THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

JANUARY 1931

DOROTHY MACKAILL

THE RICHEST WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD

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The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

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Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 1

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What lies beyond these lips . . . and yours?

Answer: millions of GERMS that threaten colds . . . coughs . . . sore throat

Perhaps you do not realize that in your mouth—indeed in most normal mouths—live millions of germs. Swiftly multiplying, they strive ever to cause disease. Among them are the Bacillus Influenzae (influenza), Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, germs associated with the common cold. When body resistance is lowered by wet feet, fatigue, improper diet, or exposure to draughts and sudden changes of temperature, these germs frequently get the upper hand. The common cold, or sore throat, which is a frequent symptom of a cold, follows. Surely you can appreciate the advantage of using full strength Listerine every night and morning. Listerine, as you know, while delightful and safe to use, is so powerful that it kills germs in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded).*

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

*Listerine is an ideal antiseptic because it is non-poisonous, healing to tissue, but fatal to germs. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs, used to test the power of antiseptics, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

LISTERINE kills germs in 15 seconds

REduces mouth bacteria 98%
Constance Bennett gives a thrilling performance of the beautiful spy in the Warner Vitaphone war melodrama, "Three Faces East." Erich Von Stroheim also plays a master spy in this absorbing thriller.

Group A

Abraham Lincoln. Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences. The panorama of the Great Emancipator's life, superbly acted by Walter Huston and beautifully directed by Griffith. Poet Stephen Vincent Benét wrote this screen biography, which has stark beauty. You must see this film. United Artists.

Three Faces East. A thrilling spy melodrama of the World War. Von Stroheim, a German spy, plays a butler in a British household while Miss Bennett, a British spy, works her way into the good graces of the German Headquarters staff. Both give noteworthy performances in their respective roles. Warners.

Common Clay. Sure to be one of the big box-office pictures of the year. The problem story of a beautiful girl, an illegitimate baby and the tribulations of true love. Has a powerful emotional tug at your heart, due to Constance Bennett's fine playing. Beryl Mercer does a splendid bit, too. Foz.

Monte Carlo. A sort of successor to "The Love Parade"—but minus Chevalier. Jack Buchanan is pretty good in a Chevalier rôle, but Jeannette MacDonald runs away with the film as a charming, penniless countess. Adroit Lubitsch direction. Paramount.

The Dawn Patrol. An absorbing story of the air forces in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngers going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are to be complimented. First National.

Romance. Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60s. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. Metro-Goldwyn.

Holiday. The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. Pathé.


All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. Universal.

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. Paramount.

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. Foz.


The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. Warners.

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. Metro-Goldwyn.

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. Metro-Goldwyn.

Lumox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab (Continued on page 8)
How much easier baking is when there are no pans to grease and wash! That's why so many housewives are using Crinkle Cups. You don’t have to grease these dainty paper baking dishes—use them just as they come from their dustproof box. But cakes, muffins and many other good things bake in them without sticking and turn out daintily shaped and whole. Buy a box of Crinkle Cups and save the time and energy you spend fussing with pans. You can bake any number of good things this quick, easy way. A package of Crinkle Cups contains a generous supply.

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\[ \frac{3}{4} \text{ cup chopped or crushed pineapple} \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup bread crumbs} \]
\[ \frac{3}{4} \text{ cup chopped dates} \]
\[ \text{Few grains salt} \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup walnuts} \]
\[ 1 \text{ egg yoke, beaten light} \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup sugar} \]
\[ 1 \text{ egg white, beaten stiff} \]

Drain the pineapple and combine with dates, walnuts and sugar. Bread crumbs should be broken into small pieces but not ground and should be slightly browned in the oven. Mix them with baking powder and salt, and combine with fruit and nut mixture. Add egg yoke beaten light and last of all fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fill crinkle cups \( \frac{1}{3} \) full with mixture. Set cups on baking sheet or shallow pan and bake in moderate oven \((350^\circ F)\) for 30 minutes. Keep a small pan of water in the bottom of the oven for the first 45 minutes to keep puddings moist. Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with whipped cream.

Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with whipped cream. If left in paper cups in closely covered tin box these puddings may be kept for some time. Simply freshen them by steaming in a covered sieve or colander placed over a pan of boiling water until they have been heated through.

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size — No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth stores, send us 10¢ for a package of 75 cups.

Oldmill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-1-31, Linden Street, corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
"My Man" is an interest-holding melodrama based on the old song, "Frankie and Johnny," although the background has been shifted to Havana. Helen Twelvetrees gives an excellent performance and Marjorie Rambeau contributes a corking bit.

and stolid heroine. Heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. Still the best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warner.*

Sunny Side Up. Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charles Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the lonely widower. *Paramount.*

**Group B**

What a Widow. Gloria Swanson in a lively slapstick farce. She plays a young widow who is left five millions. Of course, she immediately starts out to see life—and Paris. The array of gorgeous clothes Miss Swanson wears will please the young girls and women. *United Artists.*

Liliom. The talkies have taken over Franz Molnar's drama and developed it into an absorbing and interesting picture. It is brilliantly photographed. Rose Hobart, a newcomer, gives a sincere and sympathetic performance but Charles Farrell's work is rather dull. *Fox.*

Outward Bound. This is a strange but interesting drama, intelligently handled. A group of people find themselves on a vessel (Continued on page 107)

Franz Molnar's fanciful study of a ne'er-do-well, "Liliom," has been translated into an imaginative drama by the Fox Studios. Rose Hobart (at the right) plays the little slavey who cares for Liliom and Estelle Taylor is a picturesque charmer.

8
Of Course You'll Want It--

This New WHO'S WHO Of The SCREEN

JUST out—another pictorial directory of the film famous. "Who's Who of the Screen" contains the latest photographs of sixty-four ranking stars of today, with intimate, accurate and up-to-the-minute facts about their lives and careers.

This is the second of the New Movie Album series. Everyone who is interested in films will find in it just the kind of information to have for reference and as a permanent record of the year’s most popular stars of the screen. Every one of the many specially posed photographs is the kind you want to keep.

"Who's Who of the Screen"—the second New Movie Album—is now on sale in many Woolworth stores. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus four cents for postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.

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New laws for love...the sky swarming with planes...a giant rocket shot to Mars...El Brendel a riotous stowaway...LooLoo, Queen of Mars, throwing a sky party for the rocketeers. JUST IMAGINE Broadway in 1980

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MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN  JOHN GARRICK
MARJORIE WHITE  FRANK ALBERTSON

Dances staged by Seymour Felix
Directed by DAVID BUTLER

FOX
ANITA PAGE

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
WALTER PIDGEON
GRET A GARBO seems to be emerging somewhat from her mysterious seclusion. She gave Malibu quite a thrill lately when she came down and spent a whole afternoon on the beach with friends.

She's been seen quite a lot recently at the theater and opera. And the other night she actually went to dine in public at the Hi-Hat Restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard. The customers stared so much that she got up and left in the middle of her dinner.

Greta has, you know, been almost as big a mystery to Hollywood as to the rest of the world. She even attended a party at the Barney Glazers one night not long ago. Perhaps she's getting a little lonely.

LILA LEE and John Farrow are going to be married.

As soon as Lila is well again, there will be a Hollywood wedding.

When Lila went to Arizona for a six months' rest cure, she and John had, it appeared, come to the parting of the ways. John was seen about with Dolores Del Rio, Lila went to parties with Joel McCrae and Walter Byron and other nice young men, and everyone thought the end of a two-year romance had come.

But Johnny was so nice to her, made frequent trips to Arizona by plane, had special radios installed so that she could get Los Angeles programs, sent dinners down to her from the Montmartre, kept hot in electric ovens, saw that all the new books and magazines reached her and that her room was full of flowers—in fact, he was so nice that Lila decided she was in love with him after all, and their engagement has now been announced.

RENEE ADOREE has gone to Arizona for a year. She came back home too soon, after a few months in a California hillside sanatorium—and a second and more serious collapse resulted. Now the doctors say that, if she will stay in Arizona and keep perfectly quiet for one year, she has a good chance of recovery. Otherwise—but we know Renee will be sensible this time and take care of herself. She's so vivacious and loves gaiety and people so much that it's difficult to resign herself to the rigid regime which is necessary for her delicate health.

A PRINT of "Just Imagine" has been sealed in an air-tight can and put in a vault in Fox's Movietone City—to be kept there for a half century. Then it will be opened, run on the screen, and the gents in the picture business will be able to see just how good De Sylva, Brown and Henderson were as guessors. "Just Imagine," you know, is laid in 1980—fifty years from now.

Louise Dresser tells a baby story, about the little boy who was trying to teach his pet rabbit to jump through a hoop. The rabbit refused, and the three-year-old "bawled him out" in language evidently overheard from papa, and slightly distorted:

"You're the goddamned rabbit I ever dam see. You're no more fitten to be a rabbit than a by hell," said he.

HOPE HAMPTON, who was a popular motion picture star, was one of the featured prima donnas of the Chicago Opera Company while it was in Los Angeles recently. Her lovely voice stood the test of "Manon" beautifully.
With her was her husband, Jules Brulatour, and they entertained and were entertained extensively. Since the movie days (she was an exceptionally beautiful blonde) Hope Hampton has studied abroad and her development, both vocally and dramatically, is surprising.

* * *

THE Chicago Grand Opera Company brought out the film stars in vast numbers. Hope Hampton was the center of interest. Jeritza is a great favorite here, as is John Charles Thomas.

We saw:

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, Estelle very swimming all in white.

Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton. Ruth wore a very long evening wrap of emerald green velvet.

John Gilbert, with a party of friends.

All the de Milles. They are great opera-goers.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson, Mrs. Gibson (Sally Eilers) in a new ermine coat.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Mildred was wearing white, with one of these very effective short ermine jackets.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett. Only two years ago Lawrence was singing with the company himself.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at "Tannhauser."

William Powell and Ronald Colman, in full evening dress, top hats, white gloves and gardenias. What a thrill that pair gave the fluttering debutantes in the promenade between acts.

Eddie Love and Lilyan Tashman, Lilyan wearing an evening wrap of white velvet that touched the floor and had a white fox collar.

Townsend Netcher and his wife, Constance Talmadge, Connie being in a really beautiful sable wrap.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter—Mrs. Baxter looking lovely in shimmering coral.

John Loder and Catherine Dale Owen, Miss Owen wearing black satin and pearls.

* * *

CHAPLIN and Lloyd had quite a battle at a recent dinner party concerning the talkies. Chaplin was scolding Harold like a father for having given up the silent films.

"You made a mistake, Harold," said Chaplin. "Our kind of comedy is based on situation, not dialogue. Dialogue is never necessary to good comedy. Lines are only an additional touch. The voice detracts from the essential humor of a real comedy situation. You will see that."

Harold admitted that he'd seen some of it already and that he will talk as little as possible in his next pictures.

* * *

IT makes it nice when husband and wife are in the same picture and can go "on location" together. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, playing together in "Ex-Mistress," had a delightful week at Catalina recently, and, though they were working, managed to get in a lot of fun. Bill Haines, Mac Sunday and a number of other friends sailed across to spend the week-end with them. Everybody had a good time.

* * *

REPORTS from the Great God Box Office show that Robert Montgomery is climbing the fastest of any new man on the screen and that Buddy Rogers is slipping a bit. They say that Buddy seems to be taking himself and his laurels pretty seriously these days and losing a bit of his charming naturalness.

* * *

JUST before he left for New York to begin work as supervising director of the Paramount Long Island studio, Ernst Lubitsch gave a dinner dance to say farewell to many of his Hollywood friends. Since he first came West with Pola Negri, the little black-eyed German director has won himself a pretty big place in the hearts of the picture colony. They recognize his amazing artistry, and they like him for his kindly manners and his bubbling wit.

The pretty dining-room at the Beverly Wilshire was filled with pink roses, and the big tables had baskets of pink roses and pale blue delphiniums.

Among the guests were Lydell Peel and Janet Gaynor, who looked very sweet in a gauzy white frock with little gold stars embroidered on the skirt; Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, in a tight-fitting gown of metal cloth; Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jaffe; Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick (Irene Mayer); Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vadija; Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin; Jeanette MacDonald, in very pale blue; Leatrice Joy, in a deeper shade of blue, with gold embroidery; Paul Bern, Lothar Mendes and Walter Wanger.

Everybody had a swell time and everybody was sorry to see Ernst go, which brings us to—

The little battle staged at the Embassy Club on a Saturday evening not long ago between Ernst Lubitsch and his best friend, one Hans Kraly.

The Embassy that night was the scene of a Benefit Dance given for the Motion Picture Relief Fund and sponsored by Douglas Fairbanks and the Fund's...
patron saint, who very naturally is Mary Pickford.

Almost everyone in pictures was there. The small tables about the beautiful room held dinner groups of friends in the colony. Everyone was very gay. Dancing was at its height.

When suddenly, Mr. Lubitsch and Mr. Kraly engaged in a bit of what Damon Runyon calls the gentle pastime of ear scrambling. Ernst popped Mr. Kraly, Mr. Kraly popped him back and it looked like at least a four-round go when it was ended by the intervention of Mrs. Helen Lubitsch. But she intervened not in behalf of her recently divorced husband Ernst, but Mr. Kraly. She socked Lubitsch. He couldn't hit her back, so the match ended.

Lubitsch declares that Kraly, who used to be his best friend, and his divorced wife, Mrs. Lubitsch, made fun of him, and laughed at his dancing. He says they spoke such words in German that he was obliged to at least attempt to shut Kraly's mouth.

The three had been friends long before coming to America. Upon their arrival here, all three lived together.

* * *

Paul Bern had a housewarming at his new home in the foothills near Bel-Air. As guests of honor he presented Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Fineman (Margaret de Mille). Every one came in the afternoon, wandered about the lovely grounds, and then had a buffet dinner.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick, Kenneth McKenna and Kay Francis, Willis Goldbeck and Mary Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Rosetta Duncan and Walter Wanger.

* * *

Kenneth McKenna and Kay Francis are still “going together.” So are Mary Duncan and Willis Goldbeck. We see that beautiful Virginia Cherrill about with young Tommy Lee, son of Don Lee, automobile millionaire and famous yachtsman. Charlie Chaplin still escorts Georgia Hale. Joan Marsh, the pretty new blonde at Metro-Goldwyn, is seen with young Russell Gleason, William Bakewell and young William Janney.

* * *

Mary Brian always eats vegetable salad for lunch.

* * *

The most beautiful dinner dance given in Hollywood for many a long day was the “welcome home” party for William Randolph Hearst at which Mary Pickford was hostess.

In her invitations, Mrs. Fairbanks said: “I invite you to a dinner to be given for the purpose of welcoming back to Hollywood the great friend and patron of the motion picture industry, Mr. William Randolph Hearst.”

Everyone responded and a remarkable group gathered.

The French room—we wonder if Mary had a twinkle in her eye on that one—at the Ambassador was exquisitely decorated for the occasion. Across the upper end, was one long table. Surrounding the dance floor were smaller tables, with trellises of orchids, gardenias and roses looking as though they grew there. A raised platform held George Olsen and his orchestra—the first time in months the Olsen crowd has played at a private function.

Mary, in a gown of pure white chiffon with thousands of small iridescent beads covering it, and a great corsage of white orchids on her shoulder, sat at the long table, with Mr. Hearst on one side of her, and Douglas Fairbanks on the other. She was the only woman at that table. The heads of all the great studios occupied the other seats, including Louis B. Mayer, Winfield Sheehan, David Selznick, Joseph Schenck, Harry Cohn, Harry Warner, George Hearst and Al Kaufman.

A wonderful program had been arranged. Of course, everyone was delighted to make Mr. Hearst’s homecoming a success. Eddie Cantor sang two new songs. The English songbird, Evelyn Laye, gownned in turquoise blue velvet, sang three songs amid much applause. Ethel Shatta, prima donna of “Whoopie” on the New York stage and now Mrs. George Olsen, did her “Come West, Little Girl.”

The success of the evening was the entrance of Mr. Hearst’s pet bulldog, who hadn’t seen his master since his trip abroad.

Gloria Swanson wore a very simple gown of very deep, sapphire blue velvet, cut to the waist line in the back and with a long, flowing petal-like skirt. Over this, when she came in, she wore a short jacket of chinchilla. Her jewels were sapphires, a single drop, one bracelet and one ring. At her small table were Marion Davies, in a frock of orchid chiffon with a little ruffle at the waist line: Charlie Chaplin, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Harry Crocker.

The belle of the ball was Marie Dressler. Gorgeously gownned in deep purple, with diamonds, and an ermine wrap, Miss Dressler was the center of a gay group all evening and she was the partner selected by Mr. Hearst with whom to “open the ball.” As they danced, the guests formed a circle about them, and Marie carried it off with a great air.

Other guests, included Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), the Marquis de la Falaise,
The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the

Constance Bennett, who wore beige lace, John Gilbert, William Haines, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich (in white chiffon, with touches of red and a corsage of red roses), Laurence Gray, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Anita Page, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford), Irving Thalberg and his wife Norma Shearer, June Collyer, Lew Cody, Virginia Cherrill, Polly Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Edmund Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Eileen Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor, Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Sid Grauman and Mrs. Grauman, Marjorie Rambeau, Aileen Pringle and Matt Moore, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Arthur, Catherine Dale Oven, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brulatour (Hope Hampton), Gene Mackey and Sam Wood.

DOUG MacLEAN is coming back to pictures, but not in front of the camera. He will be an associate producer at RKO.

RKO has released all the show girls and dancers it had under contract for musical pictures—which is an indication of what is going on all over Hollywood. Musicals have their place and that place in the future will be one or two a year. The fans became tired of them when they were turned out by the dozen.

BILLIE DOVE is back in Hollywood after three months in Europe. Her Toluca Lake house has just been opened and Billie is moving in. It seems probable that she will be married to Howard Hughes, millionaire producer of "Hell's Angels," soon. She is divorced from Irvin Willat, while Hughes' wife recently obtained a decree in another state.

DORIS KENYON SILLS, widow of the late Milton Sills whose sudden death was such a blow to Hollywood, went to Lake Arrowhead for a few weeks, to rest. Her plans for the future are still indefinite, but it is possible that she will go through with plans for a nationwide concert tour, which will take her away from the painful memories of her Beverly Hills home.

NORMA TALMADGE is back at her beach house, after spending the Summer abroad. She was in Paris and on the Riviera and had a grand time. At the moment she hasn't any picture plans.

Alice White is considering a vaudeville tour.

MILDRED HARRIS, who was the first wife of Charles Chaplin, is back in Hollywood. Expects to make pictures once more.

DOLORES DEL RIO has practically recovered from her long illness. She was able to go out and sit in the garden and to watch some guests playing tennis. The doctor still advises rest and quiet.

In the meantime, Dolores' contract with United Artists has lapsed. Plans for production of "The Dove" have been postponed indefinitely.

MARY DUNCAN opened her home in Bel-Air, after a hurried trip to New York, with a pretty dinner party, a buffet supper being served in the garden. Mary is one of those charming casual hostesses and looked very lovely in a white velvet frock, with a short peplum edged with ermine. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Davis Selznick, Jeannette Loff, Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Jordan, Winnie Sheehan, Mack Sennett, Al Christie, Carl Laemmle Jr., Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Edna Murphy), Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm St. Clair, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow and Willis Goldbeck.

HELEN TWELVETREES gets the coveted rôle of "Millie" in Don Clark's new novel by that name. Her work in "My Man" earned her the chance at "Millie." Robert Ames is to play the reporter.

BELIEVE it or not, one building in Hollywood has 5,000 doors and 3,000 windows in it! It is only one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. It is a storehouse where doors and windows are kept before and after they are used on sets.

GLORIA SWANSON has filed suit for divorce from Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. The complaint alleges desertion. The separation of Gloria and her Marquis became known a short time ago. Gloria at that time declared she did not intend to sue for divorce.

HAL WALLIS has taken advantage of the shutdown at First National to
film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

make a trip abroad. His wife, Louise Fazenda, has gone with him. It’s Louise’s first European venture and she left in a mood of wild excitement. They’ll see Paris, Berlin, and London and spend a month in New York before coming back to Hollywood.

LOUIS WOLHEIM says there is one thing he will not do again—and that’s try to direct a picture and act in it at the same time.

“Say,” he says now that his first directorial attempt is over, “these director fellows don’t get half enough credit. They have to have eyes in the back of their heads, six ears, fourteen hands, four pairs of feet, no nerves, get along without sleep, think of twenty-two things at once and talk about nine of them at the same time—and it’s a tougher racket than this actor business. I didn’t know when I was well off. But I know this much now, I’ll never direct and try to act at the same time again.”

THE Chaplin studio is the unique studio of Holly-
wood. It is strictly a one-man affair. Instead of
the dozens of producers and assistants, heads of de-
tartments and writers, cameramen and props you
find on all other sets, the Chaplin studio has an em-
ployee list of less than forty-five people, including
the gateman. They show up every morning at nine
o’clock and never know whether they are to work or
not that day. Because Chaplin may show up and again
he may not. No one knows. But they are always ready
for the boss when and if he does come to the studio.

Charlie takes his time about working on a picture
and spends a year, as he did on this last one, where
other studios would rush the work through in two
months. But when he gets it done—it’s usually good.

Paul Lukas was born on a train near Budapest,
Hungary.

DICK BARTHELMESs is one of the smartest actors
in Hollywood. When other stars are saying, “I
must have the only real role in the picture” and seeing
to it that good bits of acting by lesser lights are left on
the cutting-room floor, Dick merely says, “Gimme
a picture with several good roles and some good actors
to fit into ‘em.”

Someone “steals” almost every one of Dick’s pic-
tures, according to critics, just as Lila Lee did in
“Drag,” and as young Doug Fairbanks did in
“The Dawn Patrol.” In the parlance of the game
this means they had a great part, a part every bit the
equal of the star’s, and filled it adequately.

But Barthelmess doesn’t care. He knows it helps
make a better picture, he isn’t a bit afraid of compet-
tition, and he gets a great, if silent, kick out of help-
ing someone up the ladder—as he did Doug, Jr.,
in “The Dawn Patrol.” Which, perhaps, is one
reason Dick Barthelmess has remained on top of the
heap for years, while other stars have come up
—and gone down.

Many of our readers have called our attention to
the mistake we made in stating that Ralph Forbes gave Ron-
ald Colman the Viking Funeral in “Bean Geste.”
(This statement was made in Dick Hyland’s article
on “Big Moments of Screen History” in the October
New Movie.) It was Neil Hamilton who set fire to
the body of his brother, Ronald Colman, and credit
should be given Mr. Hamilton for his splendid acting
in this particular scene.

THE University of Washington, in Seattle, is going
to have a class for the study of the motion picture.
If they run Garbo films the course will be a popular
one.

HAROLD LLOYD is sold on the new wide film and
will have a wide film camera on his next picture,
which will be another football picture such as “The
Freshman,” if his plans are carried out. One kick
against the new film is that it does away with close-ups,
but Harold says that can be overcome with the de-
velopment of an entirely new technique, just as the
talkies have forced a new technique upon directors
and stars.

Lawrence Carter is electrician in the Paramount stu-
dio. He tends to lights and things up among the
rafters over the sets. And he has spent over 32,000
hours up among those raf-
ters since 1915. He passed
that number while working
on Dick Arlen’s “Social
Errors.”

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, hav-
ing finished “New
Moon,” is going on the
road for a concert tour.
Mrs. Tibbett and the boys
go to Europe and join him
in New York for Christ-
mas.

SKEETS GALLAGHER
and his pretty wife,
Pauline Mason, have about
the cutest baby on display
(Continued on page 97)
The Toughest GAME

There Are 17,541 Extras Listed in Hollywood and for the Last Two Years They Have Averaged But $2.94 a Week in Earnings

Of the 17,541 extras listed (girls and boys, men and women who proudly and hopefully signed registration applications under the fantastic impression that this opens the way to the movies) only 194 worked an average of two or more days a week for the last two years. One hundred and forty of these were men, fifty-four were women. The one hundred and fortieth man earned $14.42 a week, the fifty-fourth woman earned $14.26 a week. Are they startling figures?

There are just eight extras in Hollywood who stand out above the rest in the matter of days worked and money earned. They are the top eight men and women. This octet—they are at the top of their profession, mind you—earned the grand and princely average of $43.94 a week for the last two-year period. Can you name any other profession in which the top eight average only that amount?

Before they could earn that they had to be able to drive a car, dance, swim, ride a horse better than well, sing and be healthy enough to withstand hardships, the least of which was hanging around in sopping wet clothes for hours at a time on cold winter days. And own a wardrobe costing over two thousand dollars!

They'll never get rich, these boys and girls, as extras.

The most successful of them all, the queen of her people during the last two years, is a girl named Jane Arden (her real name Jane Sleas). Jane worked 464 days during 1928 and 1929, an average of about four days a week. For this she made $47.45 a week—a good salary.

But Miss Arden has what is called a "very complete" wardrobe. She has every kind of an outfit. It includes, among other things, fifteen hats, four evening wraps, three sport coats, four other coats, two fur coats, twenty-one pairs of shoes, twelve street dresses, seven evening dresses, bathing suits galore! They cost over $2,500 and left Miss Arden just a bit over twenty-one dollars a week upon which to live.

And Jane Arden, I have told you, is the ace in this deck of cards. The others all earned far, far less than did Jane.

The man who worked most during this same two-year period is Myron Green, better known on the sets as "Babe" Green. He made $46.95 a week. He is thirty-three years old and has been learning this extra business for eight years. His clothes include everything from a full-dress suit with tails to an English hunting coat and riding clothes. He is the ace among the men.

It is a peculiar twist of fate that no person who has been successful as an extra has ever gotten to be anything else in Hollywood. No extra, who worked more than spasmodically, has ever come up from the ranks to stardom or anything approaching stardom. If they are good—they are lost forever. If they are bad (by bad I mean do not earn enough to live) they are lost—unless they have something on the ball, some way,

500 men, all hoping for a few days' work and possible movie fame, waiting at the studio gates of Paramount. The call had gone out that several hundred were needed to play miners in "The Spoilers."
in the World

BY DICK HYLAND

somehow, which will enable them to come through when
their “break” presents itself.

Girls and boys outside of Hollywood, and some raised
in Hollywood, have said and are saying to themselves
that Dick Arlen, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor and
Ramon Novarro have been extras, “They pulled them-
selves up, they are great successes,” they report, “and
I have the same opportunity.”

They have. But Arlen, Farrell and their very, very
few brothers and sisters from the extra ranks are so
exceptional and so outstanding as to become discouraging
items by the very force of the proof they give to the
argument that being an extra is a tough racket and one
in which but a handful out of the thousands ever suc-
cceed.

In every case where real success has come to an extra
luck has played a great part. In every case that extra
was not a successful extra.

Dick Arlen had to be hit by a truck belonging to one
of the companies before he got much of a break—and
his job was driving a motorcycle delivery, not being an
extra, when he got hit. It is not suggested that others
get in front of trucks belonging to big companies. The
odds against surviving are about as great as gaining
success through extra work.

Edwina Booth was an extra before she got the
“break” and was given the part of the girl in “Trader
Horn.” She had been a bit fresh one day while her
picture was taken with six other extras. A year later
Director Van Dyke, who had taken the picture, remem-
bered this blonde who had kicked about posing in that
picture. She exactly fit the “Trader Horn” part. But
again advice is given not to try to succeed by getting
fresh. Miss Booth went to Africa with the company,
returned, and has spent a year ill in bed. Her health
was wrecked by tropical ailments caught in Africa.
And she is being sued by the wife of one of the other
actors in the company, who claims that Miss Booth stole the affections of the hubby. Miss Booth says she
didn’t, but that is neither here nor there. She’s being sued. Was her
“break” a good one?

Charlie Farrell is one of
those who made good. But he
was a flop as an extra. One day he
stood in line at Paramount studio,
waiting and hoping. The casting di-
rector said, “Nothing doing.” Charlie
dwalked down the line which had
formed in back of him—other men,
other boys, all hoping for that job the
casting director had told Charlie was
not there. Charlie stopped to talk to a
friend, another extra, Paul Wilkinson.

“Nothing do-
ing, Charlie?”
asked Paul.

“Not a damn
thing,” said
Farrell. “And
I’m through,
finished. This
extra business
is no good. I’m going to
start looking
around for something else—anything but this.”

Charlie did. Not again did he work as an extra. He
did other things until the chance came for him to work
in a small bit for Mary Pickford. He lifted her into
his arms and carried her off the set. That “bit” was
his initial “break.” Then came other small parts and
then “Seventh Heaven,” which made him. But even
that, that great part of Chico, would not have been
Charlie’s had not Jack Gilbert had a scrap with the
Fox studio and walked off the lot. “Seventh Heaven”
was purchased for Jack, not Charlie. Upon such vague
and unlooked-for things are “breaks” built in Holly-
wood. You can’t count on them coming at all.

Paul Wilkinson himself, is an example of what
becomes of a few of the smarter extras. The ward-
robe man on a picture in which he was working needed
an assistant. Paul took the job thankfully. It meant
regular money, regular grub. Then he became a ward-

The switchboard of
the Central Casting
Bureau, where all ex-
tras must register in
order to get work. The
Bureau gets 900 calls
an hour from extras
hoping for work.

Frances Dee: the only girl picked from the extra
ranks in the last year who has made good. It
was just luck.
The Only Game That Offers No Reward and No Hope

rode man himself, a prop man, and then got into the casting end of the business. He is now the assistant casting director at M.G.M. and has the job of telling extras "Nothing doing" even as he was so often told.

I asked him one or two questions about "breaks" and what chance an extra had of getting somewhere. His answer was "darn little."

"Some of them do, of course," he continued, "but even when they get a break, nowadays, they don't get far. One of them, a girl named Lillian Bond, was given a contract the other day. She is the voice of the feminine cutie in some dog pictures we are doing. No one will ever see her. Still it means steady dough, which is a break for an extra. It's a tough racket."

"Studios are not charitable organizations. And one hour lost on a set may mean anywhere from two to ten thousand dollars gone out the window. So they demand that extras be experienced. Which tends to keep some old ones going and most of the new ones out in the cold."

Of the 17,541 who are registered at Central Casting (they call in there so often the telephone company had to install a special piece of equipment which handles 900 calls an hour!) thousands have no chance of working at all or, at best, but rarely.

The coming of sound jumped the registration considerably. Three thousand boys and girls, men and women, from all over the world, flocked to Hollywood. They said they were singers. They could sing enough to get registered. But further auditions and vocal tests cut that number to Two Hundred! Two hundred can sing well enough and are of varied enough types so that they handled all of the jobs calling for singing extras.

The other 2,800 get jobs only when great mobs are called for singing, such as the rooting section at a football game. I asked what has become of that 2,800, how they live? No one knows.

Two thousand dancers—ballet, tap—registered when the orgy of musical comedy pictures first hit the industry. Those pictures are now out of vogue. Very, very few of those two thousand girls will survive as extras. It means home and failure, getting married or getting a job at something else.

Three thousand out of the 17,541 are fortunate enough to be called and considered "regulars." They have complete wardrobes. They handle most of the parts calling for general extra work. Mob scenes, street scenes, atmosphere, and so on. They are qualified for almost everything. All, except the 194 mentioned above, averaged well under fourteen dollars a week for the past two years. This three thousand does not change its personality very much. A few of them drop out, a few of them change types, a few new faces can be seen among them each year. But as a rule they stick in the game for from three to five years, some even longer, and eke out their bare existence. Hope carries them ever forward.

The rest of the mob of over seventeen thousand often do not have a chance to even get started. They come, perhaps having a little money upon which to live. But they last only an average of less than two years. Many, many pull out in a year. They are of all sorts, the smart ones, and the ones who lack the courage to go on, ever hoping and never attaining.

"How do they live?" I asked. Asked everyone. The answer invariably was, "I don't know." I came to the conclusion that these extras are better magicians than they are actors. They (Continued on page 100)
Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler should make a roystering couple in Metro-Goldwyn's "Min and Bill." This co-starring comes as a reward for Beery's hit in "The Big House" and Miss Dressler's appropriation of honors in a number of films. The locale of this new comedy is the waterfront and Beery plays a fishing captain.
Ruth Chatterton’s Greatness as an Actress Is Handicapped Only by Her Consciousness of Gentility.

Of Ruth Chatterton, the Paramount publicity man writes, “She refused a flattering motion-picture contract at the height of her stardom because she was not allowed to select her own stories.”

I do not know who selects her stories now. I am sure it is not the intelligent Miss Chatterton. She has probably long ago decided to allow the Paramount officials to select them and have done with it.

She has appeared in a few films that are above the average. The rest are on a par with “Madame X,” which was so watery sentimental that janitors in outlying film houses were forced to wear life savers in sweeping out the theater.

A miracle woman in films, being intelligent, Miss Chatterton knows the difference in the real and the unreal. She is a startling proof that people in Hollywood can seldom be greater than their environment.

The publicity writer continues: “The opportunity to play opposite Jannings, whom she considered a great artist, was what induced Miss Chatterton to leave the stage, at least temporarily, to play in pictures.”

This, of course, is merely publicity of an ingenious kind.

In technical ability, says Jim Tully, Ruth Chatterton is second to no living actress. Her training in stock and on the New York stage has been rigid. Born in New York, she was educated at a private school in Pelham Manor, New York.
Almost Too Much of a LADY

By JIM TULLY

Miss Chatterton, in her deepest heart, did not leave the stage. It left her. Her very life is in the stage. She has ridden to her greatest commercial success on a film horse she surely does not love. She is too big to be content to play shadows forever.

As one who is fond of Ruth Chatterton, I have a real sympathy for her. And neither is it wasted.

She would far rather play such roles as "Sister Carrie" and "Susan Lenox" or anything else that is honest and forthright. Instead, she plays in "Paramount on Parade" and "Charming Sinners."

In technical ability she is second to no living actress. Her training in stock and on the New York stage has been rigid. At one time or another, she has played opposite such women as Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric.

One long ago Winter night, I told Lenore Ulric that she was one of the greatest second-class actresses in America.

Hesitating for a moment as if stunned, she asked, "Why?"

"There are no first," I answered.

She talked of what an American actress must contend with, and agreed.

I once had, in the beginning, an honest Negro play rehearsing for the New York stage. I went to see Miss Ulric in "Lulu Belle," and left the tawdry business in the second act.

In justice to a half dozen such women as Chatterton and Ulric, the American public does not care for the plays in which they would like to appear.

Miss Chatterton's last play, before grabbing the life line of the movies, was John Colton's "The Devil's Plum Tree."

The only ripe plum on the whole tree was Ruth Chatterton, herself. So, realizing that Jannings was a great artist, she went into films, determined to become financially independent and return, a wealthy lady, to her first and only love.

After several years in stock, Miss Chatterton finally became leading woman for Henry Miller in "Daddy Long Legs." She was later co-starred with him in "A Marriage of Convenience."

Born in New York, she was educated at a private school in Pelham Manor.

To those people who become agitated as to whether or not she is as great an actress as Greta Garbo, I might say that if she isn't, the reason can be first traced to Pelham Manor.

Her background, a middle-class lake, lapping the shores of American gentility, is her greatest handicap.

Greta Garbo was the peasant in "Anna Christie." Ruth Chatterton is, no matter how subtly she tries to conceal it, too often conscious of her gentility. She has a beautiful body, with the grace of a ballet dancer. It is a pleasure to watch her walk across a room. There is, if anything, too much thought in her face for that of a highly successful film actress. Generally, the more popular faces among these ladies are vapid. There is always an expression on them as if the owner would say, "I would sing of love."

Miss Chatterton is always exceedingly well dressed on screen and street. She wears clothes as naturally and gracefully as a tiger does its skin. Her German accent in "Sarah and Son" was superb. Her voice is delightful with melody and cadence. It is the first real gift to the microphone. Her muscular control is wondrous to watch. It resembles perfect machinery in motion. She is the triumph of a highly clever woman. But all she has, and sad day I may risk her valued friendship in writing it, does not make her surpass Garbo.

Much publicity has been given to certain so-called intimate details—in many cases manifestly unjustified and unfair—of the life of Garbo, seemingly forgetting that she has any right to privacy.

It was said that Garbo was economical and demanded a receipt for small items, that she sent her servants into Los Angeles for groceries to save pennies. That she likes the rain; that she will even turn the hose on herself to get wet. That she sleeps in men's pajamas. That she plays jazz records. That she will not eat in the M.G.M. commissary, but carries a lunch from her home. (A wise woman). That her first employment in Sweden was in a barber shop, lathering the faces of customers.

These, and many other things, were said of her. None of them mattered; and had nothing to do with her transcendent ability as (Continued on page 110)
Just a panorama of Beverly Hills, showing the simple and unostentatious home life of the movie stars.

Travelogue:

J. P. McEvoy, the Humorist, Tells His Little Boy, Rollo, All the Secrets of Hollywood—and Finds His Son Knows More About the Town Than He Does

DADDY, have you ever been to Hollywood?
Yes, Rollo.
Did you like it?
Yes.
Hollywood.
Who wants to know, Rollo?
I want to know, daddy.
Why?
Because I consider a diligent inquiry into Hollywood basically and fundamentally important to any cultural development which I might—
What are you running for, Rollo?
I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, dad.
I'm sorry, Rollo.
Sorry, my eye! Don't do it again.

OKAY, Rollo. Take it from “any cultural development which I might—”
Is that what I said?
That's what you were saying.
What was I talking about?
About Hollywood: Did I like it—had I been there—and when I asked why you wanted to know, you started to make a speech.
Maybe I shouldn't have done that, huh, daddy?
Maybe.
Maybe I shouldn't ask you about Hollywood, huh?

Ask away, Rollo. I have no secrets from you. Not about Hollywood, anyway.
Is it a nice town, daddy?
Very nice.
Is it bright and big and gay?
Yes, Rollo.

Is it wicked, daddy?
No, Rollo.
Not even itsy, bitsy wicked?
How would you like a good sock in the nose? Itsy-bitsy?
I thought that was cute, daddy.
It isn't.
Well, my mistake. Tell me about Hollywood, daddy.
I heard it was wild and woolly and—What did you think, daddy?
It isn't.
I heard the parties run all night, daddy—and wild women can be seen up in the hills at all hours—leaping from jag to jag.
Don't you believe it, Rollo. Those are real estate agents.
And I heard all the bathtubs are solid gold, and the tennis courts are Carrara marble, and they have platinum plumbing and hot and cold running gin on every floor.
When the movie stars rough it at Malibu, they do it in a big way—but simplicity predominates.

HOLLYWOOD

By J. P. McEVOY

You have been misled, my son.
It isn't anything like that?
Nothing like it.

I'm disappointed, daddy.

Sorry, Rollo.
Heartbroken, daddy.
Don't cry, Rollo.

Desolated, daddy—ravaged with grief—prostrated with sorrow.
You're breaking my heart, Rollo.
I don't wish to live, daddy.

You mustn't take it like that, Rollo. You are a growing lad, Rollo, and disappointments such as this will come often to you in the years ahead.

No feeling, daddy?
Absolutely, Rollo.

Then what is there to live for, daddy?
You may well ask, Rollo.

All my life I've looked forward to growing a little older so I could go to Hollywood. All my life I've heard dark and delightful rumors about the night life along Hollywood Boulevard, and those devilish doings in the Pig 'n' Whistle.

Poor boy.

And up and down the Malibu, daddy—don't tell me there's no Malibu, daddy.
Oh, yes, there's a Malibu, Rollo.

What do they do there, daddy? Tell me, tell me. I'm all a-twist.
They swim and sit, Rollo. That is—in the Summer.
And in the Winter, daddy—in the Winter, tell me?
They sit.
That's all?
Well, they eat off each other.

Don't they make yip-yip, daddy?

I beg your pardon?
Yip-yip? Hey-hey?
Who?
The movie stars.
Where?
On the Malibu?

When?

Anytime, daddy. What's the big idea anyway? I don't think you know anything about it, daddy, and I'm beginning to suspect you've never been to Hollywood.

Oh, yes, I have, Rollo.
I'm becoming quite convinced, daddy, that not only have you never been to Hollywood, but that you don't know any of the stars.

Oh, Rollo, how could you?

Well, then, do you know Jack Oakie?
Oh, yes, Rollo.
Does he speak to you?
Oh, no, Rollo.
Do you know Jack Barrymore?
Mister Barrymore to you, Rollo.
Do you know him?
Oh, yes, Rollo.

Does he speak to you?

Oh, no, Rollo.
Are you unhappy about it, daddy?

No, Rollo. (Continued on page 106)
MOTHER
BY
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

Marlene Dietrich, the Newest Screen Personality, Finds
It Isn't Easy to Combine Motherhood with Acting

A BOVE all things in motion pictures I love an actress.
I am of the old school and cannot be convinced that the display of an attractive personality is acting.
I do not object to it, of course. It comes within the laws of entertainment. We, as a nation, love personalities, exploit them and respond to them, in politics, business, athletics and the arts.
But I do want them called by their right names. And the presentation of personality, over and over again on the screen, is not acting.
I love acting. Love to see it. So, I believe, do the vast majority of people who remain content with personalities because they see so little acting that they forget what it is like.
They are going to see some of it now. Believe me! Marlene Dietrich is an actress.

I N my opinion, she is a very great actress. She is going to knock American audiences right off their seats and have them, as Wilson Mizner would say, gasping in the aisles. As Pola used to say, "Here is great artist." I admit I am all excited. It happened all in one day and without any real warning, because I have long since ceased paying any attention to the ravings of a studio agent a new foreign importation. They arrive by the carload and go back the same way and they are as quickly forgotten.
But the day I saw "Morocco" and met Marlene Dietrich was a great big breath of heaven. Twenty-four hours of real thrills, which I had given up expecting in these colorless, mechanical days of the talkies. Now that I have seen her act, and met her as well, I may confess that it's been hard, woefully hard, trying to be enthusiastic about the smooth, bland, too-competent and too-conscious charms of our modern youths and maidens of Talkieland.
I have, even in print, yearned back toward the good old days.
Then—Marlene Dietrich.
I haven't had such a kick since Pola Negri descended upon us like a gorgeous tornado some years ago. Pola shook Hollywood to its foundations.

Advance showings of Marlene Dietrich's first American film, "Morocco," indicate that the newest German invader is likely to become a sensation. As the cafe singer, Amy Jolly, Miss Dietrich combines some of the electrical qualities of Greta Garbo and the late Jeanne Eagels.
In the morning I saw "Morocco," which is Marlene Dietrich's first American talkie.

Into my vision moved a woman who left me breathless, who stirred me as no actress on the screen has stirred me since I saw Pola Negri in "Passion" ten years ago.

A woman who showed me on the screen all the phases and emotions of a consuming passion. The little projection room grew tense with it. I felt myself swept along upon its tide toward the inevitable end as the music of Wagner sweeps me.

I had no time to think of the story, to judge whether I liked it or didn't like it, no time to criticize this woman's technique or appearance or personality.

It was as vital as looking upon a storm in the mountains, or a great murder trial. You have nothing to do with it, no opinion of its place in the scheme of things. There it is—life. And there she was, living, suffering, loving. The heart followed her as resistlessly as the eyes. Bad woman—good woman? How can you tell? A human being, handled roughly by Fate. A fiery, lovable, dynamic, mistaken, pitiful, alluring figure. Right or wrong, something real. Every breath she drew you drew with her. She made you believe that woman.

She lifted Gary Cooper up with her. All his possibilities became actualities.

The Paramount studio, which regards me as hard-boiled, cynical, critical and cold-blooded because I cannot get excited about the immature and routine flutterings of machine-made stars, decided to give me a special medal when I came forth, white, tear-dimmed, speechless.

"I've just seen an actress," I said.

Five minutes after I met Marlene Dietrich I realized that she was even greater than I thought.

Because it was acting.

Marlene Dietrich is no more like the elemental, violent, fascinating woman of "Morocco" than the gentle, sensitive Duse was like Camille.

To me, Duse was the greatest actress who ever lived. I have resented, bitterly, openly, and often the comparison of any living actress to the immortal Eleanora. In a very small whisper, let me say that if time and fate are good to her, this German girl might one day be allowed a very small corner of the Duse mantle.

I was still quivering with exaltation when I met Marlene Dietrich.

Marlene Dietrich is the daughter of a German army officer, killed early in the World War. She studied English, French, music, and, in time, married a director of German films.

When Emil Jannings returned to the Fatherland, he selected Miss Dietrich as his leading woman. Her playing opposite Herr Jannings brought her on American contract.
"MARIA IS MY HAPPINESS," SAYS MARLENE DIETRICH

The rest of this interview with the star of "Morocco" belongs by right in the magazine of the Parent-Teachers Association.

We talked for an entire afternoon, intercutting each other, laughing, shedding womanish tears, getting all worked up—without a single change of subject.

I never saw anyone so mad about children, so proud of motherhood, so agonized over separation from a child.

"I wish I had twelve of them," she said. "Always, I have liked to think of a long table, with children on both sides, all mine, and me at the top.

"Sometimes I wish I am not an actress. It is difficult. In America you women have babies—poof, like nothing. Norma Shearer has a baby and hardly is it noticed. Me? Oh, while I wait for it I can do nothing else. I hardly dare to breathe. I must not have one thought that can go outside of that baby—which-is-to-come. Then—six months I nurse my baby. In America it is so that one does not nurse the little baby. You give it out of a bottle, eh? Maybe. I could not do that. Oh, how I cried when the doctors say, put the little baby on a bottle. That is a sad moment is it not?"

I STUDIED while she talked and was more and more surprised.

There is an unusual simplicity about her whole appearance. Her expression is sincere and her manner gracious and a little shy. Very little make-up, less, indeed, than I have seen on any woman in public in a long time. She wore a gorgeous brown suit trimmed with two baby foxes, but without that air of smartness which makes so many American women look exactly alike. No mannerisms, no tricks. A rather deep voice which is remarkable for its lack of accent, since she arrived from Germany only eight months ago. A big girl, beautifully and strongly built, with long, slim legs, expressive hands.

There she is. You can take her or leave her. Plainly, she hopes you will like her. Her ways are neither conciliatory nor antagonistic. Simple, sincere, natural.

That's what she is. A simple, sincere young German woman, well-bred, well-educated. A sweet mouth, a clear skin, nice blue eyes, and hair that is nearer red than gold. You wouldn't call her beautiful.

"I miss my baby so much," she said, quietly. "I am very lonely here. I wish I did not have to stay. Now, I do not sleep nights any more because very soon I go back to Berlin and my little girl. You would like to see her picture? They are only little ones, but I have not the big ones here at my dressing room. Some time you come to my house in Beverly Hills and I show you lots of the big ones—and when she was a little baby."

FROM her brown bag she took a small silver case. I opened it and looked at an exquisite, fairy-like little thing, with golden curls floating about a round face.

"On her birthday, December 13, I am back in Germany," she said.

"For Christmas I stay there six months. Then—I come back for six months."

"How did you get the courage to come in the first place and why didn't you bring her?"

She made a quick gesture, hands open, palms up.

"I cannot bring her. It is better that I ache without loneliness for her than that she be in a strange place and this too warm climate. I am afraid she loses the red apples in her cheeks. There—is her father, her grandparents, her little cousins, her home and her garden. Maria is only—oh, when I get home she will be fine. She was but a little past four when I left. How quick they go! And I have missed so many days."

In her letters which she tells her papa how to write to me, each time she tells me she is still little. She knows I am afraid she will grow. So she says, Mama, darling, I am still little. I am the same. You will see. I do not grow more than I can help!

"You see, it was Maria herself who has made me come to America."

"For a long time they talk and they talk and they talk to me that I should come for pictures. In silent pictures they want me to come, but I say no. Then Mr. Joseph Von Sternberg, who directed 'Morocco' and is the greatest director in the world, came to Berlin. He has seen me in a musical comedy in Berlin. I was educated for music, you know—at Weimar."

I SAID I had once studied at the conservatory in Leipzig, and she came quickly and took my hand.

"You were happy there? You know then? I was happy, too. First I am at the pensionart—where one learns to cook and keep house. Then I go to study music."

"So—Mr. Von Sternberg casts me with Mr. Jannings, for a picture in Germany. Once more they start—talk, talk, talk, all day, I shall come to America. I say 'No, no, certainly not.' I cannot leave my Maria."

"It makes me nervous and unhappy. I love my work. Money—I care for that only that one may live nicely and that Maria may be safe. (Continued on page 123)"
You will see George Bancroft in a new sort of rôle in his next film, tentatively called "Unfit to Print." Mr. Bancroft will play the hard-driving managing editor of a sensational daily, a cynical gent to whom the words MURDER, LOVE NEST and CRIME are sweet music. The pleasant Kay Francis will head Mr. Bancroft's cast.
FALLEN IDOLS

BY HERBERT HOWE

I

If you are an idol worshiper don't be ashamed. So was your great grandpa.

Our pagan ancestors made idols out of wood and stone. To us, in this enlightened age, this seems a foolish waste of good building material. We make ours of celluloid. We picked models for their resemblance to the old Venuses and Apollos. Many would have passed for the wooden originals if they hadn't moved. Noting this, some genius called them "movie idols."

When Michelangelo completed his image of Moses it looked so life-like he slapped it on the knee and cried, "Why don't you speak?"

With similar pride we recently smote our images, and they, not having the wisdom of Moses, tried to talk.

It was a terrible smote to our pride. We didn't mind them looking wooden but we couldn't stand them talking that way. You'd feel foolish worship- ing a ventriloquist dummy.

EVERYONE knows that the Talkie Machine has been behaving like the old French guillotine. Hollywood crowns are bouncing around with the celerity of dice at a Harlem picnic. The whole world shudders at the decimation.

Mary Pickford's abdication recently quivered in headlines of European journals along with President Leguia's Peruvian exit. Mary said she was tired of Hollywood and was quitting it for the New York stage. True, she has reconsidered since.

Queen of Hollywood through all its turbulent history, Mary is the symbol of the idolatrous régime. Prophets may see in her possible passing the end of the old order, the machine overwhelming the individual, personalities becoming mere fodder for the mangling monster.

But maybe we're blaming the Talkie too much. Father Time packs a sickle as sharp as any guillotine. Many are the stars who have silently passed away, their departure scarcely noted, no Talkie Machine to blame. Several now boop-a-dooping the chutes were due for a quiet skidding.

NEXT to worshipping their idols, the favorite sport of our barbaric grandpas was knocking them to pieces. Ours are much more tempting for this pastime. No physical effort is required. "We make 'em and break 'em" might be a slogan of movie idolators. Some last longer than others, but the end is the same for all, unless death saves them. Every Adonis and Aphrodite must some day play the nigger baby for a public armed with baseballs.

Europeans are less given to this savagery. When they really get stuck on stars they take them for better or for worse until death divorces. With us it's a few hot years and we're off with a sexier attraction.

HERB HOWE SAYS:

"The Talkie Machine has behaved like the old French guillotine."

"Women go to the theater to be thrilled, men to be entertained."

"A star may change his wife but not his type. Harold Lloyd has stuck to his type. He has fifteen million dollars."

"Human beings must worship. They have bowed to sticks and stones and gods invisible. In the past there were kings, as well as gods, to excite the imagination. Now Hollywood alone provides the circus."

MAURICE COSTELLO was the first great god. Confess you've forgotten him and probably lost his photograph, which held the spot now hallowed by Buddy Rogers.

I don't recall what Maurice did to offend the ladies. The cause is lost in the years, anyway. He awoke one day to find his public had eloped with Francis X. Bushman.

As a dragoman of female affections Francis has been surpassed by only one. Francis was the first idol to make a personal appearance. When he walked down the aisle of the theater people shrank from him as from a spook. A few dare-devils reached out and touched him. They discovered he was flesh and blood. It was a fatal discovery.

Francis in his turn awoke forlorn. Nor do I know what the note said. Some said his admirers were disillusioned when he divorced his wife. More probably they were disillusioned to discover he had one—along
Business, Not Art, Makes the Best Hollywood Pedestal. But, at Best, It Is a Slippery Spot, for Anything May Happen to Bring New Laurels or an Unexpected Oblivion

with nine children. Then there was the expose of him wearing silk pajamas and an amethyst ring. This was effeminacy. Women love be-men and so they quit Bushman cold and fell for Valentino, who wore two rings and a slave bracelet and had already divorced one wife.

* * *

MORE excuses can be found for breaking an idol than for making one.

No one has yet been able to give the recipe for movie popularity. Of course, the stars themselves lay it simply to genius. Genius has become a vague and stretchy word. Personality, too, is rubbery. Seress Glyn said it was IT but couldn't say what IT was. Presuming IT to be sex-attraction, whatever that is, IT is hardly an explanation of the success of Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge. Nor even that of Garbo and Bow, since these are the idols of women rather than of men.

All movie idols may be arbitrarily aligned in two groups: the favorites of men and the favorites of women.

Men have few sets. They usually go where they’re taken. But they’re strong for the few they have. These are: Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks and, in a lesser way, Bancroft, the late Lon Chaney, Laurel and Hardy.

The idols of men are men. Women go to be thrilled, men to be entertained. Garbo and Bow may get some of the boys, some pretty old ones at that. But then Garbo and Bow in town the same night the girls can only count on a hen party—with a few hen-pecked.

When Gloria Swanson and Harold Lloyd held rival matinees in New York the line-up for Harold looked like that for an army mess hall, Gloria’s for a bargain basement.

Men went for the laughs, women for the styles.

SAYS MR. HOWE:

"Turning to the new Hollywood personalities. I find few with the distinction of Doug, Chaplin, Mary, Valentino, Mabel Normand, Bill Hart or Tom Mix."

"The new stars haven’t much chance. Hollywood has been conventionalized. It takes a stronger individual to hold out in Hollywood today. Garbo is the only figure of heroic mold to match the old gods and goddesses.”

"In Hollywood they believe good pictures are accidents. Thus Lady Luck is the patron deity."

Inversely, when Clodhopper Charlie Ray went Tailor-Made Man his admirers showered his path with banana peels.

A star may change his wife but not his type.

This brings me to my point. A star to endure as a star must specialize. I once held discussion with John Gilbert on this subject. My contention was that the screen is limiting. A player must stick close to his own character. His versatility is bounded by the variety of his personality.

John was for being Protean, running the gamut of human characters, now Lord Byron and now Mr. Disraeli.

Arty but not practical.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN talks of playing Hamlet. He never will. Charlie knows his business as well as his art. I shall come to that later. Charlie has originated a character more entertaining than Hamlet and he sticks to it. He knows that versatility is its own reward.

Douglas Fairbanks has played characters of many names, but they’ve all been Alias Fairbanks. Doug himself is a great and stimulating personality. We prefer the real to the fictional.

Mary Pickford was the angel child with the golden curls. A deity of childhood. When she cut the curls and became a "new Mary Pickford" she faced the consequence of a new star rating. Mary did not willfully change her type. Little Eva died and went to heaven long ago. In her place we have the little bobbed baby who knows what it’s all about. It was this flapper generation, not Mary, who crowded out Little Eva.

Lloyd, the spectacled Grandma’s Boy, is another who has stuck to his type and is as good as his gags. Harold has fifteen million dollars. Why change your type?

*TURING to the new personalities of Hollywood I find few with the distinction of the old-timers. Show me a personality to vie with (Continued on page 118)
LAUGHS of the FILMS

ETHEL SHUTTA AND EDWARD CARPENTER in "WHOOPPEE."

BUT WHY SLEEP IN YOUR GLASSES?!

I'M SO NEAR-SIGHTED, I GOTTA SLEEP IN MY GLASSES SO I CAN RECOGNISE THE PEOPLE I DREAM ABOUT!!

POPPA, WHAT IS ETHICS?

AS WALTER KIDDELL TELLS IT IN "HARRY HENDERSON, King of Broadway."

TAKE A MAN BUYS A SUIT AND GIVES ME TWO $20 BILLS BY MISTAKE, THAT'S WHERE ETHICS COMES IN... SHOULD I TELL MY PARTNER?!

GEORGE JERSEY AT THE HARRY HENDERSON DINNER.

IT AIN'T THAT, MISTER! I'M NOT THE BALCONY! I'M SCARRED TO SIT UP THERE ALL ALONE!

I CAN'T EAT THIS STEAK, CALL THE MANAGER!

AND WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO TAKE UP AVIATION?

S'NO USE, LADY, HE WOULDN'T EAT IT, EITHER!

CAUSE EVERYBODY SAID I WAS NO GOOD ON EARTH!

"HALF-SHOT AT SUNRISE."

"YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!"
Says Benny RUBIN

It's a Crazy Interview and You Are Welcome to All the Facts, If You Can Locate Them

By SALLY BENSON

THE house, obviously somebody's home, lay nestled in the Hollywood hills. It was simplicity itself. I couldn't help comparing it to the houses on either side of it, although I don't like to be disloyal. The flowers, the picnic party making merry on the lawn, the ingenuousness of the sign in the driveway, "For Rent or for Sale," put me immediately at my ease. "Here is a guy," I thought, "who hasn't let success go to his head."

I stopped to pat the two curly headed youngsters who were playing in the driveway. They were playing as happily as ordinary children, apparently all unconscious that their father was the charming Buster Gilbert, Junior, idol of the silent and sound screen. Their mother, a Mrs. Everett J. Mullally of Alton, Illinois, lived within a stone's throw. Yes, the same Mrs. Mullally who flew from Los Angeles to Hawaii and cemented the friendship between Bavaria and Japan. What a life that woman has led! I could make a book of it if anyone would let me. And very soon the Editor of NEW MOVIE is going to send me all the way to Alton, Illinois by plane, to get the low down from the neighbors about her. But that, of course, is another story, even though Fate has interwoven these two lives so that you can hardly tell one from the other.

I STOOD musing for a time. It may have been hours. Sometimes when I get to thinking, it's almost more than I can stand. But the shrill cries of the kiddies brought me to my senses. One of them was stuffing rocks and California poppies down his little brother's throat. Ah, California, wherein lies your charm?

I rang the bell and whistled while I waited and then I said, "Good morning to you, Jack." But I little knew the trouble that he brought me when he handed me a letter edged in black. What a pretty song that is! And yet people say that there is no sentiment. The door was opened by a youngish man, all unaware of anything. For a minute I couldn't place him and then in a flash I realized that it was Benny Rubin. 

(Continued on page 111)
A striking study of David Manners as the young boy of the countryside who falls in love with the 18-year-old Naomi Kellogg (played by Ruth Chatterton) in "The Right to Love." Young Manners, who is twenty-eight, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He made his first real hit as the younger brother in the film version of the war drama "Journey's End."
"Kiss her!" shrieked the director. "Remember, you ain't seen her for two years. Crush her to you, you sap, and bear down on those ruby lips!"

THREE hundred and fifty feet in the air the Musclebound Arms thrust its well advertised bulk of mongrel architecture, and a transient pigeon winging its way past the twenty-fifth story might have perceived Mr. J. Wellington Kwattle, directorial genius of Epictures Incorporated, taking his ease. That worthy's suite commanded what was supposed to be an inspiring view of Wilshire Boulevard, and now he sprawled comfortably, eyes on the traffic below, toward which, with an occasional regal gesture, he sprayed the ashes from a dollar cigar.

But Mr. Kwattle's heart was no longer in his play, for his future seemed as dubious as his nationality. For two days he had mused above the heads of the multitude, finding little comfort in the knowledge that his next production would be played by the most popular puppets on his company's payroll, for what he had at first diagnosed as heartburn he knew to be the
pangs of ambition. And now he felt an enormous restlessness as his gaze picked out the top of someone's hat and followed it for a block or so. What, wondered the long and gangling J. Wellington, lay beneath it?

"I can do it!" he gritted. "I can discover a new face as easily as some of these lead swingers who stumble into a cafeteria or something, and what do they see but a second edition of Venus or Adonis inhaling a ham sandwich. Pooh! Here I am, with a couple of dozen box office wows to my credit, and yet, when I went snooping around the president's hangout yesterday, trying to do myself a little good, I'll be a monkey's uncle if they weren't discussing me. ME—the guy who took 'em out of the red with 'Girls De Looks,' the musical that made the public think of a knee as a joint for entertainment. It ain't right!"

By way of emphasis Mr. Kwattle inspected himself in the mirror and went into a frenzy of gesturing.

"The gall," he complained, "of a burned bearing like the president saying no wonder I was a good director because they always gave me the best material to work with. I'll show him!" Doun there on the boulevard is
Life — s'funny I never thought of that before — and here's where I mingle with it.

No languid gaping from a Rolls-Royce, either; I'll walk. Even should I cripple me, I'll walk from here to the Biltmore, part for Art and part for Kwattle." And choosing a robin's-egg blue fedora, an act that stamped him as a gentleman unafraid, he stumbled forth to the elevator.

His progress downtown brought little result, for, like any man who is surfeited with beauty in his business, Mr. Kwattle preferred to look for the odd little flair of eyebrow, nose or chin that spells personality. He barged slowly onward, wondering why ninety percent of the ladies had not lynched the inventor of the off-the-face felt, and, after a rest in Lafayette Park, during which his leers at strolling damsels earned him a barrage of scowls from their escorts, he reached the noisy stretches of Figueroa Street.
Feeling that his arches had become as flat as an iceman's, the puffing J. Wellington dragged himself past the inevitable fortune teller's, herb doctor's and curio shops, and stopped before a window occupied by some of the virtues of a retroushed nose. In addition, Walt David Nature had planted a tiny mole at a point sufficiently southeast of a rosebuddy mouth to lend piquancy to her face, and, combined with such pre-war attractions as a bosom, waist and hips, the face of the prosperous director was to draw him through the nearest door and strand him at a counter.

"That young woman," he told an inquiring clerk. "I'd like to speak to her," and he watched admiringly as the blonde came smoothly across the office with the effortless ease of those who wear shoes that fit. She took his pre-ened card, read it, and raised a pair of amethystine eyes to the Kwattle countenance, an area which possessed no interest for anyone but a cartoonist.

"Yes?" she inquired in a voice like the rustle of silk.

"Sweetheart," chirped Mr. Kwattle in a hoarse whisper that reached every puckered ear in the accounting department, "how would you like to have a fling at the films?"

The girl showed none of the symptoms of rapture he had read about in similar cases. "My name," she said frigidly, "is Revere; Iris Revere. And Miss to you or any other funny looking thing in a flail like that."

"Yes, ma'am," mumbled J. Wellington, surprised to find himself quailing like a mere extra. "'Scuse me, but you know how it is with us in the talkies—all little pangs together. Why, only the other day I said to Clara Bow, "Listen, Queenie," I said,—"

"Turn it over and play the other side," suggested Miss Revere tartly. "Perhaps I'll like it better."

IT was Mr. Kwattle's turn to grow indignant. "Do you realize that many a duchess would swap a castle, not to mention the duke, to have your chance?" he shouted, "and you're asking me to make a test for me or would you rather play around with the Scotch piano? It's five o'clock now, so let's discuss it over a dish of tea at the Biltmore, and I mean tea. You will? Good, I thought you'd melt."

A quarter of an hour later he had himself well sprinkled with crumbs of cinnamon toast as he gestured through his argument. "So that's why you can save me," he ended. "No kidding, when I heard the president make that slurt about my rep I was sore enough to go East on a Bender up at one of those Montreal hotels where the guest is always tight because they're all skirny guys are. Trust to mumble us, and phut! we go nuts. But I'll say I gained myself a break by taking this walk and I'll guarantee one for you. What do you say?"

Miss Revere regarded him curiously. "You really think I'm good looking enough? Why, this mole, for instance—"

"Sweetheart," said J. Wellington earnestly, "Pardon me, I mean kid, the old silent movie standards are out. What you've got is personality, what I've got is brains, and the combination is irresistible, as the underwear salesman says.

"I did get into the movies two years ago, like most girls, but not on my face."

"Wanted to be a script girl, I s'pose. Say," asked J. Wellington in sudden alarm, "you ain't an intellectual out here to write a novel, are you? I had one of those things working for me once, and I should have known she had a superior mind because she needed a shampoo. Well, what does she do but tear off Hollywood expose number 8472 called 'SEWER?'—SURE!' and may I strangle on my next herring if I wasn't on every page."

"It's nice to know you've had troubles, too," smiled Iris looking at Mr. Kwattle for the first time as though he were human. "I've failed, you see, and like a lot of other failures, I'm afraid to go home. I—"

And he believed I'd come back for you, and I know I had to be unpromised, and that's why I've been so aloof to you. The pictures haven't much lure for me and there's really only one thing that holds me here."

"Could it be a man?"

"A superman," corrected Miss Revere in hushed tones, her amethystine eyes glowed with romance. "I've seen him at four premières and once coming out of a chicropist's. He's the most wonderful—well, you must know Peter Silverdale."

"Oh, him," said Mr. Kwattle unguardedly. "Sure, he's wonderful so long as I'm directing him, the dizzy ape. Didn't I have to toss him twice before he could look downtrodden enough for the big scene in 'The Wages of Gin,' and then didn't the critics go gaga over the lyric beauty of his performance? It's things like that put this hump on my back."

"You bully," cried the girl. "And you want me to work for you! No, thanks."

"Wait, wait," begged the director, creating an air pocket with his flourishes. "Ain't you forgetting that you'd be tossing vowels in the same studio with this synthetic sobber?"

"We-e-e-el—"

"Suppose I promise that if you pass a test, I'll see that you play opposite him inside of six months?"

Miss Revere's petalled lips moved with the rapt expression of an idol worshiper. "It's a bargain," she murmured. "Oh, just to think of seeing him every day! When do you want me to report?"

"Tomorrow morning," said J. Wellington, "but don't say I didn't warn you. Y' see, sweetheart, the trouble with your plaintive Peter is that, strictly under your hat, he's more dental than mental."

THERE emerged of Miss Iris Revere from the testing laboratories of Epictures Incorporated what nothing short of a parade. Executives beamèd oilily as they ushered the complacent J. Wellington and his discovery to the sacreèd precenticles of their private dining room, and the name of Kwattle was uttered so often that it seemed like mating season on a turkey farm.

Kwattle, said the consensus of opinion, was full of surprises. Fed up with professional beauty, he now preferred to pluck his flowers in their native soil, providing it wasn't too muddy. Bravo, Kwattle! And the object of their praises smiled cryptically, speculating on how soon he could demand a raise.

On another part of the lot Mr. Peter Silverdale was brushing two spidery trails of powder from his shoulders, and although they had been placed there by the impassioned embrace of his leading lady, the fact caused him to enjoy them. He had become so handsome that Mr. Silverdale's never to appear delighted about anything. A darkly handsome young man with a soulful expression, he had been seized upon by the critics as poignantly appealing, and ever since then he had faced the world with wistfulness equal to that of a hungry extra at a theatrical lunch.

The brushing completed, he sighed impressively and began sauntering across the lot to the dining room, looking far too ethereal to possess such a chemical process as digestion. Then, (Continued on page 97)
Buddy Rogers is now making his second visit to Europe. The last time he went over—in his pre-movie days—was as one of the caretakers of a shipload of cattle. Not having much money, Buddy saw foreign lands under difficulties. Recently, however, Buddy crossed with his mother on a crack boat with all the luxuries that go with film stardom. He's seeing Europe—but we'll bet he doesn't forget the carefree days of the cattle excursion.
The Richest Woman in Hollywood

By HUGH WEIR

Ruth Roland, the girl of a thousand thrills, tells a true life story of her own as dramatic as any in which she starred on the screen.

She has earned by her own efforts one of the largest fortunes of any American woman in business.

"The price," confided the richest woman in Hollywood, "was ten dollars." She shrugged an expressive shoulder. "That is, ten dollars down and ten dollars a month—until I had paid six hundred and seventy-five dollars. Then I would get a clear title to the property."

Ruth Roland, the girl of a thousand thrills, was describing her greatest thrill for The New Movie Magazine. She was revealing the purchase of her first piece of Hollywood real estate, which was to lay the foundation of one of the largest fortunes that an American woman has earned in business by her own efforts.

Miss Roland shook the sunny curls into which her bobbed hair is growing and into her eyes came a sudden gleam. "When I walked away from the real-estate office that memorable day, I knew that although I had paid only ten dollars down I was on my way to being a property owner—a real property owner! That was my big thought which kept hammering into me. And I thought everybody else would see it in the same way.

"But when my friends found what I had done they proceeded to tell me I was crazy. I remember that after I had made three payments on my precious property a banker told me that the best thing I could do was to forget it. 'And lose my thirty dollars?' I protested. 'You'll be lucky if you never lose more than that, young woman,' he told me. I left him and took a walk out past my lot.

"I had to admit that it didn't look like so much after all. But it was mine; it belonged to me—if I kept up my payments. And then and there I made up my mind to do so regardless of any advice to the contrary. Maybe I was foolish—as other folks looked at it. But you see—"

RUTH ROLAND broke off abruptly with one of those engaging whimsical smiles which she has made famous on the screen. "Perhaps I should explain that I am a native daughter of California. I had learned to love Hollywood, and I wanted to feel that I belonged to it—and that even a small part of it belonged to me. So you see, it was as much sentiment as business that influenced me in my first real-estate operation. Regardless of my motives, I was a mighty proud person on the day when I finished my payments and received a clear title. Looking back now, I know that I paid too much as real-estate values went in those days—it wasn't even a corner lot—but the important point was that I held it until I was able to sell it for a profit. I was fairly started then in my ambition to become a real-estate owner and promoter—and I meant to do it on a big scale, too, or not at all."

Miss Roland was silent for a moment, and it did not need much imagination to conceive that her mind was going back to the days when Hollywood, the film capital of the world, boasted only a straggling shadow of its present opulence. With a little sigh she resumed: "My problem, of course, was the problem which comes to every shoe-string operator. I was making a good salary—and saving a nice part of it each week. I had
always been trained to look out for a rainy day, and, brought up in the hard school of the stage as I was, I had never allowed myself to become personally extravagant. But I soon saw that the utmost savings I could make from my regular salary would never give me capital enough for my purposes. And my real-estate ambitions, rather than diminishing, were growing.

"I was finding all sorts of opportunities for what I thought would prove wonderful investments—if I only had the money to swing them!

"One location in particular captured my imagination. It was in a section of the famous Wilshire Boulevard, which I was certain was going to become one of the great streets of California. It was true that the plot of ground that I wanted was quite a distance out, and the more conservative citizens insisted that business would never go out that far. But in my mind's eye I could see a prosperous future for that section just as clearly and vividly as though blocks of houses had already been built.

"THERE were ninety-six acres in the plot—and I could buy it, if I took the whole thing, for $3,750 an acre. But the investment was so far beyond my reach that it seemed foolish for me even to think about it. I couldn't even get a dollar's worth of insurance because the insurance people felt that my work in pictures was of too hazardous a nature for them to take a chance on me. I was stumped! And then when I was becoming bluer and bluer about it all an opportunity came to me to make what might be a lot of money in a short period.

"At that time I was starring in serials which were being released by Pathé. My salary was my only remuneration. One day the proposal was made to me to become my own producer. I would not only star in my pictures, but I, Ruth Roland, would make them! I would be not only an actress but a business woman! The prospect was so good that it seemed impossible—until I found what it was going to cost. It takes money to make pictures—good pictures! But by that time my heart, body and soul were set on doing it—even if I had to hock everything I owned. And I did it!

"I got everything I could on my house. I drew out all of my bank account. And still I didn't have enough. But I did have some good jewelry. And I added that to the contribution. By the time I was finished I was cleaned—but I had enough to see the picture through with careful economy. If the picture was a flop I was through for good—but I didn't let myself think of that! I was like the heroine in the old melodrama who was riding the Kentucky Sweepstakes in her brother's clothes to save the old homestead.

"WELL, we finally finished the scenario and the continuity—and they were good, if I do say it myself. We had everything in the script but the kitchen stove—and I'm not sure that we didn't use that before we were through! We called it "Ruth of the Rockies"—and if any girl could do more reckless stunts in less time than I did—from roping bronchos to hand-to-hand encounters with grizzlies—I'd like to meet her! I was determined to give people their money's worth in order to get mine. And I think I worked generally from about five o'clock in the morning until it was impossible to keep my eyes open at night. The 'rushes'—that is what we troopers call the prints from the laboratory each day—looked good. But, of course, nobody could tell much about the real value of what we were doing until the powers in New York saw the completed job. The day their telegram of congratulation came I was so exhausted I was ready to drop. And their verdict was way beyond my anticipation. If they were right, 'Ruth of the Rockies' was sure to go over. And they were right. Do you know that in addition to my salary as star I made over fifty thousand dollars from that picture?

"The first thing I did was to rush over to the real-estate agents with whom I had been dicker ing for the Wilshire property. I knew I didn't have enough to make the first payment they wanted—but I was hoping they would make better terms. They heard me through—and then shook their heads. 'We can't do it,' they told me. 'The risk is too great.' And they got together and made me another proposition.

"'If you can't buy the (Continued on page 98)

"Being a business woman is harder than being a movie star, and there isn't the constant excitement to keep you going."

RUTH ROLAND
Whoopee! Lily Damita is the heroine of "Fighting Caravans," another of those celluloid epics of pioneer days. Gary Cooper is the star. How does the piquant little Lily of the French Boulevards play a gal of covered wagon days? The scenarist has taken care of that. She's a little Parisienne who is driving her own wagon of merchandise across the plains when she meets our own Gary. Guess the rest.
The Financial DIARY of IRENE RICH

You Have Often Wondered Exactly What a Motion Picture Actress Earned. Here are the Facts and Figures.

By DOROTHY HERZOG

TUCKED away in Irene Rich's desk is a little black book carefully and painstakingly notes her financial rise from a struggling extra to a high-paid film emote. The little book throws illuminating light on the economic battle that faces any girl who attempts to crash the celluloids without invitation.

It also throws a new light on Irene Rich; I never suspected her honesty went so deep as to permit her to admit she was born in 1891. That her first month's efforts in the movies, beginning January, 1918, netted her $48. That she married Captain Rich of the U. S. Army when she was seventeen, lived with him in Honolulu, raised chickens for lack of a more active tropical avocation, divorced Captain Rich after her second child, Jane, was born thirteen years ago, worked in a realtor's office in San Francisco, visited Hollywood in November, 1917, gratified a secret yen to poke into a studio, received five dollars for extra-ing in Mary Pickford's picture, "Stella Maris," returned to San Francisco, assembled her small family of two children and one mother, moved bag and baggage to Hollywood, and with nary a welcoming hurrah entered upon a grease-paint career that was precarious to say the least.

"I MARVEL now," Miss Rich admitted, "how I ever had the courage. See," resorting to the little black book, "I made only $1,533.25 in 1918. Not much for four people, is it?"

"When we moved here from San Francisco, we lived on Gower and Melrose. Hollywood was scarcely more than a village but even then the studios were miles and miles apart. Not within easy walking radius at all and, of course, I trudged to them nearly every day hoping for work. I walked miles—miles," ruefully.

She smiled. I reckon Irene Rich is entitled to her smile. She made the flicker grade. She hit into the money class. She is married again, happily, to David Blankenhorn, wealthy Los Angeles realtor. She has a comfortable home in the non-film-ized Wilshire section of the city.

She is putting her children through school. Frances, twenty now, graduates from Smith College next year. Jane goes to boarding school. There's money in the bank, bonds in the vault. Her chil-

Irene Rich faced the necessity of earning her way and caring for her mother after the birth of her second daughter. A day's work as an extra in a Mary Pickford picture started her on her way as a screen actress.

(Continued on page 112)
HOW JANUARY IS

The World's Most Celebrated Astrologer Tells About the First Month of the Year and the Influences of the Planets Upon Its Children

WELL, Bebe Daniels, you have got a horoscope! If you had come to me when you were a small child, I should have been hard put to it not to have sent you away a very much discouraged youngster. Of course, I wouldn't have sent you away that way. I never do. But the conditions for the later years of your life are so much more favorable that those which have governed the earlier years that it would have been difficult—even for an astrologer who has schooled herself to be a philosopher—to keep her mind off the obstacles which you, as a young girl, were obliged to overcome.

The fact that you did overcome them, that you turned early struggles into success, that you even fought your way through the early illnesses which were written in your destiny, shows what a fine, courageous, lion-hearted person you are.

FOR example, the planet Mars, which governs fevers, was in the sign of Virgo when you were born—and Virgo governs the digestive tracts in the human body. It was almost inevitable that a child with a planetary condition like that should suffer severely from fevers. And you may remember—I am sure your mother does, if you don't—that you nearly died at the age of five from a severe attack of the deadly typhoid!

It would seem, too, that your mother was inspired by foreknowledge to take just the course which would help you to overcome the indications in your horoscope which indicated delayed success, for she started you on your stage career at the age of ten weeks and kept you at it so industriously that, at the age of four, when most children are still playing with their blocks, you were good enough to attract the attention of David Belasco and to win a place in the Belasco Stock Company in California. This intervention of your mother, which resulted so beneficially for you and her, was due astro-

logically to the fact that the moon, which rules the mother in your horoscope, was the most powerful planetary influence at the time that you were born.

The fact that the moon is your star of destiny didn't stop helping you when you were four years old. It has undoubtedly been the biggest factor in your success—for the moon does many things besides shine at night. It represents, among other things, our relations with the public. And if the moon is favorable, as it is in your horoscope, success with the public is an almost foregone conclusion. There was nothing in this particular aspect which prophesied success in the movies—but with the moon and Mercury, which governs the mind, both friendly to the practical planet Saturn it was inevitable that you should have found some method of commercializing your talents in a big way.

The fact that your course led you straight to California and the movie lots is accounted for astrologically by the fact that the powerful and fortune-bringing planet Venus, which governs entertainment and artistic endeavor of all sorts was in friendly aspect to Neptune, the ruling planet of the motion-picture industry. And your success in that field was predestined, not only by the fact that you naturally attract good fortune and are intended to deal in large figures but by the fact that you, more than most women, profit through personal contacts. And, as everybody knows, success in Hollywood must be built on the foundation of cordial and friendly personal relationships.

Another factor which helped you to overcome your early handicaps and turn a potentially weak body into the fine, strong, handsome creature that you are today is your love of outdoor life and the pleasure you find in association with animals. You may suffer annoyances through small animals—I don't necessarily mean anything of a crawling variety—but it is written in your horoscope that you cannot help being fortunate through that noble animal, the horse.

You have Venus in the outdoor sign Sagittarius; and I always tell people who have Venus so placed that it is absolutely necessary that they spend part of their lives in the open and enjoy the inspiration which comes through athletics or association with animals. The fact that you rode horseback with fierce daring over the hills and fields at La Crescenta between the ages of eight and twelve and played baseball with the boys on the neighboring lots, and the fact that you are today a fine fencer and swimmer as well as a licensed airplane pilot—we won't say anything about that ten days you spent in jail for driving your motor car too fast!—all these things are direct fulfillments of your horoscope's requirement of an active, outdoor, athletic life.

Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Bebe Daniels, who was born in Dallas, Texas, on January 14, 1901, at 4:30 P.M.
Written in the STARS

BY
EVANGELINE
ADAMS

You can write to Miss Evangeline Adams, in care of New Movie, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, or you can get special advice, via your radio, three times a week. Miss Adams broadcasts through a national hook-up of 44 stations, over the Columbia chain and Station WABC in New York City, on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays. Watch your local radio programs for this interesting feature.

My experience has taught me not to underrate this Sagittarian urge for animals and outdoor life as a factor in human existence. I have a client, a very wealthy woman of the Long Island polo set, who is a Sagittarian herself and is married to another Sagittarian, with whom she has just one thing in common—horses.

"I would get a divorce tomorrow," she said to me once, "if it didn't mean selling the farm and getting rid of the ponies!"

In your case, Bebe Daniels, you are probably not so Sagittarian as all that. Your husband would have to give you something besides a horse! Your Venus may be in the outdoor sign, but the sun, which has more to do with determining your characteristics than any of the other planets, was in the earthy but ambitious sign of Capricorn when you were born.

Perhaps I should explain that there are nine planets which affect our character and destiny, including the sun and the moon, which are not strictly planets according to Mr. Webster. These planets are continually moving at varying rates of speed through the astrological heavens. (Continued on page 116)

The moon is Bebe Daniels' star of destiny, says Evangeline Adams. The moon represents our relations with the public. If the moon is favorable, as it is in Miss Daniels' horoscope, success with the public is an almost foregone conclusion.

IF YOU ARE A CAPRICORN CHILD

If you were born between the 23rd of December and the 21st of January you are a Capricorn person. You may not be a Bebe Daniels or a Tom Mix or a William Haines, but you will undoubtedly possess some of the qualities which have contributed to their success. Anyhow, you are a born worker. You have boundless energy, which makes you both ambitious and tenacious. You have an orderly mind and are by nature a planner. You are naturally thrifty; and your abhorrence of being dependent on others tends to increase your desire to provide for the future. Moreover, you have a strong love of service and a wholly admirable desire to improve the conditions under which you live.

This last trait, admirable though it is, should not lead you into a position where you are likely to be imposed upon or actually defrauded. You must conquer your fear of the future. You must not be overcome by the notion that you won't succeed. These feelings have downed many an otherwise well equipped Capricorn person. You must build up confidence in yourself and your abilities. All your industry, your perseverance, your energy, your tenacity and your ambition will be of no avail until you have conquered fear. They may lead you to the portal of success—but unless you banish fear, you will not be able to enter the gate. In other words, you must do and dare if you wish to get the rewards to which your great abilities entitle you.

Don't take life too seriously. Above all, don't let your natural tendency to thriftiness lead you into stinginess. Thrift is something to be commended up to a certain point, but be sure not to let it get away from you. Enjoy success while you may; and if adversity comes, meet it with every confidence that your magnificent energy and industry will soon put you on the top of the heap again.

You have great physical power and a constitution of iron. But take good care of your digestive tracts and look out for any signs of rheumatism. At the first sign of failing health, these two sources of illness should be closely watched.
IRENE DELROY

Miss Delroy, who was a musical comedy favorite on the Broadway stage before she migrated to Hollywood, will next be seen in First National's "Men of the Sky." Mandarin coats, by the way, are becoming decidedly popular in the capital of the movies.
DOLLAR
THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers
Express Their Opinions of Film Plays
and Players—and This Monthly

For Baby Portraits

Minneapolis, Minn.

I am hoping such stars as Nancy Car-
roll, Norma Shearer and Gloria Swanson
read NEW MOVIE, for I want them to know
how thoroughly disgrusted I am with
their silly views on photographing the-
ir children because they fear the publicity.

Of course, we are all crazy to see the
offspring of our fa-
orites, and it makes
us love them all the
more for undergoing
the agonies of moth-
erness. As for me, it doesn’t destroy one atom of my
admiration, rather, it increases my love and respect
for these beautiful women. We know they have the
babies—why not let us see them? After all, what is
sweeter than a mother with a baby in her arms?
Charlotte Rosenberg,
2647 Polk St., N. E.

Praise for Short Reel Stars

Burbank, Calif.

Why not a word of praise for Anita Garvin and
Marylee Beebe of short comedies? Especially that cute
Mila Beebe. What entertainment she has given us.
We certainly think she has Clara Bow and a few more
beat a mile, and we’ve enjoyed her comedies a lot more
than some big feature pictures. Here’s hoping they
have loads of success.
Mrs. G. B.,
167 Elm Court.

