky enough to find each other?

"His health is bad. At that Joan flared. "I wouldn’t care if he had leprosy! Let me tell you something—everything lovely in my life has come from George!"

All her fierce, passionate loyalty went into the outburst. She knew he was perfectly well—but he was thin. Thereupon, Mr. Barnes became the subject of a woman’s strategy.

Joan began making excuses to have dinner in her apartment. Now Blondy was a good cook, and it was no trick at all to stop at the grocery on her way home from the studio. A girl with a starring contract intent on choosing the best lima beans was a new sight to Hollywood. But Blondy hadn’t thought of that. She was thinking only of getting George fat. She succeeded. "Oh dear, I’m afraid you don’t like that. And I spent hours fixing it!"

No man is proof against that plea from the woman he loves. Mr. Barnes ate.

"Thanksgiving again!

Umm, big spread, Betty?"

The fulfillment of the desire for the finest of Silverware is simplified by the Quantity-Discount Plan, by which, for instance, a Service for Six, regularly $30.00, can be bought for $25.00. Ask your dealer about the Quantity-Discount Plan.

COMMUNITY PLATE

LEADERSHIP IN DESIGN AUTHORITY
There was only one drawback to their romance.
They couldn’t marry. His wife consistently refused to divorce him.

“No need to go on with this,” Blondy made a dejected gesture toward the beautiful early American furniture they’d been collecting. It stood scattered throughout her rooms, mute testimony to their hope.

The next evening, as she sat waiting for George, a voice came over the radio. “And have we news tonight! George Barnes has just given Joan Blondell the biggest diamond in America. A seven and three-tenths carat that’s a headlight!”

With that Blondy went into a blaze. “How can he tell such lies! If he were here I’d...”

Then George came in. He gently pushed her into a chair before she could sputter out her estimation of one Mr. Winchell.

“Just a minute. I have news for you! Close your eyes, dear.”

When she opened them the seven-point-three diamond was on the finger where diamonds belong.

CAME the near-tragedy. At a quarter of six one morning Blondly’s phone rang. “Honey, can you hurry over? Something’s gone wrong with me...” George’s voice fell away from the receiver feebly.

Joan made the four miles in less than four minutes. Double-pneumonia, the doctor described it. And for eight days she sat beside his bed, fighting valiantly what seemed a losing fight. Once he roused himself—“I’ve waited so long for you, Joan...” She caught his hand and held it tight against her cheek, checking back the sobs.

“You’ve done it,” the doctor said at last.

“He’s through the crisis,” Joan fainted.

THEY were both working in “Broadway Bad” at Fox some months later when George rushed onto the set, more excited than she’d ever seen him.

“Joan, Joan, she’s done it. She’s given me a divorce!”

On a sunlit morning in Yuma, two rather shabby young people stood before a minister and solemnly spoke their “I do’s.” Joan was in a faded gingham dress and smoked glasses. George wore an old suit and no tie. They had planned the disguise as an aid to secrecy. But no disguise in the world could hide their feelings as they looked at each other in the mellow sunlight.

“Georges,” she said that night, “I’m going to ask you a question that sounds awfully silly—but I can’t help that. It’s just as if I said ‘Do you know the Smiths of Chicago?’ But a long time ago, six or seven years were you in the Park Central Hotel one night in November? Standing at the news counter?”

“And you,” he took it up quickly, “came in and bought a stamp, only you couldn’t see where to put it very well because your eyes were so full of tears.”

“If I felt it was you,” said Joan. “Just now when you turned and smiled. It had to be you, because you’re the only man in my life...!”

You Can’t Call a Lady a Liar

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)

[Image of a woman with a diamond ring]

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You Can’t Call a Lady a Liar

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)

[Image of a woman with a diamond ring]
the snake dropped on me, I put my hand to my throat, thus preventing the possibility of quick strangulation. As soon as the snake coiled, Bill hurried to help me, and I wasn't hurt. But I don't ever want to do it again."

Joan didn't say whether or not Cameraman Harry yelled "Hold it!" But, anyhow, it's understood that he enjoyed the shot, which came out perfect.

However, the most distressing and dangerous experience of their entire trip came not when they were in a snaky jungle, but while on board the Black Hawk, becalmed.

In a storm, the ship's water-tank became punctured and their precious supply of fresh water spilled into the sea. For three days the schooner lay quiet on the calm water beneath a blazing sun, and the crew went almost mad with thirst. The tiny bit of water they did find in the bottom of a ginger-ale bottle, they vowed to give to the ship's bulldog, Mascot Jack.

Finally, when relief appeared improbable and death seemed near, Joan and Bill let down a boat and decided to try rowing forty miles away to an island. Suffering from intense thirst, and exhausted, they finally made the island. Bill collapsed as the boat reached its shores. A native got water for them, reviving Bill. Filling their boat with a supply of water and coconuts, they rowed back to the Black Hawk, getting there just in time to save the life of Joan's father, who had collapsed.

In the movie this incident is terrifying and impressive, and the photography is particularly beautiful. But it is difficult not to keep thinking of the cameraman and imagine him following Bill and Joan on their forty mile row, exhausted, dying of thirst, but grinding his camera valiantly. It does seem that Cameraman Harry, and not the bulldog, deserved the last of that drinking water.

The only serious mishap was Joan's crocodile bite. She got it while wading in a stream, and would have been completely done for, if a group of Guatemala natives hadn't been handy to rescue her. As it was, her leg was badly nipped and, lacking medical attention, blood poisoning set in.

However, Joan Lowell got back all right—with the picture in the can, a schooner-load of fine jewelry and Indian handwork, and a six-year-old adopted son.

And she came back a changed woman, too. Whether it was the alligator nip, or the acquisition of a load of jewelry, or the foster-child that changed her, no one knows. But gone are the hard-litten epithets, the shipshape cusses. Gone, too, are the sailor pants, the old tarpaulin jacket, her nautical bearing.

It was a demure, almost shy Joan Lowell that returned from the wilds of the Central American jungle.

PROUDLY, but quietly, she introduced Mariano, the adopted child whom she found half-starved and ill in Guatemala. Eyes shining with maternal pride, Joan relates, "You know what Mariano said when the ship sailed into New York harbor? It was night and the buildings were all lighted. 'Look,' he exclaimed in Spanish, 'New York is like heaven—with stars in all the windows!'"

Her immediate concern is not for adventure, but for the welfare of the child—his schooling, his care. Ask her now if she can still spit a curve in the wind, and she changes the subject.

Says she, "I don't want people to think I'm a big, tough, strong-armed Amazon. I'm not at all. I'm only five feet three; I wear a size...

"Peter, what has gotten into you? You're acting like a spoiled baby."

"Can't you tell Mother where to find the happy little boy she used to have?"

Peter can't answer, Mother, but we can. When a happy child suddenly becomes cross, contrary, sulky, he is usually constipated. Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

- A child's little symptoms should be taken seriously. A naughty child is often a child who is not well. His system is clogged with waste.
- At the first sign of trouble give Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. It acts gently but thoroughly. It is safe... contains no narcotics. And children love its taste.
- It's a grand first-aid, too, for the beginning of a cold. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton. Buy the family-size bottle and save 17 cents!

CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative from Babyhood to 11 years

News for Radio Fans!—"Rozy" and his big new show, the Rozy Revue, are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Don't miss it! It's grand fun, Saturdays, 8—8:45, Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.
here is Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's latest and greatest contribution to foot relief—the New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads.

These smart dainty soothing healing pads relieve pain instantly. Their velvety-soft flexible flesh color Skin tex covering blends with the skin hides blemishes. Invisible under sheer hose do not stick to the stocking and are waterproof and stay on in the bath.

The New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads make new or tight shoes fit with ease prevent sore toes blisters and corns.

**REMOVE CORNS and CALLUSES**

To quickly and safely remove corns or callouses use these new protective pads with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box.

Sizes for Corns Callouses Bunions and Corns between Toes.

All this extra value now at no extra cost! Get a box today at your drug shoe or dept. store.

---

**NEW De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

*Put one on—the pain is gone!*

---

**NEW De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

*Put one on—the pain is gone!*

---

fourteen dress. I love pretty clothes and feminine things.”

And like any other woman she got a kick out of the amazement men in Guatemala showed when she kissed her crew around and the men obeyed.

“Yet of course I want more adventure,” she says “I am still planning on sailing around the world. I'll take my father and Bill Otto and Harry along when I go. Mariano? No. He must stay here in school. He's only six, but he's had a lifetime of experience already. His family you know, was massacred and Mariano's right arm cut off. Now he must have a quiet, happy childhood with all possible advantages.”

**Robbing the Cradle for Stars**

[continued from page 35]

voice, “It's a sign of fame. Great fame.”

Today Shirley Temple's name is on every lip I dare say without any exaggeration, whatsoever, Shirley Temple is the most popular actress in Hollywood today.

And she is just five years old.

Naturally this invasion of child talent has had its effect upon the motion picture industry. The change is felt in every department from the casting office right up through the wardrobe and writing departments.

In almost every wardrobe department the trocks of mature stars lie neglected while groups of severs gather about little frocks of fluff to “Ah” and the Others.

Writers who could write child dialogue had to be brought in. “But would a child say that?” is now the favorite wall that floats through the windows of every conference room in town. What a blonde siren would say to her heavy sweetie on the screen is no longer important.

Oh, it’s left its mark all over town. Behind it all is plenty of thought and effort grief and woe, headache and gray hairs.

The nervous director, once furious at the least delay, is now off in some corner with The Child (they speak of him with reverence) perched on his knee. Together, they are going over the scene. If it takes an hour or days even, what of it? The Child must understand.

Let the adult stars stand around and get corns if they want to. The Child is the one who will draw in the skeletons at the box-office these days.

Directors who once kicked over chairs and gave the movies back to the Indians when more than five takes were necessary, now go on with one take after another. The baby star must get it right.

After the seventeenth take in “You Belong to Me,” in which Helen Mack, Lee Tracy and little, six-year-old David Holt took part, Helen nervously approached Director Al Werker.

Was I all right in that scene, Mr. Werker? she asked.

He stared at her open-mouthed. Why, Helen, I—I—guess so, he said. “You see, I forgot you were in it. I was watching David.”

It’s no wonder, however. Two days after shooting had begun on that picture, they knew it was no use. The picture was David's.

“Give it to him,” Lee Tracy graciously said.

“The kid’s got everything.” So changes were made and Lee and Helen Mack played second fiddle to an unknown boy.

When the picture was previewed, hard-boiled critics sat up and howled themselves silly. Little David Holt had pulled a Shirley Temple and the town wasn’t over it yet.

A little brown-eyed lad, no bigger than a minute, David came all the way from Florida with his mother and baby sister to break into movies. At three David was troupin all over the State of Florida with a group of Kiddies.

Singing, dancing and one-night-standing it like an old timer.

But, in Hollywood, it wasn't so easy until David's neighbor, a veteran actor, brought David to the notice of a casting director. It was all over then but the shouting, with Paramount grabbing up his option co-starring him with Max Baer, and even testing his baby sister, and then three.

It's the same story in every studio in town. Out at Universal they go into long raptures over their little Baby Jane Quigley, just three. And is she a sugar-plum!

We watched her make a scene with Claudette Colbert in “Imitation of Life.” The camera was going and all was ready. Claudette read her line first. The baby looked up strangely, but went right on to the end of the scene. The minute the director called “Cut,” that tiny little mile of a baby cried out, “It’s wrong, it’s wrong,” she said it wrong.

The child actually grew scarlet beneath her make-up. “She’s right,” she shrugged. “I did change a word. I'll be more careful the next time,” she promised Jane with a smile.

Mickey Rooney, the little Irisher, is the clown of the bunch. Soon after he was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we went over to the studio to look over the Rooney individual, aged eleven. A ripe old age, that practically makes him the grandpappy of the bunch. (Unless you include Frankie Thomas, now twelve, on the stage since he was nine months old.)

As we passed the darkened prop department, the sound of jazz, sizzling hot, floated out the door. There, at a prop department piano, pounding out red hot melody and doing an imitation of Cab Calloway at the same time, sat little Mickey.

He keeps his entire set in a constant state of hysterics and in “Hide-Out” stole practically all the laughs from the chagrined Bob Montgomery.

He played the part of Clark Gable as a child in “Manhattan Melodrama,” and did all right with the role.

„Yep, I got myself a contract all right,” Mickey said. “Don't think it was easy, though. It took years of hard work.”

Among the army of baby free lance players, little Cora Sue Collins is the busiest of the lot. And feels a bit uphish because she was chosen among dozens of others to play Garbo herself, as a child, in “Queen Christina.”

You must believe me when I tell you this little brown-eyed miss, who tore out our hearts in “Strange Cargo” with Clara Deane, owes her success in Hollywood largely to herself. Her mother was anxious to bring Cora Sue to Hollywood and pictures from their home in West Virginia, but lacked the money. “I suppose I could borrow a little money and sell silk stockings on the way,” she said, “but I couldn't
possibly subject you and your sister to such chance."

"Oh, but Mother, we want to," Cora Sue cried. "We shan't mind if things get bad."

"Not even when it means sitting up in a day coach all the way?" her mother asked.

"Shucks, no. I love sitting up," Cora Sue said. And so it was decided. The going was pretty bad. Long after they arrived in Hollywood.

But Cora Sue was true to her word. She never complained. And the break finally did come.

No, it isn't all chance when these "babes in the Hollywoods" let forth a stream of tears that wrecks the heart of every fan in the audience. Babes that they are, they've known a bit of strife and work and grief themselves.

They aren't just children. They're trouper.

OVER at RKO Studios they scream loudly to all who will listen about their little three-year-old Jane Preston, who made her debut in "Anne of Green Gables."

"Wait till you see our Jane," they boast. "You'll forget all the others." And on they go, bragging about their Jane like any fond and adoring parent.


There are two other little girls the studios are keeping their eyes on. Virginia Weidler and Carmenita Johnson. They caught on in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

And more young—very young—men:

Ronnie Cosby, nearly seven now, who can make a lion sit up and take notice. He did that, with the loss of some of his own hide, in "King of the Jungle," some time ago. He was nearly five then. Since that time he's been in eight pictures, and going strong.

Another comer is Scotty Beckett, who won 'em in "Whom the Gods Destroy." And Billy Lee, who has just started his screen career with Paramount.

And Buster Phelps, who has been in twelve pictures. And has more two signed for. Then the inimitable Spanky MacFarland of the Hal Roach comedies, who has made a hit in feature pictures, too. A grand actor and trouper. A natural!

Those are all in Hollywood. But the East is beginning to brag. Has Jackie Boree, recently on location with Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Jackie first came into notice because of his voice. His sister, Sally (a song-and-dance miss herself), found the kid brother so good she gave up her job in order to manage him. He's a Paramount discovery, so he'll probably land on the Coast in short order.

And, of course, Dickie Moore can't be passed up. He's proven his worth, and keeps right on proving it.

A RARE picture it is that goes out of Hollywood without its child prodigy today. A friend tells of meeting Director Mickey Neilan hurrying to the front office with a script of his latest picture, "The Lemon Drop Kid," under his arm.

"What's the matter, Mickey?" the friend asked.

"Matter? Why, listen, they've given me a picture to direct with no child in it. What do they think I am? I want a child like everybody else."

And he got it. Baby LeRoy was written in.

Yes, it's a new era in pictures. If it keeps up, and it has every appearance of doing so, it wouldn't surprise me to see some of the old timers take to rompers and safety-pins. For it's the day of the new youth in Hollywood.

An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but a carton of KOLLS is sure way to keep a comfortable smoking throat always on tap! KOLLS are mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork-tipped to save lips. B & W coupon in each pack of KOLLS good for attractive, nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.
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A COLD is nothing to "monkey with". It can take hold quickly and develop dangerously. Take no chances on inviting such a visitor. Cold remedies that are advertised as "cure-alls," are it is expressly a cold remedy. It is also an internal treatment which a cold requires. And it is complete in effect.

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First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and stops the chilly feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. Nothing less than that is not complete treatment.

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical "buy" as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask fully for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet.

Here's the Key to Hollywood

[continued from page 36]

"Keepsease?" she answered. "She said to me, once, 'Iris, whenever I'm making a picture, you're working, too. But how can I make sure they'll keep you busy when I'm not?' It must have worried her, for she got the studio to give me a long-term stock contract, and now I don't have to worry any more about where my next meal is coming from. That's the keepsease Miss Dressler left me!"

LISTEN to this, infant, and tell me how you like it! Last night I ran plunk into the arms of the Law, and out again through the unconscious intervention of Joan Crawford! Hold your breath, and I'll Tell All! Me and a mad from M-G-M, while dashing home from the swanky new Bath and Tennis Club near the beach, were discussing Joan's birthday party on the set some time before, and how all the boys and girls had gotten together and bought her a swell cake, for thirty bucks, and she'd bought gardenias for everyone, and even pinned one on the captain's overalls! Then—after Sunday expressions and had their pictures took!

The picture was in the car, and I looked at it, when soviel...along came the Law and told us we were knocking off sixty. Just as the gent started handing out the ticket he noticed the picture. Right away that grim look of Order Above All forsook him, and he asked, pretty please, if he could peek. So he looked. Then he asked if maybe his wife couldn't peek, too. We said, sure, and he hopped on his chug-chug and led the way.

Well, the missus thought it was swell, and begged us to tell her all about Joan. She brought out tea and cakes, while the Guardian of the Law unuckled his belt and his dignity and settled down to listen. Pretty soon in popped sister-in-law and husband. We listed all of Joan's virtues, her clothes and make-up and everything else we could think of, and began to wonder, rather desperately, where it all was going to end; but, as night fell, we were released by these rabid Crawford fans...without, may the saints bless the gal, a ticket! Did you ever?

Did I tell you how I snuck over to the "Music in the Air" set the other day 'cause I was dying to see Gloria Swanson work after she had been so long out of pictures? She came gaily in, on the fond protecting arm of Herbert Marshall. Very funny.

Just before she stepped before the camera she glanced at him, 'way off in a corner. He smiled. So Gloria started to work. She went through all her old Sennett slapstick stuff...falling on the floor, dress blowing up...all of it, and simply killing it too. But the moment she had finished a scene she would glance over at the boy friend, who either would nod, or shake his head. If it was not so much to Mr. Marshall's taste, she'd beg the director to let her try again. And when she re-did it, it was so darned swell that the dignity Herbert's suspenders nearly snapped with pride.

MEMBER when youse and me saw Fred Astaire in New York in "Gay Divorcee," baby, and we just adored him, he was that swell! Well, when I learned that he was doing the movie, I was ('tilted "The Divorcee") with Ginger Rogers, Eddie Hor-
“Well,” said Bert, “my little daughter, Pat, was in the car when I went to fetch a lady. ‘What’s she like?’ the little one asked. ‘Blonde,’ I said. Pat stuck her nose in the air, and said, ‘Hmmph! I thought so’! So if you’ll just step into a little picture it would help square me with the boss!”

“And Spanky MacFarlane,” put in Bob Woolsey, “who is in ‘Kentucky Kernels’ with us, was introduced to Bert here by his mother, who said, ‘Spanky, this is Mr. Woolsey’s partner.’ Spanky took one look at me, and piped: ‘Does he have to have a partner?’ So, if you kinda stepped in between us, it might help!”

Well, anything to preserve the home and kiddies, Joan — so that’s me in the middle, looking coy, with those insanity specialists you’re so nutty about.

JOAN, darling, last night I trotted some visiting Easterners out to the Hollywood Brown Derby, where they all got swivel-necked watching the front door. Me, too! Isabel Jewell came in looking as Rue de la Paix as anything, with Lee Tracy. Right away, my company developed acute hysteria. So I sent over a menu with a pen. It came back bearing the two magic signatures, and the bearer was Mr. Tracy himself, who bowed, smiled, shook hands. Tomorrow I send him a big bunch of daisies.

Well, the thrill of that carried us through the soup. Then someone spotted George Raft on the other side of the room and went mildly balmy. So I went over and laid my story in his lap. He said he’d love to meet the folks. Maxie Rosenbloom, the world’s light-heavyweight champ, who smacks the whiskers off his opponents, was dining with him. I kinda held my breath, because Maxie’s such a clown you never know what to expect ... but he was as good as gold. I could have introduced my white-haired old grandma.

LAMP, I wanna go to Honolulu! Over the week-end at Raquel Torres Ames’ house in Malibu, all I listened to was Honolulu; and when I saw Raquel do marvelous Hawaiian dances that settled it! If somebody doesn’t take me quick, so I can learn to do wiggles-waggles with my arms like Raquel does. I’m

“Let the man with the withered arm warn you...”

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For ten years the Indian fakir held his arm motionless, pointing toward Mecca. Now, through lack of exercise, his arm is withered... useless.

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Many people chew Dentyne for mouth health, but even more chew it because of its spicy, delightful flavor. From the very first savory taste you will rejoice at having found so good a chewing gum. You'll enjoy its satisfying firmness — its smooth texture. Try Dentyne today and keep on chewing it for health and for pleasure.

Chew delicious

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY
KEEPS TEETH WHITE...
going to swim! And oh, Joan, she and husband, Steve Ames, are the most enchanting couple ever! She's so sultry looking with the kind of skin and hair you see on magazine covers, and he's more fun!

Alice White and her husband were there, and Alice crocheted mad little caps so fast we all got light-headed watching her. I told her I'd like one, too.

She said, sure—but I'd have to wait till Christmas, or no cap. Twenty on the list ahead of me.

INCIDENTALLY, I'm lunching with the Ameses today, and should be in my bedroom primping, right now. But I have to tell you just one more bit—if only my little left hip will hold out! It's about Norma Shearer and Lew Cody. And, although there's a regretful note in her voice when she mentions Lew, nothing connected with that humor-loving soul could be anything but amusing. Seems that in a picture long ago, called "Demi-Bride" with Norma and Lew, there was an English writer whom the whole cast loved to tease. One day he decided to have a laugh on them. It was at a time when Hollywood was terribly foreign-director conscious, so our wise little writer trotted over to the make-up department and got all tricked out like a German. Then, with fur-lined overcoat and Homburg hat, he got himself escorted to the set by the publicity department (in on the joke), and was introduced as Herr Schnitzel, greatest of the great Continental megaphone-wielders.

ON the set that day were loads of visiting guests, and they were just as impressed with the great Herr Schnitzel and his guttural accent as was the cast. But when Herr Schnitzel turned his head, his friends recognized, by the peculiar contour of his head, none other than our English funster. Nothing was said, but Norma, chatting charmingly, got on one side of him, and Lew got on the other, also chatting of this and that—and the director got in back and gave him a sudden swift kick in the pantaloons and sent him flying.

It was a great laugh—except that no one thought to tell the visitors what the joke was, and to this day I'll bet, they think that that's the way Hollywood treats its foreign directors! Well, my Joanie, fun's fun, but you can't laugh all the time! Toodle-oo!

Mitzi.

He's Jinx-Proof Now

[continued from page 58]

A man's evening jewelry stands out, Proper styling and true quality are important. There are Swank designs for the sophisticated—the conservative—all are correct—all in good taste.

Above set $5.00—others lower and higher.

Swank daytime sets provide harmonious jewelry accessories in many designs of collar holders, cravat holders and cuff links. May be purchased separately or in sets.

Above set $3.50—others higher and lower.

Here is the new Bar Link, set with cabochon stones—an original Swank cuff link creation. $2.50—others lower and higher.

At Jewelers and Smart Men's Shops

SWANK
Jewelry Accessories for Men

But, of course, an Irishman must have some excitement. Some danger. It's the breath of life to him. So Brent has taken up aviation in a large way.

"The first time I made a solo flight was the most thrilling moment of my life, bar none!" he said.

Barring not even that moment, back in 1921, when he jumped down into a boat a split second ahead of a policeman's bullet. For a spy of the Free State was no welcome visitor on English soil in those days. And George was that.

A seventeen-year-old madcap with danger his only design for living.

In a way, it still is. That is what makes Brent a glamorous figure—he usually gets close enough to fire to be sung by it.

There was that afternoon he was held up at the studio for still pictures. Twenty minutes late, he tore out to the airport to find the plane had gone up without him—and his instructor had been killed in it five minutes before... Missing death by twenty minutes—it's all in the game to him.

At the preview of "Stamboul Quest" one producer remarked, "I'd give $25,000 for Brent's contract."

"He was, you see, that "hot." They put him in "Desirable" and then Garbo claimed him for "The Painted Veil." As the lover. A royal summons, that, to share the leading male honors with Herbert Marshall.

"Aren't you afraid of the Garbo jinx?" asked a writer. "She's had thirteen leading men, and each one's reputation as an actor has suffered when he has finished in her production!"

Brent shrugged.

"I'm jinx-proof," he said. "Didn't you know? The jinx can only work on you a hundred times or so, and it's over its quota with me!"

Right now he's considered one of the best bets in Hollywood.
First Aid to Actors

[Continued from page 53]

blocks the grass grew tall and the cows roamed fancy free. And any movie cowboy who missed the last car from Universal City was marooned for the night, stranded on the other side of the unpaved Cahuenga cow-path as effectively as though marooned on a desert island.

Those days, the drug-store that Sam owned was virtually the civic center. All the social life revolved around Sam's back room, and the old pot-bellied stove, around which the present-day celebrities used to gather, warmed to many a yarn.

Besides being a stove, it was the cradle of the movies in more senses than one. More casting was done around that stove than in all of the studios put together—but, of course, you could scarcely call them studios then. Scenarios were written there by the bale, with its kindly warmth for inspiration, and they weren't all that went on the cuff, either. At one time, Sam carried on the ciff the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, all loaned to actors in grub-stakes, and so forth.

Sam's losses on these accounts averaged less than one-fourth of one per cent.

In those gay, improvisive times, it was customary to borrow a few dollars from Sam one day and then go out and make a thousand the next. Sam carried a huge roll of greenbacks for the purpose, and no check was ever too big for him to cash. Oftentimes, since the studio paid off in vouchers, an actor wouldn't have the necessary cash fare to go downtown to cash in, and so he'd go to Sam.

A lot of the biggest stars did it—Wally Beery, Gloria Swanson, Wally Reid, and a bit later on, Pola Negri and the rest of them.

Sam runs a little restaurant now, but then his drug-store had a corner on the make-up business. Then, all the old-time players would naturally trade at Sam's. It was nothing to put a meal on the slate one noon and buy a hundred dollar bottle of perfume the next. Sam says that perfume was considered the height of luxury and elegance.

His two best perfume customers were Pola Negri and Wallace Reid.

POLA had a passion for the strongest, heaviest scents she could find. She bought hundreds of dollars worth at a time, tipped the clerks liberally, and always paid cash from an enormous roll of bills, stuffed carelessly in her bag. She was always sweet and patient. Never once did anyone in the store get a glimpse of the fiery temper for which she was so well known in the studio.

Perfumes also fascinated Wally Reid. "He didn't use them himself," Kress remembers. "But Wally couldn't resist the temptation to buy dozens of bottles, which he would take home to Dorothy, his wife, or give away to anyone who happened to be around. I finally had to limit him to a certain amount, and refused to sell him any more than that."

Emotional young Hollywood, with sudden wealth and not much balance, was perfume crazy. Strong scents and plenty of them. The actresses bought it by the gallon—literally batted in it—vied with each other to see who could have the most perfume bottles on the dressing-table.

Gloria Swanson led the procession. Pola
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was a close second. But Gloria was just as attracted by the container as by what was in it. She practically lived in a glass house made of beautiful perfume bottles. Numbers of these she bought from Kress. Gloria was Sam's particular enthusiasm.

"Talk about glamour—that girl had it without half trying. She didn't need any build-up, any press-agent, to tell you she was glamorous. It just walked in the store, right along with her!"

"A magnetic, irresistible child, impulsive, sweet, loyal—too generous for her own good, and a poor business woman," is the way he sums her up.

"After Gloria married Herbert Somborn and was expecting her baby, her daily exercise was the walk at Kress. One sunny hour a day, and Yucca down the corner, and the drug-store for a soda and the movie magazines. Every day she sat in her pet booth in the little back room, chatting over the village news—who had been cast in what picture, what happened at so-and-so's party the night before, who had a new sweetheart, and so on.

Then she had another soda, gathered up her magazines and perhaps a new bottle of perfume, and strolled back home."

WHAT a contrast from the aloof, sophisticated Gloria of today!

The night she returned to California after marrying the Marquis de la Falaise, Gloria telephoned Kress and told him she had to see him immediately on urgent business of the greatest importance. He left a dinner party and raced out to her house as fast as he could drive.

You could never guess what Gloria wanted. It seemed that, in Atlantic City, a friend had taken some snapshots of Gloria and the Marquis, and they had brought the films out with them. Perfectly harmless pictures, taken on the beach in bathing suits.

Gloria wanted Sam Kress, "the only person in Hollywood she could trust absolutely," to take the films to a photographer and promise to remain in the dark room with him while they were being developed and printed. She was afraid he might make some extra prints and they would get into the newspapers!

Little Gloria, the former bathing girl, had suddenly become a Marquise—and such publicity would be unendurable!

Gloria made a change from the unsophisticated child of the corner drug-store days, but she never forgot her old friends. Later, when she was in New York and learned that Mr. and Mrs. Kress were there on a visit, she sent a huge basket of flowers, and gave them a big dinner party.

"So far as I am concerned," Sam says, "Gloria tops them all— as a woman, a mother, and an actress. But I told her right out that she made the greatest mistake of her life when she got herself a Marquis!"

ONE time a swarthy, handsome young man, who had never been in Hollywood very long, dropped into the store and asked Kress to lend him his fare back to New York.

He was discouraged, broke, and felt that Hollywood wasn't the place for him. Back in New York he knew people who would give him a job.

"Better give Hollywood another try," advised Kress. "You haven't been out here long enough to find out yet whether they want you or not."

So he loaned the actor enough money for a round-trip ticket, instead of one way fare. His name was Rudolph Valentino, and he paid his debt.

When his great success came, Valentino never forgot those who had helped him. He went to the drug-store often to buy his supplies and to see Kress, whom he consulted about all his problems.

Charlie Chaplin was a lonesome little soul, even then. He seldom joined the convivial group at the corner rendezvous. He never spent any money except what he had to for make-up.

"He was working for the future," Kress says.

At that time, Charlie's one ambition was to play the part of the crippled boy in "The Two Orphans." Kress remembers him, during a visit he made to the old Sennett studio. Charlie was off in one corner, playing mournful melodies on a violin that had only two strings. Remote, reserved, he would quietly move away if anyone came near.

When the late Lew Cody was a kid, he had a job as soda jerker in a drug-store and, Kress says, he never quite recovered from it.

"He loved to come into the store and discuss the drug business, using all the long technical words he could remember," Kress recalls. "He got a big kick out of going behind the fountain and mixing his own sodas—sometimes waiting on trade, for a gag."

Wally Beery was another actor who counted the day wasted that didn't find him at the corner drug-store around four in the afternoon, buying the cigarettes for the kids who came flocking in after school.

"Wally himself had a respectable candy capacity," says Sam. "He was good for at least six chocolate bars at a session—a big, hearty man's man, who looked a roughneck and was a mild sentimentalist at heart."

"He was always with a group of men. For several years after his divorce from Gloria, I never saw him in public with a girl. He would sit in one of the booths with several bosom pals, swapping experiences over their sodas, and when Wally laughed, every bottle on the shelves quivered."

"Beery developed a very level business head and was most conservative in his investments, about which he frequently consulted with me. He was never a big spender, never gave a whoop about appearances or anything like that.

He saved and invested his money like an efficient business man.

H}E was certainly a contrast to the majority of actors at that time. The present informal style of dressing had not come in, and they spent a lot on clothes—always dressed in their best, even to run around the corner and buy a package of cigarettes. Wally, however, never cared how he looked. His suits might have been made for two other people. But he always rated the biggest welcome in the place when he walked in.

The actors in that era were not nearly so extravagant as the actresses. Most of the actresses were little girls with a sudden wealth they had had no preparation to handle.

She was a keen business woman, and among her investments she owned stock in Kress' store. So she never failed to drop in every few days to see how business was.

"She knew more about the place than I did," Kress smiled.

Little Pauline Garon was a frequent patron when she was in town.

"I always called her the Wanderluster. She was forever on her way somewhere. One
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- Don't take chances on cheap dentifrices, when Pepsodent leaves teeth brighter, gives higher polish. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

The Woman With Sapphire Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

"The most self-sufficient little girls I ever saw—and all the time looking like a helpless clinging vine who couldn't get across the street by herself!"

Rosemary Theby smoked more cigarettes than any other girl in town—and always forgot to stock up at night. So promptly at eight in the morning, she would telephone for some to be sent up to the house before she could get up for the day.

Lon Chaney had long discussions with Sam about make-up. It was his consuming interest.

"He always wanted me to let him know right away if anything new had come in," relates Sam, "and invariably experimented with whatever it might be.

"When he found something he had never used, he was in a glow of excitement, opened it right there, and went back of the counter to put it on. I kept a mirror in a certain spot where the light was good, just for Chaney."

SAM KRESS knew them all—and gave many a boy and girl more substantial encouragement than just a kind word. They went to him with their troubles and secrets—and although it was many years ago, he still regards them as a sacred trust.

The old Kress corner drug-store is no more—Hollywood has grown up and now has its rendezvous in ornate restaurants and night clubs.

But more than one big star, on his or her way to a grand party, in a limousine, tucks the ermine robe around with a sigh and remembers the good old days in Sam Kress' back room, where fame and wealth—and responsibility—were unknown quantities of the future—and they really had a good time!

MISS BEECHER made her stage début at sixteen. Eighteen, and she was playing a gray-haired mother for Belasco. A few years later, when her own hair was white, she was forced to resort to transformations, up until the time she startled Broadway by appearing with her own hair revealed. A few of her successes have been "The Concert" (an early one, with Leo Dietrichstein), "Courage," "Men Must Fight," "The Great Adventure," and "The Love Child." There were many others.

ideas are so few they become history and are recorded in caps—such as "Platinum Blonde." And the quietly gracious, distinguished Janet Beecher is willing to let the case rest right there. She does not feel called upon to "live up" to her unique coiffure with daring or extreme gestures to match.

As a matter of fact, the two words—"daring" and "extreme"—look out of place in a story that concerns her. She is the very antithesis of them.

Small, slender, dressed with exquisite and detailed simplicity, she has distinction, the look of breeding. The blue hair is a perfect complement to the sapphire-blue eyes. She might be forty, she looks thirty, but her complexion is not a day over sixteen.

She keeps it that way by swimming, working in her garden, and scrubbing it with soap and cold water. (Very simple and inexpensive formula.)
The SHERRY-NETHERLAND

Homelike, restful living-room

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Lovely bedroom with superb outlook

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Commanding all the beauties of New York from its many windows, a spacious high-ceilinged apartment done in exquisite private-home taste. Charming living-room, large dining-room, two master bedrooms, exceptionally luxurious boudoir dressing-rooms and baths, wardrobe fitted closets, refrigerated serving pantry. A perfectly appointed home, with entire freedom from housekeeping cares and investment.

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Her forte now is understanding wives—never heroic or embittered—and mothers who are modern, in the best sense of the word. In "Gallant Lady," with Ann Harding (Miss Beecher's first talking picture—she had some experience in silent films), she was a present-day business woman, an interior decorator, hopelessly in love with Clive Brook, but aware that it was no use—and retaining her sense of humor about the whole thing. She retains it at all times, in reality, and considers life for a woman insupportable without it.

Miss Beecher made the transition from stage to talking screen without a quiver of apprehension.

"I found out right away that one needn't do a thing one didn't do on the stage. Merely concentrate it. So I immediately forgot the camera and never thought about being 'angle-conscious.' I had a sympathetic director, Gregory La Cava, which is so important in a first picture.

"Then it was so encouraging to have Mr. Zanuck (20th Century producer) send for me and not even require a test. He said he knew my work on the stage well enough.

"For a long time before coming to Hollywood, I had the feeling that this was the medium, that I would like to try it. Now I love it.

"Oh, yes, of course I would go back—but only for a really great play."

This was the place to ask that inevitable question about missing contact with an audience. Almost every stage player so far has admitted that as the one drawback in pictures.

"No," said this lady, surprisingly, "because you always play to one person in the audience. You single out that person as soon as you go on the stage—the one who gives you his whole attention, who rewards you with that important little appreciative chuckle after your first good line.

"Thereafter, you give a performance for that person. Many times we gave our best performances in rehearsal for Mr. Belasco, because he was our most appreciative and exacting audience.

"In a picture you have a director who is vitally interested, you have a crew and a whole company for an audience. A splendidly critical and knowing audience, demanding your best.

"I frequently go to see pictures, and have noticed that the audience is far more responsive than at a stage presentation. Because the movie-goer can catch the actor's eye, on the screen. He feels so much nearer. In the theater—except in the first few rows—you see only the broad gestures. There is not that close communication as with the screen. A picture actor can have a tremendous hold on his audience because they can look in his eyes, and because his efforts are not diffused. Every shade of expression, every thought, registers.

"My only criticism of pictures is this: Too many of them woefully underestimate the public intelligence.

"Entertainment is constantly changing, but not fast enough to keep up with growing minds. Tremendous strides are made in intelligence, even faster than it can be recorded in books. The screen can work more expeditiously."

"What do you think of the new censorship?" I asked.

"I think it is deplorable that a great industry can be retarded by the vulgarity of a very few little minds in it. One director of one not particularly important picture thinks of some
little vulgarity which has amused him—and he incorporates it into a scene. Impulsively, if he were deliberate, he would realize the millions of persons who are going to see his own personal amusement magnified all over the world—and the detonations that are coming back from it.

