

# Motion Picture

October

25 cents



MARLINA  
ISTON

BILLIE DOVE

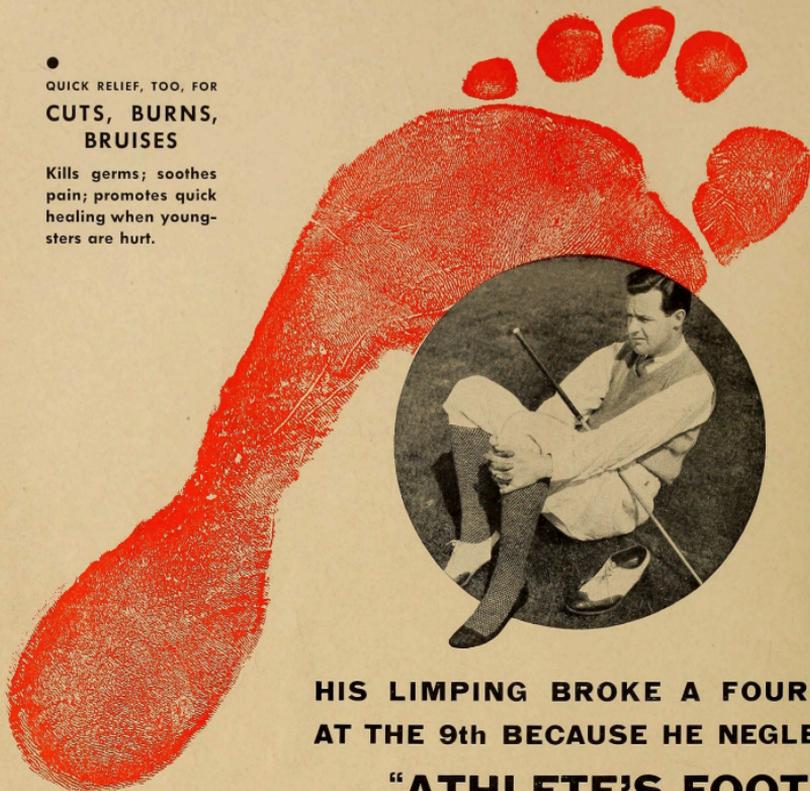
MERRY WIVES  
of Hollywood!

WEDDINGS  
That NEVER  
Happened!

Will TELEVISION Mean The END OF GARBO?

● QUICK RELIEF, TOO, FOR  
**CUTS, BURNS,  
 BRUISES**

Kills germs; soothes pain; promotes quick healing when youngsters are hurt.



**HIS LIMPING BROKE A FOURSOME  
 AT THE 9th BECAUSE HE NEGLECTED  
 "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

● They had kidded, boasted, planned a week on this foursome. All set for 36 holes, Bill begged off at the 9th and limped into the locker-room.

The skin between his toes was now so red and raw he could hardly bear to keep on shoes. Too long he had neglected the infection called "Athlete's Foot"!

Several weeks ago he noticed only a persistent itching. The skin between his toes was cracked. It did appear unwholesomely moist. But, not realizing that this infection might become serious, he passed lightly over the symptoms\*.

**Don't YOU take chances;  
 this infection preys on millions**

Many a vacation, many a week-end outing has been spoiled by a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*. It causes "Athlete's

**\*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS  
 THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Foot." No one is immune; you may be its next victim.

It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom. And its presence is so widespread that health authorities estimate "at least half the adult population is infected at some time."

**Absorbine Jr. kills the germs  
 of "Athlete's Foot"**

If you have the slightest symptom—itching between the toes, moist white skin, with cracks—you can't *teach* away the germs of "Athlete's Foot."

They thrive on soap and water, strange as it may seem. Bathing can therefore do more harm than good, when nothing else is used. The safe way to combat this infection is the regular application of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it well between the toes. For laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quick-

ly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

**Look at your feet tonight**

You may have the first symptoms\* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign\*, douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep dousing it on, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like it. You can get it at drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. Take Absorbine Jr. on every outing—use it freely. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 271 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

**ABSORBINE JR.**

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



# UP YOUR STREET...

... a woman  
unfaithful

... tongues wagging  
neighbors pointing

... a girl ... she  
knows her mother is  
wronging her father  
yet defends her... for  
she understands

*This happens  
on any day UP  
YOUR STREET...  
on any Street...  
in any city...*



SAMUEL  
GOLDWYN  
*presents*

# || STREET SCENE ||

A United Artists Picture with

SYLVIA SIDNEY - ESTELLE TAYLOR - WILLIAM COLLIER, Jr.

*Directed by King Vidor from Elmer Rice's play of the same name*

As a play "Street Scene" won the Pulitzer Prize;  
ran for two solid years on Broadway and played every  
important city in America!

As Samuel Goldwyn's outstanding contribution  
to the screen it is even greater than the stage play,  
combining as it does all the terrific heart appeal of  
his success "Stella Dallas", with the dramatic sweep  
of King Vidor's "Big Parade".



# The MARX BROTHERS

Stars of  
"THE COCONUTS" and  
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"



Directed by Norman McLeod

## in "MONKEY BUSINESS"

Celebrate Paramount's  
20th Birthday Jubilee!

Paramount is celebrating 20 years of leadership with the greatest pictures in its history! Watch for "24 Hours," "A FAREWELL TO ARMS," "NO ONE MAN," "LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER." And such stars as HAROLD LLOYD, GEORGE BANKROFT, MARLENE DIETRICH, RUTH CHATTERTON and others in the greatest pictures of their careers!

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION  
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N.Y.

**L**AUGHING days are here again! With that famous frenzied foursome, The Marx Brothers, in a new madhouse of merriment—"MONKEY BUSINESS!" It's the first of the great pictures in Paramount Jubilee Month—September—when leading theatres everywhere will feature Paramount Pictures. Watch for announcements. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount  Pictures

# Motion Picture

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher  
LAURENCE REID, Editor

OCTOBER  
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## FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Twentieth Year  
Volume XLII, No. 3

<b>We Tell You—MOTION PICTURE!</b> . . . . .	16
<i>What Warner Brothers Are Doing By Their Big and Little Stars</i>	
<b>Look Out, Hollywood! Here Comes Helen Hayes!</b> . . . . .	27
<i>When There's Better Acting To Be Done, Helen Will Do It</i>	
<b>Weddings That Never Happened</b> . . . . .	29
<i>Hollywood's Broken Romances Are the Most Dramatic</i>	
<b>Will Television Mean The End Of Garbo?</b> . . . . .	32
<i>Television Is Almost Here And May Bring New Faces To The Screen</i>	
<b>The Stormy Petrel of Broadway</b> . . . . .	39
<i>Richard Bennett, The Daddy Of Connie And Joan, Speaks His Mind</i>	
<b>The Favorite Stars—As Picked By The Studios</b> . . . . .	40
<i>The Studio Workers Tell You Who's Popular In The Old Home-Town</i>	
<b>The Love-Life Of Ivan Lebedeff</b> . . . . .	42
<i>This Reveals The Old World Romances Of Hollywood's Hand-Kissing Expert</i>	
<b>Famous Oriental Stars Return To The Screen</b> . . . . .	44
<i>Sessue Hayakawa And Anna May Wong Have Come Back To Win New Fame</i>	
<b>The Merry Wives Of Hollywood</b> . . . . .	46
<i>The Married Couples Of The Movie Colony Have Revised The Marriage Code</i>	
<b>Acting Is Woman's Work</b> . . . . .	49
<i>So Says Leslie Howard, Who Is Tired Of The Stage And Screen</i>	
<b>Which Of These Starlets Will Become Big Stars?</b> . . . . .	52
<i>Some Among 1931's Crop Of Newcomers Who Will Get There</i>	
<b>How The Stars Get Away From It All</b> . . . . .	54
<i>They Go Far Away To Escape From Hollywood</i>	
<b>That Big Little Girl Who Came From Broadway</b> . . . . .	59
<i>It Took A Smart Actress To Succeed Clara Bow—Sylvia Sidney Was Nominated</i>	
<b>The Girl Who Was Not Scared Of Garbo</b> . . . . .	66
<i>Karen Morley Forgot That Garbo Existed And Gave An Arresting Performance</i>	
<b>Sally's Back!</b> . . . . .	70
<i>Sally O'Neil, Once A Popular Star, Gets Another Chance</i>	
<b>Campfire Grub</b> . . . . .	78
<i>As The Cowboys (Ken Maynard and Buck Jones) Cook It</i>	

Cover Design of Billie Dove Painted By MARLAND STONE

### DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . . .	6
WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING . . . . .	8
THE HOLLYWOOD CIRCUS . . . . .	12
THE GOSSIP TEST . . . . .	14
NEWS AND GOSSIP . . . . .	34
THE PICTURE PARADE . . . . .	60
TABLOID REVIEWS . . . . .	72
FEATURED SHORTS . . . . .	76
NOW YOU'RE TALKING! . . . . .	106

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

\$20.00 Letter

## Another Way Of Looking At It

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Gangster pictures are poisoning the minds of the younger generation. Rot!

There has been quite a bit of talk about the bad effect the now popular crime pictures will have on the young boys of to-day. How can such a statement carry any weight?

Here's my way of looking at it. Isn't it more logical that the children who see these crime and crook pictures have the desire to follow in the footsteps of the heroes of these pictures—the cops and the detectives—and not the criminal, who is either brought to justice or killed in every gangster film?

Every boy likes to think himself a hero. Therefore, isn't it more natural for him to be influenced by the men he idolizes—the men who get the crooks and not the crooks themselves? He knows that the crook gets killed in the end and that it is the hero of the story who does the killing. That's why he worships the hero. Don't they always applaud the hero when the gangster is captured? Doesn't this go to show that it is the heroic part they admire and try to imitate and not the criminal whom the screen always presents as a cheap, yellow culprit who always gets what's coming to him.

I believe that these pictures are more apt to have a tendency to teach right from wrong and have no tendency to influence anyone wrongly. Our boys are hero-worshippers.

So, producers, keep giving us these peppy gangster pictures that actually teach a lesson. *H. Pat.*

\$10.00 Letter

## Perfect Profiles Not Necessary

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Brawn and Brain, rather than Blandness and Beauty, are having their fling in the movies now; perfect profiles are no longer necessary and age is not a handicap. This is most gratifying to those who, like myself, prefer the leer of Edward Robinson to the sweet smile of Robert Montgomery; the roughness of Dressler and Bery to the persistent Peter-Pannishness of Gaylor and Farrell; the naturalness of Rambeau to the posing of Gable; Charles Bickford's rugged countenance to the angel face of Lew Ayres; and the wrinkles of Edna May Oliver to the writhings of Jean Harlow. And I haven't mentioned Will Rogers and George Arliss! Don't think I'm absolutely agin youth and good looks—not so long as we have Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, James Cagney, Joan Bennett and Claudette Colbert. But then they can act, too.

Gable and Cagney are sensations—and it certainly seems like old times to have sensations again. I only hope—and don't we all?—that they will get the kind of pictures and rôles they deserve. *Effa E. Preston.*

\$5.00 Letter

## Vary Norma's Rôles

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Chalk up another big hit for Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." A great picture and a great cast. Lionel Barrymore, true to Barrymore tradition, was the living, breathing, drinking *Stephen Ashe*. Norma Shearer, as *Sylvia*, was superb, as she is in everything she does. But the trouble is, she usually does the one thing.

Now I am sure that all Norma Shearer fans agree that her rôles are becoming too standardized. Believe it or not, but Norma is getting a little bit too gay. We are getting a bit fed up on a steady diet of her indiscretions.

We want to see her in other types of pictures for a change. Stories of life by a quiet countryside; pictures of the middle walks of life, instead of having her go to Paris in every picture. *Mrs. Joe Miller.*

## Movie Moratoriums

CHICAGO, ILL.—While "moratoriums" are in season, why not one each on gangster, war and sex films? Another on drinking scenes. One on affected English, slang, mannerisms that irritate. Also a moratorium on the use of standard fiction so completely rewritten that its author could not recognize it, that is, nothing except the title. A moratorium on over-advertisement that so fires our imaginations that the film inevitably falls below our expectations. A moratorium on super-sophistication.

And in place of these, more Technicolor films of high-class operettas such as the Victor Herbert or Gilbert and Sullivan ones, the Friml, Strauss and Romberg classics. These contain beauty that is as lasting and refreshing as the best things in life. *Barbara Mueller.*

## Marlene Is Leg-Consious

GIRARD, KANSAS.—Recently, I saw "Dishonored" and as a hosiery advertisement, it was a huge success. The picture convinced me of one thing—Marlene Dietrich is leg conscious. Why Marlene mars her charming personality and otherwise marvelous acting by an over display of legs is quite beyond me.

The picture opened and closed with a pair of legs, not to mention a dozen or more close-

ups of them, the flipping of skirts and tiring efforts of the star to convince her audience that she does have beautiful legs.

Marlene lacks the sophistication that has made Greta, Constance and Tallulah outstanding. Can you imagine Greta making a leg display? Perhaps she doesn't have beautiful legs, though I am quite sure she would never exploit her charms in this manner. It lacks individuality.

Perhaps I owe an apology to Marlene. It might have been the fault of a leg-loving director. At any rate, I hope in her next picture we will again have the charming Marlene of "Morocco" and not the leg show of "Dishonored." *Sue Haney.*

## They're Only Human

SEATTLE, WASH.—When the movies were in the gingham-apron-and-romper stage, Theda Bara discovered that her career as a vampire depended very much on how glibly the public was ament her relationship to Cleopatra. Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, and others, were afraid to marry, obtain a divorce, or to admit they were parents. Since then, the movies have leaped to gigantic heights; one can hardly believe the present-day films are related to the old "came the dawn" movies. Since then, women have bobbed their hair, inhaled cigarettes and demanded equality. Since then, Youth has made a free translation of mature conduct. . . . Briefly, then, with all this, one expects a change in the public mind—a change in the direction of strength and character.

But where is it? There's Clara Bow, whose career is in jeopardy because of unfavorable publicity; there are still screen players afraid to admit being a parent. A number of lovely actresses lost out in the "big industry" (and incidentally, their lives), because the public decreed they were too plump. If reports are true, Lew Ayres is afraid to marry because of public sentiment; Irving Thalberg isn't permitting Norma Shearer to have any more "Free Love and Soul" vehicles because they might endanger her popularity.

Did someone say we are an open-minded and democratic people? Well, it looks to me as if the road to independence will be a still longer and more arduous one if the public doesn't stop insisting that the film-players live in glass houses. *Kay Matthews.*

## Awaiting Clara's Return

AUSTIN, TEXAS.—Not being a regular movie goer I was somewhat set back if not annoyed by the numerous pictures featuring Clara Bow. I weakened and went to see one: "Three Weeks."

Completely was I won over to her world of fans. She portrayed the fire of life and youth that we all feel but somehow never bring to the surface.

Again and again I went to see this beautiful girl. Through each picture I lived, laughed and cried with her.

Then ugly stories, tales we won't believe, began to seep out. Things most disgusting. But not once have I lost faith in that little redhead.

Breathlessly, we await her return—in a big picture. *Ruby Osban.*

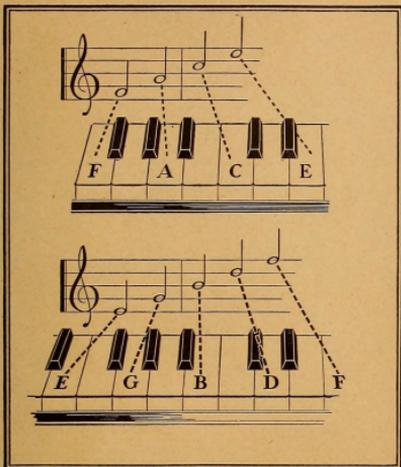
(Continued on page 79)

## Prizes For Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars for the three best letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 150 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

# HERE IT IS ....



## -your first lesson in this popular, easy as A-B-C way of learning music

**YES**, learning to play your favorite instrument this thrilling new way is actually as easy as it looks.

Notice the first picture. The notes spell F-A-C-E—face. That wasn't hard... was it? Then look at the second E-G-B-D-F—Every Good Boy Does Fine. You can't help learning. All you do is look at the pictures and you know the entire scale!

Your next step is to play actual tunes, right from the notes. And all of the lessons of the famous U. S. School of Music course are just as easy, just as simple as that.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now.

For by this remarkably clear and fascinating course, you learn in the privacy of your own home, without the aid of a private teacher. No more hard, tedious hours of dry-as-dust theory or finger-twisting exercises.

Just imagine... a method that has removed all the boredom and extravagance from learning to play, a method by which you learn music in less than half the usual time, and at an average cost of only a few cents a day!

Easy as pie  
These fascinating lessons

are like a game. Everything is right before your eyes—printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You can't possibly go wrong. First you are *told* what to do, then a picture *shows* you how, and then you do it yourself and *hear* it. The best private teacher in the world could not make it clearer or easier.

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you have to have "talent" or "musical ability." You don't at all, *now!* More than 600,000 people who could not read one note from another, are now accomplished players. Some of the U. S. School of Music students are playing on the stage, some in orchestras, and thousands of others have discovered the glorious new popularity that comes to the man or woman who can entertain musically.

### New Popularity—Plenty of Good Times

If you are tired of always sitting on the outer rim of a party, of being a professional looker-on—if you've often been jealous because others could entertain friends and were always in demand—if you've wanted to play but never thought you had the time or money to learn, let the time tested and proven U. S. School come to your rescue.

Don't miss any more good times! Learn to play your favorite instrument and be the center of attraction wherever you go. Musicians are invited everywhere, they are always in demand. Enjoy this greater new popularity you have been missing. Have the good times that pass you by. You can have them—easily!

### Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and Free Demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. No matter what instrument you choose to play, the Free Demonstration lesson will show you at once the amazingly simple principles upon which this famous method is founded. As soon as the lesson arrives, you see for yourself just anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and at a fraction of what the old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you about the astounding new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation, of course. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Instrument ?.....  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

### PICK YOUR COURSE

- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Piano                    | Violin                |
| Organ                    | Clarinet              |
| Ukulele                  | Flute                 |
| Cornet                   | Saxophone             |
| Trombone                 | Harp                  |
| Piccolo                  | Mandolin              |
| Guitar                   | 'Cello                |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar    | Sight Singing         |
| Voice and Speech Culture | Drums and Traps       |
| Automatic Finger Control | Piano (Plectrum)      |
| 5-String (or Tenor)      | Piano Accordion       |
| Italian and German       | Accordion             |
| Harmony and Composition  | Juniors' Piano Course |

# WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(Continued from page 8)



## He didn't count sheep jumping a fence

NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ... and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom ... and the beds... well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

### Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S only United . . . . .	The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . .	The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. . . . .	The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. . . . .	The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. . . . .	The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. . . . .	The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. . . . .	The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. . . . .	The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. . . . .	The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. . . . .	The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. . . . .	The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. . . . .	The Niagara
ELIOT, PA. . . . .	The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO . . . . .	The Porcage
FLINT, MICH. . . . .	The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . .	The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. . . . .	The Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. . . . .	The St. Francis
SHERIFFPORT, I.A. . . . .	The Washington-Yorcee
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . .	The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . .	The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. . . . .	The King-Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. . . . .	The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . .	The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.L. . . . .	The Constant Spring



**Hayakawa, Sessue**—playing in *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Haves, Helen**—playing in *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hersholt, Jean**—recently completed *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Holmes, Phillips**—playing in *The Man I Killed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Holt, Jack**—playing in *Fifty Fathoms Deep*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hopkins, Miriam**—playing in *24 Hours*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Horton, Edward Everett**—playing in *The Age For Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Howard, Leslie**—playing in *Devotion*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Huston, Walter**—playing in *Heart and Hand*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Hyams, Lella**—playing in *The New Adventures of Gai-Rieh-Quik Wallingsford*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Janny, Leon**—recently completed *Penrod and Sam*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Jordan, Dorothy**—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Keaton, Buster**—recently completed *Sidealks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Kerrigan, J. M.**—recently completed *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Kirkwood, James**—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Landi, Elissa**—playing in *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**La Plante, Laura**—recently completed *Arizona*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**LaRoy, Rita**—playing in *The Yellow Ticket*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Ledebert, Ivan**—recently completed *Follow the Ladies*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Lichtner, Winnie**—recently completed *Side Show*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Lombard, Carol**—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Lowy, Edmund**—playing in *The Chico Kid*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Luoy, Myrna**—playing in *Consolation Marriage*—Radio Pictures Studios—780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Lukas, Paul**—playing in *Bachelor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Lyon, Ben**—recently completed *Bought*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**MacDonald, J. Farrell**—recently completed *The Bru*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**March, Fredric**—playing in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

**Marsh, Mae**—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Marsh, Marian**—recently completed *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**McCall, Tully**—recently completed *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**McLellan, Victor**—playing in *Disorderly Conduct*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Meigan, Thomas**—recently completed *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Menjou, Adolphe**—recently completed *Friends and Lovers*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Mercer, Beryl**—playing in *Are These Our Children?*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Merkel, Una**—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Miljan, John**—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Montgomery, Robert**—playing in *A Family Affair*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Moran, Lois**—playing in *West of Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Moss, Polly**—recently released *Polly*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Morris, Chester**—playing in *Corsair*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Myers, Carmel**—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Nagel, Conrad**—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Negri, Pola**—playing in *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Nissen, Crsta**—playing in *Ambassador From U. S.*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Novarro, Ramon**—recently completed *Son of India*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Nugent, Elliott**—recently completed *The Last Flight*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**O'Brien, George**—playing in *Riders of the Purple Sage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**O'Brien, Pat**—playing in *Consolation Marriage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Oland, Warner**—playing in *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**O'Neil, Sally**—playing in *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**O'Sullivan, Maureen**—recently completed *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Page, Anita**—recently completed *Sidealks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Peterson, Dorothy**—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Pickford, Mary**—last release *Kiki*—Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

**Powell, William**—recently completed *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Preost, Marie**—playing in *Twenty Grand*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Quillan, Eddie**—recently completed *Eddie Cuts In*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Rambau, Marjorie**—recently completed *Hell Divers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Rolson, Edward G.**—playing in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Rogers, Charles**—playing in *The Man With Red Hair*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Rogers, Will**—playing in *Ambassador From U. S.*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Shannon, Peggy**—playing in *Ladies of the Big House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Shearer, Norma**—last release *A Free Soul*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Sherman, Lowell**—playing in *The Greeks Had A Word for It*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Sidney, Sylvia**—playing in *Street Scene*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Stone, Lewis**—recently completed *LuLu*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Swanson, Gloria**—playing in *Tonight Or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Tashman, Lilyan**—playing in *The Road To Reno*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Taylor, Estelle**—recently completed *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Thomey, Regis**—recently completed *Murder by the Clock*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Tracy, Spencer**—playing in *She Wanted A Millionaire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Twelvetrees, Helen**—playing in *Salvaged*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Vail, Lester**—playing in *Consolation Marriage*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Watkins, Linda**—playing in *Sob Sister*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

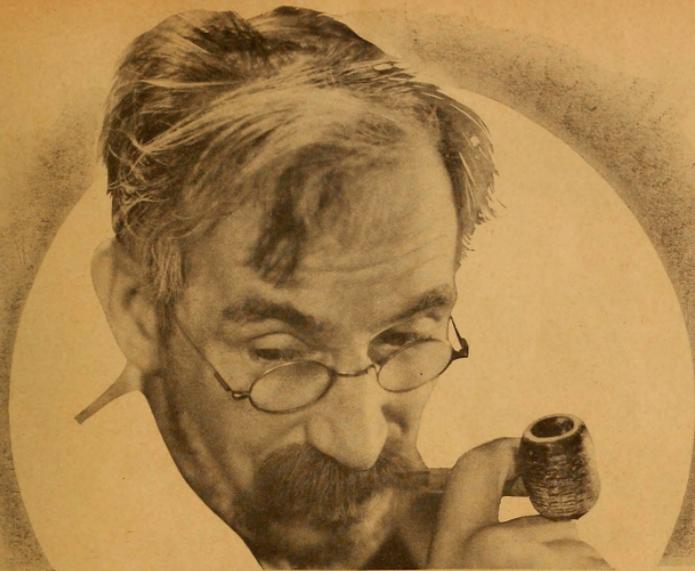
**Wayne, John**—recently completed *Arizona*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Wilson, Lois**—playing in *The Age For Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Wong, Anna May**—playing in *Daughter of the Dragon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Wray, Fay**—recently completed *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Young, Loretta**—playing in *The Blind Spot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.



HIS QUIANT HUMOR IS SCREAMINGLY FUNNY...

HIS "POP MARTIN" CHARACTER IS DELICIOUSLY HUMAN

*The screen's most lovable comedy character*

# ANDY CLYDE

In a great new series of short comedies produced by Mack Sennett

Andy Clyde achieves new heights of laugh supremacy in these uproarious new two-reel comedies.

The screen's grand "young-old man" in his inimitable role of "Pop Martin" is a gay granddaddy with bad-boy instincts. His inability to avoid awkward predicaments will delight you. His pathos will tug at your heart strings. You'll love him while you laugh at him . . . and agree with the critics that Andy Clyde is a laugh-master without equal.

Any Mack Sennett Andy Clyde Comedy is worth the price of admission. And so is any other *Educational* short feature or novelty. "The Spice of the Program," *Educational Pictures* give you laughs and thrills in abundance. Watch for them at your neighborhood theatre.

## MACK SENNETT ANDY CLYDE COMEDIES



WATCH FOR



## "THE CANNONBALL"

First of the new series of Mack Sennett  
Andy Clyde Comedies, loaded with laughs

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



# The Hollywood Circus

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

They're still laughing at the girl who said she was hurrying back to the studio for re-makes.

The studio ban on unauthorized visiting has made it hard on time-killing lads and tale-swapping boys. One writer reported forty-seven visitors in the course of a day and none of them necessary, either. Now the writer is able to finish that story he started last year. And **Gary Cooper**, before the edict, was pried from under five salesmen, all trying to sell him gadgets.

## Human Interest

The huge Newfoundland dog that has roamed for years on Hollywood Boulevard is not a stray. He sleeps, we have just found out, at the Iris Theater and is fed juicy morsels by the corner butcher.

Paramount executives are anxiously awaiting signs of Afro-Americanism in their **Marlene Dietrich's** speech. She has taken **Charlie** (Two Black Crows) **Mack's** Beverly Hills home and at the studio is using **Moran's** old dressing-room. So far she has not been influenced by her environment. At least no one has heard her murmur, languidly, "Wha- what's the idea a-bringin' tha-at up?"

Producers and writers have been sitting around thinking, again, and they've all struck upon the same idea. Another flaming youth cycle. We—and that means you and I—are going to be inundated with kid pictures. Radio's making one with fourteen youngsters all under twenty years. M-G-M's using **Dorothy Jordan**, **Madge Evans** and **Anita Page** to youthful advantage. **Hal Roach** is shelling out the "Boy Friends" series. Our talkie dictionary will have to be revised for next season. "Hot shot" is going to refer to high school honeys and not to a gangster's shooting ability. Probably improve our morale, too.

**Jack Oakie's** mother, according to son, is his best press-agent. "Sure," says **Jack**, if you care to listen, and we did, "she goes to a picture and whenever I appear she starts to applaud. If nobody else does, she nudges the guy at her right and says, 'What's the matter, you sluggish?'"

Enterprising press-agent suggests dresses to match your garden. **Mrs. James Gleason**, as an example, in flowered chiffon against her pansies and petunias; an iris-figured frock on **Helen Chandler** in her iris-plotted garden. It's a good enough idea, but how about the cacti garden girls? Burlap for them.

We're still gurgling at the prank that rascally song leader played on the Hollywood Kiwanians. "All men who have birthdays

this month, raise hands," he shouted. "All right, now we're going to sing 'Darling, I Am Growing Older' in their honor."

And still they talk about our wild parties.

## Complaint Desk

Southerner **Grady Sutton** of the Roach arena doesn't like it at all. In billing him in the "Boy Friends" series they persist in calling him "Alabama" **Sutton** and he's never been there, sah—get that straight. He's from Gaw-gia, Florida and Tennessee. It's probably that old mammy-song influence exerting itself on the title writer.

The Nobel Nonsense Award this month goes to the Hollywood gelatine dispensary that billed it "Lover Come Back to Me with **Jack Mulhall**." That's one way of meeting **Jack**.

## Notes on a Small Boy

**Jackie** (Skippy) **Cooper** dotes on spaghetti, loves pineapple-cottage cheese salad, loathes arithmetic, prefers geography, yearns to sing like **Bing** (Crooner) **Crosby** and thinks lieaguards are underpaid. He wants to be a writer, is learning three words of Spanish a day, signs his name **Jackie Richard Cooper** because he worships **Richard Dix**, and sits on **Louis B. Mayer's** lap whenever he goes to talk to him about his new contract. He will make "Sooky" for Paramount before he goes to M-G-M.

He and his "maw," as he calls his young mother, are highly amused at the story, now current, that he is a midget and has been twenty years in vaudeville. Publicized as both six and ten, he is really seven, going on eight. At three years he had memorized the Two Black Crow records. He is an only child and lives with "maw," "mother-mother"—his grandmother, and an eighteen-year old uncle.

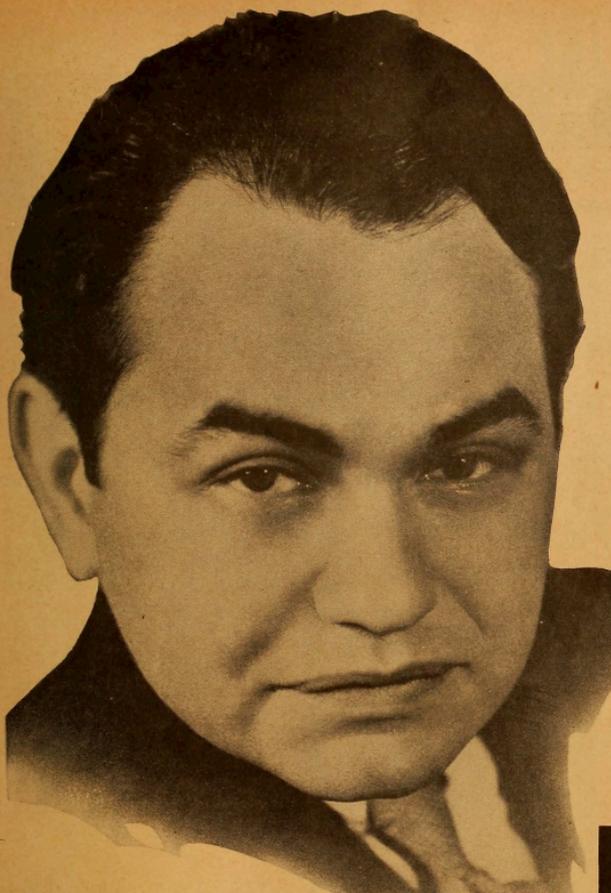
**Roscoe Ates**, without a stutter, tells of the Scot who insisted upon a June vacation because the days were longer.

## Lese Majesty Department

Lady tourist who 'phoned R-K-O-Pathé and asked if **Ann Harding** could be on the set at eight-thirty instead of nine the next morning because she wanted to get her studio visit over as soon as possible.

**Eleanor Boardman's** home is way up on one of Hollywood's highest hills. Her pool affords her a panoramic view of the city as well as the pleasant sensation of looking down on other stars

If it's **Paul Lukas** you're inviting to dinner be sure to send the menu for his  
(Continued on page 84)



H. B. WARNER

MARIAN MARSH

ANTHONY BUSHELL

GEORGE E. STONE

FRANCES STARR

Ona Munson : Robert Elliott

Directed by  
**MERVYN LeROY**



# FIVE STAR FINAL

Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions . . . . A sweeping drama of pathos and passion—betrotal and betrayal—honor and hypocrisy—with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation . . . . Greatest picture of the year—with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast. « « « «

with the most versatile actor  
on the screen today..

# Edw. G. ROBINSON

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation



# YOUR GOSSIP TEST



## Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. By what other name was Alfred Aloysius Smith, who died recently, known? \_\_\_\_\_
2. Do you know who Alison Lloyd is? \_\_\_\_\_
3. With whom have rumors connected the name of Dorothy Lee? \_\_\_\_\_
4. How was Irene Delroy injured recently? \_\_\_\_\_
5. Who is the famous movie star who is soon to become a mother and whose present contract troubles closely resemble the famous Helen Hayes "Act-of-God" Baby Case? \_\_\_\_\_
6. Can you name the stage and screen star who is giving up a successful screen career for her husband's sake? \_\_\_\_\_
7. Whose wife, upon parting from her famous husband, said that "fame and family happiness are not consistent?" \_\_\_\_\_
8. Are you familiar with the name of the former screen siren who, according to rumors, now weighs about 250 pounds? \_\_\_\_\_
9. Mary Brian has been going places with a young screen player. Do you know who he is? \_\_\_\_\_
10. Who is the girl who has been publicized as a forthcoming screen star and cast in several pictures and yet has not appeared on the screen so far? \_\_\_\_\_
11. Do you know the name of the director who has a garbage business? \_\_\_\_\_
12. Can you name the famous screen lover who is being sued for divorce by his equally famous wife? \_\_\_\_\_



20. Who are the three members of the smiling family group shown above? \_\_\_\_\_
13. To whom was June Collyer, the popular motion picture player, wed recently? \_\_\_\_\_
14. Why was Fifi Dorsay charged with disorderly conduct while in Indianapolis, where she was making personal appearances? \_\_\_\_\_
15. Do you know what Winnie Lightner named her small son and why she chose that name? \_\_\_\_\_
16. While her famous husband is in Reno, she is going places with a former New York stage player—who is she? \_\_\_\_\_
17. Do you know a chap by the name of Raymond Glenn? \_\_\_\_\_
18. Who is the motion picture star who was once famous as "The Kodak Girl"? \_\_\_\_\_
19. Why has a well-known movie actress and singer gone to Europe? \_\_\_\_\_

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 96)



## Who Will Qualify FOR THE Opportunity to Win?

# \$8,275<sup>00</sup> in Prizes



FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known \$1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve \$500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question—"Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, and only one, is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain—the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.

Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs.

Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

\$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of \$125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of \$625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,  
Room 75, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.

# We Tell You -- Motion Picture!



## What Warner Brothers are doing by their big stars and all of their *little Nells*

October, 1931  
Another Open Letter

DEAR Frank Lee Dunne (and, of course, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE):

First of all, thanks for those compliments in your open letter addressed to us in your August issue.

Frankly, we are proud of our present list of stars. It is gratifying to know that you and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have taken note of how that list has grown. It is always pleasant to realize that one's efforts toward a cherished goal are not passing unobserved.

You have always had a keen eye for what the public wants—in fact two keen eyes. Now I can see that both of them are trained on the present undertaking of our company. That is flattering. Will you keep watching? I want you to observe the success of our artists, now that they are embarked on a new program of achievement.

There was only one thing I didn't understand about your letter. You asked what we were going to do with all these stellar players, now we have them. I had felt that we had already furnished an answer to that question. At least that we had begun to furnish it—since actions are supposed to speak louder than words.

Let's start with the stars you mention first—the feminine group of which you say, "How I would hate to undertake looking up worth-while stories for that sextette of pulchritude and artistic temperament!" (I'm glad, by the way, you note the "pulchritude"—we think the same ourselves.) These six young women are Barbara Stanwyck, Dolores Costello, Constance Bennett, Kay Francis, Dorothy Mackaill and Bebe Daniels. Of Miss Stanwyck, you were good enough to say many pleasant things, including the fact that we "gave her a hit in 'Illicit.'" Her present picture is "Night Nurse," which we believe to be one of the most authentic and thrilling dramas we have ever sponsored. Following this, she is to do a promising story called "The Purchase Price" and, then, the well-known Houston Branch play, "Safe in Hell." Dolores Costello, recently returned to film-making, we, think, turned out a fine performance in "Expensive Women."

As for Constance Bennett, her latest Warner Brothers picture, "Bought!," has just been released. In connection with this picture, I am going to quote a few lines from a review of its pre-release showing in Los Angeles, appearing in the *Hollywood Reporter*. As you know, this ranks as one of the most outspoken and reliable of the West Coast trade journals. "'Bought!' is an excellent vehicle for Constance Bennett,"

(Continued on page 102)



In the August MOTION PICTURE we addressed a letter to Warner Brothers, asking about their stars. Which brings this answer from Jack Warner (left). The Warner beauties above (left to right): Mae Madison, Evalyn Knapp, Marian Marsh, Polly Walters, Joan Blondell, Lillian Bond

# Tooth Paste for Two at the price of one!

*—and results as amazing as the price!*

Few people are innocent enough, these days, to believe that two can live as cheaply as one. But many a couple has found that even if the old theory is not true of any other expenses, it is true of tooth paste.

From 50¢ dentifrices, they have switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube. This makes their *combined* bill just what *each* of them paid before!

Most people use a tube a month.



Saving 25¢ twelve times, means \$3 a year, for each person in the family. This often adds up to quite a sizable and welcome economy.

Naturally, however, it would be foolish to save money at the cost of inferior tooth-cleansing. That would only result in dentists' bills many times the yearly cost of any tooth paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans, whitens, and polishes as well as any brand made. It contains a special element which does the work excellently, with half the effort—yet is absolutely safe for your tooth enamel. And the lively, clean taste it leaves in your mouth reminds you of Listerine itself.

We could never offer you this high quality at so low a price except for two facts. Our manufacturing methods are perfectly efficient. And vast production is made possible by the continued demand of millions of men and women. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## A pair of golf hose presented to you!

By using Listerine Tooth Paste rather than a 50¢ dentifrice, you save \$3 a year. That would buy Listerine Tooth Paste for another member of your family for an entire year—or any number of things, such as a pair of golf hose.



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

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

*A lovely Royal Visitor compliments American Women*

## The Marchioness of Milford Haven



LADY MILFORD HAVEN sat in her suite in a great New York hotel, high above the brilliant pageant of Fifth Avenue. It was evening, and she was royally lovely in a sheath of white satin with dazzling jewels and superb pearls that echoed the creamy perfection of her skin.

I put the question I had come to ask and the Marchioness smiled enchantingly.