Against Song Changes

Iowa City, Iowa

When moving-picture companies are making screen
versions of successful musical comedies why don’t they
keep the same music in them? I was very disappointed
in “Whoopie” because so many of the songs that made
it such a hit on the stage were left out. “I’m bring-
ing a Red, Red, Rose,” “Go West, Little Girl,” and
“Love Me or Leave Me.” I considered the last named
to be the best song in the show. Can’t we please
have faithful reproductions of the stage shows?
Margaret Schmidmt,
Currier Hall.

Wants Actors Identified


I am very much out of sympathy with the present
method of a number of the producers in not placing
beside the name of the actor the rôle played, when the
cast of characters is shown. I feel that it is quite
an injustice to the players as the public, even though
extremely fickle, like to give credit where credit is
due, but if they do not know the name of the actor or
the part who gave a performance that was particularly credit-
able it is impossible for them to make more than a
passing record of it in their minds.
William C. Brown, Jr.,
6471 Morris Park Road.
(Continued on page 99)

Daring Titles

Birmingham, Mich.

Mr. W. E. Price
(in the October Dollar Thoughts) apparently
does not realize Charlie Chaplin is the
greatest pantomimist in the world. He
talks with his feet, cane, and hat, and even his enigmatic
smile. Speech would only detract from his
action.

The silent screen occupied a field of its
own and had no rival, but the “talkies” com-
pete directly with the legitimate stage and the
battle is on. The
movie magnates are
helping to kill the “talkie” by
adopting such suggestive
titles as “Anybody’s Woman,”
“The Lady Surrenders,” “Wild Company,” etc. The
threatened smutty invasion may sound the talkies’
death-knell. See what it has done to the stage!
Dr. Hugo Erichsen,
415 Harmon Avenue.

Cheers for O. O. McIntyre

Washington, D. C.

You are, indeed, to be congratulated on the acquisi-
tion to your staff of that popular and well-loved writer,
O. O. McIntyre. I read his articles religiously every
day and have done so for years, so I am looking forward
with zest to the next issue of New Movie, just to see
what he has to say. He is a student of human nature
with a keen sense of humor and I am sure will make
new friends through his new medium.
Dora C. Herbert,
3413 13th St., N. W.

Anent Baby Pictures

Kansas City, Kansas

Would it shatter our illusion of Nancy Carroll to
publish a photograph of her daughter?
NO! I grant her reason for withholding it is entirely her
own affair.

The encroachment of public curiosity into an actor’s
private life must be maddening—but that we, the
motion-picture public, would think less of Nancy Carroll
the actress is “bunk.”

As a mother she incites our admiration.
Incidentally I am not a Carroll “fan”—although I
have enjoyed most of her pictures.

Her performance in “The Devil’s Holiday” was
splendid!

My own opinion is that the “fans” want sincerity.
Louise H. Lewis.

Thinks Nancy Is Right

Biloxi, Miss.

Just a word about that interesting article “No Close-
ups for Baby” in the November issue of New Movie.
I think Nancy Carroll is perfectly right in not wishing to
be photographed with her baby. The fact that she has a baby
does not make her less appealing
to her public, but to see her
with the child would necessarily
be disillusioning, because it
would cause her to seem less the
“little girl” that we movie fans
have been picturing her.
Maud Mognier,
2307 Wilkes Avenue.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one
dollar for every interesting and con-
structive letter published. Address your
communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-
Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Beacon, N. Y., watched Robert Montgomery Grow Up and Never Suspected His Dramatic Talents

about 1919, young Harry Montgomery, then fifteen, was greatly interested in dramatics. When he went to visit his grandmother in Brooklyn during vacation, he took part in a church play at St. John's Episcopal Church in the city of Brooklyn. The play was "Clarence." Young Montgomery was cast as "Bobby." He scored such a hit that the family and neighbors insisted on calling him Bobby. The name stuck and, when the future star climbed onto the legitimate stage in New York City, it was as Robert Montgomery.

Montgomery was born at the Holland Hotel in Beacon and lived there with his father, mother, and brother during all the sixteen years he remained in Beacon. His father was an executive of the New York Rubber Company, dividing his time between the Beacon and New York offices.

Asked for reminiscences of the movie star, Joe Grennan, clerk at the Holland during those days, just held up his hands and opined: "He was all boy, but as nice a little lad as you would want to meet—when he wanted to be. When he appeared at the dining room with his father and mother there were no two nicer boys in the room. But when they gathered together after dinner, the Harris family was nutty enough to make any other family laugh and then all would be forgotten.

"The one thing I remember about Harry," he continued, "is his eyes. He had the largest and bluest eyes I ever saw and, when he smiled, he just melted your heart. That's how it got him off easy the day I caught him trying to ride his bicycle around the hotel billiard table.

"He was just a real boy, healthy and full of fun," recalls Mrs. Katherine Gordon, who managed the hotel all the years the Montgomerys lived there. "But he

Harry—now Robert—Montgomery as he appeared in 1906. The movie star was born in 1904 at the Holland Hotel in Beacon, N. Y., and lived there for the first sixteen years of his life. His father was an executive of the New York Rubber Company.

When Beacon, N. Y., knew Robert Montgomery, his surname was Harry. The name of Robert came about through young Montgomery's hit in the role of Bobby in an amateur performance of "Clarence." Folks just took to calling him Bobby after that.

JUST plain boy—that's the way most of his hometown folks remember Harry Montgomery; for Harry is the surname by which Beacon, N. Y., knew its Robert Montgomery, favorite of the Hollywood films and one of its most popular young men.

Born in Beacon, September 26, 1904, this city was the movie idol's home until he finished at the Pawling School and was graduated to the legitimate stage in New York City. Beacon remembers the movie favorite as the elder of two brothers—Harry and Donald—who lived at the Holland Hotel with their father and mother. Around the hotel are still told many a story which would add color and appeal to a Montgomery picture of today. For the future movieman was what neighbors term "a holy terror."

Beacon for a long time pondered its "Robert" Montgomery. We knew him as Harry. His right name is Henry, of course. The story of how he adopted the name of Robert is perhaps on the borderline of this tale but it is interesting: While at Pawling School

When Beacon, N. Y., knew Robert Montgomery, his surname was Harry. The name of Robert came about through young Montgomery's hit in the role of Bobby in an amateur performance of "Clarence." Folks just took to calling him Bobby after that.
HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

BY ROY GILLAND
Editor of The Beacon, N. Y., News

NEW MOVIE has been presenting the home town stories of the movie idols for the past year. In that time NEW MOVIE has told you all about John Boles, Myrna Loy, Conrad Nagel, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Richard Dix, Rudy Vallee, Amos 'n' Andy, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie—just as the home folks and relatives remember their childhood. These stories—far removed from the publicity careers as painted by Hollywood press agents—have been replete with hitherto unpublished details. This remarkable feature of NEW MOVIE has attracted wide attention. Coming are more home-town yarns of your favorites. Watch for them.

Next month you will hear about another big star.

was all for action. The rest of the young folks could be playing as nicely as you please but the moment Harry came in sight there was sure to be trouble.

"He was just that kind—chock full of mischief. If there was anything wrong about the hotel it was always safe to look to Harry Montgomery as the source. But everyone always liked him. There was never anything mean about him. He was always up to tricks and mischief but always lovable and likable."

Much of the charm of manner which marks Montgomery on the screen today, Mrs. Gordon believes, was inherited from his mother. "His mother was the sweetest woman I ever knew," she phrases it. "She was just beautiful to these boys. They were elegantly brought up."

In the group in which young Harry moved as a lad were his brother, Don, who was two years younger; Julia Gordon; the Brinkerhoff boys; Ted Williams; Jud Greene, and one or two more, not forgetting "Peggy," the Gordon dog.

Mrs. Gordon recalls that it was a favorite pastime of the youngsters to play tag on the hotel stairs, with the dog as the most active participant. The Montgomery boys had a pony and owned cowboy suits. Perhaps the reason they were so keen on Western stuff was Willie Douglas, colored employee of the hotel, who had a penchant for sombreros and leather chaps. He was forever managing their rodeos.

But Harry had a serious side, too. His friends say he was a youthful book-worm. It was not unusual for him to sit down of an evening and read a book in its entirety.

"He had a remarkable power of concentration," says his brother, Donald. "I often thought he just skimmed through the pages. I used to take the book and ask him questions about it. He could tell the whole story down to the smallest detail."

Harry was quite fond of athletics, his brother recalls. Horseback riding was his favorite diversion. He wielded a skilled tennis racket, and was good at golf. He was quite a swimmer.

During the time he was in Beacon, the future movie star showed no special interest in dramatics.

Robert Montgomery at the age of three in 1907. This snapshot was made in Prospect Park in Brooklyn. Young Montgomery frequently visited his grandmother in Brooklyn and, years later, it was while on such a visit that he got his first taste of theatrical success.

Robert Montgomery, as Beaconites best remember him. This picture was made in October, 1919, when he was a student at Pawling School. He was fifteen and his future movie career was undreamed of in those days.
The HOLLYWOOD

VENICE, ITALY: Your boulevardier has gone lagooner this month, so slip into the old waters if you don't mind and we'll do the Grand Canal. This being the wettest town in the world, you'll want to be dry. Roll in the gutter here and you'll need a pulmotor to bring you to.

Queen of the Adriatic, Garbo of cities, Venice was the Hollywood of her day. Artists and writers flocked here for inspiration as they now hover to Hollywood for the ducats. Some, of course, still come here for inspiration (Director Murray Anderson was seen reading Variety in Piazza San Marco.) Robert Brown- ing lived here and a well-read flapper of my party asks if "Peaches" lived with him. But no, baby, that's another story.

YOU can see Venice on the screen, but you have to come here to smell her. It's a test of love, smelling her in Summer, and I love her, every scent of her. She's the only city without traffic cops ... pigeons and gondoliers have more sense than motorists. The Adriatic is her front lawn. It is the silkiest, most sirenic ocean in the world. The old dogs loved it so much they married it. At each ceremony they dropped a ring in. So it's not for pleasure only that your boulevardier is diving this month.

The Two Venices—You know there is a Venice in California too. But you can smell the difference right away. The one in California has a hot-dog fragrance. A man with a heart full of romance and a bag full of dough came to the brink of the Pacific some thirty years ago and was seized with a Venetian dream. Canals were dredged and a wharf was built along which edifices were to be reared. The only one that materialized was the Ship Cafè, where movie stars orgied in the pre-Hays days. On my first night in California Tony Moreno took me there on a party. It was a memorable night. I can still hear the roar of the ocean, the sweet clink of bottles and the laughter of Texas Guinan. Now all is faded. Of course, the ocean still roars but the clink of bottles is muffled and the laughter of Texas is monopolized by the New York courts. Venice, Cal., is now dedicated to shooting galleries, palmists' shrines and weenie incense. So here, as in Hollywood, you can see what happens to a Big Idea.

Learning About Greta—I've been lying on the Lido sands reading "La Vita di Greta Garbo" ("The life of Greta Garbo," in case you don't guess.) The sands are getting hot ... scust while I dip again for a doge's ring.

"La Vita" is an Italian translation from Spanish

Mr. Howe Dreams of Far Off Hollywood as He Drifts Along the Grand Canal of Venice and Learns About Greta Garbo on the Lido

The Hollywood Boulevardier has gone lagooner this month. "Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, the Garbo of cities, was the Hollywood of her day," says Herb Howe. "Artists and writers then flocked to Venice for inspiration as they now hover in Hollywood for the ducats."
BOULEVARDIER

By HERB HOWE

and is on sale at the kiosks along with the daily papers. Greta, you see, is news in all languages.

Like most stories of Greta, this gives you more vocabulary than information. Apparently there isn't much to be said. Greta herself has been reading everything she can find to post up. After one yarn weighing around eight thousand words she asked, "What means this?"

I'm asking the same, Greta, reading "La Vita." I always thought my Italian better in the silent version than the spoken but I'm having difficulties. Naturally Mussolini can't be bothered with me running to him every few minutes to ask what a word means, especially since none means much.

All I've learned I didn't know before is that Greta's earliest ambition was to be a fruit vendor. She never achieved a push cart but she landed in the film business just the same. This shows how much smarter she is than a lot of others you might think of.

The Barber-Shop Episode—"La Vita," of course, recounts the barber-shop episode. Swedish barbers have girl assistants just as American barber shops have nail butchers of the luring sex. From the age of fourteen to sixteen little Greta applied the brush to men's faces and the broom to the floor. Sometimes, dreaming of her future, she'd get the two mixed. During those two years not a man in Sweden shaved himself. I wouldn't be surprised if the safety-razor firms had something to do with Greta's transfer to a dramatic academy. By this move two industries were helped.

How Greta was Signed—"La Vita" doesn't say that the American film concern didn't want Greta, that they only took her in order to get Mauritz Stiller, the Jewish director, who wouldn't sign without her. Greta hung around the studio for months a forlorn and homesick waif. Then suddenly Hollywood did one of its humpty-dumpties and Stiller, the maestro, was fired and Greta, the unwanted, was placed upon a pedestal. Beaten and humiliated, Stiller went to Europe, traveling aimlessly without apparent interest in pictures. Greta, his protegee, remained in the chains of the Hollywood contract.

Perhaps Mauritz Stiller played the hero. Some of his Swedish friends think he did. They believe he pretended he didn't care so that Greta might feel free of any attachment. Stiller was an actor as well as a director. His death sent Greta into a hermitage from which she has never quite emerged.

That, I think, is the short story of Greta Gustafsson.

Italy's Contributions—Italy has made three great contributions to the screen: Valentino, Mussolini and Bull Montana. All three happen to be favorites of mine. Mussolini is my news-reel hero. When he appears I even forget my date with Greta. Benito isn't just an actor. His name will go down in history as the benefactor of mankind. He has put a stop to tipping. Why not Benito on a non-tipping platform to restore prosperity? There are enough of us spaghetti twirlers to elect him.

MUSSOLINI is said to have banned "All Quiet on the Western Front" because it would destroy the martial spirit of Italian youth. That's a compliment to the picture and Italian youth. But Benito is mistaken. The Italian uniforms are too beautiful.

Milan—The Milan Cathedral is my favorite cathedral. It has a bar on the roof. You climb 153 steps to get to it and then you can climb the steeples if you feel like it. I found my old friend Dr. Fu Oland seated at the bar refusing to go higher. It seems the bar only serves soft drinks now. If anything stronger were served, people might not be able to get down. Under the circumstances Dr. Fu felt he couldn't get either up or down, and so there he sat like an unbudding Buddha atop a Christian church. Eventually, I suppose, he will be pointed out as one
of the interesting old gargoyles.

Bull Montana's Birthplace—I came to Milan as an ambassador of good will to lay a wreath on Bull Montana's birthplace nearby. People are always asking me if Bull is really Italian or is it just a pose. This suspicion has wounded Bull, for he loves his public. That's why he hides away in his Spanish castle in the Glen-dale hills where he can gaze over the mountains and dream—who knows what?

Bull came to this country a little shawled stowaway from Italy some twenty years ago. In the very first place he visited his genius was recognized by the bartender and he was made the official bouncer. It was only a step from this to the ring.

"What's yer name?" the referee croaked, introducing him at the first bout.

"Luigi Montagna," piped our little one, who later was to be permanently showered with cauliflowers.

The referee, an oafish fellow, couldn't get the first name at all and the second, sounded sufficiently like Montana to him.

"Introducin' Bull Montana," he bawled with ready inspiration, "Cowboy Terror of the West!"

Bull threw a kiss and tripped into battle little knowing what he'd been called.

The name clung and only a few years ago the State of Montana staged a homecoming for its Terror. Bull was met at the first station by cowboys who brought a wicked pony for him to ride in the parade. The sight of the bronc filled Bull with such dismay that he would have refused to leave the train had it not been for an automobile salesman asking him to honor the firm by riding in one of its cars. Little Bull seeped into the back seat with a sigh: "That was a close call for de Bool If I ride dat nag I sure do a flop in Main Street."

Bull's suspicion of horses—you might say his animosity, were his tender heart capable of such vile passion—extends back to his early days when he operated a derrick in a stone quarry. He threw up his job for a fling at the gay White Way. His money gone, he returned to the quarry. "When I get back," he wailed, "I find a horse she have my chob!"

W hen Bull visited Italy he was given another home-coming. The villagers are still gasping at the swathe he cut as he flung into the statzione wearing a brown derby, a silk shirt with lavender stripes and a crimson tie blazing with a diamond horeshoe. A public banquet was given at which twenty hogheads lost their all. At the nineteenth the town council voted to erect a statue of Bull in the Piazza. It was to be life size but as yet it has not materialized. They are still quarrying for them ears.

Genoa—Columbus left here to discover America. I'm sure I don't know why. The next great adventurer to leave for the same place was a student of the Royal Academy of Agriculture who called himself Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaele. He was Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antongoula, a name which America affectionately reduced to "Rudie."

I VISITED the Orphanage Don Daste of which Mabel Normand was a patroness. I was admitted doubtfully by a woman in black who resembled the lady of the broomstick in the fables except that she wore a huge steely cross. Although I had a letter which I had cherished several years, I didn't get far. After consultation with the head of the institution the lady of black and steel informed me she couldn't see me because he was praying. It was also impossible to see the children. I caught sight of some little girls in the courtyard. They made their small faces look whiter than sorrow. It was the noon hour and some were nibbling bits of bread. No shouts or laughter. The place had the brooding sadness of unshed tears. In such a place a lot of theories go to rubbish and the heart is weighed by futility. These children, like their distant patroness, paid the penalty for being born. And we sinners romping at large talk airily of the law of compensation.

Why Valentino Succeeded—Italy is the only place I leave with regret. Grant Allen says every day spent out of Italy is a day wasted. Valentino approved my contention that the chief reason for his success was his being Italian. He had that Italian attribute for which there is only an Italian word—simpatico. He had the radiating warmth, the rich humaneness, the—Oh, let Mme. Glyn say it... the IT of Italy.

B UT I confess it is not alone the charm of the Italians nor even their art which lures me forever back to Italy. It's their soup. I'm a hopeless addict to minestrone. Not the watery soup you get in restaurants at home—but the potage thick with pates and vegetables that takes three hours to prepare. Never this side of the fiery furnace shall I forget the minestrone prepared by a sweet, old peasant woman as she breathed now and then on the embers of the open fire or gently worked the bellows.

The only other comestible having a similar hold on me is snails. So when I received word that those little signs "Huitres et Escargots" were beaming out along the Paris boulevards I (Continued on page 126)
JOAN BENNETT

Photograph by Preston Duncan
Photograph by Hurrell

DOROTHY JORDAN
Keeping in Condition

BY DICK HYLAND

Douglas Fairbanks is going to play an American business man in his next picture.

For the first time in ten years, Doug will forgo the pomp of plume and sword to wear a plain sack suit. For the first time since the War he will abandon the days of ancient glory and come back to the Twentieth Century.

For this one picture, "Reaching for the Moon," the Fairbanks who made D'Artagnan and "Robin Hood" live for us, will become the Fairbanks who won his spurs as His Majesty the American.

The romance of battle and duel, kings and courts, will yield to the dynamic romance of dollars, tickers, and airplanes.

The return of Fairbanks as we first loved him is a thrilling event for picture fans.

We're going to see Douglas Fairbanks—and thus come face to face with a very remarkable gentleman.

In this picture, you'll see Doug, himself.

It may be because I devoted a good many precious years to athletics myself, that I feel for Douglas Fairbanks such a real admiration.

There have been plenty of athletes in pictures. They have brought them from the gridiron, the ring, the cinder path and the tennis court. Dempseys and Pad- docks, Tildens and Browns have moved across the silver sheet.

But the greatest athlete who has ever been in pictures is a motion picture star and has been for fifteen years. When you see Douglas Fairbanks as the riproaring, hard working, go-get-'em, dynamo business man in his next film, you'll see pretty close to an ideal American in a lot of ways. If you open your eyes real wide, you'll realize that Doug has something more to give the American audiences than entertainment—though he's sure to give them plenty of that, well seasoned with perils, laughs and stunts.

Not that Doug knows or is conscious that he's a good example. He never preaches, even to his son. He's a bit shy of talking, a little pleasingly reticent and round about in expressing his real thoughts and ideas. I mean that, like most men who aren't talkers by profession, he doesn't come right out with a bit of philosophy or advice. If you're with him any length of time, however, you're surprised to notice how much you remember of what he's said so casually and what a lot of ideas and information you've picked up.

He'd much rather listen to you, watch you, than do things himself. That way he figures he's learning—maybe only what not to do, but learning. He gathers interesting people around him and "picks their brains" as the old saying goes.

At the same time, he gives a lot.

I've been fortunate enough to know him pretty well. We have a great interest in common. He loves athletics as passionately as I do.

We've played follow the leader at Fairford—down by the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica—and believe me playing that game with Doug as leader is a heart-breaker even for a young fellow only a few months away from the strict training of a long football season. The first time I played it I nearly broke my back doing a one and a half dive over a rope, sprained my right shoulder getting down off the rope via an awning pipe, and ruined my disposition trying to make a perfect putt on the green in the back lawn.
Doug Fairbanks Is Forty-Seven But He Can Out-Swim, Out-Run, Out-Ride and Out-Play Anyone in the Hollywood Colony

Plenty tough.
But it was after some games of "Doug," his own invention and one of the fastest games on two feet, a game which needs wind, quick eye, muscular co-ordination, speed and swift reaction, all a 100 per cent more than tennis—in the steam room after a few sets of that, that I first comprehended the far-reaching mental effects and character development of Douglas Fairbanks' athletics.

They are, one might almost say, the basis of his creed of life.

It's my opinion no one ever had a better one—certainly not a more American one. The only time my wife becomes a real picture fan is over Mary Pickford. I'd like to mention here, in all sincerity, that Doug made a fan out of me. I think he would out of all "Young America" if they could watch him and listen to him.

Now Douglas Fairbanks is no kid. He has, as you may have noticed, a son who can vote. He was a success on the stage before he came into pictures. In fact, "Who's Who" gives 1882—the same year, by the way, and the same state in which Lon Chaney was born—as Doug's birth year.

For that reason, he's all the more marvelous. If I thought that by following in Doug's footsteps I'd be the man he is when my son is six foot tall, I'd start getting up at six-thirty tomorrow morning.

Douglas, Senior, is younger than his son. He can out-swim, out-run, out-ride, out-play him at anything. His thoughts are more vivid and more expansive. He has a keener sense of fun and twice the enthusiasm and gets much more kick out of life than Doug, Junior, does.

As you may remember, he made a trip around the world not long ago. Jack Pickford, his brother-in-law, who made the trip with the party, turns pale with fatigue at the mere memory of it. Jack made the grade about as far as Italy and then retired to his stateroom and remained there. He couldn't even watch Doug's enormous vitality, his constant enjoyment. The younger generation hasn't the stamina of a man like Fairbanks.

The answer?
There you come to the things I've picked up from Doug in the few years I've been around Hollywood and been fortunate enough to enjoy some play hours with him.

You have to pick them up, because you can't—nobody can—just interview Doug. He hasn't been interviewed, officially, in years. He will not talk, on purpose, about himself.

The answer is good physical condition.
Now don't shy away from that. That's merely the phrase—the common phrase—that describes the motive and the result. Its application, its working, are mighty interesting.

"A healthy body makes a healthy mind," says Doug. "That has been reversed and made the basis of a number of religions. I don't think you need to reverse it. It comes easier and more naturally, and (Continued on page 128)"
The great photographic beauty is Joan Crawford. She is the darling of the great god Camera. Meeting Miss Crawford face to face you would never call her beautiful. Her coloring is negative. She never wears make-up of any kind. Yet, as Mary Pickford points out, she would have thrilled the ancient Greek sculptors. She has perfect symmetry of line. Adela Rogers St. Johns states that she has never seen any woman in such fine physical condition, except perhaps Helen Wills.

It is that condition and muscular control that gives her such grace and poise.
The Screen's SEARCH for BEAUTY

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

THIS striking series of articles on film beauty will be of tremendous interest to young women, for the rules followed by the celebrated beauties of the screen can be utilized by everyone striving to achieve loveliness and charm.

Last month Adela Rogers St. Johns said that the screen had produced but two whose beauty was indisputable—Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith. This sort of beauty is all encompassing. "It included the fascination of sex, the charm of personality, the promise of delight, the enchantment of thought and imagination, the delicacy of grace, as well as perfection of face and body," said Mrs. St. Johns. "Real beauty is inclusive of every separate magic which has also a beauty of its own. In simple words, it has everything."

In talking of screen beauties, there is one thing which must always be considered. The great god Camera. There used to be a saying that the camera cannot lie. That is, like many sayings, open to much discussion. In some respects, there has not been a bigger liar since Beelzebub. A tricky, amusing liar, with a winking eye and its tongue in its cheek.

The camera lies both ways. Some beauty it washes out, understates. There are many actresses who are more beautiful in person than they are on the screen. That is usually true of women whose coloring is magnificent. Mary Astor, for instance, whose glorious dark red hair, black eyes, and copper and rose skin suggest a maple grove in the early autumn.

"The motion picture camera is the biggest liar since Beelzebub. It lies both ways. Some beauty it washes out, understates. The camera, too, recognizes and displays many things of beauty which the untrained human eye misses. Sometimes, also, it performs beauty tricks of sheer black magic."

Vilma Banky's loveliness is of the romantic type. This quality was enhanced by her first screen roles. With Rudolph Valentino and Ronald Colman, she was nearly always gowned in the silks and laces of the picturesque and golden past.

On the other hand, the camera recognizes and displays many things of beauty which the untrained human eye misses. Certainly, the great god Camera has its favorites, its likes and dislikes in no mean fashion. The great camera beauty is Joan Crawford. She is the darling of the camera.

Meeting Joan Crawford face to face you would never call her beautiful. Granting her charm and attractive appearance—and she is one of the nicest people I know—still, beauty would necessarily be denied her. Her coloring is negative. She never wears any make-up of any kind. There is something that to our sophisticated eye seems almost rugged about her.

It was Mary Pickford who first pointed out to me Joan's real beauty. "Look at the bone structure of her face," Mary said, as we watched Joan stretched at full length on the little beach at Fairford, Mary and Doug's Santa Monica home. "See the perfect balance. There isn't a line that hasn't complete symmetry. That is why she photographs so amazingly. You know, in some ways the art of photography is nearer the art of sculpture than that of painting. Joan would have thrilled the ancient Greek sculptors much more than she would have thrilled a Reynolds or a Rubens or any other colorist."

I STUDIED her carefully after that and found that Mary, as always when she speaks of anything inside the picture field, was correct. Where color, background, costume, and expression enter in, it seems to me easier to achieve beauty for the average eye. In sculpture you must depend on line alone.

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THE MOVIE CAMERA MAKES and UNMAKES BEAUTY

Joan Crawford would answer the test of beauty in sculpture both in body and face. I think perhaps she realizes this and accentuates it. Her daily sun baths have given her an even tan from tip to toe. Her clothes are now always simple, nearly always of one color, and made in straight lines.

Her beauty secrets relate to health alone. She is a devotee of hygiene. She agrees completely with those physical experts and doctors who declare that most beauty defects can be remedied, must be remedied, from within not from without. Her diet is selected with the utmost care, to give her a clear skin, bright eyes, slimness. Her athletic condition is top form all the time. She never spends any time in beauty parlors nor with cosmetic experts. But the gymnasium, the dance instructor, swimming, are part of her daily regime.

I have never seen any woman in such fine physical shape except, perhaps, Helen Wills. Of course it is that condition and muscular control that gives her such grace and poise. Like a fine athlete, she is never off balance, never makes an awkward movement.

THAT, too, is the secret of Marilyn Miller’s effect of beauty. She is the most graceful woman on the screen, or who has ever been on the screen. And it isn’t only when she is dancing. Because of her dancing, she has learned to use her body, every part of it, and in every gesture, with supreme grace. The eye is filled and pleased with that grace and concedes to the swan-like Marilyn real beauty.

Thus you discover a beauty secret—which is hard work, the same kind of work a champion prize-fighter or football player or tennis ace puts in. It isn’t a short cut by any means, but it yields enormous results and results which every young girl should make her own. It can’t be a question of time or expense. Joan does most of her work-outs at home. She works very hard at the studio. But she never allows anything to interfere with her work and exercise.

The other “camera favorite” is Ann Harding, the stage actress who has recently scored in pictures.

But that is another matter. It isn’t, like Joan, a question of fundamentals. It’s a trick of black magic, what the camera does for Ann Harding. I hope she burns incense for it every day of her life.

There is, actually, no such person as the Ann Harding you see in “Holiday.” She is a creation of the magic lens. Take away that magic, see through this whimsy of the camera, and you have a woman of more than ordinary plainness. A woman who wouldn’t be given a second glance in any room anywhere in America.

Her coloring is drab. Except for the nose, she lacks any beauty characteristic. Yet on the screen she achieves an illusion of beauty which is the old camera’s most famous joke on its public.

But even there—and it was necessary to consider her on her screen merits alone—the careful eye will see the flaws that remove her even photographically from any possible claim to the golden apple of Paris. The peculiar shape of the head, which rises to a peak at the back. The eyes, which are set too close together. The mouth which is too big. Her profile is perfect. And the camera is a kind master in the hands of a good director. If you will notice, Miss Harding is very seldom photographed full face.

Of the two great screen beauties, let it be said now that Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith were as beautiful off the screen as on. The camera was kind to them in all truth because it must be. They had real beauty which fortunately was camera beauty also.

It is said by all photographers that Mary Pickford has the perfect camera face. Every angle is good. Mary comes, to me, under the heading of romantic beauty which we’ll take up later.

In classifying beauty, we now come to what we are accustomed to speak of as lovely women.

I like the word. It is, in some ways, a sweeter word than beauty, surely a kinder one. Lovers are fond of that word. To them, the women they love are always lovely. There is a softness and appeal about it which suggests the lines of the ancient English poet, “There is a garden in her face.” In its wake sweeps romance, which has survived our hard-boiled era.

Of course, Corinne Griffith is the loveliest of them all. The force of her beauty is loveliness, as allure was the keynote of Barbara’s.

There are many lovely women on the screen. I was surprised when I talked with a lot of men around Hollywood on this subject to find how many chose Vilma Banky as their favorite. It seemed to me a very excellent lesson for the younster Hollywoodite. But it is only sex appeal in the raw. Vilma has plenty of the ancient lure for me. But it is romantic, lovely, suggestive of Tennyson’s poems rather than the tabloid newspaper.

With Vilma, two things contributed to that effect of loveliness. One, her picturesque ability to make settings for herself. Vilma, in that raw, almost her screen success, never appeared much in modern costume. With Valentino, with Colman, she nearly always was gowned in some flattering, bejeweled, artistic costume which made you think of the princess in the fairy tales you read when you were a kid. And Mr. Freud will tell you that (Continued on page 121)
Above, one of Hollywood's strangest places, the Old Screen Type Club, on North Date Street. This club boasts 25 fine beards and ten swell mustaches. It's a community proposition, each man paying $5 a month for his board and room. When he isn't working, his fellow members help out. Sitting: left to right, C. P. Fisher, who has been 25 years in pictures and once was a cook in Boston; Robert S. Hillegas, aged 68, of Cincinnati, and for fifteen years a general contractor there; James Kelly, aged 82, of Pittsburgh, and a resident of Los Angeles long before pictures came; J. J. Walsh, once a mechanic in Philadelphia but is a sixteen year old veteran of pictures; J. P. Baggs, who seven years ago was a guide, rancher and trapper in British Columbia. The first four, left to right, standing: L. Wagner, who was a carriage builder in Detroit in pre-motor days; G. Dicks, once a nurseryman and gardener in Washington; J. P. Peters, at one time a carpenter in San Francisc; Felix Verbeck, veteran of the French army. It is interesting to note that Mr. Fisher played with Broncho Billy Anderson.

At the right:
J. D. "Shorty" Ballard, seven feet 4 1/2 inches in height, came from Commerce, Texas, a short time ago. He took the job of doorman at the Pantages Theater, hoping to attract the attention of some passing movie director. Viewing him are Angie Girard, of El Paso, Texas, and Carmen Delmar, of Mexico City, both in quest of a film career.

The New Movie's Photographer Tours Hollywood Boulevard and Pictures Its Strange Everyday Types.
The Lure of Hollywood Screen Success Draws

At the top left are Eugene McDonald, who has played in “Min and Bill,” “The Viking” and other pictures, and Richard Foley, another film veteran of “Feet of Clay,” “The Ten Commandments” and other pictures. Mr. McDonald came from New York ten years ago and Mr. Foley hails from Lawrence, Mass.

At the left is Helen Strand, driving her car on Hollywood Boulevard. She came from Seattle a short time ago to try for success in pictures. Like 10,000 or so others, she hopes to make good. Just above, buying the paper from the newsie, is Pedro Valenzuela, late of Durango, Mexico. He has been on the screen for thirteen years. Down in Mexico he was a plasterer. Now he plays Mexican cowboys.
The man at the right, standing at the corner of Hollywood and Bronson, is Julius Jbrart. “In pictures?” he was asked. “Sure,” he replied, “With Milton Sills in ‘The Barker’ and in a lot of others.”

At Cahuenga and Hollywood is what they call the Water Hole. This is the cowboys’ private stamping ground. Below left to right: Bill Russel, from Como, S. D., three years ago; Jack French, in from Nevada six years ago; Ed. Clay, who used to give Burns, Oregon, as his address; Bert Higgins, from Pecos, Texas; Ray Bucko, a merry gent from Nevada; Charles Schilling, who hails from Fort Benton, Mont., and used to be a guide in Yellowstone National Park. These boys boast that they can spit in an automobile horn twenty feet away while the car is in movement. They’ve tried and they know.

PICTURES and CAPTIONS
BY STAGG
The dressing table in Miss MacDonald’s boudoir has a glass top with a flounce of delicate Renaissance lace over peach satin. The boudoir drapes are of peach brocaded satin and the curtains are of a lighter shade of silk net. The floor lamp has a lace shade, consisting of two wide flounces, over peach silk, with sprays of hand-made French flowers on one side. Miss MacDonald’s toilet articles are of hammered silver. The small lamps on the dressing table have delicate glass bases, with pink parchment shades. The overhanging mirror has a wide band of walnut for its frame. Miss MacDonald’s negligée is of heliotrope chiffon velvet, with wide bands of satin down the front and around the hem, as well as on the wide sleeves.
Miss MacDonald's boudoir is furnished in true French Provincial style, the furniture being of dull-finish light walnut. The walls are stucco, tinted a light cream. The large rug is tan chenille. The chaise longue is striped orchid satin. The small coffee table has a cover of filet lace. The bedspread is filet lace over peach satin, in keeping with the drapes and hangings.

Miss MacDonald's boudoir opens out on a small patio. A large banana tree stands just outside the door. Miss MacDonald is wearing lounging pajamas of rose shantung, with a blouse of eggshell satin.
Little Peggy, five years old, is the luckiest girl in all these United States. Hasn't she been adopted by Harold and Mildred Lloyd and isn't Harold our national comedy idol and one of the richest men in America? Besides all that, Harold and Mildred are about the nicest folks in Hollywood or Beverly Hills. Thus little Gloria Lloyd gets a playmate, a little sister to share her lovely Beverly Hills garden and the magnificent Lloyd bathing pool. Gloria, who is just past six, is the taller of the two little girls in the pictures on this page. Peggy has golden hair and blue eyes.

Gloria's New Playmate
LORETTA YOUNG

Photograph by Elmer Fryer
The exquisite gown of white transparent velvet, shown above, was created for Marion Davies during her recent stay in Paris by Callot. The gown is extremely severe as to line, with only a border of ermine at the hem, which forms a train. With this gown, Miss Davies wears a stunning evening wrap of silver brocade, with collar and cuffs of ermine. The lovely tea gown at the right was also created for Miss Davies by Callot. The gown, of white velvet, is ankle length and slender lines are achieved by the side effect. Luxurious white fox bordering the bell-sleeve and a novel belt of white silk fringe complete this smart tea gown.
Redfern designed the striking evening gown of white satin shown at the right, especially for Marion Davies. A novel feature of this gown is the cape which is worn at the front and which falls over the shoulders to the back. An exquisite turquoise ornament on the cape is the single touch of color.

The smart black wool suit worn by Miss Davies, at the left, was created for the star by Schiaparelli during her recent stay in Europe. Miss Davies will wear this suit in her next picture. The somberness of the black woollen skirt and jacket is relieved by a smart vestee in white antelope with matching gloves. The vestee is belted at the natural waistline and shows a mushroom collar. A black felt hat, created by Agnes, and black suede shoes and bag are appropriate accessories.
Mrs. James Gleason Gives a Luncheon to Welcome Anna Q. Nilsson Back to the Social Life of the Hollywood Colony

Very charming, indeed, was the small luncheon which Mrs. James Gleason gave at her Beverly Hills home to welcome Anna Q. Nilsson back to the social life of the movie colony.

Of course, it had to be rather small and quiet, because Anna Q. hasn't been going out for some months and didn't feel quite equal to a big, noisy affair. And you know how much noise a lot of women all make at a luncheon.

Lucille Webster Gleason has one of the most delightful homes and is one of the most delightful hostesses in Hollywood. I almost said THE most delightful, and I don't mind telling you that I enjoy going to her house more than anywhere, because she is so cordial, so witty and so comfortable. Her entertaining is always done with a view to making everybody happy.

The lovely wood-panelled dining room was gay with flowers and the table looked perfectly beautiful. Green glass was used entirely. A big green glass bowl to hold the mass of mixed flowers—right out of her own garden and you could tell at once that Lucille had arranged them herself. The effect was artistic, yet it had a personal touch that no florist ever gives. Green glass plates, goblets and candlesticks with green candles completed the picture.

Heavy lace runners were used instead of a tablecloth and showed the dark polished mahogany of the table in a most attractive way.

Anna Q. looked lovely, all in pale blue. The trousers and vest of her pajamas were blue georgette and the coat was of a

Anna Q. Nilsson and her hostess, Mrs. James Gleason. Miss Nilsson made a charming appearance in pale blue. The trousers and vest of her pajamas were blue georgette and the coat of lovely blue velvet matched. Miss Nilsson's recovery seems complete.
Mrs. James Gleason personally arranged her dining room for the luncheon. Green glass was used entirely. Even the candles were green. Heavy lace runners set off the beauty of the table. In the center was a big green glass bowl, with a mass of flowers from Mrs. Gleason's own garden.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY EVELYN GRAY

Photographs by Stagg

darker blue chiffon velvet. Mrs. Gleason wore a red and white frock that was gay and just the right thing for informal entertaining.

The other guests were Corinne Griffith, in an all-white sport outfit; Claire du Brey, the character actress who lives with Anna Q, and has been such a loyal and devoted friend all during Anna's long illness; Mrs. Robert Armstrong and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, the wives of those two popular young actors.

AFTER luncheon a number of other friends dropped in to greet Anna Q, and make a great fuss over having her back. They were all so thrilled to see her walking about, and finally, after a few rubbers of bridge, they all went out in the back garden and had a swim. There was a lot of cheering when they all saw Anna Q. could actually swim and from then on they decided she was quite well and shouldn't have any of the privileges of an invalid any more.

Among those who came in after luncheon were Joan Marsh, Viola Dana, Mrs. A. H. Van Buren, Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, Mrs. Morgan Wallace, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, and Mrs. Gleason's lovely white-haired mother, Mrs. Webster.

The Gleasons are famous for their cook, or cooking, and usually, Lucille says, there is a wild protest if they don't have corn beef and cabbage for dinner guests. But for luncheon Lucille chose much lighter fare.

TOMATO juice cocktails were served first, in the drawing room, with tiny silver onions in the bottom of each glass.

Following this, at the table, a chafing dish full of turkey that was too wonderful. Here is the recipe:

Mix a cream sauce, to which add enough turkey gravy to give it flavor. Add chopped green peppers, mushrooms, chopped olives and pimientos. Then add prepared mustard and Worcestershire sauce to taste. To this add the cubed breast of turkey and allow to simmer for half an hour on a very slow fire. Serve with fresh steamed rice.

With this was a delicious salad. Those Chinese lichee nuts, which you can buy now in cans anywhere. Stuffed with peeled grapefruit and served with a delicious French dressing.

Hot biscuits, with real home-made strawberry jam. And no dessert.

LUCILLE says a sensible hostess won't serve dessert at luncheon these days, because nobody eats it and there's only a lot of self-denial necessary. Also, she says, it starts everyone (Continued on page 113)
BESSIE LOVE
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<th>Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>1901: William Haines born at Staunton, Va. Make your New Year resolutions now.</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>1901: Allene Ray born. 1924: Gilbert Selles discovers that Charlie Chaplin is a genius.</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>1897: Pola Negri born. 1900: Marion Davies born at New York City.</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>1903: First movie magnate declares that the surface of the industry has barely been scratched. Full Moon.</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>1905: The Warner Brothers conducting a movie theater (with 96 seats) at Newcastle, Pa.</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>1887: Thomas Edwin Mix born at El Paso, Texas. 1912: Loretta Young born at Salt Lake City.</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>1929: Cecil DeMille reveals the first dressed-up telephone.</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>1901: Pauline Stark born at Joplin, Mo.</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>1890: Monte Blue born at Indianapolis, Ind. Moon in last quarter.</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>1884: Milton Sills born at Chicago.</td>
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<td>13</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
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<td>14</td>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>1901: Bebe Daniels born at Dallas, Texas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>1902: Carol Dempster born at Santa Maria, Calif.</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.</th>
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<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>1900: Virginia Valli born. How are your resolutions standing the strain?</td>
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<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>1793: Louis XVI executed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>1916: The option discovered by Hollywood executives. Except for the close-up, most important aid to movie progress.</td>
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<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>1900: Ralph Graves born at Cleveland, Ohio.</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>1848: Gold discovered in California and first rush starts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>1929: Second gold rush (of song writers) gets under way.</td>
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<td>26</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>1929: Loretta Young and Grant Withers elope. Moon in first quarter.</td>
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<td>29</td>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>1922: Sid Grauman introduces the prologue to astonished Los Angeles.</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>1649: Charles I beheaded in London. 1926: Barbara La Marr dies at Altadena, Calif.</td>
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<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>What about your New Year resolutions now?</td>
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Watch for This Feature Every Month

January birth stones: Ancient, the garnet. Modern, the hyacinth. The garnet is credited with endowing the wearer with constancy and fidelity.
1930

BY
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

The Year in Brief:
The producers have failed to realize the possibilities of the sound screen. Where are the 1930 films to equal "Alibi," still the best talkie melodrama; "Broadway Melody," still the best song film; "The Love Parade," the best development of the operetta picture; "Bulldog Drummond," the best satirical melodrama, or "The Hollywood Revue," still the landmark in revues? The year 1931 will find the talkie at the crisis of its career. The Year's Development: Encountering an impasse in making better talkies, the producers turned to making bigger ones. Nearly every company has its own particular brand of wide-measure film, all promising (but not achieving) a stereoscopic effect. So far there has been nothing definite about the adoption of a wider film. If it comes, and it is unlikely—all future production mistakes will be gargantuan, at least. The Public Decides: The end of 1930 finds the movie producers withdrawing from the making of musical films. Song pictures have flopped, one after the other, at the box-office. Following the hit of "Broadway Melody," producers began turning out musical films by the dozens. In making them, the producers forgot the two reasons for the appeal of stage musical shows: comedy and pretty girls. Even in inland America, the picture of a dancing chorus girl makes a purely esthetic appeal. The screen had no comedians to put over from the footlights did not know their medium. The producers enlarged upon the plot of the musical comedies—and what is feebler than a musical-comedy plot? Hence failure of this sort of film was inevitable. The screen will yet have musical pictures, when the producers learn how to make them. The Best Selling Stars at the End of 1930: Greta Garbo, Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow, Maurice Chevalier. Steadiest drawing and surest acting of all stars: Richard Barthelmess. Most Promising Feminine Personalities: Constance Bennett, Kay Francis. Most Rapidly Advancing Young Actors: Robert Montgomery, Lewis Ayres. Players Who Slipped From the Screen During 1930: Colleen Moore, Alice White, Vilma Banky, Corinne Griffith, Paul Muni, Billie Dove.

The BOX OFFICE HITS OF 1930:

"The Big House"
"Common Clay"
"Caught Short"
"The Dawn Patrol"
"Romance"
"Anna Christie"
"Animal Crackers"
"The Divorcee"
"Amos 'n' Andy"
"Whooppee"


Most Versatile Actor: Walter Huston, whose fine work ranged from the Great Emancipator of "Abraham Lincoln" to the Mexican General of "The Bad Man."

Most Sensational Newcomer of the Year: Marlene Dietrich, who should take a position right behind Greta Garbo in popularity during 1931—if she gets the right roles.

Highly Promising New Personality: Helen Twelve-trees.

BIGGEST Single Hit of the Year: Dorothy Mackaill in "The Office Wife." This won her a new starring contract. Able in All Their Roles: Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Fredric March. Fading Fastest in Popularity: Al Jolson, Dolores Del Rio.

Future Still in the Balance: Jack Gilbert. This star was in the same position a year ago and, if anything, has lost ground. Due to bad pictures, Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers suffered some in favor. Miss Bow pulled up again
A Tabloid Survey of the Motion Picture Personalities and the Significant Pictures of the Year

in the final months, however, No other star could have made the pictures turned out by Miss Bow and survived the year.

Long Absent but Back Again: Janet Gaynor. We congratulate Mr. Winfield Sheehan, head of the Fox forces, and Miss Gaynor upon the reconciliation.


"The Street of Chance"

"Holiday"

"Journey's End"

"Romance"

"The Dawn Patrol"

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

"Feet First"

"Morocco"

"Common Clay"


Most Regrettable Fact of 1930: That Emil Jannings still is absent from our screen.


Best Original Screen Story: "Laughter," by the director, Harry d'Arrast. Best adapted play, "Holiday." Best all-round production, considering acting, direction, and all details, "Holiday." Poorest screen story, "Check and Double Check."

Best Short Reel Features: Laurel and Hardy, Mickey Mouse, and Silly Symphonies.

Most Unexpected Film Flop of the Year: "Byrd in the Antarctic."

Most Compelling Dramatic Moment: Beryl Mercer on the witness stand in "Common Clay."

Scene Most Charged with IT: When Marlene Dietrich, as the café entertainer of "Morocco," invites Gary Cooper to her apartment.

Funniest Scene: When Harold Lloyd, after his human-fly stunt, reaches (Continued on page 107)

"Common Clay."

"All Quiet on the Western Front,"

"Feet First,"

"Morocco."

The Box-Office Hits of the Year: "The Big House,"

"Common Clay," "Caught Short,"

"Anna Christie," "Check and Double Check," "Romance," "The Dawn Patrol,"

"The Divorcee," "Animal Crackers,

and "Whooppee."

The Mystery of William Powell

BY EVELYN GRAY

WILLIAM POWELL has played in so many mystery dramas—as a super-crook or the master detective who solves the crime after the police fall down—that we are presenting the picturesque story of his life just as one of his own scenarists would tell it. There really is no mystery to William Powell's success. It's just the result of hard work. Next month New Movie will tell you more about the suave and interesting Mr. Powell.

WILLIAM POWELL is one of the fortunate men who carved his own destiny. He wanted to be an actor. He was born to be an actor.

How or why, nobody could figure. There were not any actors in the Powell family. Never had been. No knowledge of nor contact with the theater had ever touched the members of the rather clannish circle.

By all the laws of heredity, William Powell should have been a quiet, respectable, orderly business man. By careful training and early environment, he was intended to be a lawyer.

Fervent distaste for routine and time clocks kept him from being the first. A mad, romantic youthful passion destroyed his intentions to be the second.

He fulfilled his own desires. He is the thing he wanted to be—and his family all admit that it has turned out very well indeed.

IN the latter part of July, 1899, just after the Spanish-American War, Bill's proud parents were painting a legal career for their offspring. Below, Bill's father and mother, Horatio and Nettie Powell, who now live in Hollywood with their son.

William Powell, at the age of seven. The year was 1899, just after the Spanish-American War. Bill's proud parents were painting a legal career for their offspring. Below, Bill's father and mother, Horatio and Nettie Powell, who now live in Hollywood with their son.

noticed a lady arrive in a carriage. Another appeared on foot. Soon another carriage, with more well-gowned ladies, arrived. Wicker suitcases of amazing proportions were carried in. All along the street lace curtains were pushed back. Curious eyes peeped out, taking in these unusual occurrences.

"Nettie Powell must be going to have her baby," said one housewife to another. "I see her mother and sisters have come."

In those days, women had their babies at home. Hospitals, baby wards, obstetricians would have been regarded with scorn, not to say suspicion. The family doctor officiated, with the family in eager attendance. A cup of tea instead of a can of ether was administered for comfort.

YOUNG Powell was late for his first entrance. He held up production for days, even weeks. The neighbors watched eagerly. Nothing happened. The star performer was still delaying matters.

Then early one morning Nettie's husband, Horatio, dashed out of the house minus his collar and returned in a few minutes, nervously hurrying another man who carried a little black bag.

In the afternoon, the door of the little house crashed open again. Pa Powell skipped down the walk and headed for a corner several blocks away. He pushed open a pair of swinging doors and cried, "It's a boy, boys, it's a boy. Seven and a half pounds. Mother doing fine. They're on me. Set 'em up for everybody."

In good Dutch beer, the gang toasted the newcomer.

"What's his name?" they inquired.
He Came From a Family Untouched by the Theater and He Was Destined for the Law—But He Became an Actor

"Here's to William Powell," said the friends and hoisted steins.

WILLIAM POWELL has been toasted since then many times in many lands. But never in better beer nor with more honest good wishes. Because Horatio and Nettie Powell were very popular in Pittsburgh. Fine young couple. Doing well. The right kind of American citizens.

"You want to know where Bill got his acting trend?" said Father Powell to me. "Look at his mother. What an actress she would have made. Never had a chance to do it, of course, but I don't believe there's anyone on the stage would have made a better comedienne. She had it in her."

Bill's handsome, gracious, white-haired mother blushed a little, but there was a twinkle in her eye. Certainly there is no question as to where the hero of "Street of Chance" and "For the Defense" got his distinguished good looks.

Many people imagine that William Powell has a foreign look. His first big stage success, his first big picture roles, were all in foreign parts—Spanish, Italian, Cuban. As a matter of fact, he is American to the core. Perhaps that look is his heritage from a paternal grandfather named Brady. The black Irish fit into any nationality. There is, too, a good strong strain of Holland Dutch, and a bit of French and English. But to know Bill well is to realize that once again the Irish predominates over all other ancestry.

THE first thing this baby did to distinguish himself from all the other babies of Pittsburgh was to sit up in his crib at the age of five months, wag his right forefinger at his admiring parents and remark, "I umpha basha arga." Not once, but many times he did it. Long before he could talk in any accepted terms. Powell, junior, made speeches from his crib and highchair. There was no question that they were intended to be speeches, because they were accompanied by gestures and a noble, intent expression.

"I umpha basha arga" became a tradition in the Powell family.

"I have made speeches since that were less coherent," said Bill, with the slightly sheepish look that comes over all men when their infant days are highlighted by the older generation.

After watching him for some time, Mrs. Powell said breathlessly to her husband, "I'm sure he's going to be a preacher."

Father Powell demurred. Billy Sunday hadn't yet pointed the way to millions through the Many fans believe that William Powell is of foreign birth. He was born in 1892 in Pittsburgh. Irish ancestry predominates all others with Bill Powell, although in him there is a strain of Holland Dutch and a bit of French and English as well.
HOW BILL POWELL, PITTSBURGH BOY, MADE GOOD

ministry and Bill's father had the American ambition to see his son in something that would be profitable as well as successful.

"He's going to be a lawyer," he said. "Look at the way he uses that forefinger.

For eighteen years, Horatio Powell cherished the delusion that he was the father of a lawyer.

He might have been, if it hadn't been for a girl named Edith. Why is it that there is always an Edith in every man's life? The first girl—the dream girl of adolescence?

If Bill hadn't fallen in love with Edith in high school in Kansas City he might now be playing "For the Defense" in real courtrooms instead of those built by stage carpenters.

He doesn't think he would have been happy. Acting was the one thing he ever really wanted to do.

Right from the beginning, young Bill showed a trait that has never left him. His passion for conversation with men—all kinds, anytime, anywhere. He and Ronald Colman—you must know that they are inseparable friends—talk an entire week-end away in Ronny's cottage at Malibu.

His close friendship with Dick Barthelmess began with a conversation that lasted three days.

One of his first pictures was "The Bright Shawl," with Barthelmess. Neither one was pleased about the casting. Powell thought Barthelmess was just another star. Barthelmess thought likewise that Powell was just another actor.

On the boat bound for Havana, they ignored each other pointedly for twenty-four hours. Passing on deck, they didn't speak. Inwardly, Powell said to himself, "Ham." Inwardly, Barthelmess said, "Ham." Finally, they bumped each other smartly coming around a corner.

"G-rrr-rr," said Barthelmess.

"Same to you," said Powell.

"Well," said one, glaring bitterly.

"Well," returned the other.

"Do you drink?" said Barthelmess.

"Yes," said Powell.

"Come on."

Without more ado they repaired to the star's stateroom and didn't come out for three days. They talked for twenty-four hours without sleeping, and they've been pals ever since.

In his youth, Bill's hobby was street-car conductors and blacksmiths.

He was a slim, sturdy little youngster with startlingly blue eyes. With serious mien, he would walk quietly out the backdoor and disappear. Later, Mother Powell would be seen running around the block looking for her offspring. Horatio Powell, coming home from his accounting offices, would take up the search. He soon developed a system. His first stop was at the blacksmith shop, three blocks away.

"Seen anything of Will today?" he'd ask the brawny man, busy at his glowing forge.

"Sure. He was in here for a couple of hours early this afternoon. We had a long gab about why horses have four legs and humans have only got two. That feller can ask more questions than any kid I ever saw."

"Where'd he go?"

"I dunno. He borrowed a nickel off me and skiddadled."

That nickel was the clue. Nickels meant street cars to Bill. He would finally be discovered deep in discussions with the motorman or the conductor upon whose car he had made six round trips with that nickel. Nothing could break him of this habit. Besides, he was so intent upon gaining information that his parents didn't have the heart to punish him. He was getting an education of sorts.

Incidentally, Bill Powell never felt the stern hand of parental discipline. Never as a child was his little spank spanked.

His mother says it wasn't necessary. She employed more subtle and more effective methods.

By the way, I don't mind telling you now that William Powell's mother thinks pretty highly of him. After thirty-eight years of intimate acquaintance, she will contend he's the best man she knows—except his father. The three of them live together, which shows real love and understanding. Bill is the sort of bird who likes liberty and would quickly resent any curtailment of his privileges. Their apartment in Hollywood is charmingly arranged, run for Bill's convenience, and his complete comfort.

(Continued on page 124)

This looks a little more like the William Powell of Hollywood triumphs. Bill is eleven and an earnest student, even a "teacher's pet." Young Master Powell was then looking forward to a great career as a lawyer.
Above, Broadway just after the turn of the century. The old hansom cabs still hold their own. There are no blinding electric signs. No traffic problems. The theater district centers around Herald Square. The big favorites of the day are such stars as Maude Adams, Otis Skinner, Henrietta Crosman, Weber and Fields, John Drew, Mrs. Fiske, James T. Powers and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Current hits are "Ben-Hur" and "Arizona," later destined to be super-films.

Below, Times Square as it is today, looking North from the Times Building. The lofty Paramount Theater Building is on the left. Just up Broadway is the Astor Hotel. Across the square "Hell's Angels" holds the electric lights. Broadway is thoroughly sky-signed. The movies have completed their conquest of the Great White Way. Seventeen big theaters, all located in this zone, are playing feature films.

While the movies have captured Broadway, it is interesting to note that the center of all this vast world of motion pictures lies 3,000 miles away, in California.

Photographs by Brown Brothers
MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie’s Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

WHEN YOU SEE Bert Lown’s name on anything that is musical, you know it’s good and if you look around these days, you’ll find quite a few selections with Bert Lown’s name. “Maybe It’s Love,” recorded by Bert and His Boys for Columbia, is good enough to write about. This number is from the Warner Bros. picture, “Maybe It’s Love.” Not satisfied with calling this a day’s work, Bert turns the old record over and reels out another one, and just as good, too. “I’ll Be Blue Just Thinking of You” is the title, and if you have heard the boys play this over the air it doesn’t need any recommendation to make you buy it. Both of these numbers are A Number 1.

Do you know that Bert Lown and Rudy Vallee are old friends, and that in December, 1927, Bert Lown, who was booking orchestras at the time, placed Rudy in Don Dickerman’s Heigh-Ho Club and started the boy out in what was later to be known as the Lown-Vallee Orchestras, Inc.?

FROM the William Fox picture, “The Big Trail,” we hear an unusually fine waltz, “Song of the Big Trail.” This is played by Leroy Shield and the Victor Hollywood Orchestra. This combination is a new one to me and it may be to you, but it’s surefire. We’re bound to hear more of these boys. They do a praiseworthy job on both sides of the record. “Song of the Big Trail” carries a vocal refrain by Bud Jamison. The other side of this disc is a fox trot by the same orchestra and the title is “Sing-Song Girl.” This side carries a vocal by James Blackstone.

Do you know that both of these numbers were written by Joseph McCarthy and James F. Hanley, the boys who wrote one of the best numbers of the year, a fox trot ballad called “What’s the Use of Living Without Love?” This was recorded for Victor by King Oliver and his orchestra and you should hear it.

RUTH ETTING, the Sweetheart of Columbia

THE MONTH’S BIGGEST HITS:

“Song of the Big Trail,” waltz
Leroy Shield and the Victor Hollywood Orchestra

“It’s a Great Life,” fox trot
Merle Johnston’s Saxophone Quartet

“Maybe It’s Love,” fox trot
Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra

“Just a Little Closer,” vocal
Ruth Etting

records, certainly proves to us how she got her name when she sings “Just a Little Closer.” The number is from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, “Remote Control,” and is darned good. The other side of this record is also sung by Miss Etting and is the popular “I’ll Be Blue Just Thinking of You.”

Although it’s hard to call four saxophones an orchestra, Merle Johnston and his boys make up what they lack in numbers with a musical ability that is noteworthy. “It’s a Great Life,” recorded by Merle Johnston and his Saxophone Quartet, will certainly astound you by the way the boys get along without the customary strings and brass, and the rhythm they can get out of their saxophones. This number is from the picture, “Playboy of Paris.”

“Always in All Ways” sounds like a pretty tricky title to me and the tune is from the Paramount picture, “Monte Carlo.” This number is also played by Merle Johnston and his quartet, and very nicely, too.

Do you know that Merle Johnston, who is one of the country’s foremost exponents of the saxophone, is considered by hundreds of musicians as the leader in tonal artistry, that he appears on dozens of radio programs each day and is said to have the largest number of pupils of any sax teacher in the country?

It begins to look as though some of the old-time tunes are due for a revival. The Columbia people have acquired Ken Maynard, the Universal picture star, and taking the title “The American Boy’s Favorite Cowboy,” on him have made him sing a few Hill Billys. One of these numbers is the old-timer, “The Cowboy’s Lament.” The other side of this record is a song from the Universal picture, “The Wagon Master,” and is called “The Lone Star Trail.”

Maurice Chevalier has just made a sprightly new record for Victor. This offers two numbers from his new picture, “The Playboy of Paris.” These numbers are “It’s a Great Life,” which is excellent, and “My Ideal,” also up to standard.
REMINISCENCES of Maurice Costello
The First Idol of the Screen Tells About the Grand Old Days of Vitagraph When Actors Often Doubled as Carpenters
By GRACE KINGSLEY

IMAGINE Maurice Chevalier personally hopping off jagged rocks into the sea below. Fancy John Barrymore putting overalls over his Hamlet tights and taking a hand with the saw and hammer at building sets. Picture the fastidious Ramon Novarro being chased down the street, with the rabble joining the running mob at his heels, in an old-fashioned picture chase!

That's what they did when Maurice Costello became the first of the picture sheiks, back in the good old Vitagraph days in Brooklyn.

Fancy Greta Garbo working in the wardrobe department in off hours away from the stage, or Mary Pickford waiting after hours to pay off the extras herself! For the feminine stars worked, too, in those old days at odd studio jobs.

HEY called him Dimples in those days, because they didn't know Costello's name, since actors' names weren't on the screen. Fans wrote him letters under that pet name.

You will see him

Flora Finch and the late John Bunny, at the right. It was Maurice Costello who suggested that Miss Finch and Bunny would make a great comedy team. Vitagraph took his suggestion—and the two made the first laugh hit of the films.

They called Maurice Costello by the name of "Dimples" in the palmy days of the silent screen. Mr. Costello came from the stage to become the first great favorite of the films. Being an all round trouper, he did a lot to lift screen acting out of its first crude state.

still, this Dimples, in a picture, once in a while—and a handsome trouper he is.

Handsome, vital, most attractive, with his white hair and his brown eyes and his face that is a little seamed, we found Mr. Costello as we visited him in his apartment in Beverly Hills.

It isn't quite on the right side of the railroad tracks to be in the fashionable section, but it is charming, nevertheless.

He and his son-in-law, Jack Barrymore, are good friends, by the way—but he has never seen his little granddaughter.

"Just imagine," he said proudly. "what a baby that grandchild should be!"

We knew he was thinking of the stage.

Present-day actors owe a lot to Costello. It was he who broke down the producers' ideas that actors shouldn't have their names on the screen. He was the pioneer in introducing dialogue into screen acting. Also it was Costello who introduced the slow tempo in acting, so that screen playing didn't look like a wild
scramble, as admittedly it had before he came into it.

"I HAD an argument with Florence Turner, my leading lady, the very first day I went into pictures," said Costello. "I was dumfounded at the methods used. I had never seen a picture made, but I believe that I did know trouping. I came in after several years of stock.

"Our very first scene was one in which a knock came at the door. I was seated at a flat-top desk in my study at home. Naturally, I would say, 'Come in.' I ushered Florence in and said, 'What can I do for you?' She sat there like a dummy. Finally my director said, 'Answer him,' and she replied, 'We aren't accustomed to using words!' But I argued, and finally we rattled off a little dialogue.

"Albert Smith, who was head of Vitagraph, along with David Smith and Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, spoke up and said to me, 'That's all very fine, Mr. Costello, but when you hear that knock at the door, register it this way, with your hand to your ear.' He illustrated, looking like a deaf man cupping his hand to his ear.

"'Well,' I answered, 'I never heard of anybody in their own home doing that.'

"He didn't answer, but went on, 'And mind this, if somebody points to something, shade your eyes with your hand to register that you see it,' again illustrating.

"'What,' I answered, 'as if I were somewhere out on the prairie?'

"Van Dyke Brooks was Costello's director.

"The director was certainly the supreme in those days, you know. He did the wardrobe and everything! We made pictures in a week and they were out on the street the day after!"

STUDIO discipline in those pioneer days was tough.

"We had to be there every morning at eight, whether we were working or not. Actors received a guarantee of $15 per week, whether they were actively engaged on a picture or not.

"The actors had to punch a time clock! Can you imagine Maurice Chevalier or Douglas Fairbanks doing that? I never would though. I wasn't asked to, strangely enough, maybe because I was a star.

"All the actors helped build the scenery, too. I was the first to refuse to handle a saw and hammer. Even Ralph Ince and Paul Panzer did it in those days.

"The women? They were busy, too. They worked in the costume department when they weren't acting. Florence Turner also assisted in paying off the extras at the end of the day.

"Actors were paid $12 or $15 a week for labor and $3 a day when in front of the camera. Ralph Ince and John Adolfi both started that way.

"I started at $30 a week and had made about three pictures before they propositioned me to stay with them. Mr. Smith said, when I demurred about doing work, 'Well, Cos, all the boys have been doing it.' I said, 'I don't care what they are doing. Steve Brodie jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, too, but I'm damned if I will. But I can handle saw and hammer, and I will take $30 a week to build scenery for you, but I won't act and be prop boy, too.'

"But evidently Mr. Smith didn't think I meant what I said. After a couple of days he came to me and said, 'Have you thought it over?' 'I have decided,' I said. 'I certainly won't double in my jobs.' He said, 'Maybe you can suggest a way out so as not to hurt the other boys' feelings.' I said, 'This is a funny proposition to have a manager ask me how to run his business.' I said, 'Who's running this place?' He gave me one look, shook hands with me, and that's all the contract we ever had. They jumped my salary and kept jumping it.'

"I asked about the sets in those days.

"'Oh,' said Costello, 'sets were of canvas. The first thing we did was to teach the actor not to slam the door. The whole place would shake if an actor grew too vehement. We made some of the exteriors indoors with painted scenery. It was very hard to keep the trees and rocks from waving in the breeze, since the studies were open-air affairs.

"THERE was another permanent set that the producers were very proud of. It was a thirty-by-fifty-foot tank with a grass mat around it, which was used for everything from Eliza crossing the ice to Washington crossing the Delaware. We also had a sawmill, and we had a boy come over from the Delasco Theatre and build a windmill. It took two weeks to build.

"It was constructed for a picture of mine. I forget the name of the girl playing opposite me, but I had to catch the windmill and rescue the girl from the little platform atop. It was a pretty good windmill, except that (Continued on page 114)
What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

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The GIRL Who Almost FAILED

By JACK BEVERLY

THE dawn of a new day has come for Helen Twelvetrees. It appears to be a day with sunlit skies. And it follows a night of dismal blackness such as few girls must face.

Helen Twelvetrees has just put behind her the worst year of her short life. She says the future must be brighter, because unhappiness such as she has had for the past twelve months or so cannot possibly come to her again.

"I'm happy, now," she told me. "Happy, happy, happy. And you don't know how it makes me feel!"

A SMALL, blonde girl graduated from the Brooklyn Heights Seminary in 1925. She wanted to be an actress. Not a motion-picture actress. Hollywood was far from her thoughts. But a stage actress. New York and Broadway were calling her.

Her father, an advertising man for a group of New York newspapers, finally gave his consent. "You were kicked out of the Berkeley Institute for smoking," he said. "And they tell me all great actresses and author-esses start that way. Maybe you're qualified. Go ahead."

So Helen Twelvetrees enrolled in the Art Students' League and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—both in New York City.

"That was fun," she said. "But it was also work. I had always had a sneaking suspicion that all you had to do to be an actress was to get up on a stage and say a lot of lines you had memorized. But oh, how wrong I was. I found out that I did not know how to walk, to stand, and couldn't even sit correctly. I had to take long breathing exercises so that I did not gasp when I spoke. I had to learn a thousand things that—I haven't learned yet." She smiled at me and I forgave her for not knowing all of them. In fact, when she smiles and blinks a pair of large blue eyes at you, you think it sort of silly that one should have to know how to do anything else.

"I finally graduated from the Dramatic School and was fortunate enough to get a place with the Stuart Walker Players," she continued. "We played all sorts of things, being a stock company. Among the plays we did on the road were: 'An American Tragedy,' 'Elmer Gantry' and 'Broadway.'"

She hesitated in her recital of those days and I could see that she was debating something with herself. Something she felt she had to say but was not quite sure how to say it—if at all. Finally she came out with it.

"Then I made a mistake," she said. And I thought of the thousand things that simple statement covered.

A marriage. The wedding united two youngsters, neither of them knowing just what they were getting into. The entire affair was complicated by the fact that Helen Twelvetrees was an actress, a working woman with hours that were irregular if nothing else.

A young wife with a job which took her away from home for weeks and months at a time.

Home? They had none. Not as you and I know it. Not as we knew it as children. It was a make-shift home.

Helen Twelvetrees does not like to talk about that chapter of her life, although she did mention the end of it. But I found out from others who knew that the marriage was doomed to failure from the start.

"Maybe it was my fault," she

Helen Twelvetrees in "My Man," which presents her first real opportunities. Miss Twelvetrees came from the city of movie stars, Brooklyn. She is tiny, blonde and blue-eyed. Before she went to Holly-wood she had a long schooling with the Stuart Walker Players, who do dramas on the road.
told me, simply. "I don't know. I think this marriage business is a job of work which requires study and brains to make it work successfully. You say you're happy after three years of it but I—oh, let's forget it. I want to, please."

I ASKED no more about it. But by others who knew her in New York and when she first came to Hollywood, I was told that Helen Twelvetrees tried desperately to be successful with her marriage. It was not her fault; it was not.

But I travel ahead of my story. Because Helen Twelvetrees came to Hollywood with her husband and that helped make the dark night I mentioned above but darker.

The Fox Company, like other movie companies, was struck by the talkies. Stage people were wanted, people who could speak lines. Fox jumped upon the New York stage and signed actor after actor, girl after girl. The Hollywood studios gave out contracts and transportation in such profusion that it became a laughing matter in Hollywood. "How many landed today?" was a standing comment.

But it was not long before the actors signed to movie contracts saw the handwriting on the wall. Over a hundred new faces roamed around that Fox lot in Hollywood wondering what it was all about. Uprooted from their normal lives, dropped down into a new and impressively different league, they finally came to want only one thing—work. Please, could they get into a picture? Please may I not do something besides sit around all day and watch others get an opportunity to show what they can do? The battle cry became, "Take off these handcuffs and allow me at least to try before option time comes and I'm shipped back to New York— a failure."

IT WAS not possible to give fair and adequate tests, much less conclusive ones, to all the new faces imported into the Hollywood studio. Some must be overlooked. And those who were would suffer heartaches. To have been so near—and missed.

Helen Twelvetrees was among those who suffered, and missed.

In all the time she was on the Fox lot she was given but three small parts in three unimportant pictures.

Night after night she went home to cry herself to sleep. Nothing was going right. Everything was wrong. Her husband—well, it was the beginning of the end with him.

She cracked under the strain and, when her contract with Fox was finished, she was ready to return to New York. Ready to put everything she had worked for since leaving school behind her, and start anew. Forget pictures, which had raised her hopes so high, forget her marriage.

Small, blonde, blue-eyed, alone, still a girl, deep in debt, Hollywood had licked Helen Twelvetrees. And (Continued on page 106)
Now that winter is here, this is the time for pies made with a cooked custard filling. After all, it can’t be apple pie every week.

Kay Johnson, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, contributes a good recipe for chocolate pie to The New Movie. Kay Johnson is Mrs. John Cromwell in private life and she knows that men like chocolate desserts and that a chocolate pie is doubly welcome.

Here is her recipe:

- ½ cup sugar.
- 2 tablespoons cocoa.
- A few grains of salt.
- 2 cups milk.
- 2 eggs.
- 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place the half cup of sugar mixed with the salt into a double boiler and mix in the two tablespoons cocoa. Stir in two cups of milk—have it lukewarm but don’t boil it first—and cook until thick and creamy. Keep stirring to avoid those lumps. Now add the well beaten yolks of the two eggs and stir for two minutes.

Remove from the fire and add one teaspoon vanilla. Now fold in the stiffly beaten white of the two eggs. Pour into a baked pie shell, put into the oven to set the custard and serve.

You may take your choice of pastry recipes for the shell, but it is best not to try a very elaborate puff paste.

As you can see, all the ingredients for this chocolate pie will be found on your pantry shelf. It might be well to say that pie crust is always best if it is allowed to remain, uncooked, of course, in the ice-box for twenty-four hours. When the crust goes into the oven, it should be cold and all the ingredients used to make pastry should always be chilled.

Many housewives make up a good supply of pastry crust, wrap it in cheese cloth and place it on a plate in the ice-box. Then there is always a supply on hand for various pastry desserts. The dough will keep very well for quite a long time and it improves in crispness and delicacy if it is allowed to stand.

If you like, you may serve the chocolate filling in small tarts instead of one big pie. These little dainties are delicious for luncheon. If you have children in the home who are too young for pastry, you may give them some of the custard, saving out a helping before putting it in the crust.
He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

(Continued from page 44)

with the thrill that comes at glimpsing a rose among the weeds, he raised his eyes to see the Kwattle procession coming toward him.

"Hey!" shouted J. Wellington. "Snap out of that technical trance and register astonishment!"

The request was unnecessary, for the mournful Peter had suddenly become an engaging young feller. He appraised the Revere ensemble and smiled more pleasantly than ever. Here, he told himself, was some visiting personage, to judge by the smiling entourage. Such well-sculptured legs! Quite different from the geometrical stems indigenous to his celluloid classes. And that fascinating mole! At last a woman who was not trying to baste up her future with an electric needle. Could it be that she was a ... he found himself bending over a firm little hand.

"CHARMED," he murmured, forgetting to click his heels with the military precision seen only on the Hollywood parade ground.

And so am I," said Iris softly, flutttering in a little dance to close to her paragon. "A—and so am—I, er, I mean—" she means, "And so am I," chucked Mr. Kwattle. "We all are, Peter, my old tomato, and you should head the class. Before you stands your leading lady—by next May, positively.

Mr. Silverdale's eyes dulled to a listless black. "Do you mean to say that she's an actress?" he demanded.

"She will be by May," promised an official. "Seems to me you're in luck, my boy. How about having lunch with us?"

"Sorry," said the actor stiffly, "I have other plans." His gaze encountered the bewildered Iris. "Very glad to have met you," he murmured mechanically, and resumed his pilgrimage.

"Don't bother about him," consoled J. Wellington. "That's only Genius in its shirt sleeves, baby, and you'll have to get used to it around here. Maybe you see now why I socked him in the nose. Maybe—" he broke off and goggled delightedly at the storm signals that were flying.

"No man," bared Miss Revere, "can do that to me! Why, when he first looked at me I felt all over the way I do when I hit my funnybone, and then he looks up. It's a . . ."

"Don't spring that line about being insulted," begged Mr. Kwattle. "You got to develop a cuttlefish like an armadillo in this dumb sweater of yours, or you're liable to get chapped.

"Who said anything about being insulted," said Mr. Kwattle, "she's a sweeter girl than you. And Iris, her twin amethysts glinting fire, was swept off to luncheon and later into a vice-president's office, where that gentleman forgot his enthusiasm sufficiently to sign her for six months at one hundred dollars weekly.

FIVE o'clock found her with Mr. Kwattle still in charge of her elbow.

"You can have supper with me at the Arms," he offered, "or I'll send you home in a study car.

"Thanks very much," said Miss Revere evenly. "I'll be happy to dine with you, look for me at seven.

"But Iris—"

"My Superman will drive me," announced Iris, and Mr. Kwattle, jaw at the slope, watched her cross the lawn and accost the somber Peter.

Mr. Silverdale removed his hat at the angle approved in the advertisements and questioned her with his eyebrows.

"I haven't any car," she told him, "and so I'd like you to drive me out to Santa Monica and then back to the Musclebound!" shall we start right away?"

"Before the actor had assembled a negative they were skimming toward the little town where the best minds believed that psychology should be studied by everyone except the landlord."

"That is so sweet of you," tinkled Miss Revere, nestling against him.

"I'm not interested in actresses," said Peter, only they bore me, and as I generally use two hands for driving, kindly move over, will you?"

"But I've admired you for years. Didn't you say—"

"Your figure," stated Mr. Silverdale in the colorless tone of an artist who knows his wife has her ears to the ground, "is practically perfection. Your hair, gorgeous. Your eyes—"

"Yes?" crooned Iris, turning on both batteries.

"Most—ah, unusual," said Peter, trying not to look at them. "Nevertheless, you are about to become an actress, a mere delineator of moods as false as old Kwattle's middle name, so you will pardon me if I refuse to allow your short vamps to scuff a pathway across my heart. It's been tried before, my dear girl, and it's no use. Dash it," frowned Mr. Silverdale, "why are you staring at me like that?"

Miss Revere indulged in a ripping laugh, thereby proving that she was no mean actress already. "I'm just wondering," she said with a launtescence she did not feel, "whether I'll marry you in May or June.

THE passage of six months saw Iris securely established in the arms of Mr. Silverdale, but for screen purposes only. Climbing through the stages of being photographed with a prize pig or a delegation of visiting exhibitors, she was allowed to say, "Wown't you have some moah buttah!" in a sherry-crumpet English comedy, and from that purple moment Epictures required another suck for the fan mail.

But it was a somewhat humdled Iris who reclaimed silver in the Silverdale embrace, flounced petulantly in a chair and exchanged meaning glances with Mr. Kwattle.

"Too stiff," wailed the director. "Listen, stupid, you got to put more feeling into the clinch or the fadeout will be a dlop. Why's it so hard for you to make love to Iris? On the level, Peter, I've seen better heads on umbrellas."

"And why," said Mr. Silverdale suspiciously, "is it only in the clinches that I can't suit you? Every one of them's had to be made a dozen times but the other scenes went smoothly enough."

"I'm trying to give you a break, that's why," snapped Mr. Kwattle. "Ain't you got sense enough to realize that Iris is a comer? Why, she's stealing scenes from you already, you self-satisfied nincompoop."

"Kindly remember that I'm the star."

"Yeah?" bellowed the director, "and I'm a comet! Another day afoot from you and you'll end up by looking around in the bread wagon with the rest of the bums. Get me? You've got to play"

(Continued on page 104)

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

in the picture colony. He made his first appearance at Malibu the other Sunday and was a riot. Papa Skeets is becoming quite a favorite in pictures, a boy. His work on Clara Bow has received a lot of comment.

MORGAN BEAU, the stage star, has signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her work in "My Man" landed her on the permanent payroll.

DO you remember Mary McLaren, the blonde star of five or six years back? Mary is in business in Hollywood now, and the other afternoon gave a divan-embroidery to Rossmore. She looks younger and prettier than ever, but has no desire to go back into pictures. Neither has her sister, Katherine MacDonald, once called "The American Beauty." She's married to a millionaire and you see her, in diamonds and ermine, at the opera.

VIRGINIA VALLI has returned acting from New York sooner than her friends expected. You remember she went east with Colleen Moore. Charlie Poynter met her on the train and they took up their romance just where they left off when Virginia went away.

LW AYRES and Lida Lane still appear to be devoted. They're seen about at the Ambassador, the Embassy and the Mayfair together.
The Richest Woman in Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

whole ninety-six acres,' they said, 'why not buy part of it? Why not take sixty-one acres? This was quite a letdown for me—but it was all I could do. And finally we closed for a gross purchase price of $350,000, for they charged me more per acre. I didn't realize all that was going to mean to me when it came to paying—until later. But at the time I was thrilled. That was the only word to express it.

'I made my first payment, the papers of sale were drawn up—and I went back to work. I knew I was going to be in hock for some time to come—for I had something like a quarter of a million dollars to pay—and the only way I could pay it was from what I could earn.

'A procession of serials followed 'Ruth of the Rockies.' There was 'The Avenging Arrow,' 'White Eagle,' 'The Timber Queen,' 'Haunted Valley,' and 'Ruth of the Range.' I never worked so hard in my life. And when I would be so worn out that it seemed a physical impossibility to drag myself down to the set for another day, I would drive very slowly down Wilshire Boulevard, and get a good look at the sixty-one acres which I was trying to make my own. 'And when that time does come,' I announced one day, 'I am going to make all of this property into a city block and call it Roland Square!' My bankers shook their heads when I told them. 'You are a deluded young woman,' they answered. 'Don't you know that when you buy real estate you should buy for a raise in value? And you are buying acreage?'

Miss Roland digressed for a minute as a sudden thought from those eventful years came back to her.

'Most of the mistakes I have made in my life have come from listening to other people—and taking their judgment instead of my own. This isn't egotism. It just happens to be fact. My own hunches may not have always been the best in the world, but, at least, they gave me confidence—and if I went wrong I had nobody to blame but myself. Do you know one of the worst mistakes I made?' And there was a genuine note of sadness in her voice.

'THAT was when I gave up active work in pictures. By that time I had paid for my Wilshire property and there were so many details connected with developing and promoting it that everybody told me that I would break myself down if I tried to attend to my picture work too. And, besides, they said I might be killed any day if I kept on riding over burning bridges, running locomotives, and jumping out of balloons! And then what would happen? Well, I finally gave in—and I have been sorry ever since.

'Not that I regret being a business woman, for I am proud of it. And it's harder work and takes more ability than being a movie star—and there isn't the constant excitement and change to keep you up.

'But do you know one thing that has always brought a glow to me and reached right down into my heart? That was whenever the little boys and girls would stop me on the street and call me 'Ruth,' and say they had seen me the night before or the week before just about to spring from a clif to escape the wicked villain who was pursuing me, and tell me they were sure I would get the best of him in the end! I knew then that I was making good—that I was bringing a new zest into thousands of lives—for if the kiddies were so interested in my pictures I knew their fathers and mothers must be, too. When all is said and done we are all children at heart. That is why I am proud that I was a serial star—for I have always felt that the serials were one of the most genuine and universal forms of entertainment which the films had to offer. There was nothing high-brow about them, no elaborate spectacles, no involved psychological studies. They were just what they were designed to be—entertainment for the multitude. And I was a part of it—quite a sizable part, too, if we go by quantity, for first and last I made fifteen serials, averaging from fifteen to twenty two-reel episodes in each. If we count two thousand feet to an episode that means about half a million feet of celluloid—in most of which I had a more or less active part!' To understand just what this means, consider that the average "super-feature" picture of today runs from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet at most. This would mean that Ruth Roland's serials alone would make at least fifty features as we know them today!

Just how does it feel for a one-time serial queen of the films to realize that today she is regarded as the richest woman in Hollywood? Has it changed her philosophy of life? Has it changed the merry girl who was afraid of nothing—for whom no feat of daring was too much?

Ruth Roland possesses something of the eternal quality of youth. She will always be a girl—an adventurous girl, if you will—eager to press forward to something new, quick to thrill to a novel sensation, warm-hearted, impulsive, glowing, daring, but never forgetting that she is feminine. Somehow,
Eleanor Boardman and Johnny Mack Brown in a scene of Metro-Goldwyn's "The Great Meadow." NEW MOVIE reproduces this scene to show its readers how Realife (wide measure) photography appears in an enlargement.

you get the idea that she is just a little bit awed now, when she lets herself think of the impressive list of property holdings in her name, which make bankers rub their eyes.

Two of the best known real estate divisions in California belong to her—Roland Square and New Roland Square in Wilshtire Boulevard. A magnificent new theater building was erected on a corner of her property—and the rest of it proceeded to boom in a way that was almost shocking. And a transportation company decided to build a big passenger and freight depot just half a block below her property—and the demand for lots jumped as a result over-night!

It would be an anti-climax if she had not bought more real estate, not only in California but in other sections—and even more of an anti-climax if her investments had not proven fruitful of golden returns. Yet she strenuously denies that she has found Adaline's lamp, which certain jealous competitors have charged!

In Beverlymont, one of the newest and smartest subdivisions of Beverly Hills she has recently opened a new subdivision, in which she intends to build for her very own home the house of her heart's desire, which will overlook "Pickfair."

I T would need a bold person to estimate the wealth today of Ruth Ro-land who started her theatrical life at the age of two behind the scenes, while her actress-mother attended to her when and as she could, and who began her film career at a salary which many secretaries would sneer at today. But certainly no one would deny that in all Hollywood, with its glitter and tinsel and lure and constant striving for something bigger and better, she is classed, by those who should know, as the richest woman there!