"I do not think that pictures should turn to milk-and-water because of what, unfortunately, has happened. People live, and the things that happen to them are not always pretty, and we want to see life mirrored on the screen.

"Tremendous problems can be projected with good taste in writing, and with the right actors to interpret them adroitly and with subtlety."

Miss Beecher recently finished an important role with George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman" and she says it was a dream come true. For years, she has known him. Her sister, Olive Wyndham, played several seasons in "The Green Goddess," one of his greatest successes. But this was the first time Janet ever appeared with him.

She revealed in the opportunity to rehearse for two weeks before the picture started, as Arliss always does, and she was thrilled that her second talkie should afford her this opportunity.

JANET BEECHER is resolutely and courageously turning down parts which she does not consider suitable. She is tired of haughty society women who refuse to let their sons marry "beneath" them—尤其是 when it is as plain as day to the audience that the girl is a nice little thing who is going to get all the sympathy, anyway. These characters are uncommon and unnatural to life, and she cannot "find" them.

She says all the Beecher women have been pioneers in one way or another, and she will hold on to her sturdy principles. She will play jolly, understanding women, or grand character parts—or she won't play!

Her own son, Richard (Wingham), is twelve years old and attending a private school in Hollywood, where Miss Beecher has established her home with him and with her mother. She loves having a garden, after years in New York (she was Jefferson City, Missouri).

She has been separated from her husband, a doctor, for eight years. Janet prefers to live the quiet, well-ordered life, and says it took her four days of working in the garden to recover from her one Hollywood cocktail party. So much chatter, so disorganizing. The garden is so peaceful, so inspiring, she thinks she will never desert it again for another party.

Not that she is unsociable—just that she prefers people in small groups with soft voices and something to say.

HER love life, she says, is "practically at a standstill." Loads of friends drop in for but there's no romantic distraction in them, tea. Not that she scorns love—just that her mind is too occupied with work, with her son and mother, her home.

She can become very emotional about her work, and thinks that is a sort of sublimated lovelife.

First of all, she wishes to be known to her new picture audience as an actress. In this she compliments the intelligence of her audience:

She believes their primary interest in her is her acting—not the fact that she may or may not have a romance, or that she is an expert swimmer, or even that she has sapphire-blue hair.

R E A D I N G

FAREWELL TO AGE

by Elizabeth Arden

at the railing. "Farewell!" she gaily waved. The thought came to me: with that same spirit, she also bids farewell to age! For, I had remodeled her face into a living picture of its former beauty.

Not through complicated rituals: but by three daily steps that bring out latent loveliness... Cleansing, Toning, Soothing... augmented by special preparations to soften age lines and postpone wrinkles. Cleanse with Ardena Cleansing Cream which floats out dust, make-up, cream and all; refresh with Skin Tonic; and soothe your skin with Velva Cream. Once a week, enjoy a refreshing Anti-Wrinkle Treatment; while for nightly use in combating wrinkled skin, simply use Orange Skin Cream, then pat Astrangent Oil around eyes and mouth. Be loyal to this simple beauty care and I promise that you, too, shall say... Farewell to Age!

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**Addresses of the Stars**

**Hollywood, Calif., Paramount Studios**
- Richard Arlen
- Jean Bruce
- Ben Bernie
- Douglas Blakey
- Mary Boland
- Grace Bradley
- Carl Brisson
- Burns and Allen
- Kitty Carlisle
- Claudette Colbert
- Gary Cooper
- Jack Coss
- Larry "Buster" Crabbe
- Eddie Craven
- Bing Crosby
- Alfred DeLuce
- Katherine DeMille
- Marlene Dietrich
- Jessica Drake
- Frances Drake
- W. C. Fields
- William Frawley
- Paul Gerrits
- Owen Moore
- Gary Grant
- Charles Grey
- David Jack Holt
- Dean Jagger
- Roscoe Karns
- Elissa Landi
- Charles Laughton
- Billy Lee
- Roy LeRoy
- Diana Lewis
- John Lodge
- Carole Lombard

**Culver City, Calif., Hal Roach Studios**
- Don Barclay
- Billy Bletcher
- Chester Chase
- Billy Gilbert
- Oliver Hardy

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios**
- Brian Aherne
- Katherine Alexander
- Elizabeth Allan
- Lionel Barrymore
- Wallace Beery
- Virginia Bruce
- Ralph Benson
- Charles Butterworth
- Mary Carlyle
- Lew Cody
- Ruth Channing
- Maurice Chevalier
- Mickey Christiansen
- Jack Crawford
- Marion Davies
- Douglas Delaney
- Jimmy Durante
- Nelson Eddy
- Stuart Erwin
- Madge Evans
- Muriel Evans
- Louise Fairaud
- Preston Foster
- Betty Furness
- Charles Gable
- Greta Garbo
- Charles G. Henry Gordon
- Russell Hopton
- Jean Harkow
- Helen Hayes
- Louise Henry
- William Henry
- Jean Hersholt

**Universal City, Calif., Universal Studios**
- Heathcarter
- Anna, Archie
- Nola Astor
- Binnie Barnes
- Dean Benton
- Mary Brooks
- Wally Camp
- Carol Cudmore
- Philip Dailey
- Anne Darling
- Gail Davis
- Sally Ellen
- Valerie du Vore
- Sterling Holloway
- Henry Hull
- G. H. 'Hammy', Jr.
- Lois January
- Paul Jones
- Boris Karloff

**Burbank, Calif., Warners-First National Studios**
- Ross Alexander
- Mary Astor
- Arthur Aylesworth
- Robert Benchley
- Janet Blair
- Joan Blondell
- Glen Bolewater
- George Brent
- Joe E. Brown
- Basil Brown
- Robert Currier
- Dorothy Gish
- Charles Granger
- Donald O'Connor
- Nell O'Day
- Louis Pollitt
- Frank McHugh
- Jean Muir
- Paul Muni
- Pat O'Brien
- Henry O'Neill
- Reginald Owen
- Dick Powell
- Phillip Reed
- Philip Regan
- Edward G. Robinson
- Barbara Stanwyck
- Monte Blue
- Sara Shane
- Nat Pendleton
- Rosamond Pinchot
- William Powell
- Esther Ralston
- May Robson
- Shirley Ross
- Maurice Schwartz
- Norma Shearer
- Martha Sleeper
- Lewis Stone
- Glenn Stickell
- William Tannen
- Robert Todd
- Franchot Tone
- Leon Thawle
- Lucille Watson
- Johnny Weissmuller
- Diana Wynyard
- Robert Young

**New Remington Portable only 10c a day**

- Glenn Anderson
- Fred Astaire
- John Beal
- Eric Blore
- Alice Brady
- Helen Broderick
- Bruce Cabot
- Chic Campbell
- Richard Dix
- Skip Duff
- Irene Dunne
- Harry Duffield
- Sheets Gallagher
- Wyne Gibson
- Nancy Hamilton
- Ann Harding
- Katherine Hepburn

- United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.
- Eddie Cantor
- Charles Chaplin
- Douglas Fairbanks

- 20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.
- George Arliss
- Constantine Bennett
- Ronald Colman

**Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.**
- Robert Allen
- James Blakeley
- John Mack Brown
- Jack Buckler
- Patricia Caron
- Nancy Carroll
- Walter Connolly
- Donald O'Sullivan
- Inez Courtney
- Richard Currier
- Allyn Drake
- John Gilbert
- Arthur Holl
- Jack Holt
- Fred Keaggy

- Pete Lore
- Sheila Mannis
- Tim McCoy
- Genevieve Mitchell
- Grant Mitchell
- George Murphy
- Virginia Peck
- Artie Reiner
- Gene Raymond
- Florence Rost</dd>
Hollywood Teaches
Hugh Walpole
How to Write

[continued from page 29]

energy, and he has an unerring sense of human proportion as well as literary proportion. Incidentally, he is unmarried.

Mr. Walpole anticipated my first question—Hollywood and his response to it.

"Writing for the screen is a highly specialized art and a most difficult one, as I find it. I wish to learn it from the basic fundamentals and I have had many things to unlearn first.

"For instance, a few days after my arrival, I sat down all by myself and wrote what I considered to be a very choice bit of sentiment—a scene described just as I would do it in a novel. As you know, I am one of the most voluminous and wordy writers in the world. A few days later, in the office of a certain executive, I saw my tender but verbose little treatment with a large blue 'Lousy' inscribed across its face!

"No one has written anything like that on my copy for thirty years. I had to come to Hollywood to have it happen to me. Of course, I might have taken a train right then, had not my fears been calmed and my tears wiped away by those three stalwart worthies, Selznick, Cukor and Estabrook. I paid them the highest tribute for their generous cooperation.

I am being trained and looked after with the most monumental patience, and that is the only way any novelist will ever learn to write for the screen.

"Many writers have preceded me, to depart with tales of being isolated in some remote office and told to write a story for so-and-so, a cherished star. Naturally, having not the remotest idea of the modus operandi, they have come away embittered, and have seen their story massacred.

"I have learned to say 'I see' before every sentence. Everything must be visual, and writing for the eye and the mind is quite a different thing than writing for the mind, alone. I am learning to curb myself, to condense, to write screen dialogue—which means to select the only right word from any number of possible ones. To write briefly, and to effect, to save words. To arrange for characters to be doing something while they are talking.

"I am very happy here, working under these ideal conditions. I do not say I would be happy under different ones. For instance, I would be excruciatingly miserable working on a story called, let us say, 'Three In A Bed.' In fact, so miserable that the very next train would bear me away.

"The thrill and excitement of seeing a carefully and lovingly produced picture come together from all sides is comparable with none I have ever experienced. This studio has been nearly a year in the preparation of 'David Copperfield.' The passion for authenticity surmounts all obstacles. The little drawing on the top of Pegotty's work-basket, which will be glimpsed in one shot, was found to be not quite perfect. Everything waited until this was remedied.

"Of course, the good pictures are remembered for years, but there are too many ephem-
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PAUL RIEGER, 210 1st Street, San Francisco, Calif.

"Little Women" Leads All the Rest

[continued from page 33]

held the lead right from the first batch of ballots that came in. That in itself is the highest compliment the picture can have.

Also, it most certainly indicates that the majority prefer a high-grade brand of clean, wholesome pictures. It indicates to you the keen discrimination of the movie-going public—that acting, directing, photography and story must be of the highest caliber.

"Little Women" was called a picture of triumphs for Katharine Hepburn, as Jo. And who can forget the other three little women, Joan Bennett as Amy (by the way, Joan was in the cast of another Photoplay Gold Medal picture, that of "Disraeli," 1929 winner), Frances Dee as Meg, and Jean Parker as Beth?

But, the entire cast was magnificent, and you probably remember everyone—Paul Lukas, Spring Byington, Douglass Montgomery, Edna May Oliver, Henry Stephenson, Samuel Hinds, Mabel Colcord, John Davis Lodge, and Nydia Westman.

And one of the biggest parts in the success of "Little Women" was in George Cukor's directing. Through his skill, the story was given naturalness. It would have been so easy for him to make of the picture a gushy, saccharine article.

A lot of credit goes to Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman in their adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's book, keeping close to the story and the dialogue of the original, yet modifying adeptly to present day usage and
custom. The excellent camera work was that of Henry Gerrard.

Also, this is the second time Photoplay's Gold Medal has gone to an RKO-Radio picture. The first was for "Cimarron," 1931.

Incidentally, the Photoplay medal is solid gold, and two-and-one-half inches in diameter. It was designed and executed by Tiffany and Company, New York.


The Way Good Stories Go Wrong

[Continued from page 31]

Finally the four of them got together and decided that Hepburn and Crawford would both be Ethel Barrymore and come out at the last of the play (I'm afraid it's turned out to be a farce, after all) and say, "That's all there is, there isn't any more," and Doug, Jr., could be Hamlet, but Ollie would have to be contented to be the skull of "Alas, poor Yorick" when the grave-diggers dug him up and had to promise not to wear his sweat-shirt in this scene.

All of which would have been all right and a swell ending to the whole massive, super-tremendous spectacle if, just at this point, Chaplin, still as Napoleon of course, hadn't announced that he, himself, would end the play, as it had been written for him in the first place (and there's where I made my greatest mistake).

And what was more, he would end it riding down Hollywood Boulevard on the mule Al Jolson went to heaven on in "Wonder Bar." Still playing the part of Napoleon, remember, and that Guy Kibbee was all set to be the mule.

Well, it was terrible.

I argued that Napoleon would never ride a mule down Hollywood Boulevard, and Charlie admitted that maybe not, although he wouldn't put it past him, but that he had a special reason for wanting to ride the old Missouri mule.

He explained he intended to train the mule to kick out his back feet at a lot of people and showed me a list of people he intended to have kicked in the head, stunning them into permanent unconsciousness, and another list that he intended having the mule kick other places and things.

"You can't do it," I screamed. "You'll lose your Napoleon hat." "Sure," he grinned, "and maybe I'll lose my Napoleon breeches too, but who cares?"

So there you are. That's the way good stories go wrong in Hollywood. I'm only hoping the censors will have sense enough to cut out that part of it.

In fact, I'm not sure it would be a good idea if they'd cut out the whole thing and forget it.

In fact, that's not a bad idea at all.

Dressing the Part

CARY GRANT, of "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel" fame, wears Krementz both "on" and "off". His admirers will be glad to know that he is soon to appear in Paramount's "Enter Madame".

Most men look better in full dress than they imagine. To wear evening clothes with that air of carelessness which makes them appear a habit is an art.

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**The Shadow Stage**

**The National Guide to Motion Pictures**

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

**THE DRAGON MURDER CASE—First National**

Another murder mystery solved by Philo Vance, this time convincingly portrayed by Warren William whose job it is to track down a dragon in a gloomy pool. Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless, amusing and reasonably sinister. Cast includes Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot and Eugene Pallette.

**WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal**

Even the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed singing could not prevent June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta from having a field day. Vaudevillians Pryor, Knight and Columbo dodge police and pursue elusive "bookings" from Coast to Coast, with Armetta as the heavy-eating gigolo keeping them broke and the audience in hysterics. Andy Devine and Richard Carle also add to the fun.

**THE DEFENSE RESTS—Columbia**

The story of a none-too-ethical, but almost unbeatable, criminal lawyer, dynamically portrayed by Jack Holt, who is forced by gangsters to defend a kidnapper. He turns the tables by framing his client, for a surprise climax. Fine support by Jean Arthur and Nat Pendleton.

**HAVE A HEART—M-G-M**

In spite of a story whose turns can be guessed ahead all the way, Jean Parker, James Dunn, Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel enrich this wistful film about a crippled girl with heart appeal matching its title. Jean fights for love over her handicap, finds it in Dunn, then loves it by sacrificing her operation money to clear him of a theft charge. But he comes back for a happy ending.

**DESIRABLE—Warner**

Unexpectedly returning from school, Jean Muir meets George Brent in the apartment of her mother (Verree Teasdale). Fascinated by Jean's naiveté, George encourages her to resist her mother's efforts to keep her existence a secret—with clever and amusing consequences. Of course, George falls in love with his protege and marries her.

**THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia**

An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. In return for a favor, Arthur Byron entertains Craven at his home, where the guest lingers too long and becomes involved in intimate family affairs, with excruciating results. Helen Ware, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin.

**DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio**

Not a single drop of entertainment value can be wrung from this story of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to the "Brad Streeters" of 1934. Having lost everything but their yacht, Sidney Fox and Marjorie Gateson charter the boat to a mob of newly rich for a cruise, with dire results. Ned Sparks, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sterling Holloway, Irene Franklin are completely wasted.

**WAGON WHEELS—Paramount**

There is a good song, and also Gail Patrick. Otherwise, this Zane Grey story is the same old Western you have been seeing for years. Randolph Scott is the hero and Monte Blue the villain. The picturization of the difficulties on the old Oregon trail, and numerous Indian raids take the place of plot.

**THE KANSAS CITY PRINCESS—Warner**

This "so-called" comedy about two Kansas City manicurists, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, out to do some plain and fancy gold-digging, is certainly no strain on the intelligence. Escaping racketeer Robert Armstrong's attentions, they step off to Europe—and luxury. Not for children.

**ROCKY RHODES—Universal**

Western plots aren't supposed to matter, but the very familiarity of this one endears it to any audience that loves to hiss and clap. Buck Jones burns up the open spaces on his horse, fists-fights with the lowdown who's trying to grab the whole country for himself, and saves not only his own ranch but the heroine's (Sheila Terry), too.

**DEAL'IN ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M**

With a million wagered against the St. Louis Cardinals by C. H.eyney Gordon, an unscrupulous sportsman trying to buy their franchise, and two barred players hanging around, the stage is set for three murders during the league games. Catcher Nat Pendleton and Umpire Ted Healy are excellent comedians, and reporter Paul Kelly's work is convincing. Ace pitcher Robert Young and Madge Evans, manager David Landau's daughter, lend romance.

**A LOST LADY—First National**

A considerably revamped revision of Willa Cather's famous novel, presenting Barbara Stanwyck as a disillusioned woman married to Frank Morgan, who brings back her faith in men. The marriage is not for love, and they promise always to be "honest." Ricardo Cortez comes along, and then Frank has a heart attack. From there on, things drift in slow motion. Supporting cast includes Lyle Talbot and Phillip Reed.

**THE LADY IS WILLING—Columbia**

In the role of a detective, forever in disguise, Leslie Howard manages to pull this little made-in-England farce out of the depths. The attempts of four men to square accounts with...
a stock swindler furnishes about all the story there is. Cast includes Binnie Barnes and Nigel Bruce.

**ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio**

Though some of the incidents in this account of Joan Lowell's adventures in the tropics are quite beyond belief, the film offers to thrill-seekers an hour packed with action. Some very beautiful camera work, and interesting narration by Miss Lowell.

**Pursued**—Fox

Everyone must have been kidding, including the cast, when they made this picture. It's too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Rosemary Ames, a tinted lady, and Pert Kelton, her scarlet playmate, meet villain Victor Jory in a sort of South Sea island dance hall. Russell Hardie is the hero, manhandled to keep him away from the plantation.

**A Girl of the Limberlost—Monogram**

This will appeal to the same folk who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel. Marian Marsh is Elhara, struggling under the dominance of her mother's (Louise Dresser) aversion. Helen Jerome Eddy and Ralph Morgan are the Slades, most natural in their devotion to Elhara and their love for little Billy (Tommy Bupp). Betty Blythe portrays the Bird Woman. And Eddie Nugent is convincing as the young lover.

**CITY PARK—Chesterfield**

Three old cronies who hang out on a park bench and watch the world go by see Sallie Blane, but now they do more than watch—particularly Henry B. Walthall—thereby getting themselves involved in the destiny of a country girl gone broke. Walthall is the picture, but Sallie, Matty Kemp, Hale Hamilton and the rest help.

**Young and Beautiful—Mascot**

There is a double reason why this weak story may prove interesting to you. One is the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars, the other is Bill Haines' return to the screen. Haines, a headline hound for Superba Pictures, falls in love with Judith Allen and sets out to make her a star. Finally, John Miljan persuades Judith he can give her the happiness she craves and Bill's antics in winning her back climax the picture.

**SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—Liberty**

Life in a girls' reform school—to which Sidney Fox is sent after a ridiculous courtroom scene—in the raw. Lucille LaVerne is a brutal, she-Simon Legree superintendent; Lois Wilson, the sympathetic matron who shoots her superior while the girls try to escape. Unconvincing and wearisome. Paul Kelly satisfactory as a member of the school board.

**Badge of Honor—Mayfair**

Buster Crabbe is a lot better in the jungle than as the demon reporter who unearths the traitor on his own newspaper. Phoney and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Ruth Hall, as the publisher's daughter, doesn't help much.
Mutiny of the Talayha

[continued from page 37]

was diverted to the arrival of Able-Bodied Seaman Warner Baxter. He came on board with a huge sea chest loaded with bottles of snake-bite remedy, a 30-30 rifle, shotgun, and two six-shooters.

At this moment a glittering limousine drew up at the wharf.

Livered servants leaped to open the door, and out stepped a gentleman in the plumed duck-bill hat of an Admiral.

Beneath the hat was Mr. Richard Barthelmess.

All hands being piped on deck, Admiral Barthelmess came aboard amidst three rousing Bronx cheers.

Log Entry by Captain Colman

Mr. Barthelmess today boarded ship wearing an Admiral's hat kind-side foremost, explaining that he was a Rear Admiral. Accordingly I assigned him quarters in the poop.

The good ship moved majestically out of the harbor under power of its auxiliary engine.

Built in Bristol in 1899, the sloop was one hundred and five feet long, with mainmast towering one hundred and twenty-three feet into the sky.

Accommodations for fourteen passengers and crew of seven were noted.

With the prevailing nor'easter bellying the mains', the ship was soon hull down to the south. All were now eager for the serious work of the expedition, so Mr. Powell dealt out the cards and chips with a right good will.

Captain Colman and his First Mate exchanged significant glances as they raked in the first two pots

They had chosen well in selecting a crew for this work.

But elation slowly turned to despair as the hours wore on.

Able-Bodied Seaman Baxter was winning every pot! Grumbles began to be heard, and unrest was rife among the men. Evening came, and at eight bells of the dog-watch Warnar had cashed all the chips three times over.

"Let's hang him from the yard-arm," hissed Mr. Powell to Admiral Barthelmess.

"I'll make him walk the plank." growled the Admiral, rubbing a rabbit's foot.

That one bell the "bosun" was roundly scolded for singing out "All's Well!" Open rebellion was curbed only by the sight of Seaman Baxter's guns. He raked in the last pot on a bluff, and dark plots began to form in the minds of the crew.

Baxter now owned the Admiral's hat, and Dick found himself referred to as supercargo. The winner, who had heard nothing but stories of how costly the trip was going to be, no longer cared.

Meanwhile a stiff blow had come up, and the Talayha rolled with gulls awash. Next day the disgruntled crew put out fish lines and cast dark looks at Mr. Baxter, no longer able-bodied, as he stood by the taff-rail.

We now refer to the log of the Talayha. In Mr. Colman's handwriting we read:

Mr. Colman caught a four-pound bass and landed it in ten minutes.

Then Mr. Powell came into the navigating room and made this entry:

Mr. Powell caught a six-pound bass, landing the fish in five minutes. He used light tackle.

Apparently these entries were noted by Mr. Baxter. He wrote:

Mr. Baxter caught three suckers and shaved them. He used light tackle consisting of a pair of decoys.

Then they ate lunch—that is, lunch was served—and Mr. Baxter declared that since he had cleaned out everybody, he was going to leave at Ensenada and find some worth while competition.

Mutiny reared its ugly head at once. Leave them? Never. Not until they had a chance to recoup. Mr. Baxter was almost persuaded to stay and take their I. O. U.'s. They put into the harbor at Ensenada. The customs officers came aboard and found there was something wrong with the papers. But Supercargo Barthelmess set a bottle on the table, and the papers were approved.

The guns, however, nearly caused international complications, and lockers were searched for flags bearing the skull and crossbones. All went ashore at last and headed for Hoosong's. It was here that Seaman Baxter got word calling him home to go on location with the "Broadway Bill" company, under direction of Frank Capra. It was a crushing blow to the crew. Laughing softly into the Admiral's hat, Mr. Baxter boarded a waiting auto.

It was a sad group that wended its way to Celia's Cafe. Celia put on a new 1912 phonograph record and the dance girls crowded around to see the motion picture stars. Apparently they only knew of John Gilbert, and decided Mr. Colman was he.

And now, to further dampen their spirits, a man arrived from the airport. A plane, he said, had arrived to take Mr. Barthelmess home on urgent business.

All went out to the field where Reginald Berkeley, the writer, was waiting. When Dick learned that Reggio was to take the stick, he had to be jammed into the open cockpit by main force.

The two survivors of the expedition returned to their ship and determined to continue the voyage at all costs.

Log Entry by Captain Colman

We fished constantly,catching bass, barracuda, bonita, yellow tails and trying our hand at spearing flying fish. Baja California is certainly the fisherman's paradise.

At last they reached St. Martin's cove and put in. The customs officer came aboard and he, too, found something wrong with the ship's papers.

Again a bottle was brought out and the papers were found to be in order.

The sloop sailed on, bound south. Eventually Turtle Bay was sighted. The customs official came on board and found something wrong with the papers. A bottle was brought out...
Captain Colman ordered the return trip, and as soon as the ship headed on its first tack, the Captain and Mr. Powell realized they faced a problem.

The auxiliary motor was started, but in twelve hours they had made only ten knots on their due course.

Log Entry by Mr. Powell

Once we got so far on the westward tack that we thought we sighted Hawaii. The seas pounded us constantly.

We had no rolling-boards in the bunks, and only by banking the mattress to make a hollow could I keep from rolling out.

My quarters were amidsthips, beside the engine room. In that heavy weather I couldn't open my portholes, and the result was too close to suffocation for comfort.

I endured it until flesh and blood could stand no more. Then I multimated.

One night I crept off to where Captain Colman lay, sang and happy in the master's quarters. I rushed his cabin and singlehanded captured a spare bunk next to the porthole.

Calmly and cold-heartedly I grabbed up his jaunty yachting togs and jetisoned them. His pleas and protests were in vain.

While still under disgrace for leading the attack on the Captain's quarters, Mr. Powell sighted the whale that was to climax their adventures.

Getting out his binoculars, he watched it spout about a mile away. It disappeared, and rose to spout again within a quarter-mile of the ship.

Again it sank, and Mr. Powell kept his glasses trained on the spot.

Suddenly his vision was shut out. At first he thought someone had walked past him, then he realized with horror that the obstruction had moved upward, and not across.

Jerking away the binoculars, he saw the whale rising to spout not five yards off the rail.

Log Entry by Mr. Powell

I went cold all over. That mammoth head kept on going up and up, with a miniature geyser erupting from it. Little pig eyes looked me over. I was too paralyzed to move.

Then the brownish body curved and the flakes came up.

If it had given one sideways flirt of its lips I would have been a gone sailor.

Mr. Colman ran to the rescue with a bird gun, but the danger had passed. After the excitement had died down, all hands were served a lot of grog. They needed it. If the whale had come up a few feet farther along, he could have tipped over the sloop with its top-heavy mast.

Log Entry by Mr. Powell

Without further adventure we reached Catalina Island, and have to go for a rest. We rested for three days, at the casino, in the railroad, at parties. These completely worn out, we sailed for San Pedro and came ashore.

Now Ronnie and I are planning a motor trip.

We took this voyage for a rest. Then we had to rest up from the rest trip at Catalina. Now we should rest up from the rest we took.

And thus ends the log of the cruise of the Talaya.

---

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Photoplay Magazine for November, 1934
Sylvia
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REVEALS
the BEAUTY SECRETS
of the Glamorous Stars
of Hollywood
AND
Broadway

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Sadye S., Newark, N. J.—Joan Blondell sang “Remember My Forgotten Man” in “Gold Diggers of 1933.”

Eleanor Bader, Philadelphia, Penna.—Eleanor, the tallest actress of those you listed is Ann Dvorak, 5 feet 6 inches. Next comes Myrna Loy, 5 feet 5; then Lona Andre, 5 feet, 4 3/4; Madge Evans and Ginger Rogers each 5 feet, 4; Bette Davis, 5 feet 3 1/2; Jean Harlow, Fay Wray, Jean Parker and Rochelle Hudson, each 5 feet 3; Mae West, 5 feet 2 (3 5/8 with shoes); and Lilian Harvey, 5 feet, 1 inch.

R. D. M., London, Eng.—You will be seeing Frank Lawton again soon. His latest picture since the release of “Cavalcade” is “One More River,” in which he appears with Diana Wynyard. His next will be “David Copperfield.”

Miss S. Brown, New York, N. Y.—I don’t blame you for becoming confused on the title of the latest Jean Harlow picture. It was originally called “100/”, Pure.” Then changed to “Born To Be Kissed” and finally released as “The Girl From Missouri.” Franchot Tone has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is just 6 feet tall.

Camille Villy, W. Philadelphia, Penna.—Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, Eng., February 9, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He uses his own name in pictures. Latest picture is “Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.” Lupe Velez hails from San Luis Potosi, suburb of Mexico City. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 106 and has black hair and brown eyes. Lupe is twenty-five years old and celebrates her birthday on July 8.

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Photoplay Magazine for November, 1934

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(continued from page 17)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Nine MacMahan, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy team that is very funny. (Adv.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warner.—This feeble and unsavoury tale is too much even for the scantiest of its victims. The cast consists of Lane Fontaine, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Adv.)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild. Good cast. (Adv.)

MIDNIGHT ALibi—First National.—As the gang leader Richard Barthelmess' (Darrow) input of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. (Adv.)

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal.—In the rôle of a former liquor baron trying to get straight, Edward Arnold is superb. Phillips Holmes and Mary Carlisle give support. (Adv.)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circuit, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Hagen, William Janney fine, but story weak. (Adv.)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheimer-Moscow story justice. Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (Adv.)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the good society chow-downer with a girl who makes the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Adv.)

MOONSTONE, THE—Monogram.—David Manners and Phyllis Barty do a good acting job in a plot of poor direction and a loose story. (Adv.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the woman who turns up the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "buddy" in his college dormitory. (Adv.)

★ MURDER AT THE VANITIES—Paramount.—There seems to be something wrong with the making of this opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brauns, Kenneth Harlan, and a host of well-known players in support. (Adv.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in this, Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, finds a half-mad mellorama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Adv.)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO Radio.—Phillip Dorn with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (Adv.)

MYSTERY OF MR. X—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

PELL GWYN—British & Dominion-American.—Richard Hardwick and Ana Ngole in a weak screen story on the life of the lovely actress who became a favorite of King Charles II. (Oct.)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons, six doors, one body, and one cannot help but be disappointed. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Victor Varconi. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Prentice Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence a joy to watch. (Adv.)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Brent leads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival groups. See it. (May)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McRae's unavunculable nephew, Jack Las-Rus kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Alan Napier, Margaret Lindsay. (June)

NO锦绣 LOE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodramas with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession—very funny. (Adv.)

NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple scores again as vagabond adventurist Gary Cooper's motherless tot. Carol Lombard has a fine supporting rôle. (Adv.) Principals and support A-1. (Okl.)

★ NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Riker, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Patricia Collinge plays his wife, Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

★ OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO Radio.—A moving story of a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert character playing by princeton ladies Dee, Reginald Grant and Owen Alan. (Sept.)

OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE—Paramount.—Parson's welcome return. Robert Young as a minister, Marion Davies as the love interest. (Nov.)

OLD-DAY COUNTRY, THE—MGM.—Excellent cast of characters and a wonderful climax. Lamar Williams, the old man, one of the most moving performances of recent years. (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life with the aid of Maxie Rosenbloom, Neil Hamilton and Arleen Pringle. (Adv.)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—A spirited and well-acted screen version of a Fowley novel. Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel, a trifling partner. (Aug.)

★ ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Columbia.—An untold musical romance, too open or closed, it's evening for the gods. Grace Moore is magnificent, Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminetti. (Adv.)

★ OPERATOR 13—M-G-M.—Marlon Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza. Sure is funny. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Adv.)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing story of a woman and all her habits. Bette Davis and Harold Lloyd play the love interest. (Adv.)

PARIS INTERLUDE—M-G-M.—Good story idea and setting, but disjointed telling. Hero worship theme. Robert Young is overly idealized as is Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes Madge Evans. (Adv.)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one it's nothing for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Erwin and William Bakewell, Arliss Judge adequate. (July)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warner.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an honest lawyer, is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Adv.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's Roman Polanski, who is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Nadine and Nancy Carney. (Adv.)

QUITTER, THE—Columbia.—This is no flowery yarn about Charlie Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (Adv.)

RANDY RIDES ALOONES—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy John Wayne track down a bad man, with a plot designed by George Hayes, Albertg Vaughn. (Sept.)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warner.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels, the object of the love interest of John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

RETURN OF THE TERROR—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Doran, and Alan Napier right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Adv.)

RIPTIDE—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Eddie Cantor as the detective, Sidney Toler as the detective, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and fine support. Direction excellent. (May)

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN—Universal.—An Nes Shorts presents fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsonly mounted and uproariously funny. (Adv.)

★ SPOOF—Sidney Fox as the villainous maid in the Los Angeles Herald's. What a story this is. "The Continental" is written and directed by Charles Lederer, who also wrote "The Continental." (Sept.)

★ SPRING FEVER—M-G-M.—It's not a new plot but it's a good one. Under the direction of John Cromwell the cast is exceptionally fine. Hedda Hopper and Eric Linden. (May)
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LOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles the role well, but no other player does as well as his patient wife, Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good supporting cast. (July)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Alene MacMullen's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries aシェルター man (Paul Kelly) is superb, Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, Steve Varn, all splendid. (July)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted starlet Nang Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts look a little old-fashioned. Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton make a fine team. (July)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Dona Lloyd and Joseph Schrank makes this worthwhile feature. (July)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to stay on the straight and narrow. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion—United Artists.—Warwick Dameron's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told, H. B. Warner splendid. (July)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulty in winning top-speed championship, William Bakewell, Evelyn Knapp, Weldon Heyburn, Willard Chamberlain. (July)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Are ace performances by Otto Kruger and Nile Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A day, namely with William Tabbert, J. Carrol, H Ector Anderson. (July)

STAMBOUL QUEST—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy well cast as the mistress of Masa Hark. George Brent is as anxious to join a Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. (July)

STAND UP AND CHEER—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warrant Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring programme of national songs by accompanied by singing group, Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (July)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of The Shadow (George Haysen) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine western style. Verna Hufnagel. (July)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit, Simonby, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heroine who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rate she's in love with, Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY—M-G-M.—Determined to go straight after a "stetch," Fireman Tene Johnson is really led to believe Jack LaRue. Powerfully constructed drama. May Robson and Kenneth Morey. (July)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Does pique the popular audience. Starring Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marion Saxon, Sterling Holloway, Lucille Coggin, this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so potent that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Dix, Elissa Landi, Elizabeth Earle, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman, film just manages to hold the interest of the audiences. (July)

HIGH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS—Fox.—Squelch casting, genuine situations, suspense, and direction put this up with the best of them. Sallie Edwards, Jack LaRue, Leslie Fenton, a bit of Fred Stone. (July)

TAKEN THE STAND—Columbia.—Comedian Jack LaRue is a vengeance hound, while broadcasting in local room. Several persons have motive, but who did it? Good performances by the three. Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

TARZAN AND HIS MATE—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skillfully blends adventure, romance and realism in its telling. Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Perhaps too gay for young children. (July)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively accredited by the hardy sponsors recommended for children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio.—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summervill are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. Dialogue more soap and gags aren't too funny. (Aug.)

TIME MAN, THE—M-G-M.—See revised detective story. Ben Lyon and the Flanagan Four kill off "time" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy tops-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about missionary society. Sylvia Sidney's little eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his role with finesse. (July)


3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when the newly married pair makes an Australia round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—In argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway, Dirne Sinclair. (Aug.)

TREASURE ISLAND—M-G-M.—A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grown-ups alike. Douglas Fairbanks, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chaie Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading roles. (Sept.)

TRUMPET BLOWS, THE—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide sufficient moments as this film falls flat. Gun-fight posting as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both, lies in a tensely awaited outcome of the great encounter. (June)

20TH CENTURY—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically viewsed. As the world's first producer-inducing shop-keeper, Colene Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb, Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M.—O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell, star. Americanization. His songs, grand supporting cast. (July)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too complex, while the leading player, Shirley Temple, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLLOW—Liberty.—Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with William Jordan and John Hamilton both lamabers, opposite each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (Sept.)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, well handled, especially by Jack Benny, who, once again, shows his versatility. Is it Milian is the only thing that makes this yarn about law and divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer (Jeanne REGER, the whole film), the murder is carried out by his wife Maynard. Window with Mary Astor and Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Morello, the publican, conspires with the wealthy to spend his fortune, then science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (July)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic story. stoutly handled by the director, William goes away with his Mary Astor and Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Douglas is romancing with wealthy Caroline Longfellow. When the general does a moon-light show, Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing his bit. (July)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN—RKO-Radio. This musical rendition of the novel by the late Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur shows the failing health of the family's attempt to marry off Jean Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (Sept.)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard boy Victor McLAGLEN will out Preston Foster and finally making whole sacrifice to reconcile lover, Dorothy Dull is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (July)
WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arlene Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

WHERE SINNERS MEET—RKO-Radio.— A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHIRLPOOL.—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, takes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT.—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to live this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY.—Columbia.—Heavy melodrama, impressive becase of fine acting of Walter Connolly. Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. (Oct.)

WILD CARGO.—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD.—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old gold mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE.—Paramount.—If hypnism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, passenges of uncanny hunches. Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE.—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE.—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in stave performances. (Sept.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME.—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Borer Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)

I THOUGHT SHE WAS VERY YOUNG UNTIL SHE TOOK HER GLOVES OFF

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Photoplay Magazine
Dept. PM-11, 919 N. Michigan, Chicago
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

**Anne finds a friend.** The heroine (Anne Shirley) of "Anne of Green Gables," discovers Matthew Cuthbert (O. P. Heggie) is her ally.

The close friendship of The Three Musketeers, George Brent, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, is no more. Since their divorce, Brent has been paying marked attention to Greta Garbo, no less, and Ralph, another husband, has just married Heather Angel. Ruth is very much alone these days, and goes practically nowhere. Her divorce from George has driven her into retirement evidently, as no one sees her.