"American women? But of course—I find them delightful! So pretty. So charmingly dressed. So perfectly groomed. They have the most appealing charm that any woman can possess—"

"And that—?" . . .

"—is a beautiful complexion, unquestionably."

Lady Milford Haven's pretty compliment was obviously sincere. "Thank you!" I said, and we went on to talk of the care of the skin.

"No wonder American women have beautiful complexions," she smiled, "for many I have asked tell me they follow the Pond's Method."

"You know it, too?" . . . Delightful to discover another royal user of Pond's!

"I find it the simplest way to keep my skin fresh and clear," she explained.



LADY MILFORD HAVEN, daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Navy, a son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg.

You, too, should follow these four steps to loveliness:



1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt to the surface . . . At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, less expensive yet more efficient because softer, so much more



absorbent. White or peach. "The best way to remove cold cream," Lady Milford Haven says.

3. With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish lingering oiliness, close and refine pores, and bring a lovely natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.



4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a cool, well-bred finish . . . Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous



to keep hands soft, smooth and white—use always after having your hands in water.

*Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening at 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network.*

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*Ernest A. Bachrach*

Her beautiful Spanish name of Dolores means "Lady of Sorrows," but the sad-eyed Del Rio is beginning to leave her sorrows behind. She has regained her health, has found that marriage can be happy, and plans a happy return to the impatient screen

## DOLORES DEL RIO

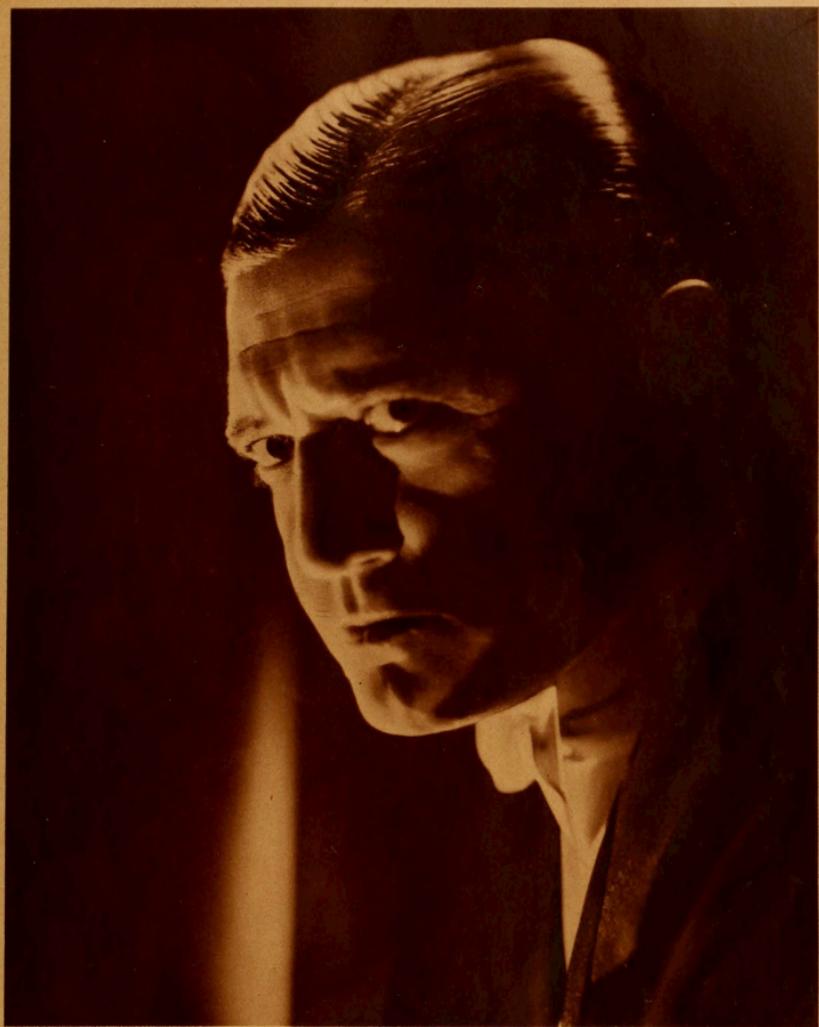




*Edward Thayer Monroe*

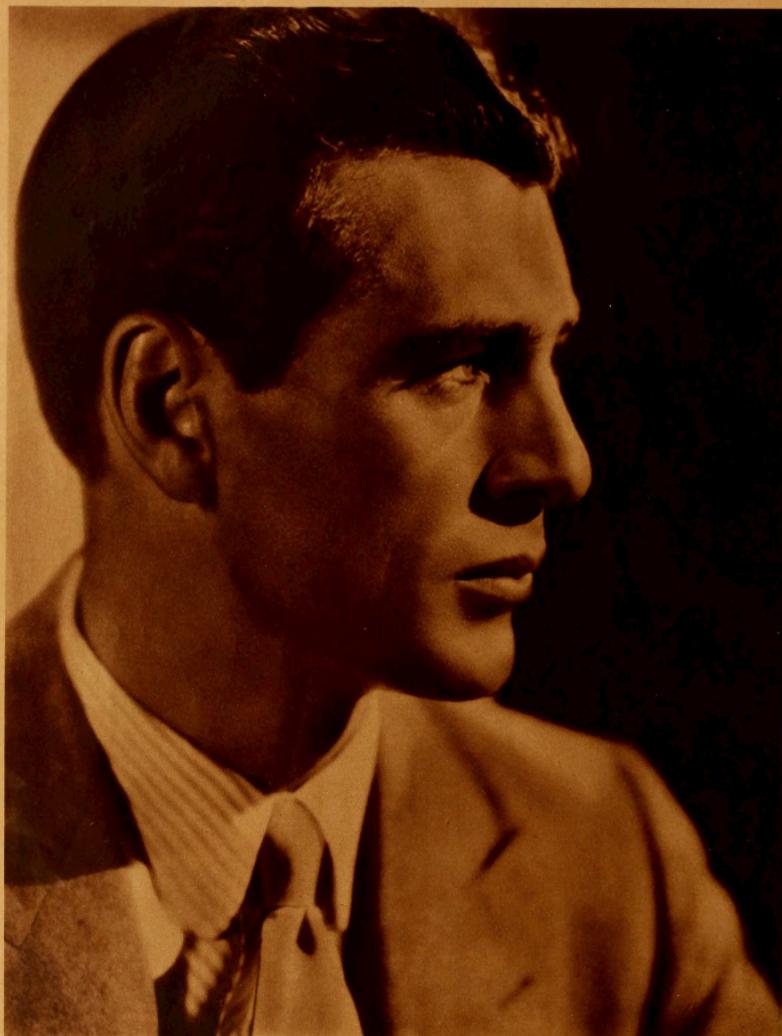
What wouldn't the women of America give to know how Gloria remains so beautifully young and glamorous? The glorious one returns to dramatic acting in "Tonight or Never," in which she plays an opera star

**GLORIA SWANSON**



## RICHARD DIX

Come out of those shadows, Rich, we know you! You may keep us fans guessing in thrillers like "The Public Defender" and "Secret Service," but the big mystery is—when are you going to have another "Cimarron"?



Otto Dyar

Gary took a suitcase and went abroad for a rest— which consisted of a hike through Italy. Now he's back, looking strong and healthy again, smiling away more marriage rumors, and working hard in "The Broken Wing"

**GARY COOPER**



*Preston Duncan*

## EDMUND LOWE

*Sergeant Quirt?* Says who? There's a persistent rumor that Eddie is all caught up with his merry-marine rôles and is going in for straight drama. He started in "Transatlantic," and continues in "The Spider"



A little like Janet Gaynor—but even more sensitive. Her large, dark eyes and her sad mouth only begin to tell you of the drama stored up in her small body. A great name on the stage, she comes modestly to the screen—"to be a different person"

**HELEN HAYES**

# Look Out, Hollywood! Here Comes Helen Hayes!

When there's better acting to be done in the movies, Helen Hayes will do it. Fresh from long triumphs on Broadway, this fine actress is destined to shine as well on the screen as she did on the stage

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

**H**AVE you ever heard of Helen Hayes? If you haven't, you don't know your American stage—for she is one of the Big Three of the native drama. And if you have, prick up your ears. For Helen Hayes is now in the movies.

Hollywood is excited about her. She is the biggest stage capture yet—among the feminine stars. And how about Helen? Is she excited about Hollywood?

If you pin down this little girl with the big personality and make her confess, she'll tell you—well, Hollywood isn't just what she expected. It's a town of mild, domesticated people who are all yearning to be refined and have babies. But she is delighted to be here—because it is giving her a chance to stop being young.

For years Helen has been an enforced ingénue. Her stage public, which watched her grow from a child actress of six to the flapper of "Bab: Sub-Deb" and on to "Coquette," will not let Helen grow up. They want her as a sweet (but dramatic) young thing and nothing else. But out here she is going to play rôles that are adult or sophisticated—or perish in the attempt.

This being immature has become rather hard on Helen. In her late twenties, with a husband and baby to prove her personal maturity, and a distinct tendency to talk intelligently, she finds herself doomed to be a sort of feminine *Peter Pan*.

## This Is Her Big Chance

"I'm decidedly not the sub-deb type," Helen protests, "either in looks, or in mind—I hope! And I've begun to feel terribly silly cavorting around the stage and perching on chair-arms. But I've never been allowed to make the transition from youth to maturity in the theater.

"Maybe this is my chance to do it now. None of the movie

fans ever heard of me, or have any preconceived notions or prejudices about me. It's going to be marvelous to be able to start from scratch in a new medium."

She's making the transition with a big leap, so there'll be no mistake about it. Helen's first picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is "Lullaby," which the melodramatic Florence Reed played on the stage. It's foreign to the traditional Hayes rôle as that kimono-and-opium-den was to Janet Gaynor. She starts out as a virtuous young girl, but her descent into sin and degradation is swift and complete, and she ends up tragically—prematurely aged.

"It's awfully lucky for me," she says, "that my husband has been assigned to write the dialogue. He's writing all the things I say best."

Charles MacArthur, author of "Lulu Belle" and co-author of "The Front Page," is the dialogue-writer-husband, and father of Helen's baby, despite the fact that little Mary MacArthur was at first hailed as an act of God.

Helen can't be as unknown to movie fans as she hopes. They couldn't all have missed the story of the "Act-of-God Baby" when it was spread across the country two years ago.

## About That "Act-of-God" Baby

**I** SHOULDN'T bring up this subject at all, because Helen is afraid that the unfortunate title may cling to her little daughter for life. She has been indignant about it from the very beginning.

But many people have the impression that Helen herself labeled the baby an act of God, in order to get out of her contract when she was on tour in "Coquette," several weeks before the child was born.

"No, no!" cries Helen, maternally outraged by the very

(Continued on page 93)

## High-Lights About Helen Hayes

She first appeared on the stage when she was six—and has acted ever since.

She has been a star since she was eighteen. She is now about twenty-six.

She has appeared in a long succession of stage hits—no failures. The most famous: Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" and "Coquette." She played in "Coquette" eighty weeks.

Expecting a child (she is the wife of playwright Charles MacArthur), she suddenly had to leave the cast. The show closed. The manager sought to escape paying extra salaries by claiming the star's motherhood was "an act of God."

When little Mary MacArthur was born, the headline-hunters called her "the Act-of-God Baby"—much to Helen's distress.

Her first picture will be "Lullaby"—totally different from anything she has ever done.

She will then play *Leora*, the nurse, in Sinclair Lewis' finest story, "Arrowsmith." Here's a rare combination of a real story and a real actress!

She is in Hollywood "to be a new person." And she will be!



# Weddings That

Hollywood is famous for romances with happy the stars are sometimes unhappy. The stories of

By MARQUIS



Greta Garbo was fascinated—but was she in love with John Gilbert?

John Gilbert has never been the same since Greta cooled toward him



When Joan Crawford whooped it up, she went with Michael Cudahy

Michael Cudahy might have won Joan, if he had been less of a playboy



Acme



When Constance Talmadge was eighteen, she was almost Mrs. Barthelmess

It took Dick a long time to recover from his break with Connie



EVERYTHING possible has been written about the Hollywood romances that end in marriage. Word is rushed out to a waiting world how Dotty Dimple keeps the love of her star-husband, Harold Handsome, by always seeing that the marcel is in place before she descends to the breakfast-table. (If you can find such a thing as a breakfast-table in Hollywood). It is also told how Harold Handsome admires his wife for being famous and successful. The news is rushed out, I repeat. There's no telling when Dotty Dimple will take a flier to Reno, and Reno is *such* good copy now.

Reams and reams have been written about the Hollywood marriages, but little has been told of the romances that have been just as fervent, just as thrilling, but have ended without wedding bells and sixteen bridesmaids. Love affairs that have grown cold . . . sudden quarrels . . . fate . . . and broken hearts.

Somehow, the romances that have ended unhappily, the marriages that never were, are more interesting than the ones that have reached the conventional ending of "Lohengrin" and orange blossoms. Probably because they are unhappy. Hollywood is so accustomed to that embrace in the final reel that real unhappiness comes almost as a novelty.

There have been few more romantic or tragic love stories than the one that is told of Constance Talmadge and Richard Barthelmess.

## He Waited a Year—in Vain

CONSTANCE, after two disastrous excursions into matrimony, is now happily married to Townsend Netcher, a wealthy Chicagoan. Richard Barthelmess has found happiness in his second trial at marriage. But it seems hardly likely that they have forgotten completely that deep love of early youth. For Connie was the first great romance in Dick's life.

They were engaged when Connie was not yet eighteen, and Dick was not much beyond twenty. "Peg" Talmadge, the lively mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie, did not entirely approve of Dick. To be perfectly frank, she wasn't at all sure that he had much of a future, but her objection was half-hearted then. It didn't seem possible that a shadow could cross the path of that love.

Then Connie left Los Angeles hurriedly. She was attempting to avoid process-servers from the old Selznick Company, where she had been starring. Connie had other affiliations in view, and it was important to keep out of the way of Selznick attorneys. It was Dick Barthelmess who helped her escape from her well-surrounded home one night. He placed her on board a train for New York, and they both laughed a little at the exciting, youthful prank. Dick didn't know then that the train was carrying Constance forever from his life.

When she returned to Hollywood again after more than a year, she told Dick that marriage was impossible—that their romance was ended. It was a great shock to Dick.

Their love story ended unhappily. Perhaps the shadow of that first experience ruined the first attempts at marriage of both Connie and Dick.

## Bebe's First Love

BEBE Daniels' engagements threatened to go on forever until she fell in love with Ben Lyon. They are ideally happy, but Bebe kept the Hollywood jewelers and florists prosperous for many a day. Will Rogers once suggested that Bebe plan a real campaign—a baseball player in the summer, a football hero in the fall, and Santa Claus at Christmastime.

It was reported that Bebe was engaged to Jack Pickford and Charles Paddock, among others. But at the same time, you understand. And while we're on the subject, you should remember that Ben Lyon was madly in love with Marilyn Miller, who later became Mrs. Jack Pickford. Pretty involved.

However, those who know Bebe say that there have been but two loves in her life. Ben is one, and, years ago, Harold Lloyd was the other.

It was while Harold and Bebe were making their famous series of short comedies that they fell in love. Bebe couldn't have been more than sixteen then, but

# Never Happened

endings. But in real life the great love affairs of these broken romances are the most dramatic of all

## BUSBY

Harold gave her an engagement ring. Bebe's career meant most to her and she did not care to risk it by marriage. After she broke the engagement, Harold had the ring made into a scarf-pin. He still wears it.

There was more than one romance in the life of William S. Hart. For almost two years he was engaged to Anna Q. Nilsson.

There was another time when Hollywood linked the name of the colorful two-gun man with that of Jane Novak. Just more examples of marriages that might have been, and never were.

Hart's marriage later was bitterly unhappy. It made him a recluse from the cinema town, and ruined one of the greatest careers in pictures. There might have been a happier ending if the girl had been Anna or Jane.

### Janet Was Almost "Mrs. Moulton"

JANET Gaynor actually got as far as the court house to secure a license to wed Herbert Moulton, a young Los Angeles newspaperman. She changed her mind at the last minute, but their friends were confident that they would wed before the year was out.

That romance was wrecked by the rising tide of Janet's tremendous success in "Seventh Heaven." The quiet, shrinking, little Janet awoke to find herself a world's celebrity. New vistas opened to her. The most famous doors in Hollywood welcomed her. She realized that she was not ready to marry. The studio did not wish it—and there was Charles Farrell.

Janet admits that once she and Charlie almost thought they were in love—and it always has seemed significant to Hollywood that she married Lydell Peck impulsively and suddenly, and without giving Charlie any warning. And Janet didn't know that Charlie was going to marry Virginia Valli until he had done so—also suddenly and impulsively. All four are happy, however, in their married life.

There was a time when Joan Crawford seemed very much in love with Michael Cudahy, son of the wealthy meat-packer. The Cudahys, for years, had figured in the news, and Michael was good-looking, a free spender, a marvelous dancer. Just the type to appeal to Joan's show-girl heart—for the Joan of those days is hardly recognizable as the Joan of to-day. They were together every evening. Joan collected dancing cups from every café in Los Angeles. Then the studio took a hand. Joan had to lead the quiet life. She had to stay home and keep away from night-clubs. She was becoming conspicuous. She might lose her contract.

### The Break Changed Joan

THE love of Joan and Michael might have endured, but that the young man liked bright lights and music too well. He couldn't stay home merely because Joan was being chastised. There were other girls. Constance Bennett took Joan's place. And it piqued Joan to see the blonde, poised Connie capturing Michael's interest! What love Joan may have had for young Cudahy died in the subsequent undesirable publicity he gathered for himself.

If Joan had married Cudahy, it is not likely that she would be the gracious, graceful woman that she is to-day. She might not even be on the screen to-day. Her taste in friends, and things to do, changed from that time. Joan isn't a show-girl any longer.

The whole world knows about Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. They had never been introduced when they appeared on the set of "Flesh and the Devil," and after that they forgot the world. They were terribly in love. At least, John was terribly in love, and Garbo—well, Garbo was fascinated by the vital, magnetic Gilbert. She appeared in public with him. In all her career, it was during those days that Garbo made the most consistent effort to lead the normal, happy life of a young girl.

John expected to make Garbo his wife. He built a suite of rooms for her in his hilltop home. He summoned an expensive decorator. Nothing was too priceless to

When Clara Bow was a starlet, her boyfriend was Gilbert Roland



Roland had plenty of competition from Gary Cooper and Donald Keith

Everyone remembers how Pola Negri wept when Valentino passed away



But The Greatest Lover of All was mourned by a million women

Lois Wilson didn't become Mrs. Dix—and still is a bachelor girl



Richard Dix didn't marry Lois Wilson, and he still is among the single

go into that suite. Finally Garbo saw it. She shrugged indifferently. She didn't like it. It was all to do over. And, anyway, the fascination Gilbert had held for her was waning. The romance was over.

Garbo bore no lasting heartache from that love, but, undoubtedly, Gilbert lost something that he has never regained. The vividness that was John's in "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow" has paled, somehow. He has no liking now for love scenes, and his private life is almost that of a hermit.

### Viola Dana's Tragedy

THE pages of Hollywood history are crowded with these stories of broken romances. There is the tragic tale of Viola Dana, and Ormer Locklear, her aviator fiancé. Viola, in those days, was one of the greatest of the old Metro stars. Every day, at a certain time, Locklear flew over the studio, and Viola stood in the little garden and waved to him. One day he didn't come. Viola watched and waited. That night she read of the crashing of his plane, and his death.

It hardly seems necessary to go into the romance of Pola Negri and Valentino—if a romance ever really existed. It is a bit too recent to dwell on the highly-publicized engagement of Clara Bow and Harry Richman.

Not so recent is the memory that Hollywood would not have been surprised to hear that Clara had married Gilbert Roland, with whom she had a heavy romance for a while, or Gary Cooper, or Donald Keith, or the young collegian who wrote such scorching poetry.

Gary Cooper was very much in love with Evelyn Brent before he had ever heard the name of Lupe Velez. People rather expected Richard Dix and Marceline Day to marry.

Yet before that, you could almost hear the strains of "Lohengrin" when Dix appeared with Lois Wilson. They were a romantic couple for several years—and some say that Richard is still the big memory in Lois' life. Just some more of the marriages that never were. Rich and Lois have never married—anyone.

That old phrase—"often bridesmaid, but never a bride"—applies just as well to some of the Hollywood beauties as to some of their less conspicuous sisters.

Mary Brian has been rumored engaged to most of the eligible young men of the screen—and she's still a spinster. Maybe most of those rumors emanated in press-agents' offices. But didn't Buddy Rogers once testify that he had asked Mary and that she had turned him down?



Ben Lyon was madly in love with Marilyn Miller before he ever met Bebe



Marilyn Miller married Jack Pickford, who once went with Bebe Daniels



Viola Dana, now happily married, was once engaged to Ormer Locklear, tragic flier



Lieut. Locklear, famous aviator, was killed in an airplane accident in the early days



Jane Novak's name once was coupled with that of William S. Hart, the two-gun hero



Would Hart have become a hermit if he had married Jane Novak—or Anna Q. Nilsson?



Harold Lloyd still wears the diamond that Bebe Daniels returned



Bebe Daniels gave up Harold Lloyd only for the sake of her future—and it was hard

It seems sort of odd, but Lois Moran, Greta Nissen, Dorothy Jordan and Jean Arthur have never had their names tied up romantically with young Hollywood blades—at least, not often enough to count. No one even suspects them of being on the way to the altar.

### Joel Heart-Broken?

THE gossips would have you believe that Joel McCrea is heart-broken, because his "romances" never seem to catch fire. His name has been linked with Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill and Constance Bennett—and he has never progressed beyond the friendship stage with any of them. Others will tell you that Phillips Holmes is the boy who nurses—or has nursed—a bruised heart, because a New York girl he thought he was engaged to marry eloped with someone else.

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky were put in much the same spot as Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, until Vilma married Rod La Rocque and the fans discovered Ronnie already had a wife. So far as known, Ronnie has never been in love with any screen star—an honor he shares with Ramon Novarro.

Maybe you think William Haines should be included in the same category, but there are those who say that his constant companionship with Polly Moran isn't a Haines idea of horse-play. In other words, they imply that he's serious—and predict that this is one of the weddings that will happen when Bill is through with the screen.

The broken romance of Sally O'Neil and Marshall Neilan has become a Hollywood legend. For five years Sally idolized the fascinating director—and then, suddenly, something happened. Neither has ever said what. They broke off. Sally took it hard—so hard that it has taken her two years to recover.

And to bring this up to the minute, the cinema luncheon tables are buzzing with the news that there may not be a wedding between Howard ("Hell's Angels") Hughes and Billie Dove.

Oh, yes, they were engaged. When Billie was asked about it, she merely held up for inspection an enormous diamond—and she wore it on her business finger, too. But Howard, it appears, has taken a sudden and absorbing interest in Lillian Bond.

Romances do end unhappily—even in Hollywood, where *Cinderella* is the most popular heroine of all scenarios. Motion picture business is motion picture business, but when it comes to heart trouble, Hollywood isn't a bit different from Biloxi or Detroit.



A BRAND-NEW  
SPANISH CUSTOM

Let them play the rumba on the tuba down in Cuba! Loretta Young is all set for a tango on the rocks of Malibu. She isn't hanging onto her sombrero any more tightly than she's holding onto summer. The pajamas help, of course—but the principal thing is the sea. The rocks, incidentally, aren't the ones on which her marriage to Grant Withers was wrecked

# Will Television Mean the End of Garbo?

Talkies replaced silent pictures, and new stars replaced most of the old. Now Television is almost here—and may bring even newer faces to the screen. Will Garbo, Dietrich, Cooper and other top favorites weather the storm?

By MURIEL BABCOCK

**I**N ASKING: "Will Television Mean The End Of Garbo?" we intend no reflection upon Greta. We single her out only because she represents all that is glamorous in Hollywood to-day—which may not be the same Hollywood tomorrow. When Television finally comes—and we're told it's just around the corner—every screen star will be affected. Will Greta (and the others) go on to greater glory? Or will they vanish?—Editor's Note



Garbo, the world's most famous blonde, may have to become brunette

**H**OW would you like to loll at your ease in the big armchair after dinner, turn a radio knob and let "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" with Greta Garbo unfold itself before your eyes? Or turn it another notch and get "An American Tragedy"?

All of this on that vacant wall space where once hung "A Stag at Bay," one of those gilt-framed wedding presents.

Or—step to the telephone, ask the operator to connect you with the Fox program for the evening, and see in rapid succession, "Young as You Feel," "Transatlantic" and "Merely Mary Ann"?

No battling crowds to get downtown to the theater, no standing in line after you buy your ticket, no dressing up to go out, no rush, no flurry—just peace and carpet slippers at home and, instead of a fast-moving novel, a couple of good, exciting motion pictures with your favorite stars right in the living-room.

Push a button and see a picture. Rest and enjoy yourself.

It sounds fantastic—it sounds like a dream or a page out of "The Arabian Nights," but it may be true before you realize it. Only one or two little gadgets need to be invented before home Television may be as commonplace as home radio concerts. At first, however, Television will probably be confined to theaters. You will pay for a seat and see a film that is broadcast from some distant station instead of run off from a projection booth. Or perhaps a play that is being performed in New York will be televiewed to a hundred theaters in other cities.

Rapid-fire developments in the perfection of this great new electrical wonder lead Hollywood to believe that Television will be here before another twelve months have passed, and that a tremendous new revolutionary period is facing motion pictures, radio, and the entire entertainment world. No one yet knows exactly what is going to happen.

## Is Television Being Held Back?

**S**OME say that Television is perfected now and is being held back by desperate financial and movie powers, who see in it a great menace that will wreck carefully planned budgets for the coming year, and turn businesses topsy-turvy.

Talkies, you may remember, came too fast. You know and I know how they upset Hollywood. Great fortunes were made with the Vitaphone, but great losses were also chalked off. Everybody—producers, directors, stars, minor players, extras and exhibitors—took socks of one kind or another.

**UPON WHOM WILL TELEVISION "PUT THE FINGER" IN THE MOVIE COLONY? WILL THE MIGHTY ONES OF TO-DAY—THE GARBOS, THE DIETRICHS, THE WILLIAM POWELLS, THE GARY COOPERS—BE TRAMPLED DOWN IN A GREAT TELEVISION GOLD RUSH, EVEN AS COLLEEN MOORE, CORINNE GRIFFITH, EMIL JANNINGS AND JOHN GILBERT WERE TRAPPED IN THE ADVANCE OF THE SOUND ENGINEERS WITH THEIR TALKIES?**

Television will be bad news for the blondes, from present

indications. In England sight-and-sound engineers seem to like pale faces and golden tresses. But in America only brunettes seem able to meet the difficult television tests. Redheads are out of consideration, both here and in England. What now, Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Carroll, Peggy Shannon, and Mary Astor?

Most of the feminine favorites of the films to-day are blondes, or are inclined that way. Garbo and Dietrich are fair-haired competitors. Constance Bennett has corn-colored hair. Ann

## What Will Television Do To The Stars?

When the talkies suddenly arrived, such favorites as Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith and John Gilbert went under a cloud. When Television comes—no less suddenly—what is going to happen?

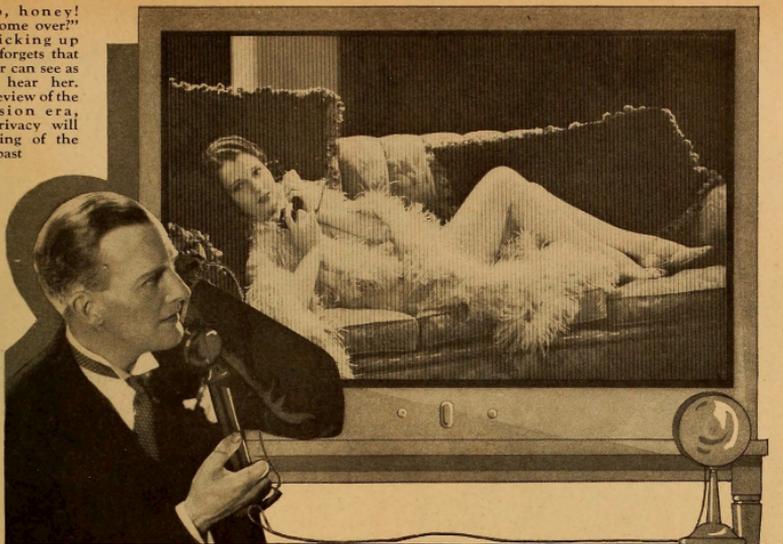
Present tests indicate that blondes do not "screen" well in Television. Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, the Bennetts, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, Jean Harlow, Marion Davies, Elissa Landi, Helen Twelvetrees and Mary Pickford are all blondes.

The three ideal Television types thus far selected (none of whom is associated with the screen) are all decided brunettes. Pola Negri, Dolores Del Rio, Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson, Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis, Lupe Velez and Claudette Colbert are, luckily, dark.

Redheads are colorless in Television broadcasts. The screen titans—Clara Bow, Peggy Shannon, Nancy Carroll, Janet Gaynor and Mary Astor—will have to become brunettes.

In Television, a woman's figure will be distorted if her voice is not clear. Stars like Ruth Chatterton will not have to worry—but many may have to pass new voice tests.

"Hello, honey!  
May I come over?"  
Girl, picking up  
'phone, forgets that  
her caller can see as  
well as hear her.  
Just a preview of the  
Television era,  
when privacy will  
be a thing of the  
past



Harding is an ash-blonde. Ruth Chatterton is semi-blonde. Look at the silver-haired Jean Harlow. What will happen to these when television comes along? Will they disappear—or will they become brunettes and continue to be among the mighty?

### The Ideal Television Types

ALREADY Television has its Garbo and Dietrich rivalry. Technicians of the Columbia Broadcasting Company have chosen Natalie Towers as "The Television Girl." Dorothy Knapp, stage beauty, is "Miss Television" to the National Broadcasting Company. Both are decided brunettes. To make the battle for fan mail a three-cornered affair, the General Broadcasting Company puts forth dark-haired Billie Davis as "The Personality Girl." None of these girls is a screen star.

Television's preference of brunettes will be good news to such Hollywood beauties as Pola Negri, Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, Sylvia Sydney, Kay Francis, Lupe Velez and Estelle Taylor, who have not succumbed to the blonde epidemic.

A peculiarity of auburn hair is that it seems to vanish in a television journey. Red lipstick, for the same reason, is taboo. Blue must be used. Face powder must be a dead white. Men must rub green paste or powder on mustaches and beards.

David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, which controls two picture studios (Radio and RKO-Pathé), recently announced that three Television broadcasting stations will be built immediately—one in New York, one in Chicago and one in Los Angeles. His company is proceeding with the utmost secrecy in its experimental work.

Furthermore, Mr. Sarnoff's company is constructing a great Radio City to cover three entire blocks in the heart of New York, dedicated to "Radio, music, motion pictures and TELEVISION." There will be two huge theaters (of four thousand

and six thousand seating capacity), thirty broadcasting chambers, and possibly the Metropolitan Opera House, within the limits of the City.

Sarnoff—who has been uncannily right in his prophecies concerning radio and talkies in the past—says that Television will create unheard-of markets for pictures, will stimulate the whole entertainment world. It will carry films everywhere—into the home, the factory, the garage, the general store, everywhere that radio goes to-day. More pictures will have to be produced to keep up with the demand, with more actors, actresses, writers, and directors needed.

### The New "Theaters of the Air"

ALTHOUGH you may not realize this—I didn't until I began checking up—there are twelve Television broadcasting stations in the country already. (There will be probably another half-dozen by the time you read this, so fast are permits being issued!)

They include: W1XAV, Boston; W2XBS, New York; W2XAB, New York; W2XCR, New York; W2XCD, Passaic, N. J.; W2XCW, Schenectady; W2XR, Long Island; W3XK, Sulphur Springs, Maryland; W8XAV, East Pittsburgh; W9XAO, Chicago; W9XAP, Chicago; and W9XG, Lafayette, Indiana.

These broadcast various programs. In New York not long ago, actresses Gertrude Lawrence, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Frances Williams, and prize-fighter Primo Carnera appeared, rather squeaky and distorted, it is true, in experimental television theaters. A travel film, orchestra music, and lecturers were also broadcast. It was a pretty good program.

Radio magazines are carrying articles on how to build amateur Television receiving sets. One company is putting

(Continued on page 94)

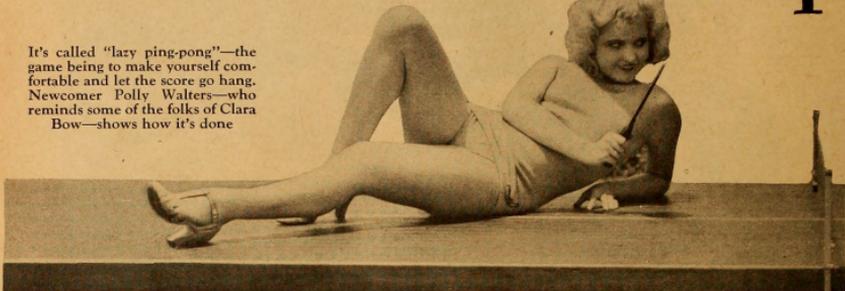


Gary Cooper

Marlene Dietrich

# News and Gossip

It's called "lazy ping-pong"—the game being to make yourself comfortable and let the score go hang. Newcomer Polly Walters—who reminds some of the folks of Clara Bow—shows how it's done



Fryer

Leon Janney and his dog have plenty in common. Like Leon in "Penrod and Sam," the chow answers to the name of Penrod

THEY say that Greta was called into the Front Office and that one of the executives began to talk to her about the hard times and depression and the fact that it would be considered very clubby of her if she took a salary cut—just till times got better. For some moments he struggled on, without comment from the stony figure across the desk. Then in desperation he paused, wiping his brow. Greta said nothing. They both said nothing. At length the lips of the great Garbo opened. "I vonder," said she pleasantly, "ven the next boat she sail for Sweden."

ONE of the smartest studio moves in many a day was the casting of both Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari." Both are at the crest of their popularity—and somehow, no one ever thought of the two together before. Can't you imagine the curiosity of fans when the picture appears?

You might as well give up hope of ever seeing Garbo and Gilbert together again. Greta, they say, will never be willing.

"WHAT do you think of Greta Garbo?" someone asked Gavin ("Romance") Gordon, rumored to be deeply in love with her. "Do you like her?"

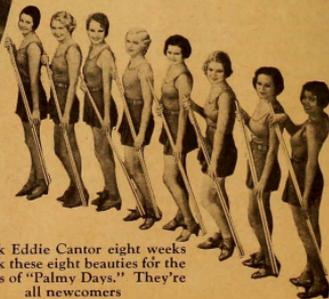
"Think!" said Gavin exasperated, "think of her? What do you think of Fujiyama or Niagara Falls? Like! Do I like Garbo? Do you like the Taj Mahal, or Mont Blanc or Wagner?"

AN interviewer from New York tells this. He had written a story about Nancy Carroll's early life and wanted some baby pictures of Nancy, which were repeatedly promised him. At last, with the closing date for the story approaching, he went in desperation to the publicity department. "Hasn't she found those baby pictures yet?" he asked. The publicity man looked harassed. "Well," he confessed, "you see, Nancy didn't like her own baby pictures, and so far we've shown her thirty-seven babies and she turned them all down!"

NANCY certainly didn't take Hollywood, the studio, or her friends into her confidence when she married Bolton Mallory, editor of *Life*. She met him last winter on a cruise, and sued her husband for divorce five months later—on their seventh wedding anniversary.

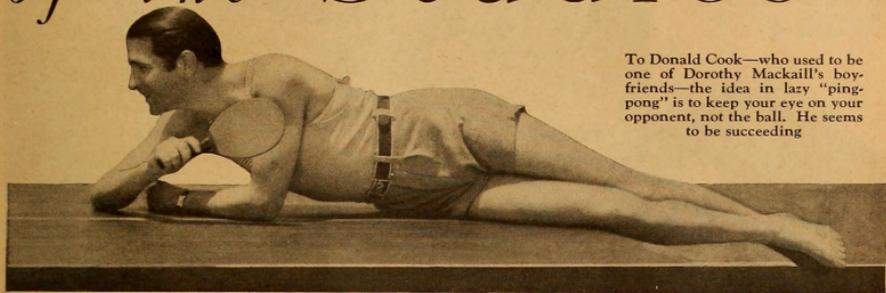


With Walter Huston right at the top of the screen ladder, he isn't looking over New York for any stage work



It took Eddie Cantor eight weeks to pick these eight beauties for the chorus of "Palmy Days." They're all newcomers

# of the Studios



To Donald Cook—who used to be one of Dorothy Mackaill's boy-friends—the idea in lazy “ping-pong” is to keep your eye on your opponent, not the ball. He seems to be succeeding

She married Mallory a week after the Mexican divorce was granted, in the town hall at Newton, Conn., with the doors locked to keep out a curious crowd of townspeople who rushed from their homes and stores when word went around that Nancy Carroll was in town. Mallory is said to be very wealthy.

ONCE in a long while a movie hero gets the chance to prove he's a hero in real earnest. Bill Boyd's rescue of two men from a burning yacht in his cabin cruiser, *Minx*, off the Catalina shore was one of these times. Funny part of it—one of the rescued men had once refused to sell Bill a big insurance policy! Dorothy Sebastian was with Bill and shares the honors. Grant Withers also rescued Marjorie White when she fell off a yacht.

IN A simple blue chiffon dress with an enormous corsage of yellow orchids repeating the gold of her hair, and wearing a plain platinum band without diamonds for a wedding ring, Carole Lombard became Mrs. William Powell. They left for Honolulu with a full moon to light them on their honeymoon way. By changing the hour for their wedding five times, they managed to shake off their friends and get married with no one ex-



Lippmann

Like most comics, Joe E. Brown is straight-faced off the screen. He's resting from his labors in “Local Boy Makes Good”



Dixie Lee solves the great problem of what to wear under the new backless gowns—a backless chemise

cept their families present. Bill's son was not there, it being the time that he was to spend with his mother according to the legal arrangement. “I don't know,” Bill said hesitantly when someone said it would be splendid for his son to have him married again. “Life has so many strings to it—” However, Carole and the boy are crazy about each other, and here is a case where we feel sure things will work out right. Bill is determined that this marriage shall last, and Carole, for all the wisecracking that Bill adores in her, has sobered down immensely this last year.