But with it all she is the same Ruth Roland who made movie audiences marvel and gasp and lean forward in their seats years ago! And by some mystery of nature she contrives to keep just as youthful and bubbling a smile and just as much of a girlish charm as when she was billed across a continent as "Ruth of a Thousand Thrills."

"The movies will always be my first love," she says. And she means it. To prove it she has staged a come-back in the feature production, "Reno," in which Ruth, perhaps a little more mature, a little more sedate, proves that she has not lost the ability to rally again to her the cohorts who used to cheer her in her mad races against time with all species of skulking villains to bar her way!

And for the girl who—if she wants to—can call herself the "richest woman in Hollywood," this is a triumph, which the millions of dollars she has earned cannot buy! It is something she has earned—and not by money!

**Dollar Thoughts**

(Continued from page 53)

**Where Is Colleen?**

_Salisbury, Md._

What has happened to my favorite of all actresses, Colleen Moore? I am anxiously awaiting another of her pictures. No matter the type I know I'll like it. I'll never forget her part in "Lilac Time." A picture I thoroughly enjoyed. My whole bridge club casts one unanimous vote for Colleen. Here's hoping for more "Moore" pictures.

(Mrs.) T. C. Duffy, Powell Avenue.

**Averse to Stage Stars**

_Detroit, Michigan_

The public—the same public we had in the old silent days—cares nothing for names from other amusement fields. It wants what it wants and it presents any effort on the part of the producers to force a certain type of actor or production down its throat. The sign was up against the musical talkie months ago, but the producer failed to heed it. Today he is paying heavily for running through the red light.

June Ambrose,
11200 McKinley Ave.

**Attention, Herb Howe**

_San Antonio, Texas_

Herb Howe dared the fans to pick the handsomest men on the screen, and then he picks the most beautiful women without deigning to mention the beau-tiful June Collyer, that ravishing Norma Talmadge, lovely blond Dor-othy Revier, and Dolores Costello Barrymore! How dared he leave them out. Herb, I like your Hollywood Boulevardier so well, I'll try to forgive you this time, if you'll mention Nancy Carroll more often in your ramblings; but next time you give opinions of Hollywood beauty, include these. Nancy Claire, 620 Hoefgen Avenue.

**Wants the Old Gary**

_Salisbury, N. C._

I am a most ardent Gary Cooper fan and never miss one of his pictures. Yesterday I saw his latest, "The Sporliers." Now, I ask you, just be-cause he is an honest-to-God he-man and can stage a convincing fight, is it fair for Paramount to continue casting him in such roles which are fast label.

(Continued on page 109)
pull a living out of a game in which there is no living. The real answer is that most of them do other things. Dick Arlen, for instance, told me that he moved lawns—eight of them—and kept them in condition when the extra going was tough. “I could do those during hours I was not called to studios or looking for work at studios.” Others grab off daily jobs. Others are married, especially women, and take extra work through the desire to add to the family income brought in by their husbands or the vain hope that they might click and become a Chatterton, a Crawford, a Bow, or a Swanson. This makes it tough indeed for those depending solely upon picture work for support. But they are well dressed and reliable and the studios like them.

IT is practically impossible to get registered in Central Casting today unless some studio requests it. And you have to get to know someone in a studio before that can happen. Which is a tough job in itself.

A girl we will call Mary F. came to Hollywood. She had been a beauty at home. Boys, her friends, told her on moonlight nights and other hours of the day and night, that she was more beautiful than any picture star. She should be in the movies. She gathered together a few dollars and came to Hollywood. She tramped the streets to the studios. She could not get past a gate. Central Casting told her they had other beautiful girls, could see no reason why they should register her. Her money grew less and less. Finally it was gone.

She took a job serving drinks at a drug store soda fountain—and was fortunate to find that. She moved into a room near her work. Next door lived an assistant casting director. Mary’s landlady knew him, introduced Mary.

“A ND I,” he told me, “played her the dirtiest trick I could play. I allowed her to talk to me into requesting that she be registered at Central Casting. She quit the soda fountain and is now trying to live on about one check a week (A check is the amount paid an extra for one day’s work. In this case it is $7.50.) I keep her working as much as I can but we need her type only every so often. What can I do about it?”

I said I did not know. I don’t. I don’t know what to do about any of them except to slip them eating money whenever one of them seems to need it. They never ask, but they do look hungry.

Frances Dee is about the only girl picked out of the extra ranks during the past year who has a chance to make it. She is a girl who was never aware of the fancy of the man doing the picking looked like she might make good. And so got the job, and a small contract pay industry a great deal of money, yet.

Yes, Frances Dee was lucky in that she was picked. The others were not picked. They remain extras

T hey remain unsigned and turn their faces from the camera. Until they decide that this tough racket is too tough. And leave it to get married or a steady job in some business or die.

A T the left is the form of application every extra must fill out with the Central Casting Bureau. There are three pages to the application blank. The application carries this warning:

“If you are entering the motion picture industry with the expectation of making extra work your livelihood, we ask you to consider the following statistics for the year 1929 very carefully, as your registration is being taken subject to these conditions which exist in this industry.

“The statistics of this office for 1929 show that 17,541 extras were registered with the Central Casting Office, with several thousand more seeking employment as extras in pictures while the motion picture industry had to offer only an average of 840 jobs for extras, daily. A large percentage of this daily placements was absorbed by unregistered extras, used for large mob scenes, who are employed through our downtown offices. Another large percentage was absorbed by children. The greatest portion of the remaining placements was made from experienced extras who had been in the business several years and who were known and requested by studio casting directors.

“Our records for 1929 show that only 65 men out of the 6,065 registered averaged three days of work per week, or better. Only 21 women out of the 10,000 registered averaged three days per week, or better.”

T HE ABOVE STATISTICS INDICATE THAT VERY FEW PEOPLE ARE DERIVING A LIVING FROM EXTRA WORK.

Your application will not be accepted until all information has been verified and satisfactory references have been received. Do not call at this office in person seeking employment as all placements of registered extras are made over the telephone. It is the policy of this office not to discuss lack of employment.”

The Toughest Game in the World
(Continued from page 26)
THEY NEED WARM CLOTHES

Cutting out and putting together easy things for the baby is as easy and diverting as making doll dresses, and from there it is a short step to suits and dresses for the child of kindergarten age. Through making clothes for their younger children many women have discovered how simple it is to make clothes for the older ones; and when winter's winds blow cold it is a comfort to know that you, too, can make warm things to wear at small expense.

2865

Bedtime on a cold winter's night brings no protests from brother and sister when they have warm night garments made from soft, colored cotton flannel to wear on their way to the Land of Nod. 2865.

2914

Baby's nightie is easy to put on and sure to keep him toasty warm until morning because it is tied at the neck and feet with a cotton tape or ribbon. 2914.

Even the woolen petti-coat—best of all safeguards against winter colds and chills—is good to look at when it is made of soft flannel, featherstitched with light pink or blue. 2914.

A flannel jacket made with wide sleeves and roomy armholes can be put on at a moment's notice when baby needs a little extra warmth. 2914.

Made with dark wool shorts and a cotton or wool jersey blouse the suit at the left is practical enough to please mother and boyish enough to satisfy any ambitious young man of three or four. 3399.

After all, there is no sort of outdoor costume more desirable for the girl of five or six than the double-breasted rough cloth coat with closely buttoned leggings. 664.

There is something decidedly French about the cut and finish of the play dress of figured wool challis, made with short bloomers and pleats at the center back and front. 2780.

For special occasions, a black or dark colored velvet dress is decidedly becoming when worn with neat collar and cuffs of white linen or silk. 2773.

How to Obtain
TOWER MAGAZINE Patterns

Write to TOWER MAGAZINE Pattern Service, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Enclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered, naming the size you wish. Write your name and address plainly.
Carol Lombard demonstrates, at the right, the mode in longer tresses. The smartest coiffure of the moment is water-waved hair caught in a roll at a low line on the neck. Above, Miss Lombard shows how the latest millinery edicts make shallow crowns an imperative rule. When shallow crowns meet modishly rolled hair, the result is not chic. The hair above has been re-rolled near the top of the head, without bulges near the rim.

Above Miss Lombard shows the secret of her hair arrangement. The solution of the problem lies in the style of coiffure. Miss Lombard accomplishes this by dividing the roll into two sections, bringing them upward at the side of the head and pinning them very flat. This offers a charming compromise and lends that smart appearance to the hat. Miss Lombard, by the way, is one of the most beautiful of the younger Hollywood actresses.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Solving Our Readers’ Problems of Weight, the Care of the Hair and How to Keep Your Hands Attractive.

By ANN BOYD

My first answer, this month, is to M. L., of Spencer, Massachusetts, because Miss L. brings up an interesting point. She tells me that she is twenty-one years old, five feet, five inches tall, and weighs 125 pounds. There’s nothing much wrong with that, is there? Her measurements are good—by which I mean that she is well-proportioned. But, and here is the worry, Miss L. says that there is a tendency to stoutness in her family. And she doesn’t propose to take on any of this hereditary fat.

Analyzing the case of Miss L., I would say that she doesn’t need to diet. She is a good weight, both for health and for appearance—now that fashions do not demand that a girl be abnormally slim. But she does need to watch her food.

What I say to Miss L., I am also saying to the granddaughters, daughters, and nieces of fat women. Because fat, whether you like it or not, does seem to run in some families. There are no hard and fast laws about it and I am not going to go deeply into scientific theories; but you can be reasonably sure of one thing. At forty you will be approximately the weight and build of the other members of your family. Certain races are short and stout; others are tall and angular. In America, where most of the races are mixed, the rules aren’t so certain. Nevertheless, we may all consult the family album if we wish to find our general physical type.

So if, like Miss L., there is a tendency to stoutness in your family, watch your food. A reducing diet may not be absolutely necessary but you will, if you are wise, eschew the delights of the fatal “second helping.” Miss L. should go slow on the long and luscious luncheon, on the snack between meals, on the heavy, happy breakfast. She should get herself a weighing machine, or make it a point to weigh herself once a week, on a machine that she can trust. And she should learn to walk instead of ride and fight off a tendency to relax.

In other and briefer words, Miss L. must not allow herself to grow fat. It is up to her whether she can keep her good figure or whether she will go the way of all flesh.

I HAVE before me a stack of letters inquiring about a good cure for dandruff, which is the curse of the world and one of those annoying defects that we hate to talk about. There are plenty of good preparations on the market which, if rubbed into the scalp, will cure dandruff. Many women hesitate to use them because they feel that this care of the hair will make the hair oily, or will spoil a newly acquired wave or will give the hair an unpleasant medical scent. And so, for some weird reason, they prefer to be bothered by dandruff.

As a matter of strict fact, I know from experience that these dandruff cures are not at all messy, that they do their work, that any slight temporary inconvenience is offset by the permanent results. Dandruff seems to be a Winter disease; it is probably aggravated by dry, steam-heated rooms, by heavy. (Continued on page 105)
"Pink tooth brush"

Time to call a halt on that!

It's no joke, at any age, to find a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. For it always means that your gums are soft..."touchy"...inclined to bleed; and it sometimes means that gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea are on the way.

Tender, soft foods, hurried eating and too little chewing are the principal causes of weak, tender gums. A slight bleeding warns you that more serious infections may be getting a foothold, and unless you get after the trouble promptly, you may run the risk of losing the whitest and, outwardly, the soundest teeth!

Strengthen your gums with Ipana and massage

So protect your gums, with Ipana and massage, when and while you clean your teeth. That's the modern way to oral health. To do this is simple and easy. You massage your gums, with Ipana, each time you brush your teeth.

Thousands of dentists recommend this healthy habit. They know the good it does. For Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation professionally well-known for its efficacy in toning and stimulating tender gum tissue.

Massage with Ipana keeps gums firm and sound. It puts the fresh, clean blood to work—sends it coursing through the tiny cells—tones and strengthens the walls of the gums. Soon they become pinker, harder and healthier.

You'll like Ipana. You'll like its taste, and the delightful sensation of cleanliness it leaves in your mouth. And you'll be amazed to see how clean and white it keeps your teeth—how strong and firm it keeps your gums.

Start tonight with Ipana. Get a full-size tube today from the nearest druggist. Money cannot buy a better dentifrice, and that kind of dentifrice, like a good dentist, can never be classed as a luxury!
up to Iris as you never played before. Now, walk through that homecoming scene again, for me alone; there won't be any recording!"

He waved the monitor and camera experts from their posts and settled hopefully in his chair. "For me alone," he repeated.

Mr. Silverdale disappeared through a door, climbed back through a window, recoiled in surprise as he saw Iris and then prepared to launch his speech.

"And so-and-so, and so-and-so!" yelled Mr. Kwattle for him theatrically.

"Never mind the gun; go into the clinic!"

Peter obediently gathered Miss Reeves into his arms in his most elegant manner and saluted her somewhere in the vicinity of her nose.

"KISS HER!" shrieked the director. "Remember, you ain't seen her for two years. Crush her to you, whisper to her ear and bear down on those ruby lips!"

The actor tried valiantly while Iris clung to him and helped him all she could; running her hand caressingly along his neck until Mr. Silverdale broke loose, more than a trifle pink under his makeup.

"It's five-thirty," he mumbled. "I—er, have a certain engagement to fill, so you'll pardon me. See you in the morning.

And he stalked away with a nonchalance that was a shade too perfect to be real.

Mr. Kwattle looked despairingly at his lovely face. "You can't say I haven't done my best, sweetheart. The guy ain't human, that's all."

"Let him go," faltered Iris. "You've been a brick, J. W., I really did get him interested in me, but I guess it's no use. A girl's got to have some pride, I suppose, so I'll have to stop imitating a doormat. Do you think there's another woman, J. W.?

"He'd have that brooding look if there was. If so, I'm just in harmony with myself, like most of the Hollywood kids of praise."

"Find out for me! If there is, you'll have to let me play opposite somebody else."

"But your next picture has been okayed by the head office and we'll have to go through with it. I'm coming over tonight to read you the plot. Be game, baby," soothed Mr. Kwattle, glimpsing the sheen of amphetamine tears, "and I'll tell him now and find out for sure."

He caught Peter at the car park and clambered uninvited into the nickel and aluminum showcase on wheels. "Listen, you," he said roughly, "you've been giving us the mackerel eye around the studio for a couple of years now, not making the playside and all that guff, but this time I want cards on the table. Is my little Iris deformed or something that you treat her like she was backwash!"

Mr. Silverdale drove seven-eighths of the way home before answering. "I've never seen a more beautiful girl," he admitted, "but making love to actresses is out. The cost is prohibitive, the postures before the public are apt to be ridiculous and, judging by the disasters that I've seen, the sensation is momentary. In other words," said Mr. Silverdale growing irritated, "close your trap and go aim your blonde at somebody else.

"I'll aim something at that beak of yours," hissed the director. "Remember, The Waves of Gin?"

"Well, loosen up or I'll take you apart on my own hook. Are you interested in anyone at all?"

"I particularly. I admire real women, the kind that actually do things, if you know what I mean."

"Don't sling that Greenwich Village pater at me," cautioned J. Wellington. "Women who do things! Believe me, a clean smoke and a facial would kill the half of them!"

"Long again, old sock," said Peter, reaching his Tudio bungalow and herding his annoyer inside. "I mean athletic women. Yesterday I saw the Ladies' Madison Club. They don't get under way; tonight I'm seeing the Hollywood High girls play a basketball match. It fascinates me, J. W., to see all that activity. Women don't have to be beautiful. The swish of a brassiere in the hands of a supple goddess—ahhh!"

"But where do you get off to go nuts over sports?" asked Mr. Kwattle, staring around the living room which he never before had entered. "The whole colony is wise that your favorite game is played with a knife and fork."

"Opposites attract, I guess," smiled the actor, "so you see why I can't run a temperature over your Iris. When I first saw her I thought she might be some famous tennis player, but what's the matter when she actually do? Why, when we make 'The Greatest Way' you'll have to use a double in the big scene."

J. Wellington groused an assent, and after a few moments of profitless arguing he stumbled dazedly into the street and across town to the waiting Motor Hotel. He was so wrapped in the eccentricities of Hollywood, which ranged from a dyed pink wolfhound to a motor horn that played "The Rosary," the idea of having a yen for overheated damsels was quite beyond him for, knowing his rotogravure sections, the husky females depicted therein had never invited him to go after them with a net.

"YOU'VE brought bad news," fluttered Iris as her knight errant blundered into her apartment. "Is it a woman?"

"Make it plural," husked Mr. Kwattle, "and then listen to how singular it is. Say, whose picture do you think is on that gilligalloo's desk?"

"Pretza? Clara? Norma? Well, whose, then?"

"Eileen Wills Moody!"

"Well, she is lovely, but—"

"With Glenn Collett over the mantelpiece, Gertrude Ederle on the wall along with a flock of fencers, runners and skaters, not to mention a statue of Diana the huntress. What do they know who does, he calls them, and you might as well realize you're all—why, what are you so frazzled about?"

(Continued on page 97)
First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

hot hats and by too little exercise for the scalp.

Once again I must insist that my readers, if they be really sincere, follow all beauty treatments conscientiously. One or two treatments will have no affect at all; even a week of concentration won't help much. If you are inclined to have dandruff, you will have to watch your scalp at all times.

H. J. complains that if she brushes her hair every night, the hair gets oily. A great many girls have the same idea. Here's a little secret about brushing the hair. Always use a long stroke and carry the brush to the very end of the hair. This will do away with that oily texture.

Many young girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen complain that they are too stout and want to reduce. If these young girls are abnormally fat, they should consult a physician. But I am a little suspicious about these complaints. I think that many of them arise from sheer vanity. And here is another point: young girls are generally heavy eaters; they go in for sweets, for ice cream sodas and for heavy luncheons. In other words, they are still on their childhood diets. Then, too, they lead active lives and work up tremendous appetites which must be soothed. Many girls who are fat and dumpy when they are young, become slim and graceful when they reach the age of eighteen. Nature provides the extra weight when they need it most.

Now for the older women. Mrs. T. Y. suffers from red, chapped hands. She blames the condition of her hands on housework. And that, my dear Mrs. Y., is nonsense. Most of the soaps used for dishwashing are bland and soothing. These lovely soaps used for clothes, which save you hours of hard work, won't hurt your hands if you buy yourself a pair of protecting gloves. Every kitchen should be equipped with a bar of this kind and this lotion should be used after every seizure of cleaning or washing. Dusting is hard on the hands—much harder than the heaviest washing. So never dust a room without wearing gloves. And, Mrs. Y., do you always rinse your hands carefully after having them in hot water? Do you scrub them thoroughly with a stiff brush after your morning's work?

H. T. J., Hartford, Conn. If your eyes are "in-between," wear greys and soft blues in the daytime. Gray eyes shouldn't look washed out; usually they aren't actually gray but a mixture of gray, blue or hazel. So the colors in your dresses ought to bring out the color in your eyes. With your hair, you would look well in a gay red in the evening or an off-shade of white—something with a hint of rose in it. But stay away from yellow!

Helen, Chicago, Ill. When choosing a perfume, it isn't a question of price but a question of taste—or smell. The so-called "cheap" perfumes aren't really cheap, unless you make them so by applying the scent too heavily. Try rubbing the perfume on your skin; it gives a more agreeable fragrance and it doesn't stain the clothes.

Gwen has "no time" for outdoor sports

ON a tennis court Gwen's a flop but at a tea-dance she's a shining star. Bridging, partying... Gwen's a little hot-house flower...in everything but her skin! Everyone admires Gwen's complexion—so charmingly fresh, so gloriously smooth. Even under ball-room lights, it glows with radiant "outdoor" tones!

Smart little social butterflies and other city "shut-ins" have discovered in Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder a marvelous way of giving their complexions the priceless sparkle of youth. Thanks to this luxurious powder, wan faces assume a vibrant beauty. Its unique olive oil base (found in no other face powder) warms the skin to natural richness and protects against the ravages of winter winds and biting frost.

Active sportswomen have long sung the praises of Outdoor Girl. Now, business girls and stay-at-homes are welcoming it eagerly, too. If you have not already used Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder, try it today. Its seven shades include Litho, a glorious "duo-tone" for all types of complexions, and Boulevard, a mellow evening tint. Generous acquaintance packages of this unusual powder are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other prominent chain stores. Larger boxes at 35c and $1.00 may be had at leading drug and department stores. Z. B. T. Products Co., 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

Lightex Face Powder, in 6 shades; Vanishing Cream; Olive Oil Cream; Cold Cream; Liquefying Cleansing Cream; Lipstick, in 4 shades; Dry Rouge with olive oil, in 7 shades; Lip and Cheek Rouge, in 4 shades; Nail Beautifiers and Cosmetique.

Other Smart Outdoor Girl Beauty Aids in 10 cent Packages (15 cents in Canada)

If You Can't Find What You Want...

If your local Woolworth or other chain stores do not happen to have on hand the particular Outdoor Girl Beauty Products you desire, send 10 cents for each one you want and we will forward them to you post-paid... Address Z. B. T. Products Co., 138 Willis Ave., New York City, mentioning product and shade desired.

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL Face Powder

BY THE MAKERS OF Z. B. T. BABY TALCUM. Fine for Baby's Body—Fine for Everybody!
The Girl Who Almost Failed

(Continued from page 95)

during that licking about all she had been asked to play were comedy parts! That was the deep darkness before the dawn.

Packed up, about to leave Hollywood for New York and a fresh start, Helen Twelvetrees was called upon by one of the few people she had come to know since she had arrived in the west.

He encouraged her to stay. At least until he could see what he could do for her. He took her to an agent whose business it is to know what is going on in the studios, what director needs what kind of a girl for what part, and so on.

The agent took her at once to Pathe Studio. They, more than anyone else, needed good actresses. They gave Helen Twelvetrees a test—and a contract.

The dawn had come and with it skies cleared.

HER first real picture was "Her Man," and in it she proved to all of Hollywood that she could play any kind of a part given her. This one was like nothing she had ever done before. It was what they said she couldn’t do.

Then her what memories she had of working in that picture. I expected that she would tell me something of her feelings. That it was grand and glorious to have such a part, that it gave her satisfaction to show Hollywood the mistake it almost made.

But that was not the answer I received. It seems that Helen Twelvetrees thinks of others besides herself first.

"I’ll never forget Marjorie Rambeau," she said. "You don’t know what it means to work with an actress such as she is. She pulls you along, helps you without ever showing it, lifts you even in scenes where yours is the big part. I found myself doing things I had never thought of doing. And when thinking about them afterwards I realized that Marjorie Rambeau had pointed me, cued me, pushed me—call it anything you like—and left me so that I could do nothing else but those things. They were better things than I could do by myself, by far. I’ll never forget working with a truly great actress."

Knowing and thinking as much of Marjorie Rambeau as I do, you can imagine how that little speech went over with me. I decided for keeps that this Twelvetrees person must be all right, that she belongs.

SHE is now doing the lead in "Millie," that sensational book by Don Clarke. She’s going to play a red-hot, fiery girl who just can’t be held down.

"And oh, I’m so happy now," she cried. "Everything is right. I haven’t a care in the world. Nothing to bother me. Just work and be happy. I feel as though a great big load had been lifted off my shoulders and I’m light and free. I want to kick chandeliers, furniture everything."

But although she raised her arms above her head as she said this, quiet, blue-eyed Helen Twelvetrees made no move to kick the furniture. But I know what she meant.

It is seldom in Hollywood that stars raise themselves to heights without first having gone through a long period of hopelessness. It is like iron being tested in fire and coming out pure steel. Chaplin went through it, so did Ruth Chatterton, Dick Arlen, Charlie Farrell, Jack Gilbert, Jean Crawford. All of them have been down into the depths of despair and climbed back. They shook off the dreary chapter of their lives and went on to fame and happiness. I think it will be so with Helen Twelvetrees.

Travelogue: Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

Are they unhappy about it, daddy? Not perceptibly, Rollo.

Then I should look upon it as a most satisfactory condition, huh, daddy?

Yes, I believe one might empirically consider it such, Rollo.

And you think such a situation might obtain if I were to go out there, daddy?

I HOPE to tell you, Rollo.

And I will experience none of those other conditions that I have been led to anticipate so delightedly such as nocturnal yip-yip up in the Beverly Hills?

In a word, no.

So it’s a long and fond farewell to all my hopes and dreams?

Precisely.

Then I have but one thing to say in closing, daddy.

Say it, Rollo, my son.

Tahel with it, daddy.

Okay, Rollo.

J. P. McEvoy

The Famous Humorist, Author of "Show Girl," "Show Girl in Hollywood" and many other successful novels and theatrical offerings, writes exclusively in the motion picture field for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
Guide to the Best Films

bound for the other world. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Montagu Love give fine performances. Warners. The Office Wife. Taken from Faith Baldwin’s current magazine serial. It is the time-worn plot of the busy business woman, the faithful and decorative secretary and the charming wife who philanders when opportunity permits. Dorothy Mackaill heads a splendid cast with Lewis Stone as the employer and Natalie Moorhead as the wife. Warner. Old English. Another of those matchless character studies by George Arliss. A sketchy drama of a gay, gallant old reprobate who has lived far beyond his time. Mr. Arliss is brilliant, the drama rather pale. Still, you will want to see the star. Warner. Hell’s Angels. Cost its maker three million, three years and the lives of several stunt aviators. The war scenes in the air are great but the drama is pitiful. Not very well acted, either. Still, it has its thrills in the clouds. United Artists. Moby Dick. John Barrymore’s newest talkie version of Herman Melville’s priceless old sea yarn, once done by Jack as a silent film called “The Sea East.” Joan Bennett now has the role that made Dolores Costello both famous and Mrs. Barrymore. Warner. Raffles. Another mystery thriller, somewhat along the lines of “Bulldog Drummond.” Ronald Colman is delightful as Raffles—so, too, is Kay Francis, who supplies the heart interest of the film. United Artists.

1930 Screen Review

(Continued from page 85)

the roof in “Feet First.”

1. Excommunication and Dictation: Maurice O’Sullivan, imported from Ireland. Loveliest Dancing Moment When Marilyn Miller too dances in “Sally.”

Best Song of the Single Year: Jeanette MacDonald singing “Beyond the Blue Horizon” in “Monte Carlo.”

Other excellent musical numbers of the film year: “It Happened in Monterey” in “The King of Jazz”; “The Kiss Waltz” in “Dancing Sweeties”; “My Future Just Passed,” sung by Buddy Rogers in “Safety in Numbers.”

Most Potent Love Scene: The diva and the minister confess their love in “Romance.”

Best Instance of Sound and Song Recording: John McCormack’s “Song of My Heart.”

Best Examples of Color Photography: The Indian girls ride through the mountain pass in “Whoopee.” This was done by the Technicolor process.

Greatest Single Scene of the Year: The worried Lincoln, in shawl and night shirt, keeps a lonely vigil in the White House. This, of course, was in “Abraham Lincoln.”

Most Tragic Event of 1930: Death of Lon Chaney.

Here is the PRICELESS SECRET

"KEEPING her hair in perfect condition—at all times—under all conditions—as probably the greatest difficulty of a screen actress on location."—says Helen Twelvetrees, Pathé Film Star. "In fact, I think the proper care of her hair is every woman’s greatest problem, no matter what her vocation."

This intimate photograph shows Helen Twelvetrees keeping her hair always ready—even for a close-up—in the heat and dust of the Arizona desert. She does it with Jo-cur Beauty Aids for the Hair, which thousands of other women whose beautiful hair is the envy of all their friends, everyone of these four marvelous preparations should be on your dressing table. Each of them can be used quickly and easily at home. Each represents the very utmost in quality—regardless of price. And each can be obtained in generous sizes at your 5 and 10 cent store. Larger sizes at your druggist.

First—Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment. The same treatment recommended by leading beauty experts. It not only corrects dandruff and scalp disorders, but gives new life, youth and elasticity to the hair itself.

Then—Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate. Lathers luxuriously and leaves your hair lustrous, fluffy and so easy to finger-wave.

Next—Jo-cur Wave-Set. Gives you a beautiful, natural-looking wave that stays that way. More women use Jo-cur Wave-Set than any other waving liquid.

Finally—Jo-cur Brilliantine. The finishing touch to a perfect coiffure. Gives your hair the sparkle and sheen that brings out its true loveliness.

Stop at the nearest 5 and 10 or your druggist today and see how simple it is to keep your hair always lovely with Jo-cur Beauty Aids. Once you have tried them you will never be without them again.

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CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.
485 East 133rd Street, New York, N.Y.
The Learned About Swimmin' From Her

(Continued from page 104)

you've swum fifty feet and, remember, you're the first player that's done any-thing like this. Maybe it'll get us the college trade who can tell. Hurry, now, they're getting ready! Throw your head back and try to look an(fileName not provided)

Miss Revere rolled over on her back and laughed at him through a mask of vaseline. “I thought it was a pretty good performance,” she tittered. “You forgot that I'm an actress, J. W.”

“I must be something else besides,” said Mr. Kwattle, admiring the platinum-like perfection of her back stroke.

“Just lady swimming champion of Virginia two years ago, that's all. That's what brought me to Hollywood in the first place, but they sized me up as just another bathing girl.”

“Hang in, sweetheart, you're out of practice.”

“I've done it twice already this week in the evenings.”

“Ain't that comical,” said J. Wellington without enthusiasm. “But what about me? Do I have to raise a crop of blisters because you want to make Peter’s heart beat faster? His eye fell on a grinning cameraman. “Here, you, grab hold of these oars.”

“Oars hell,” said the other like the true booby of a man he was. “I'm a cinematographer, but it ought to be ple for you. Directors are most adapt able, from what I've heard around the studio.”

“Shut up,” ordered Iris, spouting a little plume of water. “Both of you, understand? There's some chocolate sauce and beet juice that I hid under the seat, and all you have to do is feed me when I signal.” And once more she rolled smoothly through a deep green hollow, leaving a little wake of churning white.

The miles wore on as restlessly as the skin of Mr. Kwattle’s hands wore off, and by bit by bit the field dwindled to a stubborn few with Miss Revere well up. Point Firmin was reached and still the little young body slipped dolphin-like through the sea.

BACK on a San Pedro dock Mr. Kwattle chuckled as uniformed bricklayers in double-breasted cream linen, posed elegant ly before an admiring crowd, wonder ing why he couldn't keep his mind on that... he swung sharply as an excited murmur came from the onlookers.

Miss Revere’s cap had come into sight, and Peter again went into conference with himself. Here, undoubtedly, came the winner, and what else? He stood planter to grow emb, yes! “I am proud to congratulate a woman who does things.” The cameras would catch his right profile and the effects would be wonderful, he would say... by the time he had decided the cap had grown to a resolute little face and a pair of rounded arms. Then came the welcoming rush of eager officials to help the victor up the long ladder, while the prudent Peter was standing in his hat and wig. There was a burst of cheering, the sound of some none too gentle backslapping, and suddenly an unembarrassed, slipper young woman was helped forward. A tousled radio man popped up, proffering the mike in the manner of a vestal virgin. “Don't say 'Hello, folks,'” he begged.

“Hello,” said Iris wearily, but she failed to add 'follies,' for Mr. Silverdale, the only person on the dock for her, was much too distinguished to come under that label. “Do you like me better now?”

“Hello!” gasped Peter, his speech taking flight and leaving him mentally marooned. “You did this?”

“Uh-huh. Just to show you that I was more than a pug...”

“Darling!” chanted Mr. Silverdale while the recording men leered joyfully at their lucky break. “How perfect you are! I've always thought you were the most gorgeous girl, and now—well, will you... will you...?”

“Just a second,” said Iris unsteadily. “I'm not sure whether I'm so fond of actors. What can they actually do? Stand around and smirk and pretend to be someone they're not, that's all.”

“Then why are you here?” blurted Mr. Silverdale, who had an idea that he had been left behind.

“Because the studio's got me around the gills. ‘Not always,’ he blurted. “I'm through pretending, honey,” and with a swift movement he patted Iris on the shoulder, and flung the immaculate cream linen.

“Never mind the gab!” husked a bluenose Vollmer, a voice so pained painfully into the circle. “What stuffs you actors are—KISS HER! I'll give you the lines: ‘Dolling, will you marry me tomorrow, and swing around so and so—and KEEP KISSING HER!’—and so-and-so—that's how it'll be. You're happy? And so am I, because you learned about swimmin' from her.”
Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 99)

ing him as a "fighter"? I don't like it! Give us back the wistful-eyed Gary of "Shop-Worn Angel"; the dashing romantic Gary of "Only the Brave"; and the hard-boiled dough-boy of "A Man From Wyoming."

(Mrs.) L. H. Earnhardt, 625 E. Bank Street.

Wants "Beau Brummell"

Los Angeles, Calif., I am sure that there are vast numbers of the theater-goers, who are waiting and hoping for John Barrymore to make a "talkie" of "Beau Brummell," one of his greatest silent pictures. There is a current of delicious humor, a levity of romance, satire, with an equal balance of pathos and tragedy in "Beau Brummell." It will meet with instant success, I am sure. Who can ever forget that last scene between John Barrymore as the Beau, and Alec B. Francis as Mortimer, when Barrymore, mentally ill, old, tottering, drooling, imagines he is entertaining his lady-love—and in the stress of the excitement of his hallucination dies?

Wilmon B. Monard, 2617 Roseview Avenue.

Slighting the Old Favorites

Pittsfield, Mass.

We have been losing a lot of sleep lately trying to solve a deep problem. Why, oh why, must we continue to see the best stars in inferior pictures, while actors and actresses of whom we know nothing and for whom we care less are seen in noticably good shows? We are not averse to seeing new people, but is it necessary to ruin our favorites in so doing? An actor no sooner rises above the Hollywood horizon and climbs to the summit of popularity than he starts on the starry path which ends in oblivion, as the result of the colorless roles in which he plays. Just what is the advantage in this continual rotating of stars?

Emily Jean Amirdale, 473 West Street.

That London Bridge

San Antonio, Texas

Here's a cautious Scot down in Texas who likes your excellent publication, and who not only reads all the text carefully, but also takes a good glint at the "pictures." Consequently he has observed that Ken Chamberlain, the Illustrator of "The Hollywood Boulevardier," by Herb Howe, slipped up on his showing of the bridge that Charlie Chaplin played under when a boy. The drawing shown is "A bridge in London" but, if this wandering Scot knows his large cities of the world, it is most certainly not London Bridge which is shown—but rather "The Tower Bridge in London"—which I fear Chaplin never played under.

J. B. Macfarlane, 147 E. Baylor Street.

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Reviews the Important New Films Every Month for NEW MOVIE—Turn to Page 84 and read his Review of 1930

“And what do you think DAD liked best?”

When all the packages were opened and Dad took stock of his Christmas gifts, he thought with comfort of the twelve pairs of shoe laces—six for his black shoes, six for his brown. Brother liked his too. He is forever forgetting to buy new laces. Mother and Sis were just as pleased—with tasseled laces of fine rayon in shades that are just right.

Here’s a very thoughtful gift to add to your Christmas shopping list. And you can buy the famous EMPRI laces in all wanted lengths and colors. “The VICTORY TIPS are part of the lace—they can’t come off.”

Look for the label

EMPRI

when buying shoe laces

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO.

New York Providence St. Louis

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES
Almost Too Much of a Lady

(Continued from page 29)

an actress. In talent, she is manifold.
She springs from the earth, grimy with the debris of life. Heart hungry from the miseries of countless generations; the culmination of ages of sorrow. She is earthy, deep, fundamental. She makes the heart roll in the throat. Even the most blasé must admit that she comes as close to high talent as the screen will allow.

ODDLY enough, I consider Ruth Chatterton's struggle the hardest.
If anything, she has been too comfortable and snug in Broadway roses. Garbo lives much to herself. Ruth Chatterton is the boon companion of superficial wise-crackers. She is surrounded by as many people not worth knowing as the most illiterate director. During the summer, she lives in Malibu, in the great open spaces, where one can hear what goes on in the next house. Film players are more like bees than eagles. They get lonely for the drone of their own kind.

Every move Miss Chatterton makes on the screen is timed to perfection. Garbo knows what to do without knowing in the least why she knows. This is fundamental in all great art. Both women get the same results by entirely different methods.

Garbo has one great advantage as an actress. She came out of the soil. The life stories of most great actresses read alike.

Bernhardt and Nell Gwyn, windstruck wastrrels of poverty and passion. Rachel, the daughter of gypsy Jews, born in a wayside inn.


A farmer, of course, on a publicity tree, must be early American. Probably a French Bourbon blown across the Atlantic.

Walter Chatterton was "the son of wealthy parents. He dabbled in art, music, architecture, and the sheer joy of living with equal enthusiasm." I quote farther—"Her paternal grandparents introduced Ruth to the lure of luxury at a tender age. They lived in an exclusive New York hotel where their grandchild was entertained in state, one week-end each month.

"Even at the Stork's, matinées, and formal dinner parties were always included in these New York visits. Ruth loved it all. She adored the beautifully groomed and jeweled women, the candle-lighted dinners, the opera and the carriage rides down Fifth Avenue."

"She was inordinately indulged on that extension, and returned to her country home with such gifts as fur coats, party frocks, and, upon one occasion, a Shetland pony."

And while all this was happening there was an uncouth peasant girl in Sweden lathering wrinkled and sunburned faces, who was destined to become, in the opinion of those who are not Ruth Chatterton fans, the greatest film actress of her day.

Ruth Chatterton had all the above to live down.

HENRY MILLER, if not the biggest influence in Ruth Chatterton's life, at least brought her the greatest opportunity.

She was about sixteen when it came to her. She had had, at one time, about two years experience in stock. After finishing in "The Fight," in the cast of which was Milton Sills and Zelda Sears, she tried her luck in New York.

Gilbert, the son of Henry Miller, was casting for "The Rainbow" while his father was in England.

He gave the young girl a part in the play which was to open at the Bijou Theatre, a fact which Miss Chatterton did not know. When she discovered where the play was to open, she told Gilbert Miller that she would not appear unless it was opened elsewhere.

Henry Miller returned from England and engaged the young woman because, believe it or not, he liked her voice over the telephone.

The day following the opening of "The Rainbow," Henry Miller presented the girl with a contract, which included an increase in salary each year and a share in the profits as well. Verily, there was a God in Israel—for Ruth Chatterton.

Miss Chatterton carried the contract about for two weeks before signing it. After a successful run in this play, she appeared in "Daddy Long Legs," which, along with "Come Out of the Kitchen," was her greatest success.

YEARS later, while looking for a leading man to appear with her in the musical comedy, "The Magnolia Lady," she met a blond young Englishman who was playing in "Havoc." His name was Ralph Forbes. Eleven weeks later, early winter in 1924, she married him.

At the pinnacle of her stage career, she refused $300,000 a year for six pictures. This offer was made by the Selznick Corporation. A unit was to be formed, and her films were to be shown in the towns in which she appeared on the stage. Her hours were to be from nine till four, with no film work on maternity days.

Of all the fantastic film offers, this is among the most weird. The trans-

(Continued on page 117)
Rubin. Later it developed that he had been asked over for an _hors d'oeuvre_ or two and finding no one at home, had been unable to leave, what with the telephone ringing every minute, the iceman, the gas inspector, the plumber, the milkman, and people who wanted to look at the house. Benny Rubin's heart has always been ruled by his head, and so he even gave up his rooms in an expensive hotel to stay and look after things.

"Who are you?" I asked, putting him on the defensive.

"Madcap Benny Rubin, Master of Ceremonies," he told me.

"What's your name?" For a full minute Mr. Rubin seemed at a loss, and then he smiled. It has won his audience. It didn't win me.

"Are you funny?" I persisted.

"No."

"What's the idea of the smart crack?"

"I'm funny that way," he told me. By that time I had wormed my way into the living-room, and Mr. Rubin was showing me with pardonable pride his collection of bridge lamps and bottle tops. "Are you in pictures?" I asked, holding the cap of a Clicquot bottle near the window to get the light on it.

"Yes."

"What's your vocation? And if you say the last two weeks in August, I'll go home."

"Yes," Mr. Rubin told me, earnestly.

"What are your favorite roles?"

"Cinnamon," he said with the simplicity of a child.

"How much is your salary? You're a liar."

"So am I."

"Let's go for a walk," I suggested and we started to, only the light hurt Mr. Rubin's eyes so we had to turn back.

"Would you wear socks with holes in them?" I asked, hoping to bring things on an equal footing.

"I do."

"How much is two and two?"

"I don't remember."

"Do you smoke, Mr. Rubin?"

"Yes or yes."

"And in what hand would you hold a cigarette if there were any?"

"I could tell better blindfolded," he confessed. Later he told me that he only endorsed on Thursdays, and only worked this out by a cheerful budget system.

"Do you cut your own hair?"

"No, just my salary," he said. And we both had a good laugh. There is nothing like a good laugh to relieve the tension.

"Did you ever go to school?"

"You're a liar," Mr. Rubin said, but in such a nice way that no one could take offense. I'm sure.

"Who was that lady I saw you walking down the street with?"

"Smile when you say that."

We had finished looking over the collection of bottle tops. Mr. Rubin offered to send to the drug store for more but I wouldn't hear of it. "I'd just as soon look at bridge lamps," I said. And by his expression, I could tell he was pleased.

"What are your favorite books?"

"Go East, Young Man, Go West. But I like dogs better."

"If you were at Montmartre, would you drink tea from a saucer?"

"I swear I didn't think anybody saw me," he said. We waited for a few minutes until he composed himself.

"What is your favorite theme song?"

"Pick me up and lay me down in dear old Dixieland. Once over lightly."

"Have you ever been turned down by any other insurance company?"

"But Mr. Rubin refused to answer and to relieve the situation I didn't insist."

"What is your method of evading collectors?"

"I'm not in favor of changing present styles," he said with more firmness than I had thought him capable of.

"Do you ever hear from home?"

"Not a dollar."

"Who killed Cock Robin?" I asked at my wit's end.

"Douglas Fairbanks."

"It's a wonder you knew."

"What size hat do you wear?"

"7 1/4."

"What size before entering pictures?"

"Who killed Cock Robin?" he replied.

"I didn't know," I confessed. "Do you?"

"6 7/8."

(Continued from page 119)
The Financial Diary of Irene Rich

(Continued from page 49)

Cecil De Mille again. Two days later she won her second small part in "Bound in Morocco," starring Douglas Fairbanks. This engagement lasted to May 31st, for the troupe went on desert location to Oxnard.

"Location was my joy," Miss Rich sighed. "It meant steady pay and for a few days, anyway, ended the awful strain of job hunting and wondering where the next dollar would come from."

Irene held up nicely. Irene annexed $118. June 26th and 27th netted her five dollars per as an extra in Marie Dressler's picture, "Spy Annie." Yes, Marie dabbled in the movies in the earlier years.

It was in July or August that her real opportunity came a-running.

"I queried the Famous Players studio as usual," she reminisced. "I remember I thought I was quite the gorgeous one in a white dress, a purple hat and a purple parasol. The casting director, I still remember, droned 'nothing today,' and I moved on ready for another two or three mile walk, when someone cried: "Look at that girl. She's just the type. Who is she?"

"That was Frank Keenan. I was introduced to him and we had a talk, with the result I got the part. Through his generous interest in me I met Dustin Farnum, and that began a series of introductions which led to real parts, but I wasn't out of the woods yet. Not by many a dreary day nor many a long search for work.

"I PLAYED my first lead with Dustin—let me see," consulting the little black book. "Here it is, October 30th, 1918—in 'A Man in the Open.' It lasted most of November and finished on the 22nd. I made $262.50 that month. And then I didn't work again until January 25th of the following year! The anxiety of two months without earning a cent! Of trying to get a job but meeting with the discouraging dismissal: 'Nothing today. Maybe the end of the week.' All your savings going to the butcher, the grocer, the landlord and you just hanging on to happy-days hope by your teeth." She wasn't smiling now.

But the end of January picked up and Irene earned some badly needed money—$75 to be exact.

Nineteen hundred and nineteen was destined to scare the wolf quite a distance from the Rich door. In February she made $150. Yes, after a year of bucking the movies, Irene was beginning to be known at the studios. Beginning to be liked. Competition was keen, as always, but it wasn't quite so specialized as it is today with the talkies here. Fortunately, Miss Rich had more than ambition. She had personality, poise and a degree of charm. The camera caught this well managed to maneuver within range, and what the camera approves the producers usually okeh—eventually.

Her biggest salary since launching herself into the topsy-turvy celluloids. She totaled $725 for the month, almost half as much as the entire total for 1918. She had two good engagements in March. The first, as William Farnum's lead in "Wolves of the Night."

"I MET William through Dustin," she explained.

She also appeared with the late Olive Thomas in "The Spite Bride." Now comes a particularly interesting item. William Farnum starred in the original screen version of Zane Grey's much-filmed Western romance, "The Lone Star Ranger." This was in April, 1919, and Irene heroined for him.

May seesawed to $500, and in August, slightly more than a year and a half after she invaded the studios, Irene met the man destined to be among her staunchest friends in the profession—Will Rogers.

Rogers had been signed by Samuel Goldwyn to star in a series of pictures at the Culver City lot that has since become the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Peggy Wood, Broadway musical comedy star, was brought West to play opposite Will. She made one picture with him and returned to New York. Rogers, however, was slated to go into immediate production in "Water, Water, Everywhere." He needed a certain type of leading woman—qualities of a type who looked natural in ginghams and calicoses and who could wander through rural scenes without seeming to be flaunting youth trying hard to vacation.

IRENE stormed the Goldwyn lot at the crucial moment and was spotted by Will. He talked to her. He liked her. He figured her a natural for his lead. He battled to have her signed for the part. He had to battle. She didn't impress the Goldwyn powers. But Will, as was and is his custom, got what he wanted. Irene went to work in "Water, Water, Everywhere." The two became friends. Rogers likes a scrapper and the Rich qualified.

A curious feature of this affiliation was the threat, jeopardizing Miss Rich's future. Directors got to classifying her as a "calico type." They decided she couldn't wear clothes, because she had never seen the active frocks in pictures. Verily, pitfalls masquerade in dain funny guises in the flickers.

It was much later that she stumbled into the style plate category. Much later that evening she attended a theatrical program at the Writers' Club gownned very smartly.

"Good gracious," greeted an astounded director she knew. "You look marvelous."

"I didn't know you could wear clothes!" The discovery nearly floored him.

Miss Rich never played the social game. An actress should. She should be seen. That's one reason Hollywood opening nights are so gay. Players hope producers may get ideas when they see them face to face. Be that as it is, as a result of her Writers' Club appearance, the word got around that Irene Rich could wear clothes. Nothing was done about it, for the little black book shows that in October, 1919, she worked only $416.67 worth. Quite a setback from the $916.67 of the preceding month, but characteristic of a financial movie life.

In November, we see Miss Rich playing opposite Will Rogers again in "The Strange Boarder." More ginghams and calicoses was won from this to a Clarence Badger offering and earned for the month the magnificent total of $1,046.67. December held up beautifully, from a check that was retakes on the Rogers' picture, a role with George Beban in "One Man in a Million," a few other jobs and a mere lay off. Addition of $1,019.04. Christmas was jubilee day in the Rich home that year.

In January, she had another calico lead opposite Will Rogers in "Just Call Me Jim," and a week's work in

Wallace Beery is considered the best aviator among the screen celebrities and that's no mere publicity yarn. Here he is shown with his new eight-seated plane, which he can fly like any other expert.
the overlapping Beban film. A good month—$946. The Rogers picture launched on February for a grand smash of $1,000. Will took his time even in those hurry-up days! In March and April, Irene made a number of pictures on the Goldwyn lot, and on May 25th she celebrated her first contract. Goldwyn signed her for a flat $250 a week until March of the following year. No more trudging around to the studios now. A steady income and a chance to save. Which she did. Irene knew the value of money. The little black book announces: "Have made on one-year contract $11,500."

After this, Miss Rich seesawed from $2,000 to $100 a week. The exasperating anxiety of never knowing whether a month would be good, bad or indifferent induced her to accept a Warner contract at $800 a week.

It is interesting to observe that Warners loaned her to play a prominent role supporting Mary Pickford in "Rosita."

Four years earlier, Irene had tasted her first kleig war paint as an extra in Mary's "Stella Maris."

Miss Rich's contract expired in February, 1923. A little later Warners signed her again, this time as a star and to a five-year contract beginning at $1,000 a week, jumping in 1925 to $1,200, to $1,500 in another year, and soaring to $2,500 in 1927. The contract expired July, 1928, and the option was forgotten by mutual consent.

In 1929 Miss Rich averaged $1,500 a week. She sustained this figure—and a charming figure, too—most of the present year, but if free lance work isn't steady she doesn't fret. Not any more. She's independent, her children are independent, and her mother likewise. The movies gave Irene a living and a fortune. She likes them. She always will.

And the little black book has a few pages left.

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 81)

talking about reducing and diets—and spoils the conversation.

Coffee was served on the terrace at the back of the house. Altogether it was a delightful affair and one that gave intimacy and an at-home feeling to a few very close friends. Sometimes that's nicer than any formal affair. Don't you think? Sometimes it's nice to have a few chums and relatives in for lunch and do it just this way.

The New Movie Magazine

Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!


Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight. Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally new type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely! No more constant make-up. No more fume and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done...

The New Kissproof

INDELIBLE Lipstick

(Left) Lipstick—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.
(Right) Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.

Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

HAVE SUMMER TIME HANDS all winter

This winter—keep your hands and face as soft and smooth as they were last June—free from chapping, roughing or cracking—velvety and lovely no matter how often you expose yourself to biting winds. Use Nivea Creme morning and night—it contains Eucerite®, the discovery of a noted German dermatologist. Use Nivea® as a night creme—cleaner, powder base. Ask for the Nivea tube at the cosmetic counter.


P. Beiersdorf & Company, Inc., 200 Hudson St., New York

Every Month NEW MOVIE Gives You New Ideas in Entertaining

Watch NEW MOVIE'S popular department—

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

The Real Stories of the Smart Movie Colony Parties

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somebody wanted to save money on the axle, so they made it out of yellow pine. There was a swivel worked on a turnstile to turn the windmill. I rehearsed and we timed it. Bing Thompson—he got his name Bing from the way he would say that word, (Helen, my daughter, named him that)—was directing.

"I grabbed the girl from the platform. She weighed a hundred and thirty. Just as we were descending, with me holding onto the windmill, the axle twisted. It was a drop of twenty-five feet. Somebody yelled, 'Get Cos out of that!' And I yelled back, 'H—get the girl out!"

"We did dangerous stunts in those days, and we never dreamed of having doubles. I therefore liked rehearsals for dramatic scenes, but not for stunts. Indeed nobody rehearsed stunts, then. They just did them. But a director named San Luce came along, and in course of a Western, due to his demanding a rehearsal of a scene, I got a shot in the back.

"We had chases in all the pictures. We did one called 'He Tried on the Handcuffs.' Pat Hartigan was in it and so was Ralph Ince. Of course, we had a chase, and the public joined in as we ran down the street. We didn't care, as long as we got a crowd. We got all smashed up in the chases—but we were all young and didn't give a darn. It was a lot of fun in those days, and yet everybody did his work. There weren't any laggards."

REMINDED Maurice that he got no credit for his work on the screen.

"No, that's so," he said. "The public called me Dimples, and I got a lot of fan mail addressed that way. I told Commodore Blackton, that I would have to go back to the theater unless he let my identity be known, as people were demanding my name. A Mr. Kennedy of the old Biograph—not Joseph P. Kennedy—stood out against actors' names going on the screen. I guess he thought it would turn the players heroes. The important companies—including Biograph, Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, Essanay and Kalem stood together on everything. Finally I had my way."

I asked the actor about his leading ladies.

"Florence Turner and I were together two or three years, until finally my name went up on the screen. Then they gave each of us our own company. They would put all the young leading ladies in my company to train, after which they would get their own companies. Florence was lovely. "Mary Fuller was a dear. I used to kid the life out of her. She was a dreamy person—would stand gazing upward for minutes at a time. Mary's real name was Claire Fuller, which she changed to Mary when she did a series called 'What Happened to Mary.'"

I was I who got Flora Finch into comedies with Bunny. But that was after a funny happening at the studio before I knew her.

"Flora had been on the stage, but she was out work. I'll never forget the first day Flora came to the studio. She was to play in a comedy with me. I had been looking for a leading lady, and Van Dyke Brooks came to my dressing room and said, 'I've got a new leading woman for you.' I noticed all the gang stand around as I came across the lot. The boys came around, hammer in hand. They said, 'That new leading woman, where's she from?' I said, 'Where is she? Is she tall? They said, 'She is there in that dressing room make up'. I noticed they kept on whispering around.

"Brooks called, 'Oh, Miss Finch, are you made up?' But she didn't look out, but just put her hand out with her specs on. That was about the parts of ruses to get her to show her face in the door. It was raining, and I was standing waiting. Suddenly she put her head out of the door. Flora is a smart woman, but nobody said she was beautiful. Far from it. I gave one look, and gaped. I think she knew about the joke, anyway, she was a good sport about it. She had a fine sense of humor.

"After we had finished, she stayed around the lot. In the meantime John Bunny had come to the studio and was working steadily.

"I was always clowning, and so when I spoke to Blackton about keeping Miss Finch, he said, 'I'll try her. Where would we find parts for her to play?' But I kept after them to put her on steadily, with the $15 guarantee, and the end of six months I succeeded.

"Bunny hadn't been doing anything for a while and one day I saw him standing outside the studio. Flora stood talking to somebody, close to Bunny. An idea flashed into my head, and I said to myself, 'What a foil she will be for Bunny!' I called Blackton over and he laughed and said, 'Doesn't that combination look funny?' I said, 'Match up those two.'

"Sure enough the brain department, as we called the scenario division, planned some stories for the pair. Eddie Montaine wrote the first story, I believe. The first couple of stories weren't so hot, either, but later, the two scored. But Bunny died!"

I asked him about Lillian Walker.

"Oh, she was a protegee of mine, too. She was from the stage. She had been a chorus girl in a company I had played in, and she was a beautiful girl."

"A lot of stars started at Vitagraph. "Anita Stewart was a kid around there," declared Cos. "Her sister, Lucille, was married to Ralph Ince. Anita was a lovely child. Norma Talmadge started with me. She was the sweetest little thing in the world. There were altogether six or seven young girls at the studio.

"I called to Commodore Blackton the first time I saw Norma and said, 'There's a kid that will make a dandy some time.' She had a strong face and I spotted it. I think the first bit she did was with me when I was playing Sidney Carton in 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Then they were going to let her out. I happened to go down to Smith's office—one of my leading ladies was leaving me, I think Mary Fuller—I and I wanted to see about a new lead.

"By this time Norma was about seventeen or eighteen. Smith had what he called a rogues' gallery with a lot of postcard photographs of players on his wall. I told him I wanted a leading woman. He said, 'Let's see,' pointing to the pictures. There was a Norma's picture with the rest. He said, 'I'm
going to let Norma go. 'Too bad,' I said. 'Well,' he declared 'She had a good opportunity and she didn't ring.' I said, 'You are making the mistake of your life. I want Norma to play the lead in my next picture.' He said, 'Don't let your success run away with you. You usually get your way, and I suppose you'll have it now, but this is one time you are wrong.'

'We were to start Monday. You know in those days, if we said we would start, we started. I called Norma aside. I said, 'Go up to my room and on my desk you will find a manuscript. Take it and don't say anything to anybody. Go home and read it. You are going to be my leading lady.'

'Oh, Cossy!' she exclaimed excitedly.

'I said, 'I'll take you across my knee if you don't make good.'

'We started the picture and Norma played my lead. The story was 'Eliza and Bill,' from the Costermonger song.

'When we finished the film, we went in to see it. When the governor—Smith—saw anything that pleased him, he would whistle 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' He began to whistle it as he watched the film. Norma not only held her job, but got a raise. 'Peg Talmadge, the girl's mother, used to come down and work in pictures sometimes, too. Constance would come after school and get $5 for playing a small part once in a while. I had Constance in mind for a part and I told Peg I would give her a chance. I said, 'But she is too young yet.'

'I went on a trip around the world in 1912, and when I came back they gave me a two-reel story called 'The Moonstone of Peg.' It was located in Egypt. I gave Constance the lead and Eulalie Jensen played her mother. Constance wasn't nearly as good as Norma. I had more trouble teaching her to act.

ABEL NORMAND was at Vitagraph, too. She played leads with me. She was always playing tricks on people, but you couldn't get mad at her, because she was so good hearted. She was lovely and very athletic and not afraid of anything.

'Norma, Mabel, Constance and Dorothy Kelly went about together. They were little rascals. They would sneak off and we never knew where to find them.

'Helene and Dolores, my daughters, were at the studio too. Dolores used to play with me as a child while Helene acted Mary Charlton as a child. Mary was my leading lady for a while, you know.

'Leah Baird was once my lead, also. She was very smart. And there was Arline Pretty, very beautiful. Kate Price was there at the time, and Mary Maurice, who played my mother. People used to think she really was my mother.

'Helene had better opportunities than Dolores—and how she could try! Dolores was timid, but when she cut loose she could go. Helene was a little clown. Where they made a mistake in Hollywood is that they never gave her a chance to play badly. She should have been given the kind of parts Bebe Daniels had. Helene came first to the studio. She played with me in a half-reel thing called 'Old Sweethearts of Mine.'

'My wife was working at the studio. I gave her the name of Georgia Maurice. My real name is Maurice George Washington Costello. I am Irish and

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How January Is Written in the Stars

(Continued from page 51)

which are divided like the calendar year into twelve parts. These parts are called signs—hence, the expression, "Twelve Signs of the Zodiac." Now, when a planet comes into a sign, its influence is modified according to the characteristics of that sign. The sun, for example, is still the sun, whether it is in Aries or in Scorpio; it still gives life, health, vitality, strength; but the way it does its work is influenced greatly by the fact that Aries is a highly mental sign and Scorpio a highly physical one. So when I say that the Sun, which influences our character, was in Capricorn when you were born means that your character is likely to be molded to a great extent by the prevailing characteristics of that sign.

If you read the box which goes with this article you will discover the dominance of characteristics which you are likely to be born. As in Aries, I have been fortunate enough to know not only the month in which you were born, but the year and the day and even the hour, so I have been able to tell you how your horoscope has been modified by the influence of planets other than the sun—for example Venus and Neptune and Mercury. At least, I think I know your exact date, although with a woman, you can never be sure! Anyway, the information I am giving you is based on that date, and if it doesn't seem to fit you in every particular, you have only yourself to blame!

Now, perhaps you would like to know a few more personal matters. How about love? Well, you seem to be all right on that point right now. But look out for 1932 and 1933. You may not suffer yourself during this period through anyone you love, but if you don't watch your guard, you may cause sufferings to someone who loves you. On the other hand, if you get through this difficult period successfully—as you can, if you will—then you will be in a relative sense in under such bad conditions for love for another twenty-one years.

As for your general peace of mind, I see that it will be threatened during a good part of 1931 by discontenting and depressing vibrations. But don't let that get you down. The main thing is to know about such conditions in advance and to realize that they are caused by temporary movements of the planets which soon pass. Like all Capricorn people, you are easily cast down, and suffer from fears of the future which are seldom realized. You must learn not to cross bridges which have not yet been drafted by the architects.

You especially should not look forward to the future with foreboding; for after all is said and done, the outstanding feature of your horoscope is that the last half of your life will be much more successful than the first. I don't mean that you haven't been successful so far. What I mean is that you are now due to be the more successful—to climb heights of which you have hardly dared to dream. Whether the talking screen is the instrument designed to give you this opportunity I do not know, but I should say it would be something to do with your voice. Capricorn is one of the musical signs and with the Sun and Mercury in conjunction in that sign—as they are in your chart—you should win fame in some sort of musical endeavor.

Take comfort as well as warning, my dear Capricorn, for you will not find it easy to escape your stars! I had occasion not long ago to draw up a written horoscope of your fellow actor, William Haines, whom I didn't even know his name at the time I drew the horoscope, but afterward, when I did know I read it over to see how closely he had fulfilled his destiny. I was forcibly reminded by the first phrase which struck my eye of Bill Haines' introduction to the movies. (You remember how he was stopped on the street by a theatrical agent, when he was making his rounds as a bond salesman, and shipped forthwith to Hollywood for his first part in the picture.) The phrase read: "You just naturally attract good fortune." I had a similar experience once before with Tom Mix—my the phrase in this case read: "Many successful actors, also those who make a study of vibrations as expressed through motion, have horoscopes like yours." William Haines and good fortune! Tom Mix and motion! And both of them, Bebe, were born under Capricorn, your sign!

But I do not have to go outside your own chart to give you an amazing example of what an astrologer can do. It is often the truth about every detail of our lives. When I was drawing your horoscope for this article, I said to my secretary, "This young woman ought to go to Spain. She has Jupiter and Venus in Sagittarius, and Sagittarius rules Spain and all Spanish things." "Well," said my secretary, "I don't know whether Miss Daniels has ever been to Spain, but she certainly tries to be interested in Spanish things. Her mother is a Spaniard—and Bebe herself speaks the language like a native."

If you are a young woman, you can't escape your stars!

IF YOU ARE A CAPRICORN CHILD

Many a famous man has been born under your sign, and women too! Among the men, Lloyd George, W. E. Gladstone, Sir Isaac Newton, Rudyard Kipling, Admiral George Dewey, Woodrow Wilson; among the women, Joan of Arc, Carmen Sylva and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. Your planetary colors are maroon, purple, violet, green, black, brown, ash-gray and indigo. Be wary of the chrysolite, the opal, the sapphire and the chrysolite; you will have to be on your guard against these. Your ruling planet is the celestial teacher, Saturn; and the symbol of your sign—don't laugh, because he is a very ambitious, industrious and persevering animal—is the Goat!
Almost Too Much of a Lady
(Continued from page 110)

paying of a director and his entire company to await the whims of an actress would have been rather an expensive item.

Though unsatisfactorily urged by Henry Miller, his charming young leading lady did not accept the offer.

The years were to take their toll of misfortune. Miller was to die; she was to have a quarrel with the Shuberts, which, among other things, caused her to turn her eyes in the direction of Hollywood—and at much less money than $300,000 per year.

Her first screen test upon arriving in Hollywood was made for Joseph Von Sternberg’s “Docks of New York.” The director did not think her suited for the rôle opposite George Bancroft.

Emil Jannings saw the test later while looking for a leading woman to appear with him in “Sins of the Fathers.” He selected her immediately.

She made good at once.

A Paramount contract was offered at once.

Miss Chatterton is said to be that most futile of humans, a leader in the social life of Hollywood. Among her intimates are named Elsie Janis, Irving Berlin, and his wife, Louis (Butterfly) Bronfian and his wife, Lois Wilson, Fay Bainter, Clive Brook, and Guthrie McClintock. Truly a broad and comprehensive group for a lady who is “equipped with a remarkable knowledge of music, literature, art, science, and the gift of rendering effortless entertainment.”

According to “Who’s Who in America,” Ruth Chatterton is thirty-seven years of age. She is tireless in energy and has executive capacity of a high order. Likewise she is the only woman on earth who ever made a sensational and sustained success in films in middle life.

She knows the stage and the business of acting as few men or women know it in the world. In conversation, as well as in her work, she has a keen dramatic and emotional sense of story values.

She has, within the realms of the drama, a wide knowledge. If she ever gave up screen and stage, she could undoubtedly become as excellent a director as she is an actress.

She contributes a great deal to every film in which she appears. If the stories are sometimes tawdry she is more or less blameless. Business must triumph.

Some of her biggest commercial successes have been directed by Dorothy Arzner. It is common knowledge that Miss Chatterton would be well able to direct herself—and probably does—a great deal.

It may still be possible for Miss Chatterton to surpass Garbo as the supreme screen actress. If so, her producers will need to select something less sentimental and tawdry than most of her films and something less socially banal than domestic scenes with Clive Brook.

At her very best, she will always have a very serious rival in Greta Garbo, the Swedish peasant girl. For, as an artist, Miss Chatterton has been too well cultivated by the Broadway harrows of civilization.

Greta Garbo is virgin soil.
Fallen Idols

(Continued from page 57)

Doug, with Chaplin, Mary, Valentino, Mabel Normand, Bill Hart, Tom Mix.
They haven't much chance, these young stars. Hollywood has been con-
ventionalized. Every star must please the club ladies or be snubbed on the
vrijt by Schoolmaster Hay's. The stars themselves are partly to blame. They
all want to be ladies and gentlemen of society, doing the correct thing. If
they don't make themselves over, they are made over by their directors.
It takes a stronger individual to hold out in Hollywood today than when the
motto of the town was "Be Yourself." Garbo is the only figure of heroic mold
to match the old gods and goddesses. Defiantly entrenched in her own per-
sonality, she is a type without specializing. Indifferent and taciturn, fasci-
nating if not likable, she will not last as long as Mary. I doubt if any new
star will. The idol business has de-
flated along with other lines.
RATED in earning power Chevalier is the leading male favorite of the
new stars. His cinematic ascension has enabled him to charge twenty thou-
sand dollars a week for carving a couple of times a day. His triumph is
almost exclusively personality. It's hardly worth the trouble naming the
characters he plays; it's always Cheva-
lier you see. The Frenchman is frisk-
ing the francs abroad as well as at
home. He's harvesting while the sun
shines and it won't have to shine very
long for this haymaker to clean up all
there is.
Lawrence Tibbet bounded on with the
roar of a lion that sank to the beat of
a lamb in the sticks. He's a specialist
without being a type. Charm without
voice will go further toward making an
idol than voice without charm.
Valentino always yearned to play a
cowboy, contending it was the most
romantic of all characters. In this he
shared the American sentiment. One or
more cowboys we've always had with
us. The strong silent man is a stock
dol. Gary Cooper is the logical con-
tender for the pedestal once held by
Bill Hart, later by Tom Mix. Gary is
slowly emerging into a character that
has its appeal to both men and women.
He's due for a considerable run if he
has a fair break in stories.

CLAIRA BOW has been Paramount's
little slavey. Being a reliable
breadwinner, she's been left to shift by
herself. The producers figured she
didn't need stories any more than
clothes. Why spend any money on Clara? Give her an old bathing suit
or a pair of sailor pants and leave her
alone with the Navy. She has the ideas,
why bother a scenario writer? If Clara
were not the most popular of the flap-
pers she'd have passed out with the
rest of them some time ago. Clara is
to this generation what Mary was to
us kiddies. How kiddie ideals do
change! But Clara cannot continue the
years that Mary has, any more than
Garbo can.

MARY holds the endurance record
because she is something more
than an actress—something more, did
I say?—a darned sight more. She's a
battler and business genius. Any old
skinfifter who tries to foreclose on
Mary had better remember his first-aid kit. Norma Talmadge is the only other
feminine star who can compare with
Mary for longevity. Norma married
Joseph Schenck, business genius and
film raider.
Business, not art, makes the best
pedestal in Hollywood. Every star who
has stayed a star had to become a pro-
ducer or manager. The politics of
Hollywood are complex and the busi-
ness methods wily. Stars are not all
paid according to their earning power.
Some receiving eight thousand a week
do not bring in as much as others get-
ting three thousand. You have to be
as good a performer in the business of
office as on the screen if you get what's
coming to you.

Studios are factories. A producer is
an executive who O. K.'s or N. G.'s the
broth of many cooks. Even if he has
some creative talent he has to spread it
over many productions. One great picture will make a star
as "The Four Horsemen," "The Miracle Man," "Betty Compson, "The Birth of a Nation," "Mae
coming, but the regular actor may star a long time in good pictures
but a great actor will get the Gates Ajar after a few poor ones.
In Hollywood they believe good pic-
tures are accidents. Thus Lady Luck is the patron deity.
Not every star has succeeded in being
his own producer. Not every star has
creative talent and business ability.

WHEN Mary, Doug and Charlie
broke away from the big compa-
nies to make their own pictures they
were considered Red's. They were
forced to fight for their lives. The
combine controlled the distributing net-
work by which pictures are wholesale-
d to exhibitors. Mary, Doug and Charlie
—the United Artists—had to establish
their own exchange offices throughout
the country and hire salesmen. This
necessitated the raising of immense
capital. No sooner had this been ac-
complished than the big companies
started buying up theaters, thus getting
control of the retail market as well.
"Business is complicated," Mary said a little wearily, when I
lunched with her several years ago.
"First we had to organize studio pro-
duction, then establish our own ex-
changes, and now we are compelled to
build theaters to insure first-runs for
our pictures."
We were lunching in the studio bung-
alow. Mary sat at the head of the
table, Doug on her right; the other
places were taken by directors, scene
writers, supervisors, production man-
gers, publicity men. It was a business
conference with refreshments.
Turning to Doug, Mary said, "How
many billboards have you contracted
for in New York for the opening of
your picture?"
Doug was too hungry to recollect.
He thought about sixty.
"That's not enough," Mary said. "I
have taken a hundred and fifty for my
picture. I think billboard advertising
very important."
I gave you the billboard incident as
a cue to the riddle: How many talents
must a star have to be her own pro-
der?
CAN you blame Mary if she is tired of Hollywood? Confronted with the new talkie problems, she probably regarded the stage as a pleasant rest cure—until her old spirit of combat returned.

Doug was ready to quit a long time ago. He's shrewd in business, but he doesn't like it. Furthermore he is a philosopher. He has been known to ask, "What's the use of it all?" In moods of despondency he has paced the lot shouting soliloquies worthy of Hamlet. Doug has done his Hollywood stunt. He's not the gentleman to spend his life at one little task, even though it be as worthily as carving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin.

Chaplin, too, is bored, not with being Chaplin but with being just a Hollywood Chaplin. He works when he feels like it and each picture takes longer. Norma Talmadge confesses she only works to keep from being bored.

When these idols pass will there be others as great to fill their thrones? I don't think so. Not idols of equal magnitude.

BESIDES the Talkie there have been other rents in the Hollywood illusion. In the beginning heroes were as heroic as they appeared on the screen. The public did not know they lived earthily. Mary was adored before her name and address were known. Then publicity descended like a bolt from Jove, angered perhaps by the usurpation of Olympus. The illumination was not as flattering as screen lights. We, discovered that all heroines were not as pure as they photographed, that dare-devils had doubles and some little saints were devils without a doubt.

The counter-attempts of the Olympians to keep up the illusion in the face of revelation only made for skepticism. Stars were suspected of being worse than they are.

But human beings must worship. They have worshiped sticks and stones and gods invisible. The heart is lonely and craves to love. In Rome it was necessary to place a bronze sandal over the foot of Michelangelo's plaster model of Christ. It was being destroyed by kisses.

Pagan idolatry was an outgrowth of human necessity. Voltaire is often quoted saying if there had not been a God it would have been necessary to invent one. Even with one, people must have his human heroes to canonize.

In the past there were kings, as well as gods, to excite the reverent imagination. Democracy took these away, along with the pomp and glitter that entrances the human soul. Life is dull without some sort of circus. The Caesars, knowing this, made Rome a center of lavish gayety.

Today Hollywood radiates its glamour through a drab, prosaic world. The luxury, adulations and mad revelry in which its nobles are supposed to dwell has excited the awe and envy of real royalty whose rackets have all but broken down. Hollywood is the Big Idea. As long as it can keep its searchlights blaring it will be a sort of Mecca for worldly imagination.

It is still doing a flourishing business in idols, but it no longer holds a corner on this essential commodity. The air is filled with mystic voices from the sirens of radioland. Will the invisible deities win you away from the optical illusions? Perhaps there is room for still more Lares and Penates by the hearthside—more but not as big.

Says Benny Rubin

(Continued from page 111)

Seeing that we were on dangerous ground, I asked him if he liked vegetables.

"I didn't know," he told me. "I'm a stranger here."

"When do you make your next picture?"

"You flatterer."

"I'm busy."

"No, you do."

And then I asked the standard question that all interviewers must ask sooner or later. "Were you ever in jail?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I haven't killed you yet."

"I catch on," I said. "Goodbye."

"Good luck."

"I'll need it," I admitted.

"You've got it. You're still alive."

We both heaved a sigh of relief that the interview was over and started in to have some fun. Some people dropped in and seeing they'd made a mistake, joined us for a while. But we soon got tired of that and decided that we would all go to another place that one of the girls knew about. After we piled into the car, some in the rumble seat and others on foot, the girl whose name was Kate and a perfect peach, Scotch-Irish, remembered that she didn't know the address, so we stayed where we were.

"However did you happen to be in Buster Gilbert, Junior's house?" I asked Mr. Rubin.

"This isn't his house," he said flatly and as he seemed pretty sure of himself I demanded to know whose house it was. I don't believe in letting the tropics break down all the barriers.

"Well, I've forgotten her name," he told me. "But she came here from New York to write dialogue for the talkies and happened to mention something about her art. We haven't seen her for quite a while. They are investigating."

"Who is investigating?"

"Don't pretend you don't know."

"We stood enough," I said.

"If you think you have," Mr. Rubin whined. "How about Me? I am a comedian and I was born in Boston."

"It's the Hollywood of the North," I told him.

"You said it," he answered somewhat appeased.

After that we made scrambled eggs with a potato and a man with a ukulele sang almost like Frank Crummitt or Ukulele Ike.

Sometimes I'd almost like to be a writer myself.
Re reminiscences of Maurice Costello

(Continued from page 115)

Spanish, and my family goes back to King John. We have a coat of arms.

"Edith Storey was with us, too. Couldn't she throw a rope and ride a
horse? She is living on Long Island now. She was a sweet girl, but she
never married.

"Dorothy Kelly married an automobile dealer in New York and had twins.
Wally Van is out here in Hollywood now. Jimmie Morrison was there, too.
Jimmie is writing now.

"I SECURED Harry Morey his first real opportunity. They had kept
him playing judges and police and parts like that that didn't get him anywhere.
I had a convict story, and I said to the
director that here was a chance to
give Morey his opportunity. He did the
part well and afterward became a
leading man.

"Carlyle Blackwell was with us, too.
He is married now and wealthy, living
in Constantinople, I believe.

"Anders Randolf, who died a few
weeks ago out here, was on the lot
painting pictures. I said to myself,
'There is a great type for a part I
have in my picture.' He said, 'What can
I do? I can't act.' But I persuaded
him. He said, 'Well, if you take as
much interest in me as you do in others,
I'll take a chance.' I said, 'Well, you
don't suppose I want my picture
ruined, do you?' He made good.'
The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 68)

those first loves in every man's and woman's life. They never quite disappear from consciousness.

Of course, it isn't possible for the average girl or woman to be beautiful to go around dressed up in the style of Isabella D'Este or Mary Stuart. But Vilma should suggest to anyone's mind that sheeplike conformity to some fashion conceived by a distant dressmaker is a mistake. One of the most frequent and most deadly of all beauty mistakes.

Vilma, on the screen, could achieve the picturesque, the pictorial and decorative, because of period costumes. But the average girl or woman can at least strive for these things. She can study her type, her coloring, her good points. It is no longer necessary for every love song, like every other girl, to sink individuality in a stupid mass formation. If a fan is decorative, suitable and a girl knows how to do it, with abandon.

Just the other day, at the tennis matches, I saw Corinne Griffith in sport things, yet they were soft and lovely and flattering. Perfectly correct for such an occasion, too. The suit was of the softest, white knitted stuff, so meshed that it gave almost the appearance of lace. The long sweater had a softly rolled collar, that softened the neck. No severity. You never see Corinne at any time that there isn't something soft and delicate about her clothes. Lace, drifting chiffons, dainty little capes, flowing sleeves, gleaming chiffon velvets. Her sport clothes are always of some soft shade of blue or rose or pale yellow—never the more startling that creeps into so many outfits.

The woman or girl who wants a lovely effect should never attempt to be a bizarre fashion plate. Men never know what fashion is, anyhow. Of course there are always certain fundamental fashion notes. But once those are regarded, the screen beauties develop individual style. Griffith does. Gloria Swanson does.

There are, of course, screen beauties who have developed an effect that is almost entirely clothes. No, that sounds unjust. I should rather say that they have used clothes as an artist uses paint, to create a beautiful picture. It may not be beauty in its true sense, but it is certainly art. A modern art which, as I said in my first article, is opening beauty up as a goal for all women.

It is easy to speak of being well-dressed. One must be well-dressed only if it merely as a matter of money. That is far from the truth. Dressing that

creates beauty requires a flair, cultivated and educated taste—which should be easy nowadays, with the many fine shops and, above all, the screen—much time and thought and an unfailing eye. Lilian Tashman is the best example of beauty in decoration, or clothes, that the screen has produced.

She subordinates herself to her clothes and yet by some miracle you

never think of her clothes. She produces a perfect whole. Her extreme thoughtfulness is always apparent, both on and off the screen. Perfection of grooming and perfection in detail are essential and there Lilynn is unfailing. Every smallest detail from her shoe buckles to her hat crown are in harmony. Her bag, handkerchief, scarf, stockings, gloves, jewelry, cigarette case and holder, are always exactly right. Her dress, her garters, are all molded for each costume, to give it the best fit.

There is never a hair out of place. Her make-up is exquisite, and done to go with the lights—artificial or real. Her hands are perfectly cared for and she doesn't go in for those horribly ugly red, pointed nails. And Lil never loses her poise. If you happen to catch her in the garden in the morning, wearing linen coveralls, the picture is just as complete. Every detail is as accurate as it is when she goes to a ball at the Embassy.

There are many women who might be decoratively beautiful in this fashion, but it takes infinite pains and thought. Lil, as a matter of fact, spends much less money on her clothes than you might imagine. Of course, she has some wonderful furs and gowns. But I have seen her lunching at the Biltmore when she presented a fashion picture that stood out like a lighthouse and had her whisper to me that she paided the dress up for $29.50. It was the carefully selected accessories and the grooming that counted.

To go back to Vilma Bankey, the second thing that makes her so lovely is expression. She has the sweetest expression I have ever seen. With Vilma, it's natural. She is a sweet person, with kind and lovely thoughts going on inside her pretty blonde head. That shows in her face. If you will stop and think a moment you will agree that no woman ever looks lovely with a cross or bored expression. It may sound a trite trite and Victorian to suggest that a sweet expression is sometimes a great asset to a woman and can be cultivated. But it happens to be true.

Chatterton is another lovely woman. Ruth is so completely a personality, her amazing charm, her cultivated intellect, her genius as an actress, are all molded into one irresistible woman.
How Your CHILDREN will love these BOOKS!

Alice in Wonderland

The Ugly Duckling

The Adventures of a Brownie

The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 121)

it is difficult to think of her as physically beautiful or not beautiful. I don’t believe it can be done. She is an example of that beauty which is a result of many things—beauty of personality, let us call it. Her allure is as much a matter of her character, her interest in life, the brilliant give and take of her mind as it is of her physical loveliness.

RUTH CHATTERTON, like the famous Ninon de Lenclos, has developed complete charm, far beyond the physical. She doesn’t care and doesn’t need to care about her looks. She is like a fascinating book, whose contents are sure to hold and to please, whether bound in priceless vellum or yellow paper.

She can be lovely. She has an exquisitely shaped head. Her eyes are full of light. Her nose is impudent. Her mouth passionate, her chin strong.

Chatterton is the product of breeding and education and contact and character. And she knows, as every woman of thirty should know, how to weld those things together into something vital and beautiful. So, you see, we have another school of beauty—the beauty of personality which encompasses many things.

Dolores Costello is another lovely woman. Leila Hyams, Loretta Young, Catherine Dale Owen, Alice Joyce—are all lovely.

And there are many other classifications of beauty. Next month I want to analyze for you the beauty of Clara Bow—which I refuse to concede as mere sex appeal. And then there is sheer prettiness—like Marion Davies and June Collyer and Billie Dove.

Bow is the modern. I think I can show you why—and why she is, in her way, beautiful.

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Ramon Novarro is happy these days. Isn’t he directing himself? That’s enough to make any actor happy. This picture was made while Ramon was directing himself in the Spanish and French versions of “The Singer of Seville.” Mr. Novarro still has a director for his English versions.
You know. One night I come home from my studies, they talk to me. My husband, even, who is also a director in German pictures, he thinks I should do it. He feels they should not hold me back from the great career they talk about. I am crying.

"Maria—she is only four—comes. 'Mama, cry here,' she says. And I put my head on her little shoulder and cry and cry. When I have stopped and she holds out her little dress and says proudly, 'See, my mama makes it all wet on me.'" Maria's speech is the most beautiful melody at me and says 'They talk to you more about America, one sees that.'

"I said yes. So she goes to the telephone, so little, and she calls up Mr. Von Sternberg at his hotel. She likes him much. She says, 'Is it right that my mama should go to America and be everybody's wife?' And she tells her yes, and said how great things awaited me across the ocean. She comes back and says, "Mama, you must go to America. I will wait here. You will come back soon and I will be a good girl. Only before you go, you must buy me a little doggie." Then I will talk about him and not be so lonesome for you.'"

"The day I left everybody cried but Maria. She had her new doggie, a little white Sealyham, so cute. She looks at the nurse, and the servants—who are kind enough to love me—she puts her papa and grandmother, all crying. Then she dances to me and says 'You must all stop crying. What is this? She comes back.' Soon she comes back. How proud we shall be, no?"

"If, that last moment, she had said 'Stay here, mama,' I would have stayed. Oh, yes. No one could have made me go then. So I come, for six months only.

"Now I go back for six months. Maybe I come again. I have said so. Unless Maria asks me to stay. All the time I am here we make phonograph records for each other. And when I do not go out to parties. I am very lonely. I sit and play over and over those little records, where my Maria talks to me. She has learned some English words now and she says them in the records.

"When you are a mother everything becomes clearer to you. My mother—she was a very good mother. Very careful. My father—being an army officer. So, of course, he was killed early in the war. Mother thought she must be very good at housework. And this made me study English, French, music—to make something of myself. Sometimes I grew so angry. Why is that? I felt she—bossed me too much. 'Do not take cold'; 'come practice your music'; 'here is your English teacher.'"

"I go to school.

"The minute my baby was born I understood all. I loved my mother much more than I had ever loved her before. She wished to come with me. But a mother cannot be spared. My baby—my husband—my sister and her children. All revolve in this world around the mother. Is that not so?"

"THEN, too, I have two babies, really. My husband, he is very young. Men are younger than women. I have told Maria when I leave always she must sit with her papa while he eats dinner, always she must be at the door to greet him. While I am away, who else has he but his little one? She will do it. No one else in the world understands me like she does.

"We are so close. If somebody does wrong or forgets in the house she will say, 'Mama, next time you tell me and I write it down.' She cannot write, but she says that. She knows what to get for me, what I need. No one understands her so well.

"This Summer they have taken her to the North Sea. When she saw the ocean, she runs down and stands by it and holds out her little arms and sings songs to me across the water. She thinks maybe I can hear. Maybe—I can.

"It is not easy to be a mother and an actress. I wish now to have another baby. But that means, for me, two years out of my work. Why not? But once you are in the thing, it is like a squirrel cage. So hard to get out. I love my work, too.""

"I told her what I thought of her work.