And here's the month's sweetness and light, with merely a dash or two of sourness and darkness.

Marian Nixon's divorce from Edward Hillman, wealthy polo player, was just three days old when she and William Seiter, Laura La Plante's "ex," were married at Yuma. George Raft and Virginia Pine aim at Mexico if, and when he gets a divorce. He gave Virginia a diamond bracelet on her birthday. Duke York, who gave Ida Lupino that diamond ring, is also the lifeguard at Ida's swimming pool. Duke has doubled for many of the screen stars. Lowell Sherman and Geneva Mitchell won't fuss up that they are Mr. and Mrs. Neither will they deny it. Ooh! Mitzi Green's boy friend is Jack Keller. It looks like any time for Dorothy Mackaill and Jack McGowan, the playwright. Buddy Rogers tootles to a red-headed dancer, Jeanne Goodner. And are Gertrude Michael and Nick Foran spooning! Other stepping-out teams include Douglass Montgomery and Judith Wood (it's two months for them now. Must mean it), Alice Faye and Pat de Cicco, Thelma Todd's "ex." Glenda Farrell denies she'll marry Ronnie Simon, New York business man. Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow see no one else. Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye are again seen together. Weldon Heyburn is slightly befuddled about Greta Nissen, his wife, what with not being able to find any sign of a Mexican divorce she's supposed to have got. And what with not being able to get in touch with Greta, somewhere in Sweden. And what with not knowing even if she wants a divorce in the first place. Mudge Kennedy and William B. Hanley kept their marriage secret two weeks. That bad Maurice Chevalier, who denies he's going to marry Kay Francis, is known in France as the bicycle repairman, because that's what he used to be. There were five years of separations and reconciliations before Nick Stuart and Sue Carol divorced. Nancy Carroll still cares for ex-husband Producer-Writer Jack Kirkland, and vice versa. It's reported Irene Dunne and her doctor-husband are deciding whether to continue. Loretta Young is seeing a lot of Architect Philip Ormsby. Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes, who eloped to Yuma, after a six weeks' courtship, were aided and abetted by Pat Patterson, who eloped to Yuma with Charles Boyer this spring. Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown are bouncing a boy... and so are Frances Dee and Joel McCrea.

**Binnie Barnes is singing the international vixen blues.** Binnie very naively entered the United States on a regular visitor's passport, instead of applying for an artist's ticket. Result, after making a couple of pictures, authorities told her she was going back to England, whether she wanted to or not.

Frantically she started numerous trips to Mexico to come in on the quota—but Uncle Sam said it wouldn't do her any good. So she packed up and sailed home to do things right this time. There's also a matter of a contract with Alexander Korda to be ironed out before she returns to Hollywood for keeps—or at least a long stay.

Hollywood sat up aghast when Frank Chot attended the Tingle Tangle revue all alone. And coming the night after Tone had tossed all those dirty looks upon Francis Lederer when he became effusive over Joan Crawford, Hollywood wondered if the two had quarreled. At any rate Frankoch remained glum throughout the performance.

The superlative performance given by Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" has rocketed her stock at her home studio, Warner Brothers. Bette, who had "part trouble," struck, was suspended, and finally made up with her bosses, will now draw an important story especially bought for her. It is "North Shore," a best selling novel.

It is indeed ironic that another studio had to "discover" Bette as a really talented actress—but you can bet that now she is "discovered," her home studio isn't going to squander that discovery on just so-so parts—many of which Bette has had in the past.

Dick Powell's new house is equipped with showers only—no tubs. It sounds like a strictly bachelor idea. Wonder what Mary Brian thinks about it?

As part of the "preview" broadcast of "Cleopatra" on the "15 Minutes in Hollywood" program, the above six were heard from the West Coast Columbia station, KHI. Left to right: Henry Wilcoxon; Gertrude Michael; Emanuel Cohen, Paramount's vice-president in charge of production; Katherine DeMille, daughter of the director; Ivan St. Johns, Western editor of Photoplay; and Claudette Colbert, the siren herself. In New York, Director Cecil B. DeMille was interviewed on the same program by the publisher of Photoplay, Kathryn Dougherty.
That eyes to be lovely must have lovely lashes, too... long, luxuriant, and curling softly upward. That half of the time when one speaks of beautiful eyes, what he really means is beautiful lashes... for it's the lashes that give the first, and lasting, impression of the eyes.

Hollywood stars know all about Kurlash. That's the way they get that divine upward sweep of their own lashes. And Kurlash will do as much for you. It's so easy to use, and the results are so enchanting, that you really oughtn't to be without it for another minute. All you need do is slip your lashes in, press the handles together for about thirty seconds, and your lashes will curl upward in perfectly devastating fashion.

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Old Dutch saves you money, too. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles cover more surface and do more square yards of cleaning per penny of cost. Just put a date on your next package and see how long it lasts.

Try Old Dutch on porcelain, enamel, linoleum and glassware, stoves, refrigerators and washing machines. You’ll find that it’s kind to the hands, doesn’t clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There’s no other cleanser like Old Dutch.

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And None Such is pure—made in spotless, sun-bright kitchens. Digestible—so it’s safe for children. And economical. Get None Such today. Serve None Such Mince Pie tonight. There’s no other like it!

Ready for the crust in 5 minutes!

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1924
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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"

1933
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December, 1934

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5
THE $25 LETTER

Ten years ago a young woman set out for America from Belgium with her two small children. One of those children was my brother, the other myself.

Not until a year ago were we reunited with our father in this country. Needless to say, it was a happy, if tearful, reunion.

But then the question of a job for my father arose. He had been an expert woodworker in Belgium, capable and skilled. Finally a job was offered him if and when he learned to speak English.

I knew he would never be happy until he had work. Then I hit upon a great idea. Here in America, mother, brother and I had become movie fans. It had been the greatest means of Americanizing us; why shouldn’t it help father?

We began our program immediately. Father went to movies five nights a week. He not only learned the language, he learned American ways and customs. Within six months he was speaking English well enough to land the job promised him.

No wonder we are grateful to motion pictures!

Martha Braband, Detroit, Mich.

THE $10 LETTER

There is someone most dear to me who gets much more than his share of misery because he was born a cripple. He is sensitive to the nth degree. He is insanely in love with a girl who, unfortunately, is another Mildred, the Mildred in “Of Human Bondage.” After I saw “Of Human Bondage” I tried desperately, tactfully, to find a way to make him see the picture. I finally succeeded.

For the last few weeks, since seeing the movie, he has been peacefully quiet and meditative. He hasn’t made any attempt to get in touch with the girl. I believe he has at last found peace of mind concerning her. And I am deeply grateful to Bette Davis and Leslie Howard for their fine, convincing performances.

F. H. Jackson, Calif.

THE $5 LETTER

Do you realize what it means never to have seen a train, a skyscraper, a huge passenger plane—any of the things that are so common to a person living most anywhere in the States? And yet there are many children and adults in Alaska who have never really seen them.

If you can understand what the lack of these things would mean in the education and teaching of modern ways of living, then perhaps you can realize what a benefit and joy the motion pictures are to people in Alaska. For through the eyes of the motion picture camera we see the countless realities that would otherwise be as vague dreams.


ONE-TIME BIG-TIMERS

Why do the movies spend millions of dollars searching for new talent when so many fine actors and actresses of bygone days are waiting eagerly to make comebacks?

It’s been good, recently, to see Charles Ray, William Farnum, Helene Chadwick, Monte Blue and other one-time big stars on the screen again, even if the roles have been small.

But where’s Pola Negri? Surely genius that burned so bright cannot be dimmed by time.

E. M. Chandler, Indianapolis, Ind.

WHAT PRICE STYLE?

Recently, I heard that Josef Von Sternberg, in defending “The Scarlet Empress,” said he had tried to inject style in the film.

Style is interesting. But of greater artistic importance is unity and form. In attempting to inject style—with gargoyles, twisted statues, barbaric symbols—Von Sternberg lost sight of form, and his picture became loose and incoherent.

He is a great director. But can his reputa-

MUST be the weather! People are getting brick-battier all the time. Few bouquets flower on our desk these days! Now it’s comedies and spec-tacles that are getting the hard knocks. And just because something went to our head and we’re printing two poems this time, please don’t everybody write us hard lines in rhyme!

Some say Marlene Dietrich and Von Sternberg shouldn’t make any more movies to-geth-er. They were chatting with Jean Harlow when the cameraman came along.

Pola Negri is one of the former screen idols whom people are asking to see again. Pola is a favorite, also, of Henry Wilcoxon, the English actor.
The PICTURE of the MONTH

WE SALUTE DICK POWELL and RUBY KEELER
America's best-loved lovers in the screen's first great military musical!

Fifty million keyholers can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U.S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-tingling background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls—its fast fun and lavish production!

"Flirtation Walk"

heaps new honors on DICK POWELL—RUBY KEELER—PAT O'BRIEN; on FRANK BORZAGE for his best production; on Boboy Connolly of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular dance numbers; and on Warner Bros. for a grand all-round show.
Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition.

**ADVENTURE GIRL**—RKO Radio.—Unveiling Joan Lowell's exciting adventure in the tropics. A hour packed with action. (Nov.)

**AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN**—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Franchot Tone, Charles Coburn. (Oct.)

**AFFAIRS OF CELINI, THE,** THE—20th Century—United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of Benvenuto Celini (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the Duchesse de Mayenne, is radiant. (Sep.)

**AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE,** THE—RKO Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of the great poet's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

**ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetrees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Harris, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

**ALONG CAME SALLY**—Gainsborough.—So-so British melodrama, co-starring Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual roll, and Sam Hardy. (Sep.)

**ARE WE CIVILIZED**—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of the world, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sep.)

**ARIANE—** Pathe-Cinema.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign film made for English dialogue. (June)

**BABY TAKE A BOW**—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-con artist (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sep.)

**BACHELOR BAIT**—RKO Radio.—As the promoter of a national agency scheme, Rommel Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Sketses Gallagher and Rorerie Hudson. (Sep.)

**BAND OF HONOR**—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

**BARRETS OF WIMPOL STREET, THE**—M-G-M.—Well acted, perhaps it's this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid poetess and Fredric March as her lover. Charles Laughton and excellent supporting cast. (Oct.)

**BELLE OF THE NINETIES**—Paramount.—La La comes through again with a knockout performance, this time as a daughter, John Mack Brown, Katherine De Mille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over material. (Nov.)

**BEYOND BENGAL**—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Oct.)

**BEYOND THE LAW**—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy's investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey, (Oct.)

**BIG HEARTED HERBERT**— Warners.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Gay Kilbey is gruffly father, continually reminding Alice MacMahan and their children of his struggle to success. (Nov.)

**BLACK CAT, THE**—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too convincing. (July)

**BLACK MOON**—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sep.)

**BLIND DATE**—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Sothern going out with Neil Hamilton when "steady" Paul Kelly lets her down for his birthday party. (Aug.)

**BLUE LIGHT, THE**—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

**BLUE STEEL**—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

**CARAVAN**—Fox.—For a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume and opertatta plot, we recommend this film held in Hungary. A 41 cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

**CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE**—Warner.—Smooth and clever, and diverting mystery with Laurence Olivier and Williamwyndes mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (Nov.)

**CAT'S PAW, THE**—Fox.—Doing his familiar characterization the naively young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Hollywood Lloyd scores again! This time he's a nurseryman's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (Oct.)

**CHAINES**—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (Nov.)

**CHANGE OF HEART**—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor—Charles Farrell team will enjoy this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

**CHANNEL CROSSING**—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama about the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce and Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

**CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE**—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sep.)

**CHEATERS**—Liber.—Racketeer. Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for Jane Gilby, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackail, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. better. (July)

**CIRCUS CLOWNS, THE**—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good supporting cast. (Aug.)

**CITY LIMITS**—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, pesohound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Dunn and Janet Gaynor are superb. (Nov.)

**CITY PARK**—Chesterfield—As one of three crooks who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is superb. (Nov.)

**CLEOPATRA**—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon as Antony. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Aug.)

**COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO Radio.—A hilarious tour in Merrie Olde England with Wesley, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

**CONSTANT NYMPH, THE**—Fox—Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, sung, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

**COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat & Daniel: Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

**CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bumens all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

**[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]**
Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

with Gloria Swanson

and

John Douglass Boles • Montgomery

June Lang • Reginald Owen

Al Shean • Joseph Cawthorn

An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May

A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

CROSS STREETS—Chesfield. — The old, end story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his heart when his sweet heart (Childe Windsor) lifts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DAMES—Warners. — A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler, ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

DANCING MAN—Pyramid. — Mediocre murder mystery, narrated by Raymond Hatton, played by an assemblage of stars with Judith Allen and affaring with her stepmother, Natalie Moorhead. (Oct.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M. — Impossible in spots, yet meat for baseball and mystery devotees, with Ray Milland, and Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (Nor.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia. — Entertaining story of a non-too-ethical but unbreakable criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnap[er. Jean Arthur. (Nor.)

DESIRES—Warner. — A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (July)

DOUBLE DOOR— Paramount. — A sinister melodrama plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who craves a good time when her sweet heart (Paul Stevens) and Jean Arthur, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

ELMER AND ELSIE—Paramount. — Light family fare, with Jack Pennick and G. B. Samuelson, nevertheless satisfactory film fare. Warren William is a convincing Philo Vance. Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National. — His time, his chance. Jack Holt as the detective who is the star of this most inevitable case, but nearly a dull moment; Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio. — Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable society for poor in-out cast. Adolphe Menjou, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National. — Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "Foggy" in a stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion. — Catalogue this one under "Mild and Slow-Moving." Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (Oct.)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio. — Rather slow-moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including: Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British. — An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warner. — Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles as a slow-witted, by the rowdies collectively hamming up the nitro-chemical writer Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE—M-G-M. — Fast and furious adult fare, presenting Jean Harlow as a "good girl" charlaton, and Franchot Tone as her millionnaire "catch." Fine cast includes Lloyd Bentson. (Aug.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram. — Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GLAMOUR—Universal. — This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chores who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

GRAND CANARY—Fox. — Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recovers his standing by wipping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount. — Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elena Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal. — Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again raising heavy. John Barrymore as Cabot becomes a lousy story. And Jean Arthur as the girl. (July)

HANDY AND FINE—Fox. — As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Mc肘on—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

HAPPY LANDING—Monogram. — Plenty of thrills when Border Patrolman Ray Walker goes after river rats who find out he is a police officer. Mae Busby and Sandy Bagley are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little companion. (Aug.)

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO-Radio. — Fair advertisement of the film. But lawyer Ricardo Cortez defends his wife's lover, accused of murder. Superb performances by every cast member. (Aug.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M. — A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (Nov.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British. — A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HERE COMES THE NAVY—Warner. — One of the best Capucy pictures to date, and probably the most exciting film you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)


HIDE-OUT—M-G-M. — As a racketeer play-off, escaped from police, and being "done" by a police office; good performance by Louis Moreno does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Oct.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex appeal. ZaSu Pietro and well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod. — Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Welden Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE—RKO-Radio. — Richard Dix's struggle with his conventional-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox. — Plenty of excitement in the lives of detectives James Dunn and Tunstall. By no means a top-notch, but a very entertaining film. (Oct.)

HOLLYWOOD PARTY—M-G-M. — Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings in all the top stars. Lula Velte, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HOUSEWIFE—Warner. — Encouraged by his wife's ( Signing Off), Ray Milland spends his time in other business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (Oct.)

HUMAN SIDE, THE—Universal. — Accurately filmed—activity entertainment from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen. (Nor.)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Oswald Stevens does a grand characterization with the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lisa Lee). (Aug.)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal. — Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden. John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod. — Interesting new story about Waller Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradford Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in the cast. (Sept.)

I'LL TELL YOU A STORY—Universal. — Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

IT'S A BOY—Gallinors.—In this British farce, Eddie and Everline Horton is top-notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

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**Note:** Please turn to page 13.
"I just know it's Community Plate"
Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! Beech-Nut presents... a mouth-watering performance that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say... "Beech-Nut!"
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(continued from page 10)

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, larded with taste, but slow in the telling, Vitina Bruguier is a splendid, beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

J U S T S M T H—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Too Late," directed and produced by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warner.—Comedy, "so-called," about two manicurists (Joan Blondell and Dorothy Sebastian). Do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Nov.)


KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry Harry secretary Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN—Paramount.—Delightfully adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a farceur of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman all splendid. (Oct.)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild little English farce. Benny Bunny, Nigel Bruce. (Sept.)

LAST GENTLEMAN, THE—20th Century—United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old fashion and George Arliss who can decide on his life only after a long and entertaining fight. Splendid supporting. (Aug.)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Null, slow-moving film about the life of a half-breed boy Ramon Novarro's love for Laura Value who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

LET'S TALK IT OVER—Universal.—The story is that of a young couple abandoned by their parents. Also the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Marie Clark). (Sept.)

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO Radio.—Slow-moving and much too talky is this film in which Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook play a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (Sept.)

LIFE OF VERGE WINTERS, THE—RKO Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, ill-smiling, homely woman sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Universal.—Story of a short-shrift couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullivan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Sept.)

LITTLE MISS MARKER—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. L. Bell man, grows up in this story of a boy who is undaunted by his own career. A fine performance by Helen Twelvetrees who plays his wife, Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

LOST JUNGLE, THE—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (Sept.)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title rôle; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (Nov.)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of the schoolmaster and the student (Walker) who wins the girl on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mitz Prodl.—Some of the scenes of corruption in New Orleans by a couple of imaginative directors make for interesting scenes. (Sept.)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story involve. (Sept.)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warner.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame Du Barry's career. Dorothy Sebastian in one such commanding rôle as René in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peggy linhaire and good cast, including Jolie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two women—District attorney Pat O'Brien and Clark Gable—and the tragic climes of that friendship, Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo stunts speed up this Western in which Wayne Johnson exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the Donald Crisp dame. (July)


MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the plight of the golden girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOONSTONE, THE—Monogram.—David Mannin and Paulette Barra do a good acting job in spots—Dora Goes South for a loose screen play. (Oct.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this story about a sort of matriarch and a noble son in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "buddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Lytton's humorous work in the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER AT THE VANITIES—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of torillas and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)


NEAL GWYN—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in a weak screen version of the original play of the same name who became a favorite of King Charles II. (Oct.)

NO RANSOM—Lambert.—In order to reform Robert Taylor, aggrandisement of family. Bert Lee fouls kidnaping and two Leila Hyams and Hedy Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOTORIOUS SIOHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Tin-every-day melodrama with Genevieve Tobin and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount.—Baby Ruth Temple, a tiny actress as a New York adventuress Gary Copper's motherless tot. Carole Lombard is Gary's beautiful love. Principals and support A-1. (Oct.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by with Charles Laughton. Spencer Tracy. Spencer Tracy. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife, Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO Radio.—Defiant adaptation of Somerset Maugham's story about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a beautiful woman (Elsa Lanchester). Fine performances by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE—Paramount.—Paraturing situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Merton and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Lambert.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and gaiety. Marlene Dietrich, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of Pratt's death, who keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal.—Americans with British accents, trying to get a divorce affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a trifle ponderous. (Oct.)

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Columbia.—An ambitious musical on the subject of Alice Keppel, with your eyes open or closed, it's an evening for the gods. Grace George's work is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Talulla Carminetti. (Sept.)

OPERATOR 13—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with the girl, who, with your eyes open or closed, is an evening for the gods. Grace George's work is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Talulla Carminetti. (Sept.)

P L E A S E T U R N T O PAGE 17
ALLURE BY JOE

To the lasting credit of Josef Von Sternberg is the creation of a glamorous Dietrich whose allure is determined by her emotional restraint and heightened by superb photography.

I refuse to agree with those who think that the combination of Dietrich and Von Sternberg has exhausted its cinematic possibilities.

George T. Hook, Gulph Mills, Penna.

A GAMBLE ON GABLE

I'm not a gambling woman, but I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that Clark Gable has ruined more budding romances than any man on earth!

A girl manages to get herself all “steamed up” over the newest boy friend. He takes her to a movie.

It’s a Gable picture.

There’s Clark: handsome, strong, gentle, always saying the romantic things; always treating the girl as she wants to be treated (even if she won’t admit it sometimes).

Then out into the bright lights. Look the new boy friend over. Think a girl can be satisfied with a home-town, corn-fed product after a dreamy hour in Gable’s arms? Alas, no. A thousand times no!

E. H. M., Davenport, Iowa.

WHERE, OH WHERE?

Maybe I went to bed early those nights. Or played bridge instead of going to the movies. Anyhow, I haven’t seen anything of either Lupe or Johnny on the screen for a long, long time.

And I don’t like it. Handsome Mr. Weissmuller and his peppery little Mexican girl are two of my favorites.

Don’t tell me marriage is ending both their screen careers! Or are they so busy spattering and making up that they don’t have time for motion pictures?

Betty Andrews, Lincoln, Neb.

WALTER, TAKE A BOW

May I cast a very enthusiastic vote of approval and admiration for the work of Walter Connolly? I have just seen him in that fine picture “Whom the Gods Destroy.” The theme of father love, as handled by Mr. Connolly, shows none of the maudlin, sickening sentimentality which might easily have developed. His was a vibrant, forceful characterization.

Mrs. William V. Albaugh, Baltimore, Md.

SALUTES FOR GINGER

I’m a soldier under the stars and stripes, stationed on an island in the Canal Zone.

And, believe me, the movies are important to us!

But all I want is just a little space in your fine magazine to tell the movie audience that

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]
For the Love of Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stamping the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.
Ginger Rogers is a swell actress and the sweetest lady on the screen. Anybody disagree?

PRIVATE MARVIN C. BLANK,
Fort Sherman, Panama Canal Zone.

DEATH BY STARRING
One of the most stupid things Hollywood does it rush a talented but inexperienced young actress into pre-mature stardom. Four years ago the promising career of Marian Marsh was sadly retarded because she was given the important feminine lead in "Svengali." Hailed as a new find, ballyhooed as a screen sensation, the inexperienced youngster slipped into comparative oblivion when the noise died down.

"I'm glad to hear that she is now being cast in the title role of "Girl of the Limberlost." Since the "Svengali" blare she has been learning, playing roles in unimportant pictures. She also spent a year abroad in British films. When will Hollywood learn to train its players first, then star them?"

JOSEPH POWER, Duluth, Minn.

PHYLIS HAS GONE WEST
My girl Phyllis was sweet and pure,
Her dress decorous and demure,
A shy brunette with eyes so wide,
That no deceptive lure could hide.

But—
My Phyllis has gone West, alas!
For yesterday she chanced to pass
A picture show, and with the throng
Went in to see "She Done Him Wrong."

And now another girl I see
Who slides softly up to me,
A blonde with unsuspected hips,
And lipstick-red come-bitter lips.

"Night after Night" with nerve sublime,
She robbery! Come up’n’ see me some time;
"I’m no Angel; I misbehave; It Ain’t no Sin,
It’s love I crave."

My Phyllis has gone West, Ah me!
A change I little thought to see!
But underneath this strong S. A.
She’s Phyllis still, let come what may!
S. G. SWAN, Perth, W. Australia.

WHO LAUGHED?
I am pleading for the return of the two-reel drama to the movie horizon, to take the place of the slapstick "comedies" now being shown us.

Am I right in thinking that movie fans would rather see intelligent short subjects than the present slapstick variety?

GEORGE A. ABBATE, Utica, N. Y.

SHE HATES COZY CORNERS
The most amazing person on the screen? May Robson! She is certainly the Grand Old Lady of the Films! A great-grandmother, most women her age would prefer to sit in a cozy corner and tell stories that begin, "I remember when—" But not Robson! In her latest picture, "Straight Is the Way," she gives a performance that actresses half her age would be proud of!

MRS. R. H. TUTTLE, Nashville, Tenn.

MORE MORLEY
I’ll swap you half-a-dozen "big shot" stars for one little lady who is good to look at and gives consistently fine performances. Her name is Karen Morley.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 18 ]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from page 13]

Orders is Orders—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

Our Daily Bread—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community farm life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

Outcast Lady—M-G-M.—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Hugh Williams—does his utmost. But this running presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. (Nov.)

Paris Interlude—M-G-M.—Good story idea and setting but disjointed telling. Hero worship is theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes Madge Evans. (Oct.)

Party's Over, the—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory mouth, is a boy hardened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

Peck's Bad Boy—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by, effectively screened: Jackie Cooper is the "bad boy," and Thomas Meighan is Mr. Peck. (Nov.)

Personality Kid, the—Warner's.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egalitarian prizefighter is okay, Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

Pursued—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Ames, Pert Kelton, Victor Jory, Russell Hardin—must have been kidding when they made this picture. (Nov.)

Private Scandal—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, Phillip Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

Quitter, the—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn by Charles Gropewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

Randy Rides Alone—Monogram.—Western devotes itself to a boy's adventure with a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

Return of the Terror—First National.—Chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and LydeタルTalbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

Richest Girl in the World.——Metro—Goldwyn—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title role, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

Rocky Rhodes—Universal.—Good farce for Western devotees: Charles LeMaire and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (Nov.)

Romance in the Rain—Universal.—An amusing fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny. (Oct.)

Sadie McKee—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic métier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb dirge scene. Gene Raymond and Frances Dee do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

Scarlet Empress—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as Grand Duke Peter. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Excellent settings. (July)

Scarlet Letter, the—Majestic.—A revival of the classic with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright and little Cora Sue Collins turning in convincing performances. (Oct.)

School for Girls—Liberty.—Life in a girls' reform school. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly try hard, but it's a wearisome yarn just the same. (Nov.)

Servants' Entrance—Fox.—Janet Gaynor devoteses will enjoy seeing her in this fairy-tale story as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, in lovely settings. Lew Ayres. (Oct.)

[Please turn to page 19]

If everyone in this theatre uses Pepsodent Antiseptic
(as used in recent tests)

there should be 50% fewer colds!

Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.

If what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this movie theatre, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records...

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded movie theatre, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
I cannot agree with those who say that a player’s private life should not influence your enjoyment of their pictures. I think one reason I am fond of Karen is that I know she is a devoted wife and mother and that her marriage is one of Hollywood’s few successful matrimonial ventures.

RICHARD TRAVIS, St. Louis, Mo.

POOR POMP

In these columns I’ve read your praises of certain pictures heralded as “magnificent spectacles.”

I’m sick of such movies! They are pretentious, heavy and grand with their costumes, their pomp and circumstance. They are unnatural and false.

The other night I slipped in to see a picture I’d never heard of, “Romance in the Rain,” with Heather Angel and Roger Pryor. Next night I saw the unheralded Jean Muir film, “Desirable.” These pictures were both true and natural, well-acted, simply and directly told. Their stories unfolded as naturally as a flower.

I consider them vastly superior from an artistic standpoint to the so-called “great” pictures.

ALEX. T. BROWN, New York City.

MOST “DESIRABLE”

“Desirable”!

What a picture!

What a cast!

What acting!

What a story!

Such direction!

Such photography!

Not a flaw!

What more could one ask?

ELCY E. OBERDICK, Leavenworth, Kans.

OKLAHOMA’S FAVORITE SON!

During State Fair week in Oklahoma, schools were dismissed and our two boys (ages six and twelve) wanted to spend one holiday at the movies.

Looking over the papers to see what movie suitable for children was running, we found only one: Will Rogers in “Judge Priest.”

We knew we were safe there. For if it’s a Will Rogers movie you don’t have to look up “The Reviews on Current Pictures” to find out if it is fit for children. Will Rogers packs the houses here, from ages six to ninety!

“Judge Priest” is superb throughout. Our whole family enjoyed it from start to finish.

Give us more movie stories of everyday life from the pen of Irvin S. Cobb!

MRS. E. L. KEMP, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SONNET TO KATHARINE HEPBURN

“In Hollywood”—darkly the critic spake

“Talent is oft transmuted into dross;

Genius, clipp’d and prison’d, suffers loss,

And Art is sacrificed for mammon’s sake.”

Whereat there came this dictum stern refuting,

Your brilliant self, as might some strange swift star

Shine strongly forth where tinsel meteors are

Across an artificial heaven shooting.

Even in temples builded upon dust

Some genius shows a light that will endure

With growth in struggle; although immature

Yours is the art that shines because it must.

And for your urgent Youth there shall appear

No Morning Glory, but a bright career!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]...

MARIAN, YOUR LETTER SCARED ME STIFF.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SAYING YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH THE WRONG MAN?

IT'S THIS WAY, SIS. TWO PERFECTLY CHARMING MEN HAVE PROPOSED TO ME. BUT WAIT...

LET ME SHOW YOU THEIR PICTURES.

MEET GENTLEMAN A. STRAIGHTFORWARD, DEPENDABLE CHAP... PROBABLY MAKE AN EXCELLENT HUSBAND. ONLY I GUESSED I LOVE SOMEONE ELSE.

LATER

FUNNY HOW MARIAN AND I GOT TALKING ABOUT THOSE 'B.O.' ADS. SHE REALLY THINKS ONE MAY OFFEND AND NOT KNOW IT. MAKES ME WONDER IF I'VE EVER....

DOES THAT MEAN HE'LL BE INCONSIDERATE IN OTHER WAYS, TOO?

NOT AT ALL, MARIAN! 'B.O.' OFFENDERS NEVER DREAM THEY'RE GUILTY. TELL HIM YES. AFTER YOU'VE BEEN ENGAGED FOR A WHILE YOU CAN DROP A GENTLE HINT.

NO "B.O." NOW—
a perfect love match!

AND DEAREST, I WANT KATHIE FOR MAID OF HONOR. I CAN'T TELL YOU ALL WE OWE HER.

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE MY COMPLEXION, DEAR. YOURS IS MUCH CLEARER, TOO.

THAT'S BECAUSE I'M USING YOUR SOAP...LIFEBUOY

LIFEBUOY brings to complexion just the care they need! Its gentle, pore-penetrating lather searches out dirt and clogged wastes. Clears and freshens dull skins to glowing health. Every night massage Lifebuoy lather well into pores; then rinse. See new beauty soon!

"B.O." danger ever-present

Even on bitter cold days, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Plays safe with "B.O."—barth regularly with Lifebuoy. Abundant in hot, cold, hard or soft water—its lather dezodorizes pores. Stops "B.O." (body odor). Lifebuoy's clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
A most important statement to those who want white, lustrous teeth:

5 people out of 7 do not change from Listerine Tooth Paste

We can tell you how costly are the ingredients of Listerine Tooth Paste, how carefully they are chosen and blended, how marvelously they do their work on teeth and gums, how the good name of Listerine must be reflected in every tube—but these statements are as nothing compared to this one made by our research staff, after a survey in one nearby district:

"Eliminating those who habitually change every few weeks, only two people in seven switch from Listerine Tooth Paste. In other words, five out of seven continue to use it year in year out."

Most of these buyers are women, the most critical, selective group in the world when concerned with a product involving their health and beauty. Their stated preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is indeed a compliment.

The survey reveals that by personal observation women as well as men have found that this remarkable tooth paste gives them results they do not expect in others; one from which they are loathe to change for fear that teeth may suffer.

It says, in effect: "At last we have a dentifrice that does not injure enamel, one that invigorates the gums, one that gives teeth cleanliness and lustre that are enviable, one that leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed and stimulated—and last but not least, one that is priced sensibly."

If we seem a little enthusiastic about these findings, we hope you will pardon us. They really are something to be proud of.

Why don't you try a tube of this good dentifrice? In two sizes: 25¢ for the regular, 40¢ for the double size. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
AN excellent poloist himself, George Brent takes the rôle of Townsend, expert polo player, in the Garbo picture, "The Painted Veil." Warners, on lending Brent to M-G-M, insisted that a double play the polo sequences because of the danger involved. But Brent refused to use a double, and the studios finally compromised on heavy insurance.
PORTRAIT of a movie star relaxing. And doubtless while the cameraman got in his work, there were producers lined up at the door of Loretta Young's home, waiting to borrow her from Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century Pictures. Loretta, on a loan, has finished "Caravan" and "The White Parade" for Fox. Soon she'll make a picture for M-G-M.
IT'S hard to believe, but in this sequence Ethel Merman is trying to convince Eddie (Harum-scarum) Cantor that she is his mother. Eddie says if this is mother love, he pities the poor orphan! All of Ethel's maternal instincts, it seems, have been aroused by the fact that Eddie has lots and lots of money! It's a scene from his movie, "Kid Millions"
THE Australian cockatoo perched on Verree Teasdale’s shoulder is plainly showing his fascination with Hollywood. One meets so many interesting people, you know—like Verree, for instance. She and the bird posed on a set at Warners, where Verree is making “The Firebird,” her first picture since she became the wife of Adolphe Menjou.
PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty

A MERICAN movie executives are dropping in on British studios around London as thick as hailstones. Excellent pictures and reputed technical efficiency are the cause. "Henry the Eighth" and "Catherine the Great" gave warning of potential competition to Hollywood. These international successes, together with reports of the wonders of new British studios, have aroused the curiosity of American film magnates. The studios of London Films, now in process of construction, which will cover one hundred acres, are particularly in the limelight.

For a long time Europe submitted meekly to our raids for actors, directors, photographic and other technical methods. We did not absolutely need any of these, but it was the smartness of Hollywood in taking anywhere anything it wanted that kept American pictures so far ahead of foreign competition. Our best was unequalled, but our international liftings made us invincible.

THEN Britain woke up and her studios began to emulate American methods. For London Films at Elstree—headed by Alexander Korda—Georges Perinel, ace cameraman for France's great producer, Renee Clair, and Hal Rosson were engaged.

A host of England's best writers were signed up, with such actors as George Arliss, Maurice Chevalier, John Barrymore, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Charles Farrell—already perfected by Hollywood training—engaged for specific pictures.

There are two outstanding reasons among others why some of our greatest stars can be enticed away—for a period, at least—by England: A share of the profits as well as salary are offered; the actor is not typed.

This last is particularly appealing to a great artist. He is not compelled to repeat similar rôles.

INCIDENTALLY, this latter "advantage" may not work out so well as the British producers expect. As an example, take Will Rogers. A Will Rogers' picture means a lovable chap with homely wit that hits the bull's-eye. If Will should abandon the model to which he has been so long tailored, I could readily foresee a dropping off in his following.

Probably, however, the British producers have taken this factor into consideration, and will not go too far afield in this respect. Indeed, Korda, who knows his Hollywood, is said to have decided to send his entire staff to the American scene to be inspired at first hand by American production methods. And, at this hour, the report is that Korda himself will once more inspect the Hollywood scene.
It is the man who does things differently who so often makes the big money in pictures. Here Samuel Goldwyn of United Artists stands right up in front. He has not come a cropper on a single production he has fathered, yet from the viewpoint of some other Hollywood executives, he has been at times reckless in engaging foreign or untried talent.

When, some years ago, Mr. Goldwyn proudly exhibited a great European "find," to others she appeared to be only a blonde, pretty, gentle but somewhat plump Continental *Hausfrau.*

"You can't do anything with her," they said. "You will see," said Mr. Goldwyn complacently. And see they did. The unsuitable timber became the very beautiful and very profitable Vilma Banky.

Ronald Colman was another of his discoveries, and so firmly rooted is Colman in the hearts of picture-goers the world over that he may stay off the screen almost as long as he pleases, and on his return patrons will fight for seats.

ONLY Mr. Goldwyn's mystic eye could see star material in Anna Sten. He hazarded a million dollars in making "Nana" to prove he was right. He won. Before a shot was taken he could visualize the glamour that is hers on the screen, and her second picture, "We Live Again," is an undisputed triumph.

Samuel Goldwyn has never been caught in an intricate business machinery that requires a picture be turned out every week. He is an artist as well as a business man, and his business sense tells him that the better artist he is the greater his financial success will be.

He believes it is better to fire slowly, surely, carefully, than to deliver a round of pot-shots, counting on the law of averages to make a hit.

THE international exchange has brought Max Reinhardt, famous European stage director, into the Warner fold. His has been a career to dazzle even Hollywood sophisticates. His fame began forty years ago, when at the age of twenty he became a favorite actor of the Berlin stage. Ten years later he was ready to become a stage director. His second production was Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In the next few years he had produced dramatic works ranging from the ancient Greek Sophocles to Moliere, Goethe, Ibsen and Shaw. There went to his credit, too, a host of musical comedies and operas. One of his theaters housed an audience of five thousand.

TODAY, every theatrical director of any importance in Central Europe has been a pupil—directly or indirectly—of Reinhardt. Moreover, Lubitsch, Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, Rudolf Schildkraut, among many others, were trained under this master. He understands, and can present, any form of theatrical art—stage drama, opera, pantomime, motion picture.

With this vast experience behind him, no one dares to dispute him when he says that the screen offers a greater range of dramatic interpretation than any other medium of the theater.

WHEN Warner Brothers signed this dazzling catch to a long-term contract for production under his supervision, they executed one of the biggest business strokes in the history of pictures. For fifteen years Reinhardt refused to be beguiled to Hollywood.

Great intellectual that he is, Reinhardt uses that only which has universal appeal. He speaks to the masses as well as to the highbrows.
**The Gibson Family**

**Marty, as Club Maid,** gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores do tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a pure soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and runs!

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

**IVORY FLAKES • 99 44/100 % PURE**

**IN THE DRESSING-ROOM**

"'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"

**"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE** dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

**"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS**

**REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.**

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson. "Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

**SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP**
What will the movie show of the future be like?
The best way to learn is to go to tomorrow's movies and see what they offer. Just let us peep through the veil of a few years, at the forms of entertainment 1940 may have in store for us; basing our observations on the specific inventions, improvements and refinements the brains of the industry are working on right now.