RUMORS (the hot weather seems to bring them out):

Billie Dove walked out on the set of her picture the other day.

Dorothy Mackaill is really going to marry Neil Miller, who returned from Honolulu with her.

Garbo has given orders that Clark Gable is to be admitted to her studio bungalow—an honor granted to few.

John Gilbert says he's sorry Ina Claire is getting that divorce.



And here are eight more bathing-suit beauties who make their bows in “Palmy Days.” No wonder Eddie Cantor's eyes are big!

While Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa have been away from Hollywood, Warner Oland (below) has been the screen's leading Oriental. And he's Swedish! He supports the two stars in "Daughter of the Dragon"



Richee



Come on in—the relaxing's fine! Just a little discovery by Margaret Caverley, who's a discovery herself—by way of Educational Comedies. She's the newest platinum-blonde

This magazine's recent story on the Taylor murder mystery brought police a letter claiming that an Eastern woman saw Taylor shot. Rumors . . .

**H**O-HUM! Summer in Hollywood: Sylvia Sidney and her escort, a hard-working young writer, drop in at the Cocoanut Grove. To Sylvia's horror, all the movie stars still left in town are there. She swails, "I can't bear 'em! Let's go!" The h-w. y. writer smolders at paying the cover charge after two minutes at the table . . .



Keystone

Not the Vagabond Lover? Right! Rudy Vallee and his bride, Fay Webb (whom he met in Hollywood) take a stroll on New York's Fifth Avenue

Florence Britton, Sam Goldwyn's latest discovery, leaves a highbrow book open at a party. When a shout goes up: "Who's reading this?" Florence languidly reclaims her property under the awed gaze of the other guests . . .

Fred Kelsey, who plays movie detectives, chases a hit-and-run driver down the Boulevard and brings him back in triumph . . .

Doug Fairbanks reaches in through the splintered window of an overturned sedan and pulls out the occupants, before the ambulance arrives . . .

Pineapple ice is a grand thing to shake in a cocktail shaker—with other ingredients . . .

"Grand" becomes the favored adjective hereabouts, replacing "swell" . . .

Most of Hollywood has yet to see the lady whom Clark Gable has just married for the second time . . .

Marceline Day surprises everybody with the announcement that she has just married a Mr. Klein twice in a few weeks to make it sure . . .

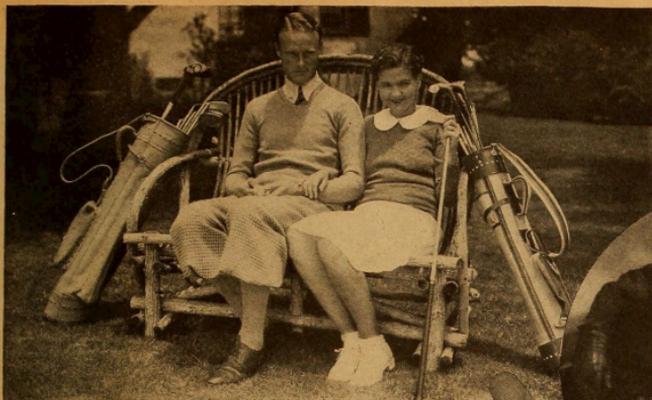
**S**UMMER in Southern California is a lazy time at best. This summer has been especially lazy because so many studios have been running only half the time. But Ivor Novello, composer of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and English matinee idol, now making a picture for M-G-M, has been easing the universal boredom by



Fryer

The newest hard-luck girl—Evelyn Knapp. She fell off a cliff while hiking, sprained her back and will be idle for months

John Gilbert likes a Hawaiian princess named Lilinolakawani. Rudolf Sieber, here to see his wife, Marlene Dietrich (not to mention his daughter, Maria), will stay to direct some pictures.



Zelma O'Neal may be a miniature golfer, but she's no golf widow. Whenever her hubby, Anthony Bushell, can find time to play, they tee off together

Gary Cooper (below) went to Italy for a vacation, but he didn't stay long. He was lonesome for those cows and chickens (not to mention Lupe) and finished his rest on one of his ranches. "There's no place like home," says Gary



unique tea parties. His house boasts a sun parlor. And when the party drags, his guests take sun-baths—so one of them reveals.

**CLARA BOW** is shooting rabbits at the Rex Bell ranch and they were kidding Rex about it. "So she's an expert shot, eh?" said Dick Arlen. "That's why you're here!"

"Clara cried over the first rabbit she shot," Rex explained. "Big tears were running down her cheeks when she picked it up."

"What will she do when she shoots a deer?" asked Stew Erwin.

**HOLLYWOOD** is the place where interesting marital experiments are being tried out. There are the Mervyn LeRois, who have a six months' trial separation. That is, they are going to part for six months and see how they like it before going to Reno.

Robert Armstrong has won his divorce suit from his wife—the former Jeanne Kent.

Bob filed suit in the Los Angeles court and charged that his wife refused to stay "put." "She always wanted to be traveling," he told the Judge. "In the past few years of our married life we were separated much more than we were together."

When Jeanne decided to go to the Orient on a dancing tour, that was the last straw so far as her husband was concerned.

**RUBY KEELER** arrived back in Hollywood and Al Jolson was so happy at the idea of seeing her that he showed up at the station two hours ahead of time. The train *would* take that occasion to be two hours late! With four hours to kill—Al decided to go to a Mexican picture show to kill time.



One of the more serious—and seductive—newcomers is Bette Davis, who shines in "Waterloo Bridge"—and yellow "bungalow pajamas"



Ben Lyon knows how to make a propeller do its tricks. That's why he's now a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Corps

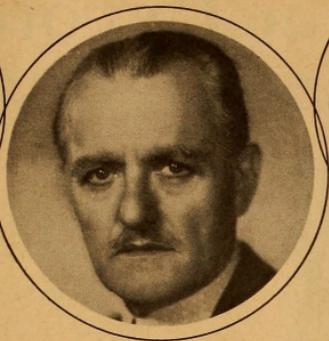
The girl at the box-office may have been a Mexican—but she knew her American movie stars. When Al emerged from the show, a small army of Mexicans had gathered outside to inspect Al and his Dusenbergs town-car that was parked at the curb. The car, incidentally, is one of his presents to Ruby.

(Continued on page 85)



This little sensation from Broadway would rather play backgammon than sleep—but she's willing to rest while she's playing. Just as a reward for playing another little game-for-two so well in "The Smiling Lieutenant," Paramount executives suggested a little of both on the sands of Malibu before she startles the natives in "24 Hours"

## MIRIAM HOPKINS' BED AND BOARD



## The Stormy Petrel of Broadway

**R**ICHARD BENNETT, stormy petrel of Broadway, papa of Constance, papa of Joan, and less spectacularly, papa of Barbara, has set the high-water mark in startling interviews. When hotter-than-hot audiences are granted, Mr. Bennett will grant them.

I was prepared for something different, to say the least—but I lived to learn that what would be startling to you or me, or even John Barrymore, is just so much split-pea soup to Mr. Bennett.

His particular brand of firecrackers is legendary along Broadway. His famous curtain speech, to the effect that all audiences are morons and all critics "mental degenerates," has been repeated from Coast to Coast—but not embroidered upon. It would be impossible to embroider upon the Bennett. The eccentricities of those darlings of the screen, Constance and Joan, are mere ripples compared to the dynamic tide that is their father.

The new and attractive Mrs. Bennett let me in. She invited me to be seated. She said: "Mr. Bennett will be with you in a moment . . . maybe." With that she lighted a cigarette, opened two windows and strolled back into the depths of a suite that seemed to be endless. Probably a half-mile away she was talking to someone who had evidently gone deaf on her. It was something very involved and complicated about a dentist's appointment the deaf person was to keep. Suddenly there was considerably more door-slaming, there was the sound of approaching footsteps—and the door swung open.

### Very Much in the Flesh

**T**HERE in my line of vision stood no artist of the theater, no *Jarnegan*, no would-be seducer of "The Dove." Rather, a very bare gentleman, clad only in a bath towel and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, staring crossly at me as he ran a hand through very rumbled, indignant hair. The bath towel ended abruptly at the knees, where Mr. Richard Bennett himself continued in two bare legs, neatly set off by gracefully pointed toe-nails. It was the toe-nails that got me. They say that in cases of emergency one's mind fastens to the most trivial detail. It was the toe-nails that got me. "If you're the person who's here to interview me—I'm going up on the roof to take a sun-bath. If you want to talk to me—come along!"

Richard Bennett, the daddy of Connie and Joan, speaks his mind about Hollywood and says a mouthful of startling things

In barefooted indignation he patted into a bedroom, possessed himself of a sheet and a pillow and lammed out toward the elevator. An innocent bystander, on the verge of coming out of her apartment just as we drew abreast (Mr. Bennett, the towel, the pillow and I), suddenly thought better of it and shut her door swiftly. Such squeamishness! Mr. Bennett ignored it. "I take a sun-bath every day between two and three," he remarked sociably. "Damn. I forgot my cigarettes!"

I offered one of mine. My only regret was that I had none of that nonchalant brand.

Once upon the roof, it became clear that Mr. Bennett was, indeed, in the habit of taking daily sun-baths. A corner was comfortably furnished with a cot, a chair and a smoking-stand.

### Sudden Exposure

**M**R. BENNETT suddenly let go the towel. I blinked—I clutched something for support. When I opened my eyes again, my host was in the pleasant throes of sun-bathing, decently, highly respectably clad in the lower trunks of a bathing-suit. The trunks had been under the towel all the time! It just goes to prove the evil mind of that woman who shut her door!

He seemed of a mind to toast his exposed chest first. His eyes closed against the sun and for a moment I thought he had dozed off. "What did you want to talk to me about?" he inquired somewhat sleepily. It was just a mood. Before I could answer, he had jumped to a sitting position.

"If you're here to ask me a lot of damned-fool questions, I'll set you right from the start. I'm sick of being interviewed by these nit-wits who don't know who I am.

"The other day, a fool woman came out to the studio to talk to me. She carried a pencil and a silly little notebook. The first thing she said was: 'How do you like pictures, Mr. Bennett?' I said: 'Madame, what the hell difference does it make? If you knew anything about me, you'd know this wasn't my first experience in the movies. I'm not following my kids in. They're following me. I was in pictures with Fatty Arbuckle and Wally Reid' way back in the days when Connie and Joan were still begging for five cents to buy ice cream cones."

(Continued on page 84)

# The Favorite Stars—

Towns and cities, the world over, have picked their film favorites, workers—who see the stars at their best (and worst)—to tell you

By JACK



RICHARD DIX

*Maurice Chevalier is Australia's most popular screen star, according to a recent contest conducted by newspapers in Melbourne.—News Item*



ANN HARDING

Rich, John and Ann are two kings and a queen on their lots

on the lot. Regardless of her scrapes and unwelcome publicity, the gang knew Bow's heart was in the right place. More syndicated than sinning, that was Clara. There wasn't a worker on the lot who wasn't her pal.

And Mary Brian got, too. The most democratic girl in Hollywood, they call Mary. Always playing jokes. Never forgets a name or a face. Speak when you're spoken to? Not Mary. She'll speak first and always have something cheery to say.

## Carole Wears the Crown

**CAROLE LOMBARD** is queen of Paramount now, with Wynne Gibson first lady-in-waiting. What a pair of girls! Barrels of fun, both of them. And Sylvia Sidney, too. Is it any wonder that with such live wires to lead the procession, Ruth Chatterton, Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis are outdistanced in personal popularity? They don't like or don't understand dignified ladies at Paramount. They're respected, of course, but that isn't popularity.

**RICHARD ARLEN** and Gary Cooper run nearly neck-and-neck in leading the male contingent. Dick has a bit the best of it. He's easier to know than Gary. Chevalier they like without knowing. (He has made most of his pictures in the East.) That smile of his wins votes.

Norman Foster and Eugene Pallette—there are two cards. Right down to earth and as comfortable to have around as a pair of old slippers. Remember the time out on location when the cow-

punchers liked them so well they invited them in to the bunkhouse for a hot lunch? The rest of the mob ate their box-lunches and were happy that Norm and Gene were feasting. That's popularity.

SO they have movie star popularity contests even in Australia! That leaves only Abyssinia, Iceland and Southwestern Sumatra to be heard from—not forgetting Hollywood.

Every other town in the world, boasting a daily paper, has had its pulses excited at some time or other by a picture popularity poll.

Clara Bow still holds sway in Brooklyn. New York votes for Lew Ayres. If we remember rightly, Charles (Buddy) Rogers reigns the favorite in Chicago. Claymore, Oklahoma, is all for Will Rogers.

But for various reasons the movie capital has never dared publicly pick its own favorites. Why? Perhaps the answer lies in the people living so close to the stars that they can't see them for the shadows they create.

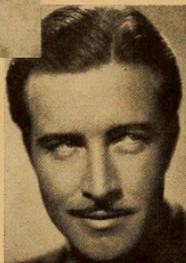
But leaving the public out of it and turning to the studio workers, it can be truthfully said, they see the stars as they really are—and waste no words in voicing their preferences. Some of their selections will surprise you—as you'll discover upon reading this "inside" story.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

WE set out to discover the truth. And, frankly, the sum total of our discoveries amazed us. For we talked, not to the town's picture fans, but to the inside studio personnel who see actors at their best—and worst. The electricians, property men, script clerks, gatemens, sound technicians, messenger boys—in fact, folks from every known occupation in the production end of the film industry voted for personal favorites.

They were asked to express their preference not on the basis of actors as actors, but of actors as people. And strange as it may seem, the average reply began, "Whom do I like best on this lot? Well, I can tell you whom I like least. There's ——" And so we obtained two answers to our query.

Perhaps it might be a good idea for you to join us on our meanderings from studio to studio (no mean feat in these days of stringent pass systems). Ready?

We'll start with Paramount. Too bad Clara Bow isn't there any longer. Clara was always the most popular gal



JOHN BOLES



MARJORIE WHITE

Their co-workers rate Marjorie, Warner and Marie ace-high



WARNER BAXTER

Clive Brook has a surprising following for one so dignified. Regis Toomey—he's a good guy, too. So's Fredric March. And Buddy Rogers, a nice kid. Phil Holmes is slowly winning back the esteem he lost when he "went Hollywood" a year ago.

Paul Lukas won a good many friends by the way he stood up under the razzing he got when he



MARIE DRESSLER

# As Picked By The Studios

but Hollywood has remained discreetly silent. It takes the studio who's popular in the old home-town. Here are their favorites

GRANT

was first struggling with the English language. It was a bunch of prop-boys who coached him how to get back at director Bill Wellman when Bill gave him all the wrong answers. Jack Oakie, though, is not so popular. That guy can dish it out, but he can't take it.

At that, Oakie is better liked than George Bancroft. The gang say they can't see Bancroft for the opinion he has of himself. Someone ought to take the capital "I" out of his vocabulary. And Nancy Carroll and her "temperament." What a laugh. She'd be a nice girl if she'd only get onto herself.

## Damita Almost Too Popular

**N**OW let's go over to Radio. There the factions are divided between those who like the tomboy Dorothy Lee and those who prefer the more sedate Mary Astor and Irene Dunne. Betty Compson is highly regarded by all who know her. A trouper, they call her. But she makes only an occasional picture on the lot. She's out on loan most of the time.

LILY DAMITA rates near the top. Lily makes friends with everybody. Her set is closed to all visitors—not because she is temperamental, but because she refuses to allow work to interfere with her pleasure in meeting people. We also record a few scattering votes for the up-and-coming juveniles, of whom RKO boasts a score. Of the comparative newcomers, Lita Chevret leads the girls and John Darrow the boys. Rochelle Hudson also gets some votes.

RICHARD DIX is king of the RKO lot. Even when he was living the rôle of "Cimarron" and didn't look like himself, he retained his popularity as "good, old Rich." Ambidextrous, we



JOHN MILJAN

BEBE DANIELS

call it. Many folks make fun of the continental Ivan Lebedeff, imitate his hand-kissing and other mannerisms. But he is high in favoritism.

Hugh Herbert is described as a great guy, Rosco (Stuttering) Ates as a good egg, and Chic Sale as a specialist on and off. Ricardo Cortez has as many men friends

The Powells are both hits, and how the boys like Lily Damita!



LILY DAMITA



RICHARD ARLEN

Dick, Bebe and John are easy to know—and easy to vote for



WILLIAM POWELL

white-collared contingent, but prop-boys, electricians and other production workers fight for assignments on his unit. Which presents a paradox, for Sherman is generally thought of as a ladies' man.

## Everybody's for Fifi

**A**ND now to Fox, the home of contracted unknowns. There are players on that lot known only to the paymaster and not even to him by sight.

If Fifi Dorsay needed a filip to her popularity with the Fox gang, and it is doubtful if she did, she achieved it by an almost unheard-of gesture upon leaving for that trip to France (her first trip there, by the way). Fifi filled several suit-boxes with personally selected gifts for everyone she knew in the studio and distributed the remembrances with words of appreciation for past kindnesses.

Since Fifi left, MARJORIE WHITE leads the girls. And this is surprising—she ranks even above Janet Gaynor, according to our poll. Toward Janet the boys hold a protective attitude. They'd go to battle for her, if necessary, but it is Marjorie who inspires a hail-fellow-well-met admiration.

Next in line is Marguerite Churchill. Then Una Merkel, Sally Eilers, Greta Nissen and Elissa Landi. Elissa is regarded as having too many brains for a woman. No woman has a right to be that clever.

WARNER BAXTER is head man at Fox, with George O'Brien a good second, and Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe tied for third. Next, in rapid succession, come El Brendel, Spencer Tracy, Warren Hymer and George Stone.

Joan Bennett wins hands down as the least-liked person on the lot. She has a talent for making herself unpopular. Virginia Cherrill also falls in this category. It seems as if Virginia can't forget she was Chaplin's leading lady.

Frank Albertson, once a most popular youngster, has fallen somewhat from grace lately. He hasn't been the same since his marriage, they say. Charlie Farrell, too, has changed in recent months. A little distant, somehow.

No, we haven't forgotten Will Rogers. It is just that Will keeps to himself and for that reason is thought taciturn and moody. He works with practically the same crew on every

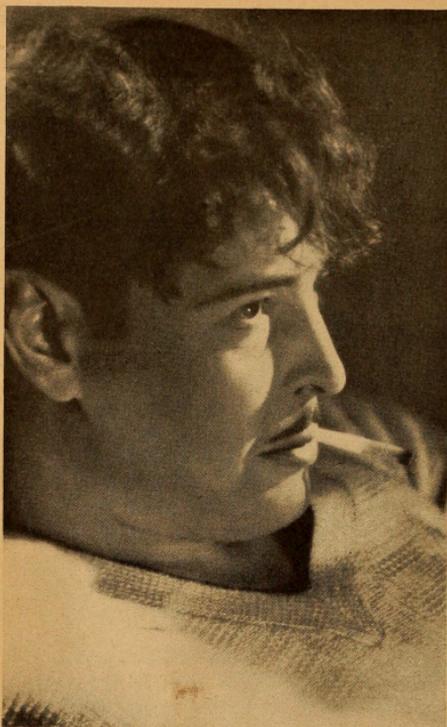
(Continued on page 88)



CAROLE LOMBARD

as female admirers.

The regard in which Lowell Sherman is held is even more unexpected. He may not be particularly well-liked by the



Bachrach

# The Love-Life of Ivan Lebedeff

The romantic Russian actor has had his share of love adventures — and one of them is being filmed with himself as the star. This story reveals the Old World romances of Hollywood's greatest hand-kissing expert—who has been in love four times in his life

By GLADYS HALL

"TO be in love," confides Ivan Lebedeff, "is to play a beautiful game—seriously. Otherwise it is not worth the playing."

The screen story of this mysterious, romantic Russian's life—"Strange Women"—will tell one of his adventures. Only one. There have been many others—in the Court of the Romanoffs, at the front, in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, Budapest and London, in the Red Revolution. . . .

He has been in love four times in his life. He has loved twice. Between the two there is a vast distinction:

"When you are in love, it is a fever—a burning need to be near the woman every instant. When you love, it is a calmer thing—more profound and lasting. One gets over being in love. But when one loves, one always loves—no matter what distance or disaster may intervene."

It is not among the sensationally beautiful women, Ivan says, that a man finds great love. Healthy, normal women offer the greatest possibilities, the deepest emotions.

Garbo, for instance. She is healthy—but there is something abnormal about her, some echo of sad memories that prey on her mind and her emotions. Marlene Dietrich is a neurotic type—almost feverishly restless. Not among such women, for the most part, are the strong loves found. . . .

## Quickly Loved, Quickly Lost

IVAN'S first love came to him when he was six. A beautiful little girl named Nina visited his home at Christmastime. The young Ivan had never before thought of girls as being different from boys, or women from men. There had been his mother and his father and all the other people. But now there was Nina. He could not keep his eyes away from her. His heart pounded as he looked at her. He wanted to be near her all the time.

Two days later he was taken to see the little Nina. She was dead. She still was delicately lovely. His mother had wanted him to see Death beautifully for the first time. She did not know that he had also seen love.

"To me, to-day, *all women are strange*—because of that experience."

When Ivan was a boy of twenty, at the University of Moscow, he met an aristocratic lady of thirty-two or three. He loved her. She loved him. She was one of the two loves of his life. And he will not speak of her. "We will not touch on that," he says. "I can say nothing—except that every young man should have an older woman to teach him life beautifully. This happened to me—with her."

When he was a bit older and in the Army, he was sent on a perilous and delicate mission—to trap a woman spy. His youth and air of naïveté were counted upon to disarm the woman and betray her confidence. He attended a dinner party among the diplomats. A suave and beautiful woman with sad eyes and tragic mouth sat opposite him. The cold fear penetrated him that this was the woman he sought.

## The Woman Trapped by Love

THE next day and the day following, they rode together. By the third day he knew that the woman was the spy. And by the third day he knew that he loved her—and that he hated her, because she was an enemy of his country. Far more sadly, by the third day the woman knew that she loved him. On the third night Ivan invited her to sup with him in his rooms after the theater. And there he heard the information he sought.

He told her who he was and on what mission he had come. He told her, hate being uppermost, that nothing she could do, or say, would save her. He laughed at her pleas. The spy was conquered, but the woman persisted. She told him that it did not matter what he did with her in his official capacity, but she wanted him to remember her with tenderness as a woman. The young, hard Ivan let her tell him the story of her life.

And at the end of her bitter, tragic account he promised her that he would do all that he could for her. He went to the Russian Embassy. He told them that he had the woman they sought. He would deliver her to them, providing they would deal with her according to his instructions. Those were his terms. They accepted. He stipulated that the woman should be sent to prison under proper surveillance, that she should be kept there in safety and comfort until after the War, at which time she should be set free. They agreed. The woman was surrendered.

Ivan never saw her again—the strange woman who had

(Continued on page 98)



Clever, this Chinese! Who'd ever know Anna May Wong doesn't really come from the land of paper windows and cherry blossoms—but from little old Los Angeles! And when you see the Oriental star come back in "Daughter of the Dragon," you'll never guess how Westernized she has become—unless you read the story over the page

# Famous Oriental Stars Return To The Screen

Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong have been away from American movies for several years—winning stage triumphs in New York and European capitals. They've now returned to Hollywood to win back screen honors

BY BETTY WILLIS

**T**WO of Hollywood's stepchildren, who slipped away some years ago when fortune seemed to be looking in the other direction, have just come back in triumph. Since they left the American screen, Anna May Wong,

but their experiences have been very similar. Strangely so. Both captivated Europe, on the screen and on the stage. Both conquered race prejudice and have been received as unofficial good-will ambassadors—Anna May of China, and Sessue of Japan. Both were singled out for honors by the British royal family, and received the attentions that London society likes to bestow on theatrical figures. They have learned languages. They have displayed great versatility and earned a great deal of money.

**They reacted to this success in completely different ways. Anna May Wong came back completely Westernized. She is exactly like any slightly affected American girl.**

**The Chinese flapper has an English accent now. She thinks in Western terms. Her manners, her dress, her humor, her attitude, are Western. She loves tea—but an English brand. Her face no longer looks very Chinese.**

**The only things Western about Sessue Hayakawa that I could discover were the black-and-white American sport shoes emerging from beneath his two kimonos. He smokes Japanese cigarettes, has Japanese people around him, talks with a completely bewildering Japanese accent, looks Oriental, and above all, thinks with the Oriental's attitude.**

## What They Have in Common

**O**NE thing they have in common—they are both fatalists.

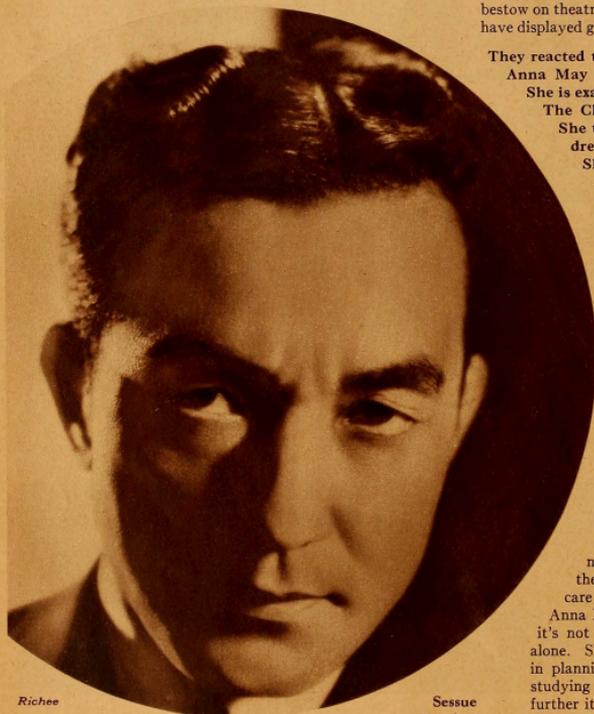
"Never make plan," says Sessue with his difficult accent. "Never plan ahead."

Anna May, with Western verbosity, is more explicit in expressing her philosophy.

"I always say it is better not to expect anything. Then you are not bitterly disappointed. And if you succeed, it is doubly wonderful. I never try to make things come out as I want them. I just let things alone, and let them take care of themselves."

Anna May may not have struggled against Fate, but it's not altogether accurate to say she has let things alone. She has shown great determination and sagacity in planning her career, and has helped Fate along by studying and perfecting herself in everything that might further it. Without the will and the wisdom behind her slanting eyes, the little daughter of the Chinese laundryman could never have worked up to the English accent and the Paramount contract that now distinguish her.

In the good old silent days, picture companies often used Los Angeles' Chinatown as a setting. There Anna May—whose Chinese name means "Frosted Yellow Lily"—felt her first craving to be a movie star. Most of her school days were spent playing hooky—either at the picture show or watching the



Richee

Sessue Hayakawa

the Chinese Flapper, and Sessue Hayakawa, the most famous Japanese actor, have become international figures.

That makes them eligible to be co-starred by Paramount in "Daughter of the Dragon," and to be treated with something like veneration in the old home-town.

Anna May and Sessue haven't met since they left Hollywood,

companies at work. She asked innumerable questions about how it was done, and was known to everybody from the director to the prop-boy as the Curious Chinese Child. They couldn't hold out against her inquisitive coaxing, and pretty soon she did her first extra work in Nazimova's picture, "The Red Lantern."

### How Anna May Succeeded

"I FEEL I am a very fortunate person," Anna May said, looking back on those days from her present pinnacle. "All people have their dreams, and it's wonderful just to have them. But when they actually come true, you are happy and lucky beyond what you have any right to expect, and it is very wonderful.

"I think it was my fatalism that made me able to start working out my seemingly impossible ambitions. That, and the fact that I was very imaginative—it was possible for anything to happen, it seemed to me. I was so young when I began that I knew I would still have my youth if I failed, so I determined to give myself ten years to succeed as an actress. Ten years is not a long time in the Chinese mind."

Her parents were opposed to her career. They wanted her to marry and have a family, and live an upright, domestic life, in the honorable fashion that is the ideal of every Chinese girl. During her first contract with Paramount, in silent pictures, her father refused to see any of her productions, though he had reluctantly given her his permission to be an actress.

"Chinese children," said Anna May, "are brought up with a great deal of discipline, a sense of responsibility, and a tremendous loyalty to each other. They may not be demonstrative and kiss each other, but a Chinese family will stick together through fire. White people often kiss each other a good deal, but desert each other in any kind of trouble."

So Anna May's family stuck to her through her early days in Hollywood, through the hard times that drove her to a picture contract in Germany, and through the amazing success that has brought her back to the studio where she started.

### Why She's Glad She's Back

"IT'S wonderful, my success, because now I feel I can help my family—there are so many of them. When I went away my brothers were little boys. I couldn't believe it when I saw them—all grown up, with long trousers and deep voices."

The boys were probably equally amazed by the erstwhile Frosted Yellow Lily. With English accent, Paris gowns, and a great deal of American money, Anna May must have presented a startling change. She acquired that accent by taking lessons, at a cost of two hundred guineas, and she got her money's worth. Anna May begins her conversations with "I say," ends them with "Well, cheerio!", says, "It's a jolly nuisance," and calls her native land "Amuddicah."

"When I came back, I decided to keep my English ac-

Anna May Wong has been away three years. In that time she has learned German and French, and acquired an English accent.

She has made three successful pictures in German, two in English, and one in French—and has been a sensation on the stages of the Continent, London and New York.

She is glad to be back. She went away a Chinese flapper—and now many tell her that she no longer even looks Oriental.

Sessue Hayakawa has been away twelve years. He went to London by way of New York, and was a success on the stages of both cities.

He made a picture in France, and wrote a novel there. In one evening at Monte Carlo, he lost his entire fortune. He returned to Japan, broke a tradition of his native stage, and became Japan's greatest actor.

He did not want to come back to Hollywood. He has remained completely Oriental.



Anna May Wong



cent," she explained, "because I think it suits me, and I believe it's right to take whatever becomes you and make it part of yourself."

Her years on the Continent have acted as a sort of finishing school for Anna May. In brushing against the most famous people of all nations, she has acquired an almost appalling poise. She is self-sufficient and intelligent and has an air of being too sure of herself to feel ill at ease in any situation or any company.

In the past three years she has made three successful pictures in German, two in English, and one in French. She has had a great personal success on the London stage in "The Circle of Chalk," and on the New York stage in "On the Spot." She has sung and danced in an operetta in Vienna.

### How She Conquered Europe

WHEN she first arrived in Berlin in 1928 to fulfill a picture contract, she didn't know a

(Continued on page 90)

# The Merry Wives



Kay Francis was married, recently, to the actor, Kenneth MacKenna. She's telling the world she is happy

**H**OLLYWOOD wives should be the happiest in the world—don't you think so?

Instead of worrying about holding the love of a single ordinary male, aren't they loved by the handsomest men in the world, and paid for it, too?

Can't they play the marriage game without obeying the rules and without anybody finding fault with them? ("Oh, well, it's just Hollywood," says gossipy Mrs. Grundy, a fan herself.)

The unwritten commandment of marriage—"Thou shalt not get talked about"—does not apply to Hollywood wives, who hire expensive publicity agents just to get themselves talked about.

"Till death do us part" makes wifehood a lifetime job to most women, but in Hollywood the phrase, translated means: "Till Reno does us part." It's a short married life, but a merry one, in movietown; and when the divorce comes, as it usually does, it's a merry divorce, too, without bitterness or resentment.

"We're still the best of friends," the happy couple invariably tell reporters, and they mean it, too. Any day at lunch-time you may see ex-husbands and ex-wives chatting gaily together across a table at the Embassy. Betty Compson, who divorced Jimmie Cruze, still calls him up to scold him for not taking care of his cold. Marilyn Miller, who divorced Jack Pickford, invites him and his new wife to dinner.

No wonder the merry wives of Hollywood are envied by humdrum helpmates, who read of these glamorous lives at the end of a dull domestic day of cooking, washing, sweeping!

## No Kitchen Slaves in Hollywood

If any movie wife ever does any of these things, it's pretty certain there is a camera around—and that there's silk beneath the apron! There was the famous star, for instance, who had herself photographed in frilly gingham, in the charming pose

The married couples of the movie code. When their lives are so different promises mean

## Why Movie Marriages Are Different

Because—husbands and wives are paid to get talked about for publicity.

Because—young married couples are constantly separated.

Because—the bride and groom are paid to make ardent love to other handsome men and women.

Because—the wife is often more famous than her husband—and wealthier.

Because—it is so easy for ex-husbands and ex-wives to be the best of friends.

Because—the movie stars live the freest kind of lives.

Because—of the Hollywood translation of the marriage ceremony "For better or for worse" often means "Till I become better known or you do."

"For richer or poorer" often means "If you're as rich as you say."

"In sickness or in health" sometimes means "In sobriety or not."

"Till death do us part" can mean "Till Reno does us part."

BY DOROTHY

of taking a loaf of home-made bread from her oven—and when the picture was printed, the baker's name showed up, plainly stamped on the side of the loaf!

Not that many of the silken screen ladies don't know how to cook. There was golden Claire Windsor, who literally stepped onto the screen from the hot kitchen of her stuffy little Kansas City flat. And there are Irene Rich and Ann Harding and many another who kept house in less prosperous days. And Loretta Young, who helped her mother run a local boarding-house as a child. And Billie Dove and Evelyn Brent, who know what can be cooked over a gas plate in a furnished room in Manhattan's Roaring Forties without betraying the dish to the landlady's sniffing nose.

But when they become famous, they unite their aprons and come out of the kitchen for good. The only two movie stars I know who cook for the pure love of breaking eggs and trying out cake with a broom-straw are Louise Fazenda and Marie Dressler. You should taste Louise's bran cookies — but that's another story.

And as for sewing a button on their famous husbands' Byronic shirts—try to imagine Lilyan Tashman with a thimble over her Chinese manicure, threading a needle while Eddie Lowe, in his athletic underwear, waits to start for his day's work at the studio. You try—I can't.

## Hard to Be a Helpmate

**W**ALKING down Fifth Avenue, arm in arm with her husband of two days, Fay Webb—Mrs. Rudy Vallee to you—blushing told reporters,



Lilyan Tashman is the merry wife of Edmund Lowe—and intends to keep him, for Eddie's a good fellow

"No, I don't want to work in the movies. My place is at Rudy's side now." Most movie brides start out in this old-fashioned way—only to run up against the fact that with hubby on location in Arizona or the South Seas, it is difficult to stay at his side!

"Douglas and I don't even see each other for days at a time," moans Joan Crawford. "I'm working at night and he has an early call, or if I'm 'between pictures,' Douglas is working in

# of Hollywood

colony have gaily revised the marriage from yours, how can their wedding be the same thing?

## CALHOUN

two at once." Only a traveling salesman's wife knows what a help this situation can be in relieving the monotony of even the happiest marriage!

"Helping a husband's career" is still a wifely duty elsewhere, but it has a quaintly old-fashioned sound in Hollywood, where the Little Woman's career is often as big as her husband's. Ruth Chatterton, coming wearily home after all-night shooting at the studio, with a costume-fitting and an interview ahead of her for the day, can hardly be blamed for not inquiring tenderly of Ralph Forbes, "How did your work go to-day, dear? Tell me all about it—I'm so interested!"

But wives who have to listen to dull business details (with a brightly interested expression covering their boredom) might well envy the shop-talk that is the table conversation at Pickfair and other homes where husband and wife share the same interests. "Ben and I seldom go out to parties," confesses Bebe Daniels Lyon, "because we have so much more fun sitting around the house hearing each other say our lines for the next day."

## Children Are No Trouble

**E**VEN the children — who make so many marriages distressingly domestic and turn flaming lovers into harassed parents — find their proper place in the Hollywood ménage. Producer Irving Thalberg does not have to walk the floor with a teething Irving, Junior, after a hard day's work — like Salesman John Jones. Actress Norma Shearer doesn't have to purée the spinach for Irving, Junior's, necessary vitamins — like Housewife Jane Jones, damp with perspiration.

"We would hardly know there was a baby in the house," smiles Norma coolly, every glittering hair of her smart coiffure unruflled by clutching baby-hands, "except when we slip into the nursery to see him."

As for money—the rock on which so many matrimonial barks



Bill Powell and Carole Lombard are the smilingest couple in Hollywood. They say they're married for life



Twice divorced, though only twenty, Dorothy Lee may soon marry again. She's going places with Marshall Duffield, football star



Betty Compson divorced James Cruze—but she's his merry li'l pal just the same and guards his health

come to grief — Carole Lombard doesn't have to coax Bill Powell with an extra-nice supper or any other of the traditional wifely gags when she wants fifty dollars for a new dress (I bet Carole's dresses cost more). And Ann Harding doesn't have to hear Harry Bannister shout, "Do you think I'm made of money?" when she wants a new town-car.

In a city where wives often earn several thousand dollars a week more than their husbands, the man of the house may present his wife with swimming-pools or imported roadsters, but he might properly feel resentful if he had to buy her shoes. "My husband has given me only one jar of cold cream and one pair of stockings since we were married," blonde Josephine Dunn told the Court

when she asked for a divorce.