"That is kind," she said. "Most of it is Mr. Von Sternberg. The actress is part, the director is part. Fifty-fifty, as you say. You must give him much credit. Without him I could not do it. I know. When I am working it is not so bad."

"I HAVE a house in Beverly Hills. When we arrive I see all those lovely, little houses. So clean, so pretty. I say, 'I must have one, I must have one.' But never again. A pretty home would be nice. And if I ever leave Hollywood, I get a little dog, then a great big dog. I have my German maid. But—I am afraid and lonely. I play the radio. I write letters. I listen to my records. But no home is home without a child.

"Next time, I work in New York. Then I can get on the boat after each picture—and be home quickly. That will be all right. Only four days. Then I will be happy. Now—it is nice. I am so happy. I am grateful if it is hard. But Maria is my happiness. I go to her.

"I think in time Maria will be very proud of her mother."

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Here's an attractive item for the beach next Summer. Bebe Daniels offers her idea of a bathing suit that can be transformed into beach pajamas. At the left, Miss Daniels shows her simple, one-piece, backless suit of white jersey. This is ideal for real swimming. Second, she fastens part of the pajamas around her waist like a train. The material is heavy flat crepe, dyed several shades of gray in a batik design, and painted with rose fish and sea urchins. In the third picture, the pajamas begin to assume form. The front overlaps with the back and ties with a large bow, while the sides remain open to permit of easy movement. Fourth, the pajamas are complete.

The Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 88)

"It wasn't ever necessary to punish Will," said Mrs. Powell. "It wouldn't have done any good anyway. You had to reason with him. He was very obedient, if he understood a thing. But you had to explain all the whys and wherefores. Then, if it looked logical to him, he would do it without any trouble. If it didn't he'd convince you you were wrong. That was another reason I thought he'd make a good lawyer. He was so reasonable."

She heaved a little sigh. Even now that her son is one of the great movie stars, I think Mrs. Powell remembers her dreams of seeing him administer justice from the bench.

It seems to me that Bill has run true to form in all the predictions of his childhood. His character fundamentals are about the same.

"There was one thing about Will that was different from most other children I have seen," said Mrs. Powell. "He could always amuse himself."

Give him a box of blocks when he was quite small and he was good for a whole morning. He didn't want anyone else to build houses or arrange them for him. In fact, he rather resented interference. Apparently he had ideas of his own that must be carried out. He was never depending on anyone else in order to be happy and well occupied. Later pencil and paper, books and pictures took the place of blocks.

William Powell is still like that. He doesn't mind being alone. If he has enough books, he is perfectly happy and contented. Not all the time, of course. He likes a bit of whoopee as well as the next man, and is a most convivial and entertaining companion. But he is a real book lover. When he comes into my library at Malibu, he touches the volumes gently, examines the bindings, picks out a few and peeps into them, reading a paragraph or two. Also, he is one of the few people who borrow books who always return them.

This summer I saw him stretched out in the sun, hour after hour, alone, with a big stack of books piled on a table beside him. They were never allowed to touch the sand.

"Was he always careful of books as he is now?" I asked his mother.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I remember how he cried one time when a book he liked and had read a dozen times was chewed up by a neighbor's dog. He took wonderful care of his books. But then, he took wonderful care of all his things. His room was always neat, his clothes always hung up where they belonged. He folded his pajamas every morning. He could never be happy if anything was in disorder around him. So different from my grandson, Bill's little boy."

Baseball and sand lot football interested Bill Powell in his grammar-school days. But athletics never became a strong passion with him. He liked talk, reading, people too much. Athletics seemed slightly a waste of time. His friends were usually older boys who were too big for him to play with but not too smart for him to talk to.

It is an awful thing to admit, and I will say in all fairness that he shows no signs of it now, but in school Bill was "teacher's pet."

His first battles were fought at school because the boys used to call him that in a manner not too polite.

"I was in a tough spot and didn't know it," he told me. "I made companions of my teachers and profs because I liked them. They always talked about things that were interesting. I wasn't trying to ease myself into their good graces in order to get better marks in school. In fact, I flunked several courses in high school even though the profs were my pals. I just liked to hear them talk."

When the Powell family left Pittsburgh for Kansas City, Bill was ready to enter high school. Professor Smith, of the 6th Ward School, Pittsburgh, wrote a letter to the teachers who would
take him in charge in the new school. His mother still treasures that letter. In it, Professor Smith recommended Bill to the special attention of his high school teachers as a boy of unusually brilliant mind and active brain. It wasn’t his conduct which was acclaimed, but his eager mental ability.

There is an unsolved mystery connected with another memento which reposes in that cedar chest. It is a shaving mirror—Bill’s first gift to his father. On it is written—From Will. Xmas, 1901. The mirror was on the Christmas tree. No one knew where Bill earned the money to buy it. No one knows to this day. When I questioned him, Bill began to talk about the Einstein theory.

Maybe that’s a skeleton in Bill’s youthful closet.

All his vacations were spent on his grandfather’s farm, in West Middlesex, Pennsylvania. Upon his arrival, the farm was turned over to this favorite grandson, by a grandmother devoted to her husband’s namesake. Through the farm ran a little stream, with many deep pools. The boy swam, dived, ran wild for the entire summer. It built up his health, which was not too robust. And he spent long afternoon hours swinging in the hammock, singing to himself, and reading. Ideal days. Every kid should have some experience in the country.

William Powell graduated from grammar school when he was thirteen. At fourteen, he entered the Kansas City High School.

For four years, he was a “leading citizen” of that institution. He wrote for and edited the school paper and annuals. He was yell leader at one time, and captain in the glee club. He took part in all the school activities and held various offices.

Ralph Barton, now famous all over the world for his drawings, was in High School at that same time. He was the paper’s cartoonist for three years.

When he left, it was a bitter blow to the artistic triumphs of the sheet. In desperation, Bill decided he could draw cartoons. And did. They weren’t as good as Barton’s, but they got by all right.

Because he was going to be a lawyer—that having been decided in his cradle and planned for every hour since—Bill took some high school course in public speaking. It was a subject he loved and in which he did remarkably well. His speaking voice was unusual, he had a dramatic flair for intriguing and holding his audiences.

The professor suggested immediately that he ought to try out for the school play, which was the big event of the year, held just before the Christmas vacation.

In his junior and senior years, William Powell played the lead in those plays. Played them, so everyone tells me, remarkably well. A natural-born actor.

Right there, everything was settled. That was what he wanted to do. Acting was his real ambition. There was something he would like to do.

Also, acting was a quick road to fame and fortune. He saw himself taking New York by storm, rising to heights of greatness, thrilling vast audiences who applauded his genius and showered him with rich rewards.

Though he had never been backstage of a theater, knew no actors, had no connections of any kind with the stage life, he felt that he must and could succeed.

To be a lawyer meant four long years at Kansas University, where he was about to be enrolled. Two or three for a law degree. He’d be an old man before he was allowed to practice! Whereas it was strictly necessary for him to be able to support a wife in the shortest possible time. Why, he and Edith had been waiting now, ever since their sophomore year! They had (Continued on page 127)

The blackboard with its K tells the story. The two Kays—Kay Francis and Kay Johnson—are both featured in William De Mille’s new Metro-Goldwyn film, “The Passion Flower.”

The New Movie Magazine

HAVE YOU LOOKED FOR YOUR LUCK IN NUMBERS?

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gulped three plates of minestrone, kissed my old Italian honey good-bye and leaped a train for Chevalier's home town, stopping off in Dijon on the way for a sustaining mess of the fat, creamy shelled escargots Bourgogne.

Paris—Valentino's pictures show continuously in Paris. On the anniversary of his death a mass was said in the church of the Trinity. At this moment he is appearing in "The Black Eagle" in the Boulevarde des Italiens directly across from Lon Chaney in "Thunder."

Chaney Was Italian—Chaney, too, had Italian blood. On my arrival in Hollywood ten years ago Lon invited me to his four-room bungalow for a spaghetti dinner which he cooked himself. A monster of evil on the screen he was actually the most domestic and home-loving of men. He liked to cook and make things for the house. Wood-carving was a hobby. I remember he showed me that night an ash-stand carved in the form of a butler. It was his only burst of pride during the evening.

CONTRARY to reports, Lon Chaney's last sickness was not due to torturing himself into gruesome shapes. He himself declared emphatically it was the result of an oatmeal "snowstorm" in which he was obliged to work for a scene. The cereal dust settled in his throat, jellied on his lungs.

ONE of the American-made song-and-dance film revues was hissed off the screen by Parisian fans because they couldn't understand its English. Imagine what they would have done if they had understood. Exhibitors have a lot of nerve showing English talksies on the grand boulevards. Fancy yourself sitting through an evening of French when you know very well you are dazed by a menu.

Perils of the Talkies—The Pantheon Cinema on the left bank caters to the American colony with talksies in the original Hollywood tongue. I saw "Bulldog Drummond" there for the first time. It got snorts but not for its English. I wonder how it got all those floral notices at home.

Silent pictures were suffering a slow decline but these talksies show signs of a galloping malady that requires immediate action. Producers have tried everything—new writers, new actors, new directors—everything except new producers. Maybe a little change upstairs would help. Mass production of pictures doesn't seem to work in the long run as with Fords.

The Paris Stage Revues—While Parisians object to English from the screen they don't mind it in their revues. Of course, you don't go to a revue to hear. I sat all night through a dress rehearsal at the Casino de Paris. I don't know why they called it a dress rehearsal. The only costume I noted was the work of a sick oyster. The rest were talcum.

All the principal players were American and Josephine Baker, the star, is an American negroess. Josie came to Paris several years ago. Josie shook and shouted herself to glory. Josie was the colored fireworks. Then she married a count. Josie became a countess. (Take that Marquise Swanson and you, too, Princess Negril!) For three years the countess has been studying voice, dancing and dramatic art. The countess is no longer the "cullud" fireworks. At least it seemed to me that Art had affected her arsenal. It is possible, of course, that she did not let go at the rehearsal. I sat by her between numbers and I must say she is gracious, humble, refined—too refined ever to mess 'round like befok.

I recall what Stepin Fetchit said: that colored folk are no good when they go to imitatin' white folk. Step stuck to his color on the screen but he seems to have gone sort of white in temperament. Now he's gone the way of all such—vaudeville.

French Prosperity—France is the most prosperous country in the world
The Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 125)

been in love for what seemed centuries. Edith was a pretty, blond girl, and she was Bill's first love. It was serious, right from the start. No playing around, they 'went together' for four entire years of high school, and when William graduated considered themselves officially engaged. He was eighteen. She was sixteen.

These things young Powell pondered deeply during the summer vacation after his graduation, with honors, from High School.

WORKING in the clerical department of the Kansas City Telephone Company, Bill thought deeply. With a bitter loathing, he hated his work at a desk. Everything in him rebelled, not placidly, but actively and violently, against regular hours, routine work, the same faces, same surroundings day after day. If he went to college, he'd have to work there summers. Hair. At the small lace-curtained windows an occasional geranium beamed. And by the door of one wagon there was a cage of canaries twittering off a flip little ditty.

But Bill knew that already the family had made many drains upon her. Already she had financed many a Powell project. It was different. And he sat down and composed a twenty-three page letter to prove to her that he was the flower of the Powell family, clean, honest, hard working. He tried to impress upon her the fact that she would be denying the American theater a great genius if she didn't send Bill money enough to go to New York. The letter was a masterpiece.

It asked for money to pay a year's tuition at the Sargent School of Dramatic Art, and fifty dollars a month for that year. Within five years, William Powell would return to her that money with interest. And she would forever be glad and proud that she had helped him to attain great heights in dramatic art and bring glory and renown to the name of Powell.

He wrote a letter to his mother. He read it to Edith.

Then, with prayer and trembling, he walked over, took it, dropped it in the mail box, and sat down at his desk in the telephone company to await the answer which, to his youthful vision, meant life or death, happiness or despair.

(To be continued in the next issue)
ARRIVING AT THE SAME PLACE IF YOU HAVE IT STRAIGHT.

WHY?

To keep your body in first-class condition, really first-class condition, you've got to think sanely, live abstemiously, and forego self-indulgence. You've got to discipline yourself and submit to discipline. Keeping in good shape is self-discipline, believe me. Don't I remember the New Year's Eve when I went to bed at ten o'clock to be in shape for the New Year's Day football game at Pasadena while all the world was frolicking about me? Don't I remember being in Paris for the first time in my life before the Olympic Games in 1924 and not being allowed even one little glass of wine nor one peep at the Montmartre? Diet, regularity of sleep hours and exercise, are part of keeping in condition.

It's a regime that forces you to learn self-control and self-command. Doug knows that better than anybody. He has worked it out to a science.

THERE is no fake about the stunts Doug does on the screen. He does 'em and takes 'em from one who has played some football in his day against Pittsburgh, Alabama and all Pacific Coast teams, scared Paddock in the hundred, played on an Olympic team and pitched for a college ball club, these stunts are a handful. I've seen champions of many kinds try to follow Fairbanks and get lost by the wayside, including that world champion all-around athlete, Fred Thompson. Good physical condition is absolutely necessary for Fairbanks pictures.

BUT Fairbanks claims that every man would do his job fifty percent better if he felt that same condition was NECESSARY for him. He'll wallop me for saying that.

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KEEPING IN CONDITION

(Continued from page 66)

The New Movie Magazine

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The boys are back again! Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence have returned to the famous roles of the tough old scouts of "The Covered Wagon." The fire-eating pals re-appear in "Fighting Caravans."

seen him show the least bit of fatigue, though young Doug and I would be sweating, panting, crawling around after him. More, he never shows—"nerves"—mental irritation. He has never been close to a nervous breakdown, though he is older than many stars who have had them. He's always in a cheerful frame of mind. Nothing worries him. He sleeps like a baby.

He gets enormous pleasure out of his good condition.

"You know the story about the littleurchin's mother who told him always to wash his feet because you never know when you are going to get hurt and they'd have to undress you at the hospital," he said one day. "Every man ought to feel like that about his physical condition."

USUALLY the excuse for lack of physical condition is, "I haven't got time."

Doug spits that, he says, "If you're in good physical shape you can do your work in much less time and therefore have more time to keep in shape."

Besides, he doesn't spend a great deal of time. But what he does, he does consistently, honestly, regularly.

Playing golf two or three times a week—at seven in the morning, when he's working. Often you will see the Fairbanks, leaving a party early because Doug has what Mary calls a "crack of dawn, golf game." Doug says seven hours' sleep are enough for any decent, healthy man.

When he works, he knocks off at five-thirty and plays two or three sets of 'Doug.' Then he dives in an icy tank. The mornings he doesn't play golf, he does setting-up exercises.

Jack London's great test of any system of thinking was—"Will it work?"

Doug makes his work.

When he made his early pictures, "The Mollycoddle," "The American," "The Man From Painted Post" and others, Doug was much less of a man, much less of an athlete than he is now. In "Reaching for the Moon" he's got a lot of new stuff, just as thrilling in their way, as those of Robin Hood. More, they are things we can understand, things we might be able to do ourselves. He's got some stuff that ought to make the T. B. M.—or any other business man—get a real kick.

Out in Hollywood, there isn't any picture being made that we're all waiting for with such eagerness and expectation as this new Fairbanks production. Because it will bring Doug of old back to us for a visit. And it will be Doug, Himself.

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Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
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Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
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Nancy Carroll
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Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
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Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
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Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
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John Boles
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Kathryn Crawford
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Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
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At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
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Luana Alcaniz
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At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
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Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Robert Armstrong
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Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.
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At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

with

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ROBERT AMES  JUNE WALKER
ANITA PAGE  MARIE PREVOST  ZASU PITTS

Directed by Edgar Selwyn
Continuity by Becky Gardiner
Dialogue by Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham

METRO-GOLDSWYN-MAYER
"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
NATURAL CHARM

A cigarette so mildly mellow, so alluringly fragrant, so whole-heartedly satisfying that you respond to it as instinctively as to the charm of natural beauty.

Camels are mild! But their mildness is never flat—never artificial. Through every step of their manufacture the delicate, sun-ripe fragrance of choicest tobaccos is scientifically preserved.

Swing with the crowd to a smoke that's all pleasure. Don't deny yourself the luxury of

CAMELS
EVANGELINE ADAMS Predicts A FATEFUL YEAR FOR TWO POPULAR STARS

Beginning – THE GREAT LOVE STORIES OF HOLLYWOOD HERB HOWE DARES THE FILM MAGNATES TO ANSWER
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PART of the picture—part of every picture of downright contentment—is your fragrant and friendly Chesterfield. Good Taste, and all that goes with it—aroma, delicacy, mildness (unspoiled by any trace of harshness or irritation)—this is what Chesterfield offers in generous measure. When it comes to choosing a cigarette for the enjoyment it gives... ONE WILL ALWAYS STAND OUT!

Chesterfield They Satisfy

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OUR DICK!
—in an even greater part than he played in The Dawn Patrol.
—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!
—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!
—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!
The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 2  February, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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John Boles warns you

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98% of the Screen Stars know

NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays,” John Boles, Universal, says. “Charm isn’t by any means measured by years!

“One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn’t be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she’s admired wherever she goes.

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How amazingly the stars keep youth! Learn their complexion secret!

“To keep youth, guard complexion beauty,” they will tell you. “Keep your skin temptingly smooth!”

Actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theaters everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in all film studios.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin . . .

Whatever your individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so bland is its effect on the skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: “Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin fresh and even-textured.”

LUPE VELÉZ, Universal’s effervescent star, says of this white, fragrant soap: “Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin like velvet.”

The New Movie Magazine

The care of dollar-a-cake French soap **Youth** Lux Toilet Soap..10¢
NOT long ago, Harry M. Warner was named throughout the country, throughout the world, in fact, as one of the fifty most important men in the United States. The list of leaders compiled by Ambassador James W. Gerard was published in practically every American and English newspaper of consequence. Mr. Warner is president of the world-wide organization known as Warner Brothers, producing pictures and showing them in thousands of theaters. More than anyone else, he is responsible for Vitaphone, which signifies talking pictures. Ambassador Gerard named Harry M. Warner in company with the most influential men of the period, indicating that Brother Harry is some pumpkin in or out of his old home town.

Like the Marx brothers, the Warner brothers are a family team. Harry is captain. The Warner team has bucked and dodged a lot of interference since the boys peddled newspapers in Baltimore, but they still hold the ball. There has just been one real tragedy in their lives: the death of Sam Warner, leaving Harry, Jack and Albert to keep up the drive. They still miss Sam, however, a good fellow and a smart one.

WARNER, Sr., father of a dozen children, hailed from Poland and located in Baltimore. He opened a shoe-repairing shop and spent a large part of his time keeping his own offspring properly shoed. The pennies brought home by the boys after selling their papers were banked in a sugar bowl. From that time on, the Warner brothers have shared alike in a family bank account.

Harry's first real, grown-up job was that of a traveling salesman for a wholesale meat dealer. Sam was developing his back muscles firing a locomotive on the Erie Railroad. One night, Sam dropped into a tent show in Sandusky, Ohio, where "The Great Train Robbery" was on view. He was impressed.

There came a meeting of the four brothers in Pittsburgh. They decided to get the jump on the new era—the motion-picture era—following the passing day of the safety bicycle. They hired a hall in New Castle, Pa., rented chairs from a local undertaker; Sister Rose played a piano; Jack, a thirteen-year-old lad with a husky soprano, sang illustrated songs; while Harry ran the show, assisted by Albert. Brother Sam took "The Great Train Robbery" on a tour of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Harry handled both the cash and the credit for the Warner enterprises when there wasn't much of either. Now that there are millions of both, he still guards the family purse.

Those were the trust-busting days—the days of Teddy and his Big Stick, of Tom Lawson, of schooners of lager, of hot stew on the free lunch counter in the corner saloon. Also, they remembered the days of the General Film Company's monopoly. The Warners jumped into the first line of independents and defied the trust. They made some pictures of a sort, established a primitive exchange for the distribution of their films and promptly went broke. They took the count, smiling, and came up for another round with Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany" in their tin cans.

The picture was a war-time favorite. The stalwart Warners carried a pocket full of cash to Hollywood, borrowed a few thousand more and set up a studio, allowing room for Rin-Tin-Tin and his dog-house. For a considerable period Rin-Tin-Tin was the main support of a large family. While such memorable productions as "The Marriage Circle," "Lady Windermere's Fan" and other accomplishments of the redoubtable Ernst Lubitsch gave the Warners an artistic standing, the famous police dog barked away the creditors.

It never has been the policy of the Warners to hoard money. When the end of a year showed a balance, whether it was $1,000 or $100,000, the cash went right back into the game: More pictures, more stars (John Barrymore and Al Jolson, for example), more everything. The Warners have been pretty well sunk, now and again, but they always go forward by raising the ante. If a project is new and big in its possibilities, Harry Warner believes in giving it a ride, regardless of cost. But, oddly enough, he almost turned deaf ear to the talkies. And it is for his promotion of the talkies that he will be remembered.

The year 1925 was one of the not-so-good years. As in the old General Film days, competitors were playing a game of freeze-out.
The New Movie Magazine

NEXT WASHDAY

I TRIED RINSO TODAY, JIM—MY SISTER TOLD ME ABOUT IT. IT WASHES CLOTHES SNOWY WITHOUT HARD WORK. —THAT'S FINE. YOU DON'T LOOK A BIT TIRED—LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

—MARJORIE, GET UP THIS INSTANT! YOU ARE GETTING YOUR CLOTHES ALL DIRTY

—OH, LET THE CHILD PLAY—

—BUT THINK OF THE WORK ON WASHDAY—
—HOW I HATE TO SCRUB

—DO YOU SCRUB?
—HOW FOOLISH! USE RINSO—IT SOAKS OUT THE DIRT—

Everyone cheers for these richer suds!

WE WISH you could see the thousands of letters we have received from women all over the country. "A little Rinso gives a lot of creamy suds that last until the wash is done," writes a Concord, N. H., housewife, Mrs. Louis W. Hoyt.

"It's great the way Rinso saves the clothes—they don't need to be scrubbed or boiled," says Mrs. L. J. Gage of Los Angeles, Cal.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps, even in hardest water. It's all you need—no bar soaps, chips, softeners.

Makers of 39 washers recommend it

Rinso is wonderful in washers, too! The makers of 39 leading washers recommend it for safety and for whiter clothes. You'll never bother with ordinary soaps, once you begin using Rinso for clothes, dishes, floors, walls and all cleaning. Get the BIG box.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

2 SIZES most women buy the large package

Millions use Rinso for dishes, floors and all cleaning
The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THE HITS OF THE MONTH:

"Never Swat a Fly," fox trot—played by McKinney's Cotton Pickers (Victor)
"You Are the Melody," fox trot—played by Wayne King and his orchestra (Victor)
"You're Simply Delish," fox trot—played by Smith Ballew and his orchestra (Columbia)
"You Will Remember Vienna," Waltz—played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra (Victor)

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, the boys who wrote these numbers, have a list of popular songs to their credit as long as your arm, and are said to be the town's most consistent hit-producers.

"You're Simply Delish" is the fond declaration of the new number from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkie "Those Three French Girls." This is played by Smith Ballew and his orchestra, and, to repeat the immortal words of Ben Bernie, "I hope you'll like it."

It's a pretty number and the boys trot through it in very good style.

The other side is also by Smith Ballew and the boys, "You Were Only Passing Time With Me," is the title and although this is not from any picture, I think it is the best side of the record. The vocal chorus is the high spot in this number. (This is a Columbia record.)

Do you know that Smith Ballew, although comparatively unknown three years ago, has, through the medium of his excellent orchestra, made his name a household word over the country! Just listen to him on the radio some night.

At last some one has gotten up enough courage to produce a really good operetta for the talkies. Warner Bros. have done it with "Viennese Nights." The score for this production was written by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, and Sigmund Romberg, so you know it's good. Leo Reisman and his orchestra have been selected by Victor to record two of the numbers from this production.

"You Will Remember Vienna," a waltz, seems to me to be the headliner so far. It's a smooth flowing melody, done in the Reisman manner, sure to delight you.

The reverse of this record is the fox trot, "I Bring a Love Song," played by Reisman, and this also is an excellent arrangement. (This is a Victor Record.)

Rudy Vallee is represented this month by several excellent records for Victor. They reveal Rudy at his crooning best.
Imagine them together in one picture! The most amazing combination of world famous stars ever brought to the screen!

Lawrence TIBBETT

and Grace MOORE

IN THE YEAR'S TOWERING TALKIE ACHIEVEMENT

"NEW MOON"

with ADOLPH MENJOU and Roland Young

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!


...She drew him quietly into her boudoir. Tonight she was his, but tomorrow she was to be the wife of another!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
Cheers from
Scotland

Glasgow, Scotland
I have just received a copy of New Movie and I think it is the best film magazine because all the information and articles are up-to-date. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor's pictures are greatly favored over here and we never seem to be getting tired of the singing and dancing pictures. "The Show of Shows" scored a success here.

DOLLAR
THOUGHTS
The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

Annie McKenzie,
100 Allander Street.

Malta Likes Talkies

Valletta, Malta
In Malta, at present, the talkie fever is raging and all other shows have sunk into insignificance beside them. However, I do not care much for them myself. I am conservative and I prefer the silent films. Talkies require too much concentration and the story has to be seen to be believed. Besides, there are not as many different scenes as there used to be in the silent.

Denise Mifsud,
45 Mezzodi Street.

An English Admiring

Derby, England
I am an ardent movie fan, and recently have been very bored with the present-day movie magazines, both English and American. Then some time ago my chums in the States informed me that they were getting a real good magazine for a dime. And someone sent me a copy of this dime magazine. Now I like it better than any other magazine you can buy. I now drive all my American chums frantic, one after the other, asking for New Movie above all others. Another reason I like your magazine is, because it's a bit cleaner-minded and more wholesome than most. You do not find New Movie doing any mud-slinging, for which I thank you.

Edna S. Boothway,
91 Pear Tree Road.

New Movie in Mexico

Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico
Your New Movie Magazine is sure the best reading matter on screen activities and Hollywood that I have seen. I am enjoying your magazine to such an extent that I am mailing it every month to a cousin of mine now living in France, who is also a true movie fan.

Gilbert Rueff,
107 Ave. Lero Sur.

That Perfect Trio

New York, N. Y.
It's been said before, I know, but may I repeat for emphasis? The world of movie fans is eagerly awaiting the reunion of the most perfectly blended trio on the screen: Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst Lubitsch. They were perfect in "The Love Parade," and this would be perfect in anything. I understand that "The Merry Widow" is being considered for them. By all means, try to arrange such a production, you movie moguls!

Pearl A. Katzman,
601 W. 189th Street.

Where Is Leatrice Joy?
San Francisco, Cal.
What has become of beautiful Leatrice Joy? She was a most capable and charming actress, but since the advent of the talkies has not been seen on the screen. No matter how lovely and talented are the newcomers, we always miss the old familiar faces that we loved in the movies. The great public is not so fickle and forgetful as it is reputed to be.

Molly M. Wilds,
1735 Grove Street.

Too Much Chatter

Baton Rouge, La.
At last producers and directors are uniting sound and silence. I think most of us were getting pretty tired of the incessant chatter that went on in the earlier talkies. But, in "Raffles," the periods of talk were combined with tense stretches of silence which made it one of the most enjoyable talkies I have yet seen. This was also true of "The Dawn Patrol" and "Peter First." By joining sound and silence the results obtained prove that these movies are far superior to those in which people stand around and do nothing but talk, even though the talk is brilliant.

Clarence Norgress,
2010 Chestnut Street.

Films as Teachers

Pittsburgh, Pa.
When will school authorities awaken to the value of motion pictures as assistant teachers? No more effective instrument of entertaining and accurate instruction has been invented. And, as yet, except for the few noteworthy instances where its use has been adopted, this potent education medium is being shamefully neglected. Every alert teacher uses still pictures freely in the teaching of geography, history, nature, studies, and reading; and she is rewarded for any extra trouble she may have taken by the rich returns in the form of her pupils' heightened interest and close attention. How much greater then would be the benefit from live moving pictures?

B. C.,
Georgian Apts.

The Ten Wonders

North Hollywood, California
In the picture world today there are ten things that are very much overrated: Amos 'n Andy, John Gilbert's salary, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell as singers, the come-back of Bebe Daniels, that "see-you—see me" team, Connie Bennett's wardrobe, Sue Carol's cuteness, Lilyan Tashman being the best dressed woman in Hollywood, Norma Talmadge's beauty and Rudy Vallee. B. E. Joyce,
4133 Vantage Avenue.

(Continued on page 113)
You'll LAUGH as you never LAUGHED before

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

PRODUCED by CHRISTIE

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN CHARLEY'S AUNT WILL BE SHOWN
The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Want to know how Norma Shearer makes her famous fruit cake? All the details are on this page.

7 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 1/4 cups powdered sugar
1/2 cup candied orange peel
2/3 cup seedless raisins
2/3 cup chopped walnut meats
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put the butter, which should be rather soft but not actually melted, into a mixing bowl and beat it with a wooden spoon until it is light and creamy. Sift the flour with baking powder and soda and add a little at a time to the butter and continue beating until it is well blended. Sift the powdered sugar into another bowl and beat into it the stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla and combine this with the flour and butter mixture. In the meantime cut the orange peel into small pieces, wash the raisins, put them in a colander and let steam over boiling water for five minutes, chop the walnut meats and add these ingredients to the cake mixture immediately after the beaten egg whites have been added. Have ready a loaf cake tin well buttered and sprinkled lightly with flour, turn the cake batter into it, and bake in a moderate oven one hour. If your tins are small you will need to use more than one.

An appropriate spread for this cake is Lord Baltimore icing which Miss Shearer makes as follows:

1 egg white
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons water
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups seeded raisins
2 cups chopped nuts

Put unbeaten egg white, sugar and water in top of small double boiler. Let cook over boiling water 10 minutes, beating constantly with rotary egg beater. Take at once from the fire and let cool. In the meantime cut the raisins in small pieces with a pair of scissors and chop the nuts coarsely, add to the icing and spread over the top and sides of the cake. For unfrosted cake Miss Shearer makes a glaze by mixing one unbeaten egg white with four tablespoons of cold water and brushing lightly over the cake just before putting it into the oven.

Norma Shearer, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star who has won fresh laurels with the talking pictures, submits a recipe for cake that sounds good enough to try.

Light Fruit Cake

2 3/4 cup butter
2 cups sifted flour (scant)
1/4 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder

12
Less work and less time spent in the kitchen...that's the modern way to cook. Use Crinkle Cups to help you make and serve cakes and many other dishes that are daintier and better in individual forms. No greasing, no burning, no sticking—and no washing up of pans when the cooking is done. Keep a supply of Crinkle Cups on hand. You will discover many different ways to use these dainty individual baking dishes for easier, better cooking.

**BOBOTEES—A Delicious New Recipe for Meat Cakes**

(For other tested recipes, see the Recipe Book packed in every box of Crinkle Cups)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1 cup chopped cooked meat</th>
<th>2 tablespoons batter</th>
<th>1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce</th>
<th>1/2 cup milk</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6 blanched almonds</td>
<td>2 teaspoons</td>
<td>C r i n k l e</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 teaspoon chopped onion</td>
<td></td>
<td>Cr l e u s</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Use any left-over cooked meat. If you are making the bobotees specially for a party use veal or chicken or a mixture of the two. Melt 1 tablespoon of butter in a small saucepan, add the onion and let cook three or four minutes. Remove crusts from bread, break into crumbs and put in pan with onion, add milk and stir over a low fire until it has a smooth sauce. Add chopped meat, chopped almonds, pepper and salt to taste and Worcestershire sauce or desired seasoning. Add the remaining tablespoon of butter, melted, mix well and fill cups nearly full. Sprinkle the top lightly with crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (about 375°F.) for about 30 minutes. This will fill six of the smaller cups.

Serve at once in the cups with a sprig of parsley on each for dinner or substantial party refreshments, or let cool and pack in the paper cups for box luncheon. When cool the Crinkle cup may be removed, leaving a well-formed meat cake.

*Pour your cake mixture into Crinkle Cups, just as they come from their dustproof box. No greasing...no bother.*

*Heat the oven to the proper temperature and the cakes will bake evenly and come out delicately browned.*

Then the cakes will slip out of their Crinkle Cups without sticking or breaking; daintily shaped and delicious.

**CRINKLE CUPS**

Oldmill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-2-31
Linden Street, corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

One of the big box-office hits of the year was "The Office Wife," the Warner Vitaphone production starring Dorothy Mackaill. As the faithful and decorative secretary, Miss Mackaill ran away with a big hit. Lewis Stone was excellent as the big business man who didn't appreciate her until almost too late.

Group A

Abraham Lincoln. Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences. The panorama of the Great Emancipator's life, superbly acted by Walter Huston and beautifully directed by Griffith. Poet Stephen Vincent Benét wrote this screen biography, which has stark beauty. You must see this film. United Artists.

Three Faces East. A thrilling spy melodrama of the World War. Von Stroheim, a German spy, plays a butler in a British household while Miss Bennett, a British spy, works her way into the good graces of the German Headquarters staff. Both give noteworthy performances in their respective roles. Warners.

Common Clay. Sure to be one of the big box-office pictures of the year. The problem story of a beautiful girl, an illegitimate baby and the tribulations of true love. Has a powerful emotional tug at your heart, due to Constance Bennett's fine playing. Beryl Mercer does a splendid bit, too. Fox.

Monte Carlo. A sort of successor to "The Love Parade"—but minus Chevalier. Jack Buchanan is pretty good in a Chevalier rôle, but Jeanette MacDonald runs away with the film as a charming, penniless countess. Adroit Lubitsch direction. Paramount.

The Dawn Patrol. An absorbing story of the air forces in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngsters going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., too, are to be complimented. First National.

Romance. Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60s. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. Metro-Goldwyn.

Holiday. The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. Pathé.


All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. Universal.

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. Paramount.

Song o' My Heart. John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. Fox.


The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rohk, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. Warners.

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. Metro-Goldwyn.

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. (Continued on page 16)
An autographed
WHO'S WHO
OF THE SCREEN

It's different because it's autographed...the most interesting album of them all! New photographs. Career stories written by the stars themselves! Your record of the film famous can't be complete without this third New Movie Album. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus four cents postage.

ORIG BOOKS, Incorporated, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

ON SALE IN MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 14)

in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. Warners.
Sunny Side Up. Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charles Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! Fox.

Group B

The Office Wife. Taken from Faith Baldwin's current magazine serial. It is the plot of the busy business man, the faithful and decorative secretary and the charming wife who philanders when opportunity permits. Dorothy Mackaill heads a splendid cast with Lewis Stone as the employer. Warners.

Hell's Angels. Cost its maker three million, three years and the lives of several stunt aviators. The war scenes in the air are great but the drama is mild. It has its thrills. United Artists.

Liliom. The talkies have taken over Franz Molnar's drama and developed it into an absorbing and interesting picture. It is brilliantly photographed. Rose Hobart, a newcomer, gives a sincere and sympathetic performance but Charles Farrell's work is rather dull. Fox.

The Warner Vitaphone production of "Outward Bound" takes an important position among the artistic films of the season. Here was a strange drama, superbly acted and produced. In the scene above are Alex B. Francis and Leslie Howard.

This is well worth seeing. Metro-Goldwyn. Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. Heavy but well done. United Artists.

Outward Bound. This is a strange but interesting drama, intelligently handled. A group of people find themselves on a vessel bound for the other world. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Montagu Love give fine performances. Warners.

The Love Parade. Still the best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and haughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. Paramount.

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin'
Things
You Can Make
for a Baby

F1. Jacket, cap and booties made from blue or pink outing flannel finished with featherstitching and ribbon bows make a charming and inexpensive gift for the new baby. The circular gives diagram patterns and full instructions.

A LITTLE time will give the harmonious and beautiful surroundings which modern doctors realize help contribute to a normal happy babyhood. Baby's equipment should not only be sensible and sanitary but lovely to look at as well, and this page shows dainty things you can make at home, quickly, for any baby.

Our New Method Circulars give full directions for making the pretty things shown on this page, according to short cut methods endorsed by busy modern women.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.

F1. An ordinary market basket or small clothes basket, finished with enamel paint and lined with white net over light blue or pink cambric, makes a dressing basket that any mother would be proud to possess. Circular gives complete directions for making and equipment this useful addition to the baby's outfit.

F2. An ordinary market basket or small clothes basket, finished with enamel paint and lined with white net over light blue or pink cambric, makes a dressing basket that any mother would be proud to possess. Circular gives complete directions for making and equipping this useful addition to the baby's outfit.

F3. To make the high chair soft and cozy, baby must have one of the new chair pads, covered with white cheese cloth and tufted with tiny ribbon bows. The circular explains how to make this dainty accessory as well as the matching floor spread shown above.

F4. The smartest of the new carriage covers and crib spreads are decorated with amusing animal and bird designs cut from soft eiderdown. The circular gives patterns for four different cut-out designs—elephants, cats, dogs and ducks—with directions for applying them.

F5. Toys for baby must be soft and made from washable materials. The circular explains how to make the Mary Jane rag doll and the yarn doll shown below, the wool-covered ball above, and two other easily made and harmless playthings.
WILL ROGERS
in HENRY KING'S production
LIGHTNIN'

WITH
LOUISE DRESSER
JOEL McCREA  HELEN COHAN
SHARON LYNN

WILL ROGERS, wizard of wise-cracks . . . as the lazy, lovable landlord of a divorce hotel—in a far west Paradise of scenic beauty. Will Rogers—host to a houseful of love-loose, man-wise, marvelous divorcées. Will Rogers—helping a handsome six-foot hero fight clear to the most wonderful girl in the world. Will Rogers—after his success in "They Had to See Paris" and "So This is London"—in his role of roles—LIGHTNIN'.

A FOX MOVIETONE adapted from the stage success produced by JOHN GOLDEN
LEILA HYAMS

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr.
JANET GAYNOR
DOROTHY MACKAILL  Says—
Charming First National Star

"You, too, will find Life Savers 'always good taste'"

Adv. 25
The annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were made at a banquet attended by 600 prominent members of the motion picture industry in the Ambassador Hotel.

These awards are made by vote of all the members of the academy and are the highest honors which can be given by those who work in pictures to their fellow members for artistic effort.

A feature of the evening was a speech made by Thomas A. Edison and given to the guests by means of the talking screen. Will H. Hays was also a speaker, in person.

These honors were presented for pictures seen in Los Angeles during the year from Aug. 1 to honors each received a bronze statuette, symbolizing achievement.

In the absence of William de Mille, president of the Academy, Conrad Nagel presided and made the awards.

Colleen Moore is resting at a sanitarium in Battle Creek, Michigan. A complete nervous breakdown and the need of a rest are given as the causes for her entrance. Colleen went out on the road with a stage play, entitled "Foam," which she expected to bring into New York. Much rewriting was necessary to whip the play into shape. "In the meantime," writes Colleen, "they change the script every day. I never know when I arrive at the theater what lines I'm to speak, those we used last week in Rochester, the week before in St. Louis or the ones we rehearsed that day. I've learned millions of words and forgot them, too. I rehearse all day on new stuff authors think is good, do a performance and then sit up all night while they all decide it wasn't so good after all. And I thought pictures were hard work! But if I get a good play, I'll show 'em. I'm set to do it now. Exhaustedly—I think my name is still—Colleen." And we know she will.

Gloria Swanson was granted a decree of divorce from Henri de la Falaise de la Condray by Superior Judge Walter Guerin in a Los Angeles courtroom. Gloria alleged desertion. In order that she might be spared the crowds, the judge consented to come into court at one o'clock and the thing was over in a very few moments. The Marquis de la Falaise did not contest the suit. "If my wife wants it, she shall have it," he said. "The decree will merely
All the News of the Famous Motion Picture

Marlene Dietrich: Hollywood opening of “Morocco” staggered the movie colony and Miss Dietrich wept.

place a legal stamp on our separation.”

* * *

You can get almost every kind of an animal delivered to your door in Hollywood within one hour after you have ordered it. That goes for anything from a giraffe to a camel, from a tapir to a monkey.

* * *

THE annual tennis tournament at Herbert Brenon’s Malibu Beach home has become the major social and sporting event of the Fall in the film colony. It’s a real tournament, conducted according to the rules of the Southern California Tennis Association, and the drawing this year was arranged by no less a tennis star than Louise Dudley, one time National Women’s doubles champion.

The guests and tournament players were invited for ten o’clock and play began immediately, on Brenon’s own court, and on the Malibu courts belonging to Allan Dwan, Robert Leonard, Buddy da Sylva and George Olsen. Mr. Brenon—who, by the way, directed such great screen successes as “Bean Geste” and “Peter Pan”—has the most delightful English cottage, and the back courtyard and gardens were filled with swings and canvas chairs under umbrellas where guests could watch the important matches, played on the main court.

At noon a buffet luncheon was served on small tables set under bright umbrellas in the front yard. Mr. Brenon was assisted in receiving by Betty Williams, who writes his scenarios, Mrs. Louise Dudley, and his mother. After luncheon tennis play was resumed, and the bridge players also went back to their games.

The tournament was won by Dick Hyland and Mrs. Ruby Jenks. The first prize for men was a brown leather and jade humidor presented by Ronald Colman, the first prize for ladies was a beautiful traveling watch.

All the matches were mixed doubles. Ronald Colman and Eileen Perey made a formidable team and were expected to go through to the finals, but were eliminated in an upset by Paul Seaford and Mrs. Witterton, after they had defeated Kay Johnson and Henry Hobart in the opening round.

Clive Brook and John Gilbert won their first match and defaulted the next because Jack developed cramps in his side. Dorothy Robinson, former state champion, and Clive Brook were eliminated in one of the most exciting matches of the day, 8-6, by Hyland and Mrs. Jenks. William Powell played with Ethel Sutton Bruce, Irene Mayer Selznick with Pan Berman, Teddy Von Eltz with Betty Williams, Ralph Ince with Florence Sutton, John Cromwell, who is Kay Johnson’s husband, with Lou Rosson, holder of the women’s singles title in the film colony, Oliver H. P. Garrett, author of “Street of Chance,” with Mrs. Allan Dwan, and May Sutton Bundy, former world’s champion, with George Olsen. The host, Herbert Brenon, was the partner of Mrs. Louise Dudley, but the couple lost in the first round to Lou Rosson and John Cromwell. Adela Rogers St. Johns and Buddy da Sylva, the famous song writer, were paired and defeated in the initial set by Dick Hyland and Mrs. Jenks.

The final match, which caused much enthusiasm with the crowd, all the defeated players gathering about, was played between Dick Hyland and Mrs. Jenks, and May Sutton Bundy and George Olsen, the former team winning 6-0.

Among the guests who watched the matches were Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Mrs. Mary Forbes, Carol Lombard, Dov Armstrong, and Eddie Lowe and Lilian Tashman.

Sue Severence, Doris and Violet Doeg, sisters of the national champion, Johnny Doeg, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaut, Steve and Dot Royce, David Butler and Louise Garrett, Milton Cohen, Sally Biano, men’s champion of the movie colony, who played with Mrs. da Sylva, were other entrants.

* * *

ALAN CROSLAND, well known director, and Natalie Moorhead, are to be married soon. They’re planning quite a wedding.

* * *

THIS Chester Morris is a quiet young fellow, who has risen to unusual heights of popularity without anybody in Hollywood being quite conscious that he was doing it. He is happily married, has a family and doesn’t go out much. But everyone who knows him swears by him. He is probably headed for stardom soon, unless the dearth of good leading men makes it more worth while for him to continue as a featured player.

* * *

OPENINGS get bigger and better. “Hell’s Angels” topped everything for crowds and attendance of celebrities. But “Morocco,” starring Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper, electrified the professional first night audience at Grauman’s Chinese
Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Theater and brought forth more enthusiasm than any premiere ever seen in these parts. Miss Dietrich herself was present, accompanied by Josef Von Sternberg, who directed the picture. She wore a very simple white frock and wept quite openly as the cheers and applause for her great work swept through the packed house.

In the audience we saw Ruth Chatterton, accompanied by her husband, Ralph Forbes, Clara Bow, looking very bright and snappy and squired by Rex Bell, Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, William Powell and Carol Lombard, Gary Cooper with Lupe Velez, Kay Francis, in cloth of gold, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, The Marquis de La Falaise and Constance Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart (Sue Carol), Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray). Harry Bannister and his wife, Ann Harding, who is never recognized by the crowds. Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Marie Dressler, getting the biggest reception of anyone from the fans, Lily Damita, whisking her silken draperies under a new ermine coat. Lew Cody, Wallace Beery, Victor McLaglen, towering over the rest of the crowd with his big smile, Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson, pretty Marian Nixon, with her good looking husband, Harry Green, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brulé (Hope Hampton), wearing the most magnificent jewels of anyone present. Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), in shimmering white and ermine cape, Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. George Olsen, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woolsey, and Joan Marsh, in pale pink. It was really a great occasion.

The salary of a hippopotamus in Hollywood is $600 a day.

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels have remodeled one of their Santa Monica beach houses and expect to stay there all winter.

The biggest billboard advertising ever seen in Hollywood was given Marlene Dietrich just a few weeks prior to the opening of "Morocco." A twenty-four sheet, in pale green, simply bore those two words MARLENE DIETRICH in letters many feet high and bright scarlet. That's hard to live up to, but the gal does it.

Ruth Chatterton leaves for Europe shortly. When she returns she will stay in New York to make pictures. Jack King gave a delightful dinner party for her recently. Jack is the good looking blond young man who composes songs and plays accompaniments for Elsie Janis. Among the guests were William Powell, Ronald Colman, Mr., and Mrs. Clive Brook, Elsie Janis, Ramon Novarro, Jimmy Dyrenforth, who writes charming songs, Carol Gibbons and John Clare.

Dolores Del Rio was well enough to entertain a few of her friends at tennis on Sundays when she had a relapse and had to undergo an operation. She and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, have been living in Cedric's beautiful new home in Santa Monica Canyon. Dolores' plans for future work are indefinite. Her United Artists contract was canceled because of her long illness with its attendant inability to appear before the camera. She's been rumored about to sign with Fox, where she was first starred.

Marlene Dietrich, the newest sensation of Hollywood, fiddles a mean fiddle.

Janet Gaynor plays the zither.

Renee Adoree and Lila Lee are both in the same sanitarium, near Prescott, Arizona. They've not been allowed to visit each other yet, but they can write notes back and forth and I imagine there are plenty of laughs in the notes, for both those girls have courage and humor enough to pull them through anything. Lila is getting better every day and Renee has showed a decided improvement since she went there for a complete rest and treatment.

Holmwood's younger set had a very swell time at a party given the other night by Mr. and Mrs. William Inee at their home in Beverly Hills. Young Bill Inee is the eldest son of the late Thomas H. Inee, one of the pioneers of the motion picture industry.

It was a "hard time" party, and everybody tried to look as though they were the original fellow that got caught in the stock market crash. Some insisted they were. All came in old clothes.

Mrs. Inee wore a costume made out of old sail cloth and managed to look very pretty just the same. Among the guests were Maureen O'Sullivan, Mar-

Marie Dressler: On the stage since she was five, she now arrives at stardom and spurns $10,000 a week.
The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the

WHEN Marie Dressler finished her last picture, called "Reducing," she gave a turkey dinner on the set for the entire company, electricians, grips, sound and cameramen, actors and all. Over fifty people attended.

Miss Dressler has been on the stage and screen since she was five years old. She recently turned down an offer of $10,000 a week to make personal appearances in a New York theater.

NORMA TALMADGE is back in Hollywood and doesn't seem very happy about it. She had a marvelous time in Europe. No story has been selected for her next picture. We'd like to see Norma do one of the charming, romantic things that were so popular in the old days.

MADGE KENNEDY, who forsook Hollywood for the stage, was tossed through a windshield in an automobile accident near Boston. Her face was cut but she managed to appear behind the footlights that very night.

ON Armistice Night, Marion Davies was hostess to 3500 ex-service men and their wives and sweethearts, at a magnificent ball and supper given at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles.

It was really one of the most remarkable entertainments ever presented for any occasion. Miss Davies is Honorary Colonel of the Twenty-Sixth Infantry and on that evening presented new colors to her regiment. She appeared at the ball in full regimental uniform, sword and all.

The enormous Sala D'Oro at the Biltmore was gay with flags, lights and flowers. An orchestra played dance music. The boxes arranged around the glistening floor were reserved for wounded veterans. Decorations of all kinds were worn and many of the men came in their uniforms.

From eight until nine-thirty there was dancing. Then Miss Davies appeared on the platform with Governor-Elect James Rolph of California. Both made welcoming speeches and Colonel Davies was cheered until the "raffers rang," as the saying goes.

Followed a program including Eddie Cantor, who sang and told stories. An Albertina Rasch ballet danced. Grace Moore sang. Then more dancing and, at eleven-thirty, supper was served to 3500 of Miss Davies' guests in the banquet room, the small ball room, and the main dining room, which was closed to others for the night.

"We won't forget this in a hurry" was the comment of many of the boys of the A. E. F. Miss Davies made a tour of the boxes and talked to the disabled veterans and signed autographs for everyone who asked.

Among those who assisted her in entertaining the veterans were Norma Shearer, looking stunning in a gown of henna colored crepe, Bebe Daniels, who wore the uniform of a colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second flying corps, of which she is Honorary Colonel, Mrs. Adolph Menjou, Carmen Pantages, Lonella Parsons, Lily Damita, Eileen Percy, and Grace Moore.

JOHN GILBERT'S trip to Europe was canceled because of studio obligations. He expected to leave at nine o'clock on the Chief. At four, he was told he couldn't go and the trucks, all packed, had to be taken off the tracks. The only casualty was Jack's valet, who wasn't used to such violent and sudden changes and suffered a nervous collapse. Jack was disappointed but he's so anxious to work that he really didn't grieve much. His next will be "Gentleman's Fate," a best seller by Ursula Parrott, who broke into the big time with "Ex-Wife." Norma Shearer made that and they called it "The Divorcee."

Lew Ayres was asked how he enjoyed working with Greta Garbo. "She was fun," he said, "has a great sense of humor, and asked me a million questions about what boys thought about girls. And then she topped every one of them before I could say anything with the statement, 'But you are too young, you do not know. What do I ask you for?' Who was I to be arguing with Greta Garbo—so I shut up whether I knew or didn't know what she asked."

KAY FRANCIS is making a big bid for the title of Hollywood's best woman bridge player. Bebe Daniels has held that honor for some years now, but Kay is running her a close race. Kay Johnson and Constance Bennett are also up with the experts.

RICHARD DIX is happy again. Director Wes Ruggles
film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

yelled, "Cut!" for the last time on "Cimarron." The picture is finished and Richard can get his hair cut. He's been letting it grow since last May! A flock of Indians was used in this picture and the Kaw tribe adopted Mister Dix. They gave him the name of "Gawani Owerti." It means "Big Heart" in English.

SOME time ago we told about a robber entering "Fairford" the beach home of Mary and Doug, and holding up the latter while Mary slept upstairs. He was caught, escaped, and was caught again. He and two companions were arrested after a gun battle with Hollywood police and lodged in the county bastile. The leader merely kicked out a fourth story window, jumped sixteen feet across an alley onto the roof of another building, jumped the alley the other side of that, went down a fire escape, into a room, socked a fifty-year-old man on the chin, took his clothes, and walked out the front door of a hotel. Only to be caught two blocks away. He broke his ankle on the second jump.

ONE of the most peculiar and startling of all censor stunts has Hollywood by the ears. Mickey Mouse has been CENSORED! And Hollywood says, "Holy Smoke! If they pick on that poor, inoffensive, lovable little fellow—what chance have the rest of us got?" It seems that among the things which have put Mickey in bad in several places are: a cow in one of his pictures wore a skirt, another cow read a book titled, "Three Weeks," a fish slapped a mermaid, an army of cats wore helmets faintly resembling the German helmet used during the late fracas and battled another army of mice.

ELINOR FAIR was given a divorce from Bill Boyd, of "Volga Boatman" fame. They met while playing together in "The Volga Boatman" and parted last month in the courts.

MR. AND MRS. CLIVE BROOK live in the house that was built by Wallace Reid. Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders, occupy the home in which King and Florence Vidor lived when they were married to each other. How times do change in pictures.

GLORIA SWANSON has just "done over" her bedroom, in her beautiful Beverly Hills home. It is all in a soft, silvery beige, with the most stunning, long mirrors and specially built bed which in the daytime is a large and fascinating couch. The whole house is being redecorated. Gloria bought it several years ago, and while the rooms are big and stately, with heavily beamed ceilings and a majestic staircase, she always felt it was too dark. Now the walls are to be in soft bright colors and the house will be much more livable.

DORIS KENYON, the widow of Milton Sills, has left Hollywood for New York, where she intends to take up her career once more. She will probably continue the concerts—a la Raquel Meller—which aroused so much interest last year. Doris feels that work is the best consolation for her grief.

No one has ever accused Marie Dressler and Wally Beery of having that thing called sex appeal, yet they are two of the most powerful box-office attractions in motion pictures today.

YOUNG Irving Thalberg Jr., son of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, is one of the handsomest little babies you'd want to see. Norma is a devoted mother, even if she won't have her picture taken with the new heir.

JEAN ARTHUR just returned from a trip to New York, her first vacation since she went to work for Paramount. Says she had a wonderful time and saw some very good plays.

AMONG the members of the Crusaders, the powerful Anti-Prohibition organization formed by the young men of America to combat the evils wrought by prohibition, is Lawrence Tibbett. Others are Bobby Jones, all-time golf champion. Peter B. Kyne, author of many favorite motion picture stories, James Joseph Tunney, better known as Gene, Donald Ogden Stewart, Jock Whitney, Charles Hamilton Sabin, Jr., Jess Sweetser, Bob Benchley, Leonard C. Hanna, Jr., and many other important young business men.

The Missouri River was the scene of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." But when the picture was made in Hollywood the Sacramento River in California doubled for the Missouri.

(Continued on page 91)
A SLENDER young man immaculately dressed in light gray, with a bit of colored ribbon in his buttonhole, strolled leisurely across the Place Vendome upon a certain hot afternoon in the summer of 1924. His air was gay, nonchalant, as though he were pleased with the world, with himself, and with the prospect of a cocktail at the Ritz bar. His bright blue eyes looked upon the moving crowds with amused affection.

A Parisian of Parisians, that was plain. And many passersby recognized Henri, Marquis de la Falaise and de la Coudray, for he was a well-known figure upon the Boulevards and in the press, where one saw him pictured at the races, at the opera, on the Riviera, between famous beauties and grandes dames. A friend of the

Gloria Swanson and the Marquis, when they first arrived in America. Soon after this the world closed about their romance. The Gloria who had followed her lover so gently, so willingly, in Paris, was reclaimed by her career. Once more she was a woman whose time was never her own. In a strange country, Henri felt himself lost.

GLORIA SWANSON AND THE MARQUIS

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Prince of Wales. A distinguished veteran of the War. Last of a long line of aristocrats.
In fact, one of the bloods of the French capital.

THE Marquis entered the Ritz bar. Yet once within a shadow seemed to fall upon his mood. There were times, since the mad and tragic business of the war, when he felt the world a little out of key. When he craved a new, even if brief, experience of unfamiliar things. Even as he joined a group which included the best dressed woman in France, a titled Englishman, a renowned sportsman and two famous dancers, he wondered if the coming day might not hold for him something a little different.

Beside him at the little table sat a tall, solemn looking gentleman, whom he did not know, who seemed absorbed in gloomy reflections and a champagne cocktail. They were introduced. His name was Forrest Halsey and he was an American scenario writer.

Henri de la Falaise made him a graceful little speech. "I'm so interested in your American pictures," he said. "You are doing remarkable things."

The gloom upon the writer's intellectual brow lifted. "You speak English?" he said. "Thank God for that. I'm so sick of the French language I get limp at the sound of it. I don't speak French. I drink it, but I don't speak it. I've over here making a picture. It's a great country but the next time I hope we build sets in Hollywood instead."

The Marquis laughed. They talked about pictures. The writer brightened by the minute. He expounded on the greatness of the movies.

"HOW'D you like a job yourself?" he said, entering upon his next cocktail.

The Marquis drew himself up a trifle.

"Oh no," he said. "One grows a trifle restless, since the war. But it is not necessary to become an actor."

"I wasn't talking about acting," said Forrest Halsey. "Let me explain. I'm over here with Gloria Swanson. We came to shoot 'Madame Sans-Gene' in its native haunts. Real historical background and all that. I don't speak French. Gloria doesn't speak French. Nobody else on the picture including the director speaks anything else. It's terrible."

"Why not get an interpreter?" said the interested Marquis.
Their Romance Began in Paris in Springtime and it Swept Them Off Their Feet. But the World Was Their Mother-in-Law

"We've got nine," said Mr. Halsey wearily. "Miss Swanson doesn't like all nine of 'em. If we can understand their English, the director can't understand their French. And vice versa. Or they don't understand about pictures. They're dumb. They drive Miss Swanson crazy. I was going to suggest that you take the job."

For an instant the young Frenchman turned a very cold eye upon this gentleman from America. The Marquis de la Falaise an interpreter for a movie actress? Still—why not? A long dull Summer ahead. This might be the small adventure he had been beseeching the gods to bestow. To see a film made, to get on the inside, might be very amusing.

"It might be," said the Marquis. "Come right on up now and meet Miss Swanson," said Halsey. He knew his Ritz bar. He was taking no chances.

Half an hour later a surprised butler in a beautiful Parisian apartment was announcing to Miss Swanson that Mr. Halsey and the Marquis de la Falaise were in the drawing room.

Miss Swanson powdered her well known nose, glanced in the long mirror to be sure that her slim, black negligee, just home from Chanel, was quite to her liking, and went down.

"Miss Swanson," said Mr. Halsey, "may I present the Marquis de la Falaise. Marquis, Miss Gloria Swanson. How would you like to have him for an interpreter?"

The two shook hands, laughed a little, began to talk. Very casually, Miss Swanson thought he

Gloria Swanson's marriage was the peak of her happiness. She had always wanted to be married. She has always wanted a home, a man to love and to love her. She had known all too well the loneliness of fame. So her marriage to the Marquis was to be different from anything else. It was for ever and ever.
A REAL LOVE ROMANCE WITHOUT A HAPPY ENDING

was handsome and had delightful manners. Henri was somehow surprised at a wistful sadness in the beautiful gray-green eyes which met his so directly. Glittering and gorgeous as she was, this lady of the cinema, she did not look happy. Perhaps she was lonely, or homesick, in this strange country.

He wasn't particularly impressed by the fact that she was Gloria Swanson. He knew many women of the theater, opera stars, dancers and actresses. They were fascinating, but they didn't belong to his world. He saw no reason to make a fuss about them. He stayed for dinner, though. And his hostess wondered why he seemed a little nervous, a little distrait. She didn't find out until long afterwards that he had basely deserted a dinner party in the elegant Avenue Victor Hugo and that he didn't exactly understand why he had done it.

He was, for her—the French language. She was, for him—part of an amusing adventure to fill a dull summer.

They met beneath the glairing arc lamps, within a few feet of the cinema. To Henri, very calm and elegant, Gloria would explain what she wanted to do with a scene. She would tell it in minutest detail, trembling with real excitement.

The Marquis would watch and then in a few swift, delicate French phrases, would pass it on to the director. "But you didn't—you couldn't have explained what I want," Gloria would cry. "Oh, please, make him understand."

"He understands," Henri would say.

Apparently he did. Then, as the weeks drifted by, they began to see each other after the day's work was done.

"It wasn't love at first sight then?" I asked Gloria. Her eyes gazed, rather sadly, into the happy past, perhaps the very happiest time of her life.

"Not at first sight," she said, "but—I think it wasn't long afterwards."

What a setting it was for a romance. Paris, always the best beloved of cities, with her manifold charms, took him to her heart. She lent all her glamour, all her poetry, all her beauty, to this son of hers to aid in his wooing. The distilled essence of centuries of romance flowed about these two young lovers. The background which has always gone to the hearts and heads of men as no other background has ever done was the stage before which they moved.

A Summer in Paris. Her first Summer in Paris. And Henri, who knew Paris as few men knew it, gay and gallant and perfect in his own setting, to show it all to her.

Days spent wandering together in those same gardens where Marie Antoinette played her tragic comedies. Days in the parks and the countryside, all abloom for this illustrious visitor. Days

Next Month Adela Rogers St. Johns Will Relate Another Great Love Story of This Most Glamorous Town

when they journeyed by motor into France and saw all the rarest moments in her history and her art. The collected art treasures of centuries quickened their senses as they stood, hand in hand, before Venus herself, in the treasure house of the Louvre.

Afternoons at the Chateau Madrid, when they sat across a little table—as lovers always do—and the soft twilight gathered in the terraced gardens, and the distant music of a tango drifted in to them. Nights in the famed Montmartre, nights among Henri's friends, who showed her a life, a European culture and elegance, which this little girl from Chicago had never seen.

Days and nights when the young Frenchman, the perfect Prince Charming of every girl's dreams, said softly, "Ah, je t'aime." And Gloria said, "I love you."

They didn't dream then—how could they—that the fatal end was in those very words, since they spoke a different language.

A perfect setting—and a fatal one. A fairyland: America, Hollywood, the movies seemed very far away. Henri did not know and Gloria, all woman, had forgotten what it meant to be a movie star. They loved each other. I know that. You would know it, if you had ever talked to them, as I have, before and since the American courts ended that idyl. They didn't look ahead. They were neither of them practical people, at best. Then, in that Parisian summer, madly in love, with everything about them singing just the song they wanted to hear, they didn't have a practical thought.

Gloria said, "You know, Henry (she pronounces it the American way), I have to go back to America, to my work. You will come, too?"

"I'd go to hell to be with you," said Henri, after the immemorial fashion of lovers, and didn't know how literally he was speaking the truth.

For the world stood ready to shatter their dream.

"The world," Gloria said the other day, "the world was our mother-in-law. The world was the villain in our story. The world—and circumstances."

On January 28th, 1925, six months after they first met, they were married, in Paris, with only two friends present.

It was the peak of Gloria's happiness. She wanted to be married. She wanted a home, a man to love and to love her. She had known all too well the loneliness of fame. This marriage was to be different from anything else. It was for ever and ever. It would go on as it had begun.

So Gloria Swanson became the Marquise de la Palaisce. There have been a lot of things said about that. People must have something to talk about. Rumor has suggested that Gloria married for a title and that Henri married for money. Gloria didn't care any more about a title than (Continued on page 120)
The first camera study of Mary Pickford in her newest talkie role, "Kiki," played behind the footlights by Lenore Ulrich and in the silent films by Norma Talmadge. Kiki originally was a reckless little gamin of the Paris gutter who haunted the theaters for a chance. Miss Pickford has shifted the background from Paris to New York. Reginald Denny plays the young stage producer opposite Miss Pickford and Sam Taylor is the director.
Greta Garbo—as you will see her in her next talking film, "Inspiration." Miss Garbo plays Yvonne Valbret, the inspiration of all the artists in the Latin Quarter. No, she isn't a model. The scenario describes her as "world weary and a little aloof towards men, yet capable of charming and fascinating all of them." You know how well Greta does that. The popular Robert Montgomery plays the young artist who combats that aloof attitude.
The strange, white-haired man followed me and asked me to listen to his story—the oddest ever told me in all my Hollywood experience.

The Strangest STORY Ever Told Me

By

O. O. McIntyre

It was one of those gala Friday nights which bring the motion-picture folk to Eddie Brandstetter's Montmartre café in Hollywood. Here the favored occupy ringside tables, a guest star for the evening awards the weekly cup to the most graceful dancing couple and the well known are singled out by the master of ceremonies to take a bow.

If one attends these gatherings long enough, a close-up of every cinema celebrity is inevitable. As every American drifts some time or other to a marble-topped table in front of the Café de la Paix, so do all connected with the motion-picture industry at some time or other appear at a Montmartre Friday night.

These affairs constitute nights when the movie colony relaxes and rubs elbows with hoi-polloi. The little girl from Big Creek, Neb., chaperoned by her aunt, may reach out and actually touch as they pass to their tables the Gloria Swansons, the Joan Crawfords and the Conrad Nagels—all indeed save The Great Garbo who, in all Hollywood, seems to be the only one to realize the box-office draw of complete isolation.

We were seated one night in Montmartre at a gala evening—

(Continued on page 122)
You Can't Get Away From Your Stars, and Miss Adams Tells How Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro Have Been Guided by the Planets

If you do still wonder—if you, who were born under Aries or Leo or Scorpio or Pisces, are still unwilling to accept the desirability of us Aquarians—I can give you even more convincing proof of our ranking under the stars. Abraham Lincoln was born under Aquarius; and so were Thomas A. Edison and John Ruskin and Robert Burns and Victor Herbert and Fritz Kreisler and John Barrymore and Charles M. Schwab and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Elihu Root and Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Of course, there are Aquarians and Aquarians. I, for instance, cannot write like Robert Burns or play like Fritz Kreisler or act like John Barrymore or fly like Colonel Lindbergh. And it is not likely that any two men—let alone two such widely different men as Mr. Colman and Mr. Novarro—would combine all of the fine traits of this fine sign. One of them is almost sure to be more of an Aquarian than the other. And the first question I asked myself when I looked at their charts was "Which will it be?"

I could almost have told by looking at the two men that it would be Mr. Novarro. There is a certain masterfulness about Mr. Colman, a certain rough-and-ready for all his polished manner, which indicates the presence of planets in his horoscope which would tend to modify the gentle, altruistic characteristics of his sign. On the other hand, Mr. Novarro's almost hypnotic eyes and that ethereal quality which is so much a part of his personality are unmistakable traits of the true Aquarian. The fact that he runs so true to type does not necessarily mean any superiority over Mr. Colman as an artist or as a man. It simply means that he is a better example for me to use in showing you the kind of person you yourself are most likely to be if you, too, were born in the last week of January or the first three weeks of February. So I will tell you about him first—and then tell you how Mr. Colman differs from him.

Like most Aquarians Mr. Novarro is notably good to his family, his humanitarian instincts begin at home. He likes to do things for those of his relatives who have had less opportunity than he has to do things for themselves. He is the kind that would travel about with large crowds of elderly people, sharing with them all the comforts and pleasures which his

Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Ramon Novarro, who was born at Durango, Mexico, on February 6th, 1900, at 4:45 A.M.
bounty could buy. And, as a matter of fact, he does do just that. I remember one trip to Europe about two years ago, when the Novarros young and old required a good part of one deck to house them!

Mr. Colman, too, has this quality of interest in his family. But he is not likely to get anything like the same amount of pleasure out of his relatives while he is with them. He has Mars, the God of War, in that part of the heaven ruling brothers and sisters. It is seldom, that a person with Mars so placed in his chart achieves real happiness in the family into which he was born. If he has not suffered from this aspect, it is because of other influences in his horoscope which contribute to the charm and magnetism which we all know him to possess.

Mr. Novarro not only has the Sun in Aquarius but he has Mercury as well. The Sun is the principal factor in determining the character of a person, but Mercury is important, too, because it governs the mind and determines the whole mental outlook on life. Superficially, for example, Mr. Novarro is a very serious young man. He looks at you from those great glowing eyes of his in a way that makes you feel he has been communing with all the spirits of unutterable sadness. Actually, thanks to Mercury in Aquarius, he is the essence of optimism. He never crosses bridges until he comes to them. He was just as sure of his ultimate success when he was an unknown dancer in the prologue entertainments of Sid Grauman's Hollywood theaters as he was when he was chosen for the much-coveted rôle of Ben Hur.

Mr. Colman, on the other hand, has Mercury in Capricorn, which causes just the opposite to be true. People with Mercury in Capricorn appear to be much more cheerful than they really are. They look out on the world with a happy mien on many an occasion when they are inwardly facing fate with grim eyes. They leave little to chance, but prefer to fight their way through every problem. It is a question, I suppose, which is the preferable attitude. Mercury in Aquarius often leads its possessors into literary channels. It encourages self-expression along imaginative lines. Mercury in Capricorn, on the other hand, gives an almost photographic mind; it enables its owners to recall every detail about things which have happened after the passing of many years; it is concrete rather than imaginative. Take your choice!

In the case of Ronald Colman, the gentle, altruistic characteristics of Aquarius are modified by other planets. He was destined to express himself along imaginative lines. Mr. Colman's outlook is excellent, according to the stars.

Mr. Novarro has Venus in another universal sign, Pisces. This is the chief factor in making him so successful in romantic roles. People who have Venus in Pisces are not only romantic themselves, but they are able to simulate or act romance. Neptune, the planet which rules acting, especially acting on the screen, is the ruling planet of the sign Pisces. Neptune is the shadow planet. It represents the semblance of reality rather than reality itself. That is why it is the ruling planet of the motion-picture industry. To have Venus, the Goddess of Love, in this sign ruled by Neptune is the ideal situation for one whose fate it is to be cast for a romantic lover on the shadow stage.

Mr. Colman—to turn again to our other Aquarian—has Venus in the same sign in which he has Mercury, the more forceful and practical Capricorn. This again is a much more personal sign. Venus-in-Capricorn men are masculinity incarnate. They are what is known as "he-men." Ronald Colman is essentially that. The difference between these two men as lovers on the screen would

(Continued on page 98)
Batteries of flood lights front upon the Fox Carthay Circle Theater in Hollywood. The event is the premiere of the Fox extravaganza, "Just Imagine," disclosing just what life will be like fifty years from now. You know how Hollywood stages its opening nights. The premiere of "Just Imagine" was one of the biggest events in the history of the movie colony.
Janet's DAD

For the First Time the Dramatic Story of Janet Gaynor's Real Father is Told

BY THOMAS E. LEWIS

It was as natural for Lolly Gainer—christened Laura, but known as Janet Gaynor in the movies—to become a mimic as it is for another Barrymore to step behind the footlights or into the glare of the kleigs. It was in her blood.

That Janet Gaynor, diminutive star of "The Four Devils," "The Street Angel," "High Society Blues," and other cinema successes, rose to great heights while her father, Frank DeWitt Gainer, remained a contented interior decorator, is beside the point. Frank Gainer was, and still is, at heart, a mimic.

And, in that father's heart of his, as fathers will, he still feels he could teach his famous daughter a few tricks, even as, before she was eight years old, he taught her some of the acrobatic stunts she found so useful in "The Four Devils." He said so. And, incidentally, Frank Gainer was in the movies before "Lolly" had cut her back teeth. More than twenty years ago he played character bits on the old Lubin lot at Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, in Philadelphia, where Janet was born.

A LITTLE more than two years ago Janet, on a visit to "the old home town," was asked by this writer how she came to try motion pictures. Was it a lifelong ambition? Was she movie struck as a child? What made her think she could act?

She replied with no hesitancy whatever, with that girlish frankness which those who know her best say is so much a part of her: "For no reason at all, Jonesy thought I had talent, so I got a job as an extra. You know the rest."

Thus—and you will note she referred to Jonesy, her stepfather, who has since died—did she summarize her first step to stardom. On this occasion, for reasons of her own, she did not mention her flesh-and-blood father.

But the reason, although it did not become apparent until recently, when Frank Gainer himself let the secret out, was that at that very moment she was planning a reunion. Within an hour her press-agents began informing everybody she was "out," while into her luxurious suite walked Frank Gainer, the paperhanger. Janet wanted to be alone with him!

What went on between father and daughter during the hour they were together is nobody's business. Perhaps they just got acquainted again, for they had not seen one another for years. (Continued on page 109)
Lewis Milestone Was Born in Russia and He Has Worked His Way Up from Raincoat Maker at $4 a Week to the Forefront of Motion Picture Direction

during the summer vacation period. With this money, he suddenly decided to come to America and landed in New York with three dollars. His father cabled him, "Now that you are in the land of Liberty and Labor, roll up your sleeves and go to work."

He went to work in a raincoat factory at four dollars a week. A strike came in the factory and Milestone was thrown in jail. Within a short time, he was out of one jail into another—a raincoat factory.

With the future looking about as cheerful as Hollywood on a rainy day, he tried the various jobs in America out of which so many restless and ambitious fellows have eventually arrived.

In broken English he sold chromo photographs from door to door. Unable to look longer at such monstrosities on their walls, the citizens of America decided to enter the World War.

Milestone enlisted in the Photographic Division of the Signal Corps.

He told me quite sincerely that his reason for enlisting in this division was because of his keen anxiety to go to the front, and that he had been promised a chance to stop real bullets within six months.

We were drinking lemonade in New York in Jim Moriarity's place, at the time; and I concluded it would not be wise to dispute a man who was so anxious in youth to stop bullets. So I chimed right in with him, remembering that another very good friend of mine, Rupert Hughes, enlisted for the same purpose and humorously told me later that he had had thirty swivel chairs shot from under him in the terrible battle of Washington, D. C.

EVERYBODY calls Milestone "Milly," and, as by this time New Movie readers know him as a brave soldier and an able director, they may as well be chummy with him too.

While Milly was pining in Washington to go forth and be shot for some idea but vaguely understood even by the people who started the fracas, there were in the same division three other young men who also wanted to die—Albert Kaufman, and the two future directors, Wesley Ruggles and Josef Von Sternberg. The latter, being more democratic in those days, had not yet become aware that his middle handle was Von.

Through these young fellows, Milly heard tales of daring on Hollywood lots that made his blood run so cold he decided the game was a good racket.

A keen logical mind, he had long ago realized that making raincoats and peddling chromos was a job for men with futures behind them.
That Boy from Odessa

BY JIM TULLY

When the World War ended and Milly had recovered from his grief at not being shot to make the world safe for democracy and the panic of 1930, Milly left his other fellow patriots, Kaufman, Sternberg, and Ruggles and got a job with the nice sounding title of "assistant cutter." It paid twenty dollars a week, and he did most of his work with a broom—sweeping the cutting-room floor. Every Saturday he washed the windows in order that the cutters might look down upon the lot and see the directors meditating on the Fourth Dimension and the meaning of life and art—in motion pictures.

After six months Milly went over to the Fox Studios at more money, and a better broom.

Leaving there he joined Mack Sennett, named in his Irish youth Sinot, and pronounced by the whimsical and lovely Mabel Normand, that is no more—"Sin-not."

The sardonic Irishman sized Milly up and ordered a street sweeper for him. He went next to another Irishman, more suave than Sennett, less sardonic, and more easily swayed by his own impulses—Thomas Ince.

With a powerful mind and as keen an apprehension as any man I have ever known, Milly learned swiftly from these two men—the fundamentals of films.

His next job as chief cutter and writer under William Seiter, the able director-husband of Laura La Plante, held him for three years.

With this rigid training as a background he began to look about for a chance to go on his own—as a director.

Here, his shrewdness was again in evidence. He refused offers to become an assistant director. A half-dozen years of observation as cutter and gag man—he waited.

If he took a job as assistant he might be a detail man for years in an already over-crowded field.

His ability and personality had impressed the Warner Brothers, then as daring as any producers in the business, but not in the strong position in which they are today.

He directed two pictures for them, "Seven Sinners" and "The Caveman," in which Matt Moore played a leading rôle.

A STRONG man, Milly had made enemies and friends in his climb upward. His most loyal friend was Matt Moore.

This actor, a shrewd judge and analyzer of men, met everybody in films socially. Always at the proper time, he would put in praise for Milly.

His name at last came under the notice of the producer of "Two Arabian Knights."

Milly was chosen to direct it.

The story was barely in embryo at this time. It was utterly different from anything that had ever been done and, as in "All Quiet on the Western Front," the love interest was casual. It detailed the trials and tribulations of two vagabonds in the same gusty picturesque manner in which Cervantes handled Don Quixote and his befuddled follower.

It was the finest work of its kind ever done on the screen, far richer with the flavor of life than all the synthetic offerings of Lubitsch and his imitators.

The film made Milly and its chief actor, Louis Wolheim. It may here be said in passing that without Milly, Wolheim would not occupy the position in the film world he does today. The best work of Wolheim's career is in "Two Arabian Knights," "The Racket," and "All Quiet on the Western Front"—three Milestone pictures.

AFTER Thomas Meighan seemingly had departed from the screen, an effort was made by his friends, among whom was Milly, to bring him back to public favor.

Milly was given complete charge in selecting and directing a story in which he appeared. He chose "The Racket." It brought Meighan up again to being a highly successful box-office attraction.

It is likely that had Milly's advice been followed, Meighan would have remained in the Big League of films instead of retiring to the bushes of his Great Neck estate.

Gratified with Meighan's (Continued on page 118)
Marriage Is a Problem Anywhere, but in Hollywood where the Menaces Are Multiplied It is a Thing to Baffle Anyone

Janet Gaynor and her husband, Lydell Peck. "The first year is the hardest," says Miss Gaynor in referring to marriage. "You have to get used to it and to the other person. But now everything seems smooth sailing for us."

Marriage anywhere today has assumed the nature of an experiment.

Marriage in Hollywood may be termed a noble experiment.

On every hand divorce statistics prove that the ancient institution isn't what it used to be. The majority of young folks who adventure today upon the sea of matrimony take along a life preserver in the shape of knowledge that if they don't like it they can always tell the judge about it.

Of all matrimonial seas, that of Hollywood seems to be the most dangerous. The rocks and reefs are multiplied by the peculiar circumstances of life in the cinema capital.

First, the fact that in a majority of cases both husband and wife have careers to think about. I may be going against the modern feminine standard, but I still think that is a difficulty, though I admit it can be overcome. But it's wrecked a number of marriages in the past—Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay, Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, King and Florence Vidor, and others.

Second, you may not have thought about it, but every relation between a man and his wife is magnified in proportion to the number of people who know about it. In Hollywood, where everyone lives under the searchlight of publicity and carries on private affairs in the proverbial goldfish bowl, things which ordinarily would be quietly adjusted or passed over, assume enormous proportions.

Then, long location trips, working different hours, sudden wealth and fame which upsets the best of men and women temporarily. The fact that the place is overrun with attractive, exceptionally attractive, folks of both sexes who are "on the loose," to use a slang expression.

And also—a very big also—economic independence. Most women in Hollywood can afford to get divorced if they want to. Or most men can afford to run two households if necessary, to have their freedom. Many marriages—and Judge Ben Lindsay, whose court of domestic relations in Denver became so famous, supports me in this—are held together and weather storms to come happily into port, because economic conditions do not permit divorce.

Having presented the difficulties, let me tell you that there are a lot of these noble experiments going on in Hollywood right now and the log of their voyages to date is mighty encouraging. These adventurers declare that their eyes, having been opened to the perils of marriage, especially in Hollywood, they are able to avoid them. Most of our newest marriages—those that have lasted a year or two—are going to celebrate their golden wedding anniversaries.

Perhaps the most famous recent marriages in Hollywood are Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford and Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.

None of these well-known couples had ever been married before.

Janet and Lydell have reached the year and a half mark—and both are doing nicely, so they tell me. "They say," said Janet, with her irresistible smile, "that the first year is the hardest. I believe that's true. There are so many adjustments to make. If you have always lived your own life independently it is difficult to mold your comings and goings to another person's life. And you have to get used to marriage and to the other person. I know I found that true. But now everything seems smooth sailing."

"Of course, marriage in Hollywood does have its trials. I remember one night I went alone with my mother to an opening night. Lydell had a lot of work to do and he wasn't very much interested in whatever the play was. So I took Mother. The next day the newspapers printed the rumor that we were separated. Every time Lydell goes to San Francisco to visit his people, I hear all over town that we are going to be divorced."

"But at the same time, Hollywood marriage also has its advantages. From what I can gather, one of the great menaces of modern marriage is boredom. Here we have so much to interest us, so many things to talk about, so many interesting people to meet, that it keeps you very alert."
Janet's marriage to anyone but the other half of her screen success.
You can imagine how Lydell Peck, a very proud and reticent young man, must have felt about all this. But it has adjusted itself now. At a dinner party the other evening I noticed how friendly Janet and Lydell, Charlie and Virginia Valli, all were. And the Pecks often chaperon Charlie and Virginia on weekend trips on Charlie's boat.

"Charlie is my best friend," said Janet, "and we are just the same friends we always were. I hope people will understand that now."

Another problem came to Mr. and Mrs. Peck when little Janet Gaynor had her recent battle with the Fox organization. You will remember that she walked off the lot and refused to make any more pictures until Winnie Sheehan returned and they could reach an understanding about Janet's stories. Lydell Peck was a lawyer, before he became a scenario writer in order to stay in Hollywood with his wife. Naturally, he wanted to advise her in this crisis. But it is a good deal like a doctor operating on his own wife. If he is wrong, it has a serious effect on domestic relations as well as professional ones.

Still, it looks right now as though Lydell and Janet would make a go of it, though I wouldn't say that they were a cinch.

H O W E V E R, I'd stake the family fortune, if any, on Doug and Joan.

There is an ideal marriage, if ever there was one. We happened to spend a day with the younger Fairbankses recently and came away feeling that the world was a much brighter place than we imagined it at times.

The truth is Doug and Joan don't act married at all. It's my own idea that marriage itself is apt to be a bugaboo to everybody. It implies ball and chain, giving up freedom, being restricted in contacts. People get the habit of standing on their rights, which is always fatal. Our own recipe has always been to pretend we weren't married and that we would stay together as long as we wanted to and not a moment longer. It works like a charm, because then each tried to keep the other happy.

Joan and Doug do much the same thing. They are together because they want to be, because they love each other. Marriage is regarded only as the rite or ceremony which legalized their union, not as a thing giving them rights over each other. They are so congenial in everything, they laugh together, play together, are vitally interested in each other's work.
ALL THE HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES ARE DOING WELL

No marriage that I have ever seen has made such improvement in two people. The slightly sullen, discontented Joan, who tried to fill up her life playing around, is radiant with happiness. Doug has become a man, instead of a restless boy.

"I don't think marriage in Hollywood is so difficult," said Joan. "In fact, I think it has its decided advantages. There isn't any place where you appreciate a happy home, a haven from work and worry, as you do here. You have so much else outside, so little time for the things you want to do, that your home becomes a heaven to you. The more you see of how worthless and unsatisfactory most 'wild life' is, and the more you see how little people get out of chasing around and being 'free', as they call it, the more you cling to the beauty and safety of real love and fidelity."

"You spoke a mouthful," said her husband.

Of course, Ben and Bebe are still in the most experimental stages. They've just completed the first six months. But again I'll put the old bankroll on their continuing in status quo at least for a long, long time.

Ben and Bebe were engaged for two years. Neither of them wanted to make a mistake. So they waited until they knew each other very well. And now they seem a perfect team. Ben is steady, clear thinking, and very business-like. He offsets Bebe's emotional, too-generous, too excitable temperament. While Bebe gives him flair and a warmth that he never had before.

"I waited a long time to get married," Bebe told me. "I don't believe in divorce, if it can possibly be avoided. I mean, I could never get married and divorced in the easy way a lot of people seem to nowadays. That's why I wanted to be sure. It's my opinion that Hollywood isn't any different from any other place where marriage is concerned. The trouble is most people go into marriage without thinking carefully. Dick is temperamental, works very hard, needs a mothering hand and a wise, calm woman who knows the world for his wife, one capable of running his home, his social life, his every day affairs.