What's on tonight? (1940) The big fight in New York City. Where do you want to see it, at home or at an entertainment center?

Let's spend the first part of the evening at home. We'll go out later.

Dial your telephone operator and tell her you want station CCBB. You know, television comes right in over the line without interfering with the phone service. Besides, it's easier to have the company keep up your outfit and merely add a nominal charge to your phone bill.

You see, they couldn't put television on the air until they could figure out a way to collect for their services. That held them up several years. They could have gone ahead with programs back in 1931 if it hadn't been for that:

Oh, you've discovered that Eddie Cantor, Greta Garbo, Will Rogers and Anna Sten are playing together in "Try and See Them," so you're going to forget the fight. That sounds sensible to me. The feature follows a scientific short on the habits of tigers, taken in the pitch dark of a jungle night. And you can well imagine what a jungle night is!
Gaze into our crystal and behold the marvels of television-movies! Pipe-dream? No. They are possible by 1940

By William F. French

Absolutely in the pitch dark — there wasn't a glimmer of a light within a mile of where those shots were made. They were taken on the infra-red film, you know.

It's the infra-red ray that pierces fog and haze, too, and permitted the development of the photographic arrangement that now, in 1940, allows airplane pilots to see right through the worst imaginable kind of fog.

But here comes on the animal picture. In colors — sure, using the old-fashioned three-color process of filming in printing. That's all the colors there are, you know: just the red, yellow, and blue. Every other shade is simply a variation of those. In the Spring of 1934, RKO-Radio had developed about eighteen different tones from these three colors, but now (1940) they are using twice as many.

In the two color process of 1930, the two different colored negatives were printed on one matrix film — which was sensitized on both sides and received one print on one side and the other on the other.

But in 1934 they started printing three colors, one on top of the other, on a single side of the matrix or composite film. Just like they do in color printing or in lithographing.

On the stage they always knew the value of color moods, and of proper lighting. At first all color films were made with flat lighting and contrasting, vivid colors. Then the studios began to learn how to get real tone values by proper lighting. They also learned that moods and atmosphere are best expressed by color — a most important discovery.

In the Winter of 1933-34 the film people began a concerted drive for the use of tinted film in pictures. For morning scenes, night scenes, desert scenes; for dramatic moments, for sad moments, for joyous moments — there are tinted films for each and all.

Later in 1934 the bigger studios began the earnest experiment with color moods, as well as with three color process films and with proper set lighting.

The film and color experts convinced them color can do almost as much as music to create a mood or atmosphere. Then the famous color chart for expression became popular. It was definitely proved that the tone, atmosphere and proposed action of a film or situation could be plainly indicated by color. Rose Doree, for instance, was the trade name for the rose pink color that quickens respiration and promises thrilling love scenes, excitement, scenes of abandon and heavily sensuous surroundings. The aquagreen was cool and soothing and relaxing. Nocturne was designed and devised especially for night effects — for murky interiors.

It is also the color to express the mood of sadness, defeated expectation and the dark intrigue of the underworld. And so on.

As the big studios learned the use of these tinted stocks and the lighting that gave...
LESLEIE HOWARD and Merle Oberon, British beauty, in London Film Productions' "The Scarlet Pimpernel," soon to be shown over here. Howard has been tentatively selected for the lead in "Anthony Adverse." Miss Oberon, also in Fairbanks, Sr.'s, Don Juan film, is engaged to wed Joseph M. Schenck.
Hollywood’s New Miracle Man

The magic of Capra’s direction has turned out an amazing string of hits for Columbia

By Kirtley Baskette

HOLLYWOOD has a modern Merlin — a master magician — in a quiet, self-effacing man who lays no loud claims to his obvious genius.

Yet, a leading producer told a group of other top executives: “I’d give a million dollars for the contracts of Frank Capra, Bob Riskin and Sam Briskin!” (Riskin is the scenarist and Briskin the supervisor on Director Capra’s pictures.)

One million dollars for the privilege of hiring somebody! What makes it more fantastic is that this modern magician has no deep and mysterious secret by which he works. He has one rule. You’ll grin as you read it. It is this: “A dull scene is just so much footage and holds a picture back. Some form of entertainment must be put in.”

But, Frank Capra, by the soft spell of his directorial instructions in following his rule, has guided screen unknowns into prominence, and into waning screen greats he has breathed new life.

What is even more important, by the magic of his sure, inspired direction he has created an unbroken line of progressively sensational box-office productions — each one to be long remembered.

The result is that Capra’s pictures have raised Columbia Studios from a subordinate independent producing organization to the outstanding major studio it is today:

If there is any secret to his genius, it is an indefinable one that permits him to put realism, humaneness, and an understandable naturalness into his pictures.

Looking into the background and the youthful tastes and ideals of this remarkable man gives a clue to the “how come” of his developed genius.

First off, let me say, Frank Capra today sports no high-sounding prefixes to his family name. He affects no spectacular mode of dress or swaggering movie mannerisms. He never has raised the heavens with temperamental bellowings — on the set or off the set.

Physically, he is short and stocky, and he has a mild, pleasing manner. His olive skin, flash-
A Red-Nosed Romeo

Yet, for some reason, the girls go twittering about frantically begging people all over the place, "Please tell me more about Mr. Fields." "He's the most fascinating man." "He's so blase."

What do you make of it?

Handsome, romantic actors, with melting eyes and slickem on the hair, stroll about the Paramount lot in droves. No one cares. Stalwart Roman soldiers from the "Cleopatra" set clinked and clattered in all their splendid uniforms. And never a tumble. But let W. C. go goose-stepping away from the set, and boy! the lovely honeys hang from dressing-room and studio office windows calling, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields!" "Oh, you, Mr. Fields!"

And W. C., without even a backward or a sideward glance, will merely flick his fingers in a bored and weary gesture, the knees will hippety-hop, hippety-hop, the nose a "Shine On, Shine On Harvest Moon," as into his own dressing-room, he'll pop. Let the rest of the world go by.

What a man!

And for the first time in the history of Hollywood, the favorite reigning Romeo of the day is also the favorite with every man in town, from the biggest producer to the lowliest extra. He's Hollywood's man-of-the-hour, I tell you. Every producer, supervisor, director, actor, sportsman, writer, or just plain every-day man in the suburb of Hollywood will trek out to Bill Fields' at the slightest pretext. And sit for hours and often days, listening to his priceless yarns. Stories gathered on his round-the-world touring as a

With every girl on the lot yoo-hooing him, W. C. Fields is completely indifferent to ladies. Bill here resists Adrienne Ames, who played with him in "You're Telling Me"
Let W. C. goose-step out—and Hollywood’s handsome heroes don’t get a tumble

By Sara Hamilton

juggler. He knows everybody everywhere. His fund of material seldom runs out. And when it does, fear not; Bill makes up grand ones.

"Only, you know," he says, "I’m not nearly as good at it as I used to be. They ketch me up. Yes, sir, they ketch me up. Someone will say, ‘Bill, tell so-and-so about you and the one-eyed acrobat.’ And I’ll think, ‘Oh, oh, they got me.’ For the life of me I can’t remember what I made up about that one.”

There’s one thing—or no—three or four things that set Bill Fields’ home apart from any other in town. Parked in the front-yard, for instance, are a kiddie-car, tricycle and a rubber ball that you trip over, sprawling you against a long, tan-colored trailer (also parked in the front-yard, mind you). It’s fitted up like a bungalow on wheels.

And this, remember, is the entrance to a Hollywood bachelor’s home. Only, one discovers, the kiddie-car and the tricycle belong to the son of the Finnish couple who manage Bill’s home. But the trailer, ah, that trailer . . . that belongs to W. C. himself. And remind me to tell you more about it later.

Well, sir, even that cluttered up front-yard doesn’t discourage the little cutie-boopie-doopies one whit. For when Bing Crosby or Dick Arien, his neighbors, throw a party, you’ll find those Lovely Little Ladies that Bing sings about, chirping across the

What! Only a hundred and eighteen degrees? Bill says any man who can’t stay in his sun cabinet till it hits a hundred and thirty-five is a sissy. Yes, he can

Nobody can vamp W. C. For on his wrist he wears a bracelet and a tiny gold heart. To it he is true

Crosby back fence, “Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields.” “Bring your kiddie-car and come on over.” “Bing’s going to sing ‘You’ve Got Everything.’”

It’s simply beyond me. But if you think the front-yard of Willie C.’s is cute, you should see Willie in his back-yard. Now there’s something!

A bower of pink roses hangs over the balcony of that back-yard by the lake. Roses, mind you, in

[Please turn to page 113]
The BEAUTY

What chance has a woman to be happy when she has Del Rio's "unhuman" loveliness?

By Julie Lang Hunt

hundred eyes were riveted on the doorway, staring at a slender young woman with the face of a da Vinci madonna and the figure of a marble goddess. For fifteen full seconds the spirited throng was held silent and motionless by the beauty of Dolores Del Rio.

Then the hostess rescued Dolores, the wave of silence receded, and the party went on much as before.

A man standing beside me said, "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I have circled the globe three times. But please don't introduce me. I'd make a fool of myself. It would be like meeting an immortal piece of art."

And then a well-known actress in the group spoke up, "She can always ruin my day. Every time I see her it makes me feel that I should spend a year in a beauty shop. It's unfair for any woman to be so beautiful."

My eyes traveled over the throng, searching out Dolores again. It did not take long to find her! In that crowd of more than a hundred lovely women, she was as set apart as a white orchid in a bouquet of garden flowers. She was sitting alone on a bench. When friends came up to her, she exchanged greetings graciously. Introductions she acknowledged with a regal grace worthy of her beauty. But no one stopped to chat. No one sat down beside her on the bench. Perhaps the men passed by because they were fearful of making fools of themselves in the presence of this woman who seemed like "an immortal

Even on a vacation with Cedric Gibbons, her husband, Del Rio cannot escape startling throngs.

Everywhere her perfect beauty awes people into silence. They stare and keep their distance. Yet Dolores is a friendly person who wants companionship more than adoration.
Who Sits Alone

piece of art.” Perhaps the women walked on because they feared their own beauty would suffer by comparison.

At any rate, no one stopped for long. They spoke to her, marveled at her beauty, then moved on, if possible to a spot where Del Rio still would not be lost from sight.

The explanation of their conduct is simple.

To the average person, artistic perfection does not seem human. You admire it, praise it, appreciate it, but you do not embrace it. It is put into song by poets and immortalized in stone or on canvas by artists. But that is empty glory to a woman with warmth of spirit and greatness of heart!

Watching Del Rio that evening I thought of a night eight years before when she made her first public appearance in Hollywood at the presentation of the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars. The auditorium was jammed with thirty-five hundred cynically critical people. Reassuring applause had greeted each of the five starlets who preceded her on the stage. When Dolores Del Rio walked out to meet the wilderness of faces, a long silence fell. There was no applause. No indication of reassurance or acceptance. She turned, frightened and bewildered, to walk back into the shelter of the wings. Then the tension broke. Applause thundered. Half the audience was on its feet cheering. The master of ceremonies brought her back again and again, to face the thousands who thundered their homage to her beauty for a full seven minutes.

But, on leaving the auditorium that night, I heard a woman say, “The Del Rio youngster—she is too beautiful. She is likely
"I can't work without music," Joan Crawford asserts. "She'll work without music and like it," her future director, "Woody" Van Dyck declares.

And there it stands. And maybe Hollywood isn't awaiting the outcome when Director Van Dyck orders Joan's phonograph outside. And the director is not taking his stand just to be bossy, remember. He feels Joan's real talent has been snowed under by a lot of stimulating bunk and is determined to bring out undreamed of genius in the moody Crawford. So look out for the fireworks when that picture, as yet untitled, gets going.

This is a believe-it-or-not. But, it actually happened to Cecil DeMille in Boston, as he was driving to his hotel with several reporters. He asked the driver to take him to a Beacon Street address. "It was in a theater there that I proposed to my wife," he explained.

Reaching the address, there was no theater. Indeed, there was a swanky plumbing shop with a window full of bathtubs!

I think the funniest thing about the whole fistic fracas between writer John Monk Saunders and Herbert Marshall—at Ernst Lubitsch's party for Max Reinhardt—was the moment immediately after the sock was administered and Herbert was recovering his equilibrium with the aid of Gloria Swanson and assorted guests.

It seems that Fay Wray rushed over and demanded to know who the terrible person was who had been such a brute.

Imagine her embarrassment when a second later she learned it was her husband!

John Barrymore took a buffetting from a crowd of admirers when he arrived in London. This is but a small part of the throng ganging him for his autograph. While in England, John may do a movie version of "Hamlet." He is accepted as the best Hamlet alive.

Diana Fox may be a Bennett's daughter, but, nevertheless, she doesn't like to face a cameraman. Diana (her nickname is Ditty) turned her face away when this shot was taken, but mother Joan wasn't so timid. Nice profile, anyway.

What is termed an intriguing scene of domestic peace. Of course, you know the little Honey—Cora Sue Collins. But you can't fool us, Cora Sue, even if you've got the paper right side up. Kitty told us you just look at the pictures.
ment she made on the boat asking reporters who Mae West was? friends asked Mac.
Mac looked blank and then laughed. "We forgot to talk about it," she admitted. "To
tell you the truth, I had almost forgot why we weren't friends."

All the animals for Jean Parker's new picture, "Sequoia" had been photographed except a skunk.
"Come on," the director said, "we'll get a close-up of the skunk now."
"Wait a minute. You can't do that," the cameraman cried. "Why, we're using super-sensitive film!"

But before I go any further on the these and that's about Hollywood, I want to tell you of my experience with Wynne Gibson. It was when Wynne was the guest star on the Borden-
Photoplay "45 Minutes in Hollywood" broadcast you listen to every Thursday night at ten o'clock. You remember, I interviewed Wynne.

Well, every question I asked Wynne, she gave me the wrong answer.
Here's the inside on it. Those questions and

"Boo-bu-bu-boo," yodels Dennis Michael Crosby. "Just bragging, trying to go the old man one better," snorts twin brother Philip Lang Crosby. "As for me, I'll take Papa's singing any time. You give me a pain!"

The silver-haired gentleman leaning on the chair is Charles Spencer Chaplin. Now, does that make you feel old? Anyway, he has started a new comedy, and Rupert Hughes is discussing it with him and Paulette Goddard

answers were all straight stuff, all in the script, meant to be that way.
But—Wynne was making it so good, sound so real, that I found myself in a cold sweat, my own knees actually clicking like castanets. Because I was thinking, "Any second now, Wynne is going to cross me up."

You see, I know, and how I know! Wynne actually is one of the greatest kidders in Hollywood!
I kept my eyes glued to my script. I dared not look at Wynne.
Now, here's the pay off. When I did look at Wynne, she was jiggling as though she had palsy. She was scared to death! She had been, right from the start of the interview. And she thought I knew it. And that I was going to cross her up. Said Wynne, if I had done so, she'd have fallen right into the mike!

After the word has been officially given out that the romance between Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young is done and over with, just what is the press to think when Spencer rushes into the Fox commissary and plants a lovely kiss on Loretta's lovely face? And Loretta returns the caress without a moment's hesitation?
Yea, well that's what we think, too!

Brian Aherne played no favorites just before he dashed off to London. He called on Marlene Dietrich and Ann Harding. But not at the same time, girls!
H OW long can Hollywood remember? A stunning blonde sat in a Brown Derby booth—all alone. Several well known executives passed her table. She smiled and spoke. They went on, puzzled. Followed a long discussion as to the lady’s identity. The solution came from Charles Furhman. The lady was Charlie Chaplin’s former leading woman, Edna Purviance, lady of “Shoulder Arms” and “A Woman of Paris,” which last Chaplin himself directed.

V ICTOR SCHERTZINGER ar- rived at the radio station to do a broadcast. He directed the recent Grace Moore picture and composed the theme song “One Night of Love.” So he was going to play it for the broadcast. “Sorry,” said the manager, “you can’t use that song.” “But I wrote it” protested Vic. “I know, but you have to have permission from the Composers’ Society to play it.” “But it’s my song,” Vic persisted. “Of course,” soothingly. “And right after your program, Rudy Vallee will be on and he’s going to play it!”

So Victor asked if he could please have a glass of water.

R USS COLUMBO’S mother is never to know of his death. Past seventy, and so ill she never will be well again, the shock might prove fatal. This is the loyal and touching decision of Russ’s brothers and sisters. Mother is to be taken to a home outside of town, as soon as she may be moved, having been in hospital for some time. There she will be closely guarded against outside information. A sister, whose handwriting is almost identical with Russ’s, will write her, preserving the illusion Russ is still “on location.”

It is a tremendous task—but a labor of true love.

Bill Powell and Jean Harlow would not be photographed together at the Billy Wilkersons’ party in honor of Dick Barthelmess and his wife, but it was okay with pretty Jean when the quick cameraman caught her with Dick (right) and Clark Gable.

At last, Anna Sten and her husband are photographed together! Anna has ducked news cameramen for many months, and for some reason she kept spouse Eugene Frenke out of their range, too. But they posed at Rouben Mamoulian’s recent party.

RUSS left an estate, other than his insurance, of but five thousand dollars. But the insurance is fifty thousand dollars—and with the policy’s accidental death clause, the amount will be doubled.

T HERE is no one who can maff a pun as completely as Garbo, much to everyone’s amusement.

Red Golden, who was assistant director on her latest, “The Painted Veil,” has a quaint little habit of calling everyone “honey.” “You stand here, honey,” he’d say to Greta. “Here is where you make your entrance, honey.”

For a long time Greta said nothing. And then, unexpectedly, she said, with a twinkle in her eye. “Please, Mr. Golden, don’t call me honey. Just call me chocolate.” And Red isn’t over it yet.

B E careful of that wet paint!” Wally Beery warned his little four-year-old Carol Ann. “You’ll ruin your new dress, and then I’ll have to spank you.”

Carol Ann wrestled with temptation and it threw her. She put a finger right on the paint. But then, she lifted her little skirts and said, “Go ahead and spank me, Daddy. But, don’t do it very hard, Daddy.”

What, Wally wants to know, does a father do in a case like that?

A NN HARDING has had several serious collapses on the set. As a result, she is under strict doctor’s orders. Driven by a restless energy, she has been working hard all day and going home to play two or three sets of tennis—and up early the next morning and out on the tennis court again. Her heart registered over-exertion, and the tennis is out.

T HEY tell a grand story on Irving Cobb. It seems a very gushy young lady rushed up to Cobb at an elaborate party and gurgled, “Oh, Mr. Cobb, I want you to meet my friend. He’s an author.” Cobb looked at her disappointedly. “You know,” he said, “I met an author once before which just kind of takes the edge off this, somehow.”

ONE of the reasons “One Night of Love” is such a smash hit is that all the members of the cast are themselves. Grace Moore is merely reliving an old experience, an experience the author of the book went through. So is Tullio Carminati, Italian singer and teacher. And Luis Alberni.

Lyle Talbot is a young man from the Middle West. And that’s what he is. Even Director Victor Schertzinger, who is a musician and composer.
A WRITER came upon little Cora Sue Collins outside the M-G-M commissary kissing and petting her cat.

"Why, Cora Sue," the writer said, "you shouldn't kiss a cat. They're covered with germs."

Soberly the little girl watched the writer as he walked away and finally called after him, "Well, it's my cat."

NOT even a kid away from home for the first time can beat Carole Lombard's homesick record. Carole left for New York at midnight. At four-thirty the next afternoon, Fieldsie, her secretary, who calls her boss, "the Madam," had a wire from her: "Cannot wait until I get home."

RIGHT after Charles Laughton up and said Dickens was a bore, and no one would ever catch him in a Dickens picture, Mr. Laughton was cast as Mr. Micawber in "David Copperfield." To which may be added, if Dickens is a bore, any picture with Laughton in it couldn't possibly be a bore.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is forty-three inches tall—and weighs forty-three pounds. She has played in more pictures than she has ever seen, because the studio does not wish her to imitate other actors.

ONE Hollywood blonde who can prove it—Miriam Hopkins. Her ma still has the blonde tresses from Miriam's first haircut, when she was eleven.

APPLESAUCE and blah, said Maurice Chevalier, in answer to the question were he and his ex-wife, Yvonne Vallée, to remarry. And although Kay Francis rushed from the boat train at Paris to a luncheon date with Maurice, he maintains it's just a friendship. No comment from Kay.

JUST to keep you girls up on the Cinderella situation. Gloria Swanson has the smallest foot of all the stars. She wears a 2½ C shoe.

CHARLIE RUGGLES to Randy Scott: "Why don't you get married?"

Randy to Charlie: "Can't make up my mind whether I want a chatterbox or the other kind."

Charlie to Randy: "What other kind?"

THE weight average of Hollywood's stars is up seven pounds. It is now one hundred and thirteen pounds for a five foot, three height. And what's more, Mae West carries only one hundred and fifteen pounds for her five foot, two.

MAYBE it isn't so, but—They say that ZaSu Pitts is going to calm the flutters and reveal hitherto concealed streamlining and knee action as a chorus girl in "Repeal."

DURING Elizabeth Allan's eighteen months in Hollywood, her husband has made eight trips from England to see her—or a trip every two and one quarter months! He can't move to Hollywood on account of business interests in London. But you will have to admit he does the next best thing to living here.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
"Robert Donat may turn out to be the finest romantic male discovery since Ronald Colman," says Rowland V. Lee, who directed the British actor in "Monte Cristo."

Elissa Landi is the love of Edmond Dantes

HOLLYWOOD is frantically paging Robert Donat. In the title rôle of "The Count of Monte Cristo," he is the new thrill for feminine hearts. Every producer now has a choice part in mind for the young Englishman, but there is an ocean between him and them. In short, Mr. Donat is in England. After his one big job here, he faded out of the Hollywood scene as unostentatiously as he had entered it a few months before, to portray Alexandre Dumas' immortal hero.

Only two men in Hollywood had complete faith in Robert Donat before he faced the cameras as Edmond Dantes. Rowland V. Lee, the director of "The Count of Monte Cristo," and Edward Small, the producer, believed in him. They took a hundred to one shot—and won.

With Donat back home, probably

You ran out of Hollywood after "The Count of Monte Cristo" was completed. But it's a hit!

By Paul Conlon

in a most bewildered state of mind over his new fame, people everywhere are asking what sort of person is this young man? What manner of fellow is he who packed his duds and quit Hollywood the day after completing his first American picture that was to win him wide renown? I sought out Rowland V. Lee, who was directing George M. Cohan in a picturization of his stage success, "Gambling," in a New York studio. Lee knows Donat better than anyone else in the United States, in that he directed him in a British picture a couple of years ago.

"Robert Donat may turn out to be the finest romantic male discovery since Ronald Colman," Director Lee told me. "He is distinctive in appearance, rather than handsome. He has a commanding personality [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]
TULLIO CARMINATI, the delightful impresario who steers Grace Moore's musical career in Columbia's "One Night of Love," left these acclaiming shores for a brief time to make a talkie in his native Italy. Meanwhile, various movie and Broadway stage producers lay in wait to enlist Tullio upon his return. It all promised to be a merry scramble
JOEL McCrea, who is going to be in Marlene Dietrich's next at Paramount (the script is tagged "Caprice Espagnole"), had this chance to brush up on his romancing with Miriam Hopkins in RKO's "The Richest Girl in the World." Miriam is listed for Samuel Goldwyn's "Barbary Coast" and "Becky Sharp," an RKO-Technicolor project
LITTLE Shirley Temple revives a favorite childhood pastime of—well, it just seems ages ago, doesn't it? Now, one wonders where she found that clay pipe to blow bubbles. And the public just can't get enough of Shirley. She took a rest after making "Now and Forever" for Paramount, while Fox kept a job waiting for her, in "Bright Eyes"
THE most intriguing thing about this photo, aside from June Knight’s prettiness, is that watch—a gift from Paul Ames, who has caused her recent heart flutters. Have you seen June in Universal’s “Wake Up and Dream”? But the watch? Oh, yes. It’s of dark brown wood, and is held to June’s wrist by a leather double-thong with a wooden slide device.
Let’s Be
Civilized About Sex

Norma Shearer Says—
SEX should figure in every picture story.
“it should never be regarded as vulgar.
“it should be approached subtly, suavely.
“in screen productions is revitalizing.

T he censors are trying to take sex off the screen, and Norma Shearer will not discuss censorship. Not because her husband is a producer, but because the studios have asked all their stars not to discuss the subject.

But she will discuss Sex—yes, with a capital S and she began with this definition of that elusive quality—
“Sex is the consciousness of being alive!”

Have you ever heard a more lucid description?
Norma’s words are like herself. Clear and fresh. But not cool. Why do they always say she is cool? “Norma Shearer, her cool composure, her cool determination, her cool this and that...

Obviously, if she is cool, she can’t be warm. And she is one of the most warm and vital women alive. Hollywood is that funny place where if you are not hot, you must be the other extreme—and not by any chance a girl with a full set of emotions well under control. Like Norma.

As for sex in pictures—and in general—she has this to say: “Sex is an important part of life and should be in every picture. It is electricity, color, vitality. It is the manner in which it is conveyed that shocks, angers, or wins an audience.

“Sex cannot be contemplated or analyzed. Then it becomes ugly and objectionable. Sex attraction, without any romance to relieve it, is savage. But even then it has value as a primitive, elemental urge.

“Never should sex be regarded as vulgar. Anyway, we recovered from that state of mind in the last century, I hope.

“It doesn’t require a beautiful face or body to express sex. You have seen handsome boys and girls on the screen with the same appeal as a marble statue. Beautiful—but with no radiance, no sex. In spite of muscles and curves and alabaster features, devoid of that spark which kindles another. In life we often see an extremely plain woman, a homely man, so vitally necessary to someone that the someone is totally unconscious of sex in any other person.

“Herbert Marshall, Leslie Howard, are not Apollos. Yet they have tremendous sex-appeal. Sex is in the murmur of a voice, as with Marshall. In the suave intensity of Howard. Charles Laughton has the great gift of expressing an intangible something in a glance.

“Sex interest [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]
Who Wouldn't Go

Upon the shoulders of this studious-looking young man rests the carrying on of the Barrymore name. He is John, Jr., now two-and-one-half years.

Another name illustrious in the annals of American history is borne by Lily de Pourtales Lodge, four-year-old daughter of John Cabot Lodge.

Wallace Beery and perky little Carol Ann—two closer chums you'll never find. Wally even takes his pal with him when he goes to the studio.

Joe E. Brown has two big sons, but his boon companions are Kathryn Frances and Elizabeth Ann, his two daughters, not to mention the talented pup.
Home to This?

Here’s the incentive for fine screen work

Photos by
Wm. Phillips

Just a little over a year old, but he promises to be an all-American football back, rugged and rangy, like his dad. He’s John Lachlan Brown, the heir of the Johnny Mack Browns

Here he is, as usual, stealing the picture, and from his father, too! Richard Ralston (Call me Ricky) Arlen, Jr.’s the name

The center of attraction at the Hamiltons is Patricia Louise, Neil’s three-year-old pride and joy. Neil says she is as active as an adagio team

Charming Virginia Bruce’s attention is concentrated on one-year-old Susan Ann Gilbert, and it is a very, very important engagement indeed that can take mama away from baby
DEAR JOAN—
Oh, you are such a little love! You send such nice presents. And it was such a nice birthday party!

The family gave it for me—at the Cocoanut Grove. They sent me gifts and telegrams right to the table, which made me feel awful special. But that wasn’t all, at all. Suddenly the lights went out, a spot was thrown on me (not at me!) and the whole orchestra charged to my elbow and blared out “Happy Birthday To You.” Then, while this little startled fawn was gaping something pathetic, my old friend Jimmy Manos, famous head waiter of the Grove, marched up with a beovitiful birthday cake (one teensy candle—such tact!) and handed me a knife to cut it with!

Whee-eee-eee, I felt like a bottle of soda-pop was sizzling inside me! Everyone applauded and I seem to recall a “Heureux anniversaire” from the next table. It was Fifi Dorsay, hardly recognizable with no bangs, accompanied by her handsome husband.

The rest is hazy. Yep, it was a swellegant birthday! Wish you could have been with me. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]
What Is This Woman?

Anna Sten is seen as many different types by many different people. But first of all, she is an intellectual

By Margaret Auburn

Speaking of the story, "We Live Again," Miss Sten said, "I have lived it all through. It is my Russia. I know it in my flesh." Fredric March is with her in the immortal Tolstoi narrative

Much that she has seen and experienced, she shows you on the screen in "We Live Again," movie version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection"

This beautiful woman, Anna Sten. What is she? Is she guileless child or weary sophisticate? Pampered chiffon lady or elemental earth-woman, warm and vital? Anna Sten is all of them, and more. She is the triumphant sum of all the moments she has lived. She can call upon them at will to be whatever she wishes to be. Baron Huené, authority on feminine charm who visited Hollywood recently, said "She is the most fluid, the most malleable, of any actress."

The moments of a Sten are not in common with most of us—who find our experiences important because they are ours. Hers have included stark and bitter privation in an endless country crouching under snow and revolution. Half a loaf of tough black bread for a sick mother and a baby sister, rags bound round the feet with cords in lieu of shoes. Foraging for food—slinking, feline, desperate—to snatch a few potatoes or a round of bread.

When she was twelve years old she took her first job—washing monstrous greasy kettles in the back of a steaming restaurant—for food. Food for a slender, undernourished body, food to take to an ailing, discouraged mother, for a famished little

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
WHEN Philip Moeller went to Hollywood he was terrified!

He had been warned! Friends had told him:

"Hollywood is a place of confusion and stupidity and tarnished tinsel. There is no art there. The people are money mad. The women are dumb. The men are ex-cloak and suit merchants. You are foolish to risk it, Moeller. After working for fifteen years as production director of the Theater Guild in New York, Hollywood will be just too, too tawdry. After directing nearly sixty Broadway plays, you'll go mad working for movies. A man who has directed stage successes like 'The Guardsman,' 'R. U. R.,' 'Mourning Becomes Electra,' 'Strange Interlude,' can't suddenly become concerned about the box-

By Mildred Mastin

Above, Director Philip Moeller, seated just below the camera, eye-shade in hand, listens to his assistant, Ed Killey, rehearse John Boles for a sequence in "The Age of Innocence." Irene Dunne is far up on the stairs, near the lights, smiling down. Right, Moeller critically watches the shooting of a scene in the movie.
For an author, Gene didn't make a very poetic proposal to Joan. But oh, that kiss!

By Jerry Lane

For an author, Gene didn't make a very poetic proposal to Joan. But oh, that kiss!

By Jerry Lane

She Couldn't Say No!

HE young man in the second row, third seat center, applauded furiously. It crackled like mild thunder-claps through the rest of the applause. Nice, heart-warming it was to a girl making her Broadway debut and Joan, youngest of the Nasts, flashed him a smile. It was then that something went "zoom" inside of young Mr. Markey. A queer-ish, titillating "zoom." It was then that one of the most exciting, checker-board romances in theatrical annals began!

His move first, of course. And Gene Markey didn't hesitate. He went straight to his producer, Bob Kane, and button-holed that gentleman fervently. "I've found her! The girl for the lead in my play! I saw her last night in 'Jarnegan.' Why, if we searched the whole of New York—"

"My dear chap," cut in Kane testily, "does it occur to you that Joan Bennett is barely out of the pigtail stage? And that your heroine is hardly an ingénue? Joan's too young I tell you." In the end they compromised. They put her older sister, Barbara, in the part.

Then Gene tried to jump the other fellow's king. It was at the Conde Nasts' party. Everything sparkled as it always does at their affairs. Speech, smiles of the women, the hand-wrought silver, champagne. . . . But this time the whole array of gleams seemed concentrated on a slim young thing in white. She had the cutest nose in existence and provocative blue eyes and hair the color of sun-ripened wheat. She might, in fact, have escaped from the cover of a magazine. But no. She was dancing. Cover ladies don't dance.

"That's Miss Bennett, isn't it? Do me a favor, old man, will you? Introduce me." But Joan's escort had suddenly gone deaf. He was absorbed in bowling, directly across Gene's shoulder, to people he'd never seen before in his life! You don't go around presenting the Markyes of the world to a girl you are mad over. Not if you're wise. There's something about these writer fellows. . . .

It was two years before Gene saw her again. Fate, that ablest of dramatists, was building for a climax. "Why," you could almost hear it muse, "should I throw this couple together in the first act and ruin the other two? They need the fine shadowing of doubt, the highlight of tragedy." So—

Each was allowed to go a separate way. Joan flitted from Florida house parties to Princeton proms and on out to California. Gene's name was linked with Ina Claire's. It was the talk the entire length of Broadway. Talk that reached to Paris and London and to half the smart capitals of two continents.

And all the while, strangely, perversely, young Mr. Markey was naming the heroic of practically every one of his stories "Joan"!

It happened the day Gene arrived in Hollywood. Ina Claire had become Mrs. Jack Gilbert, and what was more natural than that Gene should visit his old friends? What he hadn't expected was—Joan Bennett. She was leaning against the balustrade, looking out over fifty miles of stucco houses and palm trees and studios. The famous panoramic view of the Gilberts'. Then—"Oh, Joan, do you know Gene Markey?" As simple as that.

But, four days in a Pullman can make even a Markey groggy. Too, he was conscious that everyone was watching to see how he'd take it—seeing Ina the wife of another. He couldn't very well explain to them that there was nothing to take. There were a million things he wanted to tell Joan. But how to say them with a dozen people deluging him with oh-do-you-remembers? When he did manage to look around she had disappeared.

HE missed her by an hour at Paul Bern's party. The day he decided not to join the crowd for an early morning horseback ride through the hills she went. Marion Davies called him. "Do come up Sunday night. I'm having some people in. . . ."

"Some people," meant a hundred or more. He was delayed a little—and Joan had to leave early.

It went on like that for months. Until one particularly bright afternoon in a little sporting goods shop. Joan had popped in for tennis balls. She was in shorts. Her nose was shiny. Abysmally, woefully shiny. And in walked Mr. Markey.

"This is my day! What a treat!"

"Really?" She hadn't meant to freeze him like that, but what can a girl do when she's so uncomfortably aware of grass-stained shorts and a nose in need of powder? Besides, she had heard he liked 'em suave and sophisticated—and here she was looking like a member of the lollypop brigade.

"Just where is it that you live?" he was asking eagerly.
“Beverly Hills,” she told him coolly. She might as well have said “America.” It made it quite as easy. The temperature in the small store dropped dangerously near zero.

Once outside, Joan felt her cheeks flame. “Well, why,” she asked herself furiously, “did I act that way?”

And Gene, going rapidly in the opposite direction, thought, “Wonder what I’ve done to make her hate me?”

Two blind moves and no score.

At the Cocoanut Grove one night he sat directly in back of her, with Bill Powell and Mrs. Doheny. It put the youngest Bennett on a fine edge. Would he ask her to dance? What was he doing? If the stuffed monkeys in the synthetic trees could only have whispered about a gentleman’s glances wasted on a lady’s lovely back!

Three days later Gene Markey would have given his soul if he had asked her to dance that night. If he had actually held her in his arms. It looked now as if he never would be able to.

“JOAN BENNET SERIOUSLY HURT IN FALL FROM HORSE” ran the headlines.

A location trip to

Sherman Woods for

“she Wanted a Millionaire”... a
fractious horse... and then a small
golden girl lying crumpled in fierce
agonize with a broken
hip.

They said she
might be crippled
for life. They said
she might never
walk again. There were numberless X-rays, long con-
sultations. Then drab, endless days with Joan a little
figure on a white hospital bed.

“Sweet of this Mr. Markey to send me flowers every week,
isn’t it? After all, I’ve spoken to him only twice!” Twice—
and yet that inexplicable thrill when she fingered his cards.
There were eight of them now, singled out from the hundreds
of others like small markers of an unfinished story. There was
his latest book, too, “The Road to Rouen,” with a neat inscrip-
tion written across the flyleaf—“To J—. You don’t have
to read this unless you want to—G.”

AND he’d written her a note. A very circumspect kind of
note, considering the tumult within him.

“Dear Joan,” it read, “I’m very much distressed to learn of
your accident. After the steady stream of visitors dies down
may I call? Faithfully—Gene.”

The tiny touch of Spring was in the air that day—although
it was Autumn! There was a special symphony going on in the
park in front of the Town House where she was convalescing—
or was it a bird chorus?

“Mr. Markey calling,” said the nurse.

He came in with long, eager strides. Unfortunately the
floors were highly polished. The door rug was new. Mr. Markey proceeded to make the most spectacular entrance of his life. He did it on his nose—in one fell swoop.

“So that’s the way men fall for you!” He couldn’t help that
one, embarrassed as he was.

Then the urbane Mr. Markey, connoisseur in drawing-room
etiquette, made the mistake of advancing with his eyes on hers.

Now the telephone wire had been extended across the room to
Joan’s side—and—well, the operator downstairs told the doorman there was
terrible jangle in 206. Did he suppose something could be happening to
Miss Bennett?

As a matter of fact, something was—but not what they imagined... ...

To recover his poise, Gene leaned nonchalantly on the edge of her bed.

It was a perfectly good, beautifully oiled hospital bed. It lived up to its

advertised reputation. One gentle pressure—and away it
scooted clear across the room, leaving Mr. Markey leaning on
nothing in particular. And Joan in a fit of laughter that
brought tears to those eyes.

He had expected to stay twenty minutes. At the end of three
hours he was figuring out a way to get her to his house for
dinner.