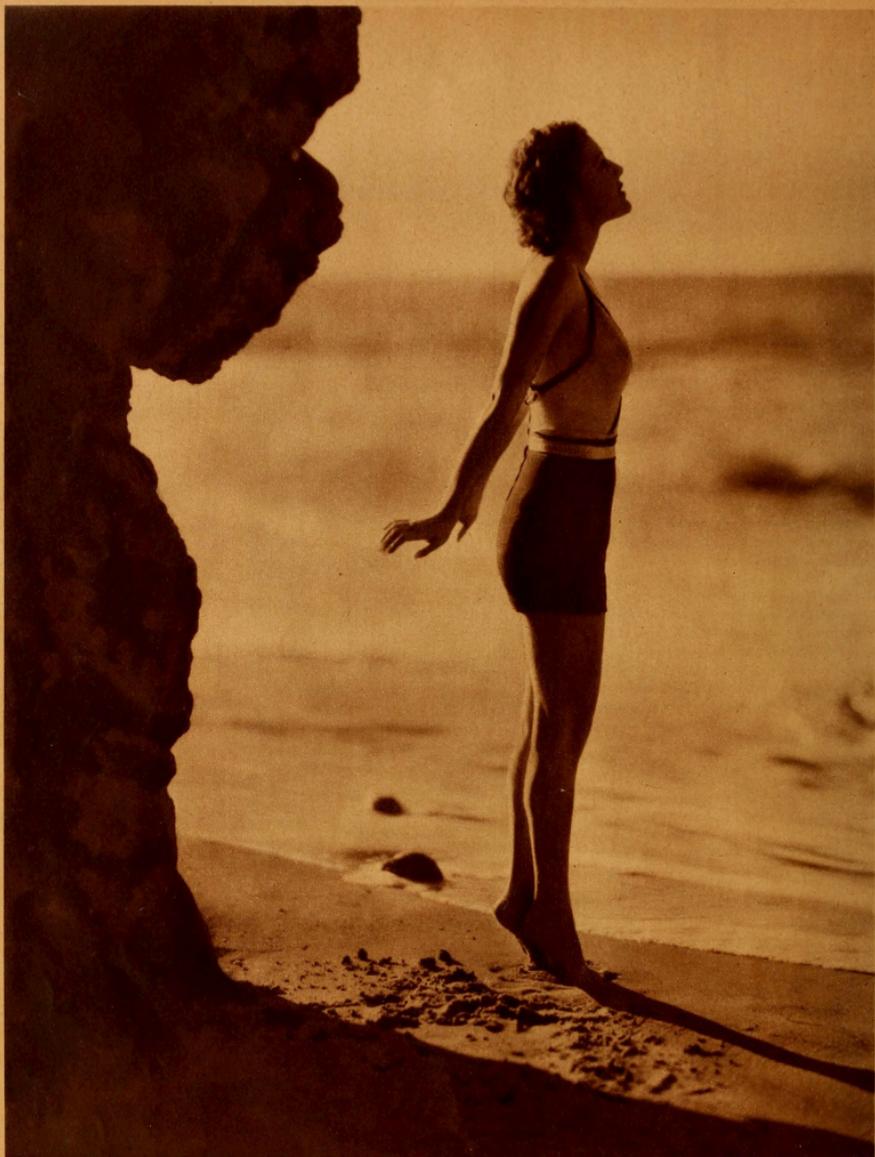
Naturally, with fans of both sexes writing ardent love letters, and their pictured charms belonging to everyone who can pay forty cents—loges fifty—to see them, the possessive instinct is not so strong in movie families.

## When Husband Kissed Only Wife

**T**RUE, there was a time when both the athletic husband and the golden-haired wife of a famous movie marriage objected to the professional embraces in each other's pictures. When the wife was about to be kissed by the hero, her husband, made up to look like her leading man, took his place. When the husband was about to imprint a kiss on the lips of his leading lady, the wife, in wig and gown to match hers, received the actual kiss. That has been the only case in which we have known marriage to interfere with movie romance.

The Eddie Lowes are happy and broad-minded. "But if any of Eddie's leading ladies try to rehearse a scene out of business

(Continued on page 99)



*Otto Dyar*

When the sand is still wet (and cool) from the tides of the night—that's the time to race down to the water. That's the way Frances Dee greets each morn, September or otherwise. After being *Sondra* in "An American Tragedy," she's on tiptoe, watching for that Big Opportunity that's just over the horizon

SEPTEMBER  
MORN,  
1931

# Acting Is Woman's Work

So says Leslie Howard, brilliant young actor, who is tired of the stage and screen and the crowds that follow them—and intends to live in solitude as an author

BY FAITH SERVICE

**H**E may have achieved unusual success—but Leslie Howard is not satisfied with being an actor. He says acting is woman's work—effeminate. Besides, it is boring. In all but a few cases, it is futile. He'd much rather be a hermit.

It isn't a pose. He means it. And in this story he gives you the true slant on himself.

A new slant.

Leslie Howard was born April 24, 1893, in London. The son of non-professional people. He did the things he shouldn't have done in the suburbs of the city.

He was, he says, "doomed to life." We are all doomed to life. Worse, we are doomed to death the day we are born. He says that of his own two children. "And so," he adds, "to hell with not spoiling them—"

He went to private school and Dulwich College. Liked amateur theatricals and cricket. Harbored an ambition to write. Still harbors it, more and more. He is on the verge of finishing a play. If it is not as good as some of the plays he reads, he will write another. If it is as good, and he modestly believes that it is, he will produce it with himself in the title rôle. And after that he will appear on the thespian boards no more. He will retire from acting for all time. He will become a hermit—and write.

After birth, school and college the next vital Howard statistic wears a mercantile hue. He banked. He was a clerk. A bank clerk. He banked rather vaguely. He found it dull to count the petty savings of costermongers.

Then the War. A very vital statistic.

Leslie went with the English troops to France. You've read "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the new one about the road back—yes?

## The Biggest Event of All

**W**HILE on leave, Leslie went one Spring day to the little ivy-covered chapel called St. Mary's-On-The-Wall. He was married there. He wonders at Hollywood marriages. He says that ceremony at St. Mary's-On-The-Wall was something that mattered. "One never forgets a thing like that."

It has mattered, enormously, to him. More than anything else in his life.

He returned from the War and was never quite the same again. Separated from life by a gray haze in which move bloody shadows and shattered forms.

Banking was even duller after that. He turned to the theater.

There were several struggling starts. And then meteoric recognition—in "Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Green Hat," "Escape," "Her Cardboard Lover," "Murray Hill" (which he produced himself), "The Truth About Blays," "Outward Bound" and "Berkeley Square."

While appearing in "Outward Bound" he attracted the attention of motion picture execs (surely a Vital Statistic!) and repeated the stage rôle in the talking shadows.

He went back to England. He says, "We saw a house in Surrey. Eight acres. Trees. The green Surrey hills."

"We." I had almost forgotten the two most vital statistics in Leslie Howard's life—his children. His son, twelve. His daughter, six.

"They are my immortality," he says.

They all wanted that house. They wanted to own it, to live in it forever. Their children and their children's children

## Why He Came Back to Hollywood

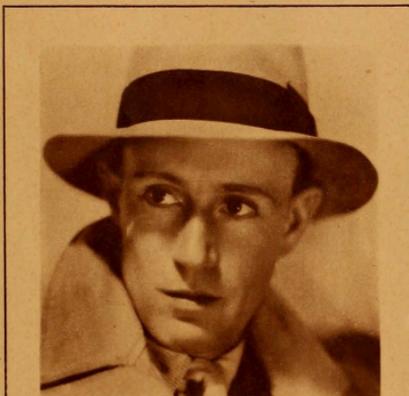
**T**HEY couldn't afford to buy it. Leslie said, "We will go back to Hollywood. I will make a few films. We'll buy the house."

They returned to Hollywood—it is always "we" and "they" with the Leslie Howards. They are never separated. It would not be bearable.

Leslie signed a six-months' contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He made "Never the

Twain Shall Meet," "A Free Soul" and "Five and Ten." He has bought the house in the green Surrey hills. He will not, though urged, sign another contract. He doesn't understand motion pictures. Perhaps he is too near-sighted. There can be no individuality in pictures, he says. Pictures are a gigantic machine. He doesn't in the least know what he is doing or why.

(Continued on page 89)



## The Slant On Leslie Howard

Served with English troops in France in World War.

Gave up job as bank clerk to become an actor. Scored tremendous hits on the stage in "Outward Bound" and "Berkeley Square."

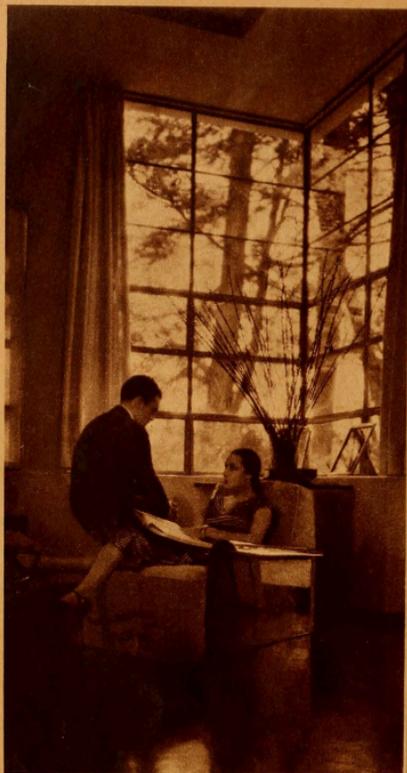
Believes immortality is reached through children. Is so near-sighted he can't see an inch ahead of him without glasses.

Never separated from his wife and children. Because of fagged nerves is always seeking solitude. Wants to be a writer so he can work alone. Hasn't any friends among picture people.

Not interested in women and thinks Hollywood a tragic town.

Is afraid of death—and somewhat afraid of life. Family means more to him than anything in the world.

# And So They Lived Happily Ever After



An unusual beauty deserves an unusual setting—and this is the lifetime one that Cedric Gibbons has provided for Dolores Del Rio. Besides being her husband, he is art director for M-G-M—and designed the entire house, himself. Glass, steel and concrete are the materials he worked with. The picture above shows them in a corner of their upstairs living-room, which seems to be right up in the trees. In the center, you see the steel staircase. At the right is the fireplace. Note the modernistic angles. The floor is black, the walls silver, and the couches are grass-green.

*All photos by Bull*





After three years of constant effort, Cedric Gibbons finally met Dolores Del Rio. Six weeks later, they were married. While still honeymooning, Dolores fell critically ill and for weeks her life was in doubt. On the first day she was allowed to go out, Cedric showed her his wedding present—this house, built during her illness. Above, you see part of their living-room, of which two sides are just windows. Every piece of furniture is built in. Right, the happy couple glorying in their surroundings



Most of the film famous obtain privacy by having their homes set far back from the street. Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons achieve exclusiveness in a more unusual way. Their home (located in Santa Monica) is only a few feet from the curb—but its modernistic front is practically windowless. Living in a world of their own like this, they confidently expect to honeymoon forever



Roberta Gale



Marian Marsh



Elda Vokel



Evalyn Knapp

By  
HALE  
HORTON

*Every pretty little newcomer  
there are some among 1931's  
will surely arrive. Here are  
Can you pick*

# Which Of These Starlets

**C**AN every pretty little newcomer be "a promising actress" and "a potential star"? Especially when there's a bumper crop of Kinema Kuties? Right the first time! The answer is "No."

They fly to Hollywood on the wings of "long-term contracts," they find themselves hailed as budding Bernhards (by the press-agents), they pose for press photographs, and then—they vanish. Some three or four of the entire crowd may eventually attain stardom. And the rest of the flock who pull up panting at the studio gates, full of optimism and ambition, catch nothing but a load of grief. Who can pick the winners? Can you?

These youngsters—they're all in their teens (approximately)—are found on the stage, in musical comedy, "society," and even in the African jungles! One sweet young thing was snared while sleeping peaceably on the sands at Miami. "I was dreaming of nothing so disturbing as a movie contract," explains Roberta Gale. "But when I woke up, I was signing one." Imagine her chagrin at suddenly finding herself a movie starlet!

Then, too, the girls are captured in high school and swooped away from their homes, their dolls, or their husbands. And more than half of them are dropped at the end of their first six months without even receiving a part!

Why are the studios wasting so much money in wholesaling contracts? Why, indeed? It seems to be just another sweet mystery of life, for nobody understands. The studios don't, and the youngsters themselves are certainly in the dark. Maybe the studios hope to find some overnight stars among the batch and hook them into long-lasting, small-salaried contracts, all of which is smart. But wouldn't it be a lot smarter to give at least seventy per cent of them a chance?

## Too-Often-True Story

**T**HERE was the little peroxide-blonde outside the iron-barred entrance to one lot. "I'm just one of the young stage finds," she explained sadly, "that the studio brought

out to the Coast, only to let our contracts lapse without ever putting us before the camera. Some of us were lucky enough to borrow the return fare to Broadway—but I'm still out here, living on the occasional extra work casting directors hand me."

Noel Francis was a bit more fortunate. Maybe, having been in the "Follies," she knew how to get along. Anyway, she's beginning to show all the signs of Hollywood advancement. "But," Hollywood will tell you, "for months they refused to use her—until finally she succeeded in weeping herself out of her contract and catching a small part in 'Resurrection,' the result of which work earned her a contract with RKO. Now she has gone platinum-blonde and is busy all the time." You saw her in "Smart Money" and "Smart Woman." Smart woman is right!

However, there are others. Some seventeen or eighteen of them, who look as if they still might have contracts six months from now. Let's look them over:

There's June MacCloy, for instance. Lured from the "Scandals" or "Vanities" or whatever it was, June was given a five-year contract with one studio. One morning her option was unrenewed, but by afternoon her agent had secured a long-term contract with another. "Five years, bristling with options," she confided. "I call it a six-month contract. Am I right or am I wrong?" June is right, of course—but it looks as if she is on the right track with those hard-boiled rôles she's taking. The public does love its movie menages!

## Little, But Oh My—!

**S**PEAKING of girls heading in the right direction, just take Sidney Fox—and if you don't think she has fire, just try calling her an amateur blackjack player! She may be only five feet tall, but she's a dynamic bunch of brunette danger. She wrote a column of advice-to-the-lovelorn when she was fifteen, has studied all branches of music and drama, and has done a number of New York plays. As a result, she is the only newcomer whose contract causes old-time stars to go green-eyed with envy.



Cecelia Parker



Kitty Kelly



June MacCloy



Arlene Judge



Conchita Montenegro



Noel Francis

*cannot hope for stardom—but big crop of youngsters who the most promising ones. the winners?*

# Will Become Big Stars?

Sidney's as smart as they come, and she actually knows this business called acting. And since she photographed like a million dollars in "Bad Sister," "Six-Cylinder Love" and "Strictly Dishonorable," and is willing to work night and day, she simply can't miss being one of our more brilliant stars.

Another Universal bet is Bette Davis. She may lack the glamour of Sidney, but she is equally as good an actress. In "Bad Sister," Bette was the drab one of the two, and she handled the difficult part for all there was in it. You can look for some very neat acting from Bette.

RKO actually has a Kinema Kutie Farm, on which the studio plants all its seedling stars and carefully nurtures them along, trying to make them grow into big-time actresses. Moreover, RKO is giving every one of them a chance to show her progress, if any. There isn't one who isn't doing so acting.

This young society girl, Ruth Weston, already has acquitted herself commendably in several pictures, the latest being "Smart Woman" and "The Public Defender." And how did she get her break? "While Van Dyke was shooting 'Trader Horn' in Nairobi," she relates, "our safari ran across his, and he saw some amateur movies that Father had made of me while I was shooting wild animals. When I arrived back in New York, three film companies were searching for me. Imagine!" While you have yet to hear of an authentic society girl making a grand slam in the picture game, Miss Weston may turn the trick. She is talented and attractive—and sophisticated.

## Arlene Can Hardly Wait

**B**UT only time and the public can tell. As Arlene Judge, another RKO Kutie, is willing to testify, it may take a long, long time. "If," Arlene moans, "I have to hold my breath until I get a big part, I'm going to need artificial respiration before long. Tonight they're sending me down to the Biltmore to entertain a bunch of college boys. I wonder if that's the big break they were telling me about when they signed me up in New York?" But in spite of her pouting, Arlene has nice spots in



Mae Madisor

"An American Tragedy" and "Are These Our Children?"

Another RKO farmerette with possibilities is the aforementioned Roberta Gale, who was discovered on the sands of Miami by the mother of the president of RKO. When Mother Schnitzer saw Roberta (so the story goes), she wired son Joseph, who immediately hastened down from New York, took one peer at Roberta and called for the cameras. After screen and voice tests, she was handed a contract and sent to Hollywood, where, with no previous experience, she at once captured parts in three pictures. While the world is still breathing easily over Miss Gale's endeavors, she might just zoom up to stardom. And if so, she will not be retarded by the fact that she is an exquisite second edition of Clara Bow.

And don't forget Marian Marsh. She has the same appealing beauty as Dolores Costello, and, although before getting a contract her experience added up to zero, she started off by being Barrymore's leading lady for two pictures in a row. That alone should hurl her into Hollywood's hall of fame.



Rochelle Hudson

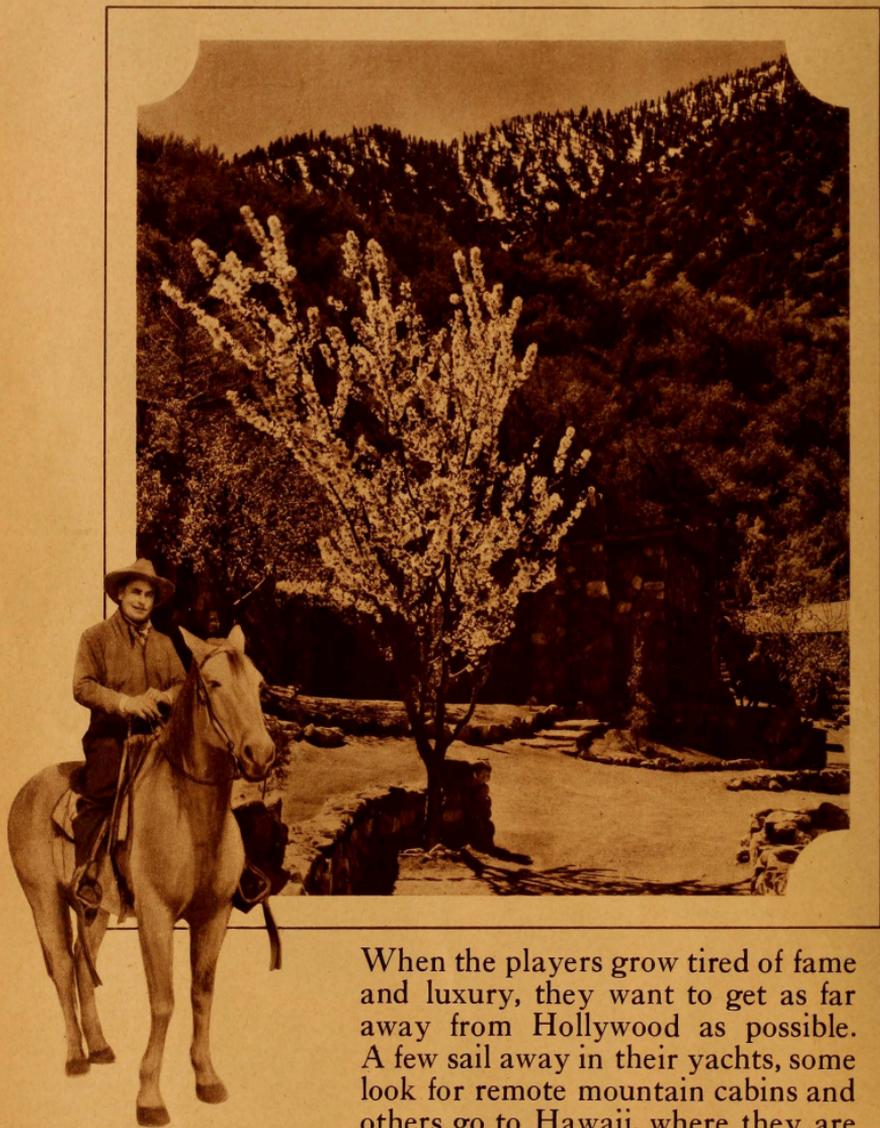
## Good News About Evalyn

**A**NOTHER white hope of the Warner Brothers is Evalyn Knapp, the pale, dark-eyed youngster from the Middle West who looks like somebody from Paris. She was coming right along when she went hiking up in those Hollywood hills, fell in a canyon, and fractured some vertebrae. Every single one of the Warner Brothers breathed a sigh of relief when the doctor said that, after a few months, she could act again.

Mae Madison, whose alliterative name is easy to remember, is still another Warner Brothers' youngster who may break into the big money some day. And their Joan Blondell is as neat a bunch of wisecracking femininity as ever soothed an eye. Although the chances are against her ever being starred, she can have good featured roles as long as she wants them—and even a child can tell you that what this country needs more than a good five-cent cigar is a bevy of capable

*(Continued on page 100)*

# How The Stars *Get*



Noah Beery goes riding on his ranch, better known as the Paradise Trout Club. Note the flowering cherry tree in the valley and the snow on the mountain

When the players grow tired of fame and luxury, they want to get as far away from Hollywood as possible. A few sail away in their yachts, some look for remote mountain cabins and others go to Hawaii, where they are free from studios and worrying about their careers

# That Big Little Girl Who Came From Broadway

It took a smart actress to succeed Clara Bow—that's why Sylvia Sidney was nominated

**S**YLVIA SIDNEY was born in New York City on a slap-bang holiday in the middle of a heat wave. Everybody was excited and the temperature kept going up. And that's the way it has been with Sylvia ever since.

She is sixty-four inches tall and weighs one hundred and four pounds. Her emotions are easily aroused, and she thinks that a girl is young only once. Also that women are a pretty dull lot.

She cares passionately about freedom. She says: "I can't stand people feeling responsible for me, worrying about me. That makes me feel so tied down, so *captured*. I must live my own life in my own way. I've got to!"

She thinks buttermilk is good only to bathe in, but she will calmly dispatch a lunch of caviar canapes, shrimps supreme, clear soup, green asparagus Vinaigrette, roast duck, candied sweet potatoes, creamed spinach, Mont Blanc cake and several coffees with no more fuss than the usual girl consumes a sandwich and a malted milk.

Her sense of humor is broad and infectious. When she laughs, she laughs all over. Her face creases with joy and she bends almost double, grasping at her chest.

She likes to drive fast. When her huge black car is doing its utmost, she will let go of the wheel and beat it with her fists, crying ecstatically, "I love to go fast! I love to go fast! I love to go fast!" She then will look at her cringing and door-clutching companion and, wide-eyed, ask: "You're not scared?"

## How It Seems to Sylvia

**S**HE says: "The sex-appeal artists seem to have set a standard in Hollywood. Unless a girl goes for every man she meets, she is said to be under-sexed."

She made her debut at twelve in the Little Theater in New York, and her first hit at fifteen in the graduating play of the Theater Guild School, "Prunella." When the company went on the road, she was fired for staying out until 'way after the prescribed bedtime for kid troupers.

Her eyelashes are colored a light blue. Her eyes are a blue-green, with curious brown lights. When she is angry, the pupils dilate to make them seem almost black. She got angry with Von Sternberg during the making of "An American Tragedy." He goaded her until she blew up with a bang they heard in Fort Worth. Then she went in and played a scene that drew a hand from even the electricians. Which was probably just what Josef was after.

For a year after "Prunella," she was unable to get a job. "Go home to your mother, you baby!" said the managers. She was less than five feet tall and plumpish. She had a face like an orange. She would go home. But she would come back.

She broke her ankle two days after being signed for the Hollywood plum of the year, the rôle of

## Some Facts About Sylvia

Has blue-green eyes and tints eyelashes a light blue.

Was twenty years old this August. Is five feet four and weighs 104 pounds.

Became stage actress when sixteen years old and four years later became highest-paid youngster in show business.

Received screen contract through fine acting in "Bad Girl."

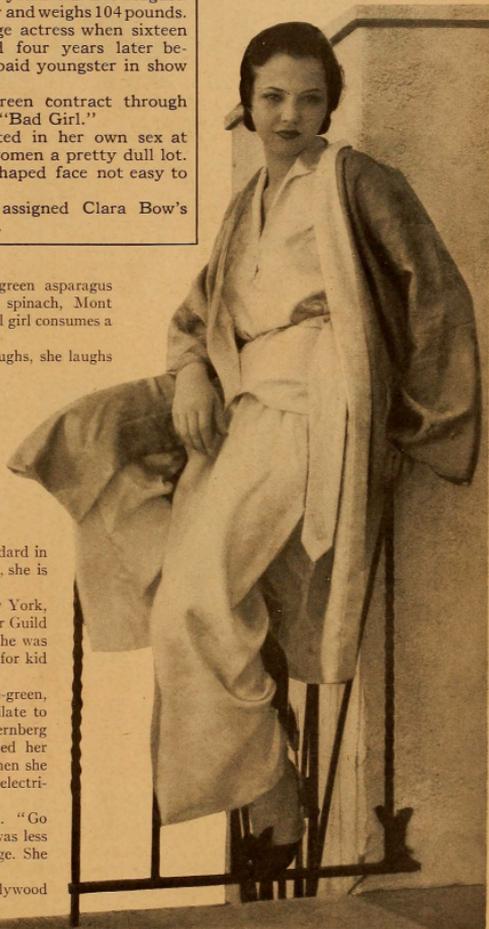
Not interested in her own sex at all. Thinks women a pretty dull lot.

Her heart-shaped face not easy to photograph.

Has been assigned Clara Bow's dressing-room.

By

CHARLES GRAYSON



(Continued on page 97)

# The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



## SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE

**Garbo And Gable Strong In Weak Story:** This is a second-rate picture structurally, dramatically, even photographically. Greta Garbo does not look her best, and Clark Gable has not yet learned his camera angles. Having said that, we must add, "Don't miss seeing 'Susan Lennox.'" Don't go to see it critically, but emotionally. Look at it not as a story, but as the appearance together of two who have one thing in common—a magnetic and dynamic quality that radiates from the screen to the audience.

In rambling episodes it tells the story of the love of a "lost lady" for a young architect, balked and bitter and furtive—until a short sequence at the end suddenly and without warning makes it respectable. Without believing in "teams," we would like to see these two together in a good picture.



## BOUGHT

**Connie At Her Best:** "Bought" is smartly written and lavishly mounted—but you can't fool us! It's the draymer of the poor working girl who looked above her station, and the rich seducer—a reliable plot and one that can still be good in this sophisticated age.

Constance Bennett plays the girl who is born with a taste for "nice things". Through the phases of model in a smart gown shop and office assistant to a fashionable physician she attains her aim—a rich marriage—only to have that old meanie, Her Better Nature, get in her way. Connie is as you want her through this picture. Ben Lyon, photographing badly, is sincere as the lover who wins her back after her adventure in Wealth. Her wealthy benefactor (and unknown father) is touchingly played by daddy Richard Bennett.



## LULLABY

**Helen Hayes Deserved Better Start:** The much-heralded screen debut of Helen Hayes is made in the variation of number seven of the "Madame X"—"Stella Dallas" theme. Why it was used to introduce the charming little performer to film audiences is just another vagary of the Hollywood mill.

You know your "Madame X" and your "Stella Dallas," so it is needless to repeat the plot of "Lullaby" here. Suffice to tell that the unmarried mother sells herself to educate the son as a doctor instead of a lawyer. And it is under the wheels of his car that she meets her death, an unrecognized and unmourned old woman.

Miss Hayes, striving valiantly, plays the long-suffering French peasant girl. Neil Hamilton is the first man in her life and Lewis Stone, the second.



## SILENCE

**Brook Has A Chance To Act:** This is a strong story, told with great simplicity and restraint, which gives Clive Brook an opportunity to show what a really fine actor he is—a fact that too many drawing-room dramas have almost obscured. The plot is built around a story that a condemned man tells to a priest under the seal of the confessional, explaining why he is going to die for a crime he did not commit.

Peggy Shannon, as the sweetheart of the 'Nineties (those saloon scenes will make audiences homesick) and later as her own daughter, establishes herself as one of the imports from the stage with a great screen future. The scene where the dishonored father miserably faces the daughter he has never seen will bring unashamed tears. There is a surprise twist at the end.

# Parade

NEWEST PICTURES



## THE STAR WITNESS

*Most Human Gangland Picture To Date:* It isn't one of these courtroom dramas, except incidentally. Walter Huston, who has played *District Attorney* so many times, is given the picture in the billing. But audiences will give it unhesitatingly to Chic Sale as the flute-playing Civil War veteran.

A commonplace, humdrum family unwillingly sees a gang murder and one by one the clerk-father, the high-school son and daughter, and the bewildered housewife-mother are frightened and tortured into silence by the killers. But grandpa is shrilly defiant.

Through a picture that is entirely too talky, this spunky old warhorse wanders with his beloved flute. This is the most human angle on the gang situation yet portrayed on the screen—the relation of gangsters to the life of everyday citizens.



## THE PUBLIC DEFENDER

*Dix Wasted In Mild Thriller:* Once again, as in the dear dead days of "The Tiger's Claw" and the "Masked Menace," mysterious cards bearing threatening messages appear suddenly on desks and tables, and wealthy crooks quake. Richard Dix plays the young society man who alleviates boredom by a double life in which as "The Reckoner" he deals out justice to criminals not touched by the law.

It's an old-fashioned thriller tricked out with smart modern settings—and a lot of good clean fun, too. Ingenious are the ways in which Dix and his two henchmen outwit the crooks' protectors, but Richard is not altogether convincing. A man can't go on being boyish forever! He is too good an actor to waste on such stuff—entertainment though it is. Ruth Weston, who has little to do, does it interestingly.



## THE BRAT

*Old-Fashioned Story—Just Fair:* Attempts have been made to modernize this stage play of an older generation, by bringing the slang in the dialogue up-to-date and putting June Collyer and Virginia Cherrill into ultra-modish togs. But the story of the little gutter waif still remains old-fashioned.

Discovered by a novelist in a night court, *The Brat*, played with rather timid exuberance by Sally O'Neil, is still so innocent that when her benefactor kisses her she considers herself engaged to be married. The loss of at least twenty-five pounds and a very bad makeup have changed Sally, and the director has completed the transformation by severely restraining her from her old tomboy ways. Despite the creaky story and irritating dialect, however, it will appeal to audiences satiated with gangster pictures.



## WATERLOO BRIDGE

*Fine Picture—Don't Miss It:* Courage marks every phase of the making of "Waterloo Bridge." British James Whale, who directed "Journey's End," has done another intelligent piece of work, telling his story without compromise or fear.

It is the stark and tragic story of a girl forced, by changing wartime conventions, to ply the age-old trade of the streets. She is not painted as a fallen angel, but rather a moral coward who takes the easiest way. In the course of her nocturnal promenades, she encounters a young soldier enjoying his first London leave. He does not suspect her profession and in his decency, the girl finds love. But she realizes her past is too great a barrier and . . .

Mae Clarke plays the girl and Kent Douglas the boy, supported by an excellent cast.

# You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



## SPORTING BLOOD

**Racetrack Story Has Appeal:** There is so much affinity between the movement of racing horses and the medium of the movies, it is a wonder they are not featured more often. The real drama here is not the rather tawdry story of the racetrack touts, etc., but the thrilling and simple tale of the career of a great race horse against the background of a Kentucky farm and Ernest Torrence.

The plot, however, is concerned with a circle of crooks who turn a noble sport to their own base uses. Clark Gable plays a gambler who betrays his friends and dopes race horses. Too many such rôles will not help the very promising career of this new screen "find." Madge Evans, as the gangster's moll, redeemed by love for the beautiful horse she has rescued, adds a fresh, charming personality to the screen. The race scenes are as good as a newsreel and that is intended for sincere praise.



## SMART WOMAN

**Horton Makes Picture Worth While:** When Edward Everett Horton appears on the screen's cast of characters, one can always bank on his turning in an appealing performance. He is human nature at its funniest. He is your next-door neighbor—and yourself, too, as you appear to the man next door. In this broad farce, disguised by smart dialogue as modern comedy drama, he takes the picture away from Mary Astor and Robert Ames with the first quirk of his eyebrow. As the helpful friend of the family who tries to assist the wife of his flirtatious partner to get her husband back from the toils of a blonde gold-digger, Horton makes you forget a machine-made plot.

In the palmy scene, and the scene where his own wife watches, cynically, while he exerts his charms on the gold-digger, he does some of the most amusing farcing we have seen recently on the screen.



## BAD GIRL

**Well Done In Every Way—See It:** Proving beyond any doubt that dirt is not a prime requisite in screen entertainment, Fox has taken one of the most sensational novels of last season, deleted all its suggestiveness, and given us an entertaining a little picture as we have seen in many a day. "Bad Girl," as Vina Delmar wrote the story, shocked by its unadulterated frankness. The screen drama is the simple story of a young married couple groping toward parenthood. Both are practically illiterate—both are articulate. Neither thinks the other wants their baby and through a series of misunderstandings, they fight their way to ultimate happiness.

The girl and boy are exquisitely realized by Sally Eilers and James Dunn. The latter, a newcomer, gives promise of winning great popularity. Frank Borzage, the director, is at his best with stories of adolescents and "Bad Girl" ranks with the best.



## MURDER BY THE CLOCK

**Thrills And Horror Here, Worth Seeing:** As a welcome change in murder technique, this is a tale of horror rather than mystery. Instead of having to sit in baffled ignorance until the last few minutes, the spectator is let in on all the horrid secrets as they occur, a method which heightens the gruesomeness of the show. It's a morbid story of a rich old lady who has to choose between her idiot son and a drunken nephew as an heir, and of the series of murders that follow her own.

All directed by a Borgia-like fiend expertly played by Lilyan Tashman, who has a rôle worthy of her at last. The spectacle of Lil vamping the giant idiot to further her murderous schemes is as shocking as anything on the screen. Irving Pichel is fascinating and terrifying as the idiot who wants to kill, and William Boyd is good as the one man Lil can't vamp. This is really a pretty good blood-curdling piece.

# If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



## MERELY MARY ANN

*Farrell And Gaynor Will Please You:* Not only are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell reunited in "Merely Mary Ann," but Janet has the opportunity to return to the rags of an oppressed slavey. And you know what the Gaynor-Farrell combination in a Cinderella story does to the nation's hankies.

Charlie is a struggling young composer and Janet a lovely little orphan, working in the boarding-house where he lives. They dream of the days when they will be rich, but when it is revealed that Janet is the heiress of a large estate, the boy decides to struggle on alone. In her absence, he pours his love into his music and composes a tremendous operatic success. And, of course, Janet attends the opening.

Pure sentimental romance this, incorporating a few musical interludes. On the whole, it is well-made and acted appealingly by the stars and by Beryl Mercer, as the landlady.



## LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE

*Colorful, But Not Unusual:* Was Edward Laemmle, the director, striving for Art in the ending of his picture? Or did the economy wave dictate a sudden ending? This story of a half-breed cattle baron, a Mexican dancer, and a rigidly pure Texas Ranger is so short that it was not until the *Mickey Mouse* Cartoon was well under way that the audience was certain it was over. And that the lovely heroine, trampled by a stampede of cattle, but still unruined, would not come to life.

Local color is laid on thickly in the first scenes, and the extras earn their money by being extremely noisy. Spanish songs, mantillas and twanging guitars remove any doubt that the picture is going to be very very romantic. The dark-eyed lady is played with real fire by Dorothy Burgess.

Despite pursuits, escapes, moonlight serenades, and the spectacular stampede, it will not excite you.



## THE MAGNIFICENT LIE

*Not Good Enough For Chatterton:* The title is misleading. The lie is a tawdry affair from its start as a joke on a blind man to its finish as a joke—we are afraid—on the audience. The plot takes us from the meeting of a shell-shocked American doughboy with a famous French actress to the time when he becomes a rancher and sees her in "Camille." He loses his sight during the performance and some merry spirits palm off a cheap café-singer who can do French impersonations as the woman he has idealized.

Ruth Chatterton—and Chatterton can do much—cannot make a tragic figure or a grand passion out of the soiled motives or slapstick methods of the singer. Ralph Bellamy gives a clear characterization as the hero. The blame may be laid on the scenario. The cast is excellent and worked hard with scenes that veered from farce to pathos, from drama to sentiment, ending with a remarkable auto accident.



## TRANSATLANTIC

*Interesting Enough—Different:* An interesting production, with its action taking place on a *de luxe* ocean liner, and enacted by an able cast. The story treats of one of those gentlemanly crooks with a heart of gold, who go about being of service to ladies in distress as a sort of side-line to the business of larceny. Which is right up Edmund Lowe's alley.

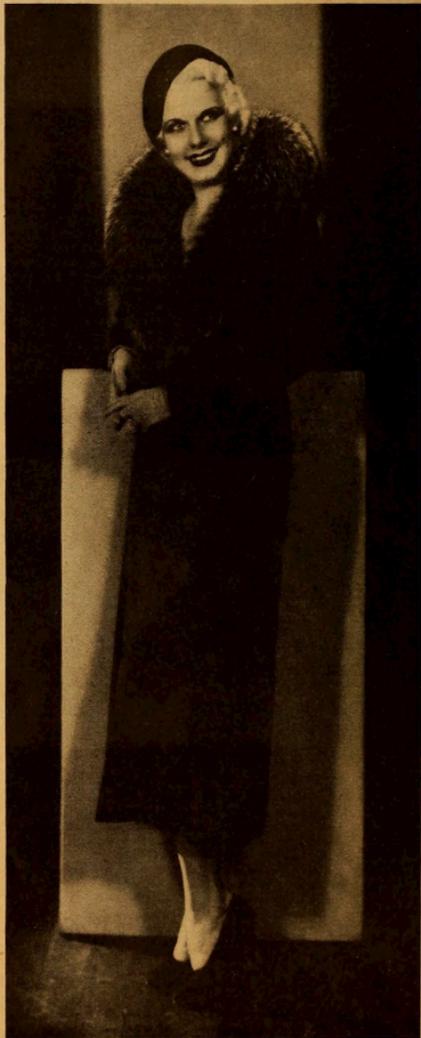
Director Howard has employed a frankly Teutonic technique in establishing his shipboard locale. One might think the first half of the picture a direct importation from UFA, what with odd angles and shots of odd faces. Too, the first half of the production is marred by a musical accompaniment, which for the greater part draws out what the actors are saying.

Lois Moran, Jean Hersholt, Greta Nissen, Myrna Loy and a competent crowd of others do their best; but Lowe's over-confidence and Howard's arty direction are severe handicaps.

# Jean Harlow Sets the Styles for Autumn

Is it any wonder that women—and the men, too—turn for another look at Jean Harlow when she sports something as smart as this Lanvin suit of homespun (left)? The skirt is black and the jacket mustard color, with a mustard crepe de chine blouse. She wears a small black hat with a French nose veil and carries a double fox scarf.