Over a year ago Bessie Love married William Hawks, brother of Howard Hawks, the director, and Ken Hawks, who met such a tragic death in an airplane accident. Bebe is so happy she is incoherent. She hasn't any thoughts about (Continued on page 114).

Above, Richard Barthelmess and his wife, who was Jessica Sargent. Below, Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon. Here are two happy Hollywood couples.
Emperor JONES

Or What Will Happen When the Great Golf Champion Comes to Hollywood

BY TED COOK

Scene—A conference room in a Hollywood studio.
Time—Any day, now.
Characters—Film magnate, production manager, supervisor, dialogue writer and BOBBY JONES.

AN IMAGINARY COMEDY IN ONE ACT

The film magnate and the production manager are facing each other across a rococo flat-top Spanish desk, surfaced with red cordovan. There are innumerable pearl-faced push buttons and a battery of many colored fountain pens standing erect on a marble slab. A brocaded pull-cord hangs within easy reach from the ceiling. The paneled walls are cluttered with framed photographs showing various picture stars posing informally with the smiling executives—clinging to each other on the friendliest terms, arm in arm, or hand about waist or over shoulder. The executive, thickest and well fed, is one of those dynamic personalities who talk too fast and too loud. He swivels from side to side, with nervousness, as he sits in his high-backed chair. The production manager leans forward as he listens, eagerly, elbows on desk. He has not troubled to remove his cap. He wears a sweater but no coat.

Executive—Are you all set for the golf educational?
Production Manager—All set, Chief.
Executive—Give me a quick idea of what you plan to do.

P. M.—Well, they're going to be educational pictures so I ain't going to permit no sex stuff except what you would naturally look for on a golf course. This Jones is a high-class mug, I understand, and don't want no love interest. Besides, girlie stuff wouldn't be educational—that is, not exactly good for the kiddies.

Executive—The idea is to have this Jones show people how to play golf. Mebbe we better make it miniature golf—there's more box-office interest in pee-wee golf. We can build a fancy course—modernistic. If Jones is a high-class fellow let's put some production in it—class. Have him play in a Tux and stiff shirt. He can do that on a miniature course—with a lot of swell broads and cuties in sports clothes. How about doing it in technicolor?

P. M.—(Enthusiastic)—That's a great idea, Chief. A GREAT idea.

(Continued on page 87)
IT was midnight and they were broadcasting the
program from the Marlborough Roof.
"Ladies and gentlemen," said Stephen—the
radio announcer, alias the leader of the orchestra.
"Miss Winifred Conroy, the motion picture star, has
just arrived in company with her former husband.
Larry Conroy, the director. Just a moment and I'll
see if she will say a few words to you—
"It's a wonderful night here, ladies and gentlemen.
There is a gorgeous crowd of celebrities and they are
enjoying themselves hugely. The younger generation
is flasheily represented. Miss Conroy is wearing her
hair in the newest fashion. She seems more beautiful
than ever tonight. Her dress is blue—just the right
shade for her eyes—. Hello there, Winnie. Will you
say something to the folks on the air?"
"Surely, Steve. Glad to see you. Howdy, folks. I'm
just here in New York for a little shopping between
pictures. I'm having a wonderful time—tonight
especially—for you see, this is my anniversary."
"Anniversary of what?" asked Steve.
"Of my divorce," was the laughing audacious answer.
"You little devil," Steve grinned in a voice that only
carried to the fans in a blur. "Do you think we can get
Larry over here?" He turned to the microphone again.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" said Winifred Conroy. "He couldn't
make an important speech if his life depended on it.
Good-bye, everybody. I'm glad to have had this oppor-
tunity to thank you all for your wonderful reception
of my last picture, "Peril." I'll have another one for
you soon—I think you'll like it even better. So long."
Turning to Steve she whispered behind her hand,
"Bunk! So long, old dear. Give us some hot stuff to-
night, will you? Larry and I are celebrating."
"Will you give us an exhibition; one of those famous
foxes?"
"Nothing doing. Larry and I haven't danced to-
gether for three years. Next time, maybe."
"Will there be a—next time?" Steve inquired curi-
uously as, with a little farewell wave of her hand, she
dodged tables and waiters and patrons to reach the
chair that Larry Conroy was indicating for her.
"Well, did you do your duty for publicity?" he smiled.
"Yep. That's over. Now we can enjoy ourselves."
She moved her chair closer to the table.
"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "I can't get over the luck
that made me run into you out there—in that jam on
Broadway, of all places."
"Why not?"
"I'll say so. You've been dodging me for three years.
I concluded you didn't mean what you said about always
being friends. Did you?"
"Certainly," she nodded cheerfully. "But, if I had
met you before, we couldn't have been friends. You
see it's taken me that long to stop being in love with
you—and, of course, one can't be just a friend if one
is in love. But now—well, everything's fine. I worked
awfully hard, Larry, trying not to be in love with you—but
at last I've succeeded. It was foolish of me to be
crazy about a married man, wasn't it?"
"How long have you been over it?" he queried.
"Oh, let's see; well, for about eight months, I guess—
only I haven't run into you. We've been over in Italy,
you know, for the last six months. A perfect tape that
picture was. I thought we'd never get back to the good
old land of bacon and eggs."
Larry Conroy made a little bow.

"I COMPLIMENT you, my dear. You've done some
wonderful work in your last pictures."
"You showed me how to act, Larry dear. I've never
had a director I liked as well."
"Haven't you—really?"
"Really. You've made strides too. That Monte Carlo
thing is a whopper."
"You were in Monte Carlo when I was shooting that.
I searched for you..."
"Why?" she murmured, coquetting.
"I was terribly in need of a gab fest with someone
who spoke my language—"
She pouted.
"I thought you were going to be nice and say
you wanted to see me."
"Did you know I was there?"
"Uh-huh. I left the day after I knew."
"Were you sore at me?"
"I tried not to be, but I think I was—a little."
"Over that too?"
She nodded gayly.
"Oh, yes. I think one only gets really sore at some-
one they love."
"Well—let's order. Hungry?"
"Starved."
He laughed.
"I was wondering if you'd make that answer. You
always used to. Remember?"
"Did I?"
When the ordering had been dispensed with, he
moved the forks out of his way and leaned toward her.
"Fess up now," he coaxed. "Where were you going
when you met me tonight?"
"Really want to know? I've ditched my estimable
German director—my new one—"
"For me?"
"For you."
"Why?"
"Oh, I thought it'd be quite a novelty to pal around
for the evening with a former husband. Something
I'd never done, you know. Excitement."

"YOU'RE out for excitement these days, aren't you?"
"Indeed yes."
"I hope I can qualify. Let's start in with a dance,
shall we? That ought to be exciting after three years."
On the dance floor she said serenely, "You are qualifying."
Larry held her close and Winifred's hair brushed his face—that tousled, copper-hued hair. He didn't speak. Couples swirled about them; beautifully gowned women, perfectly groomed men. Larry's embrace tightened. "Let's turn back the clock, sweetheart," he pleaded. "Let's pretend we've never been married. I love you. I need you."

"We always did hit it off in dancing, didn't we?" he replied.

Winifred forgot everything in the ecstasy of that dance. Not a false move. Her cheek against his. She had never danced like that with anyone else. Memories crowded back. Beautiful memories. Steve, waving his baton, grinned and dived into a nerve-thrilling encore.

Back in their places again, the next few moments were occupied in surreptitious doings under the table. They touched their glasses of ginger ale.

"Here's to the sweetest charmer of them all!" he toasted gallantly.

"And—here's to the handsomest hero the screen ever lost—in a director!"

She laughed: a dimply, infectious laugh.

"You'd think we were in love to hear us talk."

"Does it seem long ago—our wedding night?"

"It's indecent—speaking of that now," she chided.

"Perhaps, but rather—exciting, isn't it?"

"We do love reminiscing, don't we?" she countered.

(Cont'd on page 126)
LAUGHS of the FILMS

BUT MADAM! I CAN'T SELL YOU ANY TICKETS UNTIL YOU'VE MADE YOUR SLEEPING-CAR ARRANGEMENTS!

THERE ARE ALL MADE. I TELL YA! I'M GONNA SLEEP WITH VIVIAN, AND THE TWINS'LL SLEEP WITH THEIR PA!

IT'S RAINING! AND THE TIMES SAID IT POSITIVELY WOULDN'T RAIN!

DO THEY ASK MUCH FOR RENT WHERE YOU LIVE?

GOSH, YES! THEY ASKED 5 OR 6 TIMES LAST WEEK!

O WELL! THEN THAT CAN'T BE RAIN!

DARLING!

I'LL BET YOU FORGET MY NAME IN A MONTH!

HOW CAN I WHEN I DON'T EVEN KNOW IT YET!!

WADDEN'S WIFE—"DON'T BE ALARMED, DEAR. IT'S ONLY A LITTLE SLIP-COVER FOR THE ELECTRIC-CHAIR!

"HARD-BOILED EGGS!"
3 BOYS WHO WON

John Wayne, Richard Cromwell and Lewis Ayres All Had a Tough Time Getting Their First Screen Opportunities

By HARRY N. BLAIR

EVERY once in a while comes a breathless announcement from Hollywood that a new discovery has been made from the studio ranks. A little extra girl is propelled from poverty and obscurity to wealth, fame and power. A property boy is noticed on the set and given the leading role in a big feature. With each announcement of this kind, hundreds of screen-struck boys and girls pick their best duds and set out for the Hollywood gold coast, each confident of being discovered and set on the road to fame. That the chances are one in a million has often been publicized.

The bald truth is that most of these so-called discoveries (high-powered publicity men to the contrary), didn't just happen. The real facts, so often clouded, usually reveal careful planning, an abundance of patience and not a little of that decided asset, known so tersely as "pull."

JOHN WAYNE, picked by Raoul Walsh for the leading role in "The Big Trail," is by no means the callow and inexperienced youth the press stories would have you believe. He was formerly a member of the University of Southern California football team and, as such, had numerous chances to play in college pictures, at the various studios. Under the name of Duke Morrison (his real moniker) he doubled for Francis X. Bushman, Jr., in "Brown of Harvard." That was more than five years ago and since then he has taken part in practically every football picture of any consequence. In all that time he came under the direct notice of dozens of directors and yet was never given so much as an opportunity to prove his ability as an actor, despite his striking appearance.

For two of those five years Wayne did extra work only during Summer vacation, but when his father lost a lot of money in business and he was obliged to find a job, he again turned to the studios. He first found work as an electrician's helper and later as prop boy, meanwhile taking any part that came along. While working in the property room on the Fox lot he gained the friendship of Edmund Grainger, Fox supervisor and youthful son of J. R. Grainger, sales head of the Fox organization. It was at Grainger's suggestion that Raoul Walsh gave Wayne the test which resulted in his big chance. He happened to measure up physically besides showing the necessary amount of acting ability, with the result that he was given the leading role in "The Big Trail." When you see him on the screen in that picture, remember that it took him five long years of plugging and the friendly interest of an important executive to get where he is.

WHEN Columbia Pictures announced that they had bought the talkie rights to "Tol'able David," half of the young actors in Hollywood immediately saw themselves in the choice title role. Besides being a grand acting part, it was sure to center attention upon any one who played it. Hadn't the silent version of "Tol'able David" set Dick Barthelmess on the road to fame? At any rate, hundreds of tests were made, but none seemed to be the exact type for which they were searching. Among those tried out was a young actor named Harry Ellerbe, who had appeared with the Stuart Walker Players in stock. Walker at that time being connected with Columbia, Ellerbe was given every opportunity, even to special coaching. Finally it was decided that he was a bit too mature for the part.

While the search was at its height, Ellerbe was invited by friends to visit a young artist who had turned out some interesting masks of Helen Hayes, Bee Lillie, and other stars. Ellerbe (Continued on page 121)
Is Hollywood keeping George Arliss from that lifelong ambition of all Englishmen—a knighthood?

Two years ago Arliss left the British shores to try the talkies. No one knew exactly what this new medium might bring forth and no one suspected that the splendid character actor would become a sensational success in the movies.

Will he pay for that success by being deprived of the right to be called Sir George Arliss?

Other English actors who haven't spread England's glory over the globe as Arliss has done, have been so honored during the past hundred years—Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

It looked for a while as though King George would summon George Arliss to his court and confer upon him a knighthood in recognition of his ability as an actor and his services to the English speaking stage.

Now Hollywood—six thousand miles away from the Court of St. James—has claimed Arliss for its own. He's a successful movie actor now. Perhaps the finest on the talking screen. He has lifted the standard of acting, he has proved to producers and critics that the public appreciates and will pay for a higher grade of pictures, will patronize such excellent dramatic art as "Disraeli" and "Old English."

While English kings have honored their subjects for deeds of glory performed in foreign lands, none of them have been actors.

And never has a knighthood been conferred upon a picture star. They have acquired titles. Gloria Swanson became the Marquise. Pola Negri married a Georgian prince. Mae Murray wedded his brother. But these titles were bestowed by marriage, not in recognition of art on the screen.

There has to be a first time for everything, they say. Now Hollywood is hoping that the talkies will bring to it the great honor of having a motion picture star knighted. Since sound turned the motion picture world upside down anything is possible and maybe the old order will be so far changed that this greatest of English actors will receive the honor which he would most certainly have obtained if he had remained to grace the London stage for the years he is spending in the cinema capital.

In talking pictures Arliss is gaining friends throughout the universe. And if wishes carry weight the good King of England will fall into his nightly slumbers well burdened by the thoughts of those who have become Arliss fans.

Arliss deserves all the credit he's getting.

When he first arrived, nobody in Hollywood paid much attention. Great actor, of course. But—too old. And a character actor. Movie audiences wouldn't stand for that sort of stuff. It was over their heads. Disraeli? Picture audiences didn't know anything about the famous English prime minister, nor care. Nope, Arliss was too high class for pictures.

Well, picture audiences, as usual, turned the tables. They did what they have always done, flocked to support real ability and fine stories. They know about Disraeli now, and they adore him. Just another step in that universal brotherhood which Will Hays claims pictures do more to promote than all the politicians in the world.

As for being too old! Better not say that when Arliss is around.

He is, doubtless, a veteran of the stage. But he hates the term. One sure way to become unpopular with him is to label him a veteran. I'll have to risk it, though, because of a story about him which I think is priceless.

Wilton Lackaye and Otis Skinner, honored names in the American theater,
The Movie Colony Hopes That King George Will Give a Knighthood to George Arliss

walked onto the stage where Arliss was working at the Warner Brothers Studios in Hollywood. They were old friends of his; known each other for forty years. The three of them had been stage stars before a lot of us were born. An enterprising cameraman sat the three of them at a table and took a picture which was immediately used by a Los Angeles newspaper man and printed under the caption, "Three veterans of the stage."

Oh dear, oh dear!

Next day George Arliss went storming into the publicity department with fire in his eye. "Who did this?" he demanded. "I say, who did this?"

The man he addressed stammered, "W—what's the matter?"

"Look what they printed under it," roared Arliss. "Look! Three veterans, it says. I won't be classed with those old buzzards, Otis and Wilton. They are ten years older than I am. I am not old. I'm only sixty-two."

His ruffled feelings were finally smoothed. But from then on everybody was warned that Arliss and the word veteran do not go in the same sentence.

In a way, he's right. Even if "Who's Who" does proclaim his sixty-two years, even if he admits it, he doesn't look it nor act it, nor think it. He's a young man in ideas, plans and association.

TWENTY-TWO years ago George Arliss became a full-fledged stage star.

Long before film salaries went skyrocketing, when Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin zoomed into the hearts of the world, Arliss was getting big returns on the stage. Long before films boosted an actor's audience from thousands to millions, the name George Arliss stood for the top as far as acting is concerned.

For all that, he's a modest if slightly brusque gentleman, who detests fake, pretense and ostentation.

His movie salary is pretty good sized, believe me. He's a good business man, as I find most actors are when it comes to getting the price they think they are worth. Some of them aren't so good at keeping it.

Arliss always carries small change in a vest pocket and disclaims any idea of wealth.

He lives most unostentatiously in Hollywood or wherever he happens to be. His two homes in England are pointed out as "show places." The reason is partly that he loves quiet and peace and wants to conserve his energy for his work, which can't be done at his age— if he'll pardon me—if one is dashing about all the time and entertaining constantly. He always stops work at 2:30 every afternoon to have tea. His valet, Jenner, sees to that.

His clothes are always made in London, and are conservative to the point of being old-fashioned. No one ever has or ever could mistake George Arliss for anybody else. Once you've seen Arliss both his clothes and his face forbid you forgetting him.

I have yet to see George Arliss at any Hollywood function. They very rarely dine out, he and his sweet-faced, devoted wife. Aside from a natural reticence and a love of their own home, there is a peculiar reason for this which only a few of their intimate friends know.

Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss do not eat meat. Which in itself is nowhere near as unusual as the reason for it.

A number of years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss made a trip across the continent during a period of drought. Passengers on that train were greeted for miles and miles by the sight of cattle starving and dying along the fences of the railroad company's right of way.

Before the end of that journey, Mrs. Arliss—you will remember, by the way, that she played his wife in Disraeli—had declared her intention of never eating meat again.

"If it is possible that animals must be tortured like that in the process of providing meat for our table, I'll never touch it again," she said.

And she never has.

GEORGE ARLISS didn't make any such promise. But the idea was planted in his mind and Mrs. Arliss saw to it that it (Continued on page 119)
REVIEWS

WHEN five of the outstanding films of a single month are originals, constructed especially for the screen, it becomes obvious that the Hollywood producers are trying to create their own drama and operetta. Which is a laudable intention, anyway.

The best of the pictures—because it offers Paramount's significant new personality, Marlene Dietrich—is “Morocco.” An examination of the plot reveals what appears to be just another yarn of the Foreign Legion. But this story, developed from a Continental novel by the director, Josef Sternberg, is far more. It is a story of a sort of French Sadie Thompson, a music hall entertainer who drifts to North Africa. There she catches the eye of two men. One is a Légionnaire who takes his women as he finds them. The other is a suave man of the world, weary of adventure and seeking someone upon whom he can center his battered affections. There is a long range duel between the soldier who will give nothing and the man who will give everything. In the end, the woman trudges into the Sahara after her man, to become a mere camp follower.

The newcomer, Miss Dietrich, plays with a fine slumbering fire, Adolphe Menjou is superb as the man of the world and Gary Cooper is lifted to the point of actually acting as the Légionnaire. The direction of von Sternberg is splendid. As in his other pictures, there is missing a certain human warmth, but he does catch a lot of the color of Robert Hichens’ Africa. You must hear Miss Dietrich sing “Who Will Buy My Apples?”

TURN to another original, “Laughter” (Paramount), starring the chubby-faced Nancy Carroll, who always surprises me when she acts. This was written by the director with the picturesque name, H. D’Abbadie D’Arrast, and by Douglas Doty, with dialogue by the whimsical wit, Donald Ogden Stewart. Here again is an old yarn enlivened by fresh treatment. A chorus girl from the Folies marries a wealthy fellow who has forgotten how to play—and she repents the young musician who dashed away to Paris. When the musician returns, she throws off the diamond handcuffs and goes off to Paris in quest of love. Old stuff, but you will be attracted by the adroit handling. This D’Arrast is an able director and the acting of Miss Carroll and Fredric March, who was never better, helps a lot.

Which brings us to a third film, “Sin Takes a Holiday” (Pathé), which also has a flippancy and cynical slant upon life. Besides it has the decorative Constance Bennett, who just now comes close to being our favorite star. Miss Bennett plays an efficient secretary who marries her lawyer-boss in order to save him from a designing blonde. It is merely a matter of business, bringing with it a salary and a year in Paris. But the secretary-bride blossoms out and—You’ve guessed it. The lawyer discovers how lucky he is. Miss Bennett gives a gorgeous performance (her clothes will hold breathless the feminine readers of New Movie), but Basil Rathbone, who speaks such meticulous English, seems to steal the sympathy from Kenneth MacKenna, who acts the lawyer. Mr. Rathbone plays a worldly bachelor whose swain faire collapses before the blossoming secretary. Paul Stein, whom I must report less civilly further on, directed “Sin Takes a Holiday” with smooth urbancity.

NOW for the three musical films built especially for the sound screen. First, because it is the best, let us take “Viennese Nights” (Warners), an operetta of old Vienna, dealing pleasantly in sentiment and lost love. It is by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, experts in building stage shows, and follows the operetta pattern. There’s a beautiful daughter of a Viennese bookeaker, a penniless musician in the Emperor’s army and a dashing baron. The girl marries the aristocrat and, fifty years later, the lost romance unites the grandchildren of Elsa and the musician.

The screen seems to magnify the
Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

artificiality of operetta. Behind the footlights you can somehow accept the heroine and the hero when they pause to sing loudly of their innermost feelings in the most public places. Brought up to gargantuan proportions on the screen, the thing seems at least a little unreal. Still, "Viennese Nights," despite its time lapses and loose construction, is prettily sentimental and Vivienne Segal will surprise you when she plays the toast of the Prater, white-haired and feeble, fifty years later. And there's a lovely number, "You Will Remember Vienna."

I LIKED the Fox musical film, "Just Imagine," built by those veterans of stage musical shows, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. "Just Imagine" is an imaginative adventure. It shows life in 1930, when folks are known by number rather than name, when food and drink come in capsules, and when everyone longs for the staid, quiet, old-fashioned girls of 1930. In "Just Imagine" the hero, No. J-21, wins his sweetheart, No. LM-18, by making a plane trip to Mars and back. Mars, it develops, is inhabited by classic dancers, but No. J-21 is awarded the girl, anyway. I like El Brendel as 0 and Maureen O'Sullivan as LM-18, and I shall continue to recommend the over-long "Just Imagine" even if the fractious Marjorie White is terribly present.

The third musical effort, by Rudolph Friml, is "The Lottery Bride" (United Artists), and is far less successful. In fact, despite the presence of Jeanette MacDonald, I hand it very little. It is a single of Norway and is the romance of a young vocalist and a student who goes on a Polar flight in a Zeppelin. The subsequent disaster was suggested by the Noble dirigible tragedy. Paul Stein directed.

Don't miss those picture thieves, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, at work in "Min and Bill," based on Lorna Moon's novel, "Dark Star" (Metro-Goldwyn). Now that these two players are co-starred, the rest of Hollywood is breathing easier.

Miss Dressler plays a tough old girl who runs a saloon on the Pacific waterfront. Beery is her side kick. Min cares for a little girl deserted by her drunken mother. Just as little Nancy is on the edge of a real happiness, the sullen mother turns up, bent on wrecking things. So Min shoots her. "Min and Bill," you see, isn't slapstick, except in spots. It has touching moments. Miss Dressler is excellent, shading Beery, who is good, too, with fewer opportunities. And a fine performance is turned in by Marjorie Rambeau as the drunken Ella.

"Tol'able David," that yarn of a dreaming mountain boy who wants to carry Uncle Sam's mail through the hills, has been adapted and talkie by Columbia Pictures. The job is an excellent one and the work of the new David, a discovery named Richard Cromwell, is good, particularly for a lad fresh to films. But the original "Tol'able David" was one of those rare once-in-a-lifetime events. It was the happy combination of a glorious young actor, a director with high ambitions and an author, Joseph Hergesheimer, who helped immeasurably. Barthelmess, Director Henry King and Hergesheimer all pulled together to make an unforgetable hit.

Seeing "Tol'able David" as a talkie, I am confronted with the thought that the original owed a great deal to Ernest Torrence, then a Scotch musical comedy comedian suddenly transformed into a murderous mountaineer. Remember the gusto of Torrence and Luke. The present Luke, done by Noah Beery, is effective but it falls short of the original.

I am happy to report that Harold Lloyd's newest, "Feet First," is a corking comedy. Once again Lloyd gets thrown upon his own on the front of a skyscraper and has to become a human fly to save his skin. This part of the comedy is almost too breathtaking. I liked better the earlier half, depicting the troubled experiences of a young shoe clerk trying to acquire a selling personality.

(Continued on page 100)
The HOLLYWOOD

Seville, Spain:
WAS drawn to gay Seville not by the Call of the Flesh, as M.-G.-M. calls it, but by a postal from a bullfighting friend who said it was the place for me. He was not facetiously inferring, as you probably suspect, that my work relates to the same animal as his.

"Come to Seville where you can see two movies at the same time," wrote Luis luringly.

"What do I have to drink?" I flippanted on arriving. Luis' reply was a wounded look. The Latins are embarrassingly temperate.

That evening Luis led me to a plaza filled with little tables where two screens were placed side by side. On one Doug Fairbanks was disporting and on the other Ronald Colman.

After the first shock it is not so amazing to find you can watch two pictures simultaneously. All movie yarns are pretty much the same and can be guessed from the outset. Indeed, I see no reason why a movie critic could not review an entire month's output at one sitting. It requires a far less athletic eye than for perusing a flock of chorus girls when, as in the Folies Bergere and Vanities, each presents an anatomical study all her own.

Mr. Howe Visits Spain and Watches a Bull Fight—One Glimpse of Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" Makes Him Decide to Return to Dear Old Hollywood

Meet King Alfonso:
A lot of Spaniards are agitating against King Alfonso. He is personally very democratic. Too democratic for the Spaniards apparently. So they want a republic. A Wall Street, too, I suppose. They'd better stick to their own bulls. Less dangerous.

Doug Fairbanks is a great favorite in Spain. He was decorated in Madrid. He wore the decoration when he and Mary were presented at court. Doug was terribly impressed as he bustled through long lines of courtiers toward the throne. He told me afterward that he felt as though the decoration on his bosom were sweeping the floor. His speech for the occasion had given him much thought. It had to do with two great nations clasping hands across the sea on this momentous occasion. He was hoping it would be a suitable reply to the King's and was muttering it over to himself when the King stepped forward and held out his hand.

"I am glad to know you, Doug," said the King. "Tell me, what's happened to Fatty Arbuckle?"

A Queen's Query: Doug and Mary were presented, likewise, at the Norwegian court. As informal as the King of Spain, Haakon grasped Doug's hand and led him aside. The Queen took charge of Mary. When they had seated themselves for tea, the Queen glanced about to assure herself that her ladies-in-waiting were not in hearing. Then leaning toward Mary she gasped: "Tell me, what is Dick Barthelmess like off screen?"

The Royal Racket: Hollywood has usurped the royal racket, as I've said before. A presentation at court is pretty shabby compared to a Hollywood premiere, and the marriage of Princess Giovanna to King Boris wasn't nearly as glittering as the nuptials of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, nor was the loot as great.

Mr. Howe watches his friend, Luis, the bullfighter, outwit a bull in Seville to the acclaim of the fans—and is reminded of Rudolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand."
Queen Marie of Rumania has tried to bolster the old racket with Hollywood technique. In fact, Queen Mary of England is quoted saying that Marie ought to go to Hollywood and stay there. Maybe Marie would like to! There's a lot more money, as well as glory, in being a Hollywood queen. They say Marie could have named her own price for appearing in "The Command Performance." But Marie is shrewd. She's biding her time. She has a life contract where she is and she knows all about those Hollywood options.

When a Bull Is Not a Bull: I watched my friend Luis outwit a bull to the acclaim of the fans, and it seems to me that the Spanish are a lot more human than we are. We are always for the animals, whereas they are all for the human fighters.

A bullfight should make a great sound picture. "Blood and Sand" was a favorite silent. If you saw that picture you may recall that only the front half of the bull appeared. I never could get Rudie Valentino to tell me who played the other half. He'd always laugh it off. Anyhow, whoever played it got a bad streak, and I'll bet the producers told him it would establish him on the screen forever.

The Brooklyn Bullfighter: Here's a suggestion for Messrs. Thalberg, Warners, Lasky, Sheehan and Sennett: Why not make a real bullfight picture with Sydney Franklin, the Brooklyn bullfighter? When Syd appeared in the Madrid arena wearing his skin-tight, flesh-tinted pants, mantillas and combs were thrown into the ring with Spanish whoops. With Syd you could use a real bull and save the expense of two actors.

A Sheik Looks at American Girls: From Gibraltar I crossed to Tangier in Africa where I was the guest of Sheik El Beji whom I knew in Tunis. The Sheik shows American pictures in his palace but not to his harem. (He doesn't like Gary Cooper's looks!) Being a sheik he is somewhat interested in women.

"It appears from your films," he mused, "that if a girl has not got the figure of a boy she does not feel a woman."

I quoted what La Bruyère said: "From the age of thirteen to the age of twenty-one a girl wishes she were beautiful; afterwards she wishes she were a man."

"According to La Bruyère," smiled the Sheik blandly, "your American girls are precocious."

P.S. The Sheik had not seen Loretta Young who, though she may fall short of harem weight, has that certain thing that's appreciated by sheiks of all nations.

Mare Modesty: Over in Sardinia they held a bathing beauty contest. After the little girls had squirmed around in their scanties the judges retired behind the bath house to make a decision. A few minutes later they returned leading a horse which they pronounced the winner and crowned "Queen of the Sea."

"Let this be a lesson," intoned the judges. "A girl should dress more modestly."

Like a horse?

Those Hollywood Horses: I visited my old friend Rex, King of Wild Horses, a few days before sailing for Europe. Rex and his wife are living in retirement in a suburban stable of Universal City. I don't like to add to the scandals of Hollywood but I found a curious situation. The "other" horse is living with them. Mme. Rex conceived a fancy for him when he doubled for Rex in some of the Universal pictures. That may account for Rex's ill temper. Apropos of modesty, Rex is the only star in Hollywood who uses a double for close-ups and does the stunts himself in the long shots. The reverse is the procedure with human (so-called) stars. Rex has such a detestation for cameras that he has been known to smash them. In this respect he's as modest as Tunney. Even his trainer—Rex's I mean—is afraid of him. "Most temperamental star on the lot," said my guide impressively, "excepting Mary Nolan."

Going Wong: Anna May Wong, daughter of a Chinese laundryman of Los Angeles, has been triumphing on stage and screen in Europe. You recall her in many films. She went to school with Bessie Love, Carmel Myers and Colleen Moore, and along with them entered the Fine Arts kindergarten. Recently the English film censor forbade English actors to kiss the celestial Anna. That's how dangerous Anna has become. Now she's on the New York stage playing a gangster's moll, and along Broadway the saying is, "Many a good man's gone Wong."
Seville Better in Screen Version: After seeing the screen version of gay Seville (Call of the Flesh) you probably would be disappointed in the original. A Hollywood picture is always flattering. At least I heard no one who could sing Spanish songs as Novarro sings them. Anyone with a voice can whoop operatic stuff, but it takes a particular gift to make a folk song glow like a classic.

French Silliness: George de la Fouchardiere, columnist of the Parisian journal, L'Oeuvre, seeks revenge on those Americans who affect an unseemly admiration for Maurice Chevalier, “most representative type of French silliness.”

Says Monsieur: “These people pretend to humiliate us by choosing such an ambassador. So we name our choice—Mr. Jack Diamond. He is the most representative type of a truly curious race.”

In reply we would say, cher Monsieur, that while your choice of “Legs” may be taken as a personal affront by Monsieur Alfredo Capone—whom we personally wouldn’t affront for the world—your idea of a racketeer as a representative of our funny race is not at all bad. (And can’t we take you for a ride some time?)

A friendly neighbor always has a much better perspective on one that one has on one’s self. For that reason we feel in a position to say that, much as we admire M. Chevalier unseemingly, you, cher M. de la Fouchardiere, have ably demonstrated how easily he is surmounted as a representative of French silliness.

Dangerous Red: Sergei M. Eisenstein, Russian director, refused a cocktail at a Hollywood party. He said that on entering this country he had sworn to obey its laws. Mr. Eisenstein may be sent back to Russia. One of those dangerous Bolsheviks.

Russia Sees Hollywood: After Mr. Eisenstein had been brought to Hollywood under contract the studio began to wonder what for, as it is so often the way with studios. Someone suggested that the Russian should do “An American Tragedy.” For some season this idea was abandoned, possibly on the ground that Mr. Eisenstein hadn’t an understanding of Tragedy. The next idea was that he do a Western because he had photographed wheat fields rather nicely in a Russian picture. So it is not surprising to learn that Mr. Eisenstein, after listening to these conferences, wanted to do “Once in a Lifetime,” a play about Hollywood—but he wanted to do it in Russia.

Hollywood Menace: Mr. Eisenstein’s real menace to Hollywood lies not in his Bolshevist attitude toward cocktails, however, but in his preference for real people over professional actors in his pictures.

“Training makes actors sterile,” he says. “Actors do not represent the people. You have to use the people themselves.”

I confess that I, too, prefer the newsreel, “Nanook of the North,” “Byrd at the South Pole” and “The Martin Johnsons in Africa” to pictures with professional performers. Which may explain why I find Europe more congenial than Hollywood.

Herb Answers Letters: My mail, forwarded to me over here, has gone shamefully unanswered. I appreciate all letters.

Here’s Why: I thank Mr. Chaliss Silvay of Santa Monica for suggesting I do a column headed “Here’s Howe!” Adela Rogers St. Johns made the suggestion some time ago. But it happened that there already is an excellent column headed “Here’s Howe,” syndicated by Ed Howe. (No relation—as he would want it known.)

Love Will Find a Way: I know that Pola Negri will appreciate the letter of Marie Sweeney of 1907 S. 23rd Avenue, Maywood, Illinois, and so I’m taking the liberty of passing it on to her. Miss Sweeney says: “The screen seems so empty since Pola returned to Europe. There are other actresses who are very good, such as Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, etc. but they cannot fill the place in our hearts that was left open when Pola went away. She is the greatest, and we won’t (Continued on page 130)

Anna May Wong, born in Los Angeles of Chinese parents, is playing a gangster’s moll in a successful New York stage play.
LORETTA YOUNG
YOU are wrong if you think that the children of picture folk are being brought up in haphazard fashion. No matter how confused the life of their parents, due to changing hours, location work, etc., the children are as carefully supervised as any children in the world. Perhaps they receive more attention, as the parents themselves realize the uncertain conditions of their own lives.

For instance, take Victor McLaglen, devil-may-care roisterer on the screen, who is one of those English fathers in real life, meaning that he is devoted to his family, and thoughtful for every detail of their lives.

Not too indulgent, he nevertheless maintains a fine camaraderie with his two children: the boy, Andrew, nine years old, and the girl, Sheila, seven.

"I want my children," he said the other day, "to have a good, thorough American education, first of all. When my wife was at home in England last year, her greatest concern was to get the children back to Hollywood in time to continue their school. I like the American educational methods, and my children go to the public schools.

"Andrew goes to Foxe Military Academy. He inherits a taste for the army from me, seem inclined to be an actor, but neither did I at his age. If he wishes to go into the army, it is of course all right with me. Even at home on holidays he seems to take a sort of pride in maintaining his military hours, and, indeed, makes life a bit miserable for the rest of us by getting up early in the morning and expecting us to do the same."

Andrew is the champion boxer of his school, and his dad not infrequently puts on the gloves with him. Victor takes great pride in his son's achievement.

Sheila McLaglen, daughter of Victor McLaglen, and the elaborate playhouse her dad has provided for her at their Beverly Hills home. The playhouse is electrically equipped and modern in every other feature.
How the STARS Bring Up Their CHILDREN

BY GRACE KINGSLEY

Sheila, on the other hand, is being trained in all the arts of home-making and housekeeping. Victor has had a practical playhouse built for his daughter. The playhouse is electrically equipped for doing housework of every kind, and Sheila especially delights in it, being the envy of every little girl in the neighborhood. Her mother sees to it that all her work is thoroughly and correctly done, yet does not supervise her to the extent of taking the joy out of it. Here she sews for her dolls, often in company with some little playmate, and here also she cooks for her family of dolls and for those of other children who bring their doll families to lunch or tea.

But Sheila is happiest when she gets tea in her playhouse for her dad! He has to double up pretty much to get into it, but get into it he does, as he wouldn't disappoint Sheila

Josef Erich Von Stroheim, the eight-year old son of the famous director, attends a Los Angeles military academy and can salute with all the precision of his father. Right now Josef wants to be a cowboy when he grows up.

for worlds when she has cooked something especially for him.

In this playhouse Sheila practices the cooking and sewing lessons she studies at school. "I don't want my daughter to become an actress," said MacLaglen emphatically. "I know too well the heartbreak of it, especially for a woman."

MacLaglen owns a home at LaJolla Beach, where his family spends the summers and week-ends, and where the children can bathe and play tennis and ride horseback to their hearts' content.

Lawrence Tibbett's twins, Richard and Lawrence. The twins attend public school and are under rigid discipline. Larry inherits his father's love for singing while Richard is inclined to be bookish.

That Barrymore Baby!

A WONDERFUL baby, indeed, is Dolores May Ethel Barrymore,
mere nurse is not enough. A special physician, a woman, who makes the study of children's health her life work, has accompanied the expedition. So far, according to communications received by friends and relatives here, the baby hasn't needed the doctor to any extent. She isn't even seasick.

Nothing is permitted to interfere with the system under which the baby is being raised, even on shipboard. If she requires vegetable juices, why, they have been brought along for her.

The baby has her little bed aboard ship, with her cabin made to look as much like a nursery as possible.

While there isn't much said as yet in the household concerning her future, I think it is tacitly taken for granted that she will be an actress.

And, as though in prophesy, she is the first baby to join the Domino Club, which is the little sister, you know, of the women's stage organization, the exclusive Twelfth Night Club, of New York; and which boasts the membership, in Hollywood, of all the best-known stage and talking-picture actresses in the West. The club presented the little one with a silver toilet set.

Which makes two toilet sets, inasmuch as her fond dad had already given her a solid gold one.

Dolores is a wonderful mother, and Jack is a great dad.

Lucky little Barrymore baby!

Gloria's Children

"GLORIA SWANSON is one of the most devoted mothers I have ever known," Lois Wilson once told me. "If either of the children is ill, she will sit up all night with the child, even when she is working."

So that is the record for this actress, ultra-sophisticated on the screen, heartless in her film roles, the last word in smartness, but a most maternal lady at heart.

Little Gloria is nine years old, and the boy, Joseph, adopted, is seven. His nickname is "Brother."

The children go to public school although they have a nursery governess at home. They have a lot of school chums, and other playmates too.

dughter of John and Dolores Costello Barrymore.

This young lady is the idol of her parents, naturally, but so far isn't a bit spoiled, exhibiting, indeed, the sweetest temper imaginable.

"She isn't a bit temperamental," declared Mrs. Joe Cawthorne, a lifelong friend of the Barrymores.

Little Dolores May Ethel goes to sleep on the dot, eats on the dot (she is a system baby of the very latest model) has her sun baths on the dot, and is altogether a most admirable child.

At this writing the Barrymores are out on their yacht, sailing in Mexican waters, and the baby is with them. But so careful are the parents of their child, that a

Charles Bickford's children, Doris, aged thirteen, and Rex, aged five. These children have been raised in the open. Both are expert riders and both are fine swimmers.
"I believe in bringing up children so as to preserve their individuality," said Miss Swanson. "I try in every way possible to avoid having their lives directed for them in any certain channels connected with my own career."

Joseph seems to be mechanically minded. He likes to study mechanical toys and toy airplanes, and to take them apart and put them together again.

Both take music lessons on the piano and, in addition, Gloria is taking lessons on the harp and is showing much musical ability. The children play duets together nicely. Gloria has much more liking for music than Joseph has.

Little Gloria looks very much like her mother.

The children have a nursery, but love playing in the outdoors in their big yard. They both have bicycles, which they ride about their big Beverly Hills home. Both love to swim in the ocean.

There is no hard or fast rule about the children's up-bringing except that servants must neither over-indulge them nor on the other hand be too severe in method with them. And they must not be allowed to over-exercise, either.

They have several dogs as pets. There is a litter of chow pups at present on the premises, and there is a cute little animal story connected with these and with the children's special pet, a Scotty named Tam. While the pups were being born, Tam was just as interested as anybody. He sat about and observed proceedings, and seems to have a great interest in the brood. The children call him "Nurse," such a lively interest does he show in the young strangers. The mother resents the interest of everybody and every animal in her young, except that of Tam. And she freely permits him to play with the pups.

The children are encouraged to understand the value of money, though not to be parsimonious. Little Gloria is very sensible in money matters, either from training or a natural sense of thrift.

Between pictures Gloria is with the children a great deal. She rides with them and takes them to the beach or plays with them about the big grounds of the home. They dine with her and she sometimes reads to them.

When Miss Swanson has guests, even interviewers, the children are not restrained from joining their mother. There is no effort to shut them out, although she never permits them to be photographed for publicity, thinking this would make them self-conscious and perhaps influence them toward desiring a publicity unwholesome for children.

Miss Swanson dwells with her children in a large mansion in Beverly Hills. It is a big, somewhat old-fashioned house, surrounded by huge grounds, and the children are very happy there. Indeed its owner has been frequently advised to sell the place, but refuses because she feels that the
Harry Carey and his children, Adobe and Cappy, aged nine and five. Raised by Indian nurses, the children speak two or three redskin dialects and are highly proficient in Indian lore.

children come first, and that a love of a home they know and grow up in is a wholesome factor in character building.

In short, Miss Swanson wants her children to be good, wholesome, natural youngsters.

**Tom Mix’s Little Girl**

TOM MIX’S daughter, nine years old, Thomasina, bids fair to follow in her father’s footsteps when it comes to ridin’ and shootin’.

Ever since she was a tiny girl, Thomasina has had her own pony, and has ridden horseback. Rules, however, were strict. She must always be accompanied, even when riding on the grounds of the big Mix estate in Beverly, by either her father or her mother, or some highly trusted servant.

Victoria Mix, Thomasina’s mother, took almost entire charge of the girl’s education when she was little. “I never tell Thomasina ‘Never mind, don’t bother me,’ when she asks a question,” her mother said. “In fact, we have one given hour together every day when I read to her or talk with her in her little study, and she asks me any question she wishes. Am I stumped? Very often I am you may be sure.”

She had a French nurse when she was small, and she stayed a long while with her mother in France, so she became a fair French scholar even while yet a tiny girl.

She is a modest, well-behaved child, given to keeping regular hours.

“And she always rises at five or six o’clock, at any hour I do,” said her father proudly, “to have breakfast with me. No matter how dark the Winter morning, she never has to be called twice to get up and eat with me.”

On the other hand, I have positively never known such adoring affection as Tom lavishes on his little girl. He is putty in her hands—not nearly so strict as her mother—but all the same she minds him.

Thomasina lately has been with her father in Tom’s circus!

“Oh, she was great!” Tom told me, when I spoke to him recently on his return from the East.

“She did a riding act and a trapeze act!”

But now that Thomasina is at home, she turns to her books, which she loves almost as much as she does her horses.

“We’ve been shopping today, Thomasina and I,” her father said. “She bought a whole lot of books, and I bought her a bowling-alley set, too. We like that game, Thomasina and I!”

All during her circus tour, Thomasina had her governess with her, and made rapid progress with her books.

“I want her to take up any career she likes when she grows up,” said Tom, “but first of all I want her to be well, strong and happy.”

**Will Rogers’ Children**

“Won’t bringin’ them up, they’re just springin’ up!” answered Will Rogers with his grin, when I asked him about his three prides and joys.

They are Mary, Jimmie and Bill, you know.

However, I happen to know all the care that is bestowed on these favored youngsters.

And sensible care, too, it is.

They obey their father implicitly, and their mother,
too, for that matter. But they stand a little in awe of their famous dad, just can't get quite used to him. Jimmie goes to high school, but Bill and Mary attend private schools. And all are athletic, Mary being as great a rider and polo player as her brothers.

The whole house is for the children. And the grounds, too. Out there in their Santa Monica Ranch stands an old-fashioned ranch house, which has been turned into one big room. The bedrooms and dining room are housed in plain two-story structures. And there is a gymnasium for the children.

But it was the polo field outside, a polo field covered with greensward, that caught my eye. There the children ride their ponies wildly.

The youngsters are taught thrift, and they also have their little daily tasks to perform. They like the theater fairly well, but prefer the outdoors.

Lawrence Tibbett's Twins

It was Mrs. Grace Tibbett, wife of the singer, who told me about their children. There are two boys, you know, twins, named Richard Mackay and Lawrence Iven Tibbett.

"I am trying to keep the children unsophisticated," said Mrs. Tibbett. "Lawrence and I both agree that is one of the main considerations. And it is difficult to do this amid all the hectic life to be found in connection with the stage and pictures.

"Not that we don't love professional life and professional people. Of course we do. But we want the children to remain just children, instead of becoming worldly wise. That, we want to guard against."

The children are never allowed at the many big parties which the Tibbetts give.

I went to one the other night, and outside the house, wistfully watching the guests as they arrived, was one of the twins! Doubtless he had escaped parental supervision, and was taking a hungry peep at the famous guests.

The twins are not permitted to eat sweets or desserts. The children attend public school and are excellent students. Their mother and father both help them with their home study lessons.

"Larry wants to be a conductor of a big orchestra," his mother explained. "He will take a long stick, turn on the phonograph records of 'Carmen' and Ravel's 'Bolero,' and conduct an imaginary orchestra. These compositions are his favorites. "Oh, yes, he loves to sing and (Continued on page 92)"

Buster Keaton has raised his boys, Joseph and Bobby, to be athletes. Here they are in a corner of the Keaton estate, a corner given over to their playhouse, tracks for their electric train, etc.
The charming heroine of those two piquant sound screen musicals, "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," Miss MacDonald has moved her make-up box from the Paramount Studios to the Fox Studios—and you will next see her in a lively comedy, "Oh, For a Man." Although Miss MacDonald won first attention with her lovely voice, she will be seen in light comedy sans music. Maybe, if the public ever shows a real liking for singing pictures, you will hear her soprano once more.
MARIAN NIXON
Photographed for NEW MOVIE in the bathing pool of her Beverly Hills residence
The Real and Elusive Beauty of Awakened Romance Is Expressed by Just Two Motion Picture Stars

THIS is the third of Adela Rogers St. Johns' striking articles on screen beauty, each complete in itself. Mrs. St. Johns has declared that the screen has had but two great and indisputable beauties—the late Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith. What do you think?

Music produces reactions by its beauty. Some songs produce romance, some produce passion, some reawaken memories, some lift the spirit to sublime visions.

Beauty in women has just as wide a series of reactions. The beauties of the screen have to be judged also by the feelings they awaken in the beholder.

To me, Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor have the real beauty of awakening romance.

Here are some women who suggest love affairs—maybe for a day, a week, even a year. Some that suggest intriguing friendships that would probably be fleeting.

Mary and Janet—I couple them, because I think they are exactly alike in the appeal they make to the heart—suggest the girl who really loves and wants to marry.

Why do the people love Mary? Because of a certain aspect of her face in its highest mood. Botticelli painted her portrait many centuries ago when, by some necromancy, she appeared to him in this phase of herself. The people are hungry for this fine and spiritual thing that Botticelli painted in the faces of his muses and heavenly creatures. Because the mob catch the very glimpse of it in Mary's face, they follow her night after night in the films.

Vachel Lindsay said that in his very fine book, "The Art of the Moving Picture."

And it is a very true saying. People do crave fine and spiritual things. Even today, when we make a fetish of not craving them, there is a hunger for something that makes us believe in goodness.

Loretta Young is one of the prettiest girls on the screen today. Pretty, too, are Jean Arthur, Leila Hyams, Joan Bennett, Joan Marsh and Jeanette MacDonald. Mrs. St. Johns places Marion Davies at the forefront of the screen's division of prettiness.
MARY PICKFORD'S beauty is physical and evident. Her face is camera perfect. Out of a sitting of photographs which includes twenty or thirty negatives, Mary will have to discard only one or two—and those usually because of some fault in lighting. On no matter what basis you estimated the beauties of the screen, “America's Sweetheart” would have to be included. But it is her peculiar power to stir certain feelings that gives her a special kind of beauty.

For some reason—perhaps it is the contour of her face—Mary is ornamented by our own sweetest memories. She touches the strings of our treasures, the treasures we don't talk about.

The first time we read the story of Lancelot and Elaine, the first time we heard some beloved song.

A first kiss. A moonlight night in—Carmel, or Lake Geneva, or Central Park. The lace wedding veil hidden away in a cedar chest in the attic. A young mother bending above her first-born.

Bootleggers and prohibition, gangsters and lipsticks, haven't destroyed the yearning for romance, for sweetness, for gentle goodness, that persists century after century, and in every place.

The woman who can supply that need has beauty. Whether she is sixteen or sixty, whether her face meets all or none of the physical requirements of the immortal Helen—that woman has beauty.

I remember one time being introduced to a girl about whose beauty a mutual boy-friend had told me much. Frankly, I was staggered when I saw her. It seemed to me that I had never encountered a plainer face. Yet I knew that the boy had been perfectly sincere.

A year or two later, I found myself telling someone else how beautiful this girl was. I meant it. You see, in the meantime I had grown to know her.

That kind of beauty lasts. Unless it is destroyed by some pretensions of youth, it is ageless.

Not long ago I was at a house party given by Marion Davies. There were a number of the most beautiful young girls in pictures at the table. My seat was next to that of a man famous on two continents as an explorer and scientist—an adventurous, daring, hard-living man of the great world. Never having met him before and not wanting to start on his trips into unknown lands, I asked him which woman there he thought the most beautiful.

“How could I tell?” he said. “I don't know any of them.”

“But you can see them all,” I said.

He looked. “I suppose they are beautiful,” he said, at last, “but will you think me un gallant if I say I do not see beauty in any face here except Miss Davies’? They are like lamps without a light inside.”

LATER, when we became better acquainted, he showed me a picture of his wife, who he said was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in all his travels. I don't think, really, he knew anything about how she looked. Even I, just looking at the picture once, could see why he thought her beautiful.
Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor Are the Only

Clara Bow is a living symbol of our idols—speed and pep. She moves all the time. When, in any picture, do you ever see Clara still? Then, too, she has a thing we all prize highly, youth. Real youth. She must have been born with a fund of nervous energy that would run the dynamo of an electric plant.

She looked so good, so kind, so true, so—oh, as if she'd always understand, always be there in the pinches.

It wasn't alone Mary Pickford's pretty face, her charm of personality, that made her the most famous of all stars.

It was a beauty that could rest, comfort, satisfy the tired longing of many tired people. Probably they weren't conscious of it, probably they never analyzed it. But you can't overthrow human nature in a few short years of freedom and license. Woman has been for centuries a part of religion, a part of spirituality. Upon her breast, man has sought surcease from burdened existence.

Mary suggests that Woman. The little Mother. James Whitcomb Riley's "The Girl I Loved."

They call her the "IT" girl.

Short, to the point, goes well in headlines and twenty-four sheets.

But I don't think Clara's beauty is merely that of sex. After all, sex is biological and, as the great and sedate Plutarch once remarked, "All women are fair when the candles are out."

This is distinctly an age of speed, of movement. We love fast motion. Our dances of the past few years—the Black Bottom, the Charleston, the Varsity Drag, the Shimmy, have all been rapid movement.

Our lives are a succession of going quickly from one place to another, one thing to another, and our great national idol of the moment is the man who went fastest fastest—Colonel Lindbergh.

Sports have speeded up terrifically. Records on

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee
the track are seconds faster than they were a decade ago. Baseball is speedier. Football has developed speed and forward passes—faster, more open than the games of a few years past.

Trains, boats, automobiles—everything is speed and movement.

All that speed Clara Bow represents in a girl.

She has the national quality—pep. We adore pep. She moves all the time. When, in any picture, do you ever see Clara still? Her eyes sparkle with an inward fire, which is another outward sign of an inward pep.

It isn’t just the beauty of graceful motion. That can be slow. Clara has all the beauty of a very fast thoroughbred horse. Whether she does the modern-dance that we think fascinating, every movement suggests that she might start it at any moment.

A symbol is Clara Bow. A symbol of our idols, speed and pep.

Many young girls of today have that beauty. Clara does less than nothing to keep hers. She must have been born with a fund of nervous energy that would run the dynamo of an electric plant. Or perhaps it is because she doesn’t exercise or bother about her looks that she manages to keep up that terrific pace of hers.

Clara takes care of her looks by fits and starts—a good deal the way most young girls do. For two or three days, she has massages, puts on her cold cream every night and rubs her face with a piece of ice every morning. Then for a week, she forgets all about it.

Again, Clara has a thing that we prize highly—youth. Real youth. It is her problem now to approach thirty as distinctively, as stunningly as Swanson or Norma Talmadge.

I sometimes wonder if men don’t prefer prettiness to beauty. There is a fragile, feminine, lovable quality about prettiness that beauty doesn’t have. Sometimes great beauty creates a feeling of awe. Prettiness does just the opposite.

Pretty women are pettable—if there is such a word. And they have a gayety, a lightness which I love.

“A pretty little woman” still has a good deal of an edge on most of her sex.

The prettiest woman on the screen is Marion Davies. There were shots of her in that delightful picture “The Florodora Girl” that were prettier than anything else I have ever seen in pictures.

She has every true element of prettiness. Divine dimples. Little golden freckles on her pert, upturned nose. Curly blond hair. Wide blue eyes. Even white teeth. Bright blue eyes with black lashes that curve back and are tipped with gold.

She knows how to make the most of it, too. Probably her clothes are smart and up to the moment in fashion. But they are always pretty clothes. I have never seen her attempt the striking, the ultra, the severe. Her dinner gowns are soft blues and exquisite orchids and very pale pinks.

Her hats always have a little softly curved brim.

Her sweaters are woolly ones, of angora, with adorable woolly collars. She is essentially dainty in every little appointment.

And she has the prettiest laugh in the world.

Most pretty women are blondes, have you ever noticed that?

Mary Miles Minter was one of the prettiest girls who ever won stardom. And I wonder if you remember Wanda Hawley? There was a scene in the prologue of that great picture made by Cecil De Mille, “Old Wives For New,” in which Wanda, dressed in a gingham apron, came down to a little stream. I will never forget that.

There are a lot of pretty girls on the screen today. Jean Arthur, Loretta Young, Leila Hyams, Joan Bennett, Laura La Plante, Joan Marsh, Jeanette MacDonald.

In fact, unless you have something to go with prettiness—such as Marion Davies’ great comedy talent or Mae Murray’s dancing and instinct for the picturesque—you don’t get above the level of a good leading woman.

June Collyer is pretty, but she must watch herself for the affectation of a set smile that is becoming almost as objectionable as Buddy Rogers’ omnipresent dental ad.

(Continued on page 125)
Kay Johnson’s boudoir is a perfect example of the modernistic spirit. The walls are a silver gray, finished on heavy plaster. The wall brackets and the lamps all have shades of soft opaque silver. The oddly shaped chest of drawers, shown at the left, serves as a perfume and dressing table. Above it is an old portrait of a Chinese woman done on pale gray silk and carrying out all the colors of the room. The chaise longue, barely in view in the picture at the left, is covered with a striped glazed chintz in apple green, rose, peach and lemon yellow. The reading lamp has a twisted silver stand and a parchment shade of soft rose. The pillows are Chinese silk.

Miss Johnson and her modernistic bed, at the right. The head board carries out the severe lines. It is enamelled silver gray and the coverlet is of old Chinese satin, with figures of all the pastel shades. The doll represents a Chinese lady of high degree and makes a brilliant splash of color.
Above, Miss Johnson in her modernistic boudoir. The chair is upholstered in glazed chintz, with crossing stripes of rose, apple green and yellow. The background is soft gray. Note the small collapsible table of metal enameled a delicate green. This is a most convenient article for any room. The boudoir is carpeted in gray velour.

At the right Miss Johnson is wearing Chinese pajamas in brocaded jade green silk. The tiny dressing table is enameled a silver gray, but the border strikes the color note, painted in many pastel shades of rose, green, lemon yellow and peach.
RAMON NOVARRO

As you will see him in his next Metro-Goldwyn vehicle, "The Gay Caballero."
At twenty minutes after eleven o’clock on the night of May 12, Dorothy Mackaill got up from the floor and yawned. Then she sat down, yawned, and got up again. It was the last sequence taken in the filming of the highly successful “The Office Wife.” Dorothy’s maid got her things together from her dressing-room, they both tramped out of the studio to their waiting coffee-colored Cadillac, and away they went, Dorothy driving lickety-split, never to come back to the studio, they thought.

It was Dorothy’s last picture on her old long-term contract. This had been her last day. The yawning had been her last “shot.” This was very appropriate. At seven o’clock the following day Dorothy and her mother were ensconced on the Chief, eastward-bound from Los Angeles to Chicago, from which delightful city they would be rushed to New York on the Twentieth Century.

At nine in the morning the Twentieth Century pulled into Grand Central Station where Car 147, called Pocohontas, Compartment Six, was met by various gentlemen purporting to be, and who undoubtedly were, First National executives. Most of them bore papers “Sign here, Dorothy,” or “Sign there, Dorothy.”

For five minutes the redoubtable Miss Mackaill refused to turn the key that would open the compartment door, although the executives certainly were making themselves known. After which time, realizing that while she was able to drop out of a window her mother was not, she opened the door.

Now Dorothy isn’t like other stars, in social contacts. First National (Continued on page 87)
RAYMOND HACKETT

Photograph by Preston Duncan
LAST month we told you about a Hollywood luncheon. Now we are going to introduce you to a form of entertainment to which Hollywood is very partial and which is a most convenient and intimate way of getting together for a group of girls or young matrons.

They call it "Brunch."

You will probably guess at the origin of that unusual name. It's a combination of breakfast and lunch and was, as nearly as I can remember, invented by Bebe Daniels a few years ago when she used to give Sunday morning brunches before a long afternoon of horseback riding in Griffith Park. Now it has been adopted as the proper way of feeding your guests before a matinee, a football game, or an afternoon that is to be devoted to shopping.

You see, now that most women don't eat any breakfast—or at most a glass of orange juice or a cup of coffee—a combined breakfast and lunch around eleven-thirty is very tempting and fits in nicely with the prescribed schedule of two meals a day which the modern figure demands. Also, by serving a meal as early as that, one isn't rushed madly in order to get through and be at the theater or the stadium on time.

Mary Brian had a group of girl friends for brunch in her boudoir the other afternoon and then took them to a matinee. Most of them being "working girls" but happening to be between pictures, it suited them exactly, for they could sleep late and go straight to Mary's. In that case, a regular luncheon doesn't appeal much to the appetite but brunch is perfect.

Mary served a menu which gave everyone a wide choice of eating as much or as little as she wanted.

First, large glasses of chilled orange juice, with the juice of one lime and one lemon. The orange juice was served in regular full sized glasses.

(Continued on page 100)
The newest personality on the screen! This importation from Germany next will be seen as a piquant lady spy in "Dishonored" with Josef Von Sternberg, who directed her in "Morocco," again in charge of production. Victor McLaglen is playing opposite, instead of Gary Cooper, who could not finish work on "Fighting Caravans" in time to take the rôle.
February birth stone: Both ancient and modern, amethyst. The amethyst betokens sincerity, according to the wise men of history.
Kay Francis’ mother was an actress, Katherine Clinton. Kay had no idea of adopting a stage career until her marriage crashed. She was a divorcee at twenty. Ten days after applying at the managers’ offices, Miss Francis landed a job in a Broadway production. It was just luck, she explains. She had no particular ambitions at that time. Broadway knew her as something of a playgirl. Now that she has made a hit on the screen, Broadway wouldn’t recognize the transformed Kay. She loves work. Indeed she says work is the most important thing in life to her right now.
“It’s wonderful how helpful Hollywood folks are,” says Kay Francis. “When I worked with Clara Bow, she was simply grand. She said to me, ‘Now, Kay, I’m the star, so naturally they train the camera on me. But, if you cheat a little, you’ll get it just right, too. You’ve got to keep that face in the camera, you know, darling.’”

Broadway Knew Kay Francis as a Girl Who Lived for a Laugh but Hollywood Has Transformed Her

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

HERE was a terrible storm at sea.

The great ocean liner fought its way through giant waves that pounded against the steel sides with a crash of cymbals. Above, the black clouds menaced with bolts of lightning and mad downpours of rain. The ship seemed to struggle through chaos toward an unseen goal.

A girl wrapped in a heavy coat, a tam pulled down over her eyes, stood at the rail. No one else had ventured on deck, but the storm fitted her mood and she was recklessly careless of consequences.

For behind her lay what seemed the wreck of her life. An ex-wife at twenty. At twenty she had lived the span of a great love, a romantic sixteen-year-old marriage, two and a half years of bliss and agony combined, a Paris divorce.

No wonder her eyes were smoldering.

WHILE the storm raged, young Mrs. Francis faced the problems which have confronted thousands of ex-wives. The liner floundering up and down in the boiling waves under dark skies was very like herself. The storms of life had torn this girl from her moorings. The only life she had known since she came to adolescence lay behind her, a mere black and white record upon a French court.

A divorcee at twenty.

What should she do with the long life that stretched ahead of her? How was she to fill up that endless procession of days? Must she drift as so many ex-wives drifted, filling her days with any sort of thing called fun?

Her heart ached, not for the man she had divorced, but for the shattered dreams, the torn illusions. Such a short time before she had stood at the altar with all a very young girl’s high hopes and rosy faith in love. She had seen ahead to the days of Darby and Joan, as they two grew old hand in hand.

Now that was gone and life looked very empty. She wanted no more of love that could do such brutal things to anyone.

But she was by no means an ignorant girl. Though she had been brought up in convents, she was of her generation. Facts were to be recognized, that was all. A typical post-war young woman. She knew pretty well what happened or might happen to a young divorcee with green eyes, black hair, the figure of a Parisian mannequin and nothing to do.

“Ex-Wife” hadn’t been written then, but she knew. On the trackless waves she saw written the old story. The pathetic effort to fill empty hours. The fear of being alone that leads to cocktail parties and night clubs. The surface laughter which passes for happiness and for which nowadays so many ex-wives pay a high price.

Then it came to her that the ship on which she stood had work to do, a place to go, a goal to achieve. That was why it would defeat the storm and come eventually into port.

“I must do something,” she said to herself aloud. “I must have work to do. I must keep busy.”

She knew that she could never be happy in the aimless life of mere social drifting from one luncheon to another. one bridge party to another, one evening to another. There was too much vital energy in her.

“I will go on the stage,” she said.

Her mother, Katherine Clinton, had been an actress. But Kay had never thought of the stage, because she had married as soon as she was out of the convent.
Kay Francis, Divorcee at 20, Had to Find a New Life

Now it seemed that the stage was her place. It was fascinating work that would hold her interest, occupy her time, force her to give her best to make good. Kay Francis had in her a streak that insisted upon making good at anything she tried to do.

On the dock she told her mother and her uncle what she planned to do. They laughed at her. Little Kay on the stage? Why, she didn't have any talent. She'd never shown the slightest interest in the theater. She had enough money. She had better come home and rest and wait—for what they didn't say, but probably for an advantageous second marriage.

Kay narrowed those amazing gray-green eyes, set long, inky-black lashes and under severe black brows. Ten days later she was rehearsing for the rôle of the player queen in the modern version of "Hamlet."

"Luck," she says. Probably she is right. That first chance is so often luck. It's the years afterwards that count.

When they asked her her name she said simply, "Kay Francis." It was her married name, but for a long time she had regarded it as her only name and it never occurred to her to change it. She had no idea how famous it was to become.

For at first she had no great ambition. Success came without much effort. Her looks. Her alluring, low voice. Her ability to wear clothes. Automatically this combination insured her getting along.

Two things she did in those New York years, while in "Crime" and "Elmer the Great" she made fairly reputable hits. She worked and she laughed. Everyone now has something of a laugh complex. Laughter fills up almost all the blank spots.

The people who knew Kay Francis in New York thought of her as a play-girl. Always ready for anything. "A lot of laughs" was her main object. The men she went around with were nearly always the ones who could make her laugh heartily. She was the life of the party, could always be counted on for wise-cracks, quick answers, and new ideas.

There wasn't a more popular girl on Broadway than the laughter-loving, gay, witty Kay Francis, who loved a good time and knew how to have it. Broadway's play-girl. A straight-shooter. A grand kid. But she never took anything, neither men nor work, seriously. They didn't know that she had once taken a man much too seriously and had been badly hurt. No, Kay Francis had decided, as young folks so often do, that the way to beat life at its own game was never to take anything seriously, nor to believe in anything and then you couldn't be disillusioned, never to build up any dreams and then you couldn't be rudely awakened, never to throw your whole soul into the keeping of another human being and then you couldn't be disappointed.

Be a play-girl. That was the system.

When I went to see her the other day, she came in very late, whistleless, "I've been working on the railroad. All the livelong day."

Seeing me, she said, "And you don't know how true that is."

Kay Francis takes her work seriously now, believe me. She works harder, longer, more intensely, than any other girl I know in Hollywood. In two years the most time she has had off is three days. When she isn't actually shooting, she's getting clothes, being fitted, posing for photographs, studying lines.

"Once in a while I go to a party, " she said. "But usually I'm so tired at night I can just get my make-up off and flop into bed. I don't have time to read. I never get a chance to play tennis. What do I do? I work, by gosh."

She sank down in a big chair and dragged off her little felt hat. Her face is striking, but not beautiful. It is more interesting than most beauty. The great charm for the eye lies in the coloring. But her face has a greater charm (Continued on page 124)
executives do not go down to meet trains, except for Dorothy. Some way, somehow, Dorothy seems to strike off a more familiar, half-fellow-well-met attitude that endears her to every one she meets.

The impression seems to be that feminine appreciation is gained by being coy and winsome, but these traits cannot honestly be attributed to Dorothy Mackail.

Should you be permitted a glimpse of Dorothy and an executive you would gaze in the direction that they did not get along well at all.

"Hello Dorothy." (No answer)

"You're looking better since I saw you last."

"Which makes me worth your money, eh?—er, not very much better, only a little."

"Well, what's eating you?"

"How did you leave Hollywood without signing a new contract? Believe me, we have more trouble keeping tabs on you than—"

"Listen, are you going to stand there and make no protest if you are going to help me pack this junk?"

NOW how can someone keep up an indignant and injured front when he's putting lazy douds in a satchel? This burlesque at animosity keeps on for hours, as it did on the Twentieth Century, a whole day at the Ritz-Carlton, and right up to the gangplank of the S. S. Paris, on which Dorothy was booked to sail the next morning.

"Find my bond again, no! no! no! and no! I'm going on a vacation. Goodbye."

And so she didn't sign any contract. A pretty state of affairs. One of the most valuable screen properties in the world, to get sordid about it, meandering about Europe without being signed by the company that made her successful. And it wasn't as if First National had the promise of Dorothy that when she got back she would sign a contract. In fact, everybody seemed to think that this bond would have been as good as the contract itself.

But Dorothy had said peculiar things.

"Oh, I might come back. Oh, I might. And then again I might not. I hear Berlin is pretty nice to live in now."

And the old home town of Hull wouldn't be a bad place to spend reclining years and all that. My credit's good there. I guess I don't know what to do. I can't afford to be here for ten years. Or live in a small English cottage. Or be a high diver. Good-bye I have to pack. Why don't some of you executives help?"

I' was a peculiar situation. Not having had a vacation for six years was difficult for someone to say that she would postpone it again. Not having a contract with the company it was impossible to say that she should postpone it again.

And what worried the company as much as anything, a friendly sort of worry, by the way, was the undeniable fact that Dorothy was carrying a whole lot of money.

Wall Street was a place where there were no picture houses, to Dorothy. Marble mansions were places she lived in during working hours, not at home. And why a chauffeur when she liked to drive? Dorothy has a lot of money.

For four long months cables addressed to wherever the rumors had it that Dorothy was, came back.

"No person at this address. This is a false claim."

Sometimes a newspaper clipping offered a hint.

"Dorothy Mackail, noted screen star, was found by the pounds by Magistrate Farthingham, for exceeding the local speed limit. The patrolman reported that the star had gone so fast that he could not measure her speed, since his own speedometer halted at eighty miles an hour. Miss Mackail raised a legal point that if the patrolman was unable to say exactly how fast she was traveling when she should be released. Magistrate Farthingham overruled the point, but publicly accepted her invitation to tea."

One clip during working hours, "Grand Jury offers the not amusing note:"

"In a crack-up of the Fokker sixteen passenger plane yesterday evening no fatalities occurred although two men are seriously injured. Among the passen-

REPORTS came in from friends. Yes, they had bumped into Dorothy and her mother at Cannes. Yes, they heard she flew to Paris. From Paris she flew to London, England, Switzerland, Berlin. Pool she was lost again! And all the time not so much as a picture postcard from the blond star who was evidently sleeping in airplanes.

And then, just as suddenly as she disappeared, she was found. She was staying at a friend's in London. Jack Warner sent her a contract by cable, she signed by cable, and home she came.

The secret came out. She was a little black-eyed housewife, who had no directors who had anything to do with her. Mmm, it was pleasant not to have to get up at eight every morning, but it got monotonous after the first week. And she knew she was getting homesick when she found herself sneaking away from her mother on an afternoon and going to see a motion picture—the busman's holiday.

So Dorothy's back now. Refreshed, still looking for trouble with speed cops, still Hollywood's own child. And don't think she's not appreciated. In a town where amusing personalities have long been the life of the entire country, and where an industry that has begun to settle has quieted down the more amusing characters, it is indeed a relief and a blessing to find one brave soul still Peter Pan at heart, someone, who can stand the exhausting pace, the work下的 confusion, the glamour, the art of the world.

Emperor Jones

(Continued from page 47)

Executive (Yanking pull strap)—I'll call in a supervisor. (Enter a tall, faced fellow with a haggard, hunted look. He is obviously a little sour—and perhaps a bit mad.)

Supervisor—Did you call me, Chief? Executive—Certainly I called you—whaddayuh think I got this thing for? (Gives pull strap a demonstrative yank. Look at all these Jones pictures—I wanna make 'em more than educational. I wanna make 'em super-super.)

Supervisor (A glow of light in his tired eyes)—That's wot I've been sayin'. Make them super-super.

Executive—And make 'em fast, too. Use slow motion but speed it up—don't let 'em look like a news reel, see? How about music? Got any ideas about music?

Supervisor—I've been givin' that a lot of thought, Chief. A lot of thought. I figered it out and came up with some ideas—on the various holes and let 'em play soft while Jones gets ready to hit the apple—time the swings with the music and the time in when the club hits the ball, see?

Executive—We decided to make it miniature golf. But there can be a couple of holes on the lot, Chief, a dance going on so the audience keeps hearing the music.

Supervisor—Well, Chief, you got a great idea there—make it miniature golf. The idea of making it Tom Thumb golf is a GREAT idea. More popular and up to the minute. Fast—that's the idea. Make 'em fast. I was telling the scenario department, Chief, to get up some lines—some fast lines—too much time down there. If his lines are Okay then it don't make much difference about the golf angle which is like you say—too slow and news.

Enter a satchel (from the scenario department) —Okay. I'll call in a dialogue writer.

Enter dialogue writer—a futille little man with a pair of shears in his hand. 

Executive—Now let's have some get

(Continued on page 91)
A WEEK passed. Young William Powell added figures, wrote statements and interviewed customers in the office of the Kansas City Telephone Company, and awaited an answer to the all-important letter he had written to his great-aunt in Sharon, Pennsylvania.

His mind wasn't on his work. He couldn't think about the prosaic and endlessly monotonous business before him. His brain hummed around a million questions.

Would the rich old matriarch of the Powell family send him the money to go to New York and study for the stage or would she not? Must he continue a galley slave to a business he loathed, or would she wave a magic wand and open the gates to a golden future where he could pursue the career of an actor now so dear to his heart? Would he have to wait years and years to marry his pretty high-school sweetheart, Edith, or would his aunt make it possible for him to go to New York and achieve fame and fortune overnight, so that he might dash back and claim his bride?

His fate trembled in the balance of the old lady's will, for he was only nineteen and he knew that without her help he dared not, his parents would never allow him to venture New York alone.

Then one afternoon the telephone rang.

"Will," said his mother's voice, "there's a letter here for you from Sharon, Pennsylvania."

"What does it say," demanded Bill.

"I don't know," said his mother, "I didn't open it."

"For the love of Pete," yelled Bill, "open it quick!"

He waited, his heart doing flip-flops.

"It's signed Quincy Adams Gordon," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "He's aunt's lawyer."

Bill's heart sank. A lawyer. That meant that he was to be told in no mean fashion that aunt was through with helping aspiring members of her family who never paid her back.

"He says she will pay your tuition for a year at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and give you fifty dollars a month to live.

William Powell says that he owes a great deal to the late Leo Dietrichstein, the distinguished stage actor in whose company he played for some seasons.
POWELL
How the Popular Actor Gained His Dramatic Training, How He Won the Help of Leo Dietrichstein and How He Came to Motion Pictures

on," said his mother. "William—William don't you hear me?"

THERE was no answer. William Powell was in telling his boss what he could do with his job. He didn't even wait to finish the day's work. In an hour he was home, packing.

Tearful farewells to be said. His father and mother trembled, as they saw their beloved only son venturing into their field, a world of which they had heard so much that was evil. They saw him starting on a path which fact and fiction agreed were fraught with temptations. They had never discouraged him, but he was the first of the family anywhere to enter a theater save through the front door and they were both amazed and fearful. But they believed in him absolutely. Soon he would rival Mansfield, He had to say goodbye to Edith, too. The girl who for four years, all through high school, had been his ideal and his sweetheart. They were now definitely engaged. He was only twenty. She was still in her teens. But they were so sure that family opposition to such a young engagement was withdrawn. It wasn't puppy love. It was the real thing.

And Edith, with tears in her blue eyes, waved good-by to her man as she started out to conquer the world for her sake. Nothing happened as they had planned it, but fortunately they didn't see into the future.

The Academy of Dramatic Arts of New York was then in Carnegie Hall. Bill got a cheap room near there, enrolled in the necessary classes and went to work.

Fifty dollars a month in those days was a lot more money than it is now. Bill didn't live in gilded luxury. He didn't cut any wide swath in the night life of New York. But he managed to do himself fairly well. He had a place to sleep, enough to wear, and at least two square meals a day. No week went by without a big box from his mother in Kansas City.

The work at the school was just what he wanted. It was practical training, which would get him to the place where he could go into the theater.

But above all, he loved New York. New York was a big city, and it teemed with life, with drama, with color. Not one soul in the millions who filled the streets did he know. Yet he was never lonely. For he made friends with New York itself. He loved to wander on Broadway after the lights were lit. He loved to mingle with the crowd and watch their faces and try to picture to himself how they lived and where, what problems they faced of love and work and living.

He bought himself a second-hand edition of O. Henry and read avidly that great writer's tales of the Four Million. All around he searched for such adventures—and sometimes found them. Central Park was beautiful. Fifth Avenue was the finest street in the world. The Bowery, the Metropolitan Museum, the Ghetto—everything was new and wonderful.

"That was real education," Bill told me. "In some ways maybe it was better education than I could have obtained in four years at college. I came to know people, their expressions, their ways of moving and dressing, their reactions. I used to stand around staring and listening until it's a wonder I didn't get shot. I never thought about that. To me, it was a panorama being staged especially for my benefit."

There is still much of that observer in William Powell. There is more of the observer in his attitude toward life than anything else. He loves life, but not much of it gets very close to him. He stands back—and watches.

At the end of his first term at school, he decided he had had enough instruction and that he'd better go to work. More could be learned by actual experience. Besides, he was terribly impatient. He wanted to get about the business of becoming a great star. Fortunately, because during those waiting years he worked hard and learned important and necessary things. It never occurred to young Powell while he went through the hard grind of stock and road companies, while he fretted and raged that he didn't get his chance, that he was preparing for a day when a new art called "the talkies" should bring
him wider fame and greater returns than he had ever dreamed.

As soon as he went to work his aunt’s support was withdrawn. But he paid her back every cent she had advanced him, with interest at six percent.

Perhaps he wasn’t entirely disinterested in that. Sometimes the money came mighty hard, and after all, she had so much. Still, he had an idea in the back of his head. He was her nephew. If he proved to her how honorable and reliable and hard-working he was, he might become her favorite nephew. He had visions in his hall bedroom of the day when the dear old lady should pass to her reward and Quincy Adams Gordon would send for William Powell.

“My boy,” he would say, “you didn’t know your dear aunt well. But she watched your progress with great admiration. She appreciated your high standards and your honesty. She never forgot you paid her back the money she advanced you, and with interest at that. Of all those she helped in life, you were the only one who repaid her fairly. So now, she has made you her sole heir."

Such were young Powell’s dreams, as he saved his pennies and sent off money orders to Sharon, Pennsylvania.

They didn’t come true. Her money to found a home for aged and indigent Protestant clergymen.

His first job on the stage was in Rex Beach’s “The Ne’er-Do-Well.” He played four parts, most of them with beards. It was a second company, playing around New York City. Bill didn’t get much of a chance to show what he could do, but he received a salary and the experience.

Until 1921, William Powell worked a slow and gradual and sometimes discouraging way upward in the American Theater. He played stock in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Portland (Oregon), Boston, Buffalo and Northampton. He toured with first, second and third road companies. He played small parts and character parts in New York. He played leads, old gentlemen, heavies, juveniles, and characters. For ten years he kept at it, working steadily but seemingly getting nowhere.

Two great experiences happened during those slow, invaluable years of training.

In the road company of “Within the Law,” in which he was playing English Eddie, he met a young actress named Aileen Wil-son. She was young and talented. She was as deeply interested in the things of the theater as he was. She belonged to the new world into which he had stepped.

With her coming, he realized that he no longer loved Edith. Little by little, Edith’s image had dimmed. The engagement had dragged on, meaning less and less to picture her in the new life he was living. He knew things were tough for an actor’s wife—on the road, moving from town to town, working nights. Separation, with maturity, had gradually overcome the boy-and-girl love he had felt for Edith.

So, when he was playing in a town near Kansas City, William Powell journaled to see the girl he had left behind him. Their letters had grown fewer, shorter, less affectionate month by month. But nothing definite had been done.

On the way, Bill Powell tried to figure out what was the best thing to do. Surely it wasn’t right to marry the girl if he no longer loved her. Surely it wasn’t right to go through with the thing when it meant unhappiness for both of them. Yet how tell her all that? How could an honorable man break with a girl to whom he was bound by his word?

They met. They started to talk. They started to say the same things. For Edith didn’t want to venture on the hazardous career of an actor. There was a very nice young business man in Kansas City, who was doing well, and her father and mother thought—Bill said he thought she was right—and departed. He was free to tell Aileen that he loved her.

On April 15, 1915, at Mount Vernon, New York, William Powell and Aileen Wilson were married.

The marriage was not destined to last, but it began happily enough. They were very much in love. But it was typically a theatrical marriage. Both went on with their careers. When they got engagements together. When that couldn’t be done, they were separated for long periods. There was little home life, nearly always beginning they were romantically thrilled with life and with each other.

The other important thing which happened before 1921—The year which fate had destined to change William Powell’s fortunes—was his meeting with Leo Dietrichstein and his engagement to play in “The Great Gatsby” with him.

Dietrichstein was at that time one of the distinguished stars of the New York (Continued on page 116)
Emperor Jones

(Continued from page 87)

holywood and don't know what it's all about and try to tell us something. I gotta bellyful of listening to monkeys who wouldn't know a piece of negative when they see it. This is a business all by itself, pal, just like golf or any other business. You can't pick up the picture business over night—some of us studied it for years. Naturally we become proficient in our line just like you are proficient in yours if I can believe what I see in the newspaper headlines, although, these sporting writers spill a lot of tripe, if you ask me.

(There is an awkward silence. Jones is obviously embarrassed. A worried look comes into his face. He starts to speak but before he can say anything the executive cuts in.)

Executive—Now you all clear out of here. I got to make some long distance calls to New York. Business there is colossal—but I think it will pick up. I gotta fly to Agua Caliente this afternoon, Jones, by plane. I gotta fly down by airplane. If there is anything you want to know about pictures just ask these boys. They'll make a test of your voice. By the way, can you sing or play a ukulele? Well, we can double if you can't do anything good enough. Just don't worry—there's nothing for you to worry about because I'm going to direct these shorts myself. Understand? Okay, Pal, and keep your nose clean.

The Men Who Make the Movies

(Continued from page 6)

The other fellows controlled most of the larger theaters and the Warner boys were not invited to the party. Today it is different, but that is another story.

Harry was in New York reviving the bankroll. This was 1925. Sam and Jack were spending plenty in the California studios when the telephone officials submitted their first talking film to Hollywood producers. Sam, like others who heard the rasping squawks, thought they were terrible. But he didn't tell Harry that in his wire to New York. "Come right away. Important" was his urgent request and the head of the House of Warner went.

Within a week, Harry, Jack, Sam and Albert were together in earnest conference. Harry didn't think much of the metallic sounds coming out of a corner of the screen. For a while, he favored a continuation of silence, as did the other production magnates. The chances of revolutionizing the industry appeared slight and the attempt would be expensive. Negotiations extended over several weeks during which the big companies, one by one, dropped out. Harry waited. He waited until the telephone company's representatives were ready to slash the price. He decided to give talking pictures a trial, but at his own figure and under a name of his own choosing—Vitaphone. His terms were accepted.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

BETTY COMPSON recently gave a party at the Saturday night Embassy dinner-dance, in honor of Hugh Trevor's birthday. Betty and Hugh, who is making an impression on movie audiences as a rising young juvenile at RKO, are still very much "that way about each other. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sherman (Helene Costello), Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Ruben, Richard Dix and Tom Mix.

THE engagement of Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli is expected to be announced any day. Virginia went to New York with Glenn Morris and expected to stay all winter, but she rushed back inside of a few weeks.
How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 69)

ing Charles Bickford. "Beyond insuring that and a good education for them, I want them to feel free to do what they want in life. I believe in letting a child's mind shape the child's ambition."

Mr. Bickford's children are a girl, Doris, thirteen, and boy, Rex, aged five.

"The children are out of doors most of the time," Bickford continued. "They are either on the beach or out in the hills riding horseback. Even Rex rides. They have their own horses—in a way. That is, they always use the same horses at the riding academy. Of course, Doris's horse is the liveliest horse in the stable! And if she ever went down to ride and found her horse gone, the riding master would have a tough time of it! The children ride all over Beverly Hills.

"As to their education, they have a tutor. Both are fond of history and geography. I hated school myself, and that's why I don't send them to school. They have regular hours of hard study and sometimes they do their lessons out-of-doors. They enjoy nature study this way. I shall send them to college later on if they want to go. That is up to them.

"We have a hard and fast rule about their going to bed early and rising early. But anyway I find that the California climate makes early risers of them. There is a vast difference between these mountains and beaches and New York City. There I had an apartment on the top floor of a hotel and by arrangement we had exclusive use of the roof. So the children had a little playground, but it was by no means like their playing on mother earth as they do now. The principal reason I am in the West is the children.

"The children swim well, especially Doris. She is a marvelous swimmer.

"Yes, the children like pictures. Doris saw me in a picture the other night that I myself am not enthusiastic about, and she informed me frankly that if I didn't get better in my acting I should go back to New York and go on that stage before I forgot entirely how to act!

"Rex thinks that his dad makes all the movies! When we are going to see a picture, he always says so.

"Doris wants to act. She is a born actress. She even imitates her dad! She is always organizing little plays in our neighborhood. She has both director and star. She writes the plays herself. When she sees me in a picture, she goes home and goes right through the thing, imitating the whole cast, especially me. I have really learned a lot from her.