“I’ll have the back of the car padded and we’ll take the
wheel-chair along...”

“Yes, and I do a grand walking stunt with crutches!” she
chimed in excitedly. There were no conversational breezes
that had to be fanned along here. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
Paramount sent this first string line-up into its football frolic, "College Rhythm." Judging from past performances by all of them, a big score will be rolled up. Left to right, you can easily recognize Lanny Ross, Helen Mack, Jack Oakie, Mary Brian, Joe Penner (radio comic who makes his film debut), and Lyda Roberti.

Joe and Lyda cut some campus capers at the left, and Joe (right) is a rising cheer leader.

Charles Laughton isn't in the cast, but he coaches Joe in acting.

"A football player, eh?" Joe kids Jack. But, ooh, are Joe and Lyda kidding?

Joe and his famed duck, in its natty travel suit.
GET out the extras! Blow up the headlines! Broadcast the news! I have just discovered what's wrong with the movies.

Oh, I know, I know, a lot of other people have gone about from time to time, claiming they have discovered the trouble, and finally had to go back into politics—a flop. But this time it's different. I have not only located the trouble with movies but discovered a cure. A plan that is simple and very colossal at the same time. In a nutshell, the whole trouble with the entire business is simply—the casting.

Here's the idea. So far, there has been no novelty, no element of surprise, no thrill of suspense, in the casting of pictures. If the story called for a poor young working girl wearing her ermine wrap to the opera whilst she wept for her absent lover, whom did we get? Crawford and Gable, nine times out of ten. And who was surprised at that? Who, for instance, was knocked even slightly cold—except the man who rented out the ermine coat and nearly passed out when he saw Joan's mascara roll down her ermined bosom? And a fig for him.

You see, the picture lost its wallop because the element of surprise was lacking. Everybody knew all the time it was going to be Crawford and Gable because it always has been. Now, if only they would give us Alison Skipworth, say, in just a rabbit coat weeping for lover Baby LeRoy—now there would be something! There would be a surprise and a thrill that would knock everybody silly.

Now do you see the immensity, the staggering magnitude of the whole scheme? Pretty good, isn't it?

Let us take the picture "Little Miss Marker" for another example. A fine picture and a splendid money-maker. But, if they had only let Shirley Temple play Menjou's part and let Menjou be Little Miss Marker, well, there you are. They'd still be playing to standing-room only. See how it works?

The eternal problem of teams and whom to team in pictures would be much simplified by my plan. Take the team of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, and a nice little team it is. But, after seven or eight pictures together, we begin to get the idea that Charlie is always the befuddled husband and Mary is always the befuddled wife. All right. Now, just to surprise the customers, why not let Charlie play Mary's part for a change, and let Mary play Charlie's rôle so everybody could be befuddled all the way round? Or why not let Mary be Charlie's little granddaughter in one picture; and in another, Charlie could be Mary's little lamb? And wear a little bell around his neck or something.

With my scheme in force, new teams could spring up, the likes of which were never before heard of in pictures. Or anywhere else, for that matter. For example, why not give us W. C. Fields and Garbo as a team? There's novelty for you.
The hottest scene would go something like this:

Fields—"Well, my little petunia seed, my little potato bug, come to papa."
Garbo—"Fieldsy, Ay am so tired. Ay tank Ay go, now."
Fields—"Okay, my little dandelion, my little sassafras root, hop into papa's trailer and let's be off."
So Greta would hop in, letting her feet hang out the back door, of course, and they'd be off. They'd have to be completely off, in fact, to get away with it, but wouldn't it be terrific? Can't you just see them riding off in the distance, the trailer hippity-hopping over the road with the sun sinking o'er the hills in a dead faint?

Another team that would cause commotion everywhere would be Mae West and George Arliss. Now there's a team, with Mae slinking around and George, monocle in one eye and terror in the other, trying to break down the door in case the Marines got there too late. Wouldn't it be wonderful? And so different. That's what is grand about it.

Or, how about Marlene Dietrich and Guy Kibbee? Guy, in the final clinches, would, no doubt, lose.

By Sara Hamilton

All the wrongs of the films will be righted by this casting plan. For instance, if dead pan Ned Sparks should play Prince Charming, his serenade would be drowned out by Polly Moran's snores as the Sleeping Beauty.
Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

**JUDGE PRIEST—Fox**

As Irvin Cobb's favorite character, eccentric Judge Priest, Will Rogers is type-perfect. Full of homely sage humor and philosophy, he settles destinies in his own inimitable way, with the utmost simplicity.

The sleepy old Kentucky town is so real you can hear the June-bugs buzzing—and every character might have been born right there.

Tom Brown and Anita Louise are the idyllic lovers. Henry B. Walthall and David Landau play their parts to perfection. Rochelle Hudson, Frank Melton, Charley Grapewin, Berton Churchill, Francis Ford contribute valuable moments.

Indispensable local color is provided by Hattie McDaniels and Stepin Fetchit in some grand scenes and music.

**THE GAY DIVORCÉE—RKO-Radio**

Hoist the flags, hang up the banners. A new star approaches. With a pair of twinkling, tantalizing dancing feet, Fred Astaire taps his way right up to the front line of moviedom, and into the hearts of a willing audience.

Smart, suave, polished Mister Astaire is America's challenge to England's claim for the world's best "smoothies."

As the friend of Edward Everett Horton, Esq., Fred finds himself mistaken for a professional correspondent by the girl of his dreams (Ginger Rogers) who is trying to divorce friend hubby. But everything turns out splendidly in spite of Alice Brady who never quite knows who, what, where or why she is.

Continental and breezy, with some of the best dancing yet. Prepare to laugh and be merry.

**WE LIVE AGAIN—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists**

From the combination of Fredric March, Anna Sten and Director Rouben Mamoulian, something unusual is bound to result, and it does. They tell us a magnificent and yet, a simple story, and tell it with a sincere humbleness that brings tears to the eye.

The story of "Resurrection" a great many of us know from silent film days. But it's the honesty of March's performance as idealistic Prince Dimitri who loses his ideals in the debauchery of life among Russian officers, betrays his first love, Katusha Maslova (Sten), and lives to atone his wrongs, that makes this a thing of beauty.

A tragic figure, indeed, is the peasant girl Katusha. Only after she has buried her baby, traveled to Moscow to find employment of a sort, and is unjustifiably accused of poisoning a man does Prince Dimitri learn of her fate.

In a triumphant closing scene we see him join the line of prisoners to share her five-year sentence of labor in the mines of Siberia.

One has the feeling that the characters are real, this is Russia and these are the actual emotions of two people, living and suffering. The haunting music of old Russia and the simple impressiveness of the Easter church service are unforgettable.

Jane Baxter, C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Forbes, Jessie Ralph and Sam Jaffe lend excellent support.
Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

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DANGEROUS CORNER

The Best Performances of the Month

Fredric March in "We Live Again"
Anna Sten in "We Live Again"
May Robson in "Lady by Choice"
Will Rogers in "Judge Priest"
Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcée"
Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcée"
Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness"
Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead"
Charles Butterworth in "Student Tour"
Jimmy Durante in "Student Tour"
Frank Morgan in "By Your Leave"
Edward Arnold in "Wednesday's Child"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 123

☆ LADY BY CHOICE—Columbia

RING up another one for the miraculous May Robson. Similar to "Lady for a Day," but not a copy by any means. Fresh and original, with a brand-new situation, the picture gives Miss Robson a grand opportunity as Patsy, and she makes spirited use of it.

Carole Lombard runs up a score of her own as the disillusioned fan dancer who adopts a "mother" from the Old Ladies' Home as a publicity gag. Patsy, a veteran and irresistible alcoholic, has been paroled into the Home by a judge of the high court—Walter Connolly. And it is Patsy whom Alabam (Carole) adopts.

The mother business begins to take—but never with a moment of maudlin sentimentality—and gradually the old lady solves the problems of Alabam's hectic life, working out her own at the same time.

Hauling Alabam out from behind the fans, the old lady takes care of the home economics with a pair of galloping dice. And when Alabam's love affair with the son (Roger Pryor) of Patsy's old sweetheart gets in a jam, "mother" saves the romance from a disaster such as she and the boy's father had suffered.

Human, compelling tale, written, dialogue and directed with the utmost ease, naturalness and humor.

Better see this film soon and spare yourself the ordeal of having all your friends tell you the story.

☆ THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—Paramount

COMPLETELY charming is this new and different picture showing the habit of "bundling," so popular among folk of Colonial times. Because firewood was costly, couples bundled in bed clothes and read the almanac.

Francis Lederer, a young Hessian, is sold to the English to fight against the Colonies. But he finds his sympathy with the Americans and escapes to the Connecticut farm of Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. (Yes, ma and pa again.) Here he falls in love with daughter Joan Bennett, is seized as a prisoner by Adrian Morris, Joan's beau. But he finally gets the girl through "bundling."

Barbara Barondess as the maid, Minor Watson, as the Southern Colonol, Walter Kingsford as the "blue-nosed" Squire, are all excellent. Laughs abound throughout.

☆ HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National

TUNEFUL and peppy is this bright film about a wealthy miss and, of all things, a window washer.

Josephine Hutchinson, a newcomer worth watching, is a bored young lady of society who walks out on her mother's New Year's party and joins a gay crowd on Broadway. Unaware of her social position, Dick Powell, manager of a window washing company, falls in love with Josephine, and she helps things along by keeping her background hidden.

When Dick needs money to go into business for himself, Josephine obtains it from her dad. Dick, misunderstanding, leaves her flat, but dad fixes everything up.

You'll find yourself humming the snappy tunes. John Halliday, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh and Ruth Donnelly all turn in top-notch performances.
The priceless nonsense of Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Durante, the new combination of Phil Regan and Maxine Doyle, and the novel idea of using a floating college for a musical background, makes this refreshing entertainment. Butterworth is a professor of philosophy and Durante an athletic trainer. Nelson Eddy's marvelous singing climaxes the story. Monte Blue, Florine McKinney.

AN engaging film, with Edmund Lowe as a fast-talker who becomes a celebrated news announcer. Of course, he takes a flop, but Gloria Stuart boosts him up again. Story is just a frame on which to hang clever gags, dialogue, good songs, sketches by radio stars Alexander Woollcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters. Scores of other performers, including Alice White and Victor Moore, contribute entertaining bits.

AN amusing number, that should please the whole family. Richard Arlen runs a newspaper in a small town where nothing ever happens until Ida Lupino arrives on same train with a celebrated corpse, and is mistaken for the ex-citizen's inamorata. Then fun begins. Arlen, responsible for widely publicizing the matter, almost loses Ida. Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi in good support.

WITH three days left in which to solve the six-months-old mystery, Warner Oland (Charlie Chan) joins a party at Alan Mowbray's country place to help save Drue Leyton's brother from execution for a murder he did not commit. For movie-goers who like to solve the mystery before the detective exposes it, this will prove the most baffling of the Charlie Chan plots. Oland and Mowbray excellent.

HERE is a gilt-edged guarantee of abundant chuckles. As the husband in his forties, seeking by a week of wild oating to re-charge his ego, Frank Morgan gives the most completely inspired portrait yet of that pathetic creature—a man who wants to be naughty, but who has forgotten how. Genevieve Tobin, Margaret Hamilton, Neil Hamilton, Gene Lockhart are in top form. But Morgan is the picture.
Saves Your Picture Time and Money

ALTHOUGH cast in the standard Joe E. Brown plot mold, this has a thrilling bicycle race and some good gags to recommend it. Joe E. is some pumpkins on a bike. And when city slicker Gordon Westcott steals his girl, played by Maxine Doyle, Joe E. goes into the big race where he pedals to victory over his rival and to bliss with Maxine. Frank McHugh in good support.

LOVE TIME—Fox

PARTLY a romantic musical and partly a modern comedy, done in costume. The struggles of Franz Schubert (Nils Asther), his love for a princess (Pat Paterson) and the efforts of her father (Henry B. Walthall) to separate them, end in triumph for their love and Schubert’s recognition as a composer. Asther’s sincerity is gratifying. Some lovely scenes and unforgettable music.

MENACE—Paramount

A MYSTERY that keeps you mystified until the last gasp. Motivation is weak, but after things get under way, you forget what started the whole business. A madman threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother’s suicide. On the destined night melodrama happens thick and fast. Raymond Milland dies much too soon. Henrietta Crosman, Halliwell Hobbes.

THIS colorful British-made film, based on the familiar yarn about Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, will prove thoroughly entertaining to all those who have enjoyed Arabian Nights tales. Fritz Kortner, star of German stage and screen, and Anna May Wong excellent in principal roles. As Ali Baba, George Robey does grand comedy job. John Garrick, Pearl Argyle lend a nice romantic touch.

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal

A S a kleptomaniac, pretty Binnie Barnes goes about gathering diamonds while she may. The trail eventually leads to Neil Hamilton who proceeds to reform the lady, and the two fall in love. The obvious striving for subtle suavity, however, robs the story of much of its charm. Paul Cavanagh turns in his usual polished performance. Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell, provide the laughs.

WEDNESDAY’S CHILD—RKO-Radio

A S a sensitive eleven-year-old victim of divorce, Frankie Thomas gives a moving performance. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley do not comprehend the wrong they are doing their son in divorcing. The mother marries again and the father is about to re-marry, too. But he realizes the unhappiness of his son to time. A strong preaching against divorce.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 124]
Two Thousand Russians Can't Be Wrong

But they can be lots of trouble on location in an American-made movie

By Mildred Mastin

Two thousand Russians opened their cardboard lunchboxes and stared at American cheese sandwiches. What, no borscht? Not even a small cabbage!

From the tallest Cossack, on through the seventeen wrestlers, the more than a thousand adults, down to the tiniest of the six hundred children, rebellion—deep red rebellion—surged. They didn't mind helping these funny Americans make a Russian picture. Even if it did have a silly name like "Laugh Little Clown." They didn't mind leaving the city and living for a while in the little hotels around Tuxedo, New York. Out on location the scenery was fine, the air fresh; and seven-fifty a day for standing around in Russian smocks and fur caps was good pay. But every noon, American cheese sandwiches and cakes with pink icing—bah! It smelled of capitalism!

"I bet you Mr. Hecht—he has borscht! Big shot!" The ex-revolutionist drew a large knife from his pocket and halved his sandwich with murder in his eye.

"And MacArthur—borscht, and maybe even a little vodka! Big shot!” Another ex-revolutionist added fuel to the fire.

"Yes, and Jimmy Savo—big big shot! Betcha he get a dish of kasha—"

"Owie!" The cry rose among the Russians—a hungry cry, an angry wail.

"Quiet, please," a young man sitting under a tree called in a tired voice. He was clean shaven, blond of hair, blue of eye, meek of spirit. Yet, he wasn't eating his American cheese sandwich, either.

I went over and sat down by him. "Why don't you eat? You don't look like a borscht-loving Russian."

"Too tired to eat. I've nothing to do with borscht. I'm the man who hollers [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]"
ANNA STEN'S beauty is given an admirable foil in this dashing cushioned brim black felt beret. Anna, appearing in "We Live Again," wears this with her sables and a smart black velvet afternoon suit.

ALL eyes at a recent party were held by Marlene Dietrich's name printed in the corners of her handkerchief.

HOBNAIL eyelet mirrors set in clusters form this striking necklace of Dolores Del Rio's. Dolores wears it against black velvet to give it a dramatic setting. Note the new length.

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CLIP bracelets are the newest jewelry gadgets to play important accessory roles. Hollywood wears them in pairs, clipped to the sleeves as shown.

ANOTHER Sten chapeau that revives a romantic interest in headgear. The three birds have graceful tails that droop over the edge of the brim. This brim turns up at back with irregularly peaked crown.
TRAVIS BANTON has worked out his pet fashion theories in this beautiful evening gown which he has designed for Elissa Landi to wear in “Enter Madame.” Bluish-purple cast silver lamé is the fabric fashioned into jutting lines of elongated peplum, sweeping train and chic high-cut bodice effect. Elissa’s neckline emphasizes the new lower front décolletage.
AGAIN lamé, this time handled expertly by Kalloch in a gown worn by Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." This lamé glistens like water on metal and is a blackish-gold hue. The deep square decolletage, the high bodice and the slim tunic over a full underskirt are the important fashion points. Note the lack of adornment even in the jewelry.

EVERYONE is awaiting breathlessly Gloria Swanson's return to the screen in "Music in the Air." Gloria's famous flair for clothes is typified in this dinner costume designed by Hubert. Bugle beads on crêpe in fluid lines, and the sleeves cut with great originality.
HERE you see Carole Lombard literally snipped from a scene of "Part Time Lady" in order to give you a preview of the attractive daytime dress she wears in this scene with May Robson. The sketch at right shows you the important details. Three circular collars of ribbed crêpe are held by an unusual silver shell pin. The sleeves attached to a deep yoke billow into fullness at the elbows over a tight cuff of the ribbed crêpe. Kalloch has achieved a low-waisted feeling by the repetition of the yoke detail below the normal waistline and with the fabric buttons used so adroitly on either side of it.
RIBBED copper colored satin for this two-piece costume which Karen Morley wears in "Wednesday’s Child." Plunkett uses a draped neckline fastening with buttons on the shoulder and gives the sleeves fullness just above the wrist. Karen’s beret is of the same material with a gay front feather.

NOT only Elissa Landi’s costumes but those of Sharon Lynne in “Enter Madame” are exciting. This street dress, at left, again shows Banton’s preference for the animated silhouette. Although the tunic is only slightly flared, the leopard collar gives the jutting out effect which this designer is using repeatedly.
YOU can wear Claire Trevor's smart costume for any "after five" dates that do not demand formal evening dress. Claire wears it in "Elinor Norton" and it has been designed by Hubert in wine-red satin. The slender satin skirt has side slits and a top of metal striped satin. The short sleeved tuxedo jacket ties instead of usual buttoning.

LACE takes its place in fashion this Winter as trimming for the more formal afternoon and dinner costumes. In "Menace," Gertrude Michael wears this black dinner dress, the yoke of which is composed entirely of a fine black lace. Aside from this yoke, the gown is simple, with a three-quarter jacket also trimmed in the black lace.

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA 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 representative merchants.

-Seymour-
HORSES and romance set a hot pace throughout Columbia’s "Broadway Bill," with handsome Warner Baxter and the ever more appealing Myrna Loy. Broadway Bill is the name of a speedy nag with whom Warner and Myrna are very much concerned. Director is Columbia’s ace, Frank Capra, responsible for "It Happened One Night"
HE further she has advanced, the more her blood has warmed to the ancient philosophy of China, says Anna May Wong. Anna was born in Los Angeles of Chinese parentage, boosted along in pictures by Douglas Fairbanks, acclaimed in Berlin, lionized by England’s aristocracy, and now is back in Hollywood, making "Limehouse Nights."
The Unhappy Mr. Chevalier

Is this why Maurice, once the gayest man in Hollywood, is now cloaked in sorrow?

By Julie Lang Hunt

If, in 1929, you had asked me to name the happiest man in Hollywood, I would have answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Maurice Chevalier."

But, before his recent trip abroad, if you had wondered who was the unhappiest man in the film colony, I would have pointed once more, without a moment's hesitation, to Maurice Chevalier.

When Chevalier arrived from Paris, almost six years ago, with his petite Yvonne and an accent that worked like magic on the American public, Hollywood surrendered to his sorcery without a struggle.

Calloused newspaper women left Chevalier interviews mincing like coquettes, and the wittiest reporters forgot their wise-cracks when they columnized the Frenchman.

To the Paramount press department he was a reward from heaven. He nodded an enchanting "Yes" to unending demands for publicity stills, interviews, benefit performances, convention lunches, official dinners, corner-stone layings, and boat christenings.

A moment's visit to his studio dressing-room could jerk an entire day out of the doldrums.

A pleasant "Come in, come in," always greeted my knock at the door. He never failed to jump to his feet and pull up a chair.

"Sit down, sit down. How are you? You look well. A cigarette? A new frock, no? It's blue. I love blue. And now you want more of those interviews, is it not?" And on he talked, with his bewitching charm.

Then suddenly the original, ebullient Chevalier who could, with a wink and a smile, pick you out of the dumps and set you on a golden cloud, disappeared in an eclipse.

The beginning of what later proved to be Hollywood's most astonishing metamorphosis occurred during the filming of "Playboy of Paris," in 1930.

Mrs. Chevalier, née Yvonne Vallee, dainty, brunette and delightful, was given the feminine lead opposite her husband in the French version of the picture.

The first sign of irritability between them amazed the rest of the cast. As long days of tedious work went on, the irritability, the futile little scenes of exasperation and bickering between them increased.

We couldn't believe it. She had been so sweet, had worked so hard for him. He had been so considerate, so tender with her. She had run his home with a loving concentration that only Continental women seem to possess—ordering his favorite foods, packing his clothes to and from the tailor's, carrying elaborate lunches to the studio.
"Anthony Adverse"

FROM tens of thousands of entries, the hard-pressed judges finally have chosen the one hundred and fifty-seven winners of Photoplay's "Anthony Adverse" Cast Selections contest. And so comes to a thrilling climax the most extensive, most intensely interesting, and in all ways the greatest contest ever built around the production of a motion picture by this or any other publication.

So get ready, you lucky first prize winners, to go riding in your brand new Ford V-8's! And you, Mrs. Blackmore, won't you be pleased with your $700.00 Tecla pearl necklace? By the time the world reads this announcement, ten contest winners will be telling the neighbors back home about their airplane trips (via United Air Lines) to the Chicago World's Fair! And one hundred and eleven other fortunate folk will soon be jingling some part of the $1,000.00 prize money in their pockets, or sporting the lovely gowns reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., from the famed Orry-Kelly's designs for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, or flashing a year's supply of exquisite Mojud Clari-phrase silk stockings, or gazing at their prize-winning smiles in those nifty Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors!

Presentation of the prizes will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the winners are residents, or soon after November 2. However, because of the October 31 closing date of A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, it was necessary to personally notify the winners of the trips to the Fair as soon as possible after the judges had completed their work. The United Air Lines donated the ten round-trip plane tickets, and the luxurious Drake Hotel in Chicago provided guest privileges for one week.

Cast selections poured in from the far reaches of the globe. It was a gigantic task braved by the judges, who were: Representing Photoplay, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the novel, "Anthony Adverse," John Farrar, and Hervey Allen, author of the book, and, representing the Postal Telegraph Company, W. C. Davet, vice-president. They were indefatigable in their labors.

The winners were ranked according to the similarity of their casts to the cast in the box above, which is the tentative selection of players made by Warner Bros. Pictures for their ambitious screen version of "Anthony Adverse," and on the strength of the contestants' explanations (up to fifty words) of why they wished to see a particular star in the leading role of Anthony Adverse.

The cast selections were submitted on ballots printed in three issues of Photoplay Magazine (August, September, and October), and distributed by the Postal Telegraph Company, Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the manufacturers of the various prizes, and book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse." Postal Telegraph, through the company's far-flung facilities, also assisted in collection of the ballots.

Although the prizes offered in the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Selections contest are superb in quality and represent the tremendous total of $10,000.00, the absorbing nature of the contest itself unquestionably had much to do with the staggering deluge of entries.

"Anthony Adverse" was read by more than two million people in the first year of its publication. The contest again boomed the sales of the book to an amazing extent. It is one of the finest works of romantic fiction of all ages, and promises to make one of the greatest pictures ever filmed — very likely the greatest. Due to the immensity of the novel, preparing the screen story was a huge undertaking, but Warner Bros. Pictures have achieved that. The story was there.

Hervey Allen himself determined the twelve characters of his book who will figure most prominently in the picturization, and these were the ones that appeared on the ballot. The venture has enlisted the attention of intellectuals, casual readers, and movie-goers everywhere.

It became apparent early in the count that Leslie Howard had a widespread and most enthusiastic army of supporters who wanted to see him in the title role, and his total vote was highly flattering. Likewise Edward G. Robinson had strong backing for the part of Napoleon from the very outset. Incidentally, Robinson has long cherished the hope of appearing as Napoleon on the screen. In some instances, the voting for different players favored for a particular role was so intense, right up to the end of the count, as to have all the exciting aspects of a political election. All in all, the results of the contest are most gratifying to every individual and company concerned. Photoplay appreciates the cooperation.
Contest Winners!

$10,000.00 In Prizes Awarded for Cast Selections

Once more it might be well to point out that each of the first five prize winners may choose from any of five models of the new Ford V-8 motor car. They are the De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or the Convertible Cabriolet. You can't go wrong on any of them!

Also, winners of the twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phanilk stocking, should remember this: While they will get forty pairs, they may order a part of the wardrobe each season, to be sure of up-to-the-minute shades!

The other prize articles were described in such detail in past issues of Photoplay that little more need be said of them here. They are numerous and of the very best quality.

(Note: If production conditions warrant changes in the cast selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, that will not affect prize awards.

First Five Prize Winners
A Ford V-8 Motor Car to each!

Raymond P. Weyer
69 Bell St., Belleville, N. J.

Morris H. Switzer
25 W. 43rd St., New York City

Miss Elsa Koestler
571 Grand Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

Mrs. Wm. E. Buchanan
28 Bellaire Ct., Appleton, Wis.

Miss M. Borden
1761 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The world-wide reputation of Tecla pearls speaks for them, and the $700.00 pearl necklace offered as sixth prize, is one of the most exquisite products of this celebrated house.

Orry-Kelly's designs for the beautiful stars of Warner Bros. Pictures have lifted him to the pinnacle of his profession. The reproductions of his gowns by Studio Styles, Inc., are faithful and stunning.

The hundred Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors are awards of distinction and high merit.

Photoplay congratulates the winners and hopes that those who failed to receive an award will have better luck in our next contest.

Additional Prize Winners

$700.00 Tecla Pearl Necklace

Mrs. F. S. Blackmore
1008 Akron Savings & Loan Bldg., Akron, O.

Mrs. Forrest H. Witmeyer
2968 E. 132nd St., Cleveland, Ohio

Matthew Fardella
752 Main St., Paterson, N. J.

Mrs. A. J. Simon
4127 E. Douglas, Wichita, Kans.

$200.00 in Cash

B. H. Lorentz
305 Y. M. C. A., Superior, Wis.

$125.00 in Cash

Miriam Lois McAbee
885 Gladstone Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Six Orry-Kelly Gowns

M. C. Morrison
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Mrs. L. E. Smith
676 Jordan, Shreveport, La.

Walter Henry Lundy
729 Chestnut St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Valvera Moore Hampton
Box 622, Clarksville, Tex.

E. M. Harvey
501 43rd Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. Roy L. Westgate
732 Gunderson Ave., Oak Park, III

$75.00 in Cash

Mrs. Hodge Laron Dolle
6814 S. State St., Westerville, O.

$50.00 in Cash

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Philip K. Bergner
High School, East Liverpool, O.

[Please turn to page 108]
Would you have alluring shoulders? Then let Norma Shearer's be your ideal. Sylvia includes her shoulders in composing the perfect model, and teaches you how to gain this charm.

WELL, darlings, I had to do it. You girls have demanded it. Hundreds of your letters have told me that you want an ideal to work toward, that you must have a goal. You have asked me to pick the Hollywood stars who have perfect figures, to set a standard. Okay, I'm willing. I'm going to give you an ideal.

So few figures are perfect and my eye is so critical that I can rarely point to one star's figure and say, "Look! That's it!" But what I can do is to take a group of stars and pick the perfect feature of each figure. That's better, anyhow. Then you'll have a real ideal. And you know me well enough by now to realize that when I say a thing is good, it has got to be good!

Criticism is my job. Looking for figure flaws is what I've de-

Now here is something for you girls who want the form divine! The flawless features of the most beautiful figures in Hollywood are assembled by Madame Sylvia, into a hypothetical woman who must stand as the paragon of loveliness. To match her shoulders be your goal!

For an exquisite throat, look at Grace Moore's. Such symmetry—and just see the carriage of her head! Why not the same for you?
women everywhere are profiting by Sylvia's personal answer department. See Page 100

voted my life to doing. Maybe you think I've been rough on the stars—pointing out their defects as I've done. Maybe they think I've been rough. I've had to be. If I didn't tell the stars of Hollywood, and you, what is wrong with them, I wouldn't be true to myself, and—what's more important—I wouldn't be true to them or to you.

Their livelihood depends upon their looks. Nothing breaks a Hollywood contract so quickly as fat, and the stars are so used to their own figures and are flattered so much that they don't see those pounds creeping up on them. But I see them, and feel it my duty to warn them. The producers thank me, for many times expensive retakes are necessary because the star doesn't look right. All I'm trying to do is to save those girls' careers.

Women who are trying to be beautiful sometimes need discipline. Often they hate the truth. They love flattery. Well, I can't flatter. My name wouldn't be Sylvia if I could. And I've been like a mother to the stars. I've disciplined them, and how Mama Sylvia spanks! Boy, do my spankings take off flesh! Just ask the stars I've treated.

I'm not afraid to tell anybody what's wrong with a figure. Nobody can hide an ounce of surplus flesh from me. That's why I've written as I have. But I'm just as willing to say "That's swell" when I see a beautiful line. You girls throughout the country deserve knowing what my standard is.

I've seen dozens of movies recently. I've looked over thousands of stills. I've watched the stars personally. I'm ready now to give you an authoritative ideal, so that you can work toward it.

Give your figure the once over. Find its imperfections just as I would do if I could see you. Make up your mind that you're going to be beautiful—and then get to work. If you have too much flesh and muscle, remove it. If your bone structure is wrong, hide it. It can be done. Don't be satisfied with yourself. Pretend that you are dependent upon your looks for your living. But take it from me, there is no such thing as easy reducing. Health and youthful happiness are free to everybody. But you've got to work for them. God gave you intelligence. Now use it.

I tell the stars what's wrong with them because their figure faults would never be corrected unless they were pointed out. I'm honest and sincere. Sometimes they get sore, but it doesn't worry me because I know I'm being truthful. Now you must be honest and sincere with yourself. Give yourself a lecture. Then hop to it and make your body measure up to the standards I'm going to give you. For here, babies, are the perfections of the stars, discovered by probably the most critical beauty eye in America.

Grace Moore's throat. It's gorgeous! In perfect proportion, softly rounding, fairly long. [Please turn to page 100]
THINK every girl would like to be glorified. By glorified, I mean having her appeal, personality and beauty magnified. The screen is a potent lesson in glorification, if you have had the opportunity to study before and alter photographs of your favorite stars.

Most of us are inclined to think that this glorification, or enhancing of yourself, is a magic wand wielded only by screen and theatrical producers. Of course, these magnates do a magnificent job, but why limit this glorification process? Why can't we all play at it, if only in an amateur way? I can assure you that the rewards are rich, that it is the strongest tonic on earth for your general well-being.

Where to begin? First, with yourself, your disposition, your temperament or whatever you want to call it. That doesn't sound interesting? Not at first, maybe, but after you've been at it awhile, you will find it a most intriguing business, for results come soon and surely. Getting to know yourself is a hard business. Many of us skip through life knowing all about everybody else but ourselves. But you must know yourself, absolutely, if you want to know where to cut down, where to build up that more charming person, to which we might all well aspire.

There are two important personality angles calculated to take many girls over the hurdles of life—graciousness and humor. And it is not at all impossible to draw both out of yourself. Graciousness is a social acquisition and you will develop it, first, by self-control, and second, by learning the right act, word or manner for the right occasion. You need keen observation for this, and it is an essential step for every girl who would like to grow.

But self-enhancement does not stop with personality. It goes on to personal appearance. It touches your figure, face, hair, in fact, every part of you. For figure, I refer you to Sylvia. She will take care of that for you. For face and hair, you must do the work unless you are fortunate enough to be able to put yourself in the hands of a real beauty artiste. Even then, you must still contribute your ideas and imagination.

Your work on face and hair must consist first of a thorough eye study. The way to do this is to study yourself in a mirror, as if you were a strange person. This deep, keen observation may show that you have lovely eyes, not much of a nose and a passable mouth. Then you must do everything to emphasize those eyes, both by daily care and the right make-up accent, subtly.
PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP
Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

Claire Trevor's hair creates a golden frame for a single gardenia. Denis Phillips designed this Empress Carlotta coiffure. "Flowers give a more youthful touch than jewels," says Denis. You need youth and a lovely hairline for this exotic arrangement for your grand occasions.

When "Here Is My Heart" opens, you will see Kitty Carlisle in this revived hair arrangement, which suggests something interesting to do with those braids you've been wearing in the coronet fashion. Single side wave and braided coils over the ears. A distinctly dramatic accent.

You must forget the nose completely, throw it out of your consciousness, if it is not to make you sensitive and unhappy. You must learn to make your mouth pleasant, and this is achieved by avoiding sour, unhappy expressions. If you can say bright, pleasant things, if you can learn to smile like Miriam Hopkins and laugh like Joan Blondell, then any mouth will pass for lovely.

Now hair gets its bit of magic. There are two schools on the hair question. One holds to the idea that once you have developed a characteristic coiffure, you should hold to it, regardless of style. The more modern theory is constant change. This idea gets my vote. I believe that with experimentation come new and delightful things; that many of us, by remaining in a rut, never realize our possibilities. The movie stars work the newer hair theory overtime. They must do this, of course, to adjust themselves to roles, but we have roles, too, and they are not always in the same character. A great Hollywood trick is the bang today and none tomorrow. This is very easy if you wear a side part. You comb them out and curl them one day. The next you straighten by dampening and comb them under your wave. There are a dozen and one good hair tricks for every head if you will watch the screen fashions.

When you go to interesting places to dine and dance, the theater and movies, keep your eyes wide open. Watch what interesting people wear, do and say. There is an unmistakable "line" about life. Few of us can afford to miss what the rest of the world is doing, saying and thinking. As strong as I am for individual personality, to live too much within yourself is a mistake. You can always take something desirable from another, mingle it with what you have to contribute, and thereby develop a new trend of thought or action. Giving of yourself, however, is the right road to charm and appeal, but you can give only when you have built up something worth while within. If you want to try out some of these self-enhancement ideas, you may find that your glorification process is not so amateurish, after all.

Beauty, after all, unless it is accompanied by charm, sparkle and courage, is not enough. It may attract but it, alone, will never hold. It will hold that first glance, all right, but for lasting love, affection, friendship, you need much more. So in developing, remember the outward aspect must have its share of attention, but not all. Too many girls go astray on the idea that physical beauty is all they need. Don't!
If you could go behind the scenes in modern perfume manufacture, you would understand why we can truthfully say that all good fragrances are, indeed, sweeter than the flowers. You would understand also why you pay in dollars for that beautiful bottle of precious perfume. No item of your personal toilette is more laboriously worked over and tested and experimented with than our modern perfumes, and certainly none gives you more pleasure and appeal than the right fragrance.

Hollywood must consume a large portion of the world's output, because everyone in Hollywood smells simply divine. There, you are always eager to know what the players are using.

Here are the ways in which Hollywood uses perfume and here are some of the choices of the stars.

Janet Gaynor uses both an exotic, and floral and delicate scents, which she applies to the hair and tips of the ears. An atomizer is the right method for perfuming the hair.

For evening, Pat Paterson likes an exotic perfume; for morning and day, a floral odeur. Her method of application is most effective. After her bath, she pours a little on her palms and rubs over her entire body. Astrid Allwyn has used the same odeur for years, because she likes the idea of personal association. Her choice is a dreamy, synthetic one.

Rosemary Ames, whose name sounds almost like a perfume, thinks that choice depends upon occasion and your escort. Wise girl! She uses it behind her ears and on the hem of her skirt. Try the skirt business. It works beautifully, the fragrance rising from your very steps, as it were.

Exotic scents for night, delicate blends for day is Rochelle Hudson's habit. On wrists, behind the ears and on the hem of skirt for Rochelle, also. Incidentally, Rochelle has one of the most perfect skins in Hollywood, so fine that even the all-seeing eye of the camera cannot detect a flaw.

Norma Shearer's selection of lilac seems perfect for her, doesn't it? If she wears real gardenias, however, she will choose something to harmonize with the flowers.

Irene Dunne uses an orchid perfume, because once upon a time this poignant sweetness helped her overcome a bad case of stage fright.

Loretta Young, as is most fitting, likes a wafty, evanescent odeur. The kind that would have all the appealing youth of Loretta, I think.

Mae West—and is this what you've been waiting for?—likes sweet pea and a rich, drowsy odeur. Mae has a special perfume named after her, you know.

The perfume trick for most of us is to have several bottles, and use them according to occasion, mood and escort, as Rosemary Ames suggests. When your young man likes your gardenia, or whatever you wear, surely you can pay him no more subtle compliment than this impersonal—and yet very personal—thought.

[ADDITIONAL BEAUTY SECRETS ON PAGE 84]
This is the Perfume itself, the very spirit of an Evening in Paris translated into glamorous fragrance! In a beautiful bottle and an enticing box, $1.10.

If you’re shuddering at all the gift shopping you have to face—here’s the easy way out! Check off the feminine names on your list with a set of Evening in Paris! There are twenty-six different sets, each as beautiful as those shown here. You can finish your shopping for the ladies in a few minutes! And if you could step up to toilettry counters about this time of year, and see lovely ladies yearning over the Evening in Paris sets on display, you would see how surely each gift will bring a thrill of special delight! The price range of $1.10 to $20 lets you give a handsome gift, whatever your gift budget!

As though the exquisite Evening in Paris Perfume weren’t enough, this delicately lovely bottle has an efficient and lasting atomizer top! A charming accessory for a smart dressing table as well as a glorious fragrance! In its gift box, $1.65.