Perhaps Jean was thinking of those chilly Fall days when she selected the black Lelong coat dress below—days when it isn't warm enough for only a dress and yet not cool enough for a coat. It is made of lightweight kasha cloth with a luxurious removable silver fox collar. With it she wears a small black knitted off-the-face hat.





The graceful ivory white chiffon Vionnette gown, above, seems to be just the thing for Miss Harlow's blonde loveliness. The blondes, as well as the brunettes, have gone in strongly for white for evening wear. And don't you think the short cape with it, which is made of the same material and trimmed with white fox fur, is adorable?



Jean, knowing that there is nothing so feminine as flowered chiffon, chose this white Patou Carnegie model (above) which is figured in green. And everyone knows that green and white are ever so elegant and flattering to a blonde. Miss Harlow likes her shoulder-flowers down the back instead of the front. They're of green chiffon.

Jean Harlow is one of Hollywood's well-dressed stars and knows what to wear for every occasion. But Jean dresses differently in private life from the way she does on the screen -- her gowns being more modest and chic and not so daring. The Fall fashions displayed here are from Jean's personal wardrobe



# The Girl Who Was Not Scared of Garbo

Very few actresses can appear with the great Greta and not suffer an inferiority complex. But Karen Morley forgot that Garbo existed and gave such an arresting performance in "Inspiration" that she has become famous overnight

By NANCY PRYOR

**I**T'S hard enough for a pretty girl to hold her own in support of any established star of Hollywood, much less get a chance to register. When the star is Greta Garbo, it is practically impossible. But Karen Morley did it.

How many other women do you remember from Garbo pictures? Marie Dressler, in "Anna Christie," of course. Marie is a grand old trouper, whose charm lies in her great ability and even greater heart. She is no girl in her teens just starting out. Karen Morley is.

Far be it from me to start a war by hinting that the newcomer took anything from the Great One in "Inspiration." But that picture has not been rated as one of Greta's best even by her most avid followers—and somehow you did remember that other girl, the one who plunged to her death when she learned that her lover (Lewis Stone) was through with her. It was an arresting performance from a new face—a face not exactly beautiful, but haunting.

She had all the earmarks of a seasoned actress—a veteran from Broadway, perhaps, though the facts about her were a little vague.

It wasn't until the news leaked out that Karen Morley was a local college girl from the University of California at Los Angeles, who had walked out of a classroom to step into the Garbo picture, that Karen developed into a minor wonder. A college girl holding her own with Garbo—now, there was something!

Add to this the fact she did not appear to be afraid of Garbo—which is more than you can say for many actors who have had more experience than a classroom offers. It's worth anybody's time and effort to try to find out where she got all that, isn't it?

## No Typical Newcomer, This

**G**IVEN half a chance and a publicity luncheon, most clicking newcomers are prone to break down with sheer gratitude at "the break I'm getting," expressing hopes that they "will justify the confidence" they have inspired, and bursting out with a rush of thrilled adjectives that would slow down Floyd Gibbons.

But Karen Morley is different. Her calm in the face of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract is ample proof of her unique personality. She just isn't built for gushing.

She's medium tall and medium blonde, without benefit of peroxide or platinum-henna.

She looks grand in pajamas and wears them around the lot, in spite of the fact that newcomers are supposed to follow, not set, the styles.

With only six months of experience behind her, she is bound to be new to studio life—but it's a cinch it isn't exciting her. The day we lunched on the screened-in commissary porch (reserved tables for stars), her frank brown eyes scrutinized the neighboring charmers, coolly giving back frank stare for stare, exchanging husky greeting for greeting with Anita Page, Joan Crawford, Marjorie Rameau, Robert Montgomery. Occasionally she lighted a cigarette, though she admitted they were bad for her. Not once did she break down about being thrilled about her great chance—the wonder of working with the Great Greta—or her hopes of living up to her promising start.

She lifted a poised, slightly surprised eyebrow when I bluntly asked her if she had been "scared" of Garbo.

"No," she answered, evenly, "not 'scared'—though it was a little difficult, at first. I didn't quite know how to address

(Continued on page 86)



"Palmolive is a delightful soap to use—bland, soothing and gentle, yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties."   
Marguerite Hoare  
of London



"Don't use just any soap... particularly if your skin is irritated! Use Palmolive. It is made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm."   
Niras  
of Madrid



"Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine soothing cosmetic oils—will do for your face. That is why I recommend only Palmolive."   
Fesl of Vienna  
and Budapest



"Palmolive Soap improves your color and tones up your skin. It is bland and neutral. Use this fine facial soap twice a day."   
Dahlstrand  
of Stockholm



"Ordinary soap may irritate the skin and hurt the tissues. That is why I insist upon Palmolive, a true beauty soap."   
Pezza  
of Naples



"Thorough cleansing must be obtained by daily use of soap and water. I recommend the vegetable oil soap—Palmolive."   
Sterek-Schinkel  
of Cologne



"It doesn't pay to experiment—when beauty is at stake use Palmolive. Nothing equals its stimulating, soothing cosmetic oils."   
Paul  
of Fifth Ave.



"Use Palmolive, a soap that is effective but gentle in its action. The vegetable oils of olive and palm make Palmolive soothing."   
Hoeler  
of Chicago

These famous names  
are among the  
20,000 beauty experts  
who recommend  
Palmolive



"Repeated experiments have convinced me that vegetable oils in soap are best for your skin. That is why I say use Palmolive."   
Mrs. McGavran  
of Kansas City



"Don't mistreat your complexion by using the wrong soap—use Palmolive. Its vegetable oils make a soap that is safe."   
Jessie Henderson  
of Los Angeles

# When soaps claim beauty results ask first what they are made of

Palmolive tells you—willingly—  
it is made of olive and palm oils

TODAY there are many soaps on the market. Some make extravagant claims. You are often confused—don't know which soap to choose. You take great chances, endanger your complexion, unless you know what is in the soap you use on your face.

### Choice of experts

Palmolive Soap is the choice of over 20,000 beauty experts. They know what's in this soap. They know it is made of olive and palm oils—the world's supreme cosmetic oils.

Don't let anyone convince you that soap which merely *claims* beauty

results will do for you what Palmolive does. Palmolive results come from Palmolive only.

Palmolive is a pure soap. Its delicate, natural color comes from the fine vegetable oils of which it is made. It is naturally wholesome, just like the complexions it fosters.

It gives a creamy, fine-textured lather that removes accumulations of dirt, oil, powder, which otherwise cause coarse pores, roughness, muddiness—a dozen and one blemishes to skin beauty.

Youth captivates... youth charms. Use Palmolive—only Palmolive—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

### Consult your beauty specialist

There is just one person whose business it is to help you keep good looks. That is the trained professional beauty specialist. Put your beauty problems in her hands. She will help you solve them.



Retail  
Price  
10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



photo by  
RAY HUFF  
Los Angeles, 1931

*Fascinating stage  
and screen star has a  
Complexion Secret  
you, too, can share!*

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that it is not birthdays which really count. It is whether or not a woman retains her youthful complexion.

"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, *Elizabeth the Queen*, I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every trace of grease paint, but it protects my complexion and leaves my

# LUX Toilet

“I’m  
over 40!”

*Pauline Frederick*

face feeling fresh and invigorated. I have used this soap regularly for a long time and find that it does wonders for my skin.”

Countless other beautiful women of the stage and screen agree on the soothing qualities of this white soap.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses (including all stars) 605 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*. It is official in all film studios. The Broadway stars, the European stars, too, are devoted to it.

Surely you will want to try it for your skin!

Soap — 10¢



PAULINE FREDERICK in her present stage success, *Elizabeth the Queen*. With amazing versatility she transforms her face into a remarkable likeness to the famous queen!

# Sally's Back!

By JOAN STANDISH

**S**ALLY O'NEIL To Play The Title Rôle in 'The Brat' was the announcement.

But back of that announcement was drama. The bright-eyed little Irish girl who had been one of the Big Stars a few years ago, and then had had the world's worst breaks and had dropped from sight, was coming back. She was going to have Another Chance—and a big chance.

Hollywood, knowing the story, felt a lump in its throat.

"Gee," breathed Sally, herself, "it's grand to hear 'Attagirl, Sally' after all these months of 'Poor Sally!' I guess people mean to be kind when they pity you—but it doesn't do anything for your morale."

Sally is not "coming back" from a vacation. She's back from every sort of trouble that hounds the human footsteps—money-trouble, love-trouble, heart-breaking family trouble. Only Clara Bow's tough-luck story is in the same class as the brand of misfortune that has dogged Sally.

It all seems a little unfair that girls like Sally and Clara, who sought only gaiety from life, should find it so frayed and shabby.

"And yet," says Sally, "I'm not sorry it happened the way it did—everything."

In her funny little sweater-and-skirt costume for her rôle in John Ford's picture, with her dark hair curled to her shoulders and those Irish blue eyes of hers lighted with real laughter for the first time in two years, she looked like the same pert little Mick of her M-G-M days. Gone was all the excess weight that had added years to her appearance. Sally now weighs one hundred and three pounds and is all set for action "to lick the world again."

## The Worst Was Yet to Come

**I** GUESS I am an incurable optimist. Even when everything crashed at once, I still held on to the belief that it couldn't be forever. I used to say to my manager, Ivan Kahn, 'Well, things can get just so bad—and then they can't get any worse.' For a little while

Sally O'Neil, once a popular star, is the pluckiest girl in Hollywood. While hard luck pursued her the past two years, she never gave up hope of getting another chance in the movies. Now that she's back in "The Brat," her Irish eyes can smile again



Hal Phyte

Sally O'Neil has been the original hard-luck girl of the movies. Her appearance in "The Brat" marks her first big screen rôle in two years

it looked as though there was a conspiracy to make me eat those words. When I lost my contract, I thought that was pretty bad—but that was just the beginning of all the things I was to lose."

The first calamity to befall Sally, I believe, was the ending of a great love affair that had been the paramount interest of her life ever since she set foot before a motion picture camera. On Sally's part it was a deep, hurting love that countenanced humiliation, alternating with a lilting sort of happiness for more than five years. It was the worshiping sort of love of a very young girl for an older and fascinating man, who has been fascinating to a great many women of Hollywood.

"Now that it is all over, I can look back and see that the deep feeling I had for him was not for the Man. To me he was a god, an inspiration—the handsomest, grandest man in Hollywood, or the world. I had fifty pictures of him that ranged all the way from his childhood through every stage of his life. They were all framed and hanging on the wall of my bedroom. Every night before I went to bed, I kissed every one of them. That lasted for five years. Then suddenly I realized it was all over—that his whims could no longer hurt me or touch me in any way. It hasn't left me bitter—I wish him only the kindest and happiest things of Life.

## What Bad Breaks Taught Her

**W**HEN suddenly all the lesser things were swept away, all the clothes and the cars, the servants and the friends I had thought were for me—it didn't hurt nearly so much as I thought it would. It taught me one of the most valuable things I have learned about myself: It takes so very little to make me unhappy and so little to make me happy.

"I had thought I needed excitement and success and all the things that go with them—but I learned that the real me was just as happy in a Ford coupé as in that long green car that used to attract so much attention on the Boulevard. The day I was forced into bank-

(Continued on page 103)

# This seal answers the question:

*“what toothpaste should I use?”*

## **What is this seal?**

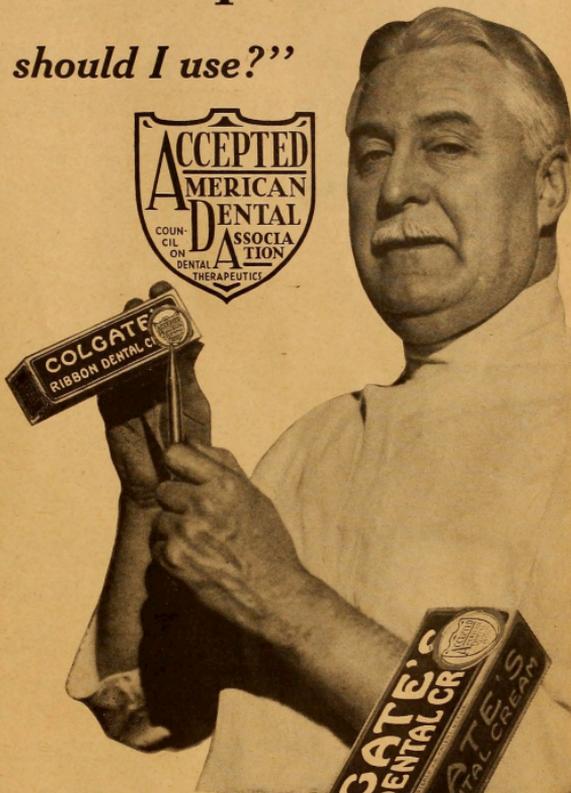
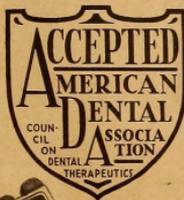
It is the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

## **What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?**

This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, and chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of any product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

## **What is the meaning of this seal?**

This seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. When found on a toothpaste, it means that the composition of this toothpaste has been submitted to the Council, and that its claims have been found acceptable.



## **Colgate's bears this seal**

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more peo-

ple's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price—but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's—and quality alone—that has held its leadership for years and years.

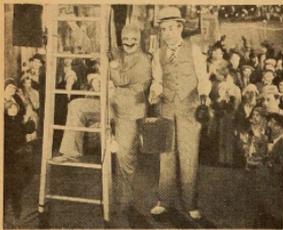
Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth healthfully and completely clean.



**Colgate's  
costs only  
25c**

# TABLOID REVIEWS

## CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE



Winnie Lightner doubles for an entire troupe of "freaks" and gets many a laugh in "Side Show"

**Alexander Hamilton**—George Arliss plays the young genius of Colonial times, whose life was a network of drama—and achieves his greatest triumph. Exceptional in every way (W. B.).

**An American Tragedy**—Theodore Dreiser's powerful story of weak youth comes to the screen in shortened form—but still is potent. You won't forget Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sydney in the principal rôles (Par.).

**Arizona**—A colorful Western, in which the scenery is more impressive than the story. John Wayne is featured (Col.).

**The Bargain**—The screen's most realistic father, Lewis Stone, changes jobs with his son (John Darrow)—and each learns an interesting lesson (F. N.).

**Big Business Girl**—Loretta Young and Frank Albertson try to lead separate married lives, with the usual complications (supplied this time by Ricardo Cortez). Semi-naughty, but neat (F. N.).

**The Black Camel**—A screen star is murdered, and it's smooth *Charlie Chan* (again playing by Warner Oland) who solves the absorbing mystery (Fox).

**Broadminded**—Joe E. Brown and Buster Collier go to California—all places—to escape Collier. Not as funny as intended (F. N.).

**Caught**—As an Amazon of the old West, Louise Dresser leads Richard Arlen to suspect that she is an outlaw leader—and he seeks to prove it. Different, but lacks suspense (Par.).

**Chances**—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s first starring picture takes him to the battlefront again. His acting and Anthony Bushell's almost comical fact that the story is weak (F. N.).

**Children of Dreams**—An operetta with a new setting—the orchards of California. Paul Gregory and Margaret Schilling, who sing well, are new—but the story is old (F. N.).

**The Common Law**—When Constance Bennett falls in love with high-minded Joel McCrea, conscience makes her reveal her past. Hardly novel, but both manage to be believable (RKO-Pathe).

**Confessions of a Co-Ed**—That silly little story of the co-ed who mistakes bobs up again—with Sylvia Sydney in the title rôle, and Phillips Holmes her temporarily faithless lover (Par.).

**Enemies of the Law**—A Secret Service girl falls in love with the man she is pursuing and tries to reform him. Mary Nolan does all that is humanly possible with such a story (Capitol).

**Er-Bad Boy**—Not a gangster picture, but an amusing comedy of the adventures of a small-town Romeo, played devastatingly by Robert Armstrong (RKO).

**Expensive Women**—Dolores Costello arrives back on the screen, more glamorous than ever—even in the rôle of a woman-of-the-world (W. B.).

**First Aid**—Grant Withers gets another screen start as a young interne who is kidnaped by gangsters to perform a difficult operation. An out-and-out thriller (Sono Art).

**Five and Ten**—What can happen when a millionaire neglects his family, as visioned by Fannie Hurst. Marion Davies and Leslie Howard do surprisingly well with the thin material (M-G-M).

**Five-Star Final**—Edward G. Robinson plays to perfection the rôle of an editor who loses his conscience, and you see a powerful, bitter indictment of scandal sheets (W. B.).

**The Girl Habit**—On the verge of settling down, Charlie Ruggles tries to recover some love letters from a gangster's moll. Rough, but funny (Par.).

**Goldie**—In the manner of Lowe and McLaglen, sailors Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer pursue women in general and Jean Harlow in particular. He-man humor (Fox).

**The Great Lover**—What the well-dressed lover can hope to accomplish, as amusingly demonstrated by Adolphe Menjou (M-G-M).

**Guilty Hands**—Because he stole "A Free Soul" in a highly melodramatic part, Lionel Barrymore again has a startling rôle to perform—and does it very well. The ending has a real kick (M-G-M).

**Heaven on Earth**—An idyll of love in the Mississippi flood region, made exciting and touching by Lew Ayres and Anita Louise (Univ.).

**High Stakes**—Just "tight" enough to be clever, Lloyd Sherman proves that his brother's wife is a little gold-digger. Slight, but smooth (RKO).

**A Holy Terror**—George O'Brien pursues the murderer of his father in a Western that is both faster and more amusing than most (Fox).

**Homicide Squad**—Leo Carillo, who did such a good job in "Hell Bound", has another tense gangland story (Univ.).

**Honeymoon Lane**—Eddie Dowling's sentimental musical comedy of boarding-house life comes to the screen, with the music soft-pedaled. Ray Dooley, new comedienne, steals the picture right away from Eddie (Par.).

**Huckleberry Finn**—The satisfying sequel to "Tom Sawyer", with Junior Durkin again playing *Huck*, and Jackie Coogan, *Few*. Don't send the youngsters; take them (Par.).

**Hush Money**—Joan Bennett learns that her associates are racketeers, tries to get away from them, is blackmailed. Surprisingly good for such a familiar theme (Fox).

**I Take This Woman**—That big Westerner, Gary Cooper, tames the little high-hat girl from the city (Carole Lombard). Lightly likable (Par.).

**The Lady From Nowhere**—Just when John Holland gets on the trail of those counterfeiters, Alice Day gets in his way. A thriller of the pre-war type (Chesterfield).

**The Mad Genius**—Again John Barrymore hides that romantic profile and plays a bitter rôle—this time, of a crippled dancing master. The quality of John's acting testifies to his liking for this sort of thing (W. B.).

**The Mad Parole**—An all-female cast—headed by Irene Rich, Evelyn Brent and Louise Fazenda—enact a drama of women in the hammets. None too convincing (Par.).

**The Maltese Falcon**—Dashiell Hammett's mystery thriller remains a thriller in its screen version, with Ricardo Cortez the money-mad detective. Bebe Daniels, starred, has a lesser rôle (W. B.).



Lionel Barrymore throttles Kay Francis for one of the thrills in the sinister "Guilty Hands"



Claudette Colbert again has a dramatic time on the edge of society in "Secrets of a Secretary"

**The Man in Possession**—Entertaining nonsense about a young ne'er-do-well who becomes a sheriff's clerk, occupies a lady's house, and becomes her butler. Robert Montgomery is the young man (M-G-M).

**Men of the Sky**—Orthodox spy story, with Irene Dunne and Charles Laughton. Different, but not her lover. There's music in the background (F. N.).

**Merry Wives of Vienna**—Another proof that the Germans have it all over the Americans in the production of movie musical comedies. The story is slight, but it has gay tunes, gay acting, and a surprising number of pretty girls (C. E. E.).

**The Miracle Woman**—Cynical about religion, Barbara Stanwyck becomes a fake revivalist—until love comes along. Different, to say the least—and Barbara turns in another powerful performance (Col.).

**The Mystery of Life**—The world-old drama of Evolution unfolds on the screen, with a lecture on the side by Clarence Darrow of Dayton, Tenn. Fine. For students more than amusement-seekers (Univ.).

**Newly Rich**—Detailing the battles of two Hollywood mothers (Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda) over their little darlings (Jackie Searl and Mitz Green) who are movie stars. If the acting were less strenuous, the film would be funnier (Par.).

**Night Angel**—Way over in Czecho-Slovakia, Nancy Carroll gets all tangled up in some intrigue, with Fredric March coming to the rescue. Far-fetched (Par.).

**Night Nurse**—An ordinary nurse becomes involved in some extraordinary adventures, and Barbara Stanwyck is so tensely believable that you'll be on the edge of your seat from start to finish (W. B.).

**Pardon Us**—Laurel and Hardy venture into feature-length comedy and have an uproarious time, at the expense of all previous prison pictures (M-G-M).

**The Phantom of Paris**—Wearing a Van Dyke beard and playing the part of a romantic magician, John Gilbert makes an exciting comeback and proves that he is master of the talkies. Reviewed as "Cheri-Bibi" (M-G-M).

**Politics**—As a pair of crusading suffragettes, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran have their own way of ridding a town of racketeers. Hilarious melodrama (M-G-M).

**Rebound**—On the "rebound" from other loves, Ina Claire and Robert Ames make the temporary mistake of marrying one another. In mood and manner, it's reminiscent of "Holiday" and every bit as good (RKO-Pathe).

**The Reckless Hour**—Dorothy Mackaill has a hard time winning Conrad Nagel, thanks to her past with Walter Byron. Dorothy makes it worth while (F. N.).

**The Road to Singapore**—William Powell's first picture for Warner Brothers—and a good one. The scene is the South Seas, and the story concerns his pursuit of Doris Kenyon, who is unhappily married (W. B.).

**Runaround**—Chorus-girl Mary Brian intends to marry Geoffrey Kerr for his money, but he intends no such thing. Amusing light comedy (RKO).

(Continued on page 8)

# "Congratulations!

*You've truly captured  
youth's own color tints in this new  
Two-Tone Powder . . . Seventeen!"*

Says DOROTHY MACKAILL

A powder to imitate the actual complexion tints of youth? Yes! . . . that is the marvelous principle on which Seventeen Two-Tone Powder was created!

For the purpose of a powder is *not* to coat the skin as with a mask. Powders which dull the natural skin tints are really ageing in their effects.

The ideal seventeen-year-old complexion is *alive*. The exquisite colors come and go. The skin seems actually transparent. The color tints are fresh, radiant, subtle.

And so should be the color tints in your complexion powder! *Then* you will have naturalness, not artificiality . . . youthful delicacy, not mature dullness.

*Seventeen found a way to imitate the natural color tints of youth. This principle, we call Two-Tone.*

Ingredients of different weights are blended: light and heavy. The heavier powder clings closely to your skin. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone . . . which creates a subtle overtone . . . and lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth.

There are various shades, of course, in Seventeen. Select your own, as in any other powder. *But* compare this shade with the shade you now are using! Take a little in your hand. Note the life, the radiance, of Seventeen. Then, a fluff of Seventeen on your skin. What a glorious difference! You will congratulate yourself on having found this Two-Tone, Youth-Tone Powder.



# Seventeen



*Youth-Tone tints in  
Seventeen Rouge and  
Lipstick give you—with  
Seventeen Two-Tone  
Powder—a complete  
Youth-Tone make-up!*

GIVE THE  
LITTLE GIRL  
A HAND

---



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If Joan Blondell wants to go boating in that new outfit of hers—navy blue jacket and white jersey trousers—she'll have to pull more strings than those. She's too good a comédienne to be allowed a day off—especially when she's needed every minute in "The Greeks Had a Word for It"

Fryer

# THE THRILLING "HALF-FACE" TEST

THAT REVEALED THE TRUE SECRET OF SKIN LOVELINESS

*Under the Constant Supervision of 15 Leading Dermatologists, 612 Women Compare Skin Care Methods . . . and Find the Real Road to Complexion Beauty.*

On one side of the face...one skin care method. On the other side...another.

This dramatic test was made for 30 days . . . not on one complexion, but on 612. Not under one dermatologist . . . but under 15. Not on one type of skin . . . but on skins of every type, of all ages from 15 to 50.

The beauty preparations used on one side of the face by these 612 women included every well-known soap, cream and lotion. On the other side, the treatment was always Woodbury's Facial Soap. After 30 days, the records showed: In 103 cases, Woodbury's had corrected blackheads; in 106 cases remedied acne; in 115 cases reduced oiliness; in 83 cases shrunk enlarged pores; in 81 cases made the skin less dry. Even "normal" complexions found finer texture, a fresh bloom under the gentle stimulus of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

No other cleansing agent, soap, cream or lotion, noticeably helped either faulty or normal skin.

It would be hard to ascribe such wonder-working powers to a soap, but Woodbury's is more than a mere soap; it is a beauty treatment founded on the special formula of a true specialist in skin loveliness. It gathers its powers to remedy and to beautify from oils and balms and unguents too fine and costly to be used in an ordinary toilet soap.

For years millions of women have found skin loveliness through Woodbury's. Many have never known complexion troubles because they have daily guarded their skins with Woodbury's.

Why not begin today to see what a 30-day Woodbury treatment will do for *your* complexion?

*The statements made in this advertisement have been examined by a leading New York dermatologist who found them to be in accord with the reports of the 15 skin specialists who conducted the nation-wide Beauty Test. The names of the doctors are not published here, but the Editor of this magazine has them on file, and they are available to any genuinely interested inquirer.*



© 1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

#### COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 910 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.  
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous sample of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10c.

Oilly Skin  Flabby Skin  Sallow Skin   
Dry Skin  Coarse Pores  Pimples   
Wrinkles  Blackheads

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



**GOOD PIE FOREVER** It's rare these days for a comedy to be pure slapstick, but it's even rarer for such a comedy to be continuously funny. "Good Pie Forever" is both. For one thing, it is built around a new idea. Billy Wayne is the boy-friend of Thelma White, whose father wants to be a pie-maker on a big scale, but has no market for his wares. Billy hits upon a way to make the town pie-conscious. They load a truck with pastry and cruise about the city, tossing the pies at all and sundry, including the mayor, policemen, newlyweds, a soap box orator and others. All the victims are visibly impressed by the tastiness of the pies, which makes for a happy—and slapstick—ending (Vitaphone Varieties).

If you saw "The Unholy Three"—or even if you didn't—you will get a kick out of this little number. As in the famous Lon Chaney thriller, a midget poses as an infant, and his pal is a big husky. In this case, however, the big bruiser (Bill Halligan) makes his little buddy (Pee Wee Singer) enter a baby show. The prize is five hundred dollars and he wins it, but the giant pockets the money. While *Babykins* is still smoldering about this, along comes a gushing woman who is crazy to adopt him. The "father" makes a deal with her and pockets two thousand dollars more. *Babykins* escapes from his foster-parent just in time to catch up with his double-crossing pal. Novel (Vitaphone Varieties).

## BABYKINS



**SLIDE, SPEEDY, SLIDE** With the World Series bearing down upon us, it's time for a hearing of small-time baseball players. And here's a good one. *Speedy* (Tom Dugan) is pitcher for the Clayville nine, which is playing a World Series all its own with an outfit in the same class. *Speedy*, despite his stutter, is a local hero and the fiancé of Daphne Pollard, whose adulation he takes for granted—until the evening before the deciding game, when he finds her in the arms of Wade Boteler. The discovery renders him unfit to pitch the next day—until the ninth inning. The way he comes to the rescue of dear old Clayville fulfills all the best traditions of hokum—and of comedy (Educational).

If you like blonde gold-diggers (and who doesn't—at a distance?), you'll find June MacCloy not only an eye-ful, but an amusing eye-ful. At the moment, she is Hollywood's leading exponent at the none-too-gentle art of making men look ridiculous. To get enough money together for a trip to Europe, she and two girl-friends make up to as many men as possible, get as many presents as possible, and pawn the gifts. June collects engagement rings, and every time she gets one, sets the marriage date as June first. Just as she is stepping on the boat, a policeman arrests her and takes her to the church, where a dozen would-be bridegrooms are waiting. She makes a getaway, as a clever blonde would (RKO-Pathé).

## JUNE FIRST



**THE GIGOLO RACKET** No Broadway star has more imitators—and fewer competitors—than Helen Morgan. She is in a class by herself when it comes to singing blues. In this short—made in her spare time away from the "Follies"—she has two numbers, and puts both across in her languorous, teasing way. Morgan addicts would hardly ask for anything more, but for screen fans who may not be Morgan-mad, she is the center of a mild little melodrama. Just as she is about to open in a new show, her press-agent has a brainstorm and tries to get her engaged to a gigolo—an idea calculated to put her on the front pages. The man she picks, however, isn't one of the brethren, after all (Vitaphone Varieties).

Some actors are at their best in shorts—and Benny Rubin is one of them. In features he serves as the comedy relief, but in this little laugh riot he is the whole show. Cast as a dumb messenger boy, he is hired by a night-club bouncer to take her youngster for an airing. He succumbs to the wiles of the woman, only to become involved in a series of embarrassing moments. On the verge of being caught in her dressing-room, he dons feminine disguise—and finds himself forced to double for the girl in the club's adagio act. The two male partners take Benny for a series of wild tosses, all in dead earnest. His agony is acutely funny, and the ending is a howl (RKO-Pathé).

## THE MESSENGER BOY



**WHIPPET RACING** It's refreshing to come across something different—and "Whippet Racing" is plenty different. This is a favorite sport in Southern California and Florida, but rare in other parts of the country, which alone makes such a short a novelty. In addition, the subject has a novel treatment. You see how the long, lean dogs, allegedly the speediest animals of all, are trained and, for a climax, witness a race that packs a thrill. The picture puts across the lure of whippet-racing, in which training counts even more than in horse-racing. The running dialogue, supplied by Peter Smith, is sparkling and amusing, besides telling you all you should know about an unusual sport (M-G-M).

Respecting that old rule that every good comedy must have its pathetic implications, Mack Sennett turns out an amusing skit about an unsuccessful lover. Wade Boteler, who has spent the best years of his life in making a fortune, at last decides it is time for him to marry—and his eye lights on Addie McPhail. Addie doesn't turn him away, but he runs into competition in the hefty shape of Vernon Dent, who not only plays the piano and saxophone, but sings. Vernon wins the girl. As they are being married, Wade tiptoes into the church (his shoes squeak), and breaks down completely, not only weeping, but fainting—much to the annoyance of the wedding party, and the delight of the audience (Educational).

## FAINING LOVER



# VILO-RAY Now Astounds the World's Beauty Authorities

- *The Famous Lucille Young Again Gives Women Amazing New Beauty. Results that Seem Utterly Beyond Belief*
- *Until Seen. Startling, Mysterious Rejuvenation.*

By Jas. C. Staunton

**HAVE SEEN** a 68 year old woman made to look 20 years younger. I have watched while sallow skins came to a glow of marvelous natural color. I have seen black-heads disappear as though by magic. I have witnessed the almost instantaneous banishment of lines and wrinkles. Muddy, blemished complexions have been given marvelous transparency before my very eyes.

**All this** in the famous laboratories and Salon of that amazing woman, Lucille Young, scientific magician of beauty, advisor to millions, famed in a dozen countries for original discoveries without equal.

**And now** a discovery to make all others seem insignificant—the sheer, stark, seeming miracle of VILO-RAY. This incredible, youth-giving, breath-taking result of years of research is a *fifteen minute treatment*. Just fifteen minutes to give results that heretofore have taken months.

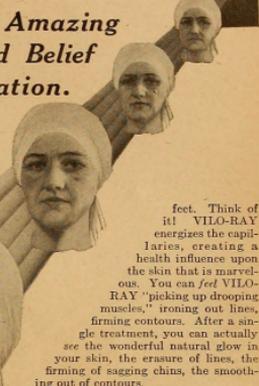
**I'll tell you how** I have seen the treatment given—a way you yourself may easily follow—a way that brings VILO-RAY to you in your home... at a few cents for a treatment, instead of the Salon cost of \$10.00. Until recently, fabulous sums had to be spent to produce the VILO-RAY treatment. Now, a new marvelous process has brought the treatment within the reach of all. And, according to her custom of over 20 years' standing, Lucille Young is giving her GREATEST DISCOVERY to the whole world of women for a sum anyone can afford.

## WHAT VILO-RAY IS — HOW TO USE IT

**Here is the treatment.** First the face and neck are thoroughly cleansed. Lucille Young uses a special cleansing cream. But other good cleansing creams will do almost as well. Next Lucille Young shows you two mysterious containers. Through the crystal glass of one, you see a fascinating, violet hued liquid. And you learn part of the startling secret. This liquid has been irradiated by the marvelous Ultra Violet Ray. Special electrical apparatus is required to create this ray... in which the liquid is bathed... and later given its mysterious violet hue. In a second container a pale yellow semi-solid, a secret formula that Lucille Young alone knows... one that other chemists have so far been unable to analyze... one that energizes skin and muscle structure as has never been done before.

**As you watch,** Lucille Young applies these two components of her VILO-RAY TREATMENT.

The Method is EXACT, yet easy when Lucille Young explains it... as she does to all taking the treatment... as she will to you in her Method Directions sent with the ready prepared ingredients. I, myself, have applied the VILO-RAY Treatment, with the same utterly astounding results that Lucille Young achieves.



fect. Think of it! VILO-RAY energizes the capillaries, creating a health influence upon the skin that is marvelous. You can feel VILO-RAY "picking up drooping muscles," firming contours, to need a single treatment, you can actually see the wonderful natural glow in your skin, the erasure of lines, the firming of sagging chins, the smoothing out of contours.

## How VILO-RAY is Sold to You—

**VILO-RAY** is entirely too scientific, too magical, too marvelous, too APPARENT in the results YOU ACTUALLY SEE, to need subterfuge. It doesn't have to hide behind ambiguous promises. In fact it really doesn't have to MAKE ANY PROMISES AT ALL.

**Therefore** you may buy VILO-RAY with the unconditional guarantee that the entire purchase price will be REFUNDED WITHOUT A WORD OF ARGUMENT if you, yourself, simply write in and say "I want my money back." You do not have to explain, give details, or anything else. Lucille Young offers you VILO-RAY as the most marvelous beauty discovery of the age. If YOU do not enthusiastically agree, if you are not so wild about the new beauty you achieve that you want to praise VILO-RAY to the skies, then Lucille Young DOESN'T WANT TO KEEP YOUR MONEY.

## You Do Not Have To Send Money with Order

**You** are cordially welcome to send for VILO-RAY c. o. d., sending no money whatsoever. Then, when VILO-RAY, arrives, simply pay postman \$2.95 (the Special Introductory Price), plus the few cents postage. If you prefer to save the postage, send remittance with order. My Guarantee insures your satisfaction or return of \$2.95 on your "say so."

**THOUSANDS** of Lucille Young's regular patrons have already used VILO-RAY... in their own homes.

**As** nearly every woman knows, Lucille Young serves scores of thousands of patrons all over the world—women who could never come to the Salon. Thousands of these women have been personally advised of the new VILO-RAY treatment by Lucille Young. They have eagerly sent for, and tried, the supreme achievement of their beloved and trusted beauty authority... and their expressions of delight, of amazement, of joy are so extravagant that had I not seen equally amazing things, I could not believe such incredible praise.

## WHO Should Use Lucille Young's VILO-RAY

**Unlike** all other beauty creams, lotions, and specifics, Lucille Young's VILO-RAY Treatment is for both young and old, for those who desire to correct beauty defects; for those who simply wish to become more beautiful.

**VILO-RAY** has the property of energizing, of waking up skin tissues and muscle structure beneath the skin. It makes use of the astounding discoveries of the world famous University of Copenhagen regarding the myriad of tiny blood tubes of the skin called capillaries. The average person has enough of these to equal 60,000 square

LUCILLE YOUNG,  
 351-A Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.  
 Send me your famous VILO-RAY Treatment, complete with instructions and everything to use just as in your Beauty Salon. I understand that if I am not delighted with results, I shall have the full purchase price \$2.95 returned to me by notifying you within ten days and returning any unused VILO-RAY, or even the empty containers.  
 Name.....  
 St. Address.....  
 City..... State.....  
 NOTE: My guarantee makes it convenient to send cash with order, and you then save the postage. If you desire, enclose Special Introductory Price of \$2.95.

*Lucille Young*

# Campfire Grub

## As the Cowboys

### Cook It

Ken Maynard and Buck Jones give you some outdoor cooking specialties that will melt in your mouth. And they're as easy to prepare in the kitchen as at camp

By SUE DIBBLE

**W**HEN it comes to campfire cooking, you can't beat the cowboys, Ken Maynard and Buck Jones. They can prepare you dishes that you'd travel twenty miles on a rough-ridin' burro to eat. When they cook their own special grub (and don't let the boys hear you calling it by any other name) it's going to melt in your mouth.

"Most people don't know there's a difference in outdoor appetites and indoor appetites," says Ken Maynard. "They bring baskets of skimpy little sandwiches, made of white bread and wrapped up pretty in tissue paper. They insult good frying eggs by hard-boiling 'em and stuffing 'em with goo. They bring cakes and sweet pickles and fancy fixings as if a picnic was a pink tea. 'All we need is some ants,' they seem to think, 'and we can have a picnic!' When you're outdoors, you don't want that sort of eats—you want something simple, and fillin' and flavored so's you know you're eatin'!"

Ken ought to know. His barbecues are famous. Once he made a bet—the loser to entertain at dinner. He lost and made his plans to give a formal dinner to four or six, at the most. But when the winner of the bet gleefully called him up on the morning of the dinner to tell him that he had invited seventy guests to his party, Ken didn't bat an eye. He turned his dinner into a barbecue on three hours' notice.

And here is what he gave them:

#### **BAKED BEANS OF THE GREAT OPEN SPACES:**

They're grand if you cook 'em in a hole dug in the ground, but they can be pretty good if they're started the tenderfoot way—over a stove. Soak four cups of navy beans overnight. Drain and boil until beans are soft, but not broken—which usually takes an hour. Then put 'em in bean pots.