"The children go to Sunday school, and enjoy it. They are Christian Scientists, and go right for it themselves if they don't feel well. They never have a doctor.

Jane Harriet Brown


Her hours of sleep and nourishment are consulted even in the matter of inviting guests to the house. If little Jane Harriet isn't feeling well, there won't be any party. Also there won't be any acceptances to other people's parties.

Naturally she is the pride and joy of her dad's heart, and he is putting in a lot of time planning for her future, just as all people do for their firstborns.

In any, it is quite firmly decided that he doesn't want his child to be an actress. All the old Alabama spirit rises up within him and declares that he wants his Jane Harriet to be a home girl, and his wife agrees. He is willing that his girl should go through college if she wants to, but he wants her to grow up in a perfectly ordinary routine of girlhood, meet some man and marry young. He wants her to go to school in Alabama because he and his wife went to school there. He hopes with all his heart that she won't want a career.

Jane Harriet is being brought up carefully as regards food, sleep and outdoor exercise. She was a year old last July, but already is having her play supervised in order to get the most healthful exercise out of it.

Jackie Coogan's Brother

I SEEM to have been fortunate in selecting my children," smiled Mrs. Coogan, Jackie's and Robert's mother.

On no child is more care and thought expended than on Jackie Coogan, the only child, who, in all the world's history, ever earned a million dollars by his own efforts before he was nine years old. His father and mother spend their lives in thought and care for him and his charming little brother.

"My children are being brought up in the old fashioned ways, his mother proceeds. "I don't try to plan out a career for them, for they may according to system, put to bed at a certain time, fed at a certain time, etc.

Winfield R. Sheehan, vice president and general manager of Fox Films, visited Will Rogers on location at Lake Tahoe, Calif, while the comedian was filming "Lightnin." Mr. Sheehan appears to be congratulating Mr. Rogers upon the merit of his wisecracks.

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turn out to be as different from what we expect as day is from night. Just now Jackie thinks he wants to continue in his career as an actor, but he may change his mind, especially as he is now in a Catholic boarding school. I should love to have him become a doctor or a lawyer, but I shan't try to force it.

"Perhaps little Robert will embrace a profession. He is very bookish, and very thorough in what he learns and does, much more so than Jackie, who is content just to get by. Robert doesn't care a bit for pictures or acting."

"The children are very obedient, but on the other hand I never demand blind obedience. I always give them a reason for what I say."

"Jackie is beginning to grow up, he is beginning to resent a little my telling him what to do. He went away to school my little boy, but he is going to grow up in time with his own ideas."

"I don't let my children run around without supervision. The other night at eleven o'clock two fifteen-year-old boys drove up to the house and wanted Jackie to go out with them. They had girls in the car with them. I told them, 'Jackie is in bed.' In bed— at this hour? they demanded incredulously."

Robert worships Jackie, it seems, and Jackie takes a lot of care of Robert, although naturally he looks upon him with big-brother toleration.

"I never wake my children in the morning unless Jackie has to go to work. I let them sleep. I consider sleep even more important than the matter of their food," said their mother. "And yet I am always very careful about their food, too. So far as Jackie is concerned, though, I don't have to bother much. He likes plain, dry food; but Robert loves rich gravies and sweets."

"Robert was a system baby. His nurse was a wonder. She would push everybody out of the kitchen to get his food. We started at four weeks giving him vegetable broth taken from a bottle, four ounces twice a day, and from four weeks old he drank a pint of water a day."

"So far as food and drink are concerned, malted milks and hot dogs are their dissipation."

"Neither child drinks tea or coffee."

"The children are both athletic. Robert is a fine swimmer, but we don't permit the children to swim in the ocean very much. We have a swimming pool at home and Jackie and Robert are always free to invite their playfellows to swim with them."

"Jackie drives a car when he is at the ranch, I mean about on the country roads where there is little travel and on the ranch, but he never drives in the city. Jackie wants a speed boat, but he cannot have it for a while. We are not close enough to the water, and I would not be satisfied to let him go alone."

"Jackie likes books, and has a tremendous library."

"Jackie goes to mass on Sundays. He is studying religious dogma at present, and it wouldn't surprise me if he took a notion, after all, to become a priest."

"First and foremost I want my children to be good, honorable men. I want them to be cultured and well educated, and I want them to have education by which they can earn their livings. I want them to do something constructive in the world."

The Screen Women's Press Club of Hollywood gave a dinner recently at the Russian Art Club. Miss Dressler was mistress of ceremonies. The guests, left to right: Miss Dressler, Louis B. Mayer, vice president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Eleanor Packer, president of the club, Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Edgar Allen Woolf, the playwright now in Hollywood, Polly Moran and Jeanette MacDonald.

A Villain's Kiddies

JOHN MILJAN married the mother of two children, both boys, Robert and Creighton.

King Miljan is a villain on the screen, but after he has erased the line of crime from his face, out at the studio, he goes home, and if one of the children happens to be sick, he will sit up all night with him. The actor adores his step-children and they adore him. Nevertheless he is fairly strict with them."

"On another day," John related, "I told Robert not to do a certain thing. But he did it. I had told him that if he did that thing, I should have to whip him. So I said to him, 'Well, I promised you a whipping if you did that thing, and so I shall have to keep my word. If I promised you something nice, you'd think I ought to keep my word, wouldn't you?" The argument worked, but it proved a boomerang.

"In an unguarded moment I had promised the boys to take them up into the mountains the first time it snowed. One cold Sunday morning at five o'clock, following the whipping, when I was sleeping, oh, so soundly, after a hard week's work, I was shaken from my slumber.

"'Wake up! You promised you'd take us to the mountains the first time it snowed!' the boys exclaimed, 'and the paper says it snowed yesterday!'"

"Nothing for it but to roll out of bed and take them on the trip."

"The boys are receiving education in the public schools, and they may select whatever callings they like. I don't think they have any leanings as yet."

"They are hardy, athletic little fellows, and they eat plain food and sleep eight or nine hours."

(Continued on page 96)
Above and below Lillian Roth shows you how you can bend for beauty. First, standing with feet together, spread arms to the side vigorously, extending the fingers. Second, swing the arms to the front, crossing them at the elbows, fling out to the sides again and repeat for 25 counts. Third, bend alternately right and left at the waist, raising the opposite arm upward. Fourth, extend the arms upward, rising up on the toes. Fifth, shown at bottom of page, dropping the heels, bend forward at the waist, swinging the arms to alternate sides.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY
What are “stenographer’s hips” and what can you do about them?—Advice on Your Problems of Make-Up
By ANN BOYD

NANCY of Pittsburgh comes forward this month with a beauty problem that affects nearly all business girls who must spend many hours a day at their desks. It is that very modern, very up-to-date defect known as “stenographer’s hips.” Now, a generation ago, the average figure was wedge shaped. Women achieved this by lacing their corsets tightly around the hips and waistline and by pushing the bust-line up high. And the favorite beauty exercise of twenty-five or thirty years ago was the very simple one of remaining standing for twenty minutes after eating. At fashionable dinner parties, the men remained at table over their coffee and cigars, and the women adjourned to the drawing-room, where the vain ones paced up and down for the conventional twenty minutes to preserve that slender line from ankle to waistline.

All this is not as silly as it sounds. If I were Nancy, or if I were any girl threatened with stenographer’s hips, I would buy a good girdle, being careful to select a model that would fit snugly on the hips and keep them from spreading. Nancy writes me that she is tall and slender, so she probably feels that she doesn’t need a corset, or, if she wears one, it was very likely so selected to confine her hips.

Then I would make a point of never remaining seated at the office, when it would be possible to stand. I would walk for a few minutes after luncheon and I would walk part of the way home. Then I would go in for kicking. The simplest exercise is raising the foot to the knee, pointing the toes and giving the foot a good, vigorous kick straight ahead.

JOSEPHINE of Chicago writes a very friendly and chatty letter that fairly bristles with problems. Josephine, alas, still clings to the childish habit of biting her nails. There are hundreds of remedies for stopping this habit, but who wants to go around with alum on her finger or glove tips or any such things? There are only two cures for nail-biting. The most important one is will-power. Simply say to yourself, Josephine, that you positively will not lapse into this disfiguring habit. The other cure (Continued on page 117)
YOU probably don't remember when you first began to notice "pink" on your tooth brush. Most people don't go into a panic over that first slight tinge of "pink" on the brush.

It's almost inevitable these days—"pink tooth brush." The gums need the stimulation of coarse foods—and they don't get it. Gradually they become more and more lazy—until they're so tender that they bleed on the slightest provocation.

And suppose you don't do anything about it. Just let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. What then?

It's time to stop "pink tooth brush"

Pale gums, unhealthy gums, bleeding gums, are an open invitation to various diseases of the gums—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, pyorrhea.

But far more serious than this—"pink tooth brush" may eventually lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest, whitest teeth. And that often means the loss of otherwise good teeth.

Yet it's the simplest thing in the world to check and to defeat "pink tooth brush"—before it does any serious harm!

You have only to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and massage it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana is the same ziratol used by dentists in toning and stimulating the gums back to health.

In a few days, examine your teeth. Whiter, aren't they? With some of that sparkle they used to have when you were very, very young. They're clean, too. 

In a month, examine your gums. Any change? Well, rather! They're firmer, now—pinker, harder, healthier. They're not bleeding—now. Keep on using Ipana and massage—and there'll never be any more "pink tooth brush" to worry about!

If you wish, send in the coupon and let us send you a trial tube of Ipana. But better still—get a full-size tube from your druggist, today, and see what a full thirty days of Ipana and massage will do for your teeth and your gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-21
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name
Street
City State

IPANA Tooth Paste
How Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 93)

Farrell Macdonald's Daughter

"I want first of all for my daughter, Lorna Edith, that she develop a beauty of character. And healthy body, so that she will be physically fitted to accomplish anything she wants to do," declared J. Farrell Macdonald, the character actor.

"As for that career of hers, I don't mean to limit her, but shall encourage her in any calling or any line of work she may choose. When I was a boy, my father was determined that I should be a lawyer, and as a consequence I graduated in law at Yale, but did not find it to my liking, and after taking up various other callings, I finally decided that acting was my vocation. So I'm not going to have my daughter waste time, as I did, on studying something she doesn't want to do.

"Lorna attends a girls' school. She is fourteen. She has a great gift for painting, and has already distinguished herself at school in her original drawing work. She is also clever at designing and clothes, and at interior decoration. A lot of her clothes, she has selected and been allowed to buy herself, coats and frocks, sometimes to the dismay and annoyance of some women, when her taste clashed with theirs, but her mother and I believe that her taste is always good.

"Lorna also has a gift for languages. At the beginning of the vacation, when coming from swimming, fencing and playing volley ball, she is a match for any girl her age at school. She learned to ride horseback when she was five, and is an accomplished horsewoman. She is also a good dancer.

"Indeed she was interested in classic dancing for a time, but of late, for some reason, has lost all interest in acting and dancing.

"Lorna now wants to go to college, and we shall let her do so.

Jack Mulhall's Boy

JACK MULHALL, Jr., fourteen years old, He is attending Junior High School in Hollywood.

Jack's hobby at present is building air-planes, and he sells them, his dad says that he is a terrible spendthrift and is always applying for money.

"Although he is fourteen, we want him to go to bed early, but it's out of the question to get him to do it. In other words," said his father, "he is growing up, and is beginning to want liberty.

Young Jack is a musician, and plays the piano marvelously. He is really interested in music and may turn to it as a profession. However, being also a talented mechanic, he may turn inventor.

Josef von Stroheim

JOSEF ERICH ST. RITUS VON STROHEIM, second division Black-Foxe Military Institute at Los Angeles, at the age of eight can click his heels, to think like a man and wear his uniform like his father, but there the resemblance hesitates.

Young Erich's present ambition, after having a number. Tom Mix's pictures, is that he wants to be just a cowboy! Indeed his parents' plans to have him complete a military education and qualify for a job at West Point have bearing on his choice of a career in the future, except that they consider this the best kind of fundamental education.

Josef Erich has a rest period after lunch every day and goes to bed at seven o'clock, according to an old Austrian custom, but his father has to lie down beside him till sleep comes, which is more likely to be nine instead of seven o'clock. That's when Erich the big is telling Erich the little tales of his old home, instructing him in his philosophy of life, telling him stories. Or just silent in a quiet companionship until the little fellow falls asleep.

In spite of possessing a nervous stomach he eats well when relaxed by play, and it is a delightful vegetable: with the exception of spinach—which he likes! A charming, mercurial child with a vivid imagination, a retentive memory, and a rich sense of humor, he sees the funny side of things before anything else.

And he adores the funny papers, which are read to him every morning.

During a recent stay in Rome, Josef Erich received the Order of St. Theresa from the Holy Father, and at the end of the school year just passed he received the Headmaster's medal for best progress made.

Little Leatrice Gilbert

LITTLE LEATRICE JOY GILBERT, daughter of Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert, is a lively little girl of eight.

She is a great out-door youngster, swims, plays tennis even now, and likes to ride horseback.

She has a very little nursery at Leatrice's Beverly Hills home, but as Leatrice is moving out into San Fernando Valley, she is leaving that nursery for another, a little more grown-up.

Small Leatrice was a system baby from the beginning, and is a healthy example of good health of the system.

She loves to act, and is a good mimic. Little Leatrice always has an athletic ideal. When Lindbergh first flashed across the horizon, she had his pictures all over her nursery walls. But shortly afterward she met Jack Dempsey—and it was all off with Lindbergh.

However, she is a fickle little soul, for no sooner had she become acquainted with Tom Mix than she forgot all the pictures and nursery walls with Tom's.

There is a real friendship with Tom and little Leatrice and Thomasa Mix are great friends. The two children visit back and forth whenever Thomasa is in town.

Ann Harding's Daughter

DESPITE the fame of her mother and father, and the fact that the combined salary of two first-rate parents make it possible for her to have every luxury, two-year-old Jane Bannister, daughter of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, is being reared along decidedly modest, not to mention safe and sane, lines.

It was long ago over at Miss Harding's house, as we are asked to whether or not she found it possible to devote sufficient time to the duties of motherhood and at the same time be loyal to her career. Ann answered by having little Jane brought into the room.

"Does she look neglected?" the blond star asked. And we were forced to admit that never had we seen a more healthy, happy rosy-poly specimen of babyhood.

When Ann Harding is working she frequently does not get a star from the studio until well past average dinner hour. After the day's shooting, there are rushes to be looked at. But always, she has an effort to be there for her child's bedtime hour, when she likes to tell her a final good night story, tuck her under the covers and kiss her good night, be apprenticed to the room, and, with the connoisseurship of Daddy Harry, the three enjoy a romp. When Miss Harding and Mr. Bannister do not have to be at the studio, this is usually followed by a dip in the swimming pool and a breakfast which the three enjoy together.

At slightly more than two years of age, Jane is already able to swim, having been taught by her father and mother during the past summer. She has her own little pool, right next to the deeper one for the adults of the household.

Jane almost lives out of doors when her mother is not with her.

There are some don'ts for her to obey, even though she has a nurse. She isn't to put anything from the garden in her mouth. She isn't to stay in the pool more than fifteen minutes. She isn't to play with any strange children or to speak to any strange men when wet.

Because of the unavoidable absence from Jane which her work entails, Miss Harding has a capable nurse who has been with her since she first signed a picture contract. But the poor girl herself discusses all policies of diet and daily routine with the nurse, before any policy is decided upon or changed. While, Jane is adoring and impres-
He thought:
"You're pretty—but 'B.O.' spoils your charm for me."
Yet to be polite,
He said:
"I've had a very pleasant evening."

How a second meeting ruined their romance
'B.O.' lost her many an admirer until—

"I— I hope you'll come again," she said.
But she knew he wouldn't. She could feel he had lost interest in her, just as other men had.

Yet last night, when they met for the first time, he had seemed instantly attracted—eager to call. Why had this evening been a failure? Why had he turned so cool and distant?

Now she knows the reason. Knows why she couldn't hold admirers—had no intimate girl friends. Let her tell you how she ended her fault—won popularity.

"It was a terrible shock to learn that I was guilty of 'B.O.'—body odor. But it's so easy to offend—and not know it! Pores are continually giving off odor-causing waste—as much as a quart daily. Our senses become deadened to an ever-present odor. We don't notice 'B.O.' in ourselves—only in others.

"Yet no one need ever offend. Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. You'll feel so gloriously clean—so fresh—so safe. For Lifebuoy deep-cleanses pores—ends all trace of 'B.O.'"

Want a good complexion?
Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy is the best of beauty treatments. Its gentle, yet searching lather frees tiny pores of clogged impurities—brings fresh, healthy radiance to dull, sallow skins. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Good News!
LIFEBUOY
Shaving Cream
Its new, soothing lather protects "tender spots"—gives most comfortable shave ever. At all druggists.

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
stops body odor—
hold true, I am sure, in real life. The romantic lover of the Ramon Novarro type reacts to the woman in need, especially to the woman in need of him. He gives rather than takes. The straight-from-the-shoulder, take-it-or-leave-it, flesh-and-blood lover of the Ronald Colman type is much more apt to ask the question “Does she love me?” If she doesn’t, he has no use for her. And if she does—well, I leave that to your imagination!

Now, considering the horoscopes of any public characters it is important to know where the Moon was in the astrological heavens at the moment they were born. The reason for this is that the Moon rules the masses and indicates whether or not we will be successful in our relations to them. Both of these men, you might know, have Moons that are favorable for success. The difference between the two men, however, continues to show itself. Mr. Novarro is a true Aquarian Venus and Mr. Colman’s to Jupiter. Both planets are favorable, but Jupiter in a more robust way.

It is especially interesting to note that the Moon in Mr. Novarro’s chart is in Taurus, the planet which rules the earth. Many of our most successful singers have the Moon so placed. So it was no accident in the working out of Ramon Novarro’s destiny that his greatest success on the screen—coming at a time when many thought that his vogue in the silent drama was on the wane—has been achieved through the use of his beautiful voice. There is no indication on this point one way or the other in Mr. Colman’s chart, so he was evidently intended to succeed with equal facility on either the talking or the silent screen. He has Neptune in that part of the heavens which rules pleasure, so he could hardly help being successful in any medium he might have adopted for giving happiness and enjoyment to the masses of the world.

There is one contradictory aspect in the charts of these two men. They are both ambitious, but Mr. Novarro is much more dangerously so than Mr. Colman. He always wants something just around the corner. When he gets it, he wants something else. Mr. Colman, on the other hand, appears just normally ambitious to succeed. The latter trait is much more apt to bring personal happiness than the former. The trouble with Mr. Novarro’s horoscope on this point is that he has Saturn overhead, in the very same position that Napoleon had it. Good company in a way, I suppose. But he should be careful that he does not let his ambition lead him to try to do too much. If he does, he, too, may have difficulty in escaping a bitter end too.

However, he hasn’t much to worry about just yet. 1931 should be a banner year for him, because he is coming through a period of much greater fortune than he has had for a long time, that he has had for a long time. In fact, things look better for him financially in the summer of 1932 than they have been for four years’ time. He is almost sure to receive large and unusual benefits. In 1933, he will have another big period; but the good years to receive at that time will be personal rather than financial. It would be a most propitious time for marriage.

Mr. Colman’s outlook is also excellent. During 1931 and 1932 he may be more than usually serious in that Capricorn mind of his, and inclined to worry about his fortunes; but this will be due, not to any real threat to his career, but to the astrological fact that both Venus and Saturn in his horoscope will be temporarily unfriendly to the disorganizing and upset planet Mars. Jupiter, however, which is in a good position, will help the situation. He will have the wealth and the men to make it happen.

You can write direct to Evangeline Adams, in care of New Movie, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or you can listen to Miss Adams’ broadcasts over a national hook-up of radio stations on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from Station WABC in New York. Next month Miss Adams will discuss the month of March in New Movie.

ARE YOU AN AQUARIAN?

If you were born at the same time of year as Ramon Novarro and Ronald Colman, you may be the romantic type as Mr. Novarro is, or the "he-man" type as Mr. Colman is—or you may be a girl. But one thing is sure: you will have some of the traits which these two men have in common, because you, too, are a native of the beneficent sign Aquarius, which rules all people born between the 21st of January and the 22nd of February.

As Aquarius, you are two most outstanding traits in your nature are your humanitarian instincts and your unflagging loyalty. The great object of your life is to help others. Your great danger is too much trust in human nature. You have good powers of concentration, mental poise and endless patience. You are rigid with a system and can carry on for hours without change. You are modest and unassuming in manner; and in your heart. The poise which Aquarius gives you makes you more nearly the master of yourself than the native of any other sign. You also have unusual foresight and are often unhurt by unforeseen events. These traits in some Aquarians amount almost to prophecy. They are often taken for prophecy.

Your tenacity of purpose is very great. Once you
FIND THE TWIN TOWERS

QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN $3700.00

An illustrious Chicago artist presents below his dream conception of the coming Chicago Centennial World's Fair. When he had completed his drawing, to his surprise he found he had drawn two of the towers exactly alike—IDENTICAL TWIN TOWERS. There are well over two dozen towers here. Many of them look alike. But—only two towers or buildings among those numbered are exactly alike—exactly alike in size, shape, width and design. How quick is your eye? Can you find the TWIN TOWERS? Be careful now. It will not obligate you in any way, or cost you anything. If you can find the TWIN TOWERS you will be qualified for a chance to win the Grand Prize in the big contest, details of which will be sent you at once. If you can find the twin towers, send the numbers together with your name and address. This will enter you in the contest. First Prize in the TWIN TOWERS contest is Twenty-eight hundred, fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane, and actual flying instruction to be paid by us—with the first prize there is an extra prize of $850.00—you can win this by being prompt—making a total first prize of $3700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well-chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique “advertising-to-the-public” program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

M. J. MATHER,
Room 72, 54 West Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.
BECAUSE Otia Skinner’s rascally Bagdad beggar, Hajj, was one of the picturesque performances of the last stage generation, you will want to see First National’s film of “Kismet.” I can still remember the thrill of the stage production, when Hajj, holding his enemy beneath the waters of the harem pool, reported pleasantly upon the bubbles rising to the surface. Today “Kismet” seems not a little ornate and not a little tedious.

“The Big Trail,” photographed in wide measure Grandeur films by Fox, is another panorama of the hardships of pioneering. Raoul Walsh directed, but the film lacks the rough and lusty gusto of his “What Price Glory” and his “Cock-Eyed World.” The panorama of covered wagons and plains dwarfs the human romance. This is spectacle, rather than drama.

King Vidor filmed “Billy the Kid” for Metro-Goldwyn in Realife, another wide film effort, but the result is sacrificed if not much to brag about. This biography of a real Brooklyn boy who made good with his gun in the West lacks a lot. Johnny Mack Brown is there. There are two gals, a soft-spoken outlaw.

The Russians long have had the theory that real workers, rather than actors, should play workers in their films. I always have believed however that the most authentic looking plumbers, electricians and bricklayers can be found at the Lamb’s Club. However, Metro-Goldwyn tried the Russian idea with “A Lady’s Morals.” They hired a real opera singer, Grace Moore to sing and act the role of Jenny Lind. The film is not only as effective as was obtained by a non-singer, Greta Garbo, as the nightingale of “Romance.” In fact, “A Lady’s Morals” is pretty mild entertainment.

THE popular Lewis Ayres plays a baby-faced Chicago killer in the effectively titled “Doorway to Hell,” produced by the Warners. This is a grim and exciting presentation of a boyish baron who gets put “on the spot” eventually. It has enough kick to hold your attention all the way.

“War Nurse,” (Metro-Goldwyn), is a disappointment. There was a real story in the humanitarian work of the women behind the lines in the Great War but the theme is buried here in pettiness of sentiment and javascript of dialogue. The hero of sacrifice turns out to be the seduction of Anita Page.

“The Dancers,” (Fox), is a story of a young remittance man in the Western lumb-land. He builds an orchestra, the dancer of the camp halls and the girl back home who falls into the whirl of after-war abandon. What is the poor lad to do but assume his title and his lands? Lois Moran is a bit the best of the cast, as the girl who rides her Rolls to forgetfulness.

Following this, a dish of fresh figs was put at each place, with powdered sugar and cream. Of course, any fruit can be substituted for this if much to brag about. This biography of a real Brooklyn boy who made good with his gun in the West lacks a lot. Johnny Mack Brown is there. There are two gals, a soft-spoken outlaw.

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How Hollywood Entertains
(Continued from page 81)

OF course, the girls all dressed most informally. If they had been going to stay indoors and play bridge or hearts, which by the way, has come back into the Hollywood group—most of them would have worn pajamas. The popularity of pajamas for all sorts of indoor wear grows daily.

Mary herself wore a simple frock of lip-stick crepe, its only ornament two shiny artificial gardenias, one white, one red. Her felt hat matched the dress exactly.

June Collyer wore a suit of dark green tweed, with a collar of white Galvaky fur, a white crepe blouse and a green felt hat.

Frances Dee looked stunning in a dress of dark bottle green crepe, with a small felt hat to match. In fact the party looked quite Irish, for green seems to be the favorite color in Hollywood this year. Rosita Moreno was also a bright green dress of very heavy, silk crepe, with a coat to match, trimmed in red fox fur. Elva Boggs, Mary’s house guest, had on a beige crepe dress, with a long tunic blouse, edged in a heavily tucked panel, long wide sleeves trimmed in the same way, with a plain hat to match.

Tickets for “Min and Bill,” Marie Dressler’s success at the Carthy Circle Theater, had been reserved and afterwards the girls all went to the Embassy for tea.
"YOU AND YOUR HOME"
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST!!!

$200.00 in CASH PRIZES
Offered to the Readers of

THE HOME MAGAZINE or
THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE or
THE ILLUSTRATED LOVE MAGAZINE or
THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

for the best set of two photographs or "snapshots"—one of yourself and one of your home—submitted in the "YOU AND YOUR HOME" Contest

This contest is in no sense a "beauty" competition. It is primarily a contest to bring out the best possible efforts of the amateur in the interests of home photography.

National recognition for the successful contestants in the Amateur Photographic field will be afforded through the May, 1931, issues of TOWER MAGAZINES.

AWARDS
1st Prize: $100.00 for the best set of pictures.
2nd Prize: $50.00 for the next best set of pictures.
3rd Prize: $25.00 for the next best set of pictures.
Prizes of $5.00 each for the 5 next best sets of pictures.

In case of ties a duplicate award will be given to each tying contestant.

BASIS OF AWARDS
1. Skill in operating a camera.
2. Clarity of detail.
3. Composition of pictures submitted.
4. Uniqueness of view and pose.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Photographs or "snapshots" of your home may be either an exterior or interior view—or both.
2. You may submit as many of your favorite "snapshots"—of yourself and your home as you wish; we would suggest at least two different ones of your home and two or three of yourself.
3. No limitations are placed on the size of pictures to be submitted—your camera will decide this.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. All pictures submitted for entry in the contest must fall within the "Amateur Class"—Pictures taken by professionals are not acceptable.
2. No employees, or members of their families, of TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., are eligible to compete in the contest.
3. All pictures, prints, photographs, etc., submitted in the Amateur Photography Contest become sole property of TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
4. All the usual rights and privileges incident to material transmitted and information given, with its use thereof, in such contests are reserved to the sole discretion of TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
5. Contestants submitting pictures for entry in the contest will complete the form furnished below or a copy of it and securely attach it to their set of pictures and mail intact.
6. All pictures submitted for entry in the contest must be placed in the mail not later than midnight, February 28th, 1931.
7. Failure to observe any of the above RULES and CONDITIONS of the contest disqualifies the entrant.
8. Mailing of your set of pictures and the completed FORM will constitute your unqualified acceptance of these RULES and CONDITIONS.

JUDGES OF THE CONTEST

W. T. Benda, Frederick J. Smith, Andreas Randel,
Creator of Benda Editor, The New Art Director,
Masks, Movie Magazine, Tower Magazines,

BUY A NEW FILM TODAY! FOCUS YOUR CAMERA!
SNAP YOUR FAVORITE VIEW OF YOUR HOME. AT-
CH THIS TO A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF ALONG
WITH THE COMPLETED FORM BELOW OR A COPY
OF IT.

MAIL TO CONTEST EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES,
INC., 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THIS CONTEST WILL APPEAR IN TOWER MAGAZINES
IN THE FEBRUARY, 1931, ISSUES ONLY.

LOOK FOR THE DECISION AND AWARDS OF THE
JUDGES OF THE CONTEST IN THE MAY ISSUES OF
TOWER MAGAZINES, ON SALE IN WOOLWORTH
STORES, APRIL 15TH, 1931.
How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 96)

A person of great energy herself, thoroughly convinced not only of the feasibility but the wisdom of a woman having a career in addition to her home and family. Miss Harding does hope that Jane will be cast in a similar mold. However, a rebel against parental theories herself, she does not intend to impose any on her child. If she wants to be an actress, that will be perfectly all right with Jane's mother.

In the meantime Ann Harding Banner is trying to create a mental, moral, physical and cultural background for her child, which will fit her to look on life's problems with clear-seeing eyes.

At the Harry Careys

As linguists, Harry Carey's children are unique in filmdom or anywhere else, I imagine.

The two youngsters, called by their nicknames of Adobe and Cappy, nine and five years old respectively, have spoken two or three Indian dialects since they were infants in charge of Indian nurses at Harry Carey's ranch, where both were born.

The family recently went to South Africa with their parents, when Carey and his wife, known professionally as Olive Golden, played parts in "Trader Horn," Harry playing the name role.

Down there in South Africa the children were left at Nairobi with a tutor, while they were to make a mental journey. From the little black children in Nairobi and on the way back on the boat—there being a number of Swahili natives along with the company—the youngsters picked up the Swahili language.

But the children didn't like Africa because they couldn't get out of doors and they got jiggers under their fingernails if they played in the dirt—jiggers that would cause sores that would fester. They had to learn the art of opening doors and the confinement irked their young spirits. Then, too, they had to wear hats all the time, if they went out of the house.

Now that the children are back in Hollywood, 'Dobe attends the Urban Military School.

There's a tale. On 'Dobe's birthday, his mother said to him, "We will invite some of the school children up to the house and have a party for you.

That was enough. 'Dobe took the inviting into his own hands. He stood up in assembly room that morning and invited the whole school! And when Mrs. Carey saw the horde advancing, she nearly fainted. But she is a good sport, and hastily sent out for avalanche of ice cream and mountains of cake, and 'Dobe's party was a huge success.

Cappy goes to a private school, the Brentwood Town School, the same school which Ann Harding's little niece attends. But Cappy's department is terrible, says her mother! That is, she is used to living the free life of the country, and the schoolroom irks her and cramps her style considerably.

However, they are both good, wholesome, normal children.

There are a few "Don'ts" in their lives, but not many—only such as refer to their health and happiness. They swim as long as they like, because it doesn't hurt them, but as for sweets, they are pretty much taboo, though occasionally they reveal an aversion.

Both children ride horseback, and have since they were tiny tots, and the saddest punishment that can be given is to tell them they cannot go riding when they wish. Or 'Dobe is denied his beloved football.

They were not system babies, being administered to, as I said before, by kindly and indulgent Indian nurses, who adored them. These nurses kissed them when they bumped their heads, and comforted them and taught them to model in clay and to shoot with bow and arrow.

"There was no special supervision, other than common sense, about their diet and sleeping hours," said their mother. "As soon as they could sit up in a high chair, we gave them with their parents, and they still do, often even when there are guests.

"As to their careers, it all depends," says their parents. "If children want to do. 'Dobe says one day that he will be a prizefighter and the next that he will be a musician.

"Dobe looks like a football player, but he is crazy about playing the piano," declared his mother. "He also loves football. That reminds me that I bought him a football and outfit of clothes the other day. I went over to school to visit him, and he was stripped down to his undershirt and trousers. I asked him why and became interested in his football togs, and he said, "Oh, I loaned them to the other kids.'"

Cappy is taking music lessons on the piano, too, and both the children, as weel of marvels, need not be devilled to make them practice.

I don't believe in nagging that children practice. It is a sad thing, and I guess that's why they don't mind doing either," their mother said.

Harold Lloyd's Gloria

HAROLD LLOYD'S little girl, Gloria, named for Gloria Hope Hughes, wife of Lloyd Hughes, and Mildred Lloyd's bosom friend for many years, is the image of her dad.

Here is a girl who was a system baby, born to the last bit, and, and, but. Yet she is a great deal of her parents, who live her everywhere with them that they possibly can, sometimes even to evening shows and parties.

She has always had a nursery governess. She learns very fast and is inclined to be a boohkish little person.

A most observing little person is Gloria, and I remember seeing her at a party being with her dad, who was lifting her up on his shoulder that she might see everything that was going on.

"She notices more than I do," Harold told me with laughing pride. "Not a thing escapes her."

She is inclined to be an imitative
child, too, and her mother told me that after May McAvoy's wedding, which she had attended with her parents, she played bride for a week.

Harold is seeing to it that she gets a lot of outdoors, and she is a familiar little figure, with her nurse, about the great grounds of Harold's Beverly Hills home; and when Daddy Harold is at home, he delights to swim with her and take her canoeing on his estate, or to play golf on his own tiny golf course.

Her mother told me once, when she was a tiny tot, that she had never tasted candy, and I understand a strict rule prevails in the house that nobody, guest or playmate, shall give her sweets other than the natural sweets of fruit.

Always during one hour a day, just before her parents' dinner and right after her own, taken in her nursery, her parents spend their time with her. This has been so since she was a tiny infant. Harold and Mildred visit her in her nursery, play with her, tell her stories and romp with her until time for her to go to sleep.

Buster Keaton's Boys

The Keaton estate in Beverly Hills is really planned for children, one suspects, looking it over.

There is a swimming pool where the two boys swim every day; there is a big playhouse, stored with every kind of mechanical toy; and best of all their dad joins them in their games.

Just one punishment is meted out to the children, Bob and Joe, when they disobey—their father withdraws the light of his countenance from their games. That is sufficient punishment for anything they do.

Bob and Joe attend public school, and Buster says that they are being brought up like any other normal boys, with only the hazard of a doting grandmother, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, and two indulgent aunts, Norma and Constance Talmadge.

Buster, of course, is an athlete, and his boys love to mimic his funny falls, which they do sometimes with dire results, but so far without receiving much hurt. But their father isn't taking any chances—he is teaching them how to take falls so as not to hurt themselves.

They have shown no decided tendencies as yet regarding careers, and Buster says he is going to let them choose for themselves.

The Keatons do not believe in whipping their children, but punish the boys by depriving them of things which they want or by not permitting them to do things which they want to do. And as I said before, the worst thing that can happen to them, they think, is not to have their father take part with them in their games.

And, by the way, they are very game youngsters—never cry at a little hurt. They learned this from their dad, who has told them of the terrible falls he was made to take as a youngster by way of training him for a stage athlete, and this knowledge has shamed them into taking hard knocks standing up.

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How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 103)

"Both are my children!" Zasu responded instantly. "I don't make any difference between them."

The girl, Zasu-Ann, is her own child, born to her and her husband, Tom Gallery, then her leading man, eight years ago. The other, the boy, Don, is the little adopted son of the ill-fated Barbara LaMarr. He, too, is just eight years old. Zasu and Tom took him when Barbara died.

Zasu lives with her family, husband and children, in a beautiful old English mansion in Beverly Hills.

I dined there one evening, and the children were on hand. They had supped together in their nursery, however, but came forth to the living room to greet us, and henceforth played about with their toys and frolicked together, sometimes a bit noisily, but never really disturbing. They seemed entirely unfailingly conscious, with no smart-alecky, show-off tricks.

"We don't believe in separating ourselves from our children in the evenings," Zasu explained, "and often let the children stay up until nine o'clock or so."

Which reminded me of the first time I saw little Don.

It was one night at Barbara LaMarr's, when that gay, thoughtless, lovely, unfortunate actress had just adopted little Don and brought him home to Hollywood. Myself and some friends were calling on Barbara one evening, and Barbara was so proud of little Don that out she trotted him at ten o'clock at night for us to have a look at him! She adored him to distraction, but never could resist the temptation to show him off to her friends whenever the notion seized her, no matter what time of night. He kept protesting.

Zasu was very patient and very wise, it seemed to me, to come back to my evening at her home, in dealing with her children when she little or obedient in some small thing. She didn't scold. She didn't raise her voice—but she made her daughter feel that she had made her mother unhappy and that what she had done was wrong—and the child responded nobly.

Don is being taught great gallantry toward his sister, by the way—and there have been two or three battles in the neighborhood over some trivial wrong done the little girl in some childish game or other. Don won.

I was not, by the way, to use my visit for publicity, so I must apologize to Zasu for not being able to resist putting her young family into this story.

That evening was last year. This year Zasu tells me that she and Tom decided that, as she was away all day at work, perhaps the children would be better off placed in boarding school. "But I'm so lonely," Zasu confided to me in anguished tones the other day, "I think I'll have to go and drag them home again. Especially as they are heart-broken at the separation, too. I've about decided to send them to public schools again next year, and Tom agrees with me.

"We want the children to be real children, and we haven't seen any marked tendencies toward any calling as yet. They are studying French and music and dancing and acting, and they are being brought up, as they say, for the stage."

"We haven't any hard and fast rules for bringing them up, except that we try to treat them as we wish to be treated; and with consideration. And we mean that they shall have strong, healthy bodies. Neither was ever raised as a system baby, neither that.

"We never whip the children. Yet there are certain taboos, which the children know are for their good, and do not often infringe. When they do, we try to let the punishment come naturally of itself—which it usually does."

When the children had gone to bed, that evening of our visit, we heard a mysterious rap on the wall.

"That's for good-night—they always do that," Zasu explained.

Charlie Chaplin's Children

NEITHER Charlie Chaplin nor Lita Gray Chaplin, strangely enough, wants their children to become actors! That is one thing on which these parents agree, at any rate.

However, time alone will tell. In the meantime, the two children, Charles, Jr., and Spencer, have been surrounded by the greatest care. They have a nurse and governess, and young as they are, have short daily lessons. Charlie is five and Spencer is three.

They live with their mother in her pretty Spanish home in Beverly Hills, where she is in town; when she is away on tour they stay with their grandmother, Lita's mother. Just at this writing, however, they are with their mother in New York.

Charlie seems to be completely satisfied with the way the children are being reared. He adores his youngsters and they love him. They visit him about once a fortnight, sometimes weekly, at his Beverly estate, and there is a big corner of the lawn, shut in by shrubs and trees, which is their special playground.

I saw the boys scavenging about there, one day when I was lunching with Charlie.

Charlie is always shopping for some new toy to give them, and they consider their Saturday afternoon or Sunday visits to him as red-letter days.

"Oh, we have lots of fun here," he said, but there was a wistful look in his eyes, too.

His bright fancy plans games for them, one being a sort of Robin Hood game which they especially enjoy.

He takes them automobile riding, too, during which trips the dissipation of all three is ice-cream cones.

Both the boys love music, but so far they are without instruction.

Though full of pep and regular he-boys, they will sit quiet and listen in rapt attention to Charlie when he plays his pipe-organ for them.

Charlie never lets anything interfere with his visit with his children unless it is absolutely necessary work or business. Not long ago, some
English notables were in town and it was planned for them to spend the day with the comedian, but he explained calmly, "It's my day with my children" and the notables went their way.

Both boys have their father's big blue eyes, but they have their mother's olive Spanish skin and her robust health and figure.

When Charlie wants to punish his children—which is almost never—he merely kids them. But this method is said to have an immediate effect.

**Gwen Pickford**

"**GWEN,**" said Mary, the other day as we sat chatting in her pretty studio bungalow, "really belongs to a syndicate!" And she smiled in that droll little Pickford way. "My mother was the president, Lottie is vice-president, and I guess I'm treasurer. But Gwen has her own money, you know, which my mother left her."

Gwen, Lottie's daughter, stays nearly all the time with Mary and Doug. And she is with Mary every moment she can get, since she worships her aunt. Lottie has been ill of late, and she has been with her a part of the time, and divides her allegiance between mother and aunt. She lately returned to school abroad.

"It broke me all up to send Gwen away off to Switzerland to school," Mary explained, "but I felt that it would be best for her. For one thing, she would learn self-reliance. For another, being there with girls from all nations, she would learn a broader view of life. And then, think of the cultural value to be won from speaking foreign languages abroad." 

"Gwen is, oddly enough, a mechanical minded child. So I'm going to have a laboratory fitted up at home where she can try all sorts of chemical and mechanical experiments."

"She doesn't seem to care about acting; but of course if she should finally want to become an actress, it would be all right with us."

"I do not have to punish Gwen. She has a lot of sense, and will always listen to reason." 

Gwen can no longer be called "little Gwen." She is five feet eight inches tall.

A quiet, observing young girl, little given to making friends quickly, she looks everybody over with her big brown eyes before deciding to take them into her confidence.

**Harry Langdon's Children**

"N**o matter how tired Harry is when he comes home from the studio, he never is too tired to romp with the children, and they wouldn't miss that hour for anything."

Mrs. Langdon told me that a year ago when I first met her.

The children are hers. Virginia was born to her by a former marriage, and the other, Edith, is a little girl who was adopted by her several years ago; but neither seems to know any difference in the care and love bestowed. They are hardly children either—young girls, rather, now both in their early teens, and lately placed in boarding school.

But they weren't in High School nor in boarding school when I met their mother.

Virginia looks like her mother, and Edith is an oddly fascinating, though (Continued on page 108)
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Here’s something that we wish you would try. Every day for a month. Put on nothing that isn’t crisply clean. Just see the difference that it makes. (And read our booklet).

An interesting historical tapestry, woven especially for J. L. Warner, vice president of Warner Brothers, at Aubusson, France. It is entitled “Romance of the Southland” and shows the vast change that has taken place, within a quarter of a century, upon the land now occupied by Warner studios. It was once the old Beesmeyer Ranch. The tapestry was woven from a painting made by Paul Grim. Irene Delroy stands before the tapestry.

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children
(Continued from page 105)

quiet child, not really pretty, but piquant and check full of personality. The girls adore Harry and have taken his name of Langdon.

Both girls are gifted, the adopted daughter, Edith, having a glorious soprano voice, which is to be cultivated when she is old enough.

Virginia is very talented in music and drawing, and is studying painting and drawing at boarding school. She also writes stories, and looks forward to a career of writing tales and illustrating them herself.

When the girls first came to Hollywood with their mother, people urged that Mrs. Langdon put them into pictures, but Mrs. Langdon firmly refused, desiring that the girls should have a more normal, wholesome childhood than she felt could be found in the acting profession.

Both daughters are athletic and love especially swimming and riding horseback.

The girls are always allowed to join in the festivities when Harry and Mrs. Langdon give parties, and Edith nearly always helps entertain by singing.

Harry is the pal in all the girls’ joys and sorrows. They call him Pop. I was at their home not long ago, and came across a photograph of Harry on which Virginia had written, “To the sweetest pop that ever was or ever will be.”

“When we go away at night to spend the evening,” said Mrs. Langdon, “we always find notes pinned to our pillows when we return, written by the girls. ‘Dearest little mother and daddy,’ they invariably begin.”

Present at the Langdons the other evening, the place seemed deserted without those bright, pretty girls.

“The first week the children were in school, I could hardly bear it,” said their mother. “Harry felt the same way. The house seems like a morgue without them. I thought the change in surroundings might be good for them. But I don’t know. They are begging to come home, and I think I shall let them.”

As to careers, Virginia and Edith wanted to go to work in pictures last vacation, but Harry Langdon set his foot down on it. “They have always wanted to earn some money of their own,” said Mrs. Langdon. “When they started in at high school, I was ill, suffering from an auto accident, and couldn’t go with them to enroll. When I did visit the school, I found that the little rascals had decided they wanted to earn money and so had enrolled for the business course. But as that course doesn’t provide credits for college, I had them change, as I’m sure they will want to go to college when they finish their high school courses.”

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Wally Reid's Children

The late Wally Reid's children are growing up to be fine youngsters—Bill, aged thirteen now and Betty who is eleven. Betty was an adopted daughter, you know.

The children, who are being brought up with all the care in the world by their mother, Dorothy Davenport Reid, and the school Bill goes to is Junior High school, while Betty attends the Greenwood School for Girls, a private institution.

This school, oddly enough, began its existence in the old Wally Reid residence in Hollywood, after Reid had passed away and Mrs. Reid felt the necessity for providing money for the support of herself and her children. Afterward Mr. Greenwood moved into the old Thomas H. Ince home on Franklin Avenue, taking him with him, and said school is now housed in the home of Dorothy Farnum, the screen writer.

"The children don't care about acting at all," Mrs. Reid told me. "Bill shows a great mechanical ability and also much musical talent. Both, he inherits from his father. "I should like very much to have Bill become an electrical or a civil engineer, but shall have to let him pick his own vocation."

"Betty has as yet shown no decided talents nor desires for a calling. She has grown beyond her years, and is a little too fat."

"Both children are athletic, Betty being an admirable swimmer as is Bill also. Bill likewise plays tennis and is a good shot."

"Bill delivers papers, and works hard at his job. He says that he is sure, though, that people sit up nights trying to figure out a way to get out of paying for their subscriptions."

The DeMille Children

Cecil B. DeMille has four children—two sons and two daughters. Richard, aged eight, and John, seventeen, are the adopted children, Katherine, sixteen, and Cecelia, twenty-two, are his own children.

But he is chary of talking about two of his children being adopted. To all he is equally well cared for, and I am sure no difference one from the other in the care and love bestowed by himself and Mrs. DeMille.

Little Richard attends the Carl Curtis School in Hollywood. He is much interested in music, and his dad feels that he has a real musical career ahead of him.

John, who is a brunette, is attending Black-Foxe Military Academy, and has developed a pronounced flair for mathematics and business problems. He is also a very clever mechanic, and for several years did all the mechanical work on his father's speed boats.

Katherine, a brunette, graduated last spring from Santa Barbara school for girls. She is a very clever amateur sculptor, but her main interest is acting. She appeared in "Madam Satan" and on the stage in San Francisco, and is working steadily in small roles in various studios. She is also studying painting.

Cecelia is now Mrs. Francis Edgar Calvin. She was educated at Hollywood School for Girls. Her hobby is horses. She has three blue-ribbon winners in her stable, and her best (Continued on page 108)

"You don't know what cold weather is" says Russell Owen

Can you imagine travelling on foot over a great snow plain, almost in-terminable in extent, burned by the sun and wind, frozen by chill winds, marching hour after hour, day after day, with no living thing within many miles? Then the cheeks burn and crack, and lips become blistered and swollen so that they puff out in ugly and painful sears. They become so sore that it hurts to eat and one cannot smoke for the sting of tobacco on broken flesh.

But when the lips chap and swell under the combined influence of the sun and wind, they must be softened with some healing substance, and "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is used for this purpose by those who are westward. For example, when Bert Balchen was on the trail in the Antarctic, his lips were badly swollen from exposure and he used "Vaseline" Jelly on them to keep them soft. He believes that it should be in every trail kit and always carries some with him, whether he is exploring or flying planes into the far north mining country of Canada, transporting dynamite and tools. Balchen was born in a cold country and has spent many of his years outdoors under the most trying conditions, and with him always takes a tube of "Vaseline" Jelly for protecting his skin against exposure.

Russell Owen is one of the greatest reporters of all time. When the Byrd Antarctic Expedition was about to start, Owen was assigned by the New York Times to go with it. This isolated part of the world was described by Owen for fourteen months—the period during which he stayed there. He saw the departures of the planes on all the flights, including the South Pole flight, the returns, and during the four months that the dog teams were away on their 3,000 mile trip received bulletins from them and kept the world informed of what they were doing. His work there won for him the Pulitzer Prize, awarded for the best reporting of the year. Now Mr. Owen has a new assignment. From time to time he will tell you in these pages of the interesting uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which he has seen on his wanderings from Pole to Pole. Watch for his next story!
How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 107)

horses, Love Lee Dare, could be covered up with ribbons, she has won so many. Cecelia is considered perhaps the South's finest horsewoman.

Regarding the upbringing of children, Mr. DeMille said:

"It seems to be a very common mistake for parents to forget that their children are human beings. The difference in age, too, frequently makes us forget our own earlier years. I find that parents err in two principal ways: First, by too strict discipline which irritates children by making it seem that they are totally devoid of intelligence of their own; second, by an indifferent and lax attitude wherein youngsters stray aimlessly about, unguided in any way. The proper course, obviously, is the middle one.

"My children have been encouraged to seek their own paths in life. No undue restrictions have been placed on their ideas and thoughts and ambitions. Every effort has been made to have them develop distinct individualities, but at the same time there are certain family rules to which they must conform—especially rules which keep them from impinging on each other's rights."

"Perhaps the most important thing one must fight in children is the growth of selfishness. Thought for others is of course the main thing that should differentiate a civilized man from an animal. The richer parents are, the more acute this problem becomes."

Young Bill Hart

LITTLE BILL HART, son of William S. Hart and Winifred Westover, spends his time with his mother, who is bringing him up.

He goes to school at Santa Monica, his mother driving him to and from school, since they live several miles away, at Malibu Beach.

Young Bill keeps close to home, though he loves his school fellows. He is a quaint, gallant, little old-fashioned boy, nine years old, who looks very much like his father, but has his mother's dimples and smile.

He says that he means to be President of the United States, and he is very much in earnest about it. He has said this ever since he could talk. He is even now planning to study law.

To the end that he may first be a foreign diplomat, he is learning Japanese, attending a Japanese school several hours a week.

"It was his own idea," his mother told me. "Little Bill thinks things out. One day he said to me, 'Mother, I think the United States is going to have very close relations with Japan some day, and I'd like to be our representative. I want to learn Japanese.'"
Janet's Dad

(Continued from page 41)

and Janet, always "Lolly" to her father, really had seen more of "Jonesy" than her real father, the former having married Janet's mother after her separation from Frank Gainer, when "Lolly" was eight.

Anyhow they had their visit. Nobody knew anything about it and Janet, after brief visits with relatives in the Germantown and Olney sections of Philadelphia, left town. Frank Gainer remained as obscure as he had been before his famous daughter's arrival, and went cheerfully back to his paste-bucket and wall brush.

THEN, just a few months ago, something happened and Philadelphia began to discover who Janet really was, and pride came into another neighborhood, not far removed from the great textile mills, a neighborhood in which most of the residents earn their living manipulating the looms which spin cloth and over the buckets which dye it. A neighborhood of real movie fans.

A police bandit chaser drew up in front of a two-story brick, porch front home at 1372 Gillingham St., in Frankford. Here, with a nephew, Ralph Gainer, lives Frank DeWitt Gainer, the paperhanger and painter.

A policeman got out, rapped at the door, said a few words to the occupants of the house, got back into the little red police roadster, and drove away. It was about 7 P.M., and dusk was settling. Some of the neighborhood's residents already were on their way to the first show at one of the moving picture houses on "the Avenue."

Within a few minutes after the policeman had departed a boy, in childish delight, rushed from the house. He had joyful news for all the youngsters on the street, and he couldn't tell it quickly enough. "Janet's coming," he cried delightfully. "She wanted to keep it a secret so she told the police to tell us."

The word spread quickly from child to child, then to the grownups, and within ten minutes it was on every tongue. In less time than it takes to read this a great crowd had gathered in front of the house at 1372 Gillingham St. Presently the police bandit chaser came back, clearing a pathway, and behind it a limousine.

TWO big men in uniform opened the door of the limousine and, with their hefty shoulders, broke a path.

(Continued on page 110)

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Watch for Next Month’s Great Love Story of Hollywood by Adela Rogers St. Johns

The Romance of Doug, Jr., and Joan

LINIT IS SOLD BY YOUR GROCER

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

109
Some Hollywood stars are very democratic. Above you see Buster, star of M-G-M dog comedies, visiting Marie Dressler. Buster, by the way, is about the only star who isn’t afraid that Miss Dressler will steal his picture.

Janet’s Dad
(Continued from page 109)

way. From the car stepped a diminutive girl, and a tall, slightly bald, handsome young man. They went inside, as the neighborhood folk pressed closer about the little porch and milled about for a glimpse of Janet Gaynor.

With such a crowd it was impossible of course, to keep the newspapers from finding out. And it was a human interest story, a story of a Cinderella princess trying to steal a few moments in its midst, a man who could tell more about Janet Gaynor than all the biographical sketches in the world.

Ralph Gainer, a cousin, who now points to a stubble of beard, said: “Why, I haven’t shaved this spot on my cheek yet, where she kissed me. I don’t want to shave it off.”

So, the public of Philadelphia learned of a man who had heretofore been a rather obscure figure, most of the biographies of the star having mentioned “Jonesy,” the step-father, but ignoring the man who exerted the paternal influence during the most formative years of “Lolly’s” tender young girlhood.

Not that Frank Gainer wished any glory. He did not care to share his daughter’s fame. He had his pride, but he kept it in his heart. He went to see her pictures, and in them, saw the winsome, brown haired little tot he taught to sing, dance and mimic when they lived on Wister and Pomona Sts. in Germantown, and when they used to spend their summers at Betterton, Md., on Chesapeake Bay.

Even a great many of Frank Gainer’s acquaintances and some of his closest friends did not know that he was the father of the star. And many people in the Frankford section of Philadelphia have known the Gainers for years—Janet has several cousins in Philadelphia—without even knowing there was any relationship between the Gainers and the Gaynor of the films.

A story you study Frank Gainer you can see Janet Gaynor from the middle of the nose up. He has the same hazel eyes, and they grow large and expressive when he’s saying something that interests him. And, despite his sixty-two years, they are eyes that twinkle still, even as Janet’s do.
He is proud of "Lolly," Tickled pink. You can see that. And even if you couldn't he would not deny it. But he has pride of his own, too, and it is a pride governed by a rigid code. He wants to, always has, and always will, he said, stand on his own feet.

"It was funny after Lolly went away," he said, "the questions everybody asked me. Of all the things the funniest was about money. They wanted to know how much money Lolly gave me. One neighbor said, 'You'd think, with all of her money, she'd have left you at least a thousand or so. She'd never miss it.'

Frank Gainer paused to part the air in a gesture of disgust.

"Me?" he almost shouted, as if it were I who had asked the question. "Me take money from Lolly. Not on your life. She knows how proud I am and she knows I won't take money from anybody so long as I can go out and earn $10 a day."

Then he softened a little and said, as an after-thought: "But I know Lolly wouldn't see her poor old Dad suffer. If ever I am in need of help, I know she'll help me. She said she would. But that won't come, if it ever comes, while I'm sixty-two years young. Maybe when I get old and decrepit—but then, my wants aren't very great, anyhow. I have only myself to keep."

With characteristic wit, even carried to the point of mimicking Janet's grandmother, who was among those present, Frank Gainer described how Janet first saw the light of day at 3:50 A.M., October 6, 1906, on Wister Street, in Germantown. He even re-enacted how he paced the floor awaiting the joyful tidings from upstairs.

"Not long after Lolly was born," he said, "we moved to Pomona Street. Time seemed to fly, or at least it seems now it flew, because it wasn't long until "Lolly" used to hurry home from the old Manheim Theatre in Germantown, and delight her playmates with her mincery of Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge. I used to encourage her and have her do her little stunts over and over for me.

At this time Frank Gainer himself was dabbling in theatrical work, an ambition he did not relinquish until late in life. He sang lyric tenor in a quartet, took part in many amateur and "benefit" theatricals, and upon occasions, appeared in the old Wakefield Theatre, in Germantown. It was only natural that the father should teach the daughter the things that were closest to his heart.

"I saw as a child she had talent," he continued. "She used to mimic me and sometimes I'd chastise her. Even that wouldn't get the best of her. She mimicked me whipping her, then, a little later, she would jump, up on my lap and tell me she was sorry.

"Many persons asked me if 'Lolly' used a double in the acrobatic parts of 'The Four Devils.' I could not say whether she did or not, but I knew she didn't have to. She knew most of those trapeze stunts before she was eight years old. I used to teach her when we were on the beach down at Betterton, Md.

"Since then she often has told me that she thinks she inherited her desire for acting from me. On her last visit here she asked me if I remembered when I used to teach her tricks on the horizontal bar, and how I used to laugh at her, or get angry at her. (Continued on page 112)
Janet's Dad
(Continued from page 111)

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depending upon my mood, when she
mimicked me.

Lolly first began to show real tal-
ent, her father said, at the age
of three. Even at that tender age,
the tiny brown-haired tot, with a rib-
bon tied in a bow above her left ear,
could carry a tune. And get expres-
sion in it, too.

"I used to sing the songs for her that
I used in the quartet, and she would
sing them for me," Mr. Gainer said.
"Then we would spend hours going
over the songs together. Of course,
we never dreamed then that she would be-
come famous. We just did it because it
was fun. She seemed to like it and so
did I."

Then, as Janet was delighting the
neighborhood with her mimicry, Frank
Gainer and Janet's mother separated.
But the father continued to see his
daughter upon infrequent occasions,
and never did he entirely lose track of
her, visiting her several times while
Janet, her mother, and "Joney" lived
in Chicago.

LOLLY, the child mimic, became a ste-
nographer, as everybody knows, and
it wasn't until Jonesy got her the job
as an extra, that the talent she says
she inherited from her father, got a
chance to show itself. But that she had
it, even as a tot, is attested by many
others who knew her as a girl.

"I can see her yet," said Margaret
toll, who used to teach the Sunday
school class Janet attended at the
First M. E. Church, of Germantown,
and who teaches now in the Kinsey
Public School in East Germantown.

"She was about seven years old then
and wore a little black velvet coat, lace
collar and large, black beaver hat. She
was very quiet and very studious and
had a remarkable memory.

"Even at that age she was very par-
ticular about her diction and enun-
ciation. She would grasp passages from
Scriptures and memorize them more
quickly than any girl in the class. And
she was one of the hardest little
workers and most unspoiled of any
child in the class."

"She was always a pretty little girl,"
said Mrs. Hamill, "and a good dancer,
singer and mimic. She used to play
with my daughter, and one of her
favorite pastimes was cutting sil-
houettes from the papers and maga-
zines and pasting them up. Always
bright, shy and of a retiring disposi-
tion, she had that same winsomeness
as a child that is so evident in her
acting on the screen."

And, as you talk with Frank Gainer,
it comes to you that these things could
be said of him also. He is certainly
bright. He has a shyness that Lolly
surely must have inherited. And, after
talking with both Janet Gaynor and
Frank Gainer, you are impressed with
the idea that the thing both seem to
have in common, aside from their facial
characteristics, is unaffectedness.

We asked Frank Gainer if he still
sang.

"If I went singing now for a mile of
noodles," he replied, "I wouldn't get a
shoe-string."

A typical Gainer response. And here,
to give you an idea of Lolly Gainer's
dad, is some typical Frank
Gainer conversation:

"You know, they were kidding me
here at the house when Lolly married
that lawyer fellow, Lydell Peek. They
were saying that maybe I'd be a grand-
pop. 'Well, never you mind,' I told
them. 'Maybe some day Lolly will have
four children, then I'll be a grand-
daddy to a bushel.'"

"And put this down. Lolly is as un-
spoiled as ever. When she was here
she danced with everybody in the house.
Yes, even me. I can still hop around.
She never 'makes up' except for a pic-
ture, and never wears jewelry. She
didn't have any rouge on when she was
here, and you can say, for her dad, that
her hair has turned henna since she
went in the movies. It used to be
brown."

At this point Frank Gainer excused
himself, explaining that he had to see
a prospect about papering a room.

Norma Shearer received the annual
award of the Academy of Motion Pic-
ture Arts and Sciences for the best
performance of 1930. The award,
shown in Miss Shearer's hands, was for
her work in "The Divorcee"
Dollar Thoughts
(Continued from page 10)

Wants a Referendum
The Literary Digest polled a vote on the Prohibition question and the results are well known today. Why not a similar vote to determine whether the people want the silent pictures in addition to the talkies? It is wrong for producers to have settled this question themselves. I am quite sure a popular vote would be instrumental in bringing back the silent pictures and our favorites of other days. There is room for both the silent and the talkie.

Charlotte Goldburg, 5541 Broomall Avenue.

Longs for Charlie Ray
Toledo, Ohio
Speaking as "head man" of a family of five enthusiastic booster for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, would like to see a movement started to get Charles Ray on the screen. We, as well as many of our friends, would love to see more of Mr. Ray.

Robert G. Hubbard, 4810 Willy Parkway.

About "You All"
Elliott, S. C.
I am a Southerner and, while I know we are accused of speaking more or less of a dialect, we do object to having the talkies imitate us in a ridiculous way. For instance the expression "you all" has been frequently used in talking pictures and always to denote one person. I do not deny that we use this expression but we always use it in speaking of more than one person.

Mrs. J. H. Skinner, Jr.

Wants Human Folk
San Diego, Calif.
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE should drive home the fact to movie producers that we like to meet nice people, like to see characters on the screen whom we would enjoy meeting in the flesh. Characters acted by understandable HUMAN motives rather than mere puppets displaying crude, stupid or purely animal instincts. This would mean a medal earned by NEW MOVIE. Is this asking too much?

B. Alice Burland, 4636 Mission Ave.

Against Peace Propaganda
Gaston, N. C.
Why all the propaganda against wars by the production of such films as "All Quiet On the Western Front," and "The Dawn Patrol"? Wars are inevitable. Therefore, give us some of the glamour and romance that war pictures once contained in such films. Do not try to make cowards of us and extinguish the last spark of patriotism in us by the continuance of the production of mere propaganda, minus plots or entertainment.

Dewey J. Gilmore, Ranlo Station.

The New Movie Magazine

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Noble Experiments

(Continued from page 46)

Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks. This picture was made on their wedding day.

marriage. She just lives it, loves it, and gets all hot and bothered trying to tell you how wonderful it is. If you mention problems, she widens her eyes, grows pink and tells you what a wonderful man her husband is.

That one is also a first marriage.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were married a year ago last July. They're very modern, kid each other incessantly, go in for complete economic and social freedom on both sides, and — are getting away with it.

"Just need to use your head," says Sue. "Women have to do a bit of adjusting. You can't adjust man much. He's not that kind of an animal. But if you want to make marriage work, you can. Here or anywhere. It's my idea false pride and jealousy ruin most marriages. If you know that, you don't give in to him any more than you give in to an impulse to steal or commit a murder."

Leila Hyams, the lovely M.-G.-M. blonde who is sweeping toward the top of the ladder at a great rate, is married to Phil Berg, a young executive in pictures. It has been going on two years now and getting worse and worse. In a quiet little bridge game at Malibu, where the Bergs live, they talk like this: "Darling, did you only go down one trick? Why that's marvelous. How did you do it?" And, "Baby, you trumped my ace so that makes it your lead, doesn't it?" Any marriage that shows those signs looks pretty good.

Constance Talmadge and T. Netcher are as devoted as ever. They live in a big house at Santa Monica, are both burned the color of mahogany, seldom go anywhere, and seem as contented as two love birds. Connie has tried marriage several times, and the third time seems to be the charm. She looks happier than I ever saw her and doesn't want to go back on the screen.

Pretty Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, the well-known writer, are travelling toward their third wedding anniversary, and declare they'll celebrate their fiftieth together. Theirs
was a real Hollywood romance, they met and married here. They have a lovely home, and off the screen Fay is so sweet and gentle and thoughtful that you'd be pretty sure any man would be happy with her. Saunders is better looking than most Hollywood leading men. They live very quietly and have a select circle of friends.

"One reason many marriages fail is that people never stay home," says Fay. "We like to be quiet, read, talk, by our own fireside at least half the time. And we do it, too. There is so much doing in Hollywood you're tempted not to, but it makes for happy marriages, we think."

Loretta Young and Grant Withers are another couple who think about marriage. Loretta has definite ideas, and is carrying them out. She believes the modern woman is more competent to handle marriage than her mother was, if she'll just admit it needs thought and care. So far, another ideal marriage.

Kay Johnson is married to John Cromwell, who directed "Street of Chance." They declare they work so hard they don't know anything about Hollywood temptations and are perfectly happy.

Claudette Colbert is Mrs. Norman Foster. She recently left Hollywood, in the midst of a big triumph, to follow her husband around the world.

The only recent marriage that looks to me dubious is Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire. That one is still in the doubtful column. If it does collapse, it will be because both Jack and Ina were too set in their ways to adjust themselves. If it succeeds, it will be because they are so much in love that they both sacrificed some pet habits and characteristics.

But as far as I can see, the younger generation of marriages is doing very well indeed. Hoot Gibson and Sally Elters, Dolores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons are still bride-and-grooming—so they don't count yet.

Nature is an unopened book to Jane. Oaks, pines and maples all look alike to her but she certainly knows her switchboard... "Number, please!—Hold the line"... Not much time for getting outdoors! Jane's closest approach to the sun is from her office window, yet to look at the youthful sparkle of her skin you'd imagine she lived her days in "the open."

Like thousands of alert young women whose work keeps them indoors, Jane owes her radiant complexion to a marvelously different face powder. With its unique base of pure olive oil, OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder imparts to the pale cheeks of the city dweller the fresh, natural beauty of the outdoors.

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Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 90)

stage. But he was more than popular. He was an actor who loved his work with an absorbing passion. To him, acting was a major art. He was an Austrian, temperamental, suave, worldly.

From the start, he took a great interest in William Powell. "The interest," Bill told me, "manifested itself in bawling the dickens out of me. Never, before or since, has anyone had such brutal, all-American tongue lashings as Dietrichstein gave me. He would call me into his dressing room and sit looking at me, as though I were some strange animal out of a zoo. Then he would begin, delicately, with polished sarcasm and a nice choice of invective, to tell me just how rotten I was. He would explain in the most minute detail how bad my performance was, how I missed every good point, destroyed every possibility.

I sat, waiting to get my notice daily. But soon I realized that I was the only member of the company to whom he ever paid any attention. When I was leaving, he'd invite me out to supper and over our beer and buncheoly he'd give me inspired lectures on the art of acting.

"Acting" he would say, "is both an interpretative and a creative art. It must have depth, sincerity and technique. One must imagine and re-imagine symphonies in his head greater than those of Beethoven. But he must know how to express them before they can reach the ears of the world. So with acting. First, there is the depth, the understanding of life, people, character. Then, sincerity—to believe in your work. Next technique. The knowledge of how to convey to your audience what is in your mind and heart.

'He taught me more about acting than I have ever learned in all the rest of my life together. If I've ever given a good performance, I owe more of it to Leo Dietrichstein than anything else. I knew how to hold my audiences, or if I wouldn't have bothered to correct me. So I began to hope and not get discouraged, realizing all the time I was laying up capital which would some day bring me returns.'

In 1921, William Powell appeared on Broadway in a play called "Spanish Tragedy."

The play was a hit, Powell was a sensation. As the romantic bad man, in the end sacrificed himself to the happenings, he fell in love with the leading lady he had loved, Bill literally knocked New York cold.

"It was great luck for me, getting that part," said Bill.

"Probably it was. But when opportunities like that come up, it was right to take them. Many critics applauded his with many adjectives. The audiences cheered him. He became a New York success—ten years after a young man with that as his goal.

His first picture was "Sherlock Holmes," for which he was selected by a director who had seen him on the stage. Then, between stage engagements, he did such productions as "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Romola," "The Bright Shawl," "Under the Red Robe" and others.

It was while he was making "Romola" in Italy with Lillian Gish, that he met Ronald Colman and formed the inseparable companions ever since. They are inseparable companions ever since. They are opposites in many ways, Ronny, the quiet, soft-spoken Englishman, ruled over his box from an all-embracing temperamental, emotional in everything he does. Yet they make a great team. They are always together. They're working out a scheme of work, whereby they can work part of the year and spend the rest traveling or living for a few months in Italy or England or France, for the most essential change from Hollywood.

At first, pictures were a secondary matter to Bill. A mere chance to add a few dollars to his income. He regarded them as an illegitimate child of the stage.

But as he began to get more and more recognition, he thought the matter over carefully and decided to go west and make the movies his main business. He knew how he could make a great success in pictures, and he was in great demand for heavy and character parts and foreign roles and he believed in the end it would give him a better chance. Besides, his two great friends, Ronald Colman and Dick Barthelmess, both lived in Hollywood and he'd have more fun out there.

To Hollywood he finally went, in 1925.

There was another reason for his change of base. He and his wife had come to a final parting. They had been doing nothing, especially dispassionate or dramatic, that hadn't happened. Their unhappiness was more difficult because there was nothing to explain it nor to fight. Simply he and Lillian Wilson didn't agree about anything under the sun, moon and stars. They got on each other's nerves. They quarreled, and bitterness grew. They were separated for long periods. Then came together again, to find that they didn't belong together.

In February, 1925, they had been married for ten years, their first and only child was born, a second William Powell.

Oddly enough, instead of bringing them together, this event separated them for good and all. They made a thoughtful and perhaps a wise decision. In their hearts, they knew that their marriage was doomed. It seemed foolish to go on with a relationship that became more and more unpleasant. He and she agreed that it was better to part before the child was old enough to realize the change, or before he was old enough to sense the lack of harmony in the home. So they parted. Mrs. Powell obtained a divorce in California about a year ago. She lives quietly in Hollywood with her son, who is one of the brightest young stars of the film business. As for you, I have never seen her and her ex-husband are friendly. And big Bill is devoted heart and soul to little Bill. They spend weeks and weeks and weeks together. Little Bill comes to the big gay apartment where his daddy and his grandmother and mother live and play. Bill isn't a recluse nor an alleged woman-hater like Ronald Colman. He adores women, loves gay companionship, likes to laugh and dance and have a grand time. But, at present at least, there isn't any serious entanglement. William Powell's name isn't connected with that of any woman.


Slowly, he built up a following and gained a reputation as one of the best actors of his day. Many times he stole the show from the star. But he wasn't the type of silent star days were made, and it looked as though he had reached his limits, and would continue as a featured member of casts, playing unusual characters.

Then came that great era of talking pictures. Foundations shook and the heavens of Hollywood reeled. Some went up, some went down.

William Powell, the disciple of Leo Dietrichstein, the graduate of ten years of stage, road and Broadway stage experience, shot upward in a manner unexpected to everybody. His delightful speaking voice took to the microphone as well as he took to the scenery. The new technique of the talkies approximated the stage technique which he had learned so carefully. More, with the advent of sound, the roles of the pictures and stories and of personalities changed. I still think "Street of Chance," in which he played a role written around Rochester, the New York gambler, ranks as one of the best talkies yet produced.

As he earned solid success on the stage, he, for variability, so William Powell has, more than any other actor perhaps, earned movie stardom by consistent build-up, and for that reason he probably will be occupying a longer time in his present position. At that, he would make a great director.

Meantime, he lives very quietly with his wife and mother. Is a very worldly, charming, slightly cynical person, with a touch of the whimsical that is always unexpected. His love for his work and profession is recognized. He plays tennis, likes the ocean and loves to travel better than anything else.

Altogether, a real American in spite of his English heritage. The kind of actor and without exception the most delightful companion I can think of.
First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 24)

is pride—or call it vanity, if you want to. Instead of feeling ashamed of your hands, devote your time to keeping your nails and finger tips in exquisite condition. Keep the nails neatly filed; use a polish; go to the manicurist once a week. Make a point of being vain about your hands and, if you keep them in the best condition, you will be ashamed to disfigure them by biting your nails.

M. F. S., of Connecticut, is puzzled about her evening make-up. She has dark brown eyes, dark brown hair and a "sort of tan or yellow complexion." Many other girls of this warm brunette type will be interested in her question. Most dark brown hair has an underlying tinge of red-orange; it is often not apparent, but is part of the color make-up of this type of hair. This tint gives you a clue to your powder, rouge and lipstick. Go in for the warm, orange shades of make-up, especially in the evening when it is always permissible to exaggerate a bit. Extremely freakish make-up accessories are no longer fashionable—by which I mean those ultra shades of greens and oranges and lavenders.

Personally, I think that a brunette should be a real brunette and that she should not try to imitate the fragile colorings of her blond sisters. If her skin has a yellow tint, this shade should be carried out in her hair. The tawny shade is favored, in that she can wear warm, magnetic, glowing colors, not only in her costume but in her make-up. A milk-white skin sounds well in poetry and songs, but it isn't always a healthy and vigorous one. The tawny skin of the brunette wears well and, if it is kept in good condition, it speaks of health and life. Such a skin doesn't need to be pampered but it thrives under a systematic soap and water treatment—provided you use a good complexion soap.

For Rhoda B. and all other girls who want to be tall. You cannot, as the Bible says, add one cubit to your stature. But you can dress to make yourself look taller by choosing clothes with long lines. Most important, you can hold your head high, walk with your chest out and imitate the pose of a stately woman. Do you know, Rhoda, that Gloria Swanson is really a tiny person? But by her clothes and her posture she appears inches taller than she actually is. And don't you know that Mary Garden is much under average height. Yet, on the opera stage, she looks positively stately and dominates every scene in which she appears. She has a gorgeous, queenly carriage and her costumes, with her long, sweeping lines, give her the appearance of height. Mary Pickford is no taller than you are, and yet—at least she tries for a short, childish effect on the screen—in real life she is a commanding person. In formal evening clothes, Mary is no little girl—and not a person to be overlooked. Some small girls play up their lack of inches by being cute and vivacious; the subtler women go in for slow movement, perfect carriage and great poise.

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The hunt is about to start. The bounds have been unleased and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? Be careful now. It will not oblige you in any way, or cost you anything. If you can find the twin dogs you will be qualified for a chance to win the Grand Prize in the big contest, details of which will be sent you at once. If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers, together with your name and address. This will enter you in the contest. Six thousand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one $600.00 or a brand new Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, the model pictured above, with many extra prizes of $10.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first price of $650.00 each if you prefer.

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success, the producers forgot who was responsible for it. They bought a sloppily sentimental story for him and insisted that Milly direct it. Milly refused on the ground that it would undo all the good work he had done in Mel's hall. He thereupon driving his public completely away.

James Cruze took up the megaphone after Milly, getting sixty thousand dollars for three weeks as the director of "The Mating Call." Cruze had, under the Paramount banner, directed Meighan in some very bad pictures, but in none more terrible than "The Mating Call."

MILLY has, if I remember correctly, directed about seven films. His third, "Two Arabian Knights," was awarded the Academy of Motion Picture Science medal as the best of the year.

His last film, "All Quiet on the Western Front," has received the same award this year.

In time the film was shown in Hollywood, Milly left for Europe to be seen six months. Upon his return he signed with Howard Hughes to do "The Front Page" at $125,000 and, I surmise, a share in the profits. It is safe to say that within a short time Milly will be a producing director. He knows his Hollywood, does the man whose life was nearly ruined because he could not lose it in the War. He knows that under the present system directors can be easily discarded when their usefulness is past. But when one shares in the profits, nothing is sweeter—unless it be death at the front.

Milly, in his days of struggle, lived in a little red one-room cottage facing an alley. Another cutter, still his close friend, lived with him.

He often talks of the little house.

On going back to visit it, he said to the people who now live in it—his friends—"I'd be tempted to move back here again were it not that people might think I was cheap."

And of cheapness, no man can accuse Milly. He once went in debt for a telescope which cost $1500 for his friend, Matt Moore. When Paul Kelly who recently made the sensational hit in "Bad Girl" was in a spot, he found in Milly a great friend who remained with him through a long trial and San Quentin.

At least eighty percent of the smug sinners in silence in Hollywood and many members of the Lambs Club turned their backs on a high principled man caught in a maze. Meighan handed $10,000 over at once. Three other men, a Russian Jew named Milestone, Matt Moore, and another Irishman raised five thousand more. Paul Kelly did his stretch and was told by his friends to hold his head high. He did—like the brave lad he was. I had seen him in the jute mill undergoing enough punishment to kill most men—and so had Milly.

IN the darkest days, Milly went to him—laid out enough money to keep him going for months. Paul went—and Milly was in his dressing room on the opening night of "Bad Girl" when Kelly received the greatest ovation

known in New York since Lionel Barrymore appeared in "The Copperhead."

Texas Guinan was also in the dressing room. Looking at Milly, she said, "We Irish must stick together."

Milly is known on many film sets as "God's gift to the extras." For if they work in a film he directs they are practically sure of being in the film and not "on the cutting room floor."

Many directors have so much "over footage" that cutters are often forced to cut out important scenes to bring the picture down to the proper length. Chaplin, for instance, wastes a fortune in film in every picture he makes.

Milly, on a large production, has been known to save two hundred thousand feet of film. In "All Quiet on the Western Front," he covered the entire book, and kept the spirit of the souls in pain which the book contained.

As a rule the man who writes a good book, the opinion of Hollywood not being considered, is infinitely superior to the hack who is given the book to direct into a film.

Erich Remarque of "All Quiet on the Western Front," or Ben Hecht of "The Front Page" can find in Milestone a man worthy of their spiritual and mental mettle.

There are those film critics, still in mental swapping clothes, who find fault with Milestone because there is little love interest in his films. Perhaps he has looked about at love in Hollywood.

At any rate, he has amply proven that two inaudible people need not neck all through a film to bring money into the box office.

HIS "Two Arabian Knights" has been so financially successful over the world that it will be made into a talkie.

Credit must be given Carl Laemmle, Junior, for having enough confidence in Milestone and allowing him full sway in the direction of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Milestone is superior to all the older directors, who graduated luckily from the school of ham actors that inflicted America thirty years ago when the one who could declaim loudest and cry the easiest got his name in the papers. Men like Griffith, Cruze, and other graduates of honky-tonk medicine shows and one-night stands can only see life in terms of a man and woman clawing at each other. Cruze's pet saying, "You gotta have love interest." can be made the slogan for all of the breed.

Who remembers the love affair in "The Covered Wagon?" Who wants to?

One man on the film horizon can stand with Milestone—another Russian—Eisenstein.
He is returning to Russia—the victim of misunderstanding.

It was said that the Hamilton Fish committee called Fred Beetson, the Hollywood secretary of Will Hays, before them. Their method was to investigate Beetson and his business in America. Was it not true that the Russian, as a Soviet, was to film something pertaining to the class struggle in America? Did not the very title of his projected film disclose that fact? Was it not called "An American Tragedy?"

Mr. Beetson is said to have explained to the un-well-read gentlemen that the story, the title of which was "An American Tragedy", concerned the pathetic plight of a boy and a girl, and was written by a man named Dreiser.

"Who's Dreiser?" a gentleman is said to have asked—"a Russian?" Mr. Beetson explained Mr. Dreiser's position in American letters.

"Never heard of him," was the verdict.

An American tragedy.

Milestone whipped it—after many years.

(Jim Tully is writing a feature story for New Movie every month. These are done with all the characteristic Tully vigor and sweep. His story on Wallace Beery will appear in an early issue.)

Will Hollywood
Win a Title?

(Continued from page 53)

flourished. Whenever he ordered meat, he was reminded of that tragic trip. Eventually, she told the cook not to serve it any more. Now he doesn't eat it either.

It is indicative of the character of these two that they never mention this. But their close friends learned of it and now when the Arlisses do eat out, they get the Friday menu.

Out of this incident also grew George Arliss' great hobby—work for the humane societies. It is his most substantial charitable work and he has made contributions of money and service to organizations furthering the humane treatment of animals all over the world.

He is the most active man on stage or screen in this particular work.

A stickler for detail, on and off the screen. Courteous to his director, but quick to question any characterization and moving through it without pause. What director would dare question George Arliss or attempt to tell him how to play a scene?

George Arliss has arrived on the American screen and we owe him much for his wonderful work. A sixty-year-old youngster who won't be called a veteran and who fitted himself into the new medium of talking pictures more quickly than most younger men.

Let's hope his success and what he has done for pictures won't deprive him of his coveted knighthood to which he has many years as a great exponent of drama in English entitles him.

We'd like to see him Sir George Arliss of England—and Hollywood.

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THE NOW MOVIE MAGAZINE (Continued from page 53)
Gloria was earning an amazing salary, that she must live as a movie star was expected to live, and that his income, which had sufficed to carry them through their courtship in a Frenchman's Paris, wouldn't serve to do much in Hollywood.

BUSINESS troubles piled upon Gloria. She turned down the Paramount contract to make her own pictures for United Artists. Money worries, which were too thick and fast. She was harassed, unhappy, going through crises week after week that would have driven a Wall Street operator crazy.

And Henri?

In a strange country, with new people, new ways, he found himself lost. He wasn't a business man and didn't desire to be one. But he tried, since that seemed an "out." He was also interested, still, as he had been that day in the Orbit back in 'La cinema.' He tried that, too. But no one would take him seriously. He was, to them, just a charming playboy whom Gloria had fallen in love with and brought back to keep her company. They didn't believe he wanted to work. They wouldn't give him a chance. He was just "Gloria's husband."

I REMEMBER sitting next to him at a dinner party one night at Dick Bartholomew's and having him tell me bitterly, how he had tried to write, had sold a short story to a well known Magazine, and was so heart to find that they hadn't cared about the story but only wanted to play up the fact that it was written by "Gloria Swanson's husband."

"We were always laboring under the belief of everyone that it wouldn't last," Gloria told me. "Thoughts are powerful things. Sometimes we'd feel them like a black wave, in the minds of everyone around us. 'It won't last,' Well," her voice dropped, "it didn't more."

She told me, too, how white and haggard Henri had grown as the days went by and he saw what his life was to be. How miserable he was, away from Paris and his friends and his own life.

THERE were times when she thought of throwing up her career, and going back to France with him, to the golden Paris where they had been so happy. But she couldn't do that. She had great financial obligations, contracts to fulfill. Besides, she loves her work passionately. She has made it her life. Though I think that had she possessed the money she needed to meet her obligations and take care of her two children, she might have done it.

When he couldn't stand it any more, Henri went back to Paris, alone. Wounded, confused, terribly unhappy, he tried to find solace in his own land. And missed his wife so terribly that he came back to try it over again.

MOST of all they were separated by their misery for each other. Henri had to stand by and watch Gloria fight for her very existence, in all sorts of difficulties which beset a screen star and which the public knows nothing of. Gloria suffered because she saw how bitterly he resented the fact that he had tried to win her, didn't know enough about the politics and intrigues and strange financial quirkis of the business to help her. She felt, at last, that he had sold her from him more than any woman had a right to take from a man. That she was changing the gay, bright young Frenchman, who had so bravely survived the war into a bitter, defeated man, without self-respect.

She told him to go back to France, and stay, as representative in Europe for her own company. They knew when he went that probably it was the end. Yet they wouldn't admit it. They kept hoping, believing.

NO other woman separated Gloria and Henri. Circumstances over she had had control separated them. And it's easy for any woman to step in and console a man under those conditions. But no one could have taken her from him, she had been the one of his two Marquises, if they had been able to overcome the world without. No one could have taken her away from him, if she had done the same inordinate attentions of this business which forced her hand in many directions.

They parted sadly. I know. That their separation brought them great unhappiness, but not as much unhappiness as they endured together in later years. I don't know any screen star who hasn't paid high for her fame. I say that from my heart. Gloria couldn't abide, even if she'd wanted to. So, like many another queen of a more acknowledged realm than the movies, she parted from the man who refused to be a prince consort.