All the radiance of Evening in Paris glows from this box—and in its satiny interior nestled Evening in Paris Face Powders, Talcum Powder, Single Compact, Perfume and Lipstick. $5.

Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder carry glamour and delight wherever they go. Their lovely box prepares the eye for the beauty within. $2.25.

On a luxurious bed of satin, rest the Evening in Paris Talcum, Face Powder, Perfume, Lipstick, Single Compact and Toilet Water. One of the most impressive of all sets. $10.

Scents of gay Paris on the cover of this delightful box—and inside, Evening in Paris Talcum Powder, Face Powder and Perfume. $2.95.

Evening in Paris BY BOURJOIS
“That was the worst headache...”

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let’s make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stomach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the after-effects.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable ... pleasant ... and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the complete name ... Bromo-Seltzer.

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER’S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.
Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.
Headache due to lowered blood alkali.
Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.
Headache of the common cold.
Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.
Headache at trying time of month.
Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We're just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let’s make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

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Listen to The Bromo-Seltzer Revue, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30—9 P. M., E. S. T.—9:30—10:00 P. C. Time

BROMO-SELTZER
AS Christmas looms nearer on the calendar, there are probably plenty of girls who are contemplating a personal portrait as that gift of gifts. And so I write a few words in advance of the holiday with the hope that it may help you to put more into and get more out of that picture than ever before.

For the camera is a surprise story for many of us. I am not talking about the movie camera, but the portrait camera before which we sit with high hopes that it may produce something like us at our best moments. Sometimes the most uninteresting faces make absorbing studies, and again the pretty girl will look very flat. What is the trick?

Part of it is you, the undefinable you that we label with personality, soul and other vague terms. You can mentally help the camera here. Unless we are professionals, posing is a trying business. We are acutely self-conscious. The result is often a set, vacant face, staring in the lens. One way to avoid that is to become mentally alert. Think of something in accord with the expression you wish to portray. If you want a laughing picture—and this is advisable for very few—you think of something amusing that has happened to you so that laughter is really in your face. If your wistful face is best, there is plenty to be wistful about for a few minutes. Or, if you want serious, sweet repose, an angle usually appealing to the male, try to really feel that way. Attuning your mind to the expression you wish to convey is one way of getting what is known as soul into a picture.

A GREAT part of your picture success depends upon make-up. Our street or evening touches are not sufficient. The camera requires a different technique. Suppose you have light eyes. Instinctively, almost, we think a black crayon and black mascara are the answer. But that is not so. With the camera, you are dealing in tones, but not the tones of the living; only the shades of black, white and gray. And so, while eyes and lips, above all, will need emphasis, the nuance in shades must be subtle. Otherwise your picture will be harsh and artificial beyond words.

Study the two portraits on this page. Heather Angel's beauty can stand the darker lipstick, the darker eye touches. Elizabeth Allan's ethereal loveliness demands light touches everywhere. Though most good photographers can guide you in your camera make-up, some will take you the way you think you want to be—until you have seen your picture.

For the camera, the face should be powdered lightly and rouge left off the cheeks. The outline of the mouth must be perfect, and a shade used that will blend in with eye make-up and hair. Eye shadow is a great aid before the camera, because it will not show if properly used, and can work all kinds of magic about your eyes. If you are taken with lowered eyes, shadow is especially necessary on the upper lids. It will throw the eyes in a tiny bit, give a very light shading there and add a lustre. If the space between the eye socket and brow is too full, shadow tones down the fullness. The slight change in tone resulting from its use will give the eyes a luminous quality. The eyebrow pencil, too, plays its part. You can always lengthen the outer brow ends just slightly for a better eye frame. Many of the stars do a stunt which is perfect for the camera. Draw a gentle line from eye corner to outer along the upper lid, close to the lashes. When the eyes are opened, this gives the appearance of heavier and darker lashes. Choose the pencil in regard to your lash tone. If you have interesting, strong brows, accent them in this manner. Have your mascara brush almost dry and brush the hairs upward, then smoothing into line. Don't touch the skin, except with a pencil at the outer corner. This will give you that slightly rugged effect you see in Joan Crawford's brows.

One of the best photographers I know refuses to take anyone with a hat on. His reasons are that a hat obscures face and hair and dates your picture too much. It is a good idea to avoid eccentric coiffures for the same reason. After all, a good likeness should last for a number of years.

Necklines are also something to keep in mind. Black and white or shades that photograph in those tones are a good choice, and the line should always be graceful and not too definite in style. A bare throat is much preferable to a high neckline, which often ages and hardens a face in photography. It is also well to avoid showy earrings, for, after all, this picture is to portray you, rather than your wardrobe. If you will keep some of these ideas in mind, you may be rewarded with a masterpiece of yourself.

"GIFT PRE VUE," youngest member of our leaflet library, tells you of the things you'd love to give and be given at Christmas. Perfumes, powders, evening bags, manicure sets, compacts. Other leaflets cover general beauty, skin, hair, nails, make-up, etc. Yours for stamped, self-addressed envelope for each. Personal questions answered gladly and promptly. Send your letters to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 291 West 57th Street, New York City.
ONE of the scenes they shot for a new production we'll bet you won't miss seeing. It's "What Every Woman Knows," with Brian Aherne as John Shand and Madge Evans as Lady Sibyl Tenterden. And this is a unique art spread because nowhere is the star, Helen Hayes, to be seen! Helen played Maggie Wylie when "What Every Woman Knows" was a Broadway stage success, eight seasons ago, and she's done it again for M-G-M.

The carpenters nailed the boards from the platform, so nobody could rock the boat. The slightest movement might have thrown the players out of focus, and the splash of water would have been picked up by the micro-
phone, spoiling the take. Gregory La Cava, the sweatered gentleman in the foreground, was waiting to direct the scene.

In this J. M. Barrie story, laid in Scotland, Maggie's matrimonial chances seem hopeless (due, she believes, to her lack of charm), until her father and brothers, out of pity for her, contrive her marriage to John Shand. Elected to Parliament, John becomes infatuated with Lady Sibyl. It is Maggie's plan to throw them together constantly, convinced that they will sicken of each other. She arranges a sojourn in the country for John and Sibyl, and so complications pile up at an entertaining pace. Any woman might guess the ending.
ing teeth and black, curly hair reveal his Italian origin. That origin was in Palermo, Sicily.

His sixth birthday was spent in the steerage of the ship which brought him with his family to the Land of Promise—a land which Frank made keep its promise.

The family settled in Los Angeles and Frank was sent to grammar school. He and a younger brother used to race out after the last bell and grab up a bundle of newspapers and establish themselves on a down-town street corner.

It was then his flair for the dramatic and his understanding of the human side of things began to show. When the newspapers didn't go fast enough, Frank and his brother, Tony, put on an act. Frank's idea, of course. Frank would grab his young brother and belabor him, or so it looked to startled passersby, and yell imprecations at him for not selling the papers. The kid brother would yell his lungs out and walk, his heart pounding, from sympathetic urchins to the kind-hearted public. The poor kid, the tough older brother. The pennies began to fall. In a matter of minutes, Frank and the brother, hand in hand, would dash for home, the pennies in Frank's pocket jingling sweet applause to their act.

But Frank was soon out of that. He ran a paper route of his own, he played a guitar at social affairs, he became a "pipe crawler" for a steel company, he entered California Institute of Technology, with a burning ambition to become an engineer. To do this, he waited on tables, did odd jobs, the while he edited the school paper. As for his scholastic standing, the end of his freshman year saw him with a five hundred dollar scholarship in his pocket and a round-trip ticket to the leading universities of the country. Included was the magic city of New York.

What he did in New York clearly mirrors his character even then, and his intense zeal to see, learn and know a vital background for the humanness that is in his pictures. In the metropolis, Frank slept on park benches—and with the expense money thus saved, took in symphonies, concerts, theaters and museums.

With graduation from college came the war, a lieutenantcy in the Coast Artillery, and then the restlessness of the slack water period of early post-war days. He found a job tutoring the scion of the wealthy Baldwin family at the famous Baldwin Ranch near Los Angeles. The Baldwin Ranch housed one of the most extensive libraries in California. There Frank Capra spent every leisure hour.

There first crystallized his longing to himself create and tell stories to the world, stories that the world would like to hear—and see.

HOLLYWOOD was the natural step. And to a hostile Hollywood Frank went—a Hollywood which forced him to sing for his supper in cafes and to prune trees in the sunbaked Valley to get a living. In the Santa Fe, near Fernando Valley at twenty cents a tree—in order to live during the frequent stretches of empty studio schedule.

But Frank Capra learned about making movies from the ground up—as a technical worker, a co-director of screen novelties, a Hal Roach gag man, and finally a comedy director at Mack Sennett's—with varying up-and-down fortunes. Mostly down. When he made a success of Harry Langdon's comedy features, Langdon decided a director wasn't important. (Langdon probably has changed his mind by now.)

It wasn't until Capra had a talk with Harry Cohn, the youthful, vigorous Columbia boss, that he really started going places. Cohn assigned him to an unimportant program picture, titled "That Certain Thing," with Ralph Graves and Viola Dana.

So promising and unusual was the result that Columbia released it with some fanfare—and signed Capra to a long term contract.

He has been there ever since. He directed the most significant picture Columbia had yet made in "Submarine." To him were entrusted the first audacious films the studio undertook. He accounted for the success of the Barbara Stanwyck pictures. His "Flight" and "Dirigible" focused even reluctant eyes on Columbia pictures. "American Madness" revealed the dramatic power he could summon, ranking it among the best of its year. "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" turned out to be a popular production.

At last came "Lady for a Day," which just missed the Academy Award by a hair—and "It Happened One Night" certainly one of the most popular pictures of this year.

All these at Columbia—which is home, and will be home for a long time to Frank Capra.

Oh, the other studios would like him—how they'd like him—and to Hollywood, which often views success in terms of "bigger and better and more super-colossal," it is sometimes a little puzzling why Frank Capra stays on contentedly at his present headquarters.

As Capra himself explains, his position at Columbia, with its privilege of complete freedom of thought and action, is a tremendous factor in his chances for turning out the kind of pictures he wants to turn out.

Which brings us to how Frank Capra works his magic. Frank Capra's pictures ("It Happened One Night" is the best and freest example) stand out particularly for three things:

A WEALTH of delightful, human incidents. Surprising twists to the story. Natural, easy characters. He couldn't inject these incidents without what Capra calls "a mind that is allowed to function flexibly."

For instance:
"It Happened One Night" was crammed with incidents that made audiences squirm delightfully in their chairs, sent them out into the lobby chuckling to each other about Clark Gable's hitch-hiking thumb-jerk, "The Walls of Jericho," and "The Man on the Flying Trampe".

That very human bus sequence grew right on the set.

He recalled his rule:
"A dull scene is just so much footage—"
So, Capra explains: "I had heard a record of "The Man on the Flying Trampe." I thought, 'Why not a running gag?—maybe put it on their guitars! Well, when they started singing, the tune and the words were so catchy that everyone on the set began singing it, too. Another idea. Why not let the whole bus join in? And that's what finally evolved.'"

Here is the point Frank Capra made:
"If I had been working at a larger studio limiting my actions, I would have had to leave the set and run get an okay to hire the hill-billies; run get another okay to hire each extra hill-billy, each extra singer, until I probably would have given up the idea rather than tangle myself up in maze of red tape.

"At Columbia, I can follow up any inspiration of the moment while the picture is being made without asking anyone except myself—and the opinions of the people who are working with me."

A MAJOR surprise in "It Happened One Night," he considers the appearance of Clark Gable in the type of whimsical, good-natured role he had. The part was originally written for Bob Montgomery. Audiences would have expected Bob to be such a fellow, but when they saw Clark doing it, they were surprised—and delighted.

But the surprising story twists—they weren't there at all. "You just thought they were," says Frank.

He has, in fact, the stories of 'Lady for a Day' and 'It Happened One Night' were pretty obvious, and full of holes. The plots weren't even new.

"So the story developments were disguised by the incidents which took place. Any audience can guess ahead of flat spots. But by entertaining them, making them forget the plot and stick with the characters through a wealth of incident, you bring them to a surprise turn in the story—a pleasing surprise."

"Trickery—that's what—but how the public loves to be tricked in the Capra manner!"

As for his characters—his actors—how does he get them to turn in, consistently believable performances?

First of all, on a Capra set—the actor—not the play, is the thing. Anything which might detract from the interest in the natural action of the characters is taboo. Trick shots and spectacular photography is eyed askance by this director.

"Will the audience look at the trick business or the actors?" Capra asks himself before he allows mechanical innovation.

He gathered Barbara Stanwyck, Walter Connolly and Jean Parker into the limelight. He restored Gable, Claudette Colbert, May Robson and Nils Asther to high favor. He even tries to keep himself out of it as much as he can. He wants no directorial "style" to show. "I try to remain just an appreciative audience," he says.

NO wonder actors love to work with him—no commotion, no temperament, no theatricals—but every break in the world. They don't have to press, they can relax. They're never 'on the spot.'

But Frank Capra, the most valuable, the most widely acclaimed director in Hollywood, strangely enough, is on the spot every time he goes on the set. He's on it right now, making "Begin All Over Again.

"I have to make them a picture every time I start," he grins.

What he means is that his actors, his crew, his bosses, Columbia's salesmen, a thousand movie theater owners, and a million moviegoers—all Hollywood and all the world—expect every picture bearing the legend, "A Frank Capra Production," to be a world beater.
"My Idea of Extravagance" says

Ann Sothern

"is caring for silk things with anything but LUX"

IM SURE EVERY GIRL loves silk things," says Ann Sothern, "they feel so luxurious. But they're really amazingly practical if you give them the right kind of care.

"It seems terribly wasteful to use anything but Lux. Ordinary soaps with harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing, make silk fibres lifeless, rob them of the strength and elasticity that make silk durable.

"That's my idea of extravagance. Lux keeps silk so gorgeously new-looking, colors so fresh, I insist on it for all my washable things. Lingerie, dresses, blouses, stockings, wear and wear with Lux."

- - YOU'LL FIND glamorous silk things a practical economy if you care for them as Ann Sothern does—with Lux. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in clear water is safe in Lux. Its feathery bubbles, so mild and pure, keep silk lovely—like new longer.

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios . . .

"Lux has proved an invaluable economy in cutting down replacement bills at Columbia," says Janet Henle. "Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments, silk, cotton, wool, and knitted things. It is marvelous to restore their freshness, keep colors bright and fabrics crisp and new-looking. Lux makes stockings wear longer, fit better, too!"

Hollywood Says—don't trust to luck, TRUST TO LUX
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Lee Robbin and Ralph Rainiger, ace song-writing combination at Paramount—composers of "Love in Bloom," and other successes—work so closely it's no wonder people sometimes confuse them. For instance, when Leo was congratulated the other day on an approaching blessed event . . . "Sorry," said Leo. "It's my partner—not me. This is one production on which we did not collaborate."

Is young Joel Dee McCrea going to get a lot of attention! He's the first grandchild on either Joel's or Frances' side.

Joe E. Brown's little daughter Kathryn sat in her high chair having her lunch when Joe E. burst in. "Kathryn," he said, "guess who's coming to our house in a few weeks?" "Don't know," Kathryn said, going right on with her lunch. "Oh, sure you do," her daddy said. "Who comes down the chimney? You know, big and fat and jolly, with a merry round face and—." "Oh, I know," Kathryn interrupted. "Guy Kibbee."

Bing Crosby tells about the little blonde who was taking a golf lesson the other day. "No, no, use your wooden-headed driver," her instructor shouted. So the little blonde calmly walked over and beckoned to her chauffeur.

In what looks like a move to bring back the mustache cup, the report comes that fifty per cent of M-G-M's leading men wear mustaches. But, it is stated in the report, only ten per cent know how to wear one.

One by one they're coming back.

Now Lloyd Hughes, heartbeat of thousands in the days when he and Mary Astor played romantically on the silent screen, is back in Hollywood. As good looking as ever he plans to re-establish himself in Hollywood with Universal supplying the re-entry rôle in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

If puns gag you, pass this up. The "idea was to think up a proverb with the word 'archaic.'" Ann Harding snapped, "We can't have archaic and eat it, too!

When the entire Polish press called him a renegade, Richard Boleslavsky took it to heart. And now he's Richard Boleslavsky, as he was originally. He had changed the spelling of his name to make it more pronounceable. But by doing so, it became a Russian name. And the Polish are touchy patriotic. It's Richard who directed Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

Shirley Temple has just been handed one of those exquisite little six-room hangar- downs on the Fox lot. And the painters are having a grand time fixing everything up in baby blue and pink. "What I like best about it," Shirley says, "are my grand neighbors.

Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers, by the way, are the neighbors.

Dorothy Tree was one of the brunette beauties of the New York stage. So what happens? She comes to Hollywood—and has made every picture but two in a blonde wig—and is becoming known as one of Warner's fair-haired beauties.

When Rosco Ates first appeared in the RKO-Radio dining-room, he had the time of his life. The waitresses didn't recognize the famous stuttering comedian, who onlyutters on the screen.


After five minutes of this the harassed waitress would go to the manager. "What is it, sir?" the manager would ask.

"Why, all I want is just some steak and a piece of pie. What's wrong?" Ates would say, as the waitress would stand with open mouth and eyes popping.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]
POCKETBOOK PANIC*
embarrasses

ANNE SHIRLEY
at Hollywood Premiere

now
this star carries only
handbags with the
convenient and secure

TALON fastener

Every detail of a screen star's costume receives careful consideration. Take handbags, for instance. Leading actresses have found that it pays to carry handbags with the Talon Fastener. In other bags, accidents happen. A slip of the hand . . . and contents scatter about! With Talon Fastener security guarding a handbag, it can be depended upon to keep everything snug and safe.

And more . . . handbags with the Talon slide fastener are the leaders in style! For only the best manufacturers equip their handbags with this smooth-operating closing.

You'll find Talon-fastened handbags for all occasions, at the price you prefer to pay, awaiting you in smart shops everywhere.

When you buy, look for the name TALON on the slider. It is your assurance of style and quality, as well as your guide to convenience and security.

*Pocketbook Panic is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.
David Holt was a sensation in "You Belong to Me." The youngster is only seven years old, but he seems to know instinctively what to do when he faces a camera. He admits, however, that he can play a scene better if he's promised a new bicycle or some other gift as a reward.

Lucy Orr, Chicago, Ill.—Here's the information, Lucy, now you settle the argument. Richard Ditz was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1895. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 184 and has dark brown hair and eyes. His latest pictures are "Stingaree" and "His Greatest Gamble." Next will be "West of the Pecos." Richard has one daughter, Mary Ellen, by his first marriage.

Stella Hay, Miami, Fla.—That lovely scenic notepaper you sent me long for a vacation in your part of the country. Ho hum! Gene Raymond's latest picture is "Transatlantic Memoirs." Paramount's newest troupers are Nancy Carroll and Jack Benny. Raul Roulien's latest is "The World Moves On" with Madeleine Carroll. Clark Gable's busy making "For Saking All Others," with Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery.

Annette Krause, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Gertrude Michael has light brown hair and blue eyes, and is still single. She celebrates her birthday on June 1st.

Julia Davis, Fort Riley, Kan.—The Elizabeth Allen who is known as Mrs. Robert Montgomery is a non-professional and not the same Elizabeth Allan you saw in "Men in White." The latter is an English actress whose name in private life is Mrs. William J. O'Brien. She is now making "David Copperfield" at M-G-M. The cast of "The Way of All Flesh" consisted of Emil Jannings, Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver and Donald Keith.

Barbara Crounse, Strasbourg, Penna.—Your sister is wrong this time, Barbara. John Beal played the role of Bob Montgomery's nephew in "Another Language." Myrna Loy was born August 2, 1905.

Alice Murdock, Bremerton, Wash.—Claude Raines' latest picture is "Crime Without Passion." His next will be "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," Joan Bennett will be his leading lady in this.

Dora Cohen, Bronx, N. Y.—Dora here are the birthdays you wanted. Evelyn Venable, October 8, 1913; Tom Brown, January 6, same year; Rochelle Hudson, March 6, 1914; Toby Wing, July 14, 1915; Patricia Ellis, May 20, 1915 and Anita Louise, January 9, 1917.

Marjorie Little, Sydney, Australia.—The studios evidently didn't realize that you would have to pay extra duty on the letters or they wouldn't have returned them to you. They probably didn't have forwarding addresses for the stars to whom your letters were addressed, hence they got back to you. Victor Jory was born in Dawson City, Alaska, in 1902. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 182 and has black hair and brown eyes. Played in stock and New York stage productions before going into pictures. His latest picture is "Pursued."
Some toothsome, peppery mixtures with which to vary cold weather menus

**Spicy Mexican Dishes**

Upon entering the culinary department of a certain Hollywood household we were met by a grand spicy aroma. Investigation disclosed lovely Raquel Torres preparing a popular dish of her native Mexico.

After sampling it, we decided that Raquel should share with you all her recipes for a few of these hot, full-flavored menu complements.

However well-known some of these dishes may be, often proper directions are not used in their preparation. Raquel gives us authentic measurements and methods, starting with the best known—**Chili Con Carne**: In an iron pan fry 1 chopped onion and 1 clove of garlic in 1 tablespoon olive oil, until transparent. Add 2 pounds round steak, cut for stew, and stir around until brown all over. Add 2 cups of chili Colorado, cover and simmer for 1 hour or until meat is tender. Then stir in 1 tablespoon ground sweet chocolate, 1 slice fried bread pounded fine. Salt to taste, and add enough boiling water to blend nicely, and 1 teaspoonful vinegar. Bring to boil again and serve.

**Chili Colorado**—Remove seeds and veins from ½ pound of dry chili peppers and wash well. Then boil for about 10 minutes, drain and rub through colander, adding water to loosen pulp—about a pint in all. Pour this through the peppers again until it is thick as very thick cream. Heat 1 teaspoon of olive oil, fry 1 clove of garlic, skim it out and stir in the pulp. Add 1 teaspoon each of grated sweet chocolate, sugar, vinegar and salt.

**Frijoles**—Soak 1 pint of pink beans overnight, then boil in salted water until tender. While they are cooking, fry 2 onions in bacon fat. Add ½ can of tomatoes, and 7 red chili peppers, cleaned and with veins removed. Boil for few minutes, then scrape off red, jelly-like chili from tough skin. Now add with onions and tomatoes to beans. Let boil several hours, stirring often.

**Chili Rellenos Con Queso**—Are made by removing veins and seeds from 6 large fresh red peppers, slipping in a thick slice of sharp yellow cheese, dipping pepper in beaten egg and frying in boiling olive oil. When a golden brown, drain and serve with cream sauce.

**Mexican String Beans**—String, cut up and boil until tender 1 quart of string beans. When done, drain and add 1 tablespoon of butter, some chopped parsley, onion and sweet pepper. Have ready fried some diced bacon, add the juice of 1 sour orange and a little grated nutmeg. Then add this mixture to the beans, pour all into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with paprika and fine bread crumbs and bake until a delicate brown—about 15 minutes.

**Tamale Pie**—Stir 2 cups cornmeal into 6 cups salt water, and cook 5 minutes. Then place in double boiler and cook 45 minutes more. Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil, add 1 chopped onion, 1 clove of garlic, 2 sprigs parsley, and brown. Add 2 pounds round steak in small cubes, and brown. Now add 2 cups strained tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chili powder, 12 ripe olives, 24 seedless raisins, 1 teaspoon each of salt and chopped parsley. Cook until meat is tender, adding boiling water to make gravy. Line buttered baking dish with ½ of mush, brush with melted butter, place meat mixture over it, cover with rest of mush. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

**Mexican Soufflé**—Into 1 cup of hot, clear, black coffee, stir 3 tablespoons of creamed butter, with 3 tablespoons of cornstarch and 200 grated chocolate. Remove from fire and stir slowly into the yolks of 3 eggs, well beaten, with 1 tablespoon of butter. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white. Bake for 25 minutes in puddin dish set in pan of hot water.

**Pollo Mole**—Boil a chicken, saving a cup of the broth. Fry 3 slices of stale bread, 1 chopped onion, 1 clove of garlic in 1 tablespoon of olive oil until browned. Then pound well with some sesame and a few anise seeds. Soak 3 chili peppers in boiling water until soft, remove seeds and rub through a colander with a little water. Add to other ingredients and place in saucepan with peeled tomato, pinch of cloves, salt and pepper. Now add 1 cup of chicken broth and, when well blended, add boiled chicken, cut in pieces to serve.

Though Raquel Torres serves her favorite foods in sunny California, these Mexican sizzlers are especially appropriate for brisk Fall or Winter days.
Believe me, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting Cosmetic Skin. It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"I don't take chances! Naturally I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with stale make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics thoroughly—with Lux Toilet Soap. It’s gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who think they remove make-up thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to choke them... enlarge them, cause blemishes, even blackheads. Signs of Cosmetic Skin!

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' beauty care. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich lather is ACTIVE, sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, wash with gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. This protects your skin—keeps it lovely!
Of course I use rouge and powder, but I use Lux Toilet Soap so faithfully I'll never have Cosmetic Skin.

Where have you been all my life?

I can't take my eyes off that skin of yours.

Margaret Sullavan
STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "LITTLE MAN WHAT NOW"
Let's Go to Tomorrow's Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

to actually live for us.

Why is the music from this film over tele-
vision different from the music we used to
have in our pictures of six years ago (the
pictures of 1934)?

Because it is made with different instru-
ments. The proper use of electrical pickup
has brought back into use rare instruments
that had to be abandoned in the grouping of
orchestra pieces. Many a delicate, beautiful
instrument was abandoned because it could
not hold up against the stronger pieces of the
orchestra, or because its music was too soft
and of too delicate a timbre to carry to an
audience.

A YOUNG sound engineer had a notion that
if he could, by proper mixing, make the
tick of a watch louder than the report of a
pistol, he could also bring back to use in orches-
tras the most delicate instruments. That is
why you can hear the breathing of your char-
acters in a tense scene in these pictures of 1940;
why you can hear the fall of rain and the rustle
of a bird's wings.

The microphone can pick up sounds abso-
lutely beyond range of the human ear, just as
the infra-red rays can pick up light that does
not exist for the human eye.

Since the advent of the absolutely silent
picture cameras and the constructing of tiny
sound sets that do not in any way interfere
with the camera, we find that both pictures
and sound have improved one hundred per
cent.

You may recall that RKO-Radio came out
with a small, compact, noiseless camera in
1934—one that did not need a "blimp," or
sound-proof box, constructed around it to
keep the noise of its mechanism from reaching
the sensitive ear of the microphone.

How valuable that camera and the super-
sensitive film, permitting the making of pictures with half as much light as formerly,
were for all types of work, especially for night
and animal shots, was understood as early as
1934.

Since that time the speed of the film has
been doubled again, just as it was tripled in
1934 as against 1930. And the faster the film,
the less light needed—and the less light needed
the sharper the focus and the more "piable"
the shadows. That is why these pictures have an almost
"third dimension" aspect.

The real "third dimension" pictures have
progressed, but they still have a long way to go
before perfection.

EVEN several years before 1940 the big
theater owners were planning amusement
centers—figuring they would have to do some-
thing to offset the pull of the home television
sets.

They get the identical entertainment that
you get over your screen, plus some of their
own.

Of course, their pictures are a little better,
as television still has difficulties to overcome,
just as in 1934 it was balked because it could
not develop a speed of more than twenty
frames per second while motion pictures were
being made at the rate of twenty-four shots
per second.

Tonight, at the center we are going to, they
are showing by television a popular Broadway
legitimate drama and a big motion picture by
mechanical projection.

This movie was made in a studio, just as
they were made six years ago, and put on
film, just as they were then. Then these
films are turned over to broadcasting stations
for transmission to television sets. Others
are shown through regular projection machines
in the theaters.

Now we are at the center. There is every
 conceivable form of entertainment here;
swimming, dancing, dining, vaudeville, sports,
games, bridge, various types of contests and
what-not.

In the theater we are visiting now, they
furnish meals and show movies and television.
In the two upper levels or balconies you'll
find your dining-rooms, with every table over-
looking screen and stage. There is also dancing
up there—and a mighty attractive bar.

The idea is that you can spend an entire
evening here—and do anything you can think of
doing.

Let's sit down here on the main floor. Just
like one of the nicer of the old-type movie
houses, isn't it? But if you look closely you
will see that the screen is tilted to get away
from the elongation of figures that always re-
sulted when the projection machine was far
back and high up in the theater.

Also, you will notice that the screen is of
special construction to eliminate those terrible
side angles.

The latest equipment calls for the projection
of the picture from behind the screen. That
system was coming into vogue at the time
sound took hold.

Then the loud speakers were put back there
and the projection had to be put up in the roof
again, so to speak.

Ah, there's the music. You look surprised.
Well, why not?

You are listening to the scientific and sen-
sitive selection and distribution of sound now.
If the loud speaker were behind that screen,
as it used to be, in order to be heard way up
there in the dining stalls it would have to be
louder than to blast the top off the head of
the fellows down in front.

In this theater there are about forty-eight
different vents from which the sound is dis-
tributed.

That is why you can hear instruments you
have never heard before—and hear sounds in
movies that it would have been utterly im-
possible to register and project before this
system was put into effect.

In the old days they used to build a theater
and then jam in the projection box.

Nowadays they build in the sound and
projecting machines and then build the theater
around them.

I've actually been told that with this device
they can register and distribute the sound of
the flutter of a butterfly's wings. Could you
imagine what that would be like out of a loud
speaker they had tuned up to reach the farthest
back point in a theater of this size?

There is your picture. You never dreamed
of photography like that, did you? Third
dimension? Not quite—but proper lighting
effects and the use of shadows gives you the
illusion.

Why are the pictures so much clearer and
more lifelike?

Because of greatly improved cameras, film
and lighting, and because of the proper use of
color.

There, you can actually see that vein pulsat-
ing in Garbo's throat in that close-up, can't you?

And you can hear her breathing.

It's as if she were within a foot of you—
you can actually sense her physical closeness.
And with that Rose Doree tint and the music
from those almost forgotten stringed instru-
ments—

Guess we'd better go back to 1934.

Well, that was just a little glimpse into the
future in movies.

But it was not a pipe dream. Every one of
those developments has foundation in sound
fact and accomplishment.

DAYS spent in motion picture studios,
executive offices, directors' rooms and labor-
atories; as well as in broadcasting stations,
in film and camera laboratories—where every-
one, from corporation heads and technical
experts down to cameramen and sound mixers,
was interviewed—brought forth the facts with
which this little visit into the future of ours
was painted.

Every incident that colors this imaginary
trip into the future is drawn from the pigment
of actual accomplishment, and has been sug-
gested by the foremost experts in the line to
which it refers.
SLIP your busy young feet into Styl-Eez shoes and join Your Public in excited admiration. Their beauty will delight you . . . each lovely style being designed for the glorification of youthful feet and to be tactfully flattering where nature was thoughtless. And best of all, these modern shoes let you step along with your swain with never a murmured complaint. The exclusive features of Styl-Eez shoes, so cleverly concealed, are your secret protection from tired feet and that inward rotating of the ankle so fatal to a graceful walk. Wear Styl-Eez this busy season for the twin joys of foot beauty and comfort.

"See Your Chiropodist or Orthopedist Regularly"

The "ESTA"
Pin-point perforations backed with contrasting color, stitched eyelets, and super-slim straps are alluring details of this Styl-Eez T-strap
$6 and $6.50 . . . Slightly higher west of Rockies

The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio
Please send me a copy of your Styl-Eez booklet.
Name
Address

Other Selby Products . . . Arch Preserver and Tru-Poise Shoes
In Canada write Selby Shoes Ltd., Montreal
Send this coupon for Styl-Eez booklet of features and new models
It's All a Little Crazy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

his toupee and Von Sternberg would lose his mind. Which would add spice to the whole thing. Or, for that matter, what's the matter with ZaSu Pitts and Rex, the wild horse? ZaSu could bite Rex in all the close-ups and that would be a surprise for everyone. Even the horse.

And that's what people want. They are tired of the old routines. They want new thrills, and boy! we're giving it to them.

When I first got the idea for all this new casting and recasting, as it were, I raced with the good news to Universal, where they were making “Great Expectations.”

“HOLD everything,” I screamed. “Stop all production immediately. I've got the very idea if you're going to film a Dickens story. I suggest taking all Dickens stories, both at this studio and others, and combining them into one grand musical spectacle, to be called 'Raising the Dickens.'”

Instead of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler having the leads, however, I suggested that Will Rogers croon the thrilling love songs and break out, every once in a while, into a hot rhumba. People would gather for miles to see Will do a rhumba, I’m positive.

Then, in place of Ruby Keeler, the timid little girl trying to get along, have the backward little beauty turn out to be Louise Fazenda in a pair of satin shorts, tap dancing all over the place.

Nothing wrong with that idea, is there? Would that pack them in or not? And think of the novelty of it!

Take the matter of villains in the movies. I tell you, people don't care what heroine gets herself choked silly these days, because it's always the same people who go about doing the dirt.

The minute the villain pops on the screen, people yawn outright and sigh, "Oh, hum, he's at it again."

Just to knock the audience for a loop, why don't we get a new type of villain and build up the suspense by not letting the menace be glimpsed for the first reel or two? Have the rest of the characters go about, warning the heroine of his dastardly villainy. His horrible cruelty. And then, in the third reel, when the heroine is alone in her penthouse, she hears steps outside the door. She knows it's the villain. The audience knows it's the villain. The heroine awaits her fate worse than death.

The suspense builds. And then, the door is flung open—and instead of Ricardo Cortez or Louis Calhern, in walks Joe Penner's duck.

See how it works?

I TELL you, this casting idea is the biggest thing since Kate Smith left town. It will not only revolutionize the industry, but probably palsyze it as well. And save money, at the same time. And here's how the money saving would come in.

Picture already made and shown, could, with just a few changes in cast, be reissued and make more money than the originals. Take "Cleopatra." This could easily be remade at very little cost, and simply coin money. All the mob scenes, dances, and so forth could be left intact, only Warren William, instead of playing Caesar, could very easily, with his cute little skirt and cute little bangs, play the part of Cleopatra. Claudette Colbert could take the part of Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon, the Antony of the picture, could take the part of the asp. You can't tell me people wouldn't fight to see Cleopatra pull Wilcoxon out of her little basket of figs. I tell you, it's colossal! And with a little coaxing, we might even persuade Cecil DeMille, the director, to play the part of the bull and come snorting in with a lot of dancing girls on his back.

Take the Tarzan pictures. While Johnny Weissmuller made a gorgeous Tarzan with his yelling and howling around, as his perfectly formed body swung from tree to tree, I see no need for M-G-M to go to further expense in making another Tarzan epic when nobody Hollywood has had to pass up these little gems for lack of people to play the parts. Now, with my system, all is changed.

Suppose Fox Studios announced a super-special called "Little Miss Muflet." Naturally, everyone would think he was going to see that cute little Shirley Temple again. But if, instead of Shirley, there would sit Victor McLaglen on his little tuftet, eating his curds and whey—well, can't you just see the cops trying to keep back the mobs trying to get in? And get at Victor?

Of course, if any studio insisted on producing “Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers,” why, that's up to them and they can do their own casting. I know several people who would be marvelous as Pickled Peppers, but personally, I feel a man's private life is his own.

So that's out. Think of the fairy tales that would lend themselves to this new type of casting. Take "Little Red Riding Hood." Naturally, again everyone would have Shirley Temple in mind—or some other little cutie. But, in order to blast the customers right out of their seats, I would have Maxie Baer play the lead, and can't you just see that little face under its red hood?

Charlie Laughton could be the grandmother, both before and after she was eaten, and the Paramount dancing group could be the woodchoppers.

Or take the story of “Sleeping Beauty.” A lot of suspense and thrills could be built up around the lovely Beauty, sleeping there so still and fragile in her hidden castle. And then, when the Prince Charming (Ned Sparks) finally breaks down the door, there lies Polly Moran, not only sleeping, but snoring like a buffalo.

Isn't marvelous?

Now, just to give the producers the benefit of this new idea of mine, I'm going to write down some suggestions in casting their future pictures. They can take it or leave it.

Picture

"Charlie Chan in London" Malia, the Eskimo
"Laughing boy"
"The Little Minster"
"The Return of
Frankenstein"
"The Return of
the Terror"
"The Call of the
Wild"
"Old Folks At Home"
"Casanova, the
Great Lover"
"The Five Little
Peppermints"
"The Four Marx
Brothers"

And now, to clinch all other arguments in favor of this great casting scheme, I wish to stress its usefulness.

In the coming production of "Samson and
Delilah," the casting of this picture could not only be a gem of artistry, but a lasting benefit to all mankind.

We could simply cast Lupe and Johnny for the parts, and Lupe would give Johnny that much needed hair cut and everybody the world over would be relieved.

See how it works?
WHEN WONDERSOFT KOTEX PREVENTS IT

—I only you could join me in reading the many letters I receive daily, you would realize how Wondersoft Kotex is changing women's lives. No miserable, harsh chafing; no pulling and twisting. Nothing but the gentlest, easiest forget-about-it protection," says Mary Pauline Callender, author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday" and confidante of a million women on their feminine problems.

Wondersoft just won't chafe!
You see, the sides of this pad are covered with a film of oh, so soft cotton. Where these sides touch, Wondersoft Kotex is soft and dry...and stays soft and dry. Yet the surface is left free to take up moisture. No other pad gives this "every minute" comfort and protection.