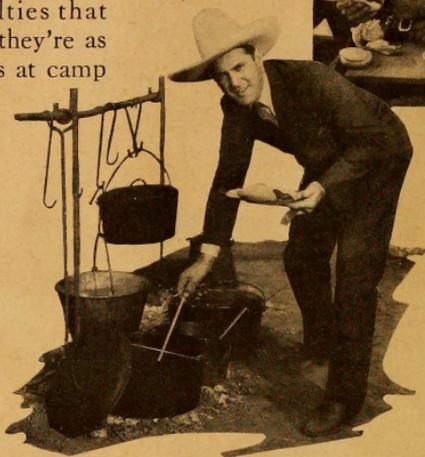
Mix one teaspoonful of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three-fourths teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of dry

mustard and one half-cup of molasses. Add a cup of water. Insert two and a half pounds of salt pork, pour liquid mixture over beans and bake four hours, basting occasionally.

But here's a trick Ken knows—that any cowboy should be ashamed of! If you want to have baked beans for an outdoor barbecue, he says, and hurry things up, there's a way to make canned baked beans taste exactly as though they were bean-holed beans. Pour the contents of as many cans of beans as needed into big baking pans, insert wedges of salt pork two inches square all through the beans, pour the molasses mixture described above over the whole and simmer over the coals of an open fire for an hour. Nobody—except a cowhand—could tell the difference!

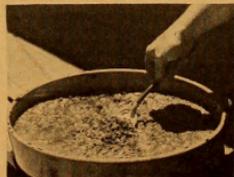
#### **HASH À LA DUDE RANCH:** Brown five pounds of ham-

*(Continued on page 80)*



"Speakin' of grub," says Ken Maynard, rustling up another plateful for himself, "how about some Spaghetti Maynard? Or don't you folks like this hombre's tasty dish?" Up at the top, Buck Jones isn't saying a word—he's just diving into a Cannibal Sandwich, his third in a row

Here's a sizzling panful of Ken Maynard's Baked Beans of the Great Open Spaces—which can be sniffed all of a mile away, even if they are cooked under the fire and not on top of it



And here's a panful of Hash à la Dude Ranch, as it appears before being cooked. Once you smell it frying, you and every other hombre would travel ten miles on a pack-mule to stow it away

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 6)

### The New Brand of Humor

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—We praise the talkies for the masterpieces we have had in the past two years—for Holiday, Disraeli, and all the others. But let us not forget the new brand of humor we have had, instead of the old slapstick. The talkies have made all the difference in the world in our comedies. They have given us Laurel and Hardy; Andy Clyde, Harry Gribbon and Marjorie Beebe; and last and best, Mickey Mouse, Flip, The Frog, and Felix, The Cat. In fact, these last mentioned cartoons are so fascinating that I have many times endured an inane "Feature" in order to see one of the cartoons and felt that the money and time was well spent.

Dorothy Springer.

✻ ✻ ✻

### Sardines or Caviar

OMAHA, NEB.—The neighborhood grocer would not put sardine labels upon his caviar and advertise it as sardines. He knows that the people who buy sardines want sardines and they would not appreciate or like caviar. Instead, he would lose their trust and their trade.

The symphony orchestras do not advertise themselves as jazz bands playing the latest song successes. If they did, they would attract an audience who would be dissatisfied when they heard serious music that they did not understand or like. The people who love symphonic music would not attend. The result would be an empty hall at the next performance.

Everyone recognizes the poor business judgment such actions would imply. Yet producers continue blithely to attach sardine labels to caviar pictures and to exploit jazz band advertising for symphony orchestra themes through sensational titles and pre-showing advertising. Is there any difference?

Isn't it only good business to name pictures in relation to their true nature and to advertise them under the same principles? Then people will not be misled into expecting a different type of picture and consequently be disappointed and producers will find one cause for diminishing movie audiences removed.

E. C. Whelan.

✻ ✻ ✻

### Profitable Adventure

BOULDER, COL.—Since most of us have to get our adventure vicariously, the younger generation is no exception. Consequently, the younger boys' reaction to the type of films being shown is something like this: "Aw, who wants to go to the movies and see a lot of mush?"

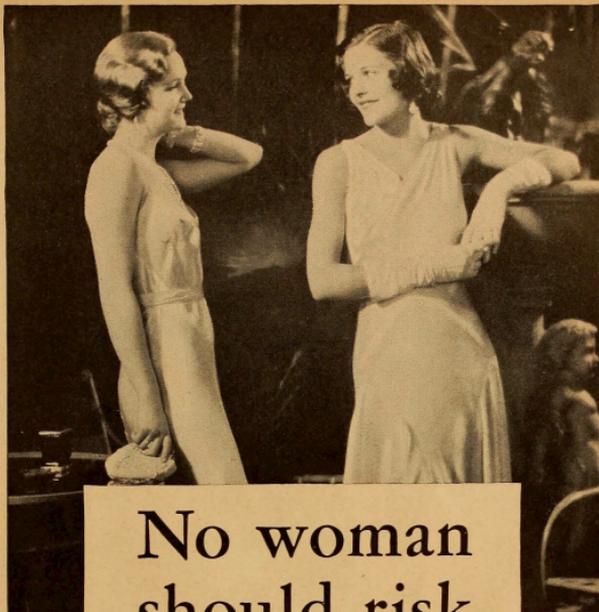
It used to be that errands were eagerly done for movie money. Last summer they were done for miniature golf, summer, and now, for the dozen or so adventure magazines that fill the newsstands.

If the exhibitors want the young folks back in the theater (and I know they do), they will have to give them good clean adventure in which the villain always "bites the dust," and right triumphs over wrong.

The youngsters don't want to go and watch these slow motion affairs with, to them, a meaningless jumble of words. And what do they know or care about the nuances of the present day sophisticated love making as exemplified in most of the films?

However, these youngsters will be the future theater goers. If they become disgusted and turn away now, it will be that much harder to get them back.

So I say again, give the kids some Adventure pictures! Geraldine Wynne.



## No woman should risk unknown substitutes for Kotex

Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection.

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

### Why risk health?

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellulocotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface. The feeling of security that comes with perfect fit, perfect adjustment. And the fact—how important, too—that you can wear Kotex on either side. There's no worry about inadequate protection. No chance of embarrassing situations.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

### IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

*The new Kotex Belt brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Women to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.*

**KOTEX**  
Sanitary Napkins

burger in a little fat over an open fire to get started, then toss into a baking pan. To the fat still left in the frying pan add a tablespoon of flour and a chopped onion. Let it fry slowly and add a cup of broth or water, mixed with a little chopped garlic (Ken warned you food should be flavorsome-out-of-doors), pour over the meat in the baking pan and cook covered for about an hour over the coals. Add two and a half pounds of diced raw potatoes, and salt and pepper. Cook slowly another hour. Add chopped parsley and green pepper.

### SPAGHETTI

**MAYNARD:** The trick to this is the sauce. Add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil to two pounds of strained tomatoes, and a half-cup of water in which a clove or a sliver of garlic has been stewed. Season with salt, pepper, paprika, cayenne, one small green pepper (chopped fine), and a half-cup of grated cheese. This makes sauce enough to mix with two pounds of boiled spaghetti. It should be simmered in a big frying pan for a half-hour.

Buck Jones has a chuck-wagon that he takes on all location trips with him. It's like a model kitchen on wheels. Buck says that all cowboys are drugstore cowboys these days and require their grub cooked modern. But Buck's favorite sandwich, which is always on his outdoor lunch menu, doesn't require any cooking at all. And it's good, too. If you don't believe it, try it yourself. He calls it:

**CANNIBAL SANDWICH:** Mix raw hamburger with salt, pepper, a dash of mustard, and perhaps a bit of Worcestershire sauce. Spread thinly on two slices of buttered bread, put

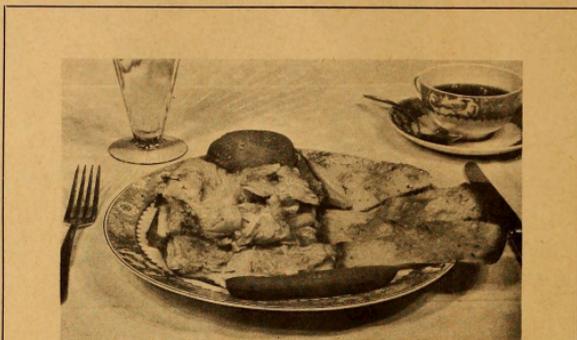
thin shavings of onion between the slices—and warm up over the campfire. With a cup of hot coffee, nothing ever tasted better!

Buck says that no outdoor meal is reg'lar without pancakes.

His recipe: buck-wheat and white flour in equal parts, baking soda and sour milk and a sprinkle of salt. Grease the frying pan with salt pork, get it sizzling hot, and you won't need a tenderfoot invention like a pancake-turner. Just toss 'em over! Molasses is the only fit thing to eat with 'em. If there aren't any of the boys from the ranch around to razz you, though, Buck admits, you can get just as good an effect with ready-mixed pancake flour and save a heap of trouble.

If heathen dishes like chili con carne, chow mein and chop suey find favor with the civilized American palate, Ken and Buck don't see why their favorite dishes can't hit That Empty Spot. When you eat their stuff, you know what you're getting. (The aroma usually tells you.) And what's more, it fills you up. That's the important thing in this age of thin meals—almost as important as the expense, which is practically nothing at all. Even cowboys can afford it.

If you cook outdoors, you don't have a gas bill, which cuts down the expense still more. But if you don't mind having the gas on for a few hours—now that the weather's cooler—there's nothing to stop you from preparing these dishes in your own kitchen. And if you think the neighbors might object—you'll be surprised how many will be pounding on the door to get your recipe.



## The Greta Garbo Sandwich

**KEN MAYNARD** and Buck Jones tell you about some new ways to take the edge off those outdoor appetites. And here, for the sake of contrast, is a woman star's idea of a satisfying sandwich—and one, moreover, that requires no cooking. It is the origination of Greta Garbo, herself—who likes the outdoor life, but has an indoor appetite.

The sandwich has but one layer—of either rye or bran bread.

The ingredients are:

- Sliced imported Prager ham.
- A thick layer of savory mustard.
- A thick layer of mayonnaise.
- Lettuce leaf.

Decorate with thin slices of tomato and sweet pickles.

**NEXT MONTH—THE EVELYN BRENT SANDWICH**



Buck Jones says no outdoor meal is a meal without pancakes—with all the fixings mixed on the spot. And don't take along any pancake-turner. If you aren't a tenderfoot, you can flop 'em over! And then pour on molasses—

Rounding up cattle and boss thieves, a cow-puncher gets hungry. But Buck Jones isn't any man to stay hungry long. He always has a chuck-wagon handy, and all the materials for a Cannibal Sandwich. Look 'em over at the right!



# IN HOLLYWOOD... Screen Stars insure Beauty worth Millions

with this new discovery in  
**MAKE-UP**



KAY FRANCIS, Paramount Player, selecting the correct color harmony shade in *Rouge*, suggested by Max Factor. Photographed at Max Factor's Make-up Studio, Hollywood.

**M**agic effect of new color harmony principle doubles beauty...creates satin-smooth make-up that lasts for hours.

Blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette, alluringly beautified with individualized color harmony in make-up ensemble.

**M**AKE-UP is something different in Hollywood...that is why beauty appears so ravishing, so alluring when a screen star's image of loveliness is flashed on the screen.

You may now discover this difference...for you are offered the secret by the only one who can really reveal it...by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, whose make-up is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios and by 96% of Hollywood's stars.

"Color harmony in cosmetics is the secret of beauty in make-up," says Max Factor. "Off colors ruin beauty. Appear grotesque. Detract from charm. This the motion picture lights and camera proved. So I developed face pow-

KAY FRANCIS featured player in Paramount's "24 Hours."

*Kay Francis writes: "Individuality is what every screen star strives for; therefore, I have my own color harmony in Max Factor's Society Make-Up"*

der, rouge, lip-stick, eye shadow and other requisites on an entirely new principle of cosmetic color harmony.

"Each shade is a color harmony tone...composed of chromatic colors in scientific balance. Each cosmetic is in the harmony scale of colors to blend with the complete color harmony make-up.

No other way is it possible to achieve matchless beauty in make-up...and each type in brunette, blonde, redhead and brown-



CAROLE LOMBARD featured in Paramount's "No One Man"... Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.

ette must have her individualized make-up."

You, like a screen star, may now share this magic in make-up. For you, personally, Max Factor will create the correct color harmony in Society Make-Up for every day...powder, lip-stick, rouge, eye shadow...exactly according to your complexion analysis...a priceless gift!

You'll also receive a copy of his book... "The New Art of Society Make-Up." You'll learn how to make-up a dry skin; how to make-up an oily skin; how to normalize the skin for perfect make-up; how to put on a make-up that lasts for hours; how to make-up the eyes so they appear larger and more colorful. Hollywood's magic of make-up offered to you by Max Factor...mail coupon now.

## MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

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

### COURTESY COUPON

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Compacts...FREE

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-10-45.  
Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamp) to cover cost of postage and handling.)

Name _____	COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
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Address _____	Eye	COLOR LASHES	Div.
	Medium		SKIN
City _____	Buddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
	Dark		Dry
State _____	Sallow	AGE	(Normal)
	Olive	Answer with Check Mark	



Fryer

## HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST BRIDE

Overnight, June Collyer has changed from a dimpled damsel into A Woman That Men Don't Forget. And her rôle as the enchantress in "Alexander Hamilton" must have done things to June, as well as her fans. She up and surprised everybody by capturing Stuart Erwin and eloping

## Tabloid Reviews

(Continued from page 72)

**Salvation Nell**—The none-too-new story of the girl of the shams who redeems her man, acted with moving intensity by Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves (Tiffany).

**The Secret Call**—Peggy Shannon, the newcomer who replaced Clara Bow, makes a big impression in this frail story of a telephone operator who overhears a dangerous call (Par.).

**Secrets of a Secretary**—Again Claudette Colbert isn't married to the right man, but again her adventures on the fringes of society are interesting. You'll like newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa (Par.).

**Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour**—Two of Conan Doyle's mystery stories are combined to reveal the cleverness of his famous detective. An English-made picture, with Arthur Wontner an exciting Holmes (First Division).

**Ships of Hate**—The old thriller of the tramp ship, the lovely girl, the mutinous crew, and the shanghaied hero. Lloyd Hughes and Dorothy Sebastian are satisfactory as the lovers (Monogram).

**Side Show**—Winnie Lightner clicks in a comedy in which she substitutes for several members of a troupe of "freaks" (W. B.).

**Sidewalks of New York**—Buster Keaton's own version of life in the big city—one ridiculous scrape after another. Good Keaton comedy (M-G-M).

**Smart Money**—As the small-town barber who becomes a big-time gambler, Edward G. Robinson turns in another absorbing character study (W. B.).

**The Smiling Lieutenant**—Maurice Chevalier, again with the able help of director Ernst Lubitsch, satirizes romance and royalty. Even the music is gay (Par.).

**Son of India**—Ramon Novarro ushers in another era of turbaned love-makers, with a colorful, but unreal story of the romance of a young Hindu and a white girl (Madge Evans)—(M-G-M).

**Sweepstakes**—If you're interested in horse-racing (and who isn't?) you should enjoy this little tale of life and love around a racetrack—particularly James Gleason's wisecracks (RKO).

**Tabu**—A tense love tragedy of the South Seas, beautifully acted by an all-native cast, directed by the late great F. W. Murnau. Silent, except for musical accompaniment (Par.).

**This Modern Age**—Joan Crawford takes one more fling at the dancing-daughter type of drama and proves she has outgrown it (M-G-M).

**Three Who Loved**—Betty Compson cannot choose between bank-clerks Conrad Nagel and Robert Ames, until one of them gets into trouble. A little different triangle story (RKO).

**Too Many Cooks**—Interfering relatives all but wreck the romance of Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee, who aren't so amusing without Robert Woolsey (RKO).

**Transgression**—While husband Paul Cavanagh goes away for a year, Kay Francis takes up with Ricardo Cortez. The acting is excellent (RKO).

**Traveling Husband**—A trivial comedy-melodrama involving Evelyn Brent, Constance Cummings and two traveling salesmen (RKO).

**The Viking**—A simple, strong story of life on the Labrador coast—part-talking, part sound effects. This is the picture conceived by Varick Frissell, who died in making it (J. D. Williams).

**Wild Horse**—Hoot Gibson makes use of some of his circus experience, in an amusing Western revolving around the adventures of a rodeo outfit. The trained horses are particularly apt to appear to the youngsters (Allied Pictures).

**The Woman Between**—Lily Damita weds an older man, and then has the misfortune to fall in love with her stepson. An interesting story, but lacking action (RKO).

**A Woman of Experience**—Helen Twelvetrees gives her impression of a female spy. She is more satisfying than the story (RKO-Pathé).

**Women Go On Forever**—Coming back to the screen, Clara Kimball Young is seen as the landlady of a dramatic boarding-house. It has its moments (Tiffany).

**Women Love Once**—Eleanor Boardman marries well, but not wisely—yet abides by her bargain. Slow-moving "problem" drama (Par.).

**Young As You Feel**—Will Rogers seeks to cure his sons of their wildness by going wild, himself. Will and his humor are the whole picture (Fox).

# Dorothy Dix SAYS

## "Men fall in love with the womanly woman"

"Dear Miss Dix:

No man has ever asked me to marry him. Other women envy me my good position and fine salary, but I'm missing the real things—love, marriage, and a home.

ELIZABETH F. \_\_\_\_\_"



"CLEVER GIRLS so often forget that men fall in love with the womanly woman.

"Cherish the feeling of femininity—clothes can help you do this. Especially the things that don't show—pretty lingerie, delicate negligees, sheer hose.

"When you put on lacy, colorful, shimmering underthings you can't help but

feel feminine. And this feeling is contagious—others respond to it at once! That's why I am so continually urging every girl to:

1. Buy the prettiest lingerie you can.
2. Keep it color-fresh and charming with LUX.

"Delicate lingerie won't fade or wear out if you wash it in Lux. Ordinary 'good' soaps too often take away a bit of color as they clean, but Lux is especially made to preserve color and to keep fragile things lovely a long, long time.

"MOREOVER, your surroundings can help bring you confidence of charm. Pretty curtains, slip covers, colorful table linens, all form part of the charm spell when kept dainty with magic Lux." Dorothy Dix



Lace-trimmed lingerie of lovely peach satin washed 12 times in Lux—all its beauty of color and texture retained. Colorful and charming as new!

Duplicate lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap—color faded and drab, luster spoiled, lace and satin damaged. No longer dainty!

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER ALONE, IT'S JUST AS SAFE IN LUX

# TANGEE



## Color Magic for Your Lips!

HOW innocent TANGEE looks in its modest gun-metal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

For this is the magic of TANGEE . . . it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion.

TANGEE never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And TANGEE has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, softens and protects.

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

New! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

To match Tangee Lipstick



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

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## The Stormy Petrel of Broadway

(Continued from page 39)

### Here for His Health

"I CAME out here this time because of my health. I went to pieces about eight months ago in New York. I worried myself to the point of a nervous breakdown. I knew I had to get away. So I came out to my California ranch while I rested.

"Being in California, I naturally came to Hollywood to visit Joan and Constance. One day when I was down at Joan's beach house, someone asked me why I didn't stay out here and do pictures. Well, why not? The stage is shot. Audiences are morose and critics are fools. I could pick and choose the stories I wanted to do and I could rest when I did not feel like working. I said: 'And that, Madame, is how I like pictures.'

"The next question that nippy hurled at me was: 'How did I feel about the careers of my kids?' How in the world could I feel about their careers? I'm tickled to death, of course. My kids couldn't be happy away from the profession. Why shouldn't I be glad that Constance is earning fame and fortune and that Joan has a good start? They're successful, aren't they? They've lifted themselves above the common run and made big names for themselves.

"Then this wench said: 'Your daughter Constance is supposed to be very temperamental. Does she get that from you?' That was a laugh, wasn't it? Asking me—! Connie gets her temperament from the Bennetts.

### Connie Earns Her Salt

"GOOD God, why shouldn't she be temperamental? Any actor who is worth his salt, who is sincerely interested in his roles to the extent of worrying about them, hoping about them, giving birth to them is bound to be temperamental. Temperament is no more than an intense desire to give all that is in you, to work your nerves until they are frayed. Constance is an artistically honest kid. She gives one hundred per cent of value for every dollar she's paid. I've worked with her and I know no one works any harder on a picture than my kid.

approval. That's what **Carman Barnes** did, with a throaty little chuckle. He'll probably scratch out the squabs and order broiled lamb chops. It's the height of humor this season for **Paul** to say seriously, when iced consommé is served, "But I can't eat that, you know! Haven't you any bouillon?" It usually elicits a pained smile the first time from the hostess; after that she merely titters.

Smartest man in town is **Roland West**, producer-director. To guard against anyone stealing climax scenes and beating them to another studio, he removes them from script and pockets them. It's disconcerting, though, in reading the scenario, to work up to the big moment and then have a tense sentence tell you: "Other scenes to be added." Leaves you up in the air and gasping.

If it hadn't been for other engagements **Harpo** (Silent) Marx might have been a painter. **Harpo**, when **Neysa McMein** told him she drew three grand for illustrations, rushed out and got a studio, a model (female), a brush, a canvas, and started to paint. After two hours the model yawned,

"If she weren't temperamental, she'd be cheating the men who are paying her that enormous salary—she would be cheating them of her energy. Show me the artist who works hard and I'll show you one who has earned the right to be temperamental.

"Hollywood is a riot to me—the way they tack titles on people. **Connie** is 'temperamental'—**Chaplin's** a 'genius.' That's the greatest fab of Hollywood—'Chaplin's a genius.' Give me another one of your cigarettes. Where the devil do they get that 'genius' stuff about an actor of **Chaplin's** calibre?

### "Debunking" Chaplin

"I TELL you he's lucky that the papers and magazines have perpetuated the myth of his 'great art'—so that people follow like sheep after him now without bothering to question what they are following. When his last picture opened in New York, you would have thought another **Christ** had risen to walk on the water. Yet what did you get for your money's worth—and your hours of standing in line at the box office? *The same old antics and tricks of a vaudevilian who has not changed his character in twenty years!*

"Chaplin has given the world an original conception of a character, just as **Jiggs** in the funny paper is an original character, but he has never created or breathed life into another rôle, into any other rôle. He is a stylist—not a genius. An actor who is a genius is one who creates many characters and breathes the same inspired flame of life into all of them. If any actor of the screen deserves the hand-made title of 'genius' it is **John Barrymore**, who is as convincing as **Dr. Jekyll** as he is as **Mr. Hyde**."

**Mr. Bennett** suddenly floyed over on his face. He had not swooned. He was merely toasting his back. His eyes closed drowsily. "Hollywood's not so bad," he murmured, "if you could just live in it in this grand sunshine among the hills and the trees—and not have to listen to it."

I tiptoed silently toward the elevator shaft. **Mr. Bennett**, I think, was asleep.

## The Hollywood Circus

(Continued from page 12)

walked to the easel and said, "M'Gawd! I could do better myself." **Harpo** handed her the brush. She proved it.

With that **Harpo** picked up his hat and walked to the theater, where he silently put on greasepaint.

### Something to Think About Department

Ten books have been written about **Greta Garbo's** life. And she probably hasn't read any of them. They are in Italian, German, Danish, Spanish, Polish and Swedish . . . **Fitz** **Dorsay** taught French to **Dorothy Mackail** when they were New York chorines. Neither needed lessons in creating engagement rumors . . . **Stymie**, aged six, has taken **Farina's** place in "Our Gang." He was named, need we say? by a gulf enthusiast, Director **Bob MacGowan** . . . Just to be different, **Georgie Bancroft** is summering in town and wintering at the beach. There are all ways of outwitting objectionable week-end guests . . . **Karon Morley's** real name is **Mildred Linton**. She's a bet either way . . . So is **Madge Evans** . . . **Pola Negri's** toes and fingernails match her lips . . . Closing thought: they'll be chewing betel nuts yet.

## News And Gossip Of The Studios

(Continued from page 37)

**GRANT WITHERS** fell off a merry-go-round horse at the beach and knocked out two teeth.

**CARMAN BARNES** is going to write a novel of Hollywood. Let's hope it is not based on her own experiences in the movies. There will be too many blank pages—where nothing happened.

### FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD Beauties You Never Hear Of:

Virginia Bushman Conway, the lovely wife of Jack Conway, who directs John Crawford's pictures. Virginia is a statuesque brunette.

Mary Ford, wife of John Ford, the Fox director. Mrs. Ford is a dusky brunette with the features of a madonna.

Tove Blue, the tall, titian-haired wife of Monte Blue.

Athole Hawks, wife of Howard Hawks and sister of Norma Shearer. Many people consider Athole lovelier than Norma.

Betty Montgomery, the cute and pretty wife of the famous Bob.

Sylvia Sidney's stunning and youthful-looking mother.

**NOW** Jimmie (Press-Agent) Fidler and his young wife, Dorothy Lee, are separated. Eight months after they were married. Several weeks ago, Dorothy ingeniously confided to an acquaintance at the Deauville Club: "Yes, I'm married at present, but I am going to get a divorce as soon as I've been married a little longer so it will look better. And then I'm going to marry—" Here she mentioned a famous local athlete. But since this young man may not have heard of his impending happiness yet, we will leave him nameless. This will be Dorothy's third marriage—if she keeps her word. She is twenty.

**GARY COOPER** went to Europe alone, carrying two suitcases. He says he wanted "to think." "I haven't done that for four years," said Gary with his slow smile. He wandered about Italy on foot, using Naples as a starting point. Not much like the way most stars travel, but the traveler's way.

Rumor says he and Tallulah Bankhead exchanged frequent cables.

**DIRECTOR JAMES CRUZE** is so excited by the efforts of two of the leading fan magazines to get Fatty Arbuckle a second chance on the screen that he is thinking of calling a mass meeting of Arbuckle sympathizers and well-wishers and giving them a dinner, to talk over ways and means of helping the once-most-popular comedian of them all. And now we hear that E. W. Hammons, boss of Educational Comedies, will star Fatty in a two-reeler.

**SWIMMING** at Laura La Plante's beach house the other afternoon, we met John Wayne with his wife, one of the prettiest of the movie wives. Also Grant Withers, with blonde Estelle Bradley, who seems to be consoling Grant somewhat for Loretta Young's filing divorce proceedings. At least, he was calling her "honey" and she was calling him "dearie"—and what does that mean in Hollywood, as well as everywhere else in the world? They do say that Ricardo Cortez is consoling Loretta.

(Continued on page 87)



This unpleasant job ended forever by . . .

## KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES

**NO** one likes to wash handkerchiefs. It's the most unpleasant task imaginable. Why do it?

There's no longer any necessity whatever for any woman to perform this disagreeable task. Kleenex costs so little, and it's sold the country over.

### Wonderful in many ways

Kleenex is a remarkably soft tissue, the size of a handkerchief. It's gentler than any handkerchief, and scientific tests prove it's nearly twice as absorbent.

Due to the very low cost, each tissue is used just once, then destroyed. This not only saves washing. It prevents self-infection from germs in handkerchiefs. And permits a clean, fresh tissue each time.

Kleenex is particularly valuable during hay fever and colds, when a dry handkerchief is so necessary to comfort.

### Other uses

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

Motorists like to keep a package in the car. Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages, to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The convenient package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

*"I protect my complexion by using Kleenex to remove cold cream."*



BLANCHE SWEET

"Many women do not realize that the skin may look clean, while it contains dangerous dirt, held in by cleansing cream that has not been completely removed. I have found Kleenex absorbs better than anything I have ever used."

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.	
Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.	
Name	_____
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In Canada address 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.	

**KLEENEX** Disposable  
TISSUES

# The Girl Who Was Not Scared of Garbo

(Continued from page 66)

her. She is so overwhelmingly famous, you know. I didn't know whether I should wait for her to speak to me—whether or not we were to be formally introduced—whether I was to nod to her as we passed on our way to and from the sets. The first two days, nothing happened. The third day of the picture we were introduced and while we did not become chums, I found Miss Garbo cordial and really very nice to work with.

"She isn't the kind of star who sits on the set, watching to see that no member of her supporting cast rates an extra close-up. When she is finished with her scenes, she retires to her dressing-room to study lines—and leaves the rest of the cast in the hands of the director. She's gorgeous at minding her own business. I tried to follow the good example she set by minding mine, too," laughed Karen.

The kool, kalm Karen first saw the light of day in Ottumwa, Iowa, and lived there for thirteen years before coming to Los Angeles and the Hollywood High School. Her health was delicate and her mother and father believed the sub-tropical climate of Southern California would be more beneficial to their only child than the drastic winters and summers of Iowa. At least, they hoped to get Karen's lovely patrician nose out of books for a little while. She was, and still is, an inveterate reader, particularly fond of plays and poetry.

Hollywood happened to her in the beginning as a mildly interesting little suburban town with tree-shaded streets, warm afternoons for tennis on the high-school grounds, even warmer evenings under the stars at the Hollywood Bowl, and a very interesting dramatic class at school to which she devoted a great deal of her time.

Karen brought her high-school dra-

matic activities along with her to college. Around the campus her histrionic ability earned her considerable reputation as "an actress." This was no surprise to Karen. She had been thinking of herself as a stage actress for a long time.

Her successful reign as a big frog in a small puddle gave her added confidence to step out during summer vacation and see what she could do for herself in engagements in local stage productions.

Elsie Ferguson's show, "Mirage," gave her a first real chance—"if you can call 'ten lines to speak' a real chance," she added. "My part was so small none of the critics noticed me—but I did somehow manage to attract the attention of an agent, who came backstage to visit me after the show and asked if I would be interested in working in pictures if he could secure an opportunity for me.

"Until that time I hadn't thought of the movies—that is, for myself. I had no reason to believe I would photograph well.

"Two weeks after the Ferguson show closed, I received a call from my friend, the agent, to make a test for M-G-M for a rôle in Greta Garbo's picture. I considered it more of a private test to find out for myself whether or not I really had a chance on the screen—than an opportunity to get started so soon."

Around the lot they will tell you that Karen's first test was startlingly effective. She read lines like a seasoned troupier. Her voice came with husky intensity over the sound track. Her face, through the eye of the camera, was different, arresting. She wasn't the pretty-pretty type, but she had something far more rare in a girl so young—distinction, and an almost uncanny pose. Clarence Brown, Greta's director at that

time, was so impressed by her test that he signed her immediately for "Inspiration"—and here is Karen with three pictures, the Garbo film, "Never The Twain Shall Meet," "Politics," and an M-G-M contract all within six brief months.

Now she is to play the leading feminine rôle in Howard Hughes' production of "Scarface," opposite Paul Muni. Of "all" the rôles she has played so far, Karen looks on this as her greatest opportunity.

"The girl is a tart," she explained. "I play her hard-boiled and tough in a blonde wig. I hope the Powers-That-Be on the home lot drop around to see that picture so that I will not continually be cast as a Mis-understood Young Thing. Ingénue parts are a terrible handicap. I don't see that there is any particular reason why I should be stuck with them."

Karen's interest in the movies is confined exclusively to her work upon the screen. The Coconut Grove, the tea dances at the Roosevelt, the premières, and all the eligible young men are just going to have to struggle along without her. Only one concession has Karen so far made to being the type—and it hasn't turned out so well.

"After watching the antics of several stars," she explained, "I came to the conclusion that it is quite as necessary to be popular around the studio—as it is on the screen. Well, I've done my best to become the pal of the prop-boys and the electricians. I've gone through all sorts of antics to prove I am a good scout—but," she shrugged a slim shoulder as she laughed, "I guess it isn't in me. Yesterday a girl in the casting office told me she heard I was high-hat!"

High-hat, or merely reserved, Karen Morley's having no trouble keeping cool these warm days.

## Beech-Nut Gum

*The best proposal  
between smokes..*

You'll enjoy chewing Beech-Nut Gum between smokes. Its clear, cool flavor refreshes your taste sense—makes every smoke taste better—as good as the first smoke of the day. Motorists find that chewing gum relieves the tension of driving. Remember always, there is no gum so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co. Also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint,  
Wintergreen and  
Spearmint Flavors



**MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER**

## News And Gossip Of The Studios

(Continued from page 85)

**HARRISON CARROLL** quotes Richard Dix as making this caustic dig at his own profession: "You know, actors are all punch-drunk from banging themselves with powder puffs!" Rich and RKO are reconciled again—and the rumor that Charles Bickford would replace Dix on the studio's schedule is laid to rest. Militant Charlie is reported on the outs again with M-G-M.

**PERHAPS** Lila Lee and Johnny Farrow will not be able to marry this fall as they planned. The government has been showing an annoying interest in how John entered the country, and now it looks as though the marriage may have to be postponed on account of the absence of a bridegroom. If, as friends quote John as telling them, he was a sailor on an Australian vessel and "jumped ship" in San Francisco, it is a wonder that he has managed to remain as long as he has in Hollywood. In spite of passport worries, however, John has sold one of the studios the idea of making a picture of California and its inhabitants twenty thousand years ago. He attended a scientific convention recently and got the idea from the speech of an anthropologist.

**LILA** and Maureen O'Sullivan were swimming in the same pool at the Garden of Allah the other day. It's a small pool—but they managed not to see each other, while the reason for their coolness, Johnny Farrow, sat on the edge of the pool. Maureen, by the way, is stepping out a bit these days with Russ Gleason, who's also attentive to Mary Brian.

**W**onder if Greta Nissen really does cut her hair herself—as her friends claim?

**MOVIE** stars are backing the newest air venture, a three-planes-a-day line to Reno, called "The Star Line." Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Harding, Reginald Denny and other big stars have invested in this, and stand to make a lot of money—so long as Reno is the new whoopee town for the movie colony. *Agu Caliente*—so the story goes—was instrumental in closing the gorgeous casino at Ensenada by refusing to allow good auto roads to be built to this new resort, but Caliente can't do anything about Reno! They say that Southern California is worried at seeing all the amusement money leaving for Nevada and is considering entering the competition by making new gambling laws—but until they make new divorce laws also, they won't be in the running. For "Combine business and pleasure" is the motto of the merry Reno boosters.

**MAE CLARKE** played in "Waterloo Bridge" at Universal—and Henry Freulich, the photographer, took her picture. He made Mae look lovely. She was grateful—that's one version. She made a marvelous subject, he was interested—that's another. Anyway, they're now engaged.

**HARRY BANNISTER** went to the fights at Reno without Ann Harding, who hates fights. The next day Hollywood told in the minutest detail how Ann was leaving Harry because when she tuned in the radio at home she heard the announcer at the fight arena call, "Folks, here comes

(Continued on page 91)

# Beautiful Betty Compton

## Shows How to Keep Young or Get Young

### Amazing Beauty Secret Takes Hollywood by Storm

Betty Compton is one of the many Hollywood beauties who look as young today as they did 10 years ago. They credit their un fading youthful skin and the absence of lines and wrinkles to Sem-pray.

Miss Compton says: "An actress who has discovered Sem-pray doesn't need to spend much time on beauty treatments. It takes only a minute or two to apply and the results are a soft, fresh skin. What more could the most elaborate beauty treatments do?"



Betty Compton, whose flawless, unlined skin brings admiration everywhere. She uses and recommends Sem-pray to those who wish to maintain or regain youth and beauty. At left—Betty Compton, Conrad Nagel and Dickie Moore in a scene from Radio Picture "THREE WHO LOVED."

## How Women Famous for Lovely Skin Looked Young and Pretty When Old Try Their Secret FREE

Sem-pray is different from any beautifying and youthifying cream you ever used. It cleanses, clears, softens, youthifies and beautifies the skin as no ordinary creams ever have. Sem-pray ends wrinkles, age-lines. Reduces large pores. Pimples, blackheads, and red spots go. This one cream does the work of several different creams, lotions and skin tonics, and does it better.

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REV. MATTHEW,

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## The Favorite Stars—As Picked by the Studios

(Continued from page 41)

picture and while the few who know him like him immensely, he didn't poll a particularly high vote in the total.

It is for essentially the same reason that we must leave United Artists out of our considerations in this popularity contest. Nearly every star at "the all-star studio" has a separate production unit. As individuals for the pay-checks, it is difficult to obtain unbiased opinions.

All we can do is to mention the special enthusiasm with which the United Artists bunch speak of Gloria Swanson, Ronald Colman and Chester Morris; the regrets they express at Norma Talmadge's retirement; and the pleasure they evince over the fact that Billie Dove is now working there. Mary and Doug, we're sorry to report, are thought to have gone a bit too swanky, what with dukes, earls and things.

So out to Universal City, where praise runs rampant for the sweetness of Bette Davis, the charm of Lois Wilson, and the trouping of Lucille Browne. JOHN BOLES is the unquestioned idol of the day. A fine fellow, John—gracious, thoughtful, kind, considerate. A pleasure to work with him. Slim Summerville is a great guy too.

Young Lew Ayres has gone a bit sulen on them. Arguing about his contract, he rode rough-shod over the gang. Refused to cooperate and spent his time on the set by himself, being moody over in one corner. It was such a change from the nice kid he used to be that his fellow-workers resented it. Said stardom had gone to his head.

Genevieve Tobin hasn't as many friends as she might have if she were a little more gracious. Rose Hobart and Sidney Fox are accused of unnecessary temperamental outbursts. Universal likes to be thought of as one big family which, as a matter of fact, it is.

### Where Powell Reigns Supreme

ON our way into town, we'll stop off at Warner Brothers-First National. Here our old friend, WILLIAM POWELL, is monarch of all he surveys. Bill went out of his way to make friends when he first came to the studio from Paramount—made it his business to learn the names of everybody. The reserve of David Manners was a drawback to immediate popularity, but now that they know him, they like him.

George Arliss, Richard Barthelme and John Barrymore are prime favorites with their own units. As a rule, they work with the same crews and do not mix very much with others. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is likewise withdrawing from general contacts.

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon are extremely popular. Winnie Lightner has jovially won a large following who enjoy her good-humored antics. Joan Blondell is a jolly good fellow and Dorothy Mackaill has a host of friends among her co-workers.

Marilyn Miller's habit of not caring about whom she makes clever, but barbed remarks has estranged many folks who once liked her. Edward G. Robinson and Joe E. Brown are thought egotistic. Nor is Loretta Young particularly beloved. But it is Constance

Bennett who arouses hearty antipathy. She has the same talent as her sister, Joan, for making herself unpopular.