And that is the true story of Gloria Swanson and the Marquises. I wish it might have ended differently, don't you? But that's real stories Swanson acts that you can write a happy ending whenever you want to.
accepted and shortly found himself being introduced to a rather profound but an ordinary existence as a commercial artist, while working on his masks. It transpired that the boy's name was Roy Radabaugh and he was living in the vicinity of Los Angeles all his life. When one of the group happened to mention that Ellerbe had tried out for the young artist appeared greatly excited. He, too, had an eye on the part but, being totally lacking in experience, didn't know how to go about it. Ellerbe, in a burst of generosity, agreed to help. Certainly young Radabaugh suggested David in both looks and manner. Perhaps, to the disappointed actor there seemed some measure of satisfaction in putting the boy over.

ELLERBE'S first step was to enlist the co-operation of Stuart Walker, so that unwitting tool of destiny was induced to visit Radabaugh's studio on the pretense of looking over the masks. During the entire visit nothing was said about the part, this being all part of Ellerbe's ingenuous strategy. When on the way home, Walker, who was mentioned to the young artist was a good type and might do for one of the smaller roles in the picture, Ellerbe knew that his "hunch" had been a good one. He thereupon insisted that Radabaugh was the one boy in the whole world to play the title role and finally brought Walker around to the point where he was also sold on the idea. Immediately a plan of campaign was laid out by the two conspirators.

While Ellerbe spent many hours teaching Radabaugh how to put over the part, Walker set about the task of getting Columbia to agree to a test. Knowing that "The Big House" was playing to packed houses in Los Angeles and that Chester Morris was the sen- sation of the day, Walker hit on a bright idea. In submitting Radabaugh's photographs to a conference of production officials he commented, with much approval, on the boy's striking resemblance to Chester Morris. He has the same qualities that Morris exhibited when he came to me ten years ago. I was foolish enough to let him get away. Don't let's make the same mistake in this case." This argument, backed by an imaginary period in stock, won Radabaugh his coveted test. The fact that he got the part is now history but the weeks of study and strategy leading up to his big chance have never before been told. Looks and talent were not enough to win him his chance. It took a lot of luck and someone with sufficient influence, to put him over. Chester's name is now Richard Cromwell.

Take the much publicized case of Lew Ayres who jumped from obscurity to fame with amazing by his performance in "All Quiet on the Western Front." When Ayres quit his job as banjo player to become a screen actor, he started out on the hardest and most difficult year of his life. For one whole week of that time he had to exist on an exclusive diet of peanuts! In spite of the fact that one of the most influential and best-thought-of directors of Hollywood was personally interested in his career and did all he could to advance Ayres, it constipated his whole system. He lived in small discouraging experiences before Lew even had a chance to show what he could do. As most everyone knows, the director is Paul Bern and, to his efforts, much of Ayres' success is due. Bern first tried to sell Lew to M-G-M, but they couldn't see him at all. This was partly due to the fact that Bern was then in the midst of a dispute with M-G-M executives. Besides, talkies were then coming in and Lew had no stage experience, whatever.

WHEN Bern left Metro to accept a supervisory post with Pathe, one of his first acts was to secure Ayres a six-months' contract. This apparent stroke of luck proved of little value as Ayres did not promise in the boy. The result was that Lew was let out after playing one bit in an Eddie Quillan picture. Meanwhile, things had become adjusted between Bern and Metro and he returned to that studio. Accordingly, Ayres was given the ju- ve-nile lead opposite Greta Garbo in "The Man With the First Big Break in Pictures. He did well enough but nothing startling, they thought, so he was again let out—a failure with two of the biggest companies.

Ayres would have probably given up at this time, save for the encourage- ment of Bern, who was persuaded that the boy had talent. They decided to make a rare kind. Universal then being on a hunt for the boy in "All Quiet," which they were preparing to film, Bern placed his friend with Lew Milestone, the director. Milestone asked to have Ayres call on him but when the boy did so, forgot all about his operation was that all was so abrupt that he frightened Lew away. Still determined, Ayres somehow succeeded in getting a test. Milestone since has said the test was nothing out of the ordinary, just a medium shot, but that when he saw it flashed on the screen, he knew that the search was ended for one of the last tests to be unreeled and Milestone was about ready to give in to Universal's choice of Johnny Harron for the role. Then through the dark projection room, the appeal of Lew Ayres reached out and struck the exact note of mingled courage and sensation which Milestone wanted. It wasn't until the picture was well under way that he discovered in Ayres the boy his friend, Paul Bern, had recommended to his notice a short time before.

... and this one small booklet will tell you

GRADEDLY the fact dawns upon the young wife, Her married friends are showing reluct- ance to discuss one particular subject frankly. Surely they are her friends. She has always counted on them. And now they seem to be fad- ing her when she has joined their ranks and needs the help of their experience. Many women are so confused about feminine hygiene that they fear to advise others. But don't worry. The knowledge you seek is too vital to be hushed and an authoritative booklet has been prepared for your guidance.

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The Strangest Story Ever Told Me

(Continued from page 37)

a party which as I recall included Marshall Nielan, Watterson Rothacker, Bryant Washburn, Townsend Netcher, Al St. John and this chronicler — watching the dancing and the notables at the various tables.

Many inconsequentials were discussed from time to time — Charlie Chaplin's flair for back-fence tittle-tattle, the intellectualism of the late Milton Sills, the sudden rise of Clara Bow, Tom Mix's inevitable white gloves and other trivia such as that.

The evening wore on and the crowd thinned out. Several corners had grown dark, tables were being piled one on another and waiters were indulging in effectual yawns while carrying on with the monotony of their waiting. While our group began to spin tales.

I RELATED my favorite story of Mabel Normand's admirable courage in affliction during her last months. Lew Cody had dropped by the Beverly Hills house where I was visiting and before leaving remarked: "Call up Mabel tomorrow and say 'Hello!'" He left her number.

The next morning I put in the call. A maid answered and I inquired for Miss Normand. She asked for my name, it was given and I was somewhat conscious there was an exchange of hand-over-the-receiver whispers.

The maid finally said: "Miss Normand is taking a morning gallop but I am expecting her any time — and then suddenly: "Here she comes up the driveway now!" I could hear the maid call out "Oh, Miss Normand, Mr. McIntyre wants to speak to you."

In a few moments Mabel came breathlessly to the phone and with all her usual enthusiasm inquired about my wife, my dog and myself. She would have Lew phone us some night soon and have a dinner together.

I THOUGHT no more about it until several days later I mentioned to someone that Miss Normand seemed to have recovered from a recent illness and was now horseback-riding. There was an odd look and quick change of the subject. I subsequently learned that Miss Normand's phone number was a sanitarium, that she had not been out of a sick bed for many months.

All of the "business" over the telephone was "acting." Miss Normand was then slipping into the shadows of transition but she wanted everybody to remember her to the last as the joyous, light-hearted hoyden she was in the rollicking days when she was filmdom's favorite comedienne.

While I was relating this story I was conscious of a new comer at our table—a middle aged but snow-white haired man. If any of the others knew him they made no show of recognition. He was confessedly wealthy and I classified him as one of the "as sorted nuts" who are somehow attracted to Hollywood like steel to a magnet. Every street corner every café has its quota. Many hot, gospeling strange creeds, broken down seers, tank trouper filled with a new hope, toasts and the like. They all drift to Holly- wood and somehow in the turbulent current are snagged and remain—adding a peculiar patina that is strictly typical of the movie capital.

As a newspaperman, these peripatetic rainbow chasers have always fascinated me. They are continually aglow with some new idea, often fatuous and absurd, but almost invariably in their gropings they have evolved the most hopeful philosophy of life that I know. They are the eternally content in a troubled world.

A FEW more stories were told and then the early morning California sky had softened in harmless coves and all rose suddenly to go. Only one waiter remained and cleaning women were applying their rags and mops.

At the exit for the taxicabs had departed. Several with their own cars offered to give me the needed lift to Roxbury Avenue in Beverly Hills. But as there was snow on the fresh cool morning after several hours in a stuffy restaurant I elected to walk a few blocks knowing that eventually I would come upon a cruising car.

We said our farewells and I started up Hollywood Boulevard. In about a half block I was conscious of a footfall behind me that suddenly became hur- ried. As I instinctively turned, the snow-white haired gentleman — the stranger of the café table — was by my side. I naturally expected a touch and was vaguely wondering just how much I should give him.

Instead, he inquired in a strikingly soft and cultured voice: "Do you mind if I walk along with you?" I told him we was welcome, commented on the fact that a few stars had not yet winked out and waited for him to speak. No roving taxi had shown up and we had gone a number of blocks in silence.
Do You Unconsciously Offend?

---

This'll Be Funny
they shouted as she sat down to play
but a minute later...

I GUESS we're stuck for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents.

"I suppose this means more bridge," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something unusual to do?"

"Sure—I'll play the piano for you," said Sally Barrow. "You play, Sally? Don't be funky?" The very idea of Sally having talent struck everybody as a joke. For, unfortunately, Sally was generally overweight and for that reason usually played nothing but wallflower.

While they were all having their little laugh, Sally walked over to the piano. Garensley she played a few chords. Then, suddenly, she broke into one of the latest Broadway hits. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked.

"You may laugh when you tell you," Sally explained, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U.S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson so I wrote for it. When I arrived at the door, all was not well for the Course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. It was so simple as A-B-C."

Today, Sally is one of the most popular girls in her set, and she and John Thompson are now engaged.

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for the mind. It is a very expres-
sive face, a recklessly expres-
sive face. Most beauties cannot afford too much ex-
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When you are talking, she listens
with her eyes, with her mobile red
mouth, and her very pretty nose, as
well as with her ears. She’s a swell
audience, and so few women nowadays
remember that charm. If you say any-
thing, she shows you just what im-
pression it has made. Her vivid in-
terest stimulates you to talk and to
talk better than you can.

William Powell, who has worked with
her in three fine pictures, told me to
watch for that.

“I hate talking to blank faces,” said
Bill, who is himself dynamic and dra-
matic and full of enthusiasms of every
kind. “You say something. Nothing
happens in the face opposite you. So
you say it again, with more detail.
Finally you find yourself running on
and on and growing more and more
annoyed. Kay is as responsive as a
child. I used to love to talk out scenes
and business with her. She’s a wonder,
really.

Of course, Kay thinks Bill is a won-
ter, too. She says he was so kind
to her, when she first began the new
medium of the talkies.

“When I came out here,” she said,
pushing her black hair back from her
forehead with a careless hand, “I was
scared to death. I had heard about
how mean picture people could be to
people on the stage. I hadn’t much self-con-
fidence anyway. I didn’t know what to
do about the camera.

“Really, it’s simply wonderful how
helpful everyone has been. Ronny Col-
man and Bill and Clara Bow. When
I worked with Clara she was simply
too good. She’d explain the love, and
the camera angles, and say, ‘Now look, Kay,
I’m the star, so naturally they train the
camera on me. But if you’ll cheat over
just a little bit in it just right,
too. You’ve got to keep that face in
the camera you know, darling.’”

Kay lit a cigarette and relaxed, her
head back against the cushions.
Her house is small and very at-
ttractive. It stands in a group of trees, in
one of those cunning little back
yards between Hollywood and Beverly
Hills. A comfortable house. Kay lives
there alone.

“I like living alone,” she told me. “I
have to be alone at times and the only
chance I get is when I’m at home. I
don’t see how people live who are never
alone. I couldn’t do it. Besides, it’s
convenient. I like a small house.
Even if I had a lot of money, I
wouldn’t want a big one. Why complicate
existence? Aren’t there enough things
you have to do without taking on a lot of
extraneous ones? I make a swell bache-
lor girl, really, I’m not domestic. I want
a simple life, not like my mother, with as
little annoyance as possible.

This house is okey for me, though
maybe the sightseeing wagons will
never come in front of it. I can get any-
where quickly. That’s another thing.
I can’t bear to waste half my life get-
ing from one place to another. That’s
all people. Eliminate. That’s my
philosophy. Eliminate waste of time,
energy, effort. Leave yourself as free
as possible.”

“For what?” I said.

She stared at the ceiling. Her eyes
have that clarion-voyant look, as
though she saw beyond the present, the
sur-
rondings. She looked terribly tired, al-
most exhausted. But at the same time
terrribly alive. The white tiredness
of her face made her eyes bigger, more
brilliant.

“Leave yourself as free as possible
for what?” I said again.


“You work is the important thing?” I
said.

“No,” she said, emphatically. “You
can’t generalize about that sort of
thing, Work happens right now to be
the important thing to me. It’s filled
my life. I’m mad about it. I love it.
I love acting. Every thing about the
studio is so lovable to me. I’m beginning to understand what
acting can be.

“I love to come home at night and
work out a part, visualize it, think up
business, get inside the character. I
love shooting, when we work hours
to get results.

“It has satisfied me completely. And
it seems to me something that cannot
fail me.”

She sat up straight, talking with
voice and face and hands.

“But that might not be true for any-
one else. You may be different, or the
circumstances of your life may be dif-
ferent. You’ve got to think about your
children, home more important. But
what I say is that we had better stop
complicating existence and get simpler,
so the important thing is.

So Hollywood has changed Broad-
way’s play-girl into a work-woman.
Work has solved all the problems which
beset her, has answered the need of
the ex-wife for something to fill her
time well.

I saw her last night at a party. Her
escort, as usual, was the handsome
and distinguished young Kenneth Mac
Kenna. She looked stunningly well-
groomed, very polished and love,
with a print frock and scarlet shoes.

“I’ll tell you one thing,” she said,
“that most people don’t know. Parties
are more fun when you work hard and
only go once in a while.”

Kay Francis is headed for big things
in pictures. She’s ambitious now, not
for fame nor for money, but for more
and more opportunity to work. To do
better work. In “For the Defense” and
“Behind the Make-up” she is superb.

that we have become Kay Francis, screen star. It’s a great idea.

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Looks like Jack Barrymores, doesn't he? But it is Fredric March playing the mad young stage star of "The Royal Family." This drama was suggested by the famous Barrymores, it is said. Anyway, "The Royal Family" was a fascinating study of theater modes and manners.

The Screen's Search for Beauty
(Continued from page 75)

Mary Brian was just a pretty girl. If she keeps on growing up, mentally and spiritually, she will be in the Mary Pickford class of romantic beauties. To which Lillian Gish belonged.

When I wrote the first article of this series I had not yet seen Marlene Dietrich, the new Paramount importation from Germany. In a year, she will be placed with Swanson and Garbo. She need know to neither of them in the matter of allure.

There are three women on the screen I have not mentioned who belong in the list of screen beauties.

Norma Talmadge. She was just lovely and warm and sweet—born that way, remained that way without effort. She seems to me to belong in no special class. The bizarre, blond Mae Murray. She had the most beautiful figure of anyone woman who ever took off her veils before the camera.

The wistful tomboy, Colleen Moore. I left Colleen out for a very personal reason, I hope you won't mind. Even a writer of beauty articles has a few personal feelings. And Colleen is one of those people I love so dearly that I haven't any idea any more how she looks. To me, she is beautiful. To me, her face mirrors all the generosity of her spirit, the colorful charm of her mind, the appeal of her simplicity.

To look upon the beauties of the screen is to realize, in a very big way, the all-encompassing possibilities of beauty. Its many facets. Its widely differing phases. It seems to me that there is no girl or woman who goes to motion pictures, and cares anything about beauty of any kind, but can find there her own type and the inspiration to develop it.

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Mary Brian demonstrates the old and the new way of dressing the hair. 1931, shown at the right, shows the feminine ear entirely exposed to view. Miss Brian, by the way, is the oldest contract player on the Paramount pay roll—and she's only twenty-two.

Beautiful Things Never Last

(Continued from page 49)
feet of earth and the grass is green and there are flowers blossoming on top of it.”

There was a pause. Then Larry crept into his chair. He shifted in it, awkwardly.

“Don’t think I’m winning, Winnie—but, God, I’d give a million this minute if you hadn’t divorced me.”

“But, Larry, you wanted me to.”

He raised furious eyes.

“Why didn’t you refuse to do it? You loved me then.”

“You didn’t love me.”

“Of course I did,” he contradicted irritably. “I was infatuated with Irene, that’s all—and you should have seen that I was.”

Winifred stared. She had laughed, ripplingly, adorably. Her eyes sparkled with the tears of her mirth and her upper lip trembled in the way he had loved.

“Oh, Larry, forgive me, but you are still your inconsistent self.”

He leaned across the table with a certain tenseness. “Is there—someone else?”

“Not yet. The flowers have bloomed. They are beautiful now and waiting for someone to pick them,” she said with gay wistfulness.

“Then these stories I’ve heard about you falling in love—aren’t true?” he asked.

She laughed again at his boldness.

“The nerve of the creature is astounding! Of course they’re true. I’ve been in love scores of times since I left you,” she admitted flippantly. His jaw set.

“You wouldn’t have spoken like that three years ago,” he accused.

“Then—I’ve changed!”

“A lot. The magazines have hinted that you haven’t been the same since our divorce; that it was grief—”

“At first it was,” she admitted frankly, attacking the chicken salad “but, after a while I grew to like the new me. I thought she was much more interesting than that demure younger with the impossible ideals.”

“That’s a reproach, but I deserve it.”

He caught her beautiful, ringed fingers—the fingers that, on the screen, could talk. “Did I make that little youngster suffer terribly?”

“Rather terribly, Larry.”

“I was a brute. You were wonderful to me. Winnie. Do you think there’s any chance at all for me to pick the flowers from that grave, dearest?” His voice was husky.

She regarded him steadily.

“Not the least bit of a chance, Larry,” she said gently.

He released her hand and dived in one gulp his drink, then he said hoarsely, “Come on. Let’s dance.”

He held her close and her hair brushed his lips—that gleaming, coppered hair. He didn’t speak. The orchestra jiggled Irving Berlin’s latest with their bodies as well as their instruments. Couples swirled about them; beautifully groomed women, perfectly groomed men. They were all scrupulously proper. One would not have imagined that elemental passions were concealed behind their lovely insouciance.

Larry’s embrace tightened. She felt his fingers through the georgette of her gown.

SHE lifted her eyes, so close to his. “Be careful, honey,” she chucklingly warned. “Do you want to start a scandal?”

(Continued on page 128)
Beautiful Things Never Last
(Continued from page 127)

"Winnie," he gritted, his eyes darkening. "We were happy once. Won't you take a chance—once more? We might make a go of it this time. I wouldn't be the one to renig."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling," she pouted. "You're lonesome and a little disappointed about Irene. Any woman would do."

He missed a step in the intricate routine.

"No! No!" he cried fiercely. "Winnie— I love you. Only you. I've never loved anyone else."

"Sounds like old times."

"Let's turn back the clock, sweetheart. Let's pretend we've never been married. I love you. I need you. If I could take back what I've done, I'd give my life—but we can only learn. Do you suppose I haven't dreamed of you since we separated? I've been to see every one of your releases—like an avid picture fan. I've longed for you—but I was ashamed to go near you. If I hadn't met you tonight by chance, I'd probably never have had the courage to make this proposal. But, seeing you again—Winnie, I don't want to live without you."

"Larry, you're hurting me!"

"Marry me again. Please, Winnie— I beg you."

SHE turned her head away.

"I can't," her voice came to him faintly above the din.

"Why? Why?"

"It's over, Larry. I don't love you."

"Let me see you often. I made you love me before. I can again."

"No."

"There's someone else then?" he accused savagely.

"No."

That leading man you've had in your last three pictures. A nobody that you've put on the map. I might have known.

"There's nobody, Larry. Please don't look so ferocious. There's a reporter from The American over there. He's been eyeing us intently for the last five minutes and tomorrow it'll be all over the country that you frowned."

"Damn the reporters! Damn the public!" said Larry darkly.

The dance ended. They separated and mechanically applauded for the encore, but when the orchestra began "Body and Soul" Winifred whispered, "I don't want to dance any more."

"Finish this out."

"Promise to stop making love to me?"

"No!"

She sighed.

"All right. I suppose I can stand it if you must."

They again began their almost stationary steps.

IT'S heaven—having you in my arms," he said. "Oh, Winnie, I don't mind you taking such delight in punishing me. I'm willing to pay all my life—but let me pay to you."

"I'm—sorry, Larry—"

"That's—that's your final answer?"

"My final answer," she echoed.

She felt his convulsive grip on her arm; then the eyes of the crowd were upon them. Their exhibition of the terpsichorean art dwarfed even the

**The New Movie Magazine**

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be satisfied until she is with us again. Please, Mr. Howe, tell her how much we love her and that we want her to return . . ."

I did try to tell Pola how much I you, we love her but she said I must wait until her divorce is final as they are very strict about such things in France.

Beauty Is Beauty: Marjorie Beaver of 110 Mulberry Street, Danville, Pennsylvania, thinks the interviewers of stars are just as important or more so than the stars themselves and so is collecting the photos of her favorite writers.

I quite agree with Miss Beaver, if not more so, but I'm one of those mean horses like Rex and Gene Tunney. The only time I've been made to see the birdie since an infant was when the U. S. Government pleaded for my likeness on a passport, putting it in such a way that I couldn't very well refuse. I suggest, Miss Beaver, that you send to Buddy Rogers, for whom I've often been mistaken, or for that matter to Stu Erwin.

An Ungodly Comment: I am reprimanded by Bernela Marie Darivage of Toledo, Ohio, for a remark about Ramon Novarro. My comment, which she encloses, is: "Ramon Novarro tells an interviewer that when he marries he wants a woman whose faith is so great that when he tells her one thing and her eyes tell another she will still believe him. Ramon doesn't want to be a husband, he wants to be a god. Which of course is a far more commendable ambition."

You are quite right, Miss Darivage. But the blame lies not with me but with an irreligious editor or proofreader who ruined my comment by inserting an "a" in front of the "god." Please don't misunderstand.

Death, Where Is Thy Sting?: "Have just been reading in another motion picture magazine what your boy friend Ramon Novarro wants for a wife," says Miss Kathleen Greene of 2660 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia. "Next time you see him tell him to go out to the cemetery and dig her up."

Oh-oh, Kathleen, you'd better not let Miss Darivage hear you say that or you are liable to be the one dug up. And what did the poet say—"Then Heaven would be earth enough . . ."? Or was it vice versa?

Dangerous Intoxicants: My particular fan friend, Lillian Johnstone, 5009 Sherbrooke Street, Vancouver, writes: "I see you have made good use of your time in Paris, calling upon princesses and the like. And I suppose you did not contemplate just how joyously your news, that there was another prince (Pola Negri's) roaming unclaimed, would be received. But what's the use? Constance Bennett will probably snap him up as soon as she hears he is in circulation . . ."

Miss Johnstone then declares that for her Chevalier is like a cup of good hot coffee while Novarro is a sip of wine, and while the coffee warms her the sip of wine—oh, oh! She ends with: "In closing will ask of you one favor (no, I don't want any autographed photos, thank you, but simply this): Please don't get too sophisticated." "What about yourself, Lillian? . . . You and your hot coffee and sip of wine! . . . You know very well that neither is good for you. . . And one thing leads to another, etc. HAVE JUST SEEN MARLENE DIETRICH IN "MOROCCO" AND AM INSTANTLY RETURNING TO HOLLYWOOD TO JOIN THE FOREIGN LEGION. HERB.

(Continued from page 58)
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Vol. III, No. 3

March, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

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The New Movie Magazine
MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

If you think the musical picture is through, here is a packet of news from new films now in production or about to be made, that should interest you:

Five orchestras are being used by M.-G.-M. in Joan Crawford's feature, "Dance, Fool, Dance." Who said music was dead in the talkies?

Nacio Herb Brown is writing the theme song for Mary Pickford's new picture, "Kiki."

"Kiss Me Again" is the title of First National plans to use for the Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste."

Bernie Grossman has just completed the lyrics for the Dimitri Tiomkin score for Universal's big musical production, "Resurrection," featuring John Boles and Lupe Velez.

"The Southerner" is the title of Metro-Goldwyn's new musical talker starring Lawrence Tibbett. Esther Ralston plays opposite the operatic star. Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike), well-known phonograph recording artist, is in the production.

"Reaching for the Moon," Irving Berlin's musical movie for Douglas Fairbanks, is still a melodic story, with one song number.

HOLLYWOOD THEME SONG, new Mack Sennett musical, is a take-off on theme song pictures to be shown soon. Dave Silverstein and William Dugan wrote the lyrics.

George and Ira Gershwu have been engaged by Fox to write the songs for "Sky Line." Guy Bolton, who wrote "The Love Parade," is to create the book.

Herbert Stothart wrote "What Is Your Price, Madame?" and a gypsy number for M.-G.-M.'s "The New Moon," which also retains many of the original songs.

Seymour Felix, musical comedy dance director, has joined the Fox staff to direct "Hot Numbers."

Dimitri Tiomkin, the composer, says: "Well-known producers, directors and composers all agree music is a vital factor in motion pictures and will always remain in motion pictures."

And there you are. Now for some of the month's new records.

Here is a number that is really unique; in fact, almost weird. "Mood Indigo" is the title, and it's not a bit misleading, for it is about the bluest thing that has come out in many a blue moon. Composed, arranged and played by Duke Ellington, this number has the closest harmony that I have heard. From the way it sounds to me, the Duke must have left half of his band at home when he did his recording, for the ensemble seems to be made up of two trumpets, three clarinets, piano and banjo. Again I say it's weird, and if you're a lover of ultra modern hot music, you won't go wrong on this one.

The reverse of this indigo tune is the popular number, "When a Black Man's Blue," and you can rest assured that the Duke has his complete orchestra playing in this one. It is a good hot tune, not too fast, and played with plenty of variations and good old brass flares. (Victor.)

The next on the list is by Rudy Vallee, who boosted the sales on steins. This is a waltz, in my estimation, the type of song that Vallee does best. "Don't Forget Me in Your Dreams" is the title, and it's a very smooth number. Rudy seems to have augmented his orchestra to the tune of a trombone and a few trumpets for this record, and I think you'll find the results pleasing. As usual Rudy lends his voice in some very nice refrains.

The other side is also by the Yankees, and also a waltz. It is called "Tears." Although it is a pretty number, it doesn't have the stuff of the first record reviewed. (Victor.)

You are soon going to hear and see Tolstoy's "Resurrection" with interpolated music. John Boles has the lead opposite Lupe Velez.
"Lock your door on Birthdays!"

SAYS

Hugh Trevor
famous screen idol

Learn the Complexion Secret
9 out of 10 Screen Stars know

THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep youth," Hugh Trevor says. "And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in years, but radiant with that glowing alive sort of charm no man can resist.

"Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. Birthdays don't matter at all. And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

What is the secret of staying young the lovely actresses know?

Guard complexion beauty
the Hollywood way

Important actresses throughout the world remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year! In Hollywood... on Broadway... in Europe... they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youthful allure—with Lux Toilet Soap. They have made this fragrant, very white soap official in all studios... it is found in theatres everywhere. Your skin will love it, too!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French toilet soap Youth LUX Toilet Soap...10¢
The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Adolph Zukor

BY LYNDE DENIG

A DOLPH ZUKOR started his business career sweeping out a fur shop on Fourteenth Street in New York City. How he will finish remains in the future; perhaps as the Big Boss of the entire motion-picture industry.

Right now, crossing the midstream of life, this extraordinary man is president of the Paramount Publix Corporation and is so many times a millionaire that figures do not matter. By right of precedent and consistent accomplishment, he occupies a throne of power. He says little, but when he does talk, the entire motion-picture world listens in and probably accepts his decisions.

Up-from-poverty stories have ceased to be news. The real news comes when a millionaire’s son makes good. But Adolph, unfortunately, or perhaps, fortunately, was far removed from wealth. Jacob and Hannah Zukor, residents of Rics, Hungary, were accustomed to hardships. When Adolph was born on January 7, 1873, there was not a gold spoon in the house; probably not one in the entire community in which these good people lived.

ADOLPH, grown into an observant youth, looked about him and saw only a humdrum life leading nowhere in particular. He read of the wealth in America. He met a man who had been to the United States some twenty years earlier and was still talking about it. Each year there was more gold in his stories. At the age of sixteen, Adolph could wait no longer; he wanted to see for himself if they actually did use gold bricks for cobblestones. He found the cobblestones on West Street, New York, to be much like those in his old home town, but not a trace of gold.

In those days Fourteenth Street was much what Fifty-seventh Street is today—smart shops, furs and fashions. Adolph did not know a thing about the fur business, but he could learn. He worked a twelve to fourteen-hour day in the shop, ate a twenty-five-cent dinner and retired to his room to study. One day he noticed that women trying on furs for trials had difficulty in clasping them in place. After months of tinkering and experimentation, he invented a fur clasp that really clasped and remained clasped.

A key to Mr. Zukor’s success has been his ability to detect shortcomings and to provide a remedy. Years later he observed the weakness of sketchy, hastily made one and two-reel pictures and offered the so-called feature picture instead. Although screen plays have undergone many changes since then, the basic idea behind Mr. Zukor’s Famous Players remains unaltered.

The late Marcus Loew was instrumental in attracting Mr. Zukor’s attention from furs to pictures, via penny-in-the-slot machines, affording fleeting glimpses of spicy gaieties, which were popularly profitable. Messrs. Loew and Zukor realized, however, that penny arcades were destined to be supplanted by moving pictures. Building for the future, these two enterprising gentlemen, organized the Marcus Loew Enterprises on a partnership basis. During the many years following, years rife with keen rivalries and business battles, there never was a break in the fine friendship between Adolph and Marcus.

In 1873 Adolph Zukor was born in Rics, Hungary, the son of poor parents. At sixteen he followed the fantastic stories of golden paved streets to America. In New York he got a job in a fur shop, working from 12 to 14 hours a day.

NEW MOVIE is presenting the life stories—briefly and concisely told—of the men who create your picture entertainment. We believe you should know them better. Next Month: Winfield Sheehan, production chief of Fox Films.

With occasional promptings from his alert advisor, Mr. Zukor sketched his plan, which had been rejected by the Motion Picture Patents group of companies. Briefly, it was to increase the dignity and artistic caliber of the screen by giving the public the best that the speaking stage afforded in the ways of players. Mr. Zukor maintained, and quite correctly as time has proven, that the screen must draw heavily upon the wealth of stage material. He appeared particularly gratified at having enlisted the active cooperation of Daniel Frohman. (Continued on page 121)
What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

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5
DOLLAR
THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

That Acting Ego

Phoenix, Arizona.
The article, “What Happens to the Extra Girls,” in the January issue of New Movie was extremely apropos. It is to be hoped that it will be read and prove a proper deterrent to those who are in most need of such facts. Unfortunately the egoism necessary to produce a desire to become an actress will also convince almost every girl who reads the article that she is one of those very rare exceptions who is slated for the heights of movie fame. It is sad that there isn't a simple, painless operation that could be performed to remove that characteristic.

Dorothy Noske,
P. O. Box 823.

Stenogs Aren't All Vamps

Norton, Virginia.
I have seen so many movies in which a star cast as a business office secretary to some employer is always portrayed as a vamp who practices her wiles on all the male office help. Why can't we have the secretary portrayed in the right sense, as a busy, efficient office worker? This idea of picturing all our secretaries as charmers is getting as bad as the exaggerated college picture.

Albert Manski,
Piedmont Business College.

Against Fan Fickleness

New York, N. Y.
What annoys me to tears is the wild adulation heaped on a star one year, and the dismal panning thrown at him the next! Take the cases of Clara Bow and John Gilbert. Personally, I never cared for either of them: I don't crave hot romance or wild youth. But now that the fans have turned against these two stars, I'll defend the erstwhile favorites to the last. Clara and Jack are down now; let's help them up the ladder again. Let's make the producers give Clara and Jack the sort of stories they ought to get. Come on, you fickle fans! Show your true colors. Rise to defend the memory of “The Big Parade” and the Bow successes!

Pearl A. Katzman,
601 West 189th Street.

Another Protest from Dixie

New Bern, N. C.
After having seen several talking pictures of supposedly Southern life, I would suggest that an interpreter be used in all show houses below the Mason-Dixon line when such films are shown. The painfily affected drawl used in the dialogue smacks strongly of the Bronx, Newark and dear old Philly, while the typically Southern expressions that are thrown in here and there are nearly all used incorrectly. Dixie audiences titter at the dialect that they have never heard before, spoken by actors portraying ridiculous roles that just ain't.

J. Gaskill McDaniel,
129 Pollock Street.

(Continued on page 115)
Hill's Angels

"GREATEST MASTERPIECE the screen has ever known" says London Daily Express

One of the Many Spectacular Air Scenes in "Hell's Angels"

Universally Acclaimed!

"Most thrilling and magnificent film spectacle of all time!"
Movie Romances

"The talking films have shown nothing comparable!"
Boston "Herald"

"Contains scenes that have never been approached!"
New York "Herald Tribune"

"Towers above any spectacle yet thrown on the screen!"
Los Angeles "Daily News"

"Most stupendous air-war drama ever filmed!"
Cincinnati "Times-Star"

"A production which can never be duplicated!"
Seattle "Star"

"Greatest spectacle ever produced!"
Harrison's Reports

"Out-strips anything that has come before!"
Detroit "Times"

"Tops them all!"
Motion Picture Classic

"Most amazingly vivid and spectacular picture yet screened!"
London "Daily Mirror"

"Deserves to be witnessed and applauded in every picture-house in the world!"
Theatre Magazine
The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Now and then Fay Wray steps into her kitchen to prepare a special dish to please her husband, John Monk Saunders, the scenarist and author. On this page, however, Miss Wray tells you how to make a tempting salad and a delectable lemon punch.

Cook the fresh asparagus until tender but not too soft, and when cool cut off the tips; or drain canned asparagus tips and arrange them lightly in a jelly mold. Put the vinegar, boiling water, onion and cloves in a small saucepan and let them boil gently five or six minutes. Strain out the onion and cloves and pour the liquid on the gelatine which has been dissolved meantime in the cold water. Mix thoroughly and when cool pour over the asparagus in the mold and let chill in the refrigerator until firm before serving. Then cut the jelly in slices about an inch wide and serve on crisp lettuce, garnished with small red radishes and mayonnaise dressing.

Lemon Punch

Miss Wray makes an unusually refreshing lemon punch as follows: Put one quart of water and two cups of sugar in a saucepan and let boil for ten minutes. Add one cup of strained lemon juice and freeze in an ice-cream freezer. When ready to serve turn the lemon ice into a punch bowl and pour a quart of cold tea and a bottle of ginger ale over it, or use a pint of cider instead of the ginger ale. The old-fashioned way was to pour champagne over the lemon ice but the iced tea and ginger ale or cider makes a drink that is unusually refreshing. You may buy the lemon ice from an ice-cream dealer but the home-made sort is inexpensive and easy to make.

Tomato sandwiches made in this way meet with Miss Wray's approval. Cut slices of whole wheat bread in circles a little larger than a slice of tomato. Cut the tomatoes in slices one-quarter of an inch thick and use only the center slices. Let them stand for ten minutes in French dressing made from two parts olive oil to one part vinegar seasoned with salt and pepper. Place a crisp piece of lettuce on buttered rounds of bread, then a slice of tomato and sprinkle with chopped pecan meats. Then cover with another round of bread and serve at once, garnished with radishes or olives.

Real cooking—standing over a hot stove to stir a kettle of soup or to watch cake baking in the oven—is not one of Miss Wray's favorite occupations. When she has a few leisure moments between pictures she does not put on a Hoover apron and dash impatiently to the kitchen to give the cook a practical demonstration of the right way to make Hungarian goulash or Chinese chop suey, but now and then she does like to prepare a simple salad or put together a tempting dessert or concoct a refreshing drink, providing of course that very little actual cooking is involved in the process.

These are the ingredients called for in preparing one of her favorite salads:

One large bunch of asparagus, or one good-sized tin of canned asparagus tips.
One cup cold water
One cup vinegar
One cup boiling water
One small onion, sliced
Two whole cloves
Two tablespoons of granulated gelatine


Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE
Many of your Favorite Recipes Are Easier to Make Daintier to Serve in CRINKLE CUPS

You can easily serve many of your favorite recipes in dainty individual form. Make them in Crinkle Cups, the paper baking dishes that you do not have to grease. Crinkle Cups are ready for use just as they come from their dust-proof package. And your work is done in half the time, with no pans to grease or wash up after the cooking is done. You can make many things in Crinkle Cups... little cakes, muffins, desserts, meat recipes. Some you will want to serve right in their Crinkle Cups. Others you will turn out, prettily shaped and whole. Keep a good supply of Crinkle Cups on hand. You will find you can use them in many different ways.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

SPOON BREAD

(For other tested recipes, see recipe book in every package of Crinkle Cups)

1 1/2 cups milk 1 1/2 cup cornmeal 1 teaspoon sugar (optional) 3/4 teaspoon salt 2 teaspoons butter 2 eggs

Scald the milk, stir in cornmeal mixed with sugar and salt and cook until the mixture thickens, about five minutes, stirring constantly. Take from fire, stir in the butter and let cool slightly. Then stir in the beaten egg yolks and finally fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and turn into crinkle cups, filling three-quarters full. This will be enough for eight. Cook in moderate oven 30 or 35 minutes and serve at once in the cups. Delicious served on the plate with chicken or served for breakfast as a substitute for cereal or muffins. Bury a piece of butter in the center and eat with a spoon.

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10c for package of 75 cups.

Oldmill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-3-31, Linden Street, corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

13
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

One of the superb moments of Paramount's "Morocco," the striking Josef von Sternberg film which introduced the flashing Marlene Dietrich to America. The cabaret singer (Miss Dietrich) invites the soldier of the Legion (Gary Cooper) to her rooms.

Group A

Abraham Lincoln. A picture that deserves to live long after the ordinary run of films has been discarded and forgotten. All credit to D. W. Griffith, director, to Walter Huston, portrayer of Lincoln and to Stephen Vincent Benet, author. United Artists.

Three Faces East. Von Stroheim as a German spy and Constance Bennett as an English spy are a splendid combination in this World War melodrama. It is exciting entertainment. Warners.

Monte Carlo. With Lubitsch as director and Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald as the leading performers, this picture has sophistication as well as charm without rising to any great heights. Paramount.


The Dawn Patrol. Aviators in the World War are the inspiration for this vivid and stirring drama in which

Richard Barthelmess is the most gallant flyer of them all. A worthy companion to the best of the war films. First National.

Romance. Another living portrait in the gallery of Greta Garbo masterpieces. A romance of some sixty years ago with New York as a setting. Garbo may have given finer performances, but she was never more beautiful, nor more distinguished. Metro-Goldwyn.

Holiday. A mature and expertly wrought play with an excellent cast directed with discrimination. If you are not yet acquainted with Ann Harding it is time you met her. She brings a strongly individual personality to the screen. Pathé.

Journey's End. An altogether worthy version of the justly famous war drama showing life in the trenches as experienced by a group of English officers. It rings true. Tiffany.

All Quiet on the Western Front. Barred in Germany as anti-something propaganda, this superb production is going stronger than ever throughout the United States. The picture must have meaning and significance in every country that has sent its sons to die in battle. Universal.

Sarah and Son. An appealing and attention-holding story of mother love with Ruth Chatterton as the mother. Don't forget your handkerchief. Paramount.

Song O' My Heart. The appealing tones of John McCormack's lyric tenor come through in fine style on the talking screen. The story is cut to the measure of the singing star. Foz.


The Rogue Song. An intelligent adaptation of the Lehar operetta. If the story lags, there is the magnificent voice of Lawrence Tibbett to compensate. Metro-Goldwyn.

Devil May Care. Ramon Novarro, singer and actor, appears quite at home in this bit of Napoleonic romance. Metro-Goldwyn.

Lummox. This is what they call "a slice of life," a drab but highly effective story from the pen of Fannie Hurst. Whinifred Westover scores with a sympathetic characterization. United Artists.

The Love Parade. The sort of picture that discriminating picture goers are looking for. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. Paramount.

Group B

What a Widow. Gloria Swanson turns to farce and Paris in a picture that would have slight significance save for the presence (Continued on page 16)
The New Movie Magazine

A NEW MOVIE ALBUM

My sister and I entered a local theatre on one of the Broadways in New York. Just before the door, we stood before a counter with a sign that read, "New Movie Album!" We were curious and decided to take a peek. We were greeted by a friendly clerk who told us that the album was autographed and that it contained career stories written by the stars themselves. We were intrigued and decided to buy a copy.

New photographs. Career stories written by the stars themselves! Your record of the film famous can't be complete without this third New Movie Album. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents plus four cents postage.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

ON SALE IN MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

15
A charming romantic moment of Warners’ operetta “Viennese Nights,” with Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal. This song film has many lilting moments and a large measure of gal-lantry and glamour.

Another stenographer blossoms into a butterfly and wins her boss. In Pathe’s “Sin Takes a Holiday” Constance Bennett gives a fine performance of the secretary, while Basil Rathbone wins high honors as a friend of the boss.

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 14)

of the interesting Gloria. United Artists.

Outward Bound. An ambitious and in the main a successful effort to transplant an imaginative stage play. The story deals with a shipload of passengers sailing from this life into the next. Warners.

The Office Wife. An up-to-the-minute tale of a secretary who vamps her boss while the boss’s wife is amusing herself with other men. Dorothy Mackaill, as the secretary, is a first-rate temptress. Warners.

Old English. A sparkling performance by George Arliss in a play endowed with more atmosphere than story. Warners.

Hell’s Angels. Spectacular flying carries this picture with a bang. If you enjoy watching aviators risk their lives, you should get a kick out of this production. United Artists.

Moby Dick. “The Sea Beast,” in which John Barrymore appeared some years ago, has found its tongue with the same Barrymore rôle. The title has been changed, also the leading woman. Joan Bennett now plays opposite the star. Warners.

Raffles. Thrills, mystery and Ronald Colman making love to Kay Francis are enough entertainment for any single evening. United Artists.

Morocco. An important picture because it brings a new personality, Marlene Dietrich, to the screen, also because it is right smart entertainment. Adolph Menjou and Gary Cooper are among those present under the skilled direction of Josef von Sternberg. Paramount.

Laughter. Nancy Carroll fans (and from reports we hear they are increasing) will not want to miss this one. Nancy is a glorified chorus girl who, (Continued on page 119)
WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Marie Dressier
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Lella Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton

Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Joan Marsh
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Gilbert Roland
Norma Shearer
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Anclaniz
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Noel Francis
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor

Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Claire Luce
Charolyn Lynn
Jeannette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Charles Morton
George O'Brien
Marjorie O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Nick Stuart
John Wayne
Maryjorie White

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joe Brown
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder

Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marian Nixon
Walter Pidgeon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Norman Foster
Kay Francis
Richard Gallagher

Harry Green
Mitzi Green
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
William Powell
Charles Rovers
Marion Shilling
Stanley Smith
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Lloyd Hughes

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Doris Kenyon
Lila Lee
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Charles Chaplin
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake

Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Lupe Velez
Barbara Worth

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Joan Peers
Dorothy Revier
Alice White

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Astor
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorne
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
Bebe Daniels
Richard Dix

Arthur Lake
Dorothy Lee
Robert McWade
Lowell Sherman
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey
TOGETHER AGAIN!

JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL

in RAOUl WALSH'S

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Together again! Janet and Charlie, the boy and the girl the whole world loves. They're together—in a play that spans the whole octave of love—in the richest roles of romance and redemption they have ever played.

Wonderful as they were in Seventh Heaven and Sunny Side Up, they're more marvelous than ever in THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, from the stage success by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson.

Settings by JOSEPH URBAN

ANOTHER GREAT FOX MOVIETONE
CLARA BOW

Photograph by Gene Robert Richec

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk
MARIE PREVOST
LORETTA YOUNG

"Won't You Have One? There's Refreshing Enjoymint in Life-Savers"
WILLIAM POWELL

Photograph by Otto Dyar

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Gossip of the Studios

SIXTEEN homes in the exclusive Malibu Beach movie colony burned to the ground in two hours, in the early morning of December 15. Sunday, on the Malibu, is still a big day even though the chill of Winter has settled over most of the country. But the sun still shines on this beach the stars have picked as their own. Many of them spent Sunday, December 14th, at Malibu and retired early in order to rise in time to get to the various studios in Hollywood for work the next morning. And each and every one of them got up long before they had intended to.

Just after one-thirty the garage behind the house next to Dave Butler’s home burst into flame. Before it could be extinguished—a veritable gale of wind was blowing which hindered the firefighters and aided in the rapid spread of the flames—it reached a tank of rock gas which had been used for cooking purposes. The tank blew up scattering most of the flaming garage to the top of Butler’s home. From there it spread next door to Buddy De Sylva’s home.

It looked as though the entire colony was due to burn up and be blown out to sea in the shape of cinders. Things looked especially bad because two small inch and one-half hose were the sole equipment the Malibuites had to fight the fire, and the water pressure was nothing to brag about. Finally the Santa Monica fire department arrived with a pump machine, dipped into a pool in the rear of George O’Brien’s home, and sent a four-inch stream of water onto Marie Prevost’s house; this stopped the fire.

HIGH lights of the evening:

Marie Prevost could have spent her time saving some of the valuable personal articles she had in her home. Instead she let them go and dashed from one end of the beach to the other awakening her sleeping neighbors. She made a charming Miss Paul Revere in a pair of sailor pants and an old sweater—all she saved from her very extensive wardrobe, by the way.

Buddy De Sylva suffered the greatest loss. His home was the most expensive on the beach, costing sixty thousand dollars. In it were not only all of the De Sylva, Brown and Henderson original manuscripts—which included “California, Here I Come,” “Alabama Bound,” “April Showers,” “Black Bottom,” “Birth of the Blues,” “This Is My Lucky Day” and the original scripts of many musical shows, but also a library of rare and original volumes, sets and manuscripts of Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, Anatole France and of dozens of other world famous writers and personages. The De Sylva home caught fire and burned so quickly, as did all of them, that Mrs. De Sylva was unable to get to $110,000 worth of jewels she had worn the night before. However, ninety thousand dollars worth of these, including a bracelet with sixteen square cut diamonds in it and several monster diamond rings (minus the ring and the setting), were recovered early the next morning when Director Alan Dwan, Dick Hyland and Mrs. De Sylva sifted the ashes that remained after the fire.

Buddy watched the home he and his wife had spent so much time to make comfortable going up in flames and said, “I don’t feel so badly about the house. Losing that is tough, but no worse than having Goldman-Sachs drop eighty points on me. But I’d give twenty thousand dollars right now for twenty of those books that are in there.”

Dave Butler lost all his trophies, won over a long period of years in handball, squash and tennis.
All the News of the Famous Motion Picture

Jack Gilbert was in Beverly Hills at the time but came soaring beachward when he was advised by telephone that the beach was on fire. He arrived in time to hook himself onto a hose and help stop the fire at Marie Prevost's house.

Dick Hyland took one look and sent his wife, Adela Rogers St. Johns, and their two-year-old baby into Santa Monica to stay with Bebe Daniels until their house was either saved or burned.

Buster Collier dashed up and down coupling and uncoupling hose; sometimes the wrong ones.

Frank Fay, who lives in one house on the beach and owns another, watched the other house go up in the roaring flames and said, "Barbara (Stanwyck, his wife) just spent two months and eight thousand dollars furnishing and rolling that place up to rent it. Look at it now. I'm going right home and hold her head under a faucet. 'Cause I wanted to leave it unfurnished until next spring."

Wes Ruggles and Al K. Hall (one of the best cutters in Hollywood), organized themselves into a rescue brigade and rolled out automobiles from all the garages and uncoupled gas tanks which were under most of the houses for cooking gas. Just as they started under one house to get at a tank it blew up. A minute and ten seconds later it would have taken them with it.

Alan Dwan organized himself, Conrad Nagel, George O'Brien and Fred Bertos into a fighting brigade which stopped the fire on the west end of the beach just before it got to Dwan's beautiful home.

Louise Fazenda reached the beach from Beverly just in time to see the last of her garage fall in. The house had gone out of existence a few minutes before that.

Ed Granger (Fox Films producer), was awakened by his Filipino houseman.

"Get up, Mister Granger," "What time is it?" asked Eddie. "About quarter to two," said the houseman. "Get out of here," said Eddie. "I said get me up at quarter to eight, not quarter to two." "But back door is on fire, excuse me," insisted the man. Mister Granger got out in a hurry.

Some of the things grabbed first, as the Malibuites ran outside the first time on hearing the word, "Fire!"

Vivienne Segal: six pairs of white gloves and a step-in!
Mrs. Marie Dwan: an armful of Alan's clothes. "I wasn't crazy," she said. "If my clothes burned up I'd get a whole new outfit, which would have been nice."

Adela Rogers St. Johns: Her baby and the partly finished manuscript of a novel Dick Hyland is writing.

Marie Prevost: An umbrella and an armful of books.
George O'Brien: Some pictures of his father.
Al K. Hall: What would you think with a name like that?

Buddy De Sylva: Some old things that belonged to his mother.

Some of the losses: Marie Prevost: $15,000 and some invaluable miniatures.
De Sylva: Already mentioned.
Dave Butler: $25,000 and all his trophies, clothes and "memory books" of his childhood days, which he prides highly.
Al Rocket: $10,000.
Ben Hendricks: $12,000, his house and everything he owned in the world. Ben lived at the beach all the time and all his possessions were in the house. He had to save none of them.

Oliver March, cameraman: $6,000.
Ben Topitzky: $25,000.
Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis: $15,000.
And everyone on the beach scared to death.
This is the second fire to sweep Malibu, the first of them burning eleven houses in November, 1929.

Friendships in the picture business that never falter:
Bebe Daniels and Mae Sunday, Buddy De Sylva and Dave Butler, Ruth Chatterton and Lois Wilson, Marion Davies and Eileen Percy, Charlie Farrell and "Big Boy" Williams, Vivienne Segal and Pauline Mason (Mrs. Skeets Gallagher), Buster Collier and Hoot Gibson, Sally Eilers and Marion Nixon, Janet Gaynor and Irene Mayer Selznick, Conrye Griffith and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Ronald Colman and William Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Mrs. Don Alvarado, Marilyn Miller and Mrs. Alan Dwan, Marie Dressler and Francis Marion, Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Furtman, Mrs. Peg Talmadge and Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Louise Dresser and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Joan Crawford and Hope Loring Lighten.

The two heaviest Hollywood losers on the Notre Dame—U. S. C. game were John Gilbert, who figured U. S. C. was a cinch, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who is a staunch Trojan rooter.

Margaret Ekdaahl, "Miss America" of 1930, visited Hollywood and no one offered her a big picture contract that would make her rich in a year. Fay Lampliher, who was perhaps the most popular and best known of all "Miss Americas," once said that that is what most girls who go in for beauty contests think is going to happen if they are fortunate enough to win. But Hollywood has
Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

found that something besides beauty is needed in front of the camera these days.

Mr. AND Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), returned to Malibu for Christmas. They were in New York for some weeks and planned to go to Europe for the holidays, but decided to wait until Summer before going abroad. Seems to be no chance that Corinne can be persuaded to return to the screen.

"LADIES MAN." Bill Powell's next picture is the 700th—even picture made in Hollywood by Paramount. The first one was made in 1913. Cecil B. DeMille directed "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Far num as the star.

Hoot Gibson is starting a new series of Westerns. Hoot and his beautiful bride, Sally Eilers, divide their time between their Saugus ranch and an apartment in Hollywood.

Mrs. Louis B. Mayer had as luncheon guests many of the most prominent women of the California southland when she entertained for Governor Elect James B. Rolph, Jr., and Mrs. Rolph. Her daughters, Mrs. William Goetz and Mrs. David Selznick, assisted as hostesses, and Mrs. John C. Porter, wife of Los Angeles' mayor was another honored guest. Mrs. Mayer introduced the new "first lady of California," who made a brief address. Among those present were Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille, Mrs. Abram Lehr, Mrs. Sol Lesser, Mrs. Fred Niblo, Louella Parsons, Carmel Myers, Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel.

"Gary Cooper is driving a bright green and yellow Duesenberg. Hollywood thinks that Lupe selected the colors for that painter job.

Mary Astor, who has been quite ill for some months, is rapidly recovering and will be back at work shortly. Mary suffered a complete nervous breakdown some months after her husband, Kenneth Hawks, was killed in an airplane accident.

Had the sun peeked through the clouds for three minutes one day the production cost of "Cimarron" would have been $100,000 less than it turned out to be. Director Wes Ruggles had one of his biggest set-ups—on location at Bakersfield—all ready for Mister Sol and he did not show up. Result: the whole works had to be done over again the next day—and that day it rained! The scene was finally taken four days later. And the cost had been run up that hundred grand.

George Bancroft is asking $150,000 a picture from Paramount before he signs a new contract. His last contract called for $5,000 a week and the studio could put him in as many pictures as they cared to. Now Bancroft believes he's more popular and wants more money.

One studio has 2,460 extra girls listed in their casting office. Only twenty of them are red heads. 1,022 are blondes.

Wallace Beery lost almost ninety thousand dollars in the closing of the Bank of Hollywood. Part of which was in the Bank of Hollywood and part of which was in the Guaranty Building and Loan Association, which was affiliated with the bank.

The Duke of Sutherland, famous English sportsman, was a guest at Pickfair for some weeks. Mary and Doug entertained for him with several small dinner parties.

So Gary Cooper and Clara Bow are to be co-starred in a picture. It's several years ago that the red hot romance between those two ended and they haven't seen anything of each other since. Now they'll be playing love scenes together for the camera.

One Hundred and Eighty Million, Nine Hundred Thousand Dollars ($180,861,319.00 to be exact) was spent by motion picture producers to make 2513 films during 1929, according to figures just released by the United States Department of Commerce. Eighty-five million dollars of this went for salaries.

Marlene Dietrich, after her sensational success in "Morocco," went to Germany to visit her hus...
The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the

Douglas Fairbanks, all around sportsman going in for practically all forms of athletics.” So says the British, “Who’s Who.” Doug is the only American motion picture star in the book. Chaplin is included, but then he is English.

Aileen Pringle, under contract to Columbia, is to play the lead opposite Buck Jones in a Western. Imagine Hollywood’s wittiest and most sophisticated lady in that rôle. It seems a fearful waste, but talkies make strange screen partners these days.

The doctor dug 100 pieces of gunpowder out of Dick Arlen’s face after a revolver was discharged but six inches from Dick’s nose.

Jack and Harry Warner, two of the Warner Brothers, have given complete furnishings and equipment for one of the new buildings of the Los Angeles Sanitarium, a non-sectarian tubercular institution. The building will be known as the Sam and Milton Warner Memorial Building.

Distance lends enchantment. Asked to name their choice of occupations, regardless of the salary offered, only four boys of the several hundred graduating from Hollywood high school in February chose the motion picture industry. And NONE of them wanted to be an actor.

One wanted to be a director, another a photographer, another a set designer and the fourth desired the sound and technicolor departments.

Wonder how the youth of the land would vote!

Dram Novarro’s small nephew, aged sixteen months, played a small part in a recent foreign version which the young Mexican star directed. Ramon is putting two younger brothers through college and takes care of a large family so nobody can kid him about putting the next generation to work early.

Dorothy Costello: Returns from a tropical cruise with her husband and her baby.

DOROTHY DRESSER has been laid up at her Beverly Hills home for a few weeks. Asked the trouble, she said briefly, “Overwork. You’d think I was eighteen the way they keep me working around here.” One of the most charming speeches of the year was made by the idolized Miss Dresser on the night of “Min and Bill’s” opening at the Carthay Circle. “The writer comes first,” said Miss Dresser “Where would we be without the writer, with-

Lila Lee is getting along splendidly and hopes to be out of her Arizona sanitarium in February. John Farrow, her fiancé, flew down to see her just before Christmas and says she looks perfectly wonderful. By the way, if you want to write to Lila, a letter will always reach her when mailed to 5165 Fountain Ave., Hollywood, in care of her secretary, Eunice Rand. When she leaves Arizona, Lila expects to take a long sea voyage of several months, and then come back to work—and marriage. She and Johnny Farrow, scenario writer and director, will be married sometime next Fall if present plans go through. The letters Lila writes are charming, full of the books she has had time to read and all sorts of witty and interesting ideas that she has thought up while resting. It will be a grand day when Lila comes back to the screen. No one can take her place.

Renee Adoree is in the same Arizona sanitarium, and reports say that she is better, although her condition is still serious. Renee refused to take her condition seriously for a long time and her recovery may be slow. Letters will reach her care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California.

Irving Thalberg and wife, Norma Shearer, have rented Florence Vidor’s pretty Beverly Hills house for the winter.

The movies have developed another use. Slow motion pictures are taken of a skilled workman’s hand and movements—in almost any mechanical trade—and then shown to other workers who catch on to tricks they could not see with the bare eye.

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out a story? No one can do good work in a bad story. I am grateful that you liked my performance, but the real glory should go to the genius of the silversheet, Frances Marion, who wrote 'Alin and Bill.' From now on all the writers on the lot will vie to turn out stories for Miss Dresser.

* * *

Charlie Chaplin plays the violin; Charlie Farrell toots a cornet.

Ramon Novarro, who was accused some time ago of breaking Elsie Janis' collar bone in a playful bit of wrestling, took Miss Janis to a party the other evening. Some young gentleman, upon being presented to the famous lady, held out his hand in greeting. Ramon tapped him gently on the wrist and said, "Better not! You'll be over all the front pages of the papers tomorrow."

* * *

William Powell has been seen at odd times lately with Carole Lombard. Nothing serious; just company. Director Lothar Mendez, who is handling the megaphone on Carole's latest picture, says that she is due for a hit "that is nobody's business."

"She's pretty, can act, and read lines," says Lothar, "and there's not many of those around this neck of the woods."

* * *

Jack Gilbert traded in his two old Lincolns—that he has had for five years—and a Ford, for a new twelve-cylinder Cadillac.

* * *

Mary McCormick, Chicago opera star, says she is going to marry Prince Serge Milivani. Pola Negri just got a divorce from the prince in Paris.

* * *

Jack Barrymore and his wife, Dolores Costello, and their infant daughter have returned to Hollywood after cruising on the Barrymore yacht for several months. Jack was forced to go ashore in Guatemala with a touch of tropical fever, but he says "that was nothing." Something important, he says, is that he caught a 500 pound striped marlin and brought him over the side of the boat after a SIX HOUR struggle.

A few days after he returned to Hollywood Jack was confined to his bed. The doctors were afraid he would develop pneumonia. The fever left him in a weakened condition.

* * *

Leila Hyams is a very good and very ardent bridge player.

Pauline Frederick is now minus her fourth husband, a multi-millionaire hotel promoter.

* * *

Elen Ferguson, giving her age as twenty-nine, filed intention to wed Richard Hargreaves, age forty-one, in Los Angeles. Miss Ferguson's husband, Bill Russell, died a few years ago.

* * *

Jack Oakie bought a nifty new Packard roadster and has been giving Mary Brian a ride.

* * *

Mary Pickford and Governor James Rolph, of California, officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the new twelve-million-dollar Los Angeles County hospital.

* * *

Bill Haines' antique shop, on La Brea Avenue near Sunset Boulevard, is proving a tremendous success. A lot of the stars did their Christmas shopping there. Saw Joan Crawford buying a pair of lovely old early American chairs, Bebe Daniels acquiring some Georgian silver candlesticks to give as Christmas gifts, Mae Sunday looking at chintz for her new home in Hollywood, Joan Marsh and her mother yielding to the lure of some exquisite china, and Aileen Pringle buying hooked rugs.

* * *

Joan Crawford hasn't eaten a piece of pie, cake or candy for four years.

* * *

Mrs. Jesse Lasky, wife of the Paramount vice-president, has long been recognized as an artist of unusual ability, having had her canvases hung in some of the most important art exhibitions of the day. Now she has published a book of poems, under the title, "And I Shall Make Music." Her work has been hailed by literary critics as of real merit. Few people have Mrs. Lasky's versatility.
Out of the three hundred rôles he has played in films, Wallace Beery best likes his Butch in “The Big House.” His other favorite is Richard the Lion Hearted in “Robin Hood.” In order to be remembered, says Beery, film characters “have got to do something that the man in the street is afraid he might do.” Jim Tully says that Wallace Beery is one of the fine actors of the screen.
The Magnificent MASQUERADER

Under the Mask of a Buffoon, Wallace Beery Hides a Shrewd, Compassionate and Discerning Mind

BY JIM TULLY

H e is one of the shrewdest men in Hollywood. He hides it as carefully as any man living. He realizes that there is a vast fortune in being a buffoon. Before the camera and in real life, he plays the same part. But let no man mistake Wallace Beery. He carries plenty of hard and diversified wisdom in his head.

No human being that I have ever known is less sentimental. There is always a cruel streak in a sentimental man. Beery is kind.

His sense of humor is keen and often devastating. There are many surprising angles in his character which he does his best to conceal. There is in him a detachment toward all things which many so-called greater men might well envy.

There is something primitive and universal in the man. Something hewn out of rock and made weather-beaten with understanding by the winds and rain of life.

Falstaff and Rabelais would slap him on the back and laugh at the tales he tells, as broad as his mouth when it's open. He is a man who never wears threadbare from long contact.

He lifts individuals out of despair as easily as he cheers audiences all the wide world around.

I, for one, consider him a very great actor. I told him years ago that he was greater than Jannings. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You just like me, Jim; we're two rascals together." Jannings over-acted, mugged the camera.

If Wallace Beery is given the right opportunity, not even Chaplin can surpass him as a master interpreter of the traits qualities that are in us all.

Some day he will be given a film carved on lines as great as himself. Then watch what happens.

There is chaos in the man.

There is the quality of Chaplin in Beery. That is, when Chaplin is not posing. They have the same cynical outlook, the same laughter bubbling beneath the folly of life. Beery, more direct and honest, is by far the shrewder man.

Only a few people are aware of his diplomacy. Unless he knows and trusts one as a friend, he never makes a direct statement.

The buffoon in him hides the civilized man.

I knew him for years before I ever heard him mention a book.

We were seated one day on the upper deck of a greasy Mexican tramp steamer. Wally's eyes were squinted toward the far shore. There came a lull in the conversation. Then he said, "I was reading last night, Jim, in Anatole France where he said it was presumptuous in any man to get burned for an idea. A jolt to the martyr, eh?" (Continued on page 127)
The $10,000-a-week movie star has just received his salary. Accompanied by his secretary and his valet, he starts out to his Rolls-Royce. He's happy and carefree.

Why Movie Stars Can't

The Famous Humorist Tells You How a $10,000-a-Week Salary, Without Much Effort, Can Fade Into an Avalanche of Unpaid Bills

Those of us who have never worried along, living from hand to mouth on a salary of $10,000 a week, cannot be expected to know how motion-picture stars pinch and scrape. But I assure you that some of them hardly know where their next onyx swimming pool is coming from, poor devils!

I happen to live part time on the side of a so-called mountain overlooking Beverly Hills, and I see and hear many things that do not concern me.

You may contemplate the motion-picture star's economic distress with utter unconcern or deep and sincere sympathy. I happen to look upon the spectacle with hilarity. It is amusing to me to see these gorgeous children of good fortune demonstrate the theory of conspicuous waste. Take my word for it that there is such a theory. Some very grave scholars have spun out involved volumes to explain how all of us help make a mess of civilization because of our mania to waste earnings in an uncontrollable effort to be conspicuous.

And of all conspicuous humans, than motion-picture stars there are no conspicuouser! And, given an opportunity, you and I, no doubt, would be just as wasteful as they are. Yes you would.

Some stars make more than $10,000 a week. Some less. And the difference between most of them and you is that they owe more money than you do.

In the first place, the fact that a motion-picture star actually signs a contract for $10,000 a week does not mean that she or he gets $10,000 a week. She or he gets only $9,000 a week. How is that? Well, Amos, in the first place, most contracts are negotiated by agents. Hollywood is overrun with agents—those influential puppeteers who bargain for talent. The agent negotiates the contract—and he gets ten per cent of the star's salary as his cut. He is rib poker, wire puller, shirt-sleeve diplomat, all valuable assets.

Well, you say, nine thousand dollars a week ought to keep the wolf from pretending he is a Fuller brush man.

But your Hollywood or Beverly Hills banker could explain (but won't—until after the third drink) that the $10,000 a week star, who gets $9,000 a week, only receives $8,000 a week. Motion-picture stars, until they learn better (which is too often never at all), like to spend money faster than they make it. This means they anticipate earnings. That is, they borrow on contracts. Certain icy-handed gentlemen, in the banking business, loan money on contracts. They will advance the motion-picture star his income, charging ten per cent discount.

So, you see, the star, before she or he can blink, has managed to reduce actual earnings to the not entirely insignificant equivalent of $8,000 a week.

Of course, a person with only $8,000 a week ought to eat quite regularly—and do not get the impression that Hollywood's darlings are under-nourished.

Nor am I contending that all picture girls and boys are bumpkins with their money—a few of them hang onto it like some of you hang onto a subway strap.

What I am trying to tell you is that a celluloid celebrity, suddenly endowed with a lot of your admission money, can, and does, have trouble making both ends meet. And you would, too.

Consider, first, the necessity for shelter.

An adequate house can be rented for some $750 to $2,000 a month. But it won't do for long because it probably hasn't got a pipe organ or isn't wired for sound. Or it may not have a cellar bar. Perhaps the pool is lined with polychrome that doesn't match her ladyship's favorite bathing suits.

If a rented house won't do, then they can build. It
Save Money

BY TED COOK

LIVING rooms are executed like cathedrals and it’s a shame that some of the architects aren’t executed, too.

I know one star who paid $18,000 for living-room drapes—hand embroidered with threads of gold and silver—Someone told him they looked terrible. Without a word he yanked them down and told the butcher to give them to charity.

There will likely be a game room—with trick-paneled walls that open to the touch of the button, and reveal an elaborate buffet, or traveling bar, or poker and roulette equipment.

Movie mansions have telephones hidden everywhere. I would not be surprised to find a butler with a telephone plug in his shirt front.

Let’s not go into bedrooms. Take it for granted that they are unlike any bedrooms you’ve been in lately or will be in soon. Most of them are cluttered up with too many pillows and too many dolls.

The beds are mounted and canopied in the Bucking-

If the interior decorator doesn’t get you in Hollywood, the real estate agent will. That’s why so few stars know where their next onyx swimming pool is coming from.

ENTERTAINMENT costs run high. Most stars have a cold storage room in the basement where every cut of meat is hung and aged. Supply agents inspect the room once a week and replace whatever cuts are missing. I do not know how much it costs to feed a movie menagerie—but I do know that servants were paying commissions to servants for household orders. California has been called the land of palms—palms up. I cannot begin to mention all the outlets for a star’s earnings. A chef with the soul of an artist can command up to $10,000 a year. Butler’s get from $200 to $400 a month. There are housemaids for every floor and personal maids. Studio maids and valets. Makeup experts. Sometimes a secretary. Often a physical-culture impresario who calls early each morning to put the goddess through her exercises. A voice culture expert. A personal press agent. A chauffeur or two. A head gardener and his helpers. Sometimes a kennel master or riding instructor. And a lawyer who handles divorce matters as fast (and loose) as they bob up.

As to motors—you can get a gleaming Rolls with custom body for $15,000 or $20,000 if you shop carefully. You will have a car (Continued on page 114)
At eighteen Joan Crawford had decided to be hard and worldly and clever. Slim, vivid and of startling beauty, she had no good opinion of men. Life was not as her dreams had pictured it—but she proposed to make the best of it. Young Doug Fairbanks was different. Nothing could kill his dreams. But he kept them hidden in a world of his own making. Joan and Doug met. At first neither penetrated the mask of the other.
DOUG and Joan were eighteen when they met. Twenty-one when they married.

Many years ago a great Irish poet sang, "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

He was wrong. A sweeter thing is to make love's young dream come true.

The difference between Hollywood's favorite romance and most of those which have been celebrated in song and story, is that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have kept the petals fresh and fair in a workaday world, have managed to survive the decried and abused institution of marriage.

In an age of divorce, infidelity, careless love, Doug and Joan have created a perfect love story. They always make me feel as I do when I see a perfectly built man or woman—that everyone should be like that. And the perfect love story has a happy ending. For the ending was not when these two young things repeated the exquisite, soul-stirring words of the marriage service. The ending is more beautiful than that, as you will see. It is in every day, every hour, of their devotion, of their married life, which has kept its flavor of romance unsullied.

"LOVE," said Joan Crawford the other day, "love is something that needs looking after. Everything else is secondary. If I had to choose tomorrow between anything—fame, work, money, position—and Douglas, I wouldn't hesitate a second. My choice is already made. To love,

When Doug and Joan realized that they loved each other, they wanted to be married at once. But they encountered opposition from every hand. So they waited. Finally, it was Doug's own mother who suggested a wedding. Thus they were married at twenty-one.

And she had a Reputation. For she had fought her way up, a chorus girl on the world's most hardened artery, Broadway. And how can a beautiful girl fight her way up from the chorus and not have a Reputation? Especially a girl who naturally looks like the lady of a Michael Arlen novel.

She had, this girl, no very good opinion of men.
About the bright flame of her attraction they had gathered, with hard, bright eyes and clutching hands, ever since she was fifteen. So that at eighteen she was weary and talked back to her dreams. She told her dreams harshly what life was like, and life wasn't as her dreams had pictured it. Life was a game played with a marked check. The dreams a girl gathers when she puts away her dolls, dreams of a love that is pure and sweet and deathless, were silly and hopeless.

So the girl wore a mask, a hard, white, beautiful mask, through which two great blue eyes stared watchfully. For since romance was a mere fairy tale, the girl had decided to satisfy herself with fame and fortune. To get these was a game, too, but in it the girl held a winning hand.

And at eighteen she had decided to be hard, and worldly, and clever. To amuse herself as much as might be. To succeed in her chosen field, so that she could buy things to put in the place of those dreams which had been abandoned.

You know what girls are like at eighteen.

But Joan Crawford was already a princess in her own right in the funny, foolish Graustarkian kingdom of the silversheet.

The boy was different.

For nothing could kill his dreams. He was born a dreamer and will die a dreamer, and when the world bore too hard upon him he didn't flee from his dreams—he fled into them. With poetry, with pictures, with

**YOUNG** Douglas Fairbanks by right of heredity was a prince, too, in the movie kingdom, long before he was twenty. He meant to justify that position. His father had given him a fighter's heart, his mother had taught him to be a worker. He would succeed, not just as his father's son, but as a man himself.

He was, truly, an artist. Everything about him was creative. He was always striving—to write his own poetry, paint his own pictures, compose his own plays and music.

The boy and the girl met.

They didn't like each other. (Continued on page 118)
Young Douglas Fairbanks by right of heredity was a prince of the movie kingdom. He always had meant to justify that position. His father had given him a fighter's heart, his mother had taught him to be a worker. He wanted to succeed, not just as his father's son, but as a man himself. It was during his brief stage appearance on the Coast in "Young Woodley" that Joan Crawford first understood the real Doug. Their romance started then.
Charlie Chaplin does not speak in his new film, "City Lights," although the comedy has a synchronized musical score, written by the comedian himself. Above, some interesting moments from "City Lights" with Virginia Cherrill playing opposite Charlie.
He Refuses to be a STAR

Adolphe Menjou Prefers Less Honor and Fewer Worries

By JACK BEVERLY

ADOLPHE MENJOU refuses to be a motion-picture star.

In four or five languages, Mr. Menjou declares that when it comes to starring, he is not having any.

Nothing like this has ever happened before in Hollywood.
If Mr. Menjou couldn’t be a star, had never been a star, it might seem easy to explain. You could get down your old copy of the Fables and read the one about the fox and the sour grapes and say, “There you have it.”

Far, far from such is the truth in this peculiar matter.
Mr. Menjou was a star. For four long years he was one of the great stars of the Paramount program. Then, after a jaunt to Europe, he returned to the cinema capital and was offered stardom by several different companies. In fact, for two months he didn’t work because the only jobs offered him were starring jobs. I verified that by the producers themselves.

"I WILL not be a movie star," was Mr. Menjou’s theme song.

"Why?" demanded a number of bewildered producers who had gone over his former box-office earnings and decided he was a great bet in (Continued on page 104)

For four years Adolphe Menjou was a star. Then he tired of the worries and problems of a screen luminary. He has decided that he merely wants to play good roles — and he means it.
How Your FATE is

The World Famous Astrologer Writes About Dorothy Mackaill and Others Born Under the Zodiac Sign of Pisces

BY EVANGELINE ADAMS

"Neptune's Daughter". There's no use; you can't get away from your stars!

PISCES, the sign of the zodiac which rules the period from February 20th to March 21st, is often called the birth sign of poets, of artists, of dreamers, Michelangelo was born strong under this sign; so were Victor Hugo and Rose Coghlan and Enrico Caruso and Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar.

Pisces rules the feet. And the fact that Dorothy Mackaill started her theatrical career as a dancer, first in London and later in New York in the Follies, is just another instance of the many hundreds I have had of the inescapable relationship between this sign and a dancing career. Several years ago, I came out of a fitting room in what was then Harry Collins' dressmaking establishment on 56th Street—even astrologers must wear clothes!—and was accosted by a tall, fashionably dressed woman who was waiting her turn.

"Miss Adams," she said, "you don't remember me. I came to you nearly twenty years ago with the date of my baby girl. She was then three years old. You prophesied 'success through the feet.' We laughed a good deal over this at home, and were very skeptical. But today"—here she gave her daughter's name, which you would immediately recognize—"my little girl is one of the best known dancers in the world."

SUCCESS through the feet may seem an extraordinary thing to see in a horoscope—that is, if you don't believe in the stars. If you do, you know they govern every part of our anatomy, even the salts of the body. Anyhow, it is no more extraordinary than the now famous case of Geraldine Farrar, whose horoscope, when she was a very young girl and before she developed the voice that made her famous, indicated unmistakably "success through the throat."

So, my dear Miss Mackaill, it is no wonder that you started as a dancer, or that Mr. Ziegfeld gave you your first chance because he liked your legs!

So much for the sign in which the Sun was when you were born. Now, another word about Neptune, its ruling planet. Each sign has a planet which dominates it. Aries has Mars; Taurus has Venus; Aquarius has

Astrology has been a dominant science since the dim days of antiquity. It has played a vital part in the world's history. Astrology never has had a more distinguished exponent than the celebrated Evangeline Adams, who writes of the planets and their influences in NEW MOVIE every month.

HERE'S another pretty girl to write about this month. And such a pretty one! Perhaps Venus is her star of destiny. No, Neptune. Well, I declare!

You'll get tired of my talking about Neptune all the time. But what am I going to do about it? Neptune is the planet of pretense, of camouflage, of make-believe—therefore, of acting. It is the planet of shadow rather than substance; of the screen even more than of the stage. It is the planet which rules the motion-picture business. And almost no one has succeeded in it who has not had Neptune strongly placed in his or her astrological chart.

That's all right. That's to be expected. But, just as you must have begun to weary of my telling you about it—I had begun to weary a bit, myself!—along comes Dorothy Mackaill, born in Neptune's own sign, a true
Written in the STARS

Uranus. And Pisces has Neptune. We have already seen how this governing influence turned the infant Dorothy toward the stage. (I believe she became an actress at six — and I am surprised, with her Neptune, that she waited so long!) And we have seen how the influence of the spiritual planet drew her little by little into his chosen theatrical sphere, the screen. This is interesting as it applies to Miss Mackaill, but, as an astrologer, I cannot let it pass without drawing from it a conclusion as to the usefulness of my favorite science in helping all boys and girls to pick their careers.

This was brought home to me not so long ago by an extreme case, also connected with the theater. Mrs. Oliver Harriman, who has been my faithful client for many years, called me on the telephone to say she was worried to death about her son “Bordy”. The boy just couldn’t fit into any of the niches which were yawning open for a scion of the house of Harriman. Instead he would “act.” What should she do? I looked up Bordy’s date, and found that he couldn’t help himself. He had many of the same aspects I have called attention to in Miss Mackaill’s chart. He, too, was Neptune’s child. He had to act; if not on the stage, in real life. So I advised his mother to let him go ahead.

She did. (His first part, by the way, was that of a butler!) And the next time I heard of him he was giving a very creditable performance at the Belasco Theater in New York.

SORRY, Miss Mackaill, to use you as a moral lesson. But your case is such a clear one of a person finding her right profession by following consciously or unconsciously the dictates of the stars, that I couldn’t resist it. Many grown men and women come to me who have had the good fortune to be brought up in the astrological way; and they invariably tell me that they now see that their success in life, and much of their happiness, too, has been due to the fact that their parents gave them sufficient freedom of choice to fulfill their own particular horoscopes.

And alas, I get the other kind, too! I often find in a grown-up client’s horoscope signs of a talent quite foreign to the work in which he is spending his life. And when I ask about it, the answer is invariably this:

(Continued on page 102)

IF YOU WERE BORN BETWEEN FEBRUARY 20th and MARCH 21st.

If you were born between February 20th and March 21st, you are a Pisces child. And Pisces, as I told you in the case of Miss Mackaill, is symbolized by the two fishes, one swimming upstream and the other swimming down. In that symbol lies the beauty and the danger of your sign.

You are capable of being very spiritual or very material. You have excellent intuition, but you lack self confidence. You should have more faith in your insight into the future, which is considerable. You should convince yourself of your ability to do anything you start to do. Then, do it.

Above all, you should concentrate. Lack of concentration is one of the chief hindrances to the success of Pisces people. You have the power to overcome this obstacle if you will. Simply shut out of your mind everything but the work in hand. Think of nothing else. If your mind tries to wander, force it back. Don’t try to follow both of your fishes at the same time!

I put these warnings first because they are so essential to the success of Pisces people. But I do not minimize the many fine qualities of this sign. If you are a true son or daughter of Pisces, you are unselfish and most considerate of others. You are sensitive, sympathetic, gentle — a charming companion and an agreeable house mate.

You appreciate and enjoy the fine things of life. There is nothing coarse or repellent about your nature. You are blessed, too, with naturally good health. But you should protect yourself against colds. They might lead to trouble in the chest or abdomen. And another thing: Pisces people should keep away from alcoholic drinks, drugs, self-indulgence of any kind. Such things are quite out of harmony with the Pisces nature. So my advice to you is to stick to the water in which your fishes swim!

That’s not bad advice for your business as well as your health. You should do very well in any line having to do with liquids or waterways. You also have capabilities as a secretary, teacher, nurse or social worker. You might well succeed in some religious work, but you should be careful not to let your enthusiasm run into fanaticism.

Your colors are sea-green, mauve, lavender, blue, purple, violet-red; your flowers are mignonette, jessamine and yarrow; your stones are the pearl, the chrysolite and the moon-stone.

Your most congenial mates may be found among those people born strongly under the influence of Cancer or Scorpio, although, in this matter, much depends on the position of the planets in both charts.

You are in good company if you are Pisces-born. In addition to Miss Mackaill, you find yourself in the same astronomical family as George Washington, Grover Cleveland, William Jennings Bryan, Caruso, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Not bad, eh? I call it good!

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CZAR of the MOVIES

Will Hays, as a Slicker Among the Worldly, has the Most Meticulously Knotted Evening Tie on Broadway But, Out in Sullivan, Ind., He Can Out-Whittle Anyone

BY O. O. McINTYRE

It is difficult to associate Will H. Hays with the word Czar, even as the titular head of Movieland. He is one of the fitting bright-eyed robins of life, with the springy gait of body and mind that suggests the roulette ball.

He comes into a room like a sudden breeze and in five minutes he has sat in every chair and possibly cross-legged, tailor fashion on your most expensive divan.

His very dear friend Meredith Nicholson, Indiana novelist, once said to me: "Bill is a jolt of lightning in fragile platinum setting. He presents as many different pictures as an old-fashioned kaleidoscope. He can be an 18th century gallant, a 20th century high-pressure executive, an exuberant playboy or a bashful country bumpkin. He can impersonate the impersonal."

I have been privileged to know Hays well for many years and every time I see him he has added something new to his amazing repertoire. He is a prestidigitator with the commonplace. With an eye narrowed and a finger lifted, he can make the mediocre things of the world take on an astounding importance for his assembled listeners.

As a slicker among the worldly his white evening tie has the most meticulously tied knot found outside of descriptions by Beaunash in the theater programs. Yet he can sit out in front of the general store at the cross roads with his flop-eared and buck-toothed brothers and be the gawkiest country jake of all. It is no jest that he is an accomplished whittler.

Will Hays, indeed, is a greater dramatic genius than most of the film players whose morals and manners he guides. In New York he lives in a thirty-seventh-floor apartment of the Ritz Tower, whose graceful spire pierces the exclusive Park Avenue clouds. A faithful but harassed valet attends him—not knowing what minute his employer will telephone he is off to Hollywood or Europe.

Hays was born in Sullivan, Ind., fifty-one years ago. Thin, pale, azure-eyed, his walk suggests the jack-rabbit. His original law firm of Hays and Hays is one of the biggest in Indiana. Sullivan is one of the pleasant Main Street towns of the corn belt, a Hoosier county seat where folk sit out on front porches in the cool of the evening.

At least two week-ends out of a month Hays is there with the home folks, rocking with neighbors or downtown to "talk to the boys." He is a cosmopolite by adoption but a yap by preference.

Sullivan is close to the famed Wabash—the Wabash of J. F. Dresser's moonlight and candle-gleaming song imagining. As a lad Hays became an expert in hooking channel cat, a lowly species of fish often preferred to the famed pompano by exacting epicures. If he can find a fried cat-fish shack in his travels that will be one of his headquarters during his stay.

As a lad, too, he specialized in botany and small fruits at his native Wabash College, out Crawfordsville way and up Sugar Creek. There he wrote a thesis entitled: "The Pawpaw, Past, Present and Future," so well done that it was incorporated in the proceedings of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society with illustrations.

At college he held the record for the earliest rising student the campus had ever known. He is still an early riser, often starting from the Ritz Tower to his office on Fifth Avenue when dawn is just pinking the sky. At college he never cut chapel, sassed a professor or got pinched by the local constable for lodging a cow in the belfry. But he was decorated with a pink
Will Hays addressing a gathering in Hollywood. "He is a prestidigitator with the commonplace," says O. O. McIntyre. "With an eye narrowed and a finger lifted, he can make the mediocre things of the world take on an astounding importance." Then, too, before becoming the titular head of the movies, he was a successful political leader and enthusiastic organizer.

button for being the worst waltzer that ever struck devastation among the beautiful tootsies of equally beautiful Hoosier lasses.

He first began to practise politics in his father's law office. He climbed blithely from precinct committee-man to chairman of the Republican National Committee. While conducting the Harding campaign he spent sixty-two consecutive nights in sleepers and always turned out in the morning in high spirits.

Behind the scenes for about seventeen minutes at the Chicago Convention of 1919, it looked as though Hays might be the nominee. A nod from one or two of the powers and the thing would have happened. It is worth noting that since Hays quit politics the Republican party in Indiana went to smash. Some of his successors in directing party affairs went to prison, and others escaped by artful dodging.