And it cannot twist!
And no twisting now, thank goodness. Wondersoft Kotex never pulls or "ropes" out of shape like ordinary pads. Instead, it adjusts itself naturally to every movement of the body. That's because the center of Wondersoft prevents twisting and at the same time protects you from accidents, by the proper distribution of moisture. That means greater security against soiled lingerie.

Even the ends are flat and smooth so that they can't show under clinging dresses. Kotex is the only pad with all these patented improvements.

Ask for Wondersoft
You'll find even the package, itself, is different. It just doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size—at all dealers. In time of emergency, you will find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort

HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW KOTEX BELT?
YES, IT'S MARVELOUS!

THE FIRST BELT THAT REALLY FITS!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S SHAPED TO THE FIGURE
AND IT'S SO EASY TO FASTEN!
YOU DON'T REALIZE THE DIFFERENCE UNTIL YOU ACTUALLY WEAR IT

HAVE you tried this form-fitting belt by Kotex? It doesn't cut, ride or irritate. It's soft, inconspicuous. Fits comfortably. The elastic is curved to fit the contours of the body.
The Unhappy Mr. Chevalier

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

for him, trying in every way to make things pleasant for him. And he had been so grateful, so devoted, and very proud of her. Now the trivial, irksome details of picture-making were destroying the pleasant pattern of the Chevalier marriage!

When the picture was finished, Yvonne went to Paris, alone. Chevalier followed several months later. And divorce headlines blasted all over the country. Maurice, however, denied emphatically all rumors of a divorce. His denials were vehement, almost frantic.

There was nothing to warn me of the change that had taken place in Chevalier the day I walked up to his dressing-room door to welcome him back from Paris. There was no gay "Come in, come in," to my knock. Instead, through the half-open door I saw Chevalier hunched mournfully in a big chair, clad in a favorite blue robe. I walked in and caroled a cheery "Hello! How are you?"

The quiet man in the blue dressing-gown looked at me a moment, then managed a small, sad smile. "Hello—did you want something?"

I stuttered a reply in the negative, and reeled out of the room. The man obviously did not wish to be disturbed. Chevalier—who a few months before had welcomed people in with chatting, charming gaiety!

The press arrived, and left in staggering incredulity. It was plain that Chevalier did not want to be interviewed. Instead of clever witticisms and laughter, reporters were met with monosyllabic statements, feeble attempts at pleasantness, and constant denials of an impending divorce.

"The Smiling Lieutenant" had, it seemed, little song and laughter left. And what he did have, he needed to conserve for the camera. But if his burden of heartbreak was great enough to change his entire personality off the screen, on his face he broke through it sufficiently to strike up a song and wear the smile that delighted his movie public.

"One Hour With You" was followed by his tremendous success in "Love Me Tonight."

Not a single cheering member of the movie audience sensed that when a tuneful sequence in these pictures was finished, Chevalier walked sadly, silently back to his dressing-room and waited, alone, until he was called for his next scene.

Then suddenly his denials of a divorce ceased, and Chevalier filed a petition, early in 1933, in Paris. Incompatibility was mentioned. Emphatically he denied all rumors of other causes. He returned to Paramount to make "A Bedtime Story."

It was while he was working in this picture that a woman scribe, one of his staunchest admirers, came to interview him. She knew him well and advanced smiling, confident the old Chevalier would greet her. A vague nod was his only salutation. The old Maurice hadn't come back. So it went. Everyone was asking—What has happened to Maurice?

About the first explanation advanced was Maurice's war wound. To this day a piece of shrapnel rests in one lung, too near the heart for comfort. And it was known then that the piece of steel had given him much trouble. Doctors shrugged when asked if it might suddenly snuff out his life. "Maybe, maybe not, they had said. And that doesn't lead to a peace of mind.

Some said that his fame and fortune in American movies had gone to his head. But it would be a strange man indeed who would grow morose and unhappy because he was successful! Neither could the change have been wrought by mediocre pictures, for he was at his height, with several money-making successes to his credit. There was only one explanation. Undoubtedly the smash-up of his marriage caused his sudden leap from gaiety to sorrow. His romance with Yvonne Valerie, when she was a popular dancer in Paris, came about suddenly and sweepingly, according to the couple's closest friends. That their marriage was, for several years, perfect in its companionship cannot be questioned.

Chevalier is probably one of that rare species, a one-woman man. The ruin of his marriage, I am certain, was too great an emotional blow for Chevalier to stand. For the duration of a single scene before the cameras he could wear a smile and sing a song. But it was apparent that his emotional suffering was too great to maintain the pretense all the time.

The climax to his strange actions came when Chevalier refused, at first, to appear in "The Merry Widow" for M-G-M if his former co-star and partner in fame, Ernst Lubitsch, was named director. Neither did he want his former co-star, Jeanette MacDonald, as leading lady. People thought Chevalier mad! "The Love Parade" and several of his subsequent successes were made by Lubitsch directing and Jeanette MacDonald in the feminine lead. Had he forgotten?

The answer is that Chevalier had not forgotten. He probably remembered too well. And therein lies the solution to the incident.

When the famous trio made "The Love Parade," Chevalier was living, relatively happy, with his wife. When he was working with Jeanette and Lubitsch on this picture, Yvonne was bringing him carefully prepared lunches; Yvonne was guarding his rest, his peace of mind, his comfort. Love was in bloom. Working with them again would bring a thousand heart-break ing associations, memories, dreams that he had to forget.

However, some per- suasive gentlemen in M-G-M's front offices finally talked Chevalier into making "The Merry Widow" with Lubitsch at the megaphone and Miss MacDonald as the leading lady.

A friend of mine who worked with Chevalier throughout the long weeks of filming of the picture reports that for the most part he kept to himself, sad and silent.

When the lights were set and the cameras ready to turn he struggled through the gloom for a moment of laughter, a few seconds of dancing, the chorus of a song. Lately there have been rumors of a romance between Chevalier and Kay Francis. And though both of them deny the rumors, we are crossing our fingers for luck.

For everybody in Hollywood wants to see the old Chevalier—exhilarating, gay, friendly and happy—return.
HELEN VINSON—featured in the Columbia Production “Broadway Bill”—knows the secret of keeping her lovely figure at its best. Scores of Hollywood’s most famous stars insist upon Ry-Krisp with every meal. They’ve learned that these crisp, delicious whole rye wafers help you to stay slim, because they are filling but not fattening. Try them! They’re perfect with any food. They are delightfully different, too, just the thing for the smart hostess to serve.

June In! Mme. SYLVIA of Hollywood
sister. Not this way: "The borscht is very good tonight, and will you prefer the schlasly or the beef stroganoff— with clinic, perhaps?" No, it wasn't the way of that moment. "Here is your cabbage, Aniuska Stenski... What, you want meat too?" Remember that, when your own mind is shattered with indecision between steak or chops...

That was in Rome. Her father, the gay, improvident minstrel, the wandering dancing teacher, had died shortly before. The thwarted actress-ambition of her mother was transferred to Anna—who could dance like a dervish and mimic anyone with sardonic humor. The mother had an infatuation.

Anna, with her help and encouragement, had made a good start on the stage by the time she was fifteen. Then the Film Academy, and later, work and study with the famous Inkijinoff, in Moscow.

A NOTHER moment that added up the sum—trekking on foot through the deep unbroken snow all the way to the Crimea. There was a glowing opportunity to join a new film company there; no way to go but to walk.

Then France and Berlin. There to meet Dr. Eugene Frenke. They were married in 1930, and Anna became step-mother to Dr. Frenke's ten-year-old daughter. At the time, Anna was twenty.

Then Samuel Goldwyn, America, "Nana"—"Resurrection," retitled "We Live Again."

The Anna Sten who opened to me her dressing-room door on the United Artists' lot was a tall, alive young thing with careless hair and a soft blouse thrust negligently into a pair of old slacks.

She had an incredibly small waist, incredibly large, lighted eyes and she was all woman—even in that get-up.

Anna Sten is the final arrival at simplicity. Not naïveté—the simplicity that resolves itself out of all experience. She had gone through so much that she conveys the sense and feeling of a complete evolution in one generation.

It is an intellectual simplicity that all real artists have—a stripping away of non-essentials.

That is what makes her seem childlike to un discerning persons.

You have the certain impression that here is a woman complete in herself, a rare human, dependent on no one. She is not a carbon-copy of anyone else you have ever known or seen; she arrives at her own conclusions with no assistance. When I talked with her, she was work ing from the final scenes of the Tolstoi story she has always loved.

"I wanted to do it—to do it right—to show the world what it really is, make others feel it as I feel it. I have no criticism for the way it has been done before. But I have lived it all through. It is my Russia. I know it in my flesh. I feel sometimes that it was written for me."

Probably there has never been such a perfect piece of casting as Anna Sten in this part. Those who were not entirely pleased with "Nana" can be sure, at least, of the best Anna Sten in "We Live Again."

The talk turned to Russian art and music through the mention of Sergei Soudekin, who had just done her portrait. She likened the compositions of Scriabine—"he is my god in music," she said. Scriabine—the most complex and modern of the Russian composers. She did not say Rubinstein or Tchaikovsky or even Moussorgski, as you might have expected from the "elemental peasant" publicity about her. But she must have progressed through all of these to enjoy Scriabine.

It is my impression that she is the true Russian intellectual who belongs to the new era of serious young workers. They do not give their performances in night clubs for the local gentry, they escape having their names bandied by the popular columnists—they live a life of their own and make the rules to fit themselves.

Anna Sten and her husband, Dr. Frenke, live their individual lives. Intellectual lives, untouched and untroubled by petty jealousies. Dr. Frenke recently produced and directed a picture, "The Girl in the Case." He is frequently to be seen with the young lady who appeared in his picture. No one can possibly imagine this fact disturbing the composure of Anna Sten.

She is now living in her new house—all windows and gray stone. A house of the most ultra-modern design. Some persons find it interesting, enchanting. Others call it hideous. It wouldn't matter to Anna what anyone else thought about it.

Stories about the enormous build-up she has been given by Samuel Goldwyn have not been exaggerated.

Two instances are the five hundred photographs made by Hurrell—sitting that required several days.

Hurrell is Hollywood's most distinguished and expensive photographer—he is not making pictures for pennies. And the one song used in "Nana."

The price to Rogers and Hart is said to have been ten thousand dollars. All the other things—the instruction, the tests, the scrapping of the first picture, have become picture history in the most expensive development of a star ever known.

THERE is just one thing Anna will not do—for Goldwyn or anyone. She will not go on a diet. Her figure, soft and rounded, is proof of the fact that she doesn't need to. She has a hearty appetite, she loves plain, wholesome food and lots of it—pork and potatoes and cabbage and bread. No one can take these things away from her, and she will keep her figure with exercise rather than ever give them up.

She says, "Hollywood is the center for work, everyone talks about work, and serious artists no longer disimize it as superficial—which was once the fashion."

Anna feels a sincere loyalty for her old compatriots in the Russian school, the Film Academy, and proves it by sending back part of her salary to aid the newcomers who are struggling just as she did. She believes workers should help each other—and she doesn't just talk about it. She does it.

She was incorporated in a great literary work by a celebrated writer. Hugh Walpole, in the last of his "Rogue Herries" series, sends his elderly Casanova to a picture where he sees the most divinely beautiful woman in his long life of beautiful women. She is Anna Sten.

You can name her whatever you like—whatever she has conveyed to you, because she is what you see in her.

A sleek, well-fed, purring kitten, a broad-faced peasant with the appeal of a Zorn etching, a glamorous worldling, a distinguished woman with a rare mind, a tumbling tomboy in pants...

She is all of them, and she is fresh magic in a dusty world.
“There’s the doorbell again”

SUPPOSE daily to your door came the butcher, the grocer, the clothier, the furrier, the furniture man, and every other merchant with whom you deal? What a tedium of doorbell answering that would mean!

It would be even more impractical for you to visit daily all these stores to find out what they have to offer and the price.

And yet you need those merchants’ service quite as much as they need your patronage. Contact between seller and consumer is essential in the supplying of human needs. Before a sale can be closed the goods must be offered. Every month, through the advertising columns of this publication, the leading manufacturers of the country come to your home with their choicest wares. Easily, quickly, you get the news of all that is worth while in the market-places of the world.

They are not strangers at the door, but manufacturers you know and trust. You are always surer of high quality and fair price when you buy an article advertised by a reputable firm.
Such Parties!

CONTINUED

THERE was a delightful little party at the Players' Club last week. It was held in the circle of mirrors and mirrors, and the atmosphere was one of merriment and good cheer. The guests were all dressed in their finest, and the air was filled with the scent of fresh-cut flowers. The music was delightful, and the conversation was light and witty. The party was a great success, and everyone had a wonderful time.

THE very next night I was invited to a party given by the world's greatest theatrical genius, Max Reinhardt. It was at the Biltmore Hotel, and swank as anything. It was also significant. For Mr. Reinhardt was getting ready to produce "Midsummer Night's Dream" in our lovely Hollywood Bowl. I went to the opening, too. I don't have to tell you that just about everybody who is or isn't a Somebody was there.

And now that I've gotten over the dramatics, I must tell you that Eddie Cantor, who has the brand of fun I covet, was at the dinner. He introduced Rubinoff, the gent who plays like a dream on the radio with him, by telling us that Rubinoff started to enter a hotel with his fiddle under his arm and a two-day growth of beard on his face. They wouldn't let him in. "Why," Rubinoff burned, "this is an outrage! I'm the world's greatest violinist!"

"At each place was a doorman apologized hurriedly. "Step right in, Mr. Kreisler!"

Rubinoff laughed harder than anyone. He never knows what palsie-walsie Cantor is going to pull.

PARTY number three. (I've been gadding about something fierce!) This took place at the Players' Club, which means that theatrical people—screen, too—belong. Every so often they honor someone they particularly like. This night it was Pat O'Brien, and the big Irishman broke down and wept like a baby. biography was the nicest party! J. C. Flippin was M. C., and Bert Hanlon, Bill Frawley, Sally Voilinsky, Willie Collier and "Skins" Miller were some of the great old-timers who paid homage to Pat.

What happened? Well, Walter Catlett did the Floradora Sextette thing. And Jack Oakie applauded so hard he dropped his hat in my lap and never even knew it. Bert Wheeler recited a kid's piece, one of those simply killing kind, and then up popped Jimmy Cagney and hoofed a nifty couple steps, like he used to do in the old Broadway days.

And all this was the evening of rare talent and display of friendship such as money can't buy. And I didn't blame Pat O'Brien one drop for those big Hibernian tears. I wept gently myself.

If you think you can bear another party, I'll make mention of Joan Crawford's. Y'know, the lovely Joan has done little entertaining since Doug, Jr., departed for distant shores. Why? Because the lady don't like parties, that's why! Doug did, though. And that made things ten.

Even though it was kinda small, it was an awfully nice affair. Joan had on powder blue satin with two snoozy-looking diamond wing clips that have star sapphire tips. (Franchot Tone gave them to her for Christmas... and they can double for earrings.)

At each place was a large, fragrant gardenia—Joan still loves them. And after dinner the big-eyed siren ran off that W. C. Fields picture with Baby LeRoy in it. Now look at Joan's party.

Vep, lamb, that's Helen Hayes gurgling delightfully over her first glimpse of the infant LeRoy... and the handsome gentleman rolling on the tapis and clutching his expensive sides is Mr. Tone. It seems he likes W. C. Fields. You think it sorta early in the evening to feel so hilarious? Well, the thoughtful hosts started the party early because she knew that Fred Astaire had a daybreak call in the morning. Joan didn't have to rise till ten, but she's a girl with feelings for others.

Oh, and pet, while on the subject of Mr. Astaire—who, you may know, is not only about the cleverest dancer, but one of our best dressers, too—I gotta tell you about how he got pressed under the Irony of Fate, or whatever you want to call it. It was like this. He took Auntie and Uncle sightseeing at Catalina... only they spent most of their time playing tennis. Then Auntie decided that she really ought to just peek at that elegant million-dollar Casino, so off they all went. The place was chawming, the music exciting, so Fred stepped out on the dance floor with Auntie. Suddenly an attendant tapped him on the shoulder. "Scream!" said he, reproachful finger pointed at the tennis slacks of the marvellous dancer-dresser. "No burns allowed!"

YOU got any secret talents, star-eyes? No, I don't mean the kind that win you party star ratings; but the more serious ones? Don't be too sure you haven't. Charlie Chaplin, who is a great actor, once composed a great play—but never put it on paper, and only one man ever heard of it. He was Chaplin's old friend, co-director and co-writer, Chuck Reisner. Chuck told me about it yesterday at lunch—and incidentally I call him Chuck because that's the swell kind of guy he is. Anyway, this thing happened some years ago when he and Chaplin went up to Truckee, California, to look for locations for "The Gold Rush." It was dull on the train, so Chuck thought of the grand idea of making up a play to while away the hours. They drew straws to see who would be the author, and Chaplin was it.

He started building up the play from scratch, while Chuck lay back and listened. He made up every line, invented every situation, acted every character as he went along. The drama grew; became tense, fascinating. The characters lived and breathed, vivd, gloriously real, as he carried them through laughter and heartache to their sweeping and dramatic destinies—and the one-man audience was enthralled.

Act One and the first part of Act Two were finished when the train drew into the tiny town of Truckee. They went immediately to their hotel, where the manager told them he had caught a magnificent string of trout, and would cook them for dinner if Mr. Chaplin would tell him when they were ready. The great comedian thanked him absentlie... but that trout was never eaten, for Chaplin shut his door, turned the key, threw off his coat, and cracked decorating? No matter, Two. It was four the next morning when he spoke the final "Curtain!"

Exhausted, both men fell asleep. Chaplin wore out by the terrific creative effort, Reisner from the emotion that the drama of the play had worked in him. At eight o'clock the director arose to go location hunting. Charlie, who was to have accompanied him, was still sleeping. When Chuck returned at six that evening, Charlie was still horizontal. Twenty-four hours later, Chuck got worried and woke him up. Charles felt swell. Simply swell. "Let's go look for that location," he said gleefully. "Yeah?" laughed Reisner. "You're just two days late, my boy!"

But what Chuck never has gotten over is that the play was never written. Heartbreaking, don't you think?

Oh, Joan, if I didn't walk into a regular nest of movie stars several nights ago at the Westwood Theater? It was a showing of Francis Lederer's "Pursuit of Happiness." They always turn up for first runs there, and the manager nearly goes berserk trying to find accommodation for them all. You see celebrities sitting on office benches, on the floor, every place.

Well, the show was very entertaining, indeed. But where do you suppose Lederer was? Up in the dressing room, in a red cap and coat, where he'd been sitting since five o'clock. He did it to get in with the real audience, and learn from their remarks. Which is smart, because you do hear the truth that way.

Is there a connection between movies and interior decorating?—my mind has leaped to that, and I must tell you I'm simply daffy about how Joan Bennett has done her bedroom. All white, with turquoise-blue touches. The little beauty is velvet-complexed, and her drapes and spread are of the most luxurious stuff you ever saw. We'd had some exquisite little statuettes, so she designed velvet shelves, hung from the wall with velvet ribbons. The figures are placed on the velvet. Isn't that quaint?

Of course, I'm cautiously reffrainning from bragging, but—how you like the enclosed picture? Pretty nifty, eh? Relax, dear, and I shall Tell All.

Notice Miss Loy's gown? Well, the designer, Dolly Tree, showed me a sketch of it.
and I snitched it, quick. You'll see me blossoming out in that model one of these fine nights.

But, getting to the point, I heard that Myrna Loy was wearing the very gown on the "Evelyn Prentice" set at M-G-M that day, and since I'm the kind who likes my gowns modeled, I moseyed over to see how it looked. How do you like it? For me, I mean. What—it looks well on Loy! Why, you said it! Dolly Tree, by the way, has a great time designing for Myrna, for this actress doesn't just wear clothes. They are a part of her—and you know what clan that gives you! She becomes exotic in a clinging evening gown, flirtatious and frothy in a bouffant creation, and sweetly nonchalant in taffetas. Also, to quote Miss Tree, Myrna loves a sense of humor in her clothes; an amusing belt buckle—a cunning collar—interesting buttons. The "different" girl. I'm green with envy!

On the "Evelyn Prentice" set, things got pretty amusing, which they are bound to be when Bill Powell is around, and especially when he and Myrna went to a far, secluded part of the set to get their portraits took. I peeked around the corner. Dear, dear, such romantic poses they were . . . but I'm advising you now not to sigh languorously when you see the pictures in the magazines. For, though Bill leans over the couch where Miss Myrna is so seductively stretched, and looks at her as though she were a goddess, it's all a big fake. He was cracking jokes a mile a minute.

WELL, for one of my temperament, enough is enough of mad goings-on, and I acutely felt the need of peace and quiet last week-end. Raquel Torres called and asked me down to her Malibu home. I flew. Or rather, I was driven, just like a queen, in her cream and black foreign car which husband Steve Ames gave her recently. Oh, my, how I lolled around among the upholstery! But all my dignity was shattered when we drew up to the house, for just as I was thinking how distinctive this lovely black and cream car was, up drove a plenian truck laden with lumber to repair the recent tidal wave . . . and it was cream and black, too. It was funny!

Then Jack Gilbert, their next-door neighbor, came flying out to give the men a hand. Handsome Jack! There's a man who never fails to thrill me . . . and even though he wore a roaring red sweater and his tootsies were bare, my heart still leaped paganishly when he said hello to me. He'd been banking the side of his house with sandbags and things, and so constituted himself an authority on how to get the best of the sad sea waves.

Did you ever see such a place as that Malibu for washing away to sea? Anyway, Jack became director-general of defenses, with Steve Ames as aid-de-camp, and the building-up process started in good.

THIS is about the last time I'll be seeing Rackie for awhile . . . she's going to New York to get clothes. Her husband, whose taste is somethin' remarkable, is going to pick out the models and then buy them up so no one else can have the same things Raquel does. Some gals get the swellest husbands! But never mind, dear, there are the nicest chairs in the Old Maid's Home, right side by side, and marked "Joan" and "Mitzi." We'll be company for each other. Whao-o-o! There goes the phone. 'Scuse me! . . . Joan, it was Director Van Dyke, asking me to a grand party—so maybe you'll have to do your rocking alone. 'Bye!

Mrzr

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Answers by Sylvia

MAYBE some of us can't be perfect, girls, but we can make ourselves something better than we are—healthier and more attractive. I've helped many, many women to overcome their faults, and I can help you banish yours, be they large or small. No obligation. Just address your letter to Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:
I have a great deal of trouble sleeping at night. Is there something I can do to get rest?
K. L., Salisbury, Md.

You bet there is. There's an exercise that you can take right in bed which will give you deep, restful sleep. Lie face down on your stomach with a pillow under your ankles and feet. Grasp the upper bedposts with your hands. Pull tightly, feel your whole body become tense, even your fingers and toes. Then relax. Repeat until you feel yourself slipping off the bed—as I promise you will do. If you can get seven or even six hours of good sleep after taking this exercise, it will mean more than ten hours of fitful slumber.

Dear Sylvia:
Can you suggest a luncheon to me which isn't heavy but which will give me energy?
F. W., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Sylvia

Dear F. W.:
Food is what you need to build up strength. Avoid dairy products and eat two or three bananas. Try eggs and fruit and fish. Wash them and eat them raw, and add a little salt and pepper. That's the way I take care of my body. And remember: I tell you the truth as I see it. You can have my word in that.

Sylvia
You'll never catch me suggesting a heavy luncheon, baby. You don't need heavy food and shouldn't have it. But here's a real energy luncheon which is light, palatable, and will give you so much pep you'll be jumping over the moon.

Have a good-sized dish of steamed brown rice, to which has been added a heaping tablespoon of raisins and a level tablespoon of brown sugar.

You know, you need sugar for energy. With this have a glass of sweet milk and a dish of gelatin. Okay, darling, there's pep for you.

Dear Sylvia:
I have such ugly, bony shoulders and I do wish you would give me some advice. How can I make them lovely?
K. H. H., Austin, Nevada

I've saved your letter to answer this month because in my article in this issue of Photoplay I've told you and all the rest of my readers how you can have beautiful shoulders. I've given an absolutely new exercise. Do it thoroughly. In a month you'll be amazed at the results.

Dear Sylvia:
Do you think eating between meals puts on fat? Some people say yes and some say no.
Mrs. G. McD., Bowling Green, Ky.

Don't listen to what uninformed people say. Can't you tell whether you're putting on weight? Well, I'll tell you, then. If you eat the wrong things between meals you'll weigh a ton.

Follow my diets and if you feel hungry between meals take a glass of tomato juice or a glass of orange juice. Or an apple.

Those things are good for you—but lay off rich pastries and sandwiches between meals—and every other time.

Dear Sylvia:
I have a receding chin. Is there any way I can improve it?
H. T., Wilmington, Del.

You can improve and correct a receding chin by using your hands and your mind. No, I'm not kidding. Here's the physical method: Let your chin rest in the palm of your hand, which has been smeared with cold-cream.

Then press your chin out with the lower lip protruding. Press up and out with that palm. Relax and repeat. Do this twenty times a day.

While you're doing this, use your mind. Develop character. Stop being afraid. Speak your mind. Get a good-sized set of convictions and live up to them. That will give you a chin like nobody's business.

Dear Sylvia:
Is it right to rest or exercise after a meal?
R. S. T., New York City

Your food can't digest if you loll around after eating. Of course, I don't believe in lolling around any time. Always sit up straight in your chair. Always walk straight. However, you should not take violent exercise after eating—but I hope you have sense enough to know that. When you've finished a meal, take a walk, holding your body erect. If you can't take a walk in the fresh air, then walk around the room with your shoulders up and your stomach in. You'll feel much better for it, I promise you.

You can make the fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut, as maker of fine cosmetics, is your assurance of its purity.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay
15 Years Ago

This issue opened with an editorial to Mary Pickford, entreat her to put aside her curls and pinafores and grow up, assuring her, "The splendor of early womanhood awaits you." In the same issue was a story, "Owen Talks About Mary," in which Moore, then Miss Pickford's husband, reminisced about their start in films with D. W. Griffith. Betty Blythe told of her struggles to reach stardom. Charles Ray, a leading favorite with the ladies, advised our readers, "Don't Cheat Your Sweetheart." Then a star, Ray recently made a comeback in a supporting role in Paramount's "Ladies Should Listen." There was an interesting article on the then famous Japanese star, Susse Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki. Today they are living in Japan and working in Nipponese movies. The youthful director, King Vidor, stated his creed as follows: "I believe in motion pictures that carry a message to humanity. I will never picture evil or wrong except to show the way to overcome it." Vidor has kept his word with productions like "Hallelujah," "The Champ," and "Our Daily Bread." Betty Compson told of her rise from comedies to Westerns and drama. She had just crashed to fame in "The Middle Man." That's all, unless you talkies, but married a second time in 1933 and practically retired. Favorite movies of the month included: Cecil B. DeMille's spectacle, "Male and Female," with Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan; "The Brat," with Nazimova; Constance Talmadge in "A Temperamental Wife." Cover: Betty Compson.

And I had to be scolded into trying it

"A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day comfortably. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to.

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol does bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery: Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is not a narcotic. All drugstores have these tablets.
Two Thousand Russians Can’t Be Wrong

"I’d like to meet that man..."

THE ONE WHO CREATED THIS DELICIOUS DENTYNE"

A long time ago people ate more chewy foods. And they had but little trouble with their teeth. Today we eat soft, tender foods. We chew less. And our mouth health suffers.

Dentyne supplies this necessary chewing exercise. It helps your mouth to cleanse itself. It strengthens and stimulates.

Most people—however—would chew Dentyne anyway just for its wonderful flavor. Its delightfully spicy, tempting goodness and the pleasant firmness of its "chew" make Dentyne the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of intelligent people. You should try it today.

-Chew delicious

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY
KEEPS TEETH WHITE...
"That's an idea! Bring on the load of hay! Soldiers on the set!"

Once again everything was ready—cameras, lights, soldiers, hay.

"Quiet, please," the blond young man called.

"Quiet up on the hill. Quiet on the road. Quiet, Qui—"

"Shut up, you. We’re ready to shoot!"

There was silence now. Two thousand Russians sat on the hillside, eyes turned toward the set, thinking moodily of borsch.

In the heavy silence the cameras began to turn. A soldier crept stealthily into the scene, when—

"Baaaaaaaaa." The cry wafted down from the hillside, right into the microphones. "Cut!" Hecht cried in despair.

"It’s those goats, Mr. Hecht, for Scene one hundred and eight—"

"Yes. Goats! That was MacArthur’s idea!" "Quiet up on the hill," the young man called to the goats.

Again there was silence. Again the cameras began to turn, the soldiers crept into the scene when—

"Waaaaaa," a child’s screams pierced the air.

"Cut!"

"It’s little Nicolai," a Russian mother explained excitedly. "But it’s no blame on him. That little Tanya, she hit him with a big stick. All the time she hits—"

Tanya, clutching a two-by-four, was being carried toward the make-up shack, kicking and screaming. And Nicolai, yelling, followed in hot pursuit.

"Quiet, please," the young man called wearily.

"I told you we shouldn’t have kids in this picture," MacArthur reminded Hecht.

"Quiet, please."

"Once again—silence, cameras turning, soldiers creeping."

The scene got off to a pretty good start, when down the road came a woman, waving an umbrella and looking terribly agitated.

"Stop her," somebody whispered hoarsely.

"I want to see Mr. Hecht," the woman yelled.

"Cut!" Hecht cried, tearing off his beard in his anger. "It’s too late to stop her now. The scene’s ruined!"

"Mr. Hecht, I’m the lady that owns the Pink Flower Tea Room and Inn. You’ve quartered all twenty of those big Cossacks with me. And I’m a nervous wreck! I demand that you distribute the Cossacks around a bit—one or two over at the Harts Tavern, a couple at Suffern, maybe—but not all of them in my place!"

"What’s wrong with Cossacks?" Mr. Hecht asked defensively.

"Plenty! Last night one of them picked up an iron porch chair, bent it double, and threatened to throw it at me. All because he didn’t like the dinner I served. And it was a delightful dinner, too—the kind of meal for which the Pink Flower Tea Room is justly famous—jellied consommé, fruit salad on lettuce hearts, macaroons and tea with lemon." She smiled. "I served tea especially because I understood it was Russia’s national beverage."

"Naw, that’s vodka," MacArthur corrected her.

Hecht sighed, "All right, lady, you run along back to the Pink Flower Tea Room. We’ll trade you the Cossacks for twenty Russian dancing girls—one who needs to reduce."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Hecht. I’ll make you a hand-embroidered tea cozy for that—"

"Take her out, quietly," Hecht ordered.

By this time the hay had been strewn out of the wagon and one of the soldiers had lost his bayonet.

Finally the hayonet was found and the hay rearranged, cameras were ready, soldiers all set to creep again. And a deep silence hung over the set.

"Turn ‘em over," Hecht instructed the cameramen.

Suddenly the sun went under a cloud. Slowly at first, then harder and harder, the rain began to fall. Two thousand Russians leaped to their feet and scurried to the cowbarn dressing-rooms for shelter. Cameramen deserted their cameras, soldiers deserted the scene of action.

Hecht and MacArthur, weary and unmind-
ful of the rain, threw themselves down on a grassy knoll.

Jimmy Savo, rushing to cover, yelled back at them. "Watch your steppin!' He dodged the rock MacArthur threw.

Within five minutes everybody was gone, only the Authors-Producers-Directors remained on the scene.

"Ben, remember when we were newspaper reporters, leading nice quiet lives, covering hangings or maybe an occasional gangster killing in Chicago?"

"Do I! Those were the days! I remember the nice, peaceful life I used to lead when I was a trapeze performer, too—in a circus."

"Ben, can you still sing tenor? We might have a little song, like we used to in the good old days."

"Sure I can sing! Bass, tenor—anything. I have a mixed voice. What'll we sing first?"

"I don't care. Just so it isn't 'The Volga Boatman'!"

Through the mist of rain, past the deserted cameras, the silent microphones, and reaching far into the Ramapo Hills, their voices rang out, singing, "You Ought to Be in Pictures."

Let's Be Civilized
About Sex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

between a man and woman on the screen, or in life, should never be too direct. It can be made known by so many intriguing subleties. The curve of a body, the eyes elsewhere directed—but the mind concentrated. A man and woman can be acutely conscious of each other across a crowded room if one has appeal for the other, even when they are strangers.

"Sex and romance are not so far apart as people seem to think. I have never seen a picture that did not have the element of sex. 'Little Women' had it, definitely. The attraction between the Professor and Jo was the strongest, most electrical and vital sort of sex-appeal. I do not think there can be any romance without sex. But straight and unadulterated, it is embarrassing to a civilized audience.

"All our vitality derives from it, all nature is founded on sex. Even running swiftly on the beach, leaping in the sharp cold water, digging in the good earth, lying in the hot sun— all revitalize, all give more full consciousness of the dominant urge.

"WE stroke a cat or pet a dog because we like something living to touch. The lonely person, the introvert, the most desolate soul, has to have something alive to be near.

"The older we grow, the more civilized sex must become. The approach must be more suave—a more studied, polished accomplishment. There is nothing so tragic or so absurd as a man or a woman in the forties hurling himself or herself into a love affair with all the primitive abandon of a youngster in the teens. Young people can be elemental about it. Their very youth denotes a lack of restraint. And they are just finding something it is ridiculous for older people not to know?"

Norma took time out for a long, cold glass of lemonade (honest, just lemonade) which she had certainly earned, after that illuminating dissertation. She's a joy, that girl. If they were all like her, this would be the life of Riley.

She thinks up her own questions, makes up
You, Too, May Obtain A Stunning Figure
Free-From-Fat

No longer need you sit at movies or the theatre and envy the trim, youthful figures of the actresses—you, too, can now reduce with every assurance your health won't be injured—rather you'll enjoy better health and feel years younger—simply take half teaspoonful of Kruschens in a cup of hot water first thing every morning.

Kruschen can't possibly harm you because first of all it's a health treatment—it contains many of the same efficacious ingredients as do a number of the world-famous European Spas which doctors have prescribed for years for overweight patients—and to-day, for fat people who haven't the time or money to make trips abroad—hundreds of doctors prescribe Kruschens—they take it themselves and give it to their wives and daughters because they know it's a SAFE, EFFECTIVE treatment—one which promotes better health as well as reduces excess weight.

A jar lasts 4 weeks and costs but a few cents at any first-class druggist.

Kruschen Salts
AT ALL DRUGGISTS
"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It!"

MEMBERS of New York City fan clubs, belonging to the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, are in a group forming a central club to be called the International Admirers' League. Its membership will be composed of individuals representing many fan clubs throughout the world. All fans will wish to be included in the activities of this enthusiastic group. The following officers were elected at the first club get-together: President, Evelyn Thonbohydr; vice-president, Minnette Shear; secretary, Marion L. Dormer; assistant secretary, Marion L. Hess; financial secretary, Alice M. Kelly; publicity manager, Fay Zinn.

The Photoplay Association welcomes the Douglass Montgomery Fan Club to membership, Mrs. Irene G. Rourke, 7008 S. Ridge-land Ave, Chicago, Ill., is president. Honorary member of the club is Evelyn Brent, Bert Kelton, Dick Powell, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Blanche Sweet. All Montgomery fans who are interested in joining this club are invited to write Mrs. Rourke for details. Montgomery's mother, the club president informs us, gave the members a surprise gift of handsome club stationery, Har-riette R. Grogan is vice-president and Jeanette Mendro secretary of the club.

We sat on the wide porch of her Santa Monica house with the ocean breezes playing over us, enjoying the cool, gracious vistas of the interior through the open French doors. The house is beautifully uncluttered. Norma knows the value of space, of an exquisite old satinwood piano, bare of all superfluous decoration. Oh, yes. And she had on a blue sailor suit with an impudent beret over one ear, and looked as if she knows what time it—-all the time. But as if it didn't make the slightest difference, that afternoon. That particular attitude is highly flattering and takes a specialized, rare sort of talent, when the talented one has people waiting to see her, the telephone ringing every five minutes, a dozen details awaiting her attention.

She was calmly, serenely unaware of all of them. "Time was meant for slaves"—for the interval.

I think this is one way Norma has earned her "great lady" reputation. And then, she is so still.

Have you ever noticed how few women know how to sit still? They have to do something with their hands, twitter with their hair, ring their bracelets, giggle a foot. Norma is restless—but for heaven's sake, never soporific!

"What are the two most widely diverse parts you have ever played—from the angle of sex-appeal?" I thought up. (For a change. It was hardly fair to make Norma do all the thinking.)

"The girl in 'He Who Gets Slapped'—my first role at M-G-M—and Jan Aske in 'A Free Soul.' Of course, that is what makes every part individual—the angle of sex-appeal. In the first, the boy and girl were two children in love. It was a fresh, dawning kind of love, with timorous gropings and shy response. But with a very definite undercurrent of young sex. The 'Free Soul' girl was as close to the primitive, elemental sex-urge as any I have ever played. She was wasting no time to build up a romance with Clark Cable.

"What about the romance-marriage-children combination?"

A marriage naturally cannot be perfect without romance and sex, but it can be perfect without children. Perfect—but not complete.

"Women should not divert their passionate interest to their children, after familiarity has made sex and romance old to them. The paramount interest should be in the husband. It keeps love for the child more normal and balanced.

"My husband needs me more than my child does. My child's creature comforts are all carefully anticipated, I give him much of my time, a great deal of love. But I am not as essential to him as I am to my husband."

"Almost anyone a child knows and trusts can fill his need for companionship, for a playmate. But that is not true of husbands and wives. No one else will do, no one else should ever do.