Yet when we journey out to Pathé in Culver City, we find Connie is better liked on her home lot. Perhaps she misbehaves only when she is at other studios. Stories of difficulties with a high-balled Miss Bennett, we recall, were prevalent when she was on loan to Metro and Fox, as well as First National.

At Pathé, the unquestioned queen is ANN HARDING. She holds everyone within her charm. Helen Twelvetrees has settled down considerably since her marriage and is winning a host of new friends. The sweetness of Marion Shilling is a strong factor in her popularity.

Among the men, James Gleason, Bill Boyd and Eddie Quillan are running a dead heat, with Robert Armstrong a serious contender.

And so we move on to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the last studio on our list. Here, for the first time, the pass system catches up with us. We have talked with not more than forty people when we are summoned into an executive office and asked to forget M-G-M in our popularity poll, please. Too many questions on a lot to invite internal dissension by finding who is most popular. And well we can believe it from the indications of even our comparatively brief survey.

Marion Davies and Norma Shearer were running neck-and-neck in the balloting. MARIE DRESSLER, however, was leading them both. Marie is universally loved, as is her team-mate, Polly Moran. Then, too, Marjorie Rambeau was making a strong bid for one so new on the lot.

### Joan Has Slipped a Little

JOAN CRAWFORD, though, wasn't doing so well. Joan has changed radically in recent months—the influence of Doug, Jr., they say. Gone artistic. And they don't like the new Joan half so well as the old.

JOHN MILJAN was mentioned by everyone with whom we talked. A fine fellow, they all agreed. Lawrence Tibbett rated high with the ladies and Wallace Beery swept the field with the men. Robert Montgomery is coming back from a partial eclipse caused by his going slightly Hollywood. Reginald Denny, Conrad Nagel, Neil Hamilton, Jean Hersholt—all have their champions. Billy Bakewell is a dandy kid. Ramon Novarro? "Sweet"—an adjective also used by Dorothy Jordan and Johnny Mack Brown. Anita Page appeals to the older people, Hedda Hopper to the younger ones.

Even at her own studio, Greta Garbo remains the unknown factor she is elsewhere. John Gilbert has likewise kept more to himself since talking pictures came in. He feels deeply the partial loss of his once-great drawing power at the box-office.

While Garbo and Gilbert are but slightly known on the lot, William Haines is perhaps too well known. His continual wisecracking has offended many people who have been the victims of his jokes.

And that completes our quest for Hollywood's most popular players—for the present. Perhaps six months from now the tide will turn in other directions. Who can tell? But one thing is certain. It takes the studio workers (the men and women who work around the lots) to know the stars. The public may have its illusions and place its favorites on high pedestals—but it's the men and women who work on the sets who can tell you, truly, whether the stars belong on high pedestals or not.

## Acting Is Woman's Work

(Continued from page 49)

He likes to know what he is doing. So do you. He looks like an English conception of a young college professor.

He is thin and blond and nervous and wears horn-rimmed glasses, because he is so near-sighted he can't see an inch ahead of him. He peers at his food when he eats.

He might be called homely by those untrained in observation of fine bone structure and sensitively-modeled features. He is certainly no Gilbert, no Colman, no Brook. He is, more, a Roland Young.

He says, "If people only understood our physical disabilities, perhaps they would judge us differently."

We were talking about Garbo, and Dietrich and Bow and others. He believes that people are as they are, do what they do, because of the flesh-and-blood machines they inhabit. In his own case, it is nerves. He suffers from nerve exhaustion. (A vital statistic.) By the end of a day he is so fatigued, so extremely exhausted, that he must get away from people. He does. And he is called temperamental, high-brow and a poor mixer.

### What His Children Do for Him

HE has never delved into mystic matters, despite "Outward Bound" and "Berkeley Square."

Hours of play with his children do more to re-vitalize him, re-animate him—than any diversion he can imagine. He has the gift of becoming a child again. I mean, really a child. And his children know that another child, an enchanting child has come to play, and they are enchanted. They love him. Which is his only belief in any form of reincarnation. Children can give us our childhoods again.

He wants to be a recluse, a hermit. People jade his nerves. Which is why he wants to be a writer. So he can work alone.

I suggested to him that he play "Jude, the Obscure." He liked the suggestion. He added "And I know the Hardy country—"

He is absent-minded. You have to prompt him. "You were saying—?"

He hasn't any friends among the picture people.

He never goes to parties, never gives them.

He isn't interested in women (another very vital statistic). Perhaps he is, but doesn't know it.

A pretty girl spoke enthusiastically to him from across the studio luncheon. He responded gallantly. When he had finished, he peered across at me and said, "Who is that person? I couldn't see—"

He thinks Hollywood is a tragic town. He wishes somebody would dip his pen in heart-break and farce and shadow and light and write about it.

He believes that life is more important than art. More important to live in flesh and blood than to create in paint or powder.

He is afraid of Death—and somewhat afraid of life.

He is playing opposite Ann Harding at Pathé at this writing. He admires Ann. His admirations for women are impersonal and abstract.

He says, more definitely than he says anything else, "My family mean more to me than anything in the world."

He is a gentleman—another very quaint Vital Statistic.

#### Did You Know That—

Other stars who are thinking of leaving the screen are  
Bertha Stanowyc?  
Charles (Buddy) Rogers?  
John Barrymore?



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# Famous Oriental Stars Return To The Screen

(Continued from page 45)



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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to destroy it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring, use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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word of German. Emil Jannings benevolently advised her to answer "Nein" to everything—to be on the safe side.

Less than two years later, she spoke German so perfectly in her first talkie, "The Flame of Love," that critics accused her of having a double for the dialogue.

During her first stage appearance, in "The Circle of Chalk" in London, the King's sister came to congratulate her personally, behind the scenes.

"Sometimes it happens," said Anna May, "that when you are very happy within yourself, you radiate that feeling and attract happy people to you. I had a very marvelous time socially in London. Many of the finest people became my friends and were wonderful to me."

Once for two weeks she didn't have to buy herself a single meal.

She made speeches in Chinese, and sat next to Noel Coward at a luncheon.

She visited Paris and learned to speak French. She was mobbed by adoring crowds in Berlin.

She was even used as publicity for the *Graf Zeppelin*, which transported four pigeons to her brother in Los Angeles.

Anna May found absolutely no race prejudice in Europe.

"That's one reason why I was so happy there. Of course, it depends a lot upon who you are. People who might ordinarily have racial feeling would make an exception in the case of a celebrity. But there everyone was lovely to me."

"That is not different does it make?" asks Anna May. "People like that—who would be rude and unkind—I wouldn't wish to know anyway, so it doesn't matter."

### "It's Fun While It Lasts"

"I COULDN'T give up my career, because I feel it is really drawing China nearer, and making it better understood and liked. And I also love the fame and the fun. It may not last long, but it's nice in the meantime. And I take all the fun with it. Some famous people say, 'Oh, I know I'm just invited because I'm So-and-So. They don't like me for myself.' I know they're asking me because I'm Anna May Wong, but I turn the tables on them—I go, and I enjoy myself."

"People tell me I've changed so since my European experience, and that I don't look like a Chinese girl any more. I believe the mind and spirit show through the features. My face has changed because my mind has changed. I think like the people of the West—except in some moments of despair and stress. Then I fall back on Oriental philosophy, which is to accept not to resist. There's no use to struggle. That philosophy gets you through a lot of tight places."

The same philosophy has taken Sessue Hayakawa through tighter places than any that Anna May has experienced. Sessue's star began to set in Hollywood just as Anna

May's was beginning to rise. The old folks and some precocious young ones remember when Sessue and Fanny Ward were the sensation of the screen in "The Cheat." That was in 1915 when he was a Paramount star. Later he produced his own pictures and, as is usually the case, failed.

There were several things Sessue had been wanting to do for many years. He had always wanted to revisit Japan, where he was born. He had always wanted to appear on the New York stage. And he had always wanted to go to Europe.

### Hayakawa Makes No Plans

"NEVER make any plan," said Sessue. "I want to do something here, pack up night before and go. Never plan ahead."

So, strictly without planning ahead, he packed up the night before and did all these things in careful succession. He went to Chiba, where he was born, and where he was destined by a political heritage to become the mayor, or something. He went to New York, and appeared in a play called "The Tiger Lily." He went to Paris and made a very successful picture called "The Battle," in which they used seventeen warships, which seemed to be a matter of great pride to Mr. Hayakawa. He learned to speak French.

He went to London, to give a command performance before the King and Queen of England—a very great honor. He also made two pictures in London.

He returned to France and wrote a novel.

He went to Monte Carlo, and in one evening lost his entire fortune—four hundred thousand dollars. That was something he did not plan ahead.

He returned to New York and made more money playing in "The Love City" and touring in vaudeville.

Then he returned to Japan, where he smashed a national tradition. In Japan, professions are hereditary. Hayakawa was the first man not of a theatrical family to appear on the Japanese stage. He translated English plays into his native language, and staged them in European dress. "Seventh Heaven," and others he knew would appeal to the idealistic and beautiful mind of the Japanese. He was profitably engaged in this when the cable came from Paramount, asking him to play in "Daughter of the Dragon."

"Was planning new play," said Mr. Hayakawa. "Didn't think it wise to come. But after exchanging my cable twenty cables, I consented."

Sessue Hayakawa is rich again, with the self-confidence and poise of Anna May Wong. But unlike her, he is past youth, and his character is set definitely and permanently in the Eastern mold.

The moral of this story is—plan everything ahead, carefully, painstakingly, cleverly. But pretend you're just letting things take care of themselves. That seems to be the Oriental secret of success.

### Did You Know That—

Valentin Parara, Grace Moore's new husband, was one of a group of Spanish actors imported to Hollywood for Spanish versions—and never used?

England's fans are getting all excited about Elissa Landi—which they never did while she was over there?

Al Jolson's latest bright one is: "Things are so bad around New York that they're imitating Eddie Cantor."

Atlantic City harbors an ambition to be "the Hollywood of the East"?

Joel McCrea thinks Constance Bennett and the Marquis are going to marry? (Hein's divorce from Gloria Swanson is final November 7.)

## News And Gossip Of The Studios

(Continued from page 87)

Harry Bannister with his beautiful blonde wife!" Except for the fact that the fights weren't broadcast from Reno, and that Ann didn't turn on her radio all the evening the report was correct—except for the blonde!

**DIRECTOR** Norman Taurog, famous as being the uncle of Jackie (*Skipper*) Cooper takes a great interest in youngsters. Talking to Jackie (*Sid Sawyer*) Searl, Taurog asked, "Jackie, what is your ambition?"

"Aw," said Jackie, sagely, "I haven't got any ambition. I just want to be a director."

**AN** English newspaper cabled the office: "Report here that Garbo planning to elope with King Victor in October. Is this true?" Do people set dates for elopements, we wonder? Besides, there's the little matter of King's already having a wife, and by the way they look and act together on King's new yacht, there doesn't seem much prospect of Eleanor Boardman's consenting to King's elopement with another lady, even the great Garbo.

**WHEN** Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s stage play, "The Man in Possession," opened at a local theater, the audience was composed equally of movie stars and movie fans come to watch the movie stars. It was interesting to note that though all the celebrities got a hand when they strolled down the aisle, it was Marlene Dietrich who brought down the house when she trailed in with little Josef Von Sternberg in her wake. Enthusiastic fans stormed after her down to the orchestra seats and leaving across Joan Crawford, who sat beside her, begged Marlene to sign their programmes for them!

"**ALL** the women in Hollywood," says Hale Horton, "are turkeys. All you hear from them these days is 'Gable, Gable, Gable!'"

**THE** prospect of the Howard Hughes-Billie Dove romance culminating in a wedding seems remote. It is said by people who know them both that they are not engaged now—indeed, it is even rumored that young Mr. Hughes is interested in one of Hollywood's most flaming flappers (Lillian Bond, if you must know). But he is doing well by Billie's new picture, which is finally almost completed after five high-salaried dialogue writers tinkered with the lines.

**LILYAN TASHMAN** and Edmund Lowe have their friends puzzled as to what to give them for their new beach house. Everything in the house from the carpets to the kitchen pans is red-and-white. Whether it was the idea of interior-decorator Harold Grieve or of his wife and helpmate, Jetta Goudal, I don't know—but it is an amazing place. The drawing-room has curtains of white table linen edged with red, the divan is covered with red linen striped with white, and the white chairs are upholstered in white leather, trimmed with red braid. Even the floor is white linoleum stippled with red. Red-and-white beach umbrellas and hammocks carry out the scheme outside on the beach, and Lilyan wears red-and-white sports clothes. Ilka Chase brought her a present of red-handled fruit knives with white glass blades. It takes talent shopping for things like that!

(Continued on page 104)

# A NEW AUTUMN FACE FOR YOU

To assure the success of your new Autumn clothes—especially those revealing tilted hats—follow Helena Rubinstein's advice. This greatest of beauty specialists prescribes here a timely home treatment which clarifies and youthifies your skin almost instantly. And she suggests make-up which will enhance your personality as if by magic. The sooner you use these remarkable beauty creations, the sooner will you see your new *Autumn Face*!

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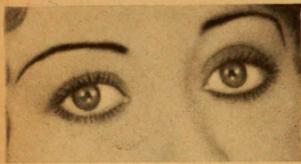
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# The Big Little Girl Who Came From Broadway

(Continued from page 59)

Rose in "Street Scene." The doctors feared she would not be able to walk for four weeks. Two weeks later she limped into the Blossom Room—to dance. You will see her in the picture.

She says: "Just what is one to do—keep aloof in hopes of the Real Thing, or experiment, looking for it? Neither way is satisfactory. Doing the first, one is apt to miss it entirely; and the second is apt to spoil everything by too many mistakes."

At sixteen she obtained her first chance in the professional theater. Her salary was one hundred and fifty dollars a week. She went out and bought a leopard-skin coat for three hundred dollars. The play ran for two weeks. She still has the coat.

She is at her best in a house-dress, with her hair in what I believe is known as a washerwoman's knot. When she gets all fixed up in furs and hats and wraps and things, she looks like a sub-deb on the way to her first luncheon at the Ritz. Too, probably because she realizes how striking she then is, she is apt to become a bit grand when dressed up.

And when she gets grand she may at any moment drag herself up and exclaim, "This is all too bore-making!" in a voice that would make Ethel Barrymore cringe. But the next instant she probably will grin and say, "Don't you think Ivor Novello is a nice guy?" Her mind works like that.

She goaled New York in her first real dramatic opportunity, in "Crime," in which also appeared Robert Montgomery, James Rennie, Kay Francis, Kay Johnson, Chester Morris and Kent Douglass—all now in pictures. This show made both her and Douglass, as the young lovers.

## How She Reached Hollywood

THEN for the next four years, although she gradually became the highest-paid young actress in the business, she did not have one successful play. Until "Bad Girl," in which Ben Schulberg saw her, and after which he lured her to Hollywood to replace Clara Bow in "City Streets."

She says: "People in the theatrical business worry too much about everything that pertains to it. When a thing itself isn't important, how can its details be?"

Despite all the money she has made during the past few years, she hasn't saved a cent. Financially, she is now just where she was when she started. Because she has a mad yen for whatever she wants when she wants it—no matter what the cost.

But now she has decided to be more cautious, to save. Money, she feels, will set her free. It will give her the chance to do

all the things she has not done. Travel. To have leisure for thought. To have time to get acquainted with herself, to know another life than that of the theater.

At the Paramount studio she has been assigned the dressing-room recently vacated by Clara Bow. This is significant. Traces of Clara's habitation are so recent that it still is a fantastic chamber of red and gilt and brocade, with "Rex" carved into the dressing-table. Presently, however, it will be somewhat toned down.

Sylvia says: "It is perfectly possible for a young and healthy person, terrifically emotional in her work and looking a regular Sheba, to be contented with a celibate private life."

In Hollywood the thing that she misses most is her New York habit of window-shopping on Fifth Avenue at night. She looks forward with regret to the rapidly approaching day when it will be impossible for her to mosey around the street looking at things, without a crowd looking at her.

Women glare at her mistrustfully. Men gaze. That's fine with her; she is not interested in her own sex. She will look at a group of women hunching together and murmur: "Gosh, I don't get that at all. What fun can it be? I can't see it."

When she is working, she goes to bed at seven-thirty. When she is between pictures, she may not go to bed at all. She is fascinated by needlepoint and works over it for hours at a time. She likes sun-baths, modern music, and the idea of having a baby.

She lives on one of the highest hills in Hollywood, where her balcony offers a view all the way to the sea. Ronald Colman lives nearby. And Ann Harding. And close, too, is the house where dwelt that unfortunate genius, F. W. Murnau.

Her living-room is high, wide and handsome. It is flanked by a den full of books, mostly by the more brilliant and exotic of the moderns. Here also are caricatures of her cute, heart-shaped face by the late Ralph Barton, and life-masks of it by Richard (Tol'able David) Cromwell.

She uses no other make-up than the blue eyelash pencil and a red, fragrant lipstick. She is an ardent mimic, and gives imitations with an uncanny vividness.

She lives with her mother, who is the youngest and prettiest of all the mothers of film stars. Sylvia was twenty years old this August, and like most people born under the sign of Leo, is generous, warm-hearted, gay and impulsive. Until she is aroused. And then—

She is to be watched for—and out for!



Ann Harding and Harry Bannister see their new six-passenger plane loaded with gasoline. Wonder where they're going now!

# Look Out, Hollywood! Here Comes Helen Hayes!

(Continued from page 27)

suggestion. As a matter of fact, she was the last person who knew anything about it.

"'Coquette' was playing in Los Angeles when the doctor told me I must stop work at once, and the play, after running eighty weeks, was closed overnight. It's a rule of Actors Equity that when a play closes, the cast is entitled to a week's notice or a week's pay. The manager tried to get out of paying it through a clause in the ruling that reads, 'except in case of fire, riot, or an act of God.'

"He had the brilliant idea, when the matter was brought into court, of claiming that the baby was an act of God, and therefore he was not responsible. He might as well have called it 'riot.' That would have covered the situation just as well. "He lost the case, but all the newspapers in the country took up the slogan and the damage had been done."

Meanwhile, Helen was cloistered in Hollywood, and as she wasn't a newspaper reader, it was easy for Charlie MacArthur to keep the facts from her. She knew nothing about it until a friend in New York wired her, saying cryptically, "It is the New Messiah."

"I pondered over that a long while, and then I thought, 'Well, he was a nice man, but he's simply gone crazy.' I showed the wire to Charlie and told him what I feared for our friend. Then, of course, he had to confess all that had happened.

## The Start Her Daughter Had

"I WAS appalled—I, who had intended to be so secretive about my baby. I wasn't going to tell the newspapers about her at all. And there was my Big Secret getting into the funny pages! It did, literally—people drew cartoons about it. The New York press was full of it. I was horrified, and I still am.

"And incidentally, it made an awful fool of Charlie."

Little Mary MacArthur, says her mother, will not be an actress. For one thing, it would mean that she would have to be away from home a great part of the time, and Charlie wouldn't like that. He has seen enough of it in Helen's own case. And Helen, herself, is weary of travel. Her ambition now is to earn and save enough to retire. You suspect she would like to write.

Next to her husband and that baby, Helen likes backgammon. She admits to being one of the finks.

"They say it's taking the place of sex on Long Island," she laughs. "Instead of wandering out into the night and necking and carrying on, people stay inside and get excited over their betting.

"But backgammon will probably never have the vogue sex has, because it's more expensive. Especially now, sex has the advantage of being the one pleasure left that's free. It's the most unflinching topic of conversation, among everybody, everywhere. You might think it was something brand-new. But it can't be. Though our ancestors rarely mentioned it, they must have known about it, because we're all here. It's just that we're beginning to admit for the first time that it's fun, as well as productive."

But in Hollywood, Helen finds, the situation is reversed. People are just beginning to find that sex is productive, as well as fun. Suddenly the women are all longing to have babies. Gone are the wild and happy days when everybody went around being natural. Now, with a new generation in mind, they're

careful of their grammar and determined to go in for the finer things.

## Disillusioned About Hollywood

"MAYBE at heart they're elemental," Helen said, "but they have such childish pretensions. They assume airs of refinement and almost of prudery. I expected Hollywood people to be bizarre and amazing. But I find that's just what they're not. The ones I've met have been nice, comfortable, domesticated people.

"A Hollywood party is a model of decorum—and boredom. I heard about the wild parties. I went, expecting to be shocked and thrilled, and I came home with a lot of new parlor games.

"The other night at a party the hostess stood in the middle of the room and said, 'I will NOT have a Hollywood party! The men and women SHALL mingle!'

"The husbands all gather at one end of the room and talk about movies. The women, bored to death with each other, are marooned at the other end, talking about interior-decorating and the baby's formula.

"And the few people—Lilyan Tashman and Jean Harlow, for instance—who are pointed to with pride by the rest of Hollywood as the real sophisticates—Hollywood really can't take credit for them. I knew Jean Harlow long before she ever came to Hollywood, and she was pretty bizarre and amazing in Chicago.

"And Lil Tashman got in some pretty good work in New York in the 'Follies.' Besides, whenever I've seen Lil out here, she has been talking about plans for a beach house, or her new set of china, just like everybody else."

## Her History—In Brief

THERE are some girls who never hear people swear or tell risqué stories. It looks to me as if Miss Hayes must just be the type who is protected. Maybe it's that old sub-deb bugaboo pursuing her still.

Helen was brought up in Washington, D.C.

"In spite of its cosmopolitan atmosphere, Washington is really just a small town," she relates. "Everybody goes to the same dancing-school, from the cabinet-ministers' daughters down to me—and I was very poor. Nobody in my family had ever been on the stage. But a friend of Mother's bought a stock company there. He needed a child in one production, and asked her if she'd let me do it. I did, and all my friends from the dancing-school came to see me and it was a big success. From then on—I was six—played in about two plays a year. Finally the Shuberts saw me, and were impressed, and persuaded Mother to take me to New York, where they had me under contract for several years."

When that was over, back to Washington she went, and did more stock. Then she was remembered by a New York manager who sent for her to play with John Drew (uncle of the Barrymores). And so it went, until she found herself an established success, admired and publicized.

"I wouldn't know how to advise a girl to go on the stage. Because I never tried for anything. It was all just handed to me. People remembered me and sent for me. It must have been because I was talented."

That's how Helen became the perennial ingénue. She was so young and fresh and winning that people couldn't bear to see her otherwise. But just wait till you see "Lullaby." That will mark the end of another *Peter Pan*. And the advent of a great new screen personality.

# Good-looking ..or almost?



IT takes more than a good face to get you by these days. You've got to have a clear complexion, sparkling eyes, lots of energy and enthusiasm, plenty of charm.

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# Will Television Mean the End of Garbo?

(Continued from page 33)

out for sale in the 25c-to-\$1.00 stores parts of an outfit that will cost about one hundred and twenty-five dollars when completed. Another offers a set at one hundred dollars.

You can see Television-to-day is very much in the same stage that radio was ten years ago. The laboratory stage. Yet people are preparing for it faster. Theaters are secretly installing Television equipment along with their new sound apparatus. I know one in Los Angeles that has been ready for Television for nearly a year. Every picture studio has a radio hook-up of some kind.

phone might be more satisfactory in attaining clearness of vision and sound, it won't be practical on account of high cost. It costs to-day about twenty times the average toll rate and somebody has figured that if a performer were to sneeze in the middle of his act, just televisualizing from one side of New York to the other, that little business would be worth something like twenty dollars.

## How It Is Done

HOW do you Television-broadcast? It's simple enough. You go into a little dark room, look steadily at a circle of blue lights, and talk and act naturally. You must, it seems, stand about four feet away from the screen. Your picture comes out at the receiving end in a very small frame.

Technicians are working now to find a larger broadcasting screen that is practical. They are also working to find out how to pick up images at a greater distance than four feet—to show an entire stage or landscape. Later, they will work on methods to show images in their natural colors.

Image distortion, even when the voice is clear, still hinders radio and telephone television. Faces appear oddly out of focus, thin gaunt countenances bulbously swollen, round faces almost unrecognizable. (Imagine not being able to distinguish between the lanky Gary Cooper and the plump Oliver Hardy!)

## What Static Does to Faces

STATIC can do plenty to a radio program. But what static can do to a television program is sometimes disastrous. Faces come in on the receiving screen in a mangled condition, or badly blotched and freckled. When they're all right, operators at Station W2XAB in New York, a thunderstorm was in progress. He acquired a mistake between the broadcasting room and the receiving sets. New York with its huge masses of steel and iron, and electrical interference in the form of flashing signs, elevators, and transit lines, is causing television engineers no end of trouble. But when broadcasting is perfected there, it will be feasible anywhere.

There will probably be direct Televisioning of plays and prize-fights and speech-making, and indirect or transcription Television. The latter will include the broadcast of motion pictures.

How are you going to pay for home Television? That is yet to be figured out. Maybe, at first, you will see only the old pictures, with the producers holding new films for theater release. Advertisers, such as the ones that have donated the radio services of *"one's"* Andy to the public, may also buy films and give them to you free—interrupted occasionally with a little speech about their superior products.

Or, possibly, instruments will be perfected with which you can tune in only on certain stations. You may have to take your choice between a Paramount and a Warner Brothers' Television set. This is not very probable, because bootleg sets would almost certainly be manufactured.

The other night, in a Los Angeles newspaper office, an Associated Press man stopped me. He held a picture in his hand.

"Look," he said, "it's a photograph taken this afternoon, a couple of hours ago, in England. It was sent by radio across the Atlantic, and then across from New York to Los Angeles."

You saw it in your home newspaper the same morning I did. Well—and when did I say you'd have Television?

## Signing Them Up Already

EVERY new contract between a studio and a player now includes a clause giving the company "all television rights" to the player's services. Ruth Chatterton's contract is said to have been the first to carry this new clause. It is rare for a studio to buy motion picture rights to a story without also purchasing Television rights.

But will the big stars of the talkies be the big stars of Television? Or will the great ones of radio—crooner Rudy Vallee, singer Jessica Dragonette, blackface-comedian *Amos 'n' Andy*, the announcer Graham McNamee and the fast-talking Floyd Gibbons—be the great ones in the new sight-and-sound era?

Well, your guess is as good as mine. I will tell you a secret, however. That is, in Television, A WOMAN'S VOICE MAY RULE HER FIGURE. IF SHE TALKS IN RASPY, SQUEAKY TONES, HER FIGURE WILL COME IN ON THE PICTURE ALL DISTORTED.

I predict that the same stars of to-day who have successfully hurled the talkie barriers will be the Television stars of tomorrow. As for the radio girls and boys, they've already proved they have voices—but how will they look? If they have false teeth and hooked noses, no amount of good sound will hide those little defects. If they're young and handsome, they are likely to stay with us.

A number of Hollywood stars are to-day reported by their hard-working press-agents to be "studying" for Television. This means they are working on their voices, working for good tones and good enunciation, all of which are requirements for talkies anyway. As a matter of fact, in the past, radio has been kinder to voices than the microphone. And you'll have to ask an expert the why of it—because I don't know.

One broadcasting system has been on the trail of Charles (Buddy) Rogers, urging him to give up the screen and become a radio band leader. They want to be sure to have a good-looking jazz maestro on hand when Television does pop around the corner—and Buddy fits the specifications. Moreover, they say he's willing—after a few more pictures.

## Through the Telephone, Too

IF telephone television—something different from radio television—is perfected, there will be a lot of people moving the telephones away from the bedside. Just imagine having your 'phone ring at seven A.M. and having your best beau from New York, just arrived in town, see you all smeared up in cold cream! Or having your fiancé call you long-distance in the evening to discover you entertaining his rival. They would have to spot Reno divorce methods all over the country and possibly modernize the marriage ceremony!

Telephone television could be used in the movie industry. But radio will probably be cheaper. Although transmission by tele-



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Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

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courages the growth of new hair, too—each time it takes longer for the unpleasant growth to return.

## A fibre brush FREE with "SNOW"

How do you use "SNOW"? It's ridiculously simple! Mix with a little cold water—and apply with the convenient little fibre brush given FREE with each package. Leave "SNOW" on a few moments—when you remove it, you remove the ugly hair as well. USE "SNOW" AS OFTEN AS YOU WANT TO! It does not coarsen the pores or thicken the growth of hair.

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Enclosed is \$1.00 (C. O. D. \$1.15) for which please send me the large size package of "SNOW" and the special fibre brush. If I am not satisfied with "SNOW" I am to receive my money back.

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1501 Broadway New York City

## Answers To Your Gossip Test

(Continued from page 14)

1. Alfred Aloysius Smith, who died in London on June 26, was known the world over as "Trader Horn." His adventures in the wilds of Africa were published and filmed under that name.
2. Alison Lloyd is none other than Thelma Todd, the former comedy girl, who has changed her name because she is now doing more serious film work.
3. It is said that Dorothy Lee, erstwhile spouse of Jimmie (press-agent) Fidler, will marry Marshall Duffield, the collegiate hero, when her divorce is made final. Dorothy has always been known to go in for athletics, but it looks as though she is strong for athletes, too.
4. While in Quebec, Canada, on her honeymoon, Irene Delroy was thrown by a horse and suffered concussion of the brain, a dislocated hip and a broken finger. She was married to William Austin, Long Island realty dealer, July 15.
5. Bebe Daniels, who is married to Ben Lyon, is the star who is having difficulties over her contract with Warner Brothers as to whether she is to be kept on the payroll during her enforced absence from the studio while awaiting the long-legged bird.
6. Barbara Stanwyck is planning to leave Hollywood and break her movie contract because her husband, Frank Fay, is going to New York and she wants to go with him. Lucky boy, Frank!
7. Lawrence Tibbett's wife made that statement when he announced that she and her famous baritone husband had separated.
8. Nita Naldi, who was famous in the movies when there was a vogue for vamps, now tips the scales at 250 pounds, 'tis said.
9. Russell Gleason is the young man who is sweet on Mary and has been escorting her around of late. He is the son of Lucille and James Gleason and they are fond of her, too.
10. Evidently the screen camera has been unkind to Carman Barnes, who is the author of "School Girl," because she has been assigned to several pictures and then taken out of the cast.
11. Edwin Carewe is the director who is making a fortune turning common ordinary garbage into prepared animal food by a special process.
12. Although it was predicted that their romance was ideal, they were separated in less than six months and now John Gilbert is being sued for divorce by Ina Claire.
13. June was married to the somber-faced screen comedian, Stuart Erwin, July 22, 1931.
14. When Fif went through with the publicity stunt of swimming in the Monument Circle Fountain, a war memorial, she created a scene and was arrested.
15. Winnie named her son Richard Barthelme Holtrie after the star. She always admired Barthelme, even before she went to Hollywood and met him.
16. She's Estelle Taylor who is being escorted around by Arthur Brown, formerly of Broadway.
17. Of course you don't, you know him as Bob Custer, the young Western player, who changed his name from Raymond Glenn for the screen and liked it better than his own so he had the courts make his screen name legal.
18. Eleanor Boardman is the motion picture player who was once known as "The Kodak Girl." She did some posing for commercial photographers in her pre-movie days and was the girl in an advertising campaign that showed portraits of her snapping pictures.
19. Jeanette MacDonald is in France to investigate the origin of a biography of her life published in novel form by the French author, Maurice Privat, which implies she was in an auto accident with Prince Umberto of Italy at a time when she was in Hollywood.
20. It's a reunion of the Sieber family, which consists of Marlene Dietrich, popular screen star, her baby Maria, and her husband, Rudolf Sieber, who is a German motion picture director at Paramount's Joinville Studios in Europe.



What actress would stare a gift-tiger in the mouth? Right! Kay Francis. The girl is a little like a tigress, herself, in "Guilty Hands!"

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It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalizing rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

### Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.

### Brings These Many Benefits

1. Builds strength and vigor, resistance to sickness; invigorates the entire system.
2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

### Specifications

Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Receptacle coil of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.

### Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

### Same Benefits as \$100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the \$100 and \$150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue... healing and preventing illness.

### 10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit \$5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Health Ray Manufacturing Company, Inc.  
429 Harding Building  
Station "O," New York, N. Y.

Send me one Health Ray (ultra violet and infra-red) Lamp, complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc. at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman \$5.95 plus a few pennies postage. It is understood that if after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return the lamp and you will immediately refund my money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

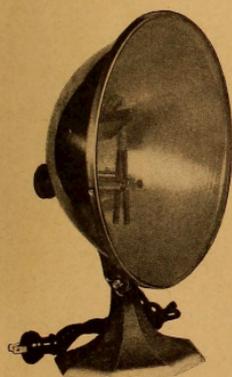
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(from whom you would ordinarily buy)



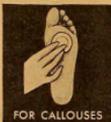
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**HEALTH  
RAY LAMP**

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No waiting! In *one minute* painful corns or tender toes are completely relieved when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Their healing, soothing medication gives you this magic relief. Their cushioning, protective feature removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure.



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### 100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are positively safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty, easy to apply. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35c box.



FOR CORNS BETWEEN TOES



FOR BUNIONS SWOLLEN JOINTS

## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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### Amazing New Discovery Gives Beautiful, Luxurious, Natural Lashes

It is a scientific fact that, to most men, a woman's eyes are the most important part of her beauty. You can now have amazingly beautiful eyes due to the remarkable discovery by a well-known actress which permits attaching lashes of any desired length easily, quickly and securely. **Eye-Toe Lashes** cannot be detected from your own eyes under a magnifying glass. One application lasts weeks; unaffected by bathing, tears, creams, etc. Guaranteed absolutely harmless to eyes and own lashes. After correct application, if you are not delighted with new youthful beauty of your eyes, your money will be promptly refunded. **Eye-Toe Lashes**, \$2 at leading department stores, or send \$1 for large trial size package (several applications) to Dept. C, Eye-Toe Sales, 425 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

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# The Love-Life of Ivan Lebedeff

(Continued from page 42)

found love in the arms of the man who would condemn her to death.

## The Beauty Who Was a Peasant

ON the line of march one cold wintry night, Ivan's aides came to him and asked him to step back of the encampment. They had something they wanted to show him. He was not interested. They told him, "A woman." He still was not interested. A woman! Bah! He was prevailed upon—and he went.

There in the light of a huge, improvised oven, placing pans of bread in the flames, crouched a girl. She was strangely beautiful, sensitive-looking—for that setting. Her old crown of a grandmother sat near at hand. Ivan called the girl to him, examined her slender hands. They were those of an aristocrat—though roughened by toil. He noted her slender wrists. He asked the old grandmother: "Near whose estate did this girl live?" He was told—and he nodded. He knew that the blood of aristocrats coursed through those veins, uniting with the blood of the peasants. She had both beauty and strength.

He went back to his quarters and wrote at once to a rich and charming lady of his acquaintance. He described this girl he had found on the line of march, a mere camp-follower. He described her beauty, her spirit. He asked his friend to take the girl into her own home, to educate her. The lady responded at once. She would be delighted.

Ivan accompanied the girl and the old grandmother on part of their journey. In a small country village they found a tiny cottage and there, for three idyllic days and nights, they rested. "Three of the most beautiful days of my life," he says.

At the end of those three short, breathless days, the girl and the old grandmother continued alone upon their journey. From time to time she wrote to Ivan. After a little, she began to write to him in French and then in German. There were poetry and passion in her letters. And always she spoke of the three days and nights they had been together.

They have never met again. Ivan has never heard from her or of her since the War. He doesn't know where she is. The Red Revolution descended upon Russia and under those crushing boots the girl and her benefactress have been obliterated.

## A Game With a Child

IVAN visited a friend at Frankfort-a-Main one Christmas season. There was an eleven-year-old daughter in the family. After the first dinner the child said to her mother, "I am in love with Herr Lebedeff. I am going to marry him when I grow up."

The next day, for a lark, the mother and other members of the merry-making party announced the engagement of the little Gretel to Herr Ivan Lebedeff. The announcement was made with a mock-serious-

ness. During the remainder of his stay, the child prattled joyously of their wedding and of what they should do when they had a house and servants of their own. Love—the strangest love in the world, which is the love of a child—poured out of her eyes on the slender Russian officer.

Ivan went away. They wrote letters. He called her his "little star." Soon, the Little Star was thirteen. Their engagement still was a matter of the utmost seriousness to her. Her letters were tender and affectionate. The letters of Ivan were kind and interested.

Then came the time when Ivan was leaving for America. He dined with Gretel's mother in Paris. And she told him, laughing (*how could she?*), that Gretel had sent him a message. She felt that, since they were engaged and since he was going so far away and might forget her, she had better give him a ring and he had better give her one. For the first time Ivan realized that their little game, playful as it had seemed, might not be a game to the girl now approaching sixteen. He sent her a ring. He took hers. He went away, resolving not to write her any longer.

## Tragic Ending

HER letters became insistent, frightened. There was a note of passionate protest in them. Finally Ivan wrote her, gently explaining everything. It had been a charming game they had played. He did love her, he would always love her—but not in the way a man loves the woman he wants to marry. He tried to make clear to her the difference between these two loves.

There was a long silence. And then came a bitter, burning letter from the girl. She had always loved him as a woman loves a man. She had believed in him. Why had he been such a coward, such a despicable coward as to write this to her instead of seeing her and telling her face to face? Not all the strange letters from all the strange women in the world were so strange as this letter to Ivan from a woman who had loved him from childhood—who had become a woman at the age of eleven because she loved him.

To-day, he tells me, he hears from his sister in Paris that his Little Star is there, turning the town upside down, dancing, drinking, making love—a strange and tragic woman.

Ivan knew Mata Hari, the spy. He drove with her, one spring night in Paris, through the Bois de Boulogne, under a starry sky. She was dark and inclined to nervousness. She did not appeal to him. "A type bordering on the professional," he says. "No woman with the professional atmosphere has ever appealed to me."

A strange man—who has attracted strange loves—

A man who has known strange women—  
The strangest man in Hollywood, this Ivan Lebedeff.

## Did You Know That--

Thomas Meighan—who never left Hollywood—is back at his home in Great Neck, L. I., after completing his second comeback picture, "Skyline"?