That he was an efficient postmaster general is a part of national history. But it is the human side of the man that appeals to those of us who know him a little more intimately. He is the greatest sod cutter that ever devastated a golf course. He has never in his life consumed a spoonful of liquor. Yet I have seen him at late parties more intoxicated than anyone there—intoxicated with the sheer joy of living. He can order a perfect meal but does not eat enough to keep the proverbial bird alive. Just a nibble here and there and he's finished.

He has never smoked nor have I ever heard him tell an off-color yarn. He is a strict Presbyterian, yet manages to escape being a prude. Nobody stops drinking their cocktail nor do they snuff out their cigarettes or cigars when Hays comes into a room. He will even join those sour barber-shop quartettes that usually get going about 2 A.M. Somehow gay parties like to have Hays around. They respect him and he does not preach and is withal an extraordinarily good fellow. In the early hours he most pleasantly savours life.

He does not swear, adores vanilla ice cream and his collars never fit. He can lie in a bath, shave and read a newspaper at the same time—in fact he accomplishes this feat every morning. He is always stopping to talk to crossing cops—a habit of puddle jumpers new to town.

He can start three conferences going, pass from one to another and still find time on passout to discuss a law point with one of his legal staff or shake hands for a moment with old friends. He answers every letter the day it arrives and everybody who goes to his office sees him, provided they are not actuated by merely idle curiosity.

He never reaches a train until the conductor's hand is raised in the signal to start. He can dictate to four stenographers at the same time successfully. And he is the greatest patron the telephone has ever known. He talks to Hollywood on an average of a half dozen times a day and at least twice every night.

Telephoning is a passion with him. If he awakens in the night he begins ringing people up furiously. The sight of a phone makes him nervous. He has got to be using it.

He is one of the most sociable men I have ever known and at the same time the busiest. I have no authority for this statement but I do not believe he sleeps more than five hours a (Continued on page 111)
Pittsburgh Knew Lois Moran as Billy Dowling, "a Sweet and Unassuming Child"

Sunday at the Court of Saxony. A great-great-grandmother was a first cousin of Schiller, the famous German poet. And her grandmother, Sadie Ammon Evans, was a poetess, a brilliant soprano and pianist and a prominent linguist who for several years studied at Leipzig.

Lois Moran was born Lois Dowling, the daughter of Gladys Evans and Roger Dowling, and for stage purposes, she adopted the name of her stepfather, Dr. Timothy Moran, whom her widowed mother married a few years after Roger Dowling had been killed in an automobile accident while Lois was still a baby. Dr. Moran was an oculist for the Carnegie Steel Company here and it was during the war, when he succumbed to influenza at Camp Ogletorpe and Lois was a student at Seton Hill Academy, that the turning point, as you will be told later, arrived in the future motion-picture star's life.

The childhood of little Lois Moran was an eventful one, guided chiefly by her mother's determination to embark her daughter on a career as a danseuse. She was a weak and anemic baby and, for a time, her parents feared that she would never survive.

A great-uncle, Franklin A. Ammon, now a prominent attorney in Pittsburgh, recounts the episodes in little Lois' life that turned her from a thin wisp of a tot into a round-faced, healthy, cherubic youngster.

"There was an old Scotch woman named Mrs. Perry," he recalled, "who had nursed several of the Evans children, so Lois' mother called her in to see what she could do for her daughter. Well, it was mid-Winter, the temperature was about four below zero and there was snow three inches thick on the ground when Mrs. Perry arrived at the Dowling home. She took one look at Lois and another look at the thermos bottles, scales and food formulas. The latter she tossed into an ash-can, then bundled Lois into a baby carriage as her mother looked on in frightened dismay and took the infant out for a long walk in that freezing weather, permitted her to sleep on the porch and kept repeating the 'treatment' for several weeks.

"Well, at the end of the Winter, little Lois Dowling was as healthy a specimen as you would want to see and she thrived thereafter by leaps and bounds."

To her family and to the little friends with whom she used to play tag on the steps of the Carnegie Library here. Lois was never called Lois, but "Billy," a nickname by which she is still known among her old Seton Hill classmates who remember her as "a sweet and unassuming child who could dance like nobody else."

Probing for the reason or reasons which enabled little Lois so early in life to exhibit an uncanny skill in combining grace with acrobatic dancing, Mr. Ammon recalled that "her father was no mean acrobat himself."

An unpublished picture of Lois Moran, when she was studying ballet dancing in Paris. This was shortly before she made her motion picture debut with a Spanish film company, playing a Christian martyr tossed to the lions in a Roman arena.
“Roger Dowling would have probably been a circus performer had he not been such a successful steel man,” he observed. “He could climb up two flights of stairs on his hands without batting an eyelash and tumble over chairs and tables like a veteran vaudeville trouper. Yes, I guess Lois’ artistic-acrobatic skill was a combination of her lovely grandmother and her lamented father.”

WHEN Lois was old enough to go to school, her mother bundled her off to Seton Hill Academy, a school for Catholic girls at Greensburg, near here, planted among the beautiful hills and pines of the Alleghany Mountains. Here her life was a quiet one, devoted to study and an even pursuit of the career she was later to follow.

A classmate, Mary Harris, a sister of John H. Harris, the prominent Pittsburgh theater executive and the daughter of the late State Senator John P. Harris, the founder of the nickelodeon, remembers Lois, or Billy, as “a sweet girl who was very popular among her classmates.”

“Billy was barely a child then,” Miss Harris recalls, “but she was an excellent dancer and as graceful as a swan. All of us predicted a brilliant future for her in that field but, of course, we never suspected that she would ever achieve such fame in the movies.

“She always displayed a keen interest in the theater, however, and usually had the leading rôle in all of our class plays. She was very studious, too, and quite a scholar. The only movies we ever saw at Seton Hill were those my father or brother would send up occasionally, and in these, Billy showed only the ordinary interest that any girl—or boy—would display. And she was just as popular among the Sisters as she was among the students.”

Even now, a large portrait of Lois Moran—she was just Billy Dowling then, however—hangs in one of Seton Hill’s beautiful halls. That’s what they think of her there.

Lois was only twelve when her stepfather died and her mother determined then and there to start her off finally on her life’s work. A great-aunt of the future star, Edith Darlington Ammon, of the old and socially prominent Darlington family of Pittsburgh had taken a keen interest in the child and agreed to finance ballet lessons for her in Paris under the finest instructors. That great-aunt, since dead, later left Lois Moran a fortune which it is said will approach a quarter of a million dollars and part of which the screen star received here only last March upon reaching twenty-one.

So little Lois was taken from Seton Hill and sailed away to Europe with her mother, a move that was to fashion her life definitely. From this point on, Lois’ career was followed in Pittsburgh closely through letters to friends and relatives. Many of these letters were written in excellent French, which Lois mastered soon after her arrival in Paris and which language she now speaks and writes fluently.

It was really a Pittsburgh (Continued on page 107)
She Was a Successful Movie Star Until She Became Finger Bowl Conscious and Went in for Dignity and a Polo-Playing Husband. Then Her Popularity Waned. She Had a Bad Case of Refinement

I wanted to see her act," explained Foghorn Turbot, from the top of a pile of scenery. "I knew if I didn't hide, she'd chase me—"

"You big lummox," flared the star. "You bet I'll chase you—run, don't walk, to the nearest exit!"

THERE are moments, according to the poets, when Life lies panting in the arms of Fate, poised, expectant, before once more rushing onward to what is waiting around the corner. The grey and coral glory of an Arizona dawn might be one of those moments, the creamy crest of a wave just before it breaks could be another, but many minds more stable than those of poets agree that the entrance of an ultra famous picture star into a crowded restaurant creates the supreme and poignant hush that is the reward of true press agents.

Such an event was taking place in the gilt and lacquer showcase of La Corona Café, that expensively exclusive seventh heaven for Hollywood payboys and girls, for no less a person than Dixie Baronne was returning, after a year’s exile, with her third and handsomest husband. Straight down the center she drifted in a cloud of rosy tulle and chiffon, and all cinematic Hollywood that mattered, save two gentlemen at a rear table, twittered and postured in the hope of being recognized. One of the two gentlemen, a large and jovial specimen, went further. He climbed on his chair and offered a welcome that caused a concussion in the perfumed air. "Hi, baby!" he shouted. "You look like a million dollars!"

SOMEONE snickered, for that amount was supposed to represent the chief attraction of Mr. Ogilvie Oakleigh, 4th., of the Newport Oakleighs, who trailed his wife with the disdain of a world’s champion polo player who finds himself in a barnyard. In the saddle Mr. Oakleigh was a sixteen-goal man and sudden death in a broken field; out of it he was merely a sunburned, slightly owlish youth, and all the interruption did was to make his childish mouth sag a little more than usual.

Not so the sleekly brunette Miss Baronne, who seemed to add a couple of inches to her own three as she whirled about, her opalescent eyes slanted with fury. "Once a clown, always a clown!" she seethed, and, as an afterthought, "A leopard cannot change his spots!" The large gentleman descended meekly from his perch, and Miss Baronne proceeded to her orchid-banked table, wearing an expression she hoped was dignity incarnate, but which looked more like a reformer suffering from badly digested Christianity.

"She’s a great gal," said the bulky Mr. Foghorn Turbot, character man de luxe and chief picture pur- lainer of Fascination Films, reseating himself.

Mr. A. B. Sealyham, the small and dapper production chief for the same company, scowled at his companion, then tossed a kiss in the general direction of the shimmering Dixie. "What a simile," he chirped. "Great—why, she’s like a tiny ivory cameo! And where do you get off to go bawling at her like a bull?"

"You know me," grinned Mr. Turbot. "Anything for a laugh, and besides, I wanted to see what she'd do. I could hear her thirty-two teeth grinding even from this distance. What fire, what a little dynamo, what a gal—wow! Boy, am I glad she ain't married to me any longer."

"Don’t say 'ain't,'" cautioned the other. "She wouldn’t like it. Look at me—didn’t she cure me of it when I was her husband? Right now I can talk pretty near as good grammar as my secretary, and I owe it all to Dixie. But I’m with you about being free from her, Foghorn. You know, she just used you and me as a couple of springboards on the edge of the pool of life. It breaks me all up to think of it."
IT doesn't even warp me, Billy. I'd rather have been a springboard than the lowest tile in the deep end. Say, that woman's been the making of me! When we got married six years ago I was doing cheap comedy, but after she gave me the go-by, what happened? I got my teeth into my art, and now I'm there with the vicious villainy or the homespun heart bluff at three grand weekly."

"Yeah," said Mr. Sealyham darkly, "but way down under it all you know you didn't treat her right, or why should she have lassoed me?"

A look of bewilderment spread over Foghorn's scrambled features. "I never so much as pulled a chair from under her" he declared. "It was my wise-cracking that caused the bust-up and yet there was a time when she'd get hysterics over it. Lots of days when she was all in after being socked with breakaways or all pulpy from flopping in the waves at Catalina, I used to give her a laugh with my imitation of a pig thinking. Then I'd tell her the one about the new cop and the sergeant."

The cop is walking his beat, see, and what does he find on it but a strew, but not wanting to run him in if it ain't necessary, he rings up the sergeant. "There's a strew over here on Kosciuszko Street," he tells him. "Should I make the pinch or leave him go?" "Bring him in," says the sergeant, who has to enter the case in the record book, 'but listen; drag him over to Flatbush Avenue and arrest him there—I can't spell Kosciuszko!"

Mr. Sealyham smiled bleakly. "Now I know why she used to wake up screaming," he announced. "Aw, that was one of her favorites. It was a year later, when she began getting finger-bowl conscious, that we had the break. I stayed out pretty late on election night, and when I got home I thought it was a blow torch, or something, that opened the door. 'You big stumblebum!' she yelled. —oh, yes, she knew all those words—what do you mean by neglecting your wife and hanging around the polls? 'Why not?' I snapped back. 'They're as good as any other nationality.' And with that she hauled off and socked me."

"She was always the lady with me," mumbled the production manager. "Just like I said—delicate as a Skylark and——"

"So she says, 'I'm off you, you loped up laughmaker. I'm going to marry a man with dignity, a man of importance in the world.' 'Go to it,' I says, 'but what about when he finds out you're just another one of them Brooklyn Brannigans that thinks Sandy Hook's a Scotchman?' So we parted, but I wasn't paying her alimony for over six months before she'd captured you." Mr. Turbot's gaze rested on his erstwhile rival. "And what did your dignity get you?" he inquired. "The good old runaround, the same as me."

"Women are peculiar," said Mr. Sealyham as if he had invented the phrase. "There we were, in one of those pink stucco castles laced in with enough wrought iron gates to go around a cemetery, and yet two years was her limit. I'd made a star out of her and plenty of jack for myself by that time, too. You remember how that left eyebrow pops up when she gets riled?"

"No skating today," nodded Foghorn. "Pull for the shore, etcetera."

"Well, I got home one evening, and there it was
peaked up like a lance-corporal’s chevron. ‘Listen, you,’ she says real nasty, ‘how is it that you never told me you had a dog?’ Can you imagine the shock to a sensitive executive like me? It seemed that her favorite pet shop had imported some new kind of pups from England, and they’re not only Sealyhams, but terribly fashionable. ‘So if you think I’m going to stay married to you,’ she screams, ‘you’d better get flu shots, just for the wise-cracks about the dog’s life I’m leading! That’s mental cruelty, if I know my judges.’ And after she gives me a tabloid performance of Madame Butterfly in distress I had to spend the night in what the architect laughingly refers to as a master’s bedroom.”

“Always the lady, huh?”

“Well, at least it didn’t hit me, and the next morning I found out that she was tired of me, anyhow, and yearned for what’s known as a scion of aristocracy. ‘He must be athletic,’ she says, ‘all sprinkled with salt water or divots or something. Entirely different from you, A. B., because the only exercise you ever take is skipping the big words in The American Mercury.’

I want a rotogravure Romeo with blue blood in his veins and well-worn tweeds on the outside. A man, she says, ‘who trails blue clouds of smoke on the crisp autumn air of the Berkshire Hills when all the common people have gone back to work.’

“There he is,” chortled Mr. Turbot, jerking a thumb toward the fourth Oakleigh, “and what a kick in the teeth that is to us, Dixie preferring a dummy like that. I wonder how she knew she was the one. I’ve had a six months’ honeymoon in Europe, and the rest of the time she’s been working at the Galaxy studio on Long—say, look at her eyebrow!”

“That’s only because she’s got us spotted,” said husband number two uneasily, as he bowed to the suddenly twinkling Miss Baronne. “I guess it’s just as well we can’t hear what she’s telling him.”

Foghorn Turbot was a mug who amused the stars with bad wheezes until he stole their pictures. He had lots of friends—but not in Hollywood. But he did save the beautiful Dixie Baronne from herself.

Dixie, star of Galaxy Pictures, knew her judges as did few film stars. But her third husband—one of the Newport Oakleights—nearly dimmed her career.

Dixie and Foghorn are the chief characters of this hilarious Hollywood yarn by the popular Stewart Robertson.

THE hour was five o’clock, the air was aromatic with China tea, cointreau and buttered crumpets, and Mr. A. B. Sealyham, suspended somewhere between Heaven and earth, was gazing into twin pools of misty blush-grey flecked with highlights of delicate green. The pools were the property of Dixie Baronne and they held an expression that her second choice had given meaning to. The mist had crept out into her eyelashes and she was blinking them very swiftly.

“You’re a prince, A. B.,” she told him softly. “I know all that this means, and I’m so grateful. Do I sign here?”

Mr. Sealyham nodded, blotting the signature, and sat looking at her, not of though he had committed a crime. “Just a matter of business,” he blurted. “Those Galaxy people could never get the best out of you, but I’ll soon have the fans back knocking down the doors to see and hear you.”

“What’s this?” drawled Oakleigh, 4th., from a corner. “Do I understand, my good chap, that Dixie is slipping? Preposterous! Or—uh, isn’t it?”

“I mean,” said the production chief crisply, “that the two films she made in the East for Galaxy grossed the lowest receipts in her history. If that kept up indefinitely, she’d lose her public, wouldn’t she?”

“She wouldn’t attract so much attention? People wouldn’t fight with the police to get near her? We wouldn’t be stared at wherever we went?”

“You certainly catch on quickly,” said Mr. Sealyham, much irritated at the inner workings of this outdoor mind. “A star’s got to keep her five points...
"Darling," shrieked Dixie, dashing out from ambush. "Are you hurt? Speak to me."

"My ankle," Foghorn groaned pathetically. "It feels as big as a baby star's head."

He sharpened up or she gets to be a mere blot; any crackpot knows that. And you and I are going to help her."

"Speak for yourself. I'm not engaged in this filthy business."

"You're in love with her, aren't you?" inquired Mr. Sealyham in sudden dread as he noticed the Baronne's eyebrow growing tentlike.

"Y—you must be!"

Mr. Oakleigh stretched himself in his well-worn tweeds and inhaled blue smoke. "I've been married to her for a year," he said insolently. "Tell me, my good chap, how did you feel at that period of your sentence?"

"In love with her, of course, the same as now. Is it Dixie's fault that I was too common and dull for her? But you, you animated magazine cover, you're what she was after all, you'd better not walk out on her."

"Wait a second," said Miss Baronne wearily. "There's no use shouting at these Social Registerites. I've tried it, and they think you're just hailing a taxi." She turned to the stalwart Ogilvie. "You want to be proud of me, don't you?"

"Well, A. B. means that you can help by hanging around the stage when I'm working, the way I begged you to at Long Island. If you had, I'm sure those pictures would have been better."

"She's right," seconded the earnest A. B. "Y'see, son, actresses live on praise. Real or phony they don't know the difference, but they've got to have it. All you do is sit in a nice comfortable chair, and when she's through a scene you chime in with a line of, 'Honey, you were wonderful,' or 'You certainly put a lump in my throat that time, baby,' and the likes of that. It'll put a sparkle in her eyes that isn't there now."

"I'll have to think this over," said Oakleigh, 4th, making for the door. "I've got to get out of here and breathe some fresh air. I'll be over by the car, snip, so don't keep me waiting too long."

"Are my eardrums busted?" gasped Mr. Sealyham when the door had closed. "You beg him to do things, and he gets away with calling you 'snip'! The world must have gone into reverse when I wasn't looking."

"It does seem different to me," admitted Dixie. "I'm so happy to be back here, A. B., because those blue-bloods certainly know how to give a girl the chills. My husband's just as bad. Oh, I thought he was grand at the polo matches, all white pants and riding boots and his picture in the rotogravure, but now I'm not so sure. You see, I—I found out that the ponies themselves are eighty percent of any polo team."

"So Foghorn was right. You're not happy."

"Foghorn! Why, how dare he! Of course, I'm happy, most of the time, anyhow, and my husband's really quite unusual. I'm crazy about him. I saw him looking at that Miraflores wreck the other night and if I thought it would make him love me any more, why, I'd go henna myself—oooooh, A. B."

"Yeah, I know," said Sealyham dryly. "You're unusual, too—as an actress. But you're afraid that people will laugh at you if you lose this well-bred cluck, and there's nothing left but the Prince of Wales and he's out to lunch. Go ahead, baby, weep on my lapels, but I'll take those kinks out (Continued on page 96)
When you are past thirty, you begin on rainy afternoons and quiet evenings, to take stock of your mental storehouse.

You begin to take down from the shelves thoughts, memories, theories and ideals, stored there unlabeled year after year, and estimate their value. You cast out useless fragments of bitterness, left-over resentments, young disappointments and vain regrets. You begin to see that since you alone must live with your mind, your happiness depends largely on the thoughts which you allow to remain within it. You learn what you think and remembrance makes your daily living bearable or unbearable.

At least it has been so with me.

And you will find that the treasured companions of your lonely hours are the thoughts of people who have shown you most those qualities which convince you that man is made in the image and likeness of a god you can worship with confidence and self-respect.

Sometimes you find those people within the pages of your favorite books. Sometimes you are fortunate enough to find them within the four walls of your own dwelling places. Sometimes you view them passing at a distance, in world news. Above all, you must find these things in your friends, or life is a failure.

I was going through my mental storehouse the other day. And I came upon the figure of Marion Davies.

Outside, a gale banged gusts of rain against the windows. The waves of the mighty Pacific thundered against our little fence. Inside, the room glowed with that soft firelight which inspires thoughts of gratitude.

Marion Davies, in the uniform of honorary colonel in the Twenty-Sixth Infantry, First Division, which she wore as hostess of the big Armistice Day Veterans' Ball, held at the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles.
She is Marion Davies, Who Is Something More Than a Film Star. She is Genuinely Kind Hearted

come upon Marion, in my thoughts I spent an entire hour thinking how much richer my life must always be because among the thousands of people who have passed along my path in Hollywood, one of them was Marion.

I owe her much laughter. I owe her much gaiety and many days of rest and rebuilding in beautiful surroundings. I owe her, as thousands do, pleasant and delightful evenings in the theater. But I owe her much more than that.

THERE are three things which I, in my own fashion, have admired beyond all other traits of character. We know so little really. Yet each of us must build for ourselves a religion of some sort, that suffices to guide and console. A religion that demands no more faith than we can honestly give. If that religion happens to be an established creed, well and good. If it doesn't, well and good again.

Mine is an everyday affair that many might reject. Yet it has seen me through some tough spots in these better than thirty years. It is built upon the best qualities which I have seen my fellow men display. For I feel in my innermost heart that if the supreme being but exhibits those same qualities we shall all be quite safe. And must he not, if we have them?

I decided upon that particular rainy afternoon upon three things which three people have proved to me to exist in a world I have sometimes had cause to doubt.

The unshakable loyalty of Colleen Moore.

The loving faith in good of Mary Pickford.

And the kindliness of Marion Davies.

This is a very modern world,

(Continued on page 123)

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Marion Davies' fame as a hostess has spread over two continents. There can be no question that she is Hollywood's social dictator. She has given parties amazing in their beauty, their guests, their entertainment. Miss Davies' great gift as a hostess is based upon her real, warm, deep Irish hospitality.
Howard Hughes is just twenty-one. He inherited an enormous fortune from his father and came to Hollywood, the only town, he says, offering the possibility of great financial returns for an investment. He put four millions into the making of "Hell's Angels."

He has wealth running into millions of dollars. An income of over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month and he says, "I'd rather die than be a loafer."

Dozens of fortunes have been lost in a vain endeavor to increase them by making motion pictures, yet he says, "I'm making motion pictures because there is the possibility of greater financial returns in making them than in any other business."

He is Howard Hughes.

Five years ago a lone Texan came to Hollywood. Tall, slender, just turned twenty-one, with a serious face and a shy, awkward manner, he came to visit his uncle, Rupert Hughes, the novelist, who lives in Hollywood. He had just inherited, without strings of any kind, the Hughes Tool Company of Texas, and the enormous fortune that company had piled up for his father.

Wise ones shook their heads and said, "Ah! One of the richest young men in the world is on the loose in Hollywood, huh? He'll be out for all the wild life reported as existing in Hollywood. Probably find some of it and soon go the way of all the rest of them."

He fooled them. He announced that he intended to produce pictures himself. Still the wise ones said, "Just a toy with him. Some pampered sons of the idle rich go in for million-dollar yachts, racing or polo stables, and such like fads. Hughes is having his little fling making pictures instead."

Now, after five years, Hollywood is beginning to believe that Howard Hughes means business. Not only beginning to believe him, but to sit up and take very close notice of him. Because he is sticking to it and likewise kicking some of their pet ideas around.

In this interview, Howard Hughes for the first time explains exactly why he came to Hollywood, why he is producing pictures, and why he intends to keep on producing them.

He may be a playboy, this young fellow who startled the picture world by spending four million dollars on "Hell's Angels." But he hasn't had a day off in five years. He may be making pictures "just for fun," but he works so hard that he broke five dates to play golf with me in two weeks, because he was too busy to leave the studio.

What Hollywood didn't know, five years ago when that slim Texan appeared, was that he was looking for something, had been looking for it for four years.

Even in his teens, he and officials of the Hughes Tool Company had been looking for an article to manufacture besides the ones they already made. They wanted to use their surplus capital in some line of business different from their own manufacturing plant. Their hope was to find some other mechanical invention, preferably not connected with oil-well drilling, which would allow them to carry on in slack seasons.

Even now, though this is not generally known, Howard Hughes employs a staff of men in Hollywood who do nothing but investigate and test inventions. For five years they have been doing that, and have not as yet found anything worthy of being backed by the Hughes fortune, even though they have looked at as many as twenty-five a day during this time.

I'll let Howard Hughes, who came to Hollywood not on pleasure bent, but with his eyes open, tell you what he was looking for and why.

He'll have to tell it to you as he did to me, because he's a very busy young man. He will tell it between answering important telephone calls, about stories, productions, advertising. While (Continued on page 106)
The famous beach at Malibu, where many of the celebrated movie stars live, was swept by fire recently. Above, the remains of Buddy De Sylva's home. Left, Marie Prevost's residence before the fire and, below, just after. In the circle the remains of Louise Fazenda's home and at the bottom right, the same house before the fire.

Full details on Page 27.
Back in Hollywood, Mr. Howe Dashes Off His Famous Predictions for the Year—He Hands Screen Leadership to Queen Marie Dressler of Roarmania

I

INTENDED to utter my 1931 prophecies from this rostrum last month but my boat got in a little late and it took the custom officers a longer time than usual to check the jewels and other glassware. However, I shall not leave you reeling in darkness as to Who'll be Who the ensuing year. With this apology for tardiness I am ringing up the curtain on my exclusive 1931 Preview.

A Little Salesmanship Talk—On reading Frederick James Smith's review of the past year you must have been awed to note that nearly all my 1930 predictions were fulfilled. I was myself. Neither Mr. Smith nor I claim infallibility or wish to exalt ourselves above our fellows, but it does seem to me that, if we applied just a little burnt cork we would be generally recognized as the Amos 'n Andy of critics. We check and double check!

Prophecies Fulfilled—For the newer members of the organization who may not as yet be true converts of New Movie’s Mahomet I herewith repeat some of my uncanny prophecies made for last year. (At the same time airily passing over those not so uncanny.)

I foresaw Garbo and Chevalier as leaders in interest; Harold Lloyd continuing to lead best-sellers. The best bets among talkie discoveries were listed as: Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Will Rogers. . . . The silent stars who would make the greatest advance with the microphone: Gloria Swanson, Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Bebe Daniels, John Barrymore, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, John Boles, Ronald Colman. . . .

In mid-year I was inspired to proclaim, after the first shot of “All Quiet on the Western Front,” that Lewis Ayres was the most promising youth recruit since Barthelmess. On my return from Europe after a lapse of only six months I find Lew's name blazing from two Broadway theaters and five enormous heads of him wagging under the canopy of Warner's Hollywood theater.

Is this or is this not picking the rabbit from the hat? . . . I pause to ask . . .

(Three Minutes Interval for Applause to Subside)

Queen Marie of Roarmania—Having adjusted the beard of the prophet, studied the tea leaves, peered into the crystal and hearkened to the jibberings of Minechaba, my “control” from the Happy Hunting Ground, I wave the wand that lifts the curtain on the Boulevardier’s Preview of 1931:

Enter the Queen, trippingly: Marie Dressler (for it is she who leads the New Year procession as Queen of Queens, Power of Trinity (M.-G.-M.), Conquering Lioness of the Shekels.) Charlie Chaplin is her escort and Mickey the Mouse follows as train bearer.

Harold Lloyd, Wally Beery and Will Rogers are close courtiers.

This is the administration that will bring prosperity to the 1931 box-office and, I trust, dispel the gloom induced by radio cheer-up artists, upward-trend quackers and other depressing optimists who should be at work.

The Heart Interest—Fraulein Marlene Dietrich will panic the pulse of the nation and have it running a fever by the end of the year. In her, all Graces are enshrined. (Already she’s driven me lyric.) I join my shouts with Adela Rogers St. Johns—a duet that would drown even an African M. E. choir—declaring Marlene the greatest gift since Pola Negri.

It is said she resembles Greta Garbo. That certainly is not against her. Most every woman does resemble Greta in so far as the genius of the beauty doctor lies. From shoulders heavenward Miss Dietrich does suggest Miss Garbo, but I think if Greta were to don the one-piece costume Marlene wears in “Morocco” you would note certain important differences. (This is pure surmise.) It would be an interesting exhibition from an aesthetic standpoint and would draw more art lovers, I'll wager, than a joint exhibition of the Venuses de Milo and de Medici.

Marlene’s Insurance—My confidence in the Dietrich future is not fevered solely by her physical and tronic attributes. I have snooped behind scenes and learned that her contract requires Von Sternberg as director of all her pictures. This is expert insurance. Miss Garbo without Director Clarence Brown and Producer Thalberg would not be the Garbo she is.

What About Greta?—The past year the question has been What About Clara? This year it is liable to be What About Greta? You will note I have side-stepped the Garbo-Dietrich issue very neatly by proclaiming
BOULEVARDIER

By HERB HOWE

Marie Dressler queen. No one as yet has accused Marie of looking like Greta. Anyhow, I liken myself to Mahomet in more ways than prophecy: I have a harem heart in which both Greta and Marlene can be comfortably accommodated. The notion that we must put off the old love upon kissing the new is a relic of barbarism. It is easier to be Puritan at home with a little polygamy via the screen.

Chevalier’s Swan Chanson—Chevalier is becoming dangerously monotonous. He has had only one fine picture, “The Love Parade.” Lacking variety in person he needs it in stories. Stu Erwin is accused of “stealing” some of the effulgence in “Playboy of Paris.” If Maurice knew what was good for him he would welcome more thieves in his casts. Marie Dressler stole nothing from Garbo in making “Anna Christie” a better picture — to the aggrandizement of Garbo. M. Chevalier should not have parted so readily with Jeanette MacDonald who complemented his charm. I fear Maurice has the foreign idea of a star.

Don’t Worry About Maurice—You probably have wondered how France has managed to get the world’s largest gold supply. It is Maurice’s bank deposits.

Stars on Upward Trend—Among the players whom I foresee making greatest gains this year: Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, Stu Erwin, Lewis Ayres, Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Helen Twelvetrees, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Joe E. Brown, Robert Montgomery, Loretta Young, Marion Davies, Ronald Colman, Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Oakie.

I’m glad to don the khaki and take up the old refrain, “The Yanks Are Coming.”

Champion Barthelmess—With the exception of those stars who have financed themselves—Chaplin, Fairbanks, Lloyd et al—Richard Barthelmess has had the steadiest success of any star. He is the finest of the younger actors and I daresay he will be the best of the old ones when his time comes. His secret is that he is not exclusively actor. He is especially endowed with the qualities necessary for the Hollywood battle. He’s a composition of scholarly intelligence, business shrewdness and interpretative thought. Where other stars have had to form (Continued on page 110)

Slump Threatening—This will be a critical year for Clara Bow, William Haines, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, George Bancroft and Charles Rogers who does-not-choose-to-run-as-Buddy.

Lese Majeste—Was it Patrick Henry who said of the United Artists, “United we stand, divided we fall”? Mary, Doug and Norma must be rated as producers. On their wisdom as such depends their stellar procedure.

What About Clara Bow?—Well, what about her? She’s all right so far as I’m concerned. Give Clara a story as good as she is and her chances are good despite uncomplimentary headlines. I suggest a talkie version of “Sadie Thompson.”

The Tol’able Richards—Youth of refreshing charm and natural talent come on the scene in Richard Cromwell. I viewed his performance of “Tol’able David” with a stern eye. I saw my old comrade Barthelmess come to glory in that rôle these many years ago. Young Cromwell has not had the preparatory training that Barthelmess had. They are unlike in personality and physical set-up. No Garbo — Dietrich dispute here. But they both gave to the rôle a direct honesty and clean transparency. American, that’s what they are, say I, unfurling the old flag. After hospitable huzzahs for the foreigners

Herb Howe says these players will make the greatest gains this year:

Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, Walter Huston, Lewis Ayres, Gary Cooper, Stu Erwin, Nancy Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Helen Twelvetrees, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Joe E. Brown, Robert Montgomery, Loretta Young, Marie Dues, Ronald Colman, Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Oakie.

1931

(Continued on page 110)
LAUGHS of the FILMS

Oh! Oh! I just saw a man shot down under my very nose!

M-M-M-M—

That's possible!

Ed Wynn
in
“Follow the Leader”

According to this, our darling brother seems to have killed someone!

Anyone we know?

So you're two cars—a Ford and an Austin?

Yes, but I'm putting the big car up for the winter!

This is the hotel my uncle gave me!

You've been robbed!

I'm granting ya one last favor. How'd'ja prefer to die?

1-in G-Greta G-Garbo's A-Arms!
As the little gamin who aspires to stage honors, “America’s sweetheart” will have a new sort of role in “Kiki.”
The BANJO PLAYER Who MADE GOOD

But Lew Ayres Had to Sell His Musical Instruments Before Hollywood Gave Him a Break

BY DICK HYLAND

W ITHOUT change of characters or plot, this could very well be a fiction story. We could even call it, "Darkest Before Dawn," and that title would fit as a hand fits in the usual glove.

It is the story of Lew Ayres.

It tells how a big league banjo player came to Hollywood. Starved—I mean just that—trying to crash the gates of film fame, was on the very verge of giving up the ghost and admitting defeat, gained a momentary truce in the battle of Ayres vs. Hollywood, and then came through with a clean knockout which left Hollywood gasping. When it finally stopped blinking Hollywood extended a congratulatory hand to Lew Ayres and said "Welcome, Brother." It's a tough town to lick, but once having shown Hollywood you can fight and win, the town is yours.

I RATHER hedged away from doing a story on Lew Ayres. Two or three of the people I talked to—I know now they had never met him—said that he was "just an actor and a nice boy." That is about the worst thing you can call a person, both to Hollywood and to me. To say a boy is "just an actor" means that his thought process is nil, he will not shake his head for fear of mussing the curls in his hair, he flashes a "set" and stiff smile at you—and always talks about himself. It means he acts continuously, on and off the set. And I don't like "nice" boys. I didn't want to be bored and I don't want to write ga-ga things which can be read just as easily, and more tersely, in a sixth grade copy book.

But there was something about that boy who played in "All Quiet on the Western Front" which did not jibe with "actor" and "nice" boy. So I took a chance. I'm glad I did. I've met a real person.

Lew Ayres is one of those fortunate boys who has honest-to-goodness masculine good looks. Regular features, a strong jaw, straight nose and eyes well set into his head. Those eyes are fascinating. They give you quick glances and wrinkle into little laughs even when his face is serious. It is just as if they said, "Well, I know it isn't the time to laugh but I feel good and must have a little smile all by myself, anyway."

L EW AYRES was raised in San Diego, which is right on the border line between California and Mexico. A normal kid he played sandlot baseball and football, tried to talk his parents into allowing him to stay out after eight o'clock on summer evenings so that he could play with other youngsters with a more effective line of chatter who had already gained such permission from their parents, and—oh, all the things kids do. We sat on the sands of Malibu one afternoon talking about those things until we both wished we were back in short pants.

In High School Lew Ayres started to do something
which has influenced his life ever since. He took up the banjo and began making a series of plunk-plink noises which annoyed the neighbors to distraction but which eventually landed him in Hollywood.

As is the habit of most banjo addicts, soon after he was able to pick out "Home, Sweet, Home" with but few mistakes, Lew Ayres looked around him for an orchestra.

Finding none available, he gathered some kindred souls to his side—and there was an orchestra.

Lew, himself, will admit now that it wasn't so very good. But they were an orchestra, they made slightly harmonized sounds, and they were young and happy, bent on having fun. They began playing at whatever social affairs the good citizens of San Diego would allow them to attend with their instruments. Parties, Rotarian luncheons, Elks' banquets. "We didn't get paid for a long time," Lew told me, "but we had a lot of fun, ate a lot of grub which didn't cost us anything—and we were getting good practice."

ABOUT the time he received his diploma from High School Lew Ayres was a first-class banjo player. He could make that flat-faced, stringed instrument talk in four languages—some of them learned on that border between Mexico and California. And so now enter the villain, a gent named Henry Halstead. He took Lew Ayres from San Diego and brought him to Hollywood.

Hank Halstead at that time was the leader of one of the most popular dance orchestras on the Pacific Coast. A real orchestra, which played in hotels such as the Biltmore and Ambassador in Los Angeles, the St. Francis in San Francisco, and the Roosevelt in Hollywood. And he was always on the lookout for young fellows who could improve that orchestra. Halstead heard Ayres play just once—and offered him a job. Seventy-five dollars a week. It sounded like big money.

It was. Lew Ayres took the job and became the banjo player in Halstead's orchestra. He was on his way to motion picture stardom but did not know it.

About that time Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle decided to become a cafe owner and that he wanted the best orchestra he could get to play for the patrons he knew would come to him. He looked around and signed Hank Halstead to bring his boys to Hollywood and strut their stuff.

With them came young Mister Ayres. He was in Hollywood. But far from pictures until the talkies came.

Warner Brothers, first into the open with talking pictures, hit upon music as a good bet. They reached into Arbuckle's Plantation Cafe and pulled out Halstead's band of music makers. Ten dollars an hour Lew Ayres received for making some of the first Vitaphone music records. He was about the first man ever to play a banjo for talking pictures.

I WOULD like to be able to say here that some eagle-eyed director or producer saw this good-looking young fellow plunking his silver banjo, recognized his worth, and signed him to a long contract which assured Lew Ayres of fame and fortune. But I can't. If anyone saw him he took Lew to be just another banjo player. And there are a lot of banjo players. So Lew Ayres was in and out, of his first studio.

He did not care. He was making good money, had over a thousand dollars worth of first-class musical instruments—by now he footed a bit of a saxophone, too—owned an automobile, was eating well, and had a very comfortable place in which to sleep. "I thought once or twice, about that time, that I would like to go into pictures, but nothing ever came of it. I didn't know how to break into the business and, well, I was making good money with the orchestra."

But the seed was sown: when the Plantation Cafe closed and Halstead's orchestra moved to another city, Lew Ayres stayed in Hollywood and started the long climb to the gates of fame.

He did not see the difficulties ahead. Perhaps if he had he would have stayed with the orchestra. But I don't think so. Lew Ayres does not look to be the kind who would quit because the going threatened to be tough. In fact, he proved he wasn't in the months to come.

Because he could not get a job before the camera. Hollywood could see him as a banjo player, but not as an actor. So he dove down into that group which contains so many broken hearts and from which so few ever rise—the extra ranks.

Lew Ayres, the extra, moved out of the apartment which had been inhabited by Lew Ayres, the musician. He still had some money, so he went to a good hotel. But working once a week, if then, and eating regularly, as one likes to, soon forced him from that hotel to a cheaper one.

(Continued on page 116)
MARY BRIAN

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee
I SHOULD say, roughly speaking, that the American female goes abroad for two reasons: to look for bargains and send post cards home. The American male just goes along to complain that Europe isn't like home. And you can't get Amos 'n' Andy.

It seems to me both would be happier going to Hollywood. You can see all the European sights on the studio lots and get them over within a day or two, whereas in Europe you have to chase around for weeks. The European has no genius for organization, as the American male will tell you. He strings his ruins and monuments all over the place, like a kid does his toys (and ought to be spanked), when they could just as well be lined up neatly for the convenience of tourists in some such collection as Coney Island.

Taken all in all Hollywood is probably a better bargain than Europe. Certainly it is just as exciting a spot from which to send postal cards. Ask yourself the question: Will the folks back home be as thrilled by a card saying you have just scaled Mt. Vesuvius as by one declaring you have met Clara Bow. (Both difficult, but not on a postcard.)

And in Hollywood the soul of the 100 per cent American man will be stirred by the genius for organization beside which the genius of Old World masters is as dead as they are.

Of course, last year a lot of people went to Europe for the Passion Play. I'm not saying that most of them would rather see a movie enacted on a studio stage. It just so happened that, as luck would have it, I got on a boat with a Temple Group numbering among its members two colored girls—the only members it happened I was able to meet—and both confessed with bulging eyes that their secret prayer was to see Greta Garbo in person. I daresay these colored maidens' prayer was in the hearts of many who would not have the frankness to confess.

I HAVE long been a member of the sect which believes that when good Americans die they go to Paris. My faith has sustained me in tedious and despair, and it has been rewarded as you may have observed.

There is a new sect, rapidly encompassing the world, that regards Hollywood as the earthly version of heaven. The European especially thinks of it as Mahomet's paradise.

In a party with which I strayed abroad for a time there was a massive tourist lady whom no spectacle could impress. The rest of us might utter childish
The Boulevardier Balances the Joys of Hollywood with Those of Europe and Finds That the Movie Colony Has Just As Many Interesting and Historic Ruins

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

The city of Paris—capital of freedom and charm—as one of the gargoyles on the Cathedral of Notre Dame observes it.

You are abroad several months and you think all is over. Then something happens. You go to a movie and see a wanton frowzy old pepper—the Sadie Thompson of trees—and you are back in the arms of the siren once more.

I was away six months before I had any desire to see a picture. Then as my fate would have it I saw "Morocco." Instantly Hollywood seemed the Garden of Eden—with Marlene Dietrich offering apples.

Hollywood is a myth of many fancies. To the foreigner she is a Bacchus of luxury and lingering kisses. To the fan, a great Olympus where dwell the current gods and goddesses. But to those of us who have known her intimately she is a gal of sub-tropical delights.

Like an Eurasian beauty she has mixed blood, tropical and temperate, and this complexity makes for war. You want to loaf but you have to work.

I called on Somerset Maugham, who visited Hollywood some years ago to attend the production of one of his stories.

"Is it possible to work in Hollywood?" he asked. "I do not think I should get much done there."

He was on his way to the South Sea Islands, and I asked him if he could work in that tropical climate.

"In the South Seas you live a tropic life," he replied. "In Hollywood you have a sub-tropical climate with all the complex life of Northern Civilization."

LOUIS BROMFIELD came to Hollywood declaring Europe gave him a stomach-ache. He has returned to Paris to write the story he came to Hollywood to

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CURIUS about Hollywood. She's a wicked siren. You decide her sunny blandishments are deadening and you renounce her forever. You hang a For Sale sign on the Beverly maison and go abroad to forget.
The photographer put up his camera under an arch of the Trocadero Fountain in Paris and obtained this striking picture of the famous 984-foot Eiffel Tower.

Gay Paree vs. Gay Hollywood: The gayety of the two cities is as different as night and day. Paris has night life. Hollywood has none whatever aside from a couple of cabarets and the hotel dances, and all cities have these. The only nocturnal feature peculiar to Hollywood is the movie premiere. I dare say it was from this orgy of barbaric splendor that Ras Tafari got his ideas for the coronation in Abyssinia.

The gayety of Hollywood is created by nature; the gayety of Paris by man, though nature plays her part well enough with shade trees for the cafe tables.

In Paris you sit your life away at these tables on the sidewalk watching the crowds go by and enjoying a quiet sense of fellowship.

In Hollywood you take your fun strenuously. You “make good” at pleasure as with work. You golf and tennis and polo, you (Continued on page 112)
Miss Carroll had two distinguished screen performances to her credit in 1930—in "Laughter" and in "The Devil's Holiday." The year 1931 appears highly promising for Miss Carroll. This portrait was made at Miss Carroll's dressing table in the Paramount Long Island studios between scenes of "Stolen Heaven."
BACK IN 1925, WHEN Greta Garbo first came from Sweden as the protege of Mauritz Stiller, the press agents probably thought it was necessary for the Scandinavian actress to look coy. Nobody foresaw her great future in the films. She was just another newcomer from abroad—and Hollywood had scores of 'em. Then Miss Garbo appeared in "The Torrent" and—presto—fame!
What a change a few years make! Here is Miss Garbo as she looks in everyday attire when you see her in Hollywood today. That is, if you get the opportunity. Miss Garbo doesn't go about much. Gone are the days of coy photographs. Miss Garbo has the position of complete leadership in film popularity—and she dictates her own terms to press agents and all the rest of the studio pests.
EDWINA BOOTH
Paul Lukas was born on a Hungarian train. He served in the World War and was shell-shocked. Then he became an aviator and, after peace came, turned to acting. Lukas was brought to Hollywood just before the screen took on its voice—and he was almost shipped home because he knew no English.

By EVELYN GRAY

Paul Lukas is one of the most popular leading men in Hollywood today. He has "clicked." His last few pictures have been tremendous personal successes and his fan mail is mounting by leaps and bounds.

This tall, quiet Hungarian is one of the few men, or women who swept into Hollywood during the "foreign invasion" who have succeeded. One of the very few who have remembered to carve names for themselves before the great twin gods, Camera and Mike.

Standing an inch over six feet, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, with deep brown eyes that at times seem to be tinged with green, Paul Lukas has succeeded in Hollywood sans all ballyhoo. He has been here over three years; yet many think he is a recent importation.

Just thirty-six years ago a train was speeding towards the Hungarian capital of Budapest. Looking out a window of that train was a young woman with the bloom of approaching motherhood on her cheeks. Her eyes showed the happiness that was in her heart. It was going to be a boy. She just knew it. It had to be; she and her husband wanted a boy beyond all measurable want.

Suddenly a look of fear crossed her face. What was this? Someone, quick, a doctor, please! One was on the train. He hurried to her side just in time to aid her as her child was born. The train sped onward towards Budapest in that gay, pre-war Hungary. The wheels sang as they whirled over the tracks bearing their unexpected additional passenger.

Paul Lukas was having his first train ride at an age when most youngsters are safely ensconced in their quiet cribs.

He was unusual then; he is not at all usual now. Nor has his life been such that the term "normal" could be used in describing it. In schools, fights, the war, love, flying, acting—even in the prosaic profession of tutoring—Paul Lukas seems to touch plain things with a magic wand which makes them different.

Graduating from Gymnasium—comparable to getting a diploma from our high school—Paul Lukas stepped into a rushing world which has hardly as much as slowed down since then.

His parents wanted him to enter the university. He had other ideas—and an argument with his father which cut him off from all financial aid from home.

"But I didn't care much about that—then," he told me. "I was going into the army for my compulsory military service of one year. I thought it better to get it over with then rather than waiting, although I had over three years—until I was twenty-one—to serve that year. I wanted to get it finished before I started my civilian life."

That was in October, 1913.

In August, 1914, but two months before he would have been finished with his army duty, Paul Lukas was hurled into the maelstrom of the World War.

Six months later he was back in Budapest. Still a boy, but a shrapnel torn, shell-shocked veteran. On leave for one year—almost half of which was spent in the hospital.

But the other half year saw the birth of the Paul Lukas we know. He started acting.

In Europe acting, actors and the theater are recognized by the governments in other ways than by taxing tickets at the box-office. In fact, Hungary gave money and support to a theater in (Continued on page 92)
WILLIAM HAINES
Sue Carol's boudoir is done in the Louis Quatorze period. The color scheme is green in the softest shade with woodwork of ivory. The panelled walls are done in brocade satin with floral motifs in the pastel shades. For breakfast in bed Miss Carol is wearing a shell pink satin night gown with real lace trimming and a negligee of the same material, embroidered in deeper shades of pink. The bed, by the way, is a lovely example of craftsmanship. It is painted in a soft green with antique gilt trim. The headboard has panels of petit point done in soft shades of blue, green and rose. The bed tables on either side are of the same exquisite design and colors.

The mantel in Miss Carol's boudoir is of simple daintiness. An antique French clock with candlesticks in gilt relieves the severity of the top. A panel mirror over the fireplace, with floral design in gilt, adds to the charm of the whole room.
MOVIE BOUDOIRS

SUE CAROL

Miss Carol’s dressing table is a thing of rare charm. The covering is fashioned of the same green moiré used in the drapes and has a flounce of real lace, while there is a plate glass top on which rest the dainty accessories of French cloisonné. Two lamps of Dresden and shades of pleated georgette grace either side of the antique gilt mirror that hangs in the panel above the dressing table.

Miss Carol is wearing a formal negligée fashioned of chiffon designed in pastels. The design is outlined with metal threads in rose and blue. With it Miss Carol wears mules of laced satin ribbon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT W. COBURN

Above, Miss Carol, in a padded robe of eggshell satin embroidered in a design outlined in black, is resting on the chaise longue. The lounge is upholstered in brocaded satin, the background in deep cream with clusters of flowers in the pastel shades. The little inlaid table is quite lovely. Left, another view of the boudoir. The windows, which are the height of the ceiling, are draped in gossamer marquisette with overdrapes of green moiré.
March birth stones: Ancient, the Jasper. Modern, the Bloodstone. The Bloodstone is said to endow its wearer with courage and truthfulness.
EMIL JANNINGS went back to Berlin because he could speak little or no English and because he was unhappy over playing the same sort of role over and over again.

I am glad to report that Herr Jannings is still playing the kindly old fellow who goes mad over the loss of a blonde or doorman's uniform or a brunette. And he still speaks little English.

Variety Goes the Way of All Flesh

ONE of Jannings' German-made films has just been imported. A little late, it is true, for "The Blue Angel" was long ago the hit of Berlin and London. In it Herr Jannings plays a kindly professor who gets entangled with a cabaret girl, sinks to the post of clown with her cheap little theatrical troupe and ends up by going mad. It is an unforgettable performance with a climax ghostly enough to haunt your very best nightmares. But Jannings' work is not the only feature of "The Blue Angel," imported by Paramount. There's Marlene Dietrich.

"The Blue Angel" was made before Fraulein Dietrich was brought to Hollywood to make "Morocco." Hence it is her first screen performance. Her playing of the heartless cabaret charmer is superb. My confrère, Adela Rogers St. Johns, reports that Fraulein Dietrich talks like every other Hollywood actress. With interest, I shall await with keen interest her screen report upon her legs, as disclosed in "The Blue Angel."

Josef von Sternberg went over to Berlin at Herr Jannings' invitation to make "The Blue Angel" and he certainly vindicated the German star's judgment. Both English and German is spoken but "The Blue Angel" is adroitly told in pantomime. It is, at heart, a silent picture.

Wealthy Star Makes Good

NO filming of Mark Twain's immortal "Tom Sawyer" can ever be completely satisfying. Yet Paramount's newest talkie adaptation, sympathetically directed by John Cromwell, is noteworthy in many ways. A great deal of Twain's humor and his warm, kindly understanding of boyhood have been captured. While the incidents, such as the fence whitewashing, the moment where Tom, Huck and their pal, Joe, interrupt their own funeral services, and the way the murderer, Injun Joe, is brought to justice—are telescoped, the film as a whole has fine, alive sensitiveness and spirit. Jackie Coogan, the fifteen-year-old millionaire, is delightful as Tom, Junior Durkin has his moments as Huckleberry although he is subordinated and Mitzi Green is matchless as that little prig, Becky Thatcher. This picture can be heartily recommended for the children.

"The Man Who Came Back," fashioned in the Fox studios to fit the reunited team of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, doubtless will break boxoffice records everywhere. Based on a stage play of some years ago by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson, it relates the story of a young waster—a rather insufferable one, at that—who is thrown upon his own by his millionaire father. He lands finally in Shanghai and there, in one of the lowest dives, finds the girl who is destined to regenerate him. He is weak and what in the dear, dead pre-prohibition days was called a drunkard. She, it is vaguely intimated, has fallen victim to dope. But before many months pass they have a lovely Hawaiian bungalow with an old fashioned garden.

The story isn't very believable and Mr. Farrell is a sort of sophomore John Barrymore. But Miss Gaynor's problems with regeneration will wring your heart. Advance reports from Hollywood intimated that this film would cause little Miss Gaynor to be hailed as a Duse. Don't worry on that score. She still has that nice wistful immaturity that is one of the rare treasures of Hollywood.

Doug, With and Without Modern Dress

"DOUG in modern dress," is the way they herald Doug Fairbanks' new nervous extravaganza, "Reaching for the Moon,"
Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(United Artists). This is the fable of a young millionaire stock broker who never has taken a drink and who knows nothing about women. He meets a pretty society aviatix (Bebe Daniels), pursues her to Europe, loses his fortune when the stock market curdles during his absence, and gets the girl when she proposes to him herself. It is a crazy story with a long episode developed out of Doug's first cocktail, which causes him to leap up the steamer's walls and to play football with the crew. Unlike most of Doug's previous films, a slyly dirty note has been allowed to intrude here and there in the dialogue.

Doug is as uncertain of himself as of yore in his sentimental moments, but he is as agile as ever and his waistline (revealed freely at moments of discarding even the modern dress) will help business in all the gyms of the land. You will like svelte Miss Daniels, a blonde for the nonce and a darned attractive one. In fact, she rather edges Doug out of chief honors. There is entirely too much of Edward Everett Horton as a prissy valet and too little of a deep voiced blonde, June MacCloy. The modernistic settings of William Cameron Menzies make an admirable background and there's one catchy melody by Irving Berlin.

High-Pressure Charm

IF you like suave and smart light comedy, I recommend Ronald Colman's "The Devil to Pay," (United Artists). This is an original play by the English playwright, Frederick Lonsdale.

Samuel Goldwyn, who produced this urbane film, has come to be the symbol of Hollywood. Most of the stories you hear about the—let us say—idiocies of movie producers are tackled on to Mr. Goldwyn. Yet his productions invariably are in excellent taste. I leave the explanation to someone else.

"The Devil to Pay" also has a scapegrace as its hero. He is the incorrigible heir of a British lord who has failed in everything he has attempted. Broke, he returns to London, promptly to get involved with an actress and to win the daughter of a lineoleum millionaire.

Colman has a tough role. It isn't easy to be charming and beguiling for seven reels. In fact, "The Devil to Pay" starts with Colman being debonair on all cylinders. Once you are adjusted to this high pressure charm, Colman wins you.

There is the mellow background of English drawing rooms and excellent acting by a newcomer, Florence Britton, who plays the scapegrace's loving sister, and by Myrna Loy, who acts the understanding actress.

Temperament on Parade

SEVERAL seasons ago Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman wrote a flashing study of egomania called "The Royal Family." The then annoyed Barrymores were palpably the models for this satirical farce.

Now all this has been made into "The Royal Family of Broadway" by Paramount. Here you see an acting family caught up in the mesh of tradition and temperament, now and then kicking over the traces under the illusion that some other career would be pleasant in a stage career. You will like her, but never forgetting to act, either in private or in public.

Ina Claire plays the chief feminine role and doubtless you will like her. To me Fredric March steals the film. He is corkscrewing as the mad younger Cavendish. Here is a gorgeous caricature of John Barrymore. You must see this performance. Then, too, you will like Mary Brian as the kid of the bickering, happy clan.

You will like "The Royal Family of Broadway" and you will find it both laughable and touching.

"SUNNY," (First National), is a pleasant enough fantasy with music and Marilyn Miller, who looks lovely whether she does tap or toe dances. "New Moon," (Metro-Goldwyn), is an over-plotty (Continued on page 88)
BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS

Freddy Bickel, Now Known to Film Fame as Fredric March, Distinguished Himself at the University of Wisconsin

BY J. GUNNAR BACK
Magazine Editor of The Wisconsin Daily Cardinal

It is Friday night, April 2, 1926, in Madison, Wisconsin. The street entrance to the old Fuller Opera House, now a talkie palace in keeping with the times, is blazing with lights just as it had blazed several weeks before to announce Otis Skinner and his Madison performance of "Pietro," exactly as it had been resplendent in March of that year for two other footlight favorites, Mitzi, "the madcap star," in "Head Over Heels," and George Arliss in "Jacques Duval," to say nothing of the year before when those same lights had heralded Madison's last opportunity to see Julian Eltinge before he embarked on a five-year world tour.

It was a common thing for the Fuller Opera House lights to glitter nightly during the opening years of the last decade. But this evening the walls of the historic show-house were to hear no Kern hits, no "Maytime" melodies, no "Chocolate Soldier" lyrics as they had during the year just passed. It was the opening night of the University of Wisconsin week-end, two-a-day Union Vodvil stand. "Ten Big Acts of Wisconsin's Best Varsity Dancing and Singing," painted across the theater lobby, screamed the news to fraternity and sorority couples as they stepped, clad in evening dress, out of the dark, almost spring-like April night into the glare of the electric lights.

The history seeking eye glances down that evening's program, past such promised extravaganzas as the Alpha Chi Omega sorority girls in a singing scenic, "Birds of Paradise," until it stops at this announcement, ninth on the bill: "The Sunshiners in Unsuppressed Desires," featuring Freddy Bickel and Charles "Chuck" Carpenter. An air of expectancy was awaiting that act, for The Daily Cardinal, student newspaper, a few days before had advance press agented: "There is sure to be a small riot when Fred Bickel and 'Chuck' Carpenter come on with their little play. They have been headliners in three other Union Vodvils. This is the last appearance of these artists."

The next morning the Amateur Critic (for so The Cardinal dramatic reviewer signed himself) had this to say of that ninth number: "The third place silver cup was awarded by the committee to Freddy Bickel and 'Chuck' Carpenter by virtue of their talents as entertainers. Their line of patter was a happy combination of wit and satire on preceding acts. Their songs were good and their stage manner more pleasing than any of the other performers. They just knocked the piano in and began their rapid chatter. Because these two young men are genuine entertainers, because they try to please, because they are both Iron Cross men by virtue of other abilities than acting, they deserve every bit of praise and they got it last night. We regret that they are closing three successful years of stellar ability on the Wisconsin stage."

Today Freddy Bickel of that college toe-and-tune team is known as Fredric March, familiar to every University of Wisconsin movie-goer as a one-time senior class president, a former Iron Cross and White Spades honor society man who made good, whose contribution to the talking screen is as meritoriously outstanding as it was to Union Vodvil during his post-war days on the Badger campus. No, when March comes to town, local theater advertising writers ply an inspired copy pencil and the show always clicks with the collegians.

With Freddy Bickel, whose life, filled with promises, stretched before him, the scene again quickly changes. Seven years later and the Fuller Opera House has turned chiefly to pictures. It is the night of December 17, 1927, and the event is a flesh-and-blood drama. Freddy Bickel is back in Madison, sitting in a dressing-room in the old Fuller, perhaps the same room which he occupied as a collegian almost a decade before. This time, however, there is no bustling about backstage of amateur make-up artists, no non-professional flutter of sorority girls "going on" for the first time. Freddy Bickel has already become Fredric March. With a group of veteran
professional players, he is preparing for the call to go on stage in support of George Gaul and Florence Eldridge in the New York Theater Guild presentation of Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Perhaps some of the members of that troupe are waiting listlessly for the routine orchestra cue since Madison is not Broadway. But with Fredric March it is different. He waits eagerly, pleasantly, undergraduate memories stirring within him. Local newspapers have announced the return of Freddy Bickel to the old Fuller stage, now even deserted by the traditional nights of Union Vodvil. Professors again drive up to the front of the theater. Not this time, because it is Union Vodvil to be accepted genially for better or worse as "Wisconsin's own," but because Shaw, small talk subjects for their intellectual literary teas, is in town. The theater entrance has none of the brilliance of its Opera House days, when students stood at the stage door waiting for show girls from "Listen, Lester," and "Oh, Boy." Fewer students pass through the theater doors that night of Bickel's first return to Madison. The gaiety of tradition is no longer there to cause them to hock watches for the price of a theater ticket.

Fredric March, as he prepared to go on in "Arms and the Man," knew that he was facing a test. In that audience was the professor who had worked with him in the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club, an organization largely responsible for making the name Bickel famous in Wisconsin dramatics, the same professor who had aided in awarding the third place cup to the Bickel-Carpenter team in its farewell appearance. One or two of his classmates who had settled in Madison were there. Many more had come to the theater because they admired Shaw and were anxious to see his play well done. Others came to see an advertised Wisconsin alumnus.

The student paper the next morning was unkind. It had only this to say: "Miss Eldridge had moments in which she was splendid, engaging. Fredric March and Hortense Alden, especially the latter, were good in their presentations."

But Bickel's classmates and the curiosity seekers were satisfied. (Continued on page 89)

At Wisconsin Fredric March distinguished himself socially and histrionically. He was a member of the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club and of Alpha Delta Phi, and he managed the varisty football team. In those days he was planning to enter the banking world.
musical effort, co-starring Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett. The original has been twisted about to fit Mr. Tibbett with the result of the background of "The Rogue Song." If you like musical films, better see these two. Not many more are coming this year.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Widow From Chicago—First National:—Gangster melodrama in the raw. The gangsters and gangsters' girl talk out of the corners of their mouths, say "Yeah" to practically everything and shoot their guns rapidly and accurately. Most of the action transpires between midnight and dawn, either in a night club or in an adjacent hotel. There is plenty of noise, continuous movement, some rough humor and all the excitement to be expected in a well contrived story of bootleg racketeering. Edward G. Robinson is just about what a master gangster should be, Alice White is O.K. as the tricky little位, William Hamilton and Frank McHugh also appear to be at home in the fracas. The climax of the story, wherein Polly out-smarts thecrafty gang leader, is cleverly developed to maintain suspense.

The Lash—First National:—You will see Richard Barthelmess as a dashing, colorful, high-spirited Mexican. He hates and loves with equal abandon, and, bandit or gentleman, he never forgets the art of his illustrious forebears. This is a de luxe edition of a style of romantic melodrama known to the screen these many years. Pictorially, it is delightful: The stampede of a herd of cattle through a town of flimsy frame houses is thrilling, and throughout there is the rich beauty of a flamed and ruddy Cheyenne. Frank McHugh is very attractive in his part, and Barbara Bordi, Evelyn Anderson. Miss Astor presents a bewitching figure as the aristocratic Rokia. The "Lash" is entertainment for those who like their romance dolled up.

Only Waste Work—Paramount:—If you miss seeing Leon Errol in this picture, you will overlook one of the stage's most valuable contributions to the talking screen. Mr. Errol is a comedian of parts, best known for his collapsible knee, which is immensely funny, but only incidental to his comedy equipment. His technique is varied as it is original. He is free and easy and seemingly spontaneous; moreover he does not even remotely suggest any other player. Owen Davis, playwright, supplied a rousing story and Frank B. Wilcox did a fine job of directing. Leaving plenty of open spaces to be filled in by Mr. Errol, cast as a slightly demented burglar. Throughout a light-hearted comedy piece, Mr. Errol runs away with the picture. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian give able assistance when necessary.

The Criminal Code—Columbia:—After seeing "The Criminal Code" one may well stop to think twice before murdering his nearest enemy. There are no pink draperies to hide the horror of prison cells; neither is there a beam of light to relieve the terrors of the dungeon. Here is a story of three-quarters stark tragedy, the other quarter being the romance of the warden's daughter and a fine boy unjustly sent to prison to yet the tortures of the damned. Some of the most memorable scenes are less personal. They present the prison ensemble, if it may be called that, and the rats that infest the prison yard. Two exceedingly capable performances are given by Walter Huston, as the warden, and Phillips Holmes, as the boy.

Passion Flower—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The most distinctive thing about this picture is the excellence of the acting in a story that holds few surprises. Anyone who knows the habits of rough or honest heroes must realize that, after the chorus of the siren have lost their novelty, the ex-chauveur will toddle back to the wife and kiddies. The same story has been told before in a very bad play. And the medium of such a well-balanced cast. Charles Bickford, with his bushy hair and aggressively honest face, is the run-away husband troubled by a conscience. Kay Francis is his bewitching companion on the jaunt to Paris. Kay Johnson is the wife and Zasu Pitts, the maid. With the sentiment of the story, and the heroics are becoming a bit sticky, Miss Pitts breaks through with a laugh.

The Royal Bed—Radio:—Satire done in Lowell Sherman's most courtesly manner, and a very engaging manner it is for the portrayal of the whimsical king of one of the many mythical kingdoms of Europe. The king believes that the king business is on the decline; but his daughter believes it's the other way around. What the sister's sat is, is to rekindle the appeal to America and by marrying her daughter to a foreign potentate. As the result the king's daughter goes in America on her patriotic mission, a revolution disturbs the king at his checker playing and the princess runs away with the king's secretary. From the viewpoint of the queen, it is all too bad. Nance O'Neill, a renowned stage star of bygone years, makes a haughty queen; Mary Astor, a glamorous princess.

The Cohens and Kellys in Europe—Universal:—When you have seen the Cohens and Kellys once, whether they happen to be in Atlanta City, Alaska or Africa, you know pretty well what to expect. The Cohens and Kellys in Europe, however, will not be disappointed. The African expedition, in search of ivory from which to make piano keys, offers ample opportunity for the customary farce, and after leaving plenty of open spaces to be filled in by Mr. Errol, cast as a slightly demented burglar. Throughout a light-hearted comedy piece, Mr. Errol runs away with the picture. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian give able assistance when necessary.

Rough Idea of Love—Educational:—Mack Sennett never misses a point because of under-emphasis in this "Rough Idea of Love". He is content with a single knock-out punch, or even a pair of punches. One pugilistic sequence presents a series of rights and lefts, causing the downfall of night club cuties and their boy friends with fine impartiality. Action is not sacrificed to talk in this violent short; the entire play is given in dressing rooms closed to the public. A handsome piano player causes the disturbance. He falls for a baby-faced blonde, thereby incurring the wrath of the prima donna who trounces her rival. When last seen the prima donna is in a kitchenette burning biscuits for her philandering lover—all very nice and domestic.

The Truth About Youth—First National:—With due appreciation of Loretta Young's beauty (there is danger of her becoming over-sweet), Myrna Loy is the more memorable figure in this story, while a few of the supporting cast are given enough to make them worth remembering. "When We Were Twenty-One." The difference between Loretta and Myrna is the difference between an exceedingly good dancer and an expert pugilist.

Hook, Line and Sinker—Radio:—The story does not matter. The picture does, and there are some familiar nature; farce, melodrama and puns, particularly puns. Ralph Spence, whose name appears in the credit lines, evidently wrote the dialogue. The mouths of Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey and even had a few left over for the less important characters. Everything that a fast-paced piece could visualize happens in an old country hotel where money-laden millionaires and their wives deposit jewels in the hotel safe. From midnight to dawn, the lobby and the stairways leading thereto are infested with rival robbers, waving flashlights and pistols. Probably no one is expected to keep track of, who's who. Wheeler and Woolsey are the leading performers in a comedy that is as broad as it is long.

Moths Cry—Warner Bros:—A three handkerchief picture. If you feel like a good cry and must find someone to cry about this screen version of a heart-tugging novel by Grace Carlisle is just the thing. It presents the story of a self-sacrificing mother who, after having borne four children, two boys and two girls, sharply contrasting types. Naturally, the picture is sentimental; but a realistic story that has fine acting, brings it close to life. You will like Dorothy Peterson as the mother, Helen Chandler as the idealistic

Reviews (Continued from page 85)
They went home talking about Fredric March.

Today Florence Eldridge is Mrs. March. Perhaps only a handful of people remembered "Arms and the Man" when Madison last saw Florence Eldridge do a bit in Norma Shearer's "The Divorcée." The curiosity seekers were otherwise occupied. They had learned that Nick Grinde, who had been graduated from Wisconsin five years before March, had helped adapt the scenario for "The Divorcée." Perhaps no one remembered that Laura Hope Crews, to whom movie stars of yesterday turned when the talkie menace appeared, was with the Theater Guild Company as director that week-end when March came back for the first time to his college campus.

The flash-back opens again on another set. This time it is only two years later. "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool" have played in Madison. The city's last stock company is fighting a losing battle for patrons. Farmers are coming to town to see for themselves this new form of entertainment which squawks and grinds its sound into the recesses of the theater.

"The Dummy," with Ruth Chatterton, is playing in a newly wired downtown theater.

It was not until the next day that local newspaper critics, already grown weary with enumerating "talkie finds," cheerfully announced that they had discovered a Wisconsin man in the cast of "The Dummy."

Fredric March, with his rich, clear voice, his quiet restrained stage manner, first given roots in Union Vodvil days, had come to Madison to stay. "The Studio Murder Mystery" and "The Wild Party," with Clara Bow, March's next pictures, added proof to the assurance that Freddy Bickel had come back to Madison to stay. College movie-goers, indifferent to the historic antics of La Bow, were surprised and pleased, to see the handsome, earnest actor whom Miss Bow's directors had cast opposite her. For the first time they saw a movie college professor move through the sets as if he had once endured the four-year experience of watching the classroom manner of members of the professorial ranks.

The flash-back now turns to the early days of September, 1916, when Fredric March arrived on the war-torn campus of Wisconsin. He was an eager, green lad of seventeen, fresh from small dramatic and forensic triumphs in the Racine, Wisconsin, High School. For two days there were long bewildering lines of students before the administrative buildings, fighting to get over the routine of registration, anxious to spend lazy afternoons in the September haze which settled early over the Wisconsin campus, situated on the lovely hill that was once the scene of the Blackhawk Indian wars. Or perhaps to ride with fraternity men in "rushing parties" around the thirty miles of wooded land that forms the circumference of Lake Mendota. At the end of those two days Freddy Bickel was enrolled in the school of commerce, ready to begin the four-year preparatory climb to banking.

Wisconsin in 1916 was not then so far removed from tradition. March wore the green "pot," rarely seen on the heads of freshmen today, fought the sophomores in the annual bag rush which the freshmen won, only to be thrown into Lake Mendota at midnight for their pains. A great war of nations was gaining momentum in Europe. The more serious minded of the 7,000 students at Wisconsin were digging deeply into the sociological and economical aspects of the struggle.

Bickel, the freshman, like many others in that class of 1920, gave little heed to a confabulation which then showed few signs that it might involve the United States. He was "rushed" by the fraternity men from the Latin Quarter. There was a swirl of smokers and dinners to undergo, frantic bids to "join up with the boys" to consider. Alpha Delta Phi placed a pledge button on the Racine newcomer. In short order he was initiated into that group, taught the grip and password, and was installed, baggage and pennants, in the Alpha Delta house, a brown-stone structure which is still the home of the Wisconsin Alpha Delta brethren, snugly settled in the leafy shade of Mendota's shore, just across the court from where this is being written.

With the fraternity came the business of "dating," or preserving through the new brothers the cherished Alpha Delta social rating on the campus. The newcomers were brought by the older hands to the Big Six security dances to meet the hey-day crowd (Continued on page 90)
of beautiful co-eds for which Wisconsin is still noted. There seems to have been no difficulty with Freddy Bickel. There were in his case no cowlicks for the brothers to tame down, no loud provincial neckties to be secretly tossed from his room into the lake. Fredric March today, if one is to judge from his portrait appearing in the Wisconsin yearbook, The Badger, at the close of that freshman year, has lost nothing of those handsome clear-cut features, that distinguished, quiet air on the campus pointed him to campus dramatics almost immediately. Or, if we are to judge from a paragraph appearing in "Skyrockets" Daily Cardinal humor column, written three years later on the morning after Bickel had been elected president of the senior class: "To learning for senior, Bickel's backs besides the race for nominations, etc. Freddy Bickel visited the Gamma Phi's after the election returns and was killed by his chaplain. While the defeated candidate, passed out when he heard this and made the announcement that if that was the reward for winning, he decided that he knew how to roll cigarettes."

With no apology for the humor of the "Skyrockets" writer (Nick Grinde, The Bishop Murder Case," was one of the first "Skyrockets" writers), it might be explained that Gamma Phi is one of the most active and influential societies on the campus. To be an Edgar Booth drama, not considered highly as one of the most active and influential societies on the campus. To be an Edgar Booth, or a member of a literary club in that day, is to gain in prestige, to move with "activities" and to gain on campus who were carrying its heavy intellectual and cultural burdens. Ability to act, unlike today, was recognized on a par with ability to make creditable end runs. Undoubtedly to Bickel the requirements of the Edgar Booth Dramatic Club were not too difficult, too demanding for such a freshman's naive hesitancy. As announced in The Cardinal for that year, these requirements were: "a three-minute reading of some play, a short story at the hands of the parts were taken and of some impromptu work in characterization."

The Racine candidate passed the test and was enrolled as a member of the Edgar Booth Club. Evidently like all other neophytes, Freddy Bickel's dramatic lights remained unlighted. The first year of his freshman year he was the bushel of collecting tickets at the sixth joint-productions night of Edgar Booth and Red Domino, girls' historic organization and what is known as the Fuller Opera House, or of supervising amateur makeup before his fellow Edgar Booths went on. Grease paint was in the blood of young collegians in those days before the talking pictures opened an easier, less creative way to indulge in the fascination of the footlights. Even Philip LaFollette, son of the late Senator William, who was candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1924, left his debating and oratory interest at Wisconsin this year to take a part in the French play.

Today Philip LaFollette, March's classmate, is governor of the state of Wisconsin.

So, Freddy Bickel's gift from Edwin Booth that year was a greater urge to the footlights, his picture in the 1918 yearbook with the Bohem Club, and his name, "Fred McIntyre Bickel," listed with the active thespians, all of them as obscure today as March is famous. But he had sought other fields apart from Edwin Booth, Alpha Delta Phi, the classroom, and Gamma Phi. On the night of March 8, 1917, when the judges met in Music Hall to decide the winning beginners for the club medalist in the freshman declamatory contest, they cast their ballots for a quartet, convincing freshman named Fred M. Bickel. He had delivered the obscure declamation: "An Inverte Corry," in, as The Cardinal reported it, "a rich oratorical voice accompanied by perfect platform delivery." Edmund F. Vachel Lindsay speak in Music Hall when they come to Madison and the varsity debate teams still meet there for honor.

In the yearbook of the year 1917, above Bickel's picture as winner of the Fresh Dec, is that of Philip LaFollette as second place winner with Alpha Phi, and sophomore open oratorical contest.

Thumbing further the pages of the yearbook for 1917, the history seeker finds the name Herbert P. Stothart, another Wisconsin undergraduate, who was living with Bickel in those Badger collegiate war days. On the page devoted to the activities of the Haresfoot club, men's musical comedy organization which each year still travels the mid-West featuring men dressed in chorus ladies garb, is found this modest announcement: "The music for this year's hit, 'Jamaica Ginger,' was written by Herbert P. Stothart."

Today the whole world has seen Lawrence Tibbett's triumph, "The Rogue Song," and is humming the tunes Herbert Stothart wrote for the Metropolitan Opera star's first vehicle. As "written for the Metropolitan Mayer song writing staff he has contributed to many other talkie productions.

For one who has seen the magic web of film fame spun only while seated somewhere in Aisle 3, flashing back on Fredric March is like reading "Alice in Wonderland." The Metropolitan Mayer song writing staff he has contributed to many other talkie productions.

For one who has seen the magic web of film fame spun only while seated somewhere in Aisle 3, flashing back on Fredric March is like reading "Alice in Wonderland."

The summer months slip by until it is another summer. Bickel, now a sophomore, hurled the freshman into the lake and helped bring new members into Alpha Delta Phi and Edwin Booth. The United States is on the verge of war. Germans on the campus try to forget that their native country should have won long ago. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps swells its ranks with incoming students. There is daily drilling on the lower campus. Bickel, the cadet, marches in the ranks with the rest of them.

On Saturday night, December 8, '17, Haresfoot Folies are introduced to a second crowd in Lathrop Hall. It is the night when Wisconsin men ca- vort across the stage dressed as women, bearing out the Haresfoot club motto: "Art for Art's sake, gentlemen." The sixth act is billed: "Paul Rudy and Fred Bickel with girls and boys in "Whenever I Think of You."" Warm lights are turned on the stage, for he is billed with Paul Rudy that never-to-be-forgotten Haresfoot female impersonator and singer who for the first time in three years went to the Wisconsin club, grabbing the Notices from provincial as well as metropolitan critics.

When the yearbook came out that spring, there was Freddy Bickel's picture with the hand-picked little group of the Fresh Dec, that picture Bickel was standing before the brownstone Alpha Delta House, dressed in semi-leg top trousers, a huge starched collar and a flowing tie, knotted large enough to throw the whole figure out of balance. Three years later he was posing in New York for Howard Chandler Christy. Half years later and Freddy Bickel is wearing the uniform of a soldier in the United States artillery forces. While the literary societies on the campus, with their traditional styles, are still resisting conscientious objection to bearing arms, Bickel and a bunch of Alpha Delta, members of the Wisconsin College were in a joint dramatic night given by the Wisconsin thespian clubs for the benefit of the Red Cross.
standing and conflict; it was not Freddy Bickel’s fault that he took no shell-torn curtain calls.

The Alpha Delta were preparing to boost Freddy into the presidency of the senior class. Alpha Delta Phi already had the varsity football captain, who was none other than Bickel’s stage teammate, “Chuck” Carpenter. To add a senior class president to the list would mean bigger and better new-comers into Alpha Delta Phi when the “running season” started again.

Bickel, late second lieutenant, U.S.A., had the year before been elected to White Spades, honorary junior activities society. He played the lead in the Junior class play. When the call for candidates for the class office was issued, Freddy Bickel was earning his “W” sweater managing the varsity football team. Iron Cross, honorary senior activities society, had just elected him a member. The name Bickel was known on campus. Carpenter and his fraternity brothers did the rest. The football team came to the polls for Bickel; Gamma Phi Beta sorority did likewise. Freddy won the contest over his five opponents by a margin of 84 votes. The Daily Cardinal called it “the most spirited university election of recent years, with more votes cast than ever before.” On the night of Freddy Bickel’s elevation to the senior class president’s chair, Tuesday, October 28, 1920, long lines waited on the streets downtown to see “Broken Blossoms,” with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.

The year moved fast for the new president of the Wisconsin class of 1920. He was active in Beta Gamma Sigma, honorary commerce club, and the Wisconsin Commerce Club. He was a member of K. K. K. and Skull and Crescent. He announced long lists of committees, which like all senior committees, past and present, did nothing. He made his memorable last appearance in Union Vodvil. He attended the Junior Prom in a rented full-dress suit as even the wealthiest senior class presidents still do today. Near the close of the year, his future unexpectedly became settled. He was awarded the National City Bank scholarship. Members of the commerce school student body, whose scholastic standings were lower than Bickel’s, envied him for that scholarship. The young graduate seemed more fortunate than many of his classmates; he was ready to enter the mythical world of post-undergraduate days with the prospects of rising in the banking world. He had become a protégé of Frank Van- derlip, the New York National City millionaire.

Chuck” Carpenter and Freddy Bickel said good-bye to each other at noon one June day after they had marched greenwards with the 1920 graduates across Randall Field to receive their diplomas. Carpenter, football captain and很棒 student, had lived in Washington, D. C., like so many football captains, went out into the world to become a crack salesman for a New Jersey firm. Freddy Bickel, with a National City Bank scholarship, became a broker.

He steps off the movie sets today and talks about it: “I was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, Commerce. Won some sort of contest given by Frank Vanderlip for young men with banking ambitions. Went to New York to learn to bank, at which precise time Mr. Vanderlip resigned and Mr. Stillman took over. Mr. Stillman had other ideas about young men. And I found myself with a little hammer on my hands and thoughts of what I then discovered to be my first love, the stage, doing odd things in my mind.”

Bickel’s runs on the strangerie flight of stairs to the Belasco “throne room,” a flight mounted so often by Jeanne Eagels, with whom he played in her last movie, “Jealousy.” More likely, not for his first part in “Dubureau” was small. In 1924 March was playing the lead in Gilbert Emery’s “Tarnish.” In 1926 he wrote the Wisconsin Alumni Records office that after playing leads in stock in Denver he had been engaged for Charles Hopkins’ new show, “The Devil and the Cheese.” The Theatre Guild engagement followed. His Tony Cavendish in “The Royal Family” won the admiration of John Barrymore when he played in Los Angeles. Even more, it brought him a Paramount contract.

A year ago Fredric March sent the Wisconsin Union $100 for a life membership. It was the sign that he had been released from the uncertainties of the decaying stage and entrenched in the pay checks of Hollywood.

These have been flash-backs on Fredric March, who as Fred McIntyre Bickel made history at the University of Wisconsin. For, to focus the camera on those old badger days is to see a strong, youthful personality, a quiet capacity and courage for work lodged in one person and bringing to him campus fame. And to focus the cameras for these flashbacks is to catch a newsreel panorama of the heyday of college dramatics before the war, the hectic period of student war days, and finally the first renaissance of silent pictures and the broken hearts which followed in its wake.

Fredric March’s simple statement, “I am a graduate of the University of Wisconsin,” is too modest. In the Wisconsin year-books of late he has been listed as one of Wisconsin’s distingushed alumni and entertained extra-ordinary prominences A. Lindbergh, Zona Gale, Honoree Will- sie Morrow, James Muir, and others.

And if he ever plays a college pic-ture at the Wisconsin Union he is hoping that, remembering old Main Hall and Room 165, where he practiced to win the Freshman Dec—rooms today still on bony, bushy, and businesslike as they were then—he will make a few changes in the lavish, expensive college sets which his unacquainted directors may have planned.

Photograph by Acme from Underwood & Underwood

Will Hays and his bride, the former Mrs. Jesse Stuttesman. This picture was made at Hot Springs, Va., where Mr. Hays and his bride were honeymooning recently. An interesting story of Will Hays will be found on page 44.
which appeared the best actors and actresses—gathered from the entire nation—in the best of the world's plays. Further, the Hungarian government supported a school in which actors and actresses were trained. Paul Lukas, for the last six months of his leave of absence from the army, enrolled in that school.

These days passed all too quickly. Soon he must return to his regiment. But his shell shock prevented him from again going into the front line trenches with the infantry. The continual blast of big guns was too much for shattered nerves to stand. However, service behind the lines did not appeal to young Paul Lukas. If a war was going on he wanted to be in it. He applied for and was given permission to enter the aviation corps.

Four months were spent in a ground school in a small town near Budapest—during which time he acted in the town theater at every opportunity. Then came a change to a flying field behind the lines on the Roumanian front, for further training in the air, actually flying.

“I did some foolish things while at that camp,” he said. “But then I was in love. One does foolish things in love—and they seem the finest things in the world at the time.”

“All men do foolish things in love,” I agreed, “but could you tell me what some of them were—that you did?”

“Huh!” he grunted, and lifted an eyebrow at me. “You want to show me up, huh? Well, I don’t care. I’d do them again maybe. Who knows?”

And so he told me one of those foolish things.

When he was eighteen he fell in love with an actress in Budapest. How much that had to do with Paul Lukas becoming an actor I don’t know and he didn’t say. But, when he was transferred to that Roumanian front it was like slow death to be away from the girl he loved. And he was away. Forty hours by train and motor. Too much for an army man who could wangle but one day’s leave at a time from strict commanders.

But see her he must.

European countries, including England, gave their army fliers a license (just as we do now with civilians) when they were fully qualified to handle a plane by themselves. Whenever an airman came down on a strange landing field the first thing he was required to do was show his license and tell his number. Paul Lukas, with less than five hours solo work to his credit, was not yet qualified for a license. Without one he could not borrow an army plane and fly to Budapest, which was but seven hours away by air.

He thought it over. Seven hours was over two more than he had spent in the air alone, altogether. It was a dangerous trip from that standpoint—but he was in love. He could not put his ship down on any landing field in Budapest even if he did reach there, not having a license—but he was in love. He’d be courtmartialed and probably shot if caught, for stealing an army plane—but he was in love.

So he did it, and got away with it. Romanticists will say—because he was in love.

“I landed on a farm outside of Budapest and bummed a ride into the city.”

(Continued on page 94)
Adding a Bright Touch to the March Wardrobe

At small cost you can make the smart accessories shown on this page to give a new lease of life to your late winter wardrobe