"Sex is terribly important on the screen because, even vicariously, it revitalizes people.

"It is an integral part of entertainment because it is something alive and stimulating."

In the Barrett's, Elizabeth Barrett was an invalid simply because she had no vitality. She was not ill. I tried to make her vital only from the moment she first saw Robert Browning. From that moment was the urge to walk, to see him. He brought her warmth and life—sex interest. Yet this is certainly not a rôle that could ever be named 'sexy.' (I hate that word.)

"Yes, probably an uninterupted series of trash sex rôles, without intelligent and civilized handling, would be death to an actress."

Now, How about it, all you who have written "cool" in front of Norma Shearer? How can any woman be called cool who knows that much about life—and Sex?

The Fan Club Corner

The Ruth Roland Club recently held an unique auction sale. Miss Roland contributed to the club a considerable number of personal gowns, scarfs, belts and pieces of costume jewelry. The items were listed and described in ballot forms sent out to club members. Funds derived from this correspondence are to be used in further club work and in printing the club news bulletin.

Miss Lillian Conrad, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, is president.

The Movie Club Guild officers of Chicago were recent guests of Jimmie Fifer at a dinner party at the College Inn. Jimmie stopped in Chicago en route to the West Coast. Lina Basquest and her husband, Teddy Hayes, also surprised the Guild officers with a visit to their meeting held at the home of Anna Glance.

Members of the Daily Herald Cinema Critics' Club, Syracuse, N. Y., at a recent meeting outlined plans for their coming year's program. A dramatic production is scheduled for an early date.

Hans Faschall, president of the Norma Shearer Fan Club, writes: "The announcements in Photoplay about our club's activities have given us many new members from all over the world." He further states that...
the club now has representatives in Canada, Australia, England, France and South America. Miss Shearer's "birthday number" of the club news, Rambles, is exceedingly interesting. A fascinating photograph of Miss Shearer was sent to members with the club bulletin.

HELEN RAETHER, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich., president of the Lew Ayres Fan Club, writes that her members are very pleased with the new Photoplay Association membership cards. Lew Ayres fans are asked to write her.

Fans wanting to join the Ginger Rogers Fan Club should write Marion L. Hesse, president, 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Jean Harlow Fan Club is growing by leaps and bounds. A new printed membership list shows fan members in almost every State in the Union. Write Dorothy Suter, 2404 Ohio Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, for information.

Bing Crosby fans can get details for joining this club by writing Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.

Lillian Musgrave, 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the John Boles Music Club, and will be glad to hear from John Boles fans.

The Tom Brown Fan Club would like all fans interested in this star to write to Donato R. Cedrone, president, 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

FANS interested in both screen and radio are invited to write Barbara Alice Tickell, 1925 Fourteenth Ave., S., Birmingham, Ala., president of the Mike and Movie Club, for news of this interesting organization.

"Chaw" Mank, genial president of the Movie Fans' Friendship Club, and the Dick Powell Club, of Staunton, Ill., takes to verse in Bodil and Her Fans, the club paper of the Bodil Rosing Fan Club. A good poem it was, too, "Chaw." Write him for information on these clubs.

Helen Moltz, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wis., would like to hear from Joel McCrea fans.

Beatrice Gordon, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City, is president of the Rudy Vallee Booster Club. Rudy's fans are invited to write her about the club.

More and more,

WOMEN ARE USING DEVILBISS

Atomizers

Women now definitely accept spraying, the method endorsed by all leading perfumers, as the only way to apply perfume... Instead of the perfume being heavily concentrated, the diffused scent has a subtle, delightfully elusive quality... The Devilbiss Atomizer transforms a single drop of perfume into 2000 fragrant atoms. With this fine spray, there is no danger of stain. And the exclusive Devilbiss Closure prevents evaporation... See the new Devilbiss Atomizers, in both imported and domestic glass, at leading department stores. Prices start at $1. Also see the popular new Devilbiss Eau de Cologne Atomizer... The Devilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.

CIBO SAYS: "reflexions should be sprayed on your lingerie, your costume or yourself—thus, a rare odour radiates in an invisible cloud about you."

Devilbiss Perfume Atomizers

It looks as though Marian Nixon is just about to get a rose from husband William Seiter, at the opening of the Trocadero
“Anthony Adverse” Contest Winners!

HOSIERY WARDROBES (Cont.)

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NELLIE BELL
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MOLLIE I. JOSEPH
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LE ROY SEIFF
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MRS. LLOYD FORCE
6531 Edgerton Rd., Kansas City, Mo.

BEVERLY WILLS
706 E. 32nd St., Austin, Tex.

MRS. HARRY WAY
226 Eighth Ave., Ft. Worth, Tex.

LIBBIE SLOOFF
208 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Penna.

HELEN F. BENNETT
905 Cedar Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

MIRIAM WARD
417 Narberth Ave., Narberth, Penna.

MRS. C. W. RAMSEY
Port Gibson, Miss.

GENEVIEVE SELANDER
366 W. Second N., Salt Lake City, Utah

J. OYSTER
87-20 Justice St., Elmhurst, N. Y.

10 $25.00 CASH PRIZES

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EVELYN EDMISTON
1415 Harrison Blvd., Boise, Idaho

LUCY BRYANT YOUNG
1137 S. W. 28th, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Hazel WILLIAMSON
727 Broad St., Lake Charles, La.

HOLMES WHITTEN EASTBURN
3712 Baring St., Philadelphia, Penna.

GEORGE F. RUPPE
Box 392, Massapequa, N. Y.

MRS. TENA NASH
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100 PRE-VUE MIRRORS

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G. Paul Gerad
Box 251, Riverhead, N. Y.

Mrs. G. O. Riley
1734 Maplewood Dr., Columbia, S. C.

Ruth Andres
R. D. No. 4, Murray, Utah

Olga E. Murray
438 W. Delavan Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Phyllis Gleichen
2713 Lancashire Rd., Cleveland Heights, O.

John Maynard Rankin
1309 Astor St., Chicago, Ill.

Alice La Ray
601 University Ave., Reno, Nev.

Isabel Spaulding
36 East 72nd St., New York City

Frank Mitchell is on the bottom of the heap, and if Jack Durant has his way, Mr. Mitchell will stay there! The two comedians cavort in the new Fox production, “365 Nights in Hollywood.”
Admittedly....

THE BEST DRESSED MAN ON THE SCREEN

Almost any of the better stores have an assortment of Krementz Quality Jewelry. In addition to Dress Sets, this assortment includes Krementz Wrist Watch Bands, Collar and Tie Holder Sets, Cuff Links, Bill Clips, etc.

Krementz & Co., Newark, N. J.

AMONG the celebrities of society, stage and screen there are always a certain few who, because of their personality and popularity, are recognized as style leaders.

Mr. Menjou is very definitely in this class and his personal choice of Krementz Jewelry speaks volumes for its smartness and quality.

Krementz Correct Dress Sets for wear with Full Dress and Tuxedo range in price from $7.50 up. They come in smart "jewel box" cases and make an admirable gift.

Superior styling and craftsmanship have made Krementz the choice of America's best-dressed men for 68 years. Furthermore, the name "Krementz" is your guarantee of life-long satisfaction.

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Helen Rainer
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252 Wellington Rd., Mineola, N. Y.
Mona Greenberg
5220 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. John Wesley Thurmand
846 Hill St., Athens, Ga.
Florence Schultz
2728 N. 37th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. L. M. Cooker
223 S. Broad St., Rome, Ga.
Ella C. Hoffman
15 Schantz Ave., Dayton, O.
Doñores Fielding Heater
935 Broadway, San Diego, Calif.

Seventeen guests at Louise Fazenda's birthday party for her husband, Hal Walis, had birthdays the same month. So they each got a cake. Here are Pat and Mrs. O'Brien, Louise, Hal, and Eddie Robinson.
"Last call, kids, for Big CRAYOLA Drawing Contest!"

Says "SPANKY" MacFARLAND

"Spanky" is certainly right. Boys and girls of 14 years or under should hurry and enter the CRAYOLA Drawing Club Contest which closes December 20. Because, if you join CRAYOLA Club now to enter the contest, you'll get a free packet of Christmas Cards for your own use, whether you win or lose.

It's easy to join, too. Just check the No. 1 square on the coupon below and mail the coupon with the flap from a box of CRAYOLA Colored Crayon. Then you will receive the Official Membership Card and the free packet of Christmas Cards. Also, you'll be ready to enter the big contest and win one of the fine prizes. But don't delay, for you will want the Christmas Cards in time to color and mail to your friends before Christmas!

Present club members may enter the contest merely by checking the No. 3 square and mailing the coupon with an original drawing (See Contest Directions below). But members who want the free Christmas Cards should check the No. 2 square and mail the coupon now with the flap from a CRAYOLA box.

CONTEST DIRECTIONS: Make an original colored drawing for a Christmas Greeting Card. Draw any picture or design you like for your card—or ask your teacher for a suggestion. Make your drawing on paper not over 8" x 10" in size and color it with colored wax crayons.

All Drawings for the Contest must be mailed on or before December 20, 1934.

THE PRIZES
Best Drawing: $15; 2nd Prize: $10; 3rd Prize: $5; Ten Fourth Prizes: Ten sets consisting of 24-color assortment of "Rubens" CRAYOLA Crayon and box of "ARTISTA" Water Colors.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.,
41 East 42nd Street, New York City

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[Entry form]

I want to join CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package. Please send me Official Membership Card, Contest Entry Blank, and packet of Greeting Cards.

I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Please send the packet of Christmas Cards and Contest Entry Blank. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package.

NAME
AGE
ADDRESS

[End of entry form]
What does he see in a "close-up" of you?

A N exquisite, satiny skin? Or one that is coarsened by enlarged pores and blackheads? That kind of skin spoils a budding romance!

**Satinmesh**

Gives you the lovely skin that welcomes close-ups from his eyes... and a new radiance that attracts all eyes. Step by step with Satinmesh.

This amazing beauty liquid opens pores—eases them deeply—elides them in a few seconds—stimulates the skin to rosy youth—and is a perfect powder base. P.S. It does not dry the skin.

Save your time—save your money—save your beauty—with Satinmesh.

**Send for the "OVER-NIGHTIE"**

You will love the shell-pink purse packet containing a square cut bottle of Satinmesh and the corson to apply it, which will be mailed to you, if you send 10c in stamps to cover postage and packing. Address Alma Woodward, Dept. P-1, Graybar Bldg., New York.


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**BY THE DAY**

**MONTH OR YEAR**

at the

**SHErry-Netherland**

A residence of quiet, private-home charm and the advantages of Sherry-Netherland service. Tower apartments, and smaller suites. Serving pantries. 5th Ave. at 59th St. on Central Park, N. Y.
tragedy and comedy on the other. She gave him a solid gold cigarette case and lighter.

And then the next night, in the back of her town car on the way to a preview of "Doctors' Wives," he gave her a kiss. A kiss that held all the meaning in the world for both of them.

"How?" Gene asked simply, "would you like to be married to me?"

It wasn't a manner in which one of his heroes would have put it. But Gene wasn't thinking of fiction just then.

And Joan, from the depth of a heavenly embarrassment, whispered, "You'll get better until you've seen this picture!"

He waited. And afterwards, rolling along the smooth asphalt of Pico Boulevard, he drew her close. "Well, I've seen the picture. Now will you answer my question?"

"It can't say no..."

"There's another word..."

"Yes!" agreed Joan as his lips found hers.

She was just coming down the stairs of her home as the maid let him in two days later. Gene didn't pause for anything. He ran straight up the steps to meet her—and caught her left hand. When she looked down at it, there, on the traditional finger, was a star sapphire ring that outshone even her eyes. Joan sat down abruptly.

But it wasn't the step she was sitting on. It was Gene's lap.

MARCH fifteen. Spring in California. Strains of the wedding march pouring over the balcony of the Town House—where they'd first really become acquainted. And Joan, standing so quietly beside Gene, in an exquisite eggshell satin frock and a little hat gay with orange blossoms. A thousand people danced at their reception. And a thousand candles lit the way for their happiness...

I was in France. Another Spring. A soft June day scented with white lilacs and arbutus. They were on a belted honeymoon, watching the famous fountains play at Versailles. "The last time I saw them," Joan remembered, "was in 1926 when I was at school here!"

"Why, dearest girl, I saw them that year, too! I was right here. Maybe I was standing near you!"

"Gene, isn't it queer the way our lives have touched so often?"

"Yes. And darling, imagine—if Cupid had missed his Mark—yes?"

——

A Red Nosed Romeo

[Continued from page 33]

Willie's back-yard. And pink ones, too. Fancy Bill's face framed in that bowl. Softly the ripples of old Tolucan lap against the grassy shore while swans, necks curved in graceful arches, float majestically. Long graceful branches of weeping willow trees ("leaping willows," as his Finnish man-servant calls them) sweep the edge of the water. An occasional canoe will silently glide by. There, in the midst of this scene of soft and tranquil beauty, will sit W. C. in a pair of the low-lustre carpet slippers in captivity. His shirt open at the throat, his hair blowing about in the soft breeze as he calls in that nasal, side-splitting voice to some groaning victim he has inveigled into his sun-cabinet nearby.

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When eyes are "fagged" from late hours, loss of sleep, try this quick treatment that moves the cause, and see how quickly dark clouds of fatigue disappear. Here's what to do:

1. Drop 2 drops of soothing, refreshing Murine in each eye.
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Murine relaxes tired eye muscles, ends that drawn, tight, haggard feeling. Combined with warm applications, it helps to revitalize normal circulation in eyelids and in hollows under eyes. Tired eyes are quickly transformed! All traces of fatigue are gone!

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"What?" he'll say, "only a hundred and eighteen degrees? Why, that's warm. What d'y wanta do, freeze to death? Wait'll she gets to a hundred and thirty-five. No, you're not coming out. You're staying there."

And then, "Yoo-hoo, W. C.!

And directly across the lake will be Mary Brian calling from her own back-yard. "Oh, Mr. Fields, how are you?"

"I'm swell, Mary—I'm swell. Shut up. No, I didn't say it to you, Mary. I'm talking to this guy in the sun-cabinet. It's only a hundred and twenty-five degrees. He's a sissy, can't take it."

Mary's laugh echoes among the sighing trees.

Silence again, except for fainter groans from the cabinet. Presently, Thomas, "the leaping vellow Finn," will emerge and carry the practically unconscious victim from the sun-cabinet.

And Willie's indifferent fingers will flick the air unconcernedly, he'll pick up a couple of stones and a stray visitor, and go juggling into the house.

What do you still make of it?

A swivel chair is set between his desk and bar. "Now, gentlemen, we'll get down to business," he'll say. And swish—the chair will be turned to the desk. "All right, gentlemen, now we'll have a little short of refreshments."

And swish, with Bill never having to leave the chair, he's at the bar.

THE sight of Bill's trailer pulling up to the swanky Colony Club door with ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress alighting from the back door—a sandwich in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other—is just one of those things, that's all. And even that doesn't discourage the girls.

"We'd rather," they ayow with loud squeals, "drive with Willie in his trailer, than Gable in his roadster."

What's the man got, anyhow?

That trailer, the most notorious object in all Southern California, has allowed Bill to catch up on no less than ten years of lost sleep. Days he's called out on location he merely steps out of bed and, still in pajamas, goes to bed in the trailer. Half an hour before he gets on location, he has breakfast in bed, reads the paper, shaves, takes exercises (there's a pretty sight!), waves to the people along the highway, and is ready for work pronto. Or nearly pronto, I'll tell you.

When Bill returns from the studio after a day's work, and must attend some gala party, he merely says, "Toodlyoo" to the Finns and, falling headlong over theFinish offsprings' kiddie-car, retires to the trailer to go to sleep.

When the driver arrives at the party, he merely parks and waits patiently until, ting-a-ling, the phone rings. Or didn't you know about the phone from the trailer to the chauffeur?
in the car ahead? Well, Bill telephones and says, "Okay, now I'll dress." And there he is. Much to all the ladies' delight.

Not satisfied with the telephone, he now has a dictaphone installed in his trailer and there sits Bill, for hours at a time, making records for the poor, bewildered Finns to pick up and play when he wants service. "Where are my gray pants?" will scream from one record. Or, "Who drank up all that sherry?" will come from another. And the records are scattered all over the place.

LUNCH time in any other actor's dressing-room is just a time for lunch. But not in W. C. Fields' lunch time in Bill's dressing-room, is Fields-Day, the Junior-Senior egg throw, a story conference, a benefit performance for an old, dilapidated actor, and an amazing exhibition of the daring-young-man-on-the-flying-trapeze.

No need to stand at Forty-Second Street and Broadway to see everyone you know. Sit in Bill's dressing-room and the whole world goes in and out. Old, tired-out actors, servants of all the other actors, world-famous writers, artists, everyone, to get that quizically comical "Hello" from Bill. Right outside the door will be Bill's necktie parked across the potted shrub and his white shirt hanging over a chair outside to dry. Marlene Dietrich, who has the dressing-room next door, will stand gazing out at the family wash mumuring, "Oh, that Mr. Fields! He's such a one—and so-o-o nice."

Hollywood has seen plenty of strange sights and peculiar objects in its gay, young, hood-lumish life, but never, never, has it seen anything like Bill on his way to the golf links. With much groaning he manages to get his camera onto the lake, and he's off. Over the rippling water to the golf links. Even the "leaping willows" bow their heads to hide their snickers, and the swans pause in open-billed astonishment to stare at a gentleman with an amazing nose rowing blithely along, singing "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover."

Can you, or can you not, picture it?

All of Bill's gorgeous indifference to the ladies may be attributed to two things:

One is, when Bill was a young man juggling himself around the world, he spied on shipboard a charming little creature, whom he thought a pretty cute number. Those small blue-eyed pepers of Bill's kept themselves fastened on the fair charmer. But somehow she never noticed Bill.

And then came the night of a fancy-dress ball, and Bill decided not to roll up. He'd just dress as usual and see how's about meeting the charmer. Looking up at him and clapping her little hands together, she squealed, "Oh, Mr. Fields, that's the funniest false nose I've ever seen."

It was Bill's own, of course. But the remark ruined his life—for two whole hours.

The other reason—and the main one, probably—is that Bill's already engaged. His heart has been taken completely. He shows you the bracelet, with a little gold heart dangling from it, which she put on his wrist. It never comes off. Her name is Angela Moran, and she's just four-and-a-half years old. Her daddy was the Moran of the Two Black Crows, you remember.

She loves Bill, and Bill loves her. And that's why, as I say, Hollywood beauties can "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields!" all day long if they want. Bill Fields is true to a little gold heart that dangles forever from his wrist.

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UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Millan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unhitched divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his examination, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debts, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—and Gail Patrick, Randolph Scott is hero; Monte Blue, the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A field day for June Knight, Roder Pryor and Henry Arnett, despite the late Rene Columbo's unprofessional vocalizing. (Nov.)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carol Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her list. (July)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN — RKO-Radio. — This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets in his way. (June)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—M.G.M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A slight, fun story, delightfully real. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a botulism court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arlene Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

WHERE SINNERS MEET—RKO-Radio.— A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Cleve Brook, Dana Wynward, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charges, gets death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes it very much sharper for daughter Jean Arthur, Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A bright combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cube for hero to live this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Columbia.—Heavy melodrama, impressive because of fine acting of Walter Connolly, Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. (Oct.)

WILD CARGO—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining town by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny banches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Francis Tew and Dudley Digges turn in average performances. (Sept.)

YOU BELONG TO ME—Paramount.— Master David Jack Holt manages to console tropers Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, though they are all in top form. (Aug.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wampus Stars and fact that it is Bill Haines' "comeback" will compensate for weaknesses of plot. (Nov.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)
The Beauty Who Sits Alone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

to find her gift a great burden some day."

I now understand what that woman meant— the burden of a beauty so great it acts as a

wall, shutting off human contacts, keeping people away. The tragedy of a woman whose

beauty is so perfect she is regarded as a museum-piece!

Del Rio, I am sure, does not enjoy startling people into stares and silence with her beauty!

A stupid woman might thrive on it, preen herself and feed on her vanity. A heartless wom-

an might glory in it, grow impetuous and use it as a weapon. But Dolores Del Rio is too

human and too intelligent.

I believe that in gathering her heart cries out for a simple exchange of friendly, neigh-

borly small talk. She would probably forfei the admiration of men any day for the spirit of

sportsmanlike companionship they offer less attractive women.

These thoughts were running through my mind one night at a Mayfair ball, when the us-

ual long, tense silence followed her entrance into the ballroom. She wore an unadorned,

sheath-like gown of white, and I have never seen beauty more arresting. For nine years

she had been numbing crowds by her mere presence. What did that do to a woman's soul?

Such a probing, personal question I could not ask Del Rio herself. She would recoil from it,

and rightly. So I went to one of her close friends with my query.

"Dolores did not know the power of her beauty when she came to Hollywood," she told

me. "In Mexico she had been sheltered in her home and in a convent. The first ac-

clamation confused her, then thrilled her. But it soon became tiresome when she found that

because she was beautiful she had been placed on a pedestal to be stared at.

"She is naturally friendly and vivacious, and she needs people around her in a casual

manner. It was heart-breaking to her to discover that most people, following an introduc-

tion by her, thought they would look at her as though she were the sacred ceiling of the Sistine

Chapel.

"It might have warred her character—making her arrogant or demanding or self-conscious.

But it hasn't. Instead she has remained hu-

man and charming, and has never ceased to

work at the difficult task of trying to make

people recognize the existence of a kind and

fun-loving woman.

"As for those moments of silence when she en-

ters a room, I believe she has deliberately made

herself deaf and blind to them. If she had not, she would be a mass of affections by

this time. Miraculously she has maintained

the simplicity of spirit, the naturalness and

poise, which are a part of her fine personality."

No star in Hollywood has worked harder at

making herself unobtrusive in a gathering.

As a matter of fact, her beauty almost

caused her additional heart-break by threaten-

ing, at one time, to end her screen career.

Although she was without training or knowl-

dge of dramatic technique, Hollywood, banking

on her startling beauty, rushed her into one picture after another. On the crest of her

beauty and her natural grace, she rose to star-

dom. But when talkies came in, beautiful

portraiture was not enough. And Dolores was

still untutored, unprepared to act.

She set out then to become an actress, a

rigidly trained, talented actress, whose beauty

was only incidental.

While making her first sound pictures, "The

Bad One," and "Girl of the Rio," she was

shaving several hours every day with a

dramatic instructor, a diction teacher, and a

vocalist.

She didn't make her goal overnight.

But when I read the reviews of her current

picture, "Madame DuBarry," I knew that

Dolores Del Rio was at last reaching the mark

she set for herself. The critics hailed her as a

talented actress and praised her new and amaz-

ing talent for subtle comedy.

As an actress she is clearing the barriers her

beauty set for her. As a woman, too, can she

overcome the handicap?

"One Shot" Moeller

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

office appeal of a motion picture. Why, you
don't even know the vocabulary! Besides, the
little office, pay you regularly and forget about you! That's Hollywood!"

Philip Moeller considered this, then signed a
contract with RKO-Radio for three years, to
work three months each year (during the sum-
mer when the Theater Guild isn't producing).

His first picture was "The Age of Inno-
cence," with Irene Dunne and John Boles.

And when it was finished, Mr. Moeller returned
to Broadway to hurl superlatives at those who
had issued the dire Hollywood warnings.

"All those awful things I heard about Holly-
wood are untrue! Why, it's the most exciting
place I've ever seen! My enthusiasm is un-
limited! I went to work the second day I was
there. And, oh! I was ignorant! The camera
threw me, frightened me. The lights terrified me. I was
scared to death.

"Then I met Miss Dunne—she was intel-
ligent, charming. And Mr. Boles, a delightful
person. I explained to the studio officials quite
frankly that I was entirely ignorant of motion
picture technique, and they gave me a tech-
nician to assist me. Instead of stupidity I

found intelligent cooperation, a group in-
tensely eager to turn out a fine piece of work.

"It's unfair to compare motion pictures as
an art with the stage. Why, the theater has
been building, developing, learning its lessons,
for three thousand years. And movies are only
thirty years old.

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"But there is no limit to the things the movies can do, the extent to which movies, as an art, will develop. They are somewhat handicapped now by the fact that if a fine piece of work is done, the public will dismiss it as 'high brow.' But my experience has been that when anybody calls a thing 'high brow' he is talking about something that eventually he will enjoy. The public appreciates fine things.

I believe the trend in pictures will be toward the human interest type of story. People are most interested in the emotions of an individual. In the past, and at present, movies have done big, splashy things—spectacles, showy musicals. They have done them because the medium permitted it. But wisdom is true that a motion picture projection machine can throw on the screen a throng of ten thousand people, and such a picture may be impressive, even exciting, it is of less interest than a picture of two people who are experiencing a simple human emotion.

"MOTION pictures are just now beginning to realize the importance of unity. The script of 'The Age of Innocence' was an example of fine unity, and that is one reason I enjoyed working with it. There were no purposeless scenes—nothing in it that detracted from the story."

Moeller is as excited about Hollywood as a small boy is about his first airplane ride. But he admits that directing his first picture was no easy job.

"A stage play is seen from a fixed point. But in the movie, there is no proscenium arch. The director cannot consider just one viewpoint. He has to get right into the scene with the players, and look at the action from every angle. This is difficult and confusing to one who is used to the stage."

"Another thing that bewildered me was the lack of rehearsals. I will rehearse a play for four, five—even six weeks. In the movies, three days is a long period for rehearsals. Many scenes are taken 'on the wing'—acted right then and there. But this by no means indicates that pictures are made carelessly. They are not! I have never seen such a passionate desire for authenticity as I saw in Hollywood."

A t the studio they nicknamed him "One Shot" Moeller, because, while many directors will shoot a scene over and over and over, Moeller usually shot it just once. He gets his set-up perfect, and knows before shooting begins exactly what he wants the players to do. Through years of stage directing he has developed a quick visual imagination and an uncanny sense of timing which make this possible.

Hollywood marveled, too, that when his picture, "The Age of Innocence," was finished, only seven hundred feet of film lay on the cutting-room floor.

Mr. Moeller says he is eagerly looking forward to going back to Hollywood and pictures; however, he does not want to give up the theater entirely. He has been connected with the theater since he was a child. Besides, he feels that by combining work in motion pictures with stage directing he will learn things in each medium which he can contribute to the other.

"At least," he says, "when I go back the next time, I won't feel so discouraged. For I know that all the tinsel-trimmed stories of Hollywood are fake. It's a place of serious work where intelligent people are cooperating to produce something worth while in a medium that has limitless possibilities."

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Photoplay Magazine for December, 1934


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Kim’s, Kansas City
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Sitz, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis

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The N. Y. Dry Goods Co., Helena
Epstein & Katz, Miles City

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L. Rambler & Co., Newark
Chaire Shop, Plainfield
Lillian Charm, Trenton

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Kael’s, Auburn
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E. Jacobson, Cooperstown
W. Scott Arzinger & Sons, Gloversville

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MCCurdy and Company, Inc., Rochester
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Dover-Young Company, Utica
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Lucille Shop, Inc., Charlotte
The Fashion, Durham
Hurdle’s, Elizabeth City, N. C.
Ladies’ Sport Shoppe, Gastonia
Neil Joseph, Goldsboro
E. L. Brownhill, Inc., Greensboro
Pearl’s, Kannapolis
The Ladies Shop, King
The Corner Shop, Mount Airy
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The Leader Store, Lima
The King Dry Goods Co., Newark
The Atlanta Fashion Co., Portsmouth
La Salle & Keck Co., Toledo

OKLAHOMA
Frenz Co., Inc., Tulsa

OREGON
Abbey’s, Inc., Pendleton
Meier & Frank Co., Portland

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Hess Bros., Inc., Allentown
H. B. Sizen & Sons, Bethlehem
Feldman’s, Bloomsburg
Fashionland, Chambersburg
C. C. Davidson, Connellsville
Bush & Ball, Easton
Keefe & Johnson, Erie
La Rose Shop, Greensburg
The Leader Store, Hanover
Bowman & Co., Harrisburg
Kline’s, Johnstown
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh
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Hal Lewis, Washington
Hollywood Apparel Shop, Wilkes-Barre
Bells, York

RHOE ISLAND
Scott Parriera, Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
J. W. Haltiawyer, Columbia
The Aug. W. Smith Co., Spartanburg

SOUTH DAKOTA
Gwinn-Anderson Co., Aberdeen
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Schaller’s, Watertown
The Style Shop, Winner

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365 Nights in Hollywood—Fox

This story fails to live up to its glamorous locale. Jimmy Dunn is a has-been director who teaches acting in a phony dramatic school run by Grant Mitchell. Finding a backer, Jimmy turns producer, makes a vaude of a picture (not this one) and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant, ice men with movie yearnings, are bright spots. Frank Melton, John Bradford, adequate.

The Lemon Drop Kid—Paramount

When Lee Tracy talks fast in race-track lingo, you can understand him. But when he pulls the sub-stuff, he's out of line. Some Damon Runyon flavor has been retained in this film about a tout going straight for marriage and a baby—but it's somewhat melo in spots. Helen Mack is charming; William Frawley turns in a prize performance. Baby LeKoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall.

A Successful Failure—Monogram

With the aid of his prospective son-in-law, meek William Collier becomes philosopher of the air, bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Glenoan as the befuddled wife and Russell Hopton as the son-in-law, superb. Gloria Shea, William Janney, splendid. A homy but worthwhile picture.

The Duke Ranger—Fox

This trite story is hindered by amateurish acting and unnatural dialogue. George O'Brien visits the Arizona ranch inherited from an uncle, discovers who has been stealing his cattle, and falls in love with Irene Hervey. If you enjoy hissing villains and cheering heroes, you may like this. Lenray Mason, Sid Saylor and Henry Hall.

Crimson Romance—Mascot

If you want to see a war story, you'll like this one, for it is all action, with some good flying and air combat scenes. Two pals, dashing debonair Ben Lyon (an American) and idealistic James Bush (a German) join the air corps of the German army, and both fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. An earnest preachment against war.

The Mystic Hour—Progressive

From middle-aged Montagu Love as leading man to Charles Hutchison as the villainous guard-crew who tries to gyp Lucille Powers, his love-lee ward, out of her dough, it's a scream. There are the crookedest crooks 'n the fightiest fights 'n people running under trains 'n jumping off cliffs 'n, oh just about everything imaginable. Strange they forgot the custard pies, though.

The Shadow Stage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

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The Shadow Stage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)
The World Is Yours, Mr. Donat

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

which appears to combine a romantic spirit with virility of character.

"He has the quiet dignity of the gentleman with an intellectual turn of mind. Withal, he has sufficient of the ideal romantic personality of youth to prove a most colorful and admirable figure on the screen.

"As for his acting, I can only point to his performance as Edward Dante. He is a very capable actor, not yet thirty, backed by a foundation of splendid British stage experience. Besides, he is thoroughly conscientious in his work and properly ambitious."

Why and how was this player, unknown to Hollywood, ever selected for such an important role?

This was our next question to fire at the director.

"TWo years previously, in England, I had directed young Donat in a picture called 'That Night in London.' At that time he revealed such promising screen qualifications that I made up my mind to bring him to Hollywood at the first opportunity. As a matter of fact, I tried to persuade Bob to try his luck over here at that time, but his heart was really with the London stage, where he had won success. He felt, too, that he needed more experience."

(Donat also rejected a golden opportunity to come to Hollywood to play the leading role opposite Norma Shearer in 'Smilin' Through,' the role in which Freder March was to score one of his finest acting hits.)

Lee resumed: "But after we had tested nearly every available romantic actor for the Count, I suggested to Producer Edward Small that we try Donat's performance as Thomas Culppepper, who was Henry the Eighth's rival for Katherine Howard's affections. Anyone who saw his superb performance in that role, with Charles Laughton in that fine British picture, will understand why we immediately called him an offer, through Alexander Korda, in London.

"The new screen idol stands six feet in height, weighs approximately one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and is slender but rugged in appearance."

"He keeps himself fit, being somewhat of an athlete."

"WHILE we all worked hard making 'Monte Cristo,' we had our share of fun, too," said Lee. "Bob supplied most of it. Between scenes, particularly during a long and exhausting day, actors often relax by sleeping for a few minutes where best they can. But it remained for Bob to pull a new one. He simply plopped down on the floor of the stage, elevated his feet against a wall or rested them at a thirty degree angle on anything handy, and dozed peacefully. The posture affords complete relaxation. In fact, within a week Bob had the custom so well established that the prop men were kept busy dusting off floors so the actors could relax his way between scenes."

"We never failed to get a laugh out of the funny pronunciations the various members of the working crew gave Bob's name. They called him everything from Do-nay to Dough-nat. Finally, they all decided on Doughnut, and let it go at that. At the end of the picture the crew got a huge box from the actor. It was filled with freshly baked doughnuts. The card read:

"'To my friends—I hope I'm as good acting as these are eating.'"

(For the benefit of picture-goers who may be puzzled over the proper pronunciation of his name, it is really pronounced Doan-at.)

The Donats began as Donatello in Italy, Van Donats in Germany, and finally Donats in France and England. The paternal Donats have resided in England for only half a century.

Robert was born in Manchester, March 18, 1905, and made his stage debut at the age of seven. In later years he has played on the London stage with such artists as Diana Wynyard, Heather Angel, Herbert Marshall and Hugh Williams.

Both Rowland Lee and Robert Donat got a great kick out of having one of the notable Monte Cristos of yesterday in a role in the new film. I speak of William Farnum.

While Farnum did not play Edward Dante in a motion picture, he was runner-up to James O'Neill, Eugene O'Neill's father, in the number of times he played the title role on the stage.

"BILL FARNUM and I were swapping reminiscences of the theater days," Lee said. "In the play, O'Neill as Dante stood on a rock in the ocean after his escape, and shouted:

"'The world is mine!'

"I can still recall the thrilling picture of Hobart Bosworth, some twenty-one years ago, standing on a rock in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Santa Monica, shouting before a silent film cameraman—probably to the deep awe and amazement of the few natives gathered around.

"'The world is mine!'

"Twelve years ago, my old friend John Gilbert made his reputation in the second silent film version.

"In presenting the first talking picturization of 'The Count of Monte Cristo,' we do not picture Edward Dante on the rock, as the scene was conceived by O'Neill for stage effect.

"But, even though Robert Donat hasn't had the opportunity to stand upon the traditional rock and shout that glorious speech, I hope our picture audiences will shout across the sea:

"'The world is yours—Bob.'

"Come on back to Hollywood, "

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is internal in effect.

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Photoplay Magazine for December, 1934

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[continued from page 84]

Nobody knows why there is a feud between Sir Guy Standing and his brother Wyndham. But, it seems that Wyndham is all hot and bothered over rumors that the feud is to be patched up.

Otto Kruger will look before he leaps in the future. In a hurry to attend a preview of one of his pictures, Otto parked his car next to the theater, in what he thought was a parking lot. But when Otto came out to get his car, the man in attendance informed him it had been sold. It seems Otto had mistaken a second-hand car lot for a parking station. After much quibbling and telephoning about, Otto secured a release on his car and in the future will remember the difference between a parking lot and a second-hand car place.

Jimmy Cagney stopped his car at a corner where two youngsters were battling. One of them was down. "Hey there," yelled Jimmy, "you can't hit him when he's down?"

"What do you think I got him down for?" the winner hollered back.

Well, we can't think what things are coming to when Ted Healy sends to London for three new stooges. Can it be that he has worn out all the domestic ones? Not only that, but the new trio actually gave a command performance for the crowned heads. Do you suppose the stooges realize they are the ones who will get crowned over here?

Let me warn you in advance if you have any screen aspirations, that the way you walk, sit down and take off your hat counts more than just having a lovely face.

In fact, the first thing Cecil B. DeMille asks of a newcomer applying for a role in a DeMille picture, is to take off her hat. In this manner he judges the poise of a girl, when she removes her bonnet. If she fusses too much with her hair, he is inclined to be prejudiced as to her poise. And a movie star without poise is not to be thought of. So try removing your hat with nonchalance before trying out for the movies, girls.

Joan Crawford was looking around in a local gift shop. One of the saleswomen came up to her and said, "Miss Crawford, a lady is selecting something for a friend's sixth wedding anniversary. Do you know what it calls for?"

"Anything over a year," replied Joan, with feeling, "calls for gold!"

Jimmy Durante arrived at the M-G-M studios the other day looking sad and dejected. "It's my new suit," he explained. "My wife made me buy it and I'm so uncomfortable I could die. If someone would just drop a cigarette on me or something so I wouldn't feel so new. Am I dejected?"

An hour or two later, Jimmy was beaming from ear to ear. "It's okay now," he cried. "I feel swell. I just tore my new suit on a nail. Boy, do I feel wonderful!"
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ENERGY DIET
BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE
OVERCOME NERVOSITY
ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT
To Mothers
To Girls

THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

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Sylvia of Hollywood

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REVEALS
the BEAUTY SECRETS
of the Glamorous Stars
of Hollywood
AND
Broadway

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A glance through the contents of this unusual book as listed in the panel to the left will quickly convince you that Madame Sylvia has left nothing unsaid in giving the women of America a most complete and thorough treatise on the subject of health and beauty.

The woman who wants to reduce will find a simple treatment for taking off five, ten or fifteen pounds while, on the other hand, the woman who considers herself too slender will learn how to add the additional pounds she so desires, and still maintain the proportions that will give her a very trim and attractive figure.

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P-12-34
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