Wanda Hawley, star of silent days, is now promoting cold cream sales in a San Francisco department store?

Tallulah Bankhead is one star who had to gain weight? (She added ten pounds with a milk diet.)

Jan Harlow's suppressed desire is to play *Joan of Arc*?

Stan Laurel—of Laurel and Hardy—is an Englishman, and in the old days played one-night stands with Charlie Chaplin?

# The Merry Wives of Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

hours," says Lilyan Tashman, "that's different!" Last spring, when Lil defended her home by force and fingernails, Hollywood was inclined to sympathize, but to regard Lil as just a little bit old-fashioned.

Hollywood has its strict matrimonial code, too. It is altogether proper for the famous wives of filmdom to go to parties and public places without their lawful husbands. Indeed, when Betty Compton was Mrs. James Cruze, the audience at a premiere started unrecognizingly at her escort until the rumor ran around that he was Jimmie Cruze! "I was married before and now I'm married again, but I'm going around with somebody else," explained a little flapper bride at a recent party. No one thought her odd.

It is understood that husbands and wives should do what they choose with their own money. Dorothy Lee, getting a divorce from Jimmie Fidler, the press-agent, is buying from him the house he built for her before their marriage. Estelle Taylor is dicker with Jack Dempsey to sell him their lovely home, which he presented to her as a wedding present. That's according to the Hollywood code.

## Hollywood's Broadminded

YOU may, if you are a Hollywood wife, announce your engagement to someone else before you are divorced from your husband. No one will find any fault with that. The Eddie Sutherlands (he's a director) held a party to announce their impending divorce. But the marriage ceremony brings its obligations here as elsewhere, though its promises don't mean the same things in Hollywood as in Kalamazoo.

"For better or for worse" often means "Till I become better-known or you do." "I can do better," said one of the screen's sweet girl stars as she walked out of the premiere of her first big picture beside her fiancé. "I'm going to be too famous for you," and she handed him back his ring. It is a Hollywood promise as well as a premise. Each party understands that when he or she is left behind by the other's fame, it is good sportsmanship to step aside.

"For richer or for poorer." If this usually means "We'll have to stay married because of the community property laws," it also means a generosity in money matters seldom seen in marriage elsewhere.

"In sickness or in health," roughly translated into Hollywoodese, might be, "In sobriety or not." It is sometimes the most binding obligation of local matrimony. Never shall I forget the debonair star of heaven dramas leaving a brilliant party carrying his equally famous blond wife (completely passed out). In the doorway he paused to look back and wave a nonchalant hand. "Well, goodnight everybody!" he said. "Charming evening!" And so went home, the model Hollywood husband fulfilling his marriage vows!

The merry wives of Hollywood are free to spend their own money, free to go where they choose, with whom they please. Yet these wives have told me that they envy other less famous wives, that they sometimes long to be sheltered, protected, supported; that they have suppressed yearnings to wash dirty little faces and to wield brooms.

Women are women—even when they're famous. If they don't worry about keeping a husband's love, it's just as worrisome to keep a boy-friend's love. If they don't have to ask anyone for money for a new gown, they do have to plot and plan for a new contract. They may not be concerned with the unfaithfulness of husbands—but they lie awake nights, weeping over the unfaithfulness of fans!

### 80<sup>th</sup> Prize

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Miss Gretchen Colnik, Milwaukee, Wisc.

I changed to Marlboros when in New York

three years ago, because people whom I

considered smart  smoked them.

I have stuck to Marlboros because they

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ivory tipped and a complement to my

personality!  With Marlboros in

my home, I feel myself the perfect

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enjoyment at  
only 5 cents  
more in price

# MARLBORO

PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED

## America's finest cigarette

ONCE upon a time there was an average man who decided to become a Great Inventive Genius.

His first creation was a cake cutter—a tin hoop with sections like an orange. You just pressed the hoop down over the cake, and the sharpened sections cut the whole into perfect wedge-shaped pieces.

The Inventive Genius, eager to cash in on his creation, sought some advertising counsel. But the first thought of the Advertising Man was to see the cutter in action. Would it really cut cake?

Properly indignant, the Inventor challenged the suggestion. The cutter was hustled off to the practical kitchen of a woman who serves advertisers in a very practical way. She tests household devices and foods and recipes, just as you would test them in your own kitchen.

On the appointed day a lovely layer cake was baked expressly for the try-out. The shiny tin hoop slipped gently over the tender frosting. The blades pressed into the smooth top, and sent little shivery cracks in all directions. Then the dreadful truth was demonstrated. *The beautiful tin cutter wouldn't cut. . . . It merely squashed the cake!*

The household devices you see advertised in this magazine have all been tested and tried. They are practical. They positively do what their advertising says they will do. All this is determined *before* they are advertised here.

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Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model Studebaker President Sedan or \$3,000.00 in cash, whichever is preferred. In addition we are also giving away six latest model Ford Sedans, a General Electric Refrigerator, a Standard Fox, an Eastman Moving Picture Camera, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware, Gold Watches, Golf Clubs, Luggage, a Phonograph, Electric Clocks, Telephone Sets, India Prints, Bridge Tables, Cameras, Electric Irons and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This is our method of advertising our business and already we have given away more than \$175,000.00 in cash and valuable prizes.



## Solve This Puzzle Qualify for This Opportunity

There are many objects in the picture to the left, such as dog, girl, rooster, boy, tent, etc. See if you can find 5 starting with the letter "C". As soon as you do this, write them on sheet of paper and mail, postage prepaid, with your name and address and send it to me at once.

## \$1,000.00 for Being Prompt

If you act quickly and win the Studebaker Sedan I will also give you \$1,000.00 in cash extra just for being prompt—making a total of \$3,000.00 you may win. Also there are a total of \$7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given away and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send me your answer together with your name and address just as soon as possible to qualify for the \$7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

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## Which Of These Starlets Will Become Stars?

(Continued from page 53)

comédiennes. Joan is the leading one among the 1931 Kinties.

Loretta Sawyer, the Larchmont society girl that Columbia signed up, is a smart one. Just before she arrived on the Coast, Aileen Pringle was offered the part of leading lady to Buck Jones in "The Avenger," turned it down, and hasn't been heard from since. Loretta took it. Now she's the feminine eye-ful in such specials as "Arizona" and "Fifty Fathoms Deep."

But where's the ultimate star? What about Kitty Kelly, who wasn't so hard to look at in "White Shoulders" and "Run-around"? Or Rochelle Hudson, now romping about with Edna May Oliver in "Fanny Foley, Herself"? Rochelle doesn't know. "Having had absolutely no professional experience," she relates gloomily, "I came to Hollywood on a six-month contract, during which period I did nothing and was dropped." As a result of those achievements, she was given an RKO contract. "I guess they must be grooming me slowly," she adds. "I haven't been overworked." Busy or idle, Rochelle is a gorgeous, slender brunette, and may last a lot longer than some of the girls who have gone along faster.

## Last, But Not Least

COULD the coming star be any of the bright-eyed sub-debs over at Fox—such as Peggy Ross, Cecelia Parker or Elda Vokel? You'll see Peggy in "The Plutocrat," Cecelia in "Over the Hill," and Elda in "She Wanted a Millionaire" and you can take your pick. Then, too, there's Conchita Montenegro, who came all the way from Spain to be the Spanish Joan Crawford in M-G-M's foreign versions—and did so well that she was transferred to English versions in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Then, before the public reaction to her had a chance to be felt, M-G-M let her slip away to Fox. She has distinct possibilities. And plenty of fire.

Paramount is getting all set to glorify Peggy Shannon, who came out from New York to play "a atmosphere," and was given Clara Bow's ex- rôle in "The Secret Call." She made an impression in that despite the story, and she'll make the fans perk up even more in "Silence," which has some drama. She looks like Paramount's best bet among the youngsters.

Karen Morley is the little girl that the executives enthuse about at M-G-M. And she managed the romance in "Politics" very cleverly, so maybe they aren't mistaken. But how about Edwina Booth? "Perhaps the horrible torture I experienced in Africa," Edwina says dreamily, "was accentuated by the fact that I'm so intensely emotional." It isn't hard to believe, if you've seen Edwina—either in "Trader Horn" or in person (especially in person). Here's a regular tiger-lady, a bundle of passion and imagination. If she gets the chance, here's the girl who will set Hollywood aflame with her acting! Here's the most likely-looking star of all the Kinema Kuties of 1931.

## Did You Know That—

Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils Arther) was informed by the State Department that her child was an alien because born in Germany—and must come in under the German quota?

One well-known woman star is rumored to be sacrificing \$125,000 in salary in taking time out to become a mother?

There hasn't been a really big Hollywood wedding since the Thalberg-Shearer event? Everybody's eloping, these days—and saving money.

# How The Stars Get Away From It All

(Continued from page 57)

Douglas MacLean, who used to be a comedian and now is a producer, sheds his worries on his yacht. But Doug uses his boat for business, as well as pleasure. He sailed up North this summer to find the right locale for a story of salmon-fishing he's going to film.

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli haven't been able to get away for longer than a week-end at a time since their honeymoon, but they do get away over Saturday and Sunday—also on a yacht. They have become part of the Hollywood mariners' colony that anchors off Catalina Island. Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston (and the family) are also there, as are Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian. Jobyna and Dorothy practically live at sea, and walk a bit to windward when they set foot on land. They don't seem a bit surprised that they're all happily married—seeing that they can get away from people.

## Why Some Buy Ranches

EVEN Will Rogers, the chummiest person in forty-eight states, has his hankering for solitude. He was one of the first to buy a ranch, and he spends most of his spare time out there, talking to the horses (polo horses, incidentally).

*And all Will knows is what he reads in the papers.*

Ranches are becoming more and more popular with the movie colony—for two reasons. They're not only good roomy hideaways, but they're safe anchorages if contracts aren't renewed one of these days. Gary Cooper has been a ranch-owner for years, as has Hoot Gibson. And Mrs. Gibson—Sally Eilers to you—doesn't seem to mind living there a bit. She says she probably never learn to ride a bronco, but it's a great life. There isn't a thing to worry about out there except the live-stock.

*Animals don't ask for autographs.*

Rex Bell bought a big ranch (fifty thousand acres or so) last spring—and it certainly came in handy when Clara Bow had her second breakdown. The doctor ordered a complete rest, away from people—and Rex's ranch was just the place. The telephone wires have been cut and Rex doesn't accept mail for Clara. If they hadn't come in by airplane, those agents from New York would never have been able to make Clara those big stage offers that she didn't accept. She looks the healthiest—and the happiest—that she has for years.

*She's having a rest from too much Hollywood.*

Noah Beery is another lover of the Great Outdoors, where there's plenty of Silence. But Noah is a business man, too. He turned

his ranch into the Paradise Trout Club, stocking a brook that ran through his land with trout. What with fishing streams so scarce in Southern California that they're practically non-existent, the local Isaak Waltons flock to the Beery club. Noah has a rest-place and a gold mine, all in one. He doesn't have to worry if he never makes another picture.

## Good Places to Hide

WALLACE BEERY'S island retreat which he reaches by plane, answers this need. He can lounge and be dirty, if he likes. He needn't care how he looks or how things are going at the studio. He's three hundred and fifty air miles away.

Reginald Denny's refuge is in the High Sierras, so remote that all supplies must be packed in on mules. "Hollywood can't get at you up there!" he says. Snow six months of the year is the great attraction. "It's always twenty degrees cooler at my place." His cabin—which cost a mere thirty-five thousand—has fourteen rooms, and has all the conveniences of a city home beneath its rustic atmosphere.

Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert weren't able to take a honeymoon for a year after they were married, because they were tied down by contracts. But when they did take one, they took a good one. They went around the world on a tramp steamer, and were four leisurely months in completing their journey.

Malibu Beach is all right for a week-end rest, but it won't do for a protracted vacation. It's too near Hollywood. There are too many people there who are "in the business." The shop-talk and the gossip and the sense of people looking at you persist. You wouldn't go for days without shaving at Malibu!

They have to get as far away as possible before they can be free of pictures for just a little while. Before they can let down and be themselves before they can get away from it all by going native. Being famous is a strenuous business.

They wouldn't like it a bit if they had to make a living by wearing overalls and getting dirty, chopping wood and changing tires. But they can play at it for a while and enjoy it.

I shouldn't be surprised if a regular beachcombers' colony sprang up in Hawaii, made up entirely of movie folk, spending their vacations away from the Hollywood grind and hokey.

One man's hardship is another's luxury. The players find their luxuries in the hardships of the workaday world. And they have the wealth to make these hardships romantic.

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Anna May Wong asks you to meet her younger sister, Mary (right)—and are you objecting? You'll see both girls in "Daughter of the Dragon"

## We Tell You—MOTION PICTURE!

(Continued from page 10)

says the *Reporter*, "and its producers have endowed it with players, care and production values which enhance the fan appeal of the picture itself. . . . We do not hesitate to prophesy the dollar success of 'Bought', for added to the tremendous draw of the star herself, is the great characterization of Richard Bennett, her father, 'As her father.'" There is much more in the same vein.

As for Kay Francis, her first picture under her new contract with us will be "The Rich Are Always With Us," an adaptation of a recent popular novel by E. Pettit. It represents, absolutely, the best material we could secure for her. . . . We expect to be proud of Miss Francis' first performance for us.

Dorothy Mackaill, a First National star of consequence for several years, has recently completed "The Reckless Hour," adapted from another play by Arthur Richman. The original piece was "Ambush," one of the most successful productions in the history of the New York Theater Guild, a group which has never tolerated shoddy drama. I think you will find that Miss Mackaill has been equipped with an effective vehicle in this instance.

Bebe Daniels has made for us "The Honor of the Family," derived from the Balzac story which served so long as a great play under the same title. You speak of "worthwhile stories." "The Honor of the Family" strikes me as just that—worth while.

You see, I am of the opinion that we can "do right by so many Nells," as you feared we might not in your letter. As for certain of the male stars you mention—George Arliss, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess and so on, take my word for it, they are to have greater opportunities during the year to come than ever before. George Arliss will be seen shortly in a stirring "Alexander Hamilton." It is authentic historical romance. After that will come Clare Kummer's play, "A Successful Calamity," an outstanding Broadway piece, once produced by the discerning Arthur Hopkins for William Gillette. William Powell's first picture for us, "The Road to Singapore," has been received with tremendous enthusiasm in its pre-release showings. It is something new for this able

actor. One of the most ambitious departures from the conventional film drama that has been attempted in years (and this I believe implicitly) is "The Last Flight," our next release for Richard Barthelmess. Dick has been tremendously enthusiastic about this one. It follows no accepted standards and offers an unusual treatment of a story altogether new to the films. Above everything, it has honesty.

Of "Five-Star Final," you have already heard much, I don't doubt. But I cannot resist saying that it is a job which delights all of us. With this and "The World Changes," following upon his huge success in "Smart Money," Edward G. Robinson should establish himself as one of the greatest drawing-cards known to picture history. It is truly remarkable, in our opinion, how this young man has vaulted upward in the space of a single year.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Walter Huston, James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Winnie Lightner, Loretta Young, David Manners, Marian Marsh, Donald Cook, Charles Butterworth—there is not space now to deal with all of these. But accept my assurance for it. Satisfactory roles, indeed unusual opportunities, are in store for all of them if plans work out as we intend. We have no wish to smother talent. Surely that must be clear.

Before I close I must thank you for that final paragraph of your letter, in which you say: "Anyway, Messrs. Warner, you are attempting something that no other studio has had the nerve to do—just as you've always had the courage to strike out into new fields. You keep the industry on the jump."

Now that has touched me deeply. Yes, I mean it. My hope is that the same may be said of us ten years from now—or twenty. If we still may be called courageous and alive to the shifting needs of the industry—then little else matters. That is the important thing to everyone—stars, directors, executives, everyone—even more important than the luck you wish us in our venture.

Sincerely,  
J. L. WARNER

## Sally's Back!

(Continued from page 70)

rupty my only feeling was not for myself—but for those people whose claims against me I was not able to meet. I'm going to pay back every one of those bills if it is the last thing I ever do!

"I have not minded any of the things that have been dealt to me. It was only when trouble and unhappiness struck in the heart of my family that I was bitter—"

She was thinking of her young, impulsive brother who could not keep his name, or hers, out of the newspapers—whose companions led him into serious trouble. Because Sally loves him so deeply, because he is still "my favorite brother," she would shoulder his blame as well. "Perhaps if I had not been so foolish with my money—if it there had always been enough so that the lack of it might not have been missed—"

"The other day I went to see James Cagney in 'The Public Enemy.' I had never seen Cagney before. Suddenly this boy walked onto the screen—this boy who swayed a little and thought he was cocky, but who was sweet and lovable under it all. I cried out loud: 'It's Hutch!' I almost fainted before they got me out of the theater. I never saw such an uncanny resemblance.

### The Biggest Scene—to Sally

"THE other day in this picture we had a courtroom scene. I stood before the Judge and pleaded. If I had done that scene five years ago, it would have been just a courtroom set to me—an opportunity for a close-up with glycerine in my eyes. But I have stood in a real courtroom and pleaded with a real Judge, with every ounce of sincerity in me for someone who was very dear. I know that if I have one good scene in 'The Brat' it will be that one. It was too real for acting—it was too sincere for the need of tears that come out of a bottle.

"Right now, the only thing that really interests me is work—all I can get of it. You don't know how awful it can be, without work. I used to pray: 'If I ever get a job again, that's all I'll ever ask out of life.'

"At that time, when it seemed impossible for me to get work on the screen, I went to Henry Duffy and asked if he could not use me in a show. He was interested enough to give me the scripts of several old plays. Among them was 'The Brat.' It was the first I had ever known of that story—I hadn't seen Maude Fulton in it—and I was crazy about the part from the start. I told Ivan that if I could make that story on the screen I'd be the happiest girl in the world.

"The next morning there was an announcement in the paper that Fox was going to produce 'The Brat' with John Ford directing and Dorothy Jordan in the title rôle. I cried. Ivan felt so sorry for me, he tried to comfort me by saying he would see if he couldn't arrange a test.

"By some miracle I made that test—and right here is where I want to say that John Ford is the finest man I have ever known. I worked so hard—I tried so darn hard—I think it must have got under his skin. 'You want this part an awful lot, don't you, Sally?' he said. 'It would mean an awful lot for you to get it, wouldn't it?' I didn't need to answer that question. Two days later, they told me I was to have it! Suddenly, everything I had been through seemed to evaporate into thin air. I was so happy. I couldn't even remember when I had been unhappy.

"Honest," said Sally, "Hollywood isn't the tough town they say it is at all. What greater thing can anyone—or anything—give you than Another Chance?"

Can you wonder that Hollywood gets that lump in the throat about Sally?

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# News And Gossip Of The Studios

(Continued from page 91)

THEY had been wrangling till mid-afternoon on the "Lasca de Rio Grande" set at Universal as to whether the heroine should die or not. Finally, Slim Summerville put in his oar. "Let's kill her," said he, "and go eat." And so they did.

THREE years ago an extra girl grabbed a can of negative and rushed out of the burning laboratory room. She saved Universal three hundred thousand dollars—and was so severely burned herself that she was in the hospital many months. Carl Laemmle, himself, issued an order that so long as the studio was operating this girl should have a part in some Universal picture. She is the one and only extra in the movies to-day sure of a job. Rates for the extras have gone down from seventy-five to five low, and from fifteen top to seven-fifty top.

SALLY O'NEIL, who makes a comeback in "The Brat," says that she is in love with Lewis Milestone. She doesn't care who knows it. They've been going together for several months, she admits, and she's mad about him! She refuses to reveal Lewis's feelings.

WHEN Fifi Dorsay was within sight of the French shore, says Terrance Ray, her fiancé, she was to stretch out her arms and cry, "Oh, Mammy! Here I come!" It was not her fault, Fifi points, that she had to tell that great beeg wicked lie about being born in Paris. The press-agent put her up to it! Now, for the first time she actually is seeing Paris—and playing before Parisian audiences. According to Will Rogers, she has a big future on the screen when she returns. Terrance, by the way, admits with a grin that he, too, hopes to take a trip abroad this summer.

WHEN Mrs. Sarah Jane Nielsen sued Christian Peter Nielsen in Los Angeles recently, an interesting sidelight on the movies was brought to the public eye. Her husband, Mrs. Nielsen testified, used to be employed as a handy man by Leatrice Joy, but resigned his position "because Miss Joy would not accept his Communistic idea that she should give him half of her earnings as a movie star." Laura La Plante, for whom the communistic Christian worked later, also refused to see matters in Mr. Nielsen's way.

THE flag at Malibu Beach was at half-mast the other day in respect for the mother of director Herbert Brenon, the pride of the beach. At eighty-odd Mrs. Brenon was writing a weekly column for New York newspapers and had just had a book published. Everyone in the movie colony adored her.

WHERE do people hear the stories about the movie stars? While I was getting a shampoo in a local beauty parlor the other day, the hairdresser remarked on the cover-line of a recent issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in the waiting-room: "America Wants Will Rogers for President." "Of course, Will Rogers could never be President of the United States, really," she said. "He isn't eligible. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, you know, and of course that makes him ineligible for President." "Really?" I asked, thinking of Oklahoma Will's grammar. "Why, I think you're mistaken—"

"Oh, no, indeed," said the hairdresser with the flair for politics. "Why, his son is in Eton now. Yes, Will Rogers has just got back from England after putting him in Eton."

We made one last feeble attempt—abandoning the idea of explaining that Will, Jr., is entering Stanford in the fall. "But even if Mr. Rogers was educated abroad, that wouldn't rule him out as a candidate for President."

She considered the matter. "Oh well," she conceded, "maybe he can't be President because he hasn't ever been a Senator first—or something like that!"

SAID Will Rogers, surveying himself, resplendent in checks and wing collar, spats and cane with some satisfaction in the mirror on the set of his new picture, "Hm, guess folks are going to mistake me for that feller Chevrolet in this picture!" Will is refusing our nomination of him for President. He says that somebody told him that his name would bring in a big campaign fund, but he hasn't seen a cent yet. He signs himself, "the only ex-candidate, Will Rogers."

NORMA TALMADGE followed the fashionable exodus to Honolulu. She posted a notice on her stateroom door that she didn't wish to talk to the press. The steward was all ready to deliver her ultimatum to surging crowds of reporters—but was saved the trouble. None of the reporters asked for Norma! Gilbert Roland sailed on the same boat.

ON the set of "The Brat," Virginia Cherrill was doing a scene. When it was almost over, a wad of gum she was supposed to be chewing for the scene suddenly dropped onto her riding breeches. Hastily retrieving it, she found that a long strand stuck to the breeches. John Ford, the director, lifted his hands to heaven. "I've often wondered," said he "why it took Chaplin three years to make 'City Lights'."

NEARLY every celebrity who comes to Hollywood is regarded as fair prey by the publicity departments, which occupy their "visit to the studio" by taking pictures of them with some player. But when the Prince and Princess of Japan went through one of the bigger studios no cameras were leveled at them, no staring crowds followed. Signs placarded all buildings and all the studio offices, sternly announcing, "During the visit of the Prince and Princess all persons on the lot will remain indoors and away from the windows."

CARMAN BARNES—whom Variety refers to as "Paramount's by-and-with girl"—will soon be Paramount's "by-and-with-out girl." The studio has admitted she will probably never make a foot of film, though she has been technically billed as a star for months. The pictures printed of Carman seem to reveal a rather odd screen personality, but a photographer tells me they are the few chosen from literally hundreds of portraits of the young authoress taken!

A HOLLYWOOD agent wired Dorothy Appleby, star of "Young Sinners," the New York stage hit: "Can place you as

Indian girl in picture but studio will only pay half salary you ask."

"Make it a half-breed and I might accept," wired back Dorothy.

**S**YLVIA, the famous lady who has taken pounds off the movie stars for several years, has everybody in town worried about her series of articles entitled, "Hollywood Undressed," in which she tells about her famous patrons. Bosom friends have become enemies because one stole a Sylvia appointment from the other. As nearly all the women stars and many of the men stars are among them, local society is wondering just what she will tell next. It is said that James Whittaker, one-time husband of Ina Claire, did the real writing of the book. By the way, Whittaker's second wife, who has the lovely and unusual name of "Halcyon," is now working in the movies.

**A**LADY with a tradition weighing heavy on her hands—that's Mary Pickford. The tradition gets between her and other people. At a Del Rio party not long ago, Ramon Novarro came up to Dolores. Said Ramon, "I'd like to ask Mary to dance a tangó with me, but—"

"Well, why don't you?" asked Dolores practically.

"Oh, no!" said Ramon, scandalized, "No, I would not dare—not Mary Pickford! I might ask her to two-step, but a tangó—no, it is impossible!"

**A**ND here's a crack fresh from Malibu. "Wonder what nationality Ona Munson is?" asked someone, watching the vivacious Ona strolling by, accompanied by the famous director she is rumored engaged to marry. "Swedish or English?" "She's Lubitsch," remarked the spiteful vamp in the backless, sideless and almost frontless bathing-suit.

**H**AROLD LLOYD, visiting Doug Fairbanks, was left alone by the latter on the United Artists' lot and a studio policeman promptly ordered him off the lot because he didn't have any pass. Harold meekly went. But a newspaper-woman, stopped by the cop, stormed into Goldwyn's office to protest. "Why, on the Metro lot," she finished, "I'm allowed to go where I please." Sam listened without comment, but the next morning as the newspaper gal stepped onto the Metro lot the guard at the gate stopped her. She rushed to Louis B. Mayer's office. "I always have been allowed on your lot without a pass," she panted. Mr. Mayer shook his head regretfully. "As long as nobody complained it was all right," said he, "but this morning Sam Goldwyn phoned—"

**A**T a recent dance José Crespo ("the Spanish John Gilbert") was signing cards and programs and menus as fast as the girls gave them to him. But there were several girls who didn't have anything he could sign. Was José cramped? Not a bit! He signed a bold "José Crespo" in indelible ink across their palms! "I don't mind doing that!" said José with a dazzling smile. "I don't mind making personal appearances. I don't mind making speech, but I don't like being judge which girl is prettiest. The other night they gave away a grand piano and I must say which get it. I don't like that so much. But sign the hand, that's very nice. And one girl, a very pretty little girl say, 'It is not enough, Mister Crespo, that you write on my hand—so I kiss her hand also!'"

**"A LITTLE FLAT in the Temple,"** Ann Harding's new picture was renamed "Devotion," but now it bears the tentative title of "Alias Mrs. Halifax"—Ann's own

suggestion. Hollywood, however, says that "A Little Flat in the Temple" should be called "Squarehead." Hope you get it.

**B**EN ALEXANDER, driving down the Boulevard with a companion, was stopped by a friend.

"Hello, Ben," said he, "is see you're working. Say, have you met the kid who was imported from France for the lead in 'All These Our Children?'"

"I should say I have," said Ben with emphasis, "and what a punk that is! Gee, I've met high-hat people in my day, but this fellow Eric Linden beats 'em all! By the way, would you like to meet him? Here he is!" He waved an airy hand at his companion in the car, "Meet Mr. Linden."

Eric not acquainted with the quaint ways of Hollywood youth, smiled a trifle weakly as he shook hands.

**J**OAN CRAWFORD has gone very high-brow. One sees her at the commissary at Metro, wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, reading from a book propped against the vinegar cruet. One sees her at parties, aloof and languid, with eyebrows shaved to a thread, not joining in the general hilarity.

**J**UST to show how far Hollywood is moving into Reno there is to be a "Henry's of Hollywood" in the center of activity of the little divorce town. Henry Bergman, of Hollywood's famous Henry's is not going to be the proprietor. His partner, Joe, is back of the new deal. And "a new deal" is right, for the Reno Henry's will have gambling as well as food.

Joe is throwing a big opening for his friends in Hollywood and has chartered a train to bring them up to Reno. It will be a hot time in the old town—even though Reno is pretty hot already.

**G**EORGE BANCROFT is going to play of Thomas Meighan's rôle in the revival of "The Miracle Man." George has had his heart set on this part for some time and now that Paramount is going in heavily for revivals of hits they have produced, George put in his bid just about the right time.

"The Cheat," starring Tallulah Bankhead, is another old story dug up from the files. Remember when Fanny Ward and Sessue Hayakawa created a sensation in this one?

**J**ACK OAKIE and a gentleman named Whalen crashed their automobiles together on the street—and crashed temperaments in court.

Five people were hurt in the accident. When says Oakie came into an intersection without stopping at a boulevard stop. Jack says he was going only twenty-five miles an hour and that's as good as a stop.

It's up to the Judge to decide.

**I**HAD to take an English girl through the studios on the hottest day of the summer. She greeted every comment and explanation I made with a Buster Keaton pan. "Priceless," she would remark, "perfectly priceless." We stood on the set where Jackie Coogan was making "Huckleberry Finn." It represented a cellar, and a crowd of rustic characters were solemnly and earnestly pelting each other with rotten apples. They took the scene over and over, and the characters, perspiring freely, continued to throw apples. Presently she turned to me. "What a curious way of making a living!" she remarked. For an instant, I saw this astonishingly impossible business with the eyes of a total stranger.



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# Now You're Talking!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

## Gable Hath Charms



Beware, my sisters, of that one yclept Clark Gable.

He grows upon one like that taste of wine and is just as heady a potion.

Sometimes he has the mocking, sardonic smile of Mephisto. One sees horns—or is it just those throaty cars?

Then again his expression has a suggestion of the brooding compassion of the beloved Lincoln.

More than all this there is an elusive something hard to define. A hint of tenderness, a promise of complete understanding—?

How can women resist him?

Alas, *mes enfants*, it cannot be done. *V. D. Ferguson, Cambridge, O.*

## Why We Head Toward Hollywood

After faithfully following the life histories of so many of our great stars, I've come to one conclusion: that all came from families who can boast an Uncle Oscar or an Aunt Lizzie who was the star of his or her particular age—hence the dramatic streak in our movie hero or heroine.



Secondly, if they have a naturally bad disposition, it is cut up, rolled in another form and is known as temperament.

If they like good music, they have an astonishing musical appreciation and ability.

If they have a natural craving for a home and children, they are eulogized as the "cream of the crop."

Despite constant warning by well-meaning Hollywood people, I've a mind to head for that place. Who can blame me?—everywhere I read: "She came to Hollywood poor and unknown and in two years she is washing her diamonds in champagne."

As long as we read that our present movie stars came to Hollywood and made good and their salaries are published, there will always be those who will stake everything on the chance in a million that they are the desired types. *Mrs. Chester A. Crapper, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## Just Imagine

Can you imagine a photograph of: Tallulah Bankhead without that cigarette and bored look?

Joan Crawford without her "banjos" stare?

Constance Bennett not looking fitzy? Lilyan Tashman without her hands on her hips, head down and looking out through her lashes?



Dick Barthelme not gritting his teeth?

Clara Bow without that famous pout?

Will Rogers displaying his sex appeal?

Stuart Erwin looking intelligent?

Maurice Chevalier and Jack Oakie not smiling? And

Can you imagine an issue of a motion picture magazine without one of the following articles:

"The Truth About Garbo."

"The True Story of Norma Shearer."

"The True Life Story of Joan Crawford."

But keep on giving us these pictures and articles, we like them just the same. *Paul McLarty, Atlanta, Ga.*

## Hollywood's Big Four

Yes, Hollywood would likely be deserted and be less dearer without Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett and Norma Shearer.

In them alone dwells art sublime and glamour galore. Their personality and talent all movie fans adore. *E. M. Karajulles.*



## Lewis Stone Not Too Old

Please tell A. S. Fornalles not to be absurd. Lewis Stone is just at the age when he is the ideal lover and dangerously fascinating. His white hair, keen dark eyes, and lined face, together with his courtly and charming manner, make him far more romantic than any youngster like Buddy Rogers, or even Lew Ayres, adorable as he is. Nor am I panning the younger male stars; far from it, for Ronald Colman is one whom I have always admired and John Gilbert my supreme favorite. I also greatly admire Richard Barthelme and Gary Cooper.

So tell this Fornalles person not to be absurd and call Lewis Stone too old to be romantic.

However, I agree with E. Williams. I wouldn't mind putting an arsenic tablet in Charles Bickford's breakfast food myself. *A. R. M., Wilmington, Del.*

## The Not-So-Dumb Garbo

Greta Garbo is wise and I, for one, salute her. If she followed the usual "mixing" trend of stars she would soon lose the mysterious charm and fascination we have for her and would invariably join the ever-increasing list of near-forgotten players. *Sgt. W. C. Stille, Governors Island, N. Y.*



## Keep No More, My Lady

I read this magazine with a great deal of pleasure and would like to know if any one of its readers can answer this question: Why are all Norma Shearer's pictures full of sobbing and crying scenes? Can't we see this wonderful actress in a film where she does everything and anything but sob? *Sally, Beverly, Mass.*

Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## It's Enough to Make One Mad

My patience is exhausted.

In "Trader Horn" how could a girl of Edwina Booth's age have such white skin if she was left in the boiling tropical sun of Africa since she was a baby?



I failed to see why Clara Bow only wore two dresses in "Kick In." She is usually a flashy dresser and never bores her audience with two unbecoming dresses. Whose fault was it?

And why did they put the gay and sparkling young Joan Crawford in a Salvation Army garb in "Laughing Sinners"?

But I suppose I'll have to take the good and bad—enjoy the good things and close my eyes when something disappointing is flashed on the screen. *Marjorie Sutherland, Chicago, Ill.*

## She Deserves a Better Break

Gertrude E. Lewis had her nerve with her when she said those malicious things about Dorothy Jordan in a recent issue.



Miss Jordan is a clean, sweet girl and an able little actress. Who could have played the part of a convent postulant more realistically than Dorothy in "Call of the Flesh"?

I wish those stupid directors would stop worshipping those sophisticated stars who only raise their eyebrows, widen their eyes and look ah! so wistful—Constance Bennett for instance. The directors ought to have more sense and understand the hearts and feelings of rising actresses such as Dorothy. *Elda Tavasso, Harrison, N. Y.*

## He's Hard on Harlow

Who said Jean Harlow has S.A.? S.A. demands a little mystery and no one can say Miss Harlow leaves anything to the imagination. To me her presence in a picture is enough to make it unsavory. *John Wilson, Chicago, Ill.*

## Keep Him in Uniform

It was good to see Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and El Brendel together again in "Women of All Nations." Vic and Eddie are a pair! There are no others like 'em.

Hollywood has only one rollicking devil-may-care soldier—and that's Victor. It is milder to take him out of a uniform and give him but one woman to love. Outlaws are plentiful, but there is only one Captain Plang! His map is ugly enough, but he cannot look mean. He has too much action for a civilian. Let him soldier under any flag and love women of all nations, but keep him in a uniform. *Margaret Hanna, Oklahoma City, Okla.*



## This Will Hold Mr. Wilson

This letter is for Harry D. Wilson, author of "Why Garbo Plays Dumb." So Mr. Wilson thinks he has solved the Garbo riddle—well, well—and how easy!

Allow me to say that I think his article is absurd. Greta is a great artist and likes to be alone and for anyone to say that she is playing a game is to be facetious and narrow-minded.

I dare you to print this! *Claude Chiasson.*

# twice the beauty

from face powder  
if you use

# princess pat

the

famous

almond base

makes it

different.



Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness — beauty that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different — bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

**A Difference With a Reason.** So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained*?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really is a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

**And Your Skin is Actually Improved.** Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat *does give* "twice the beauty" from face powder — and millions of women use it for this reason,

## get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, almond base Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.



PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.  
Dept. 151-A. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

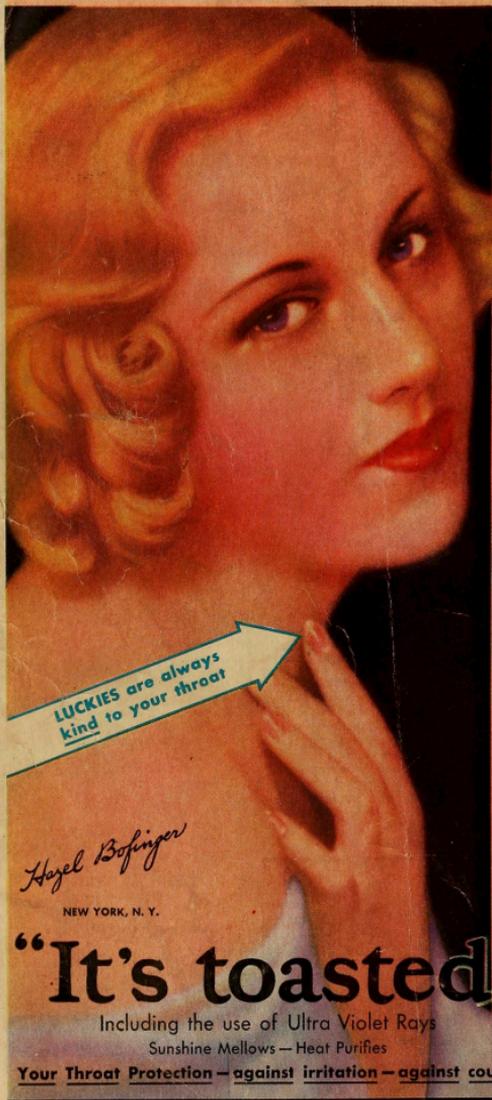
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# PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(IN CANADA, 53 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

Consider your Adam's Apple!!\*  
**Don't Rasp Your Throat  
With Harsh  
Irritants**



"Reach for a  
**LUCKY** instead"

What effect have harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos upon the throat? A famous authority, retained by us to study throat irritation says:

"The tissues above and below the vocal chords and the vocal chords themselves may become acutely or chronically congested as a result of the inhalation of irritating fumes in the case of chemists for example."

**LUCKY STRIKE'S** exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. We sell these expelled irritants to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your **LUCKY STRIKE**. So Consider your Adam's Apple—that is your larynx—your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Reach for a **LUCKY** instead.

LUCKIES are always  
kind to your throat

*Hazel Bofinger*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

**"It's toasted"**

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays  
Sunshine Mellows — Heat Purifies

**Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough**



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The Lucky  
Strike Dance  
Orchestra,  
every Tuesday,  
Thursday and  
Saturday eve-  
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N. B. C. net-  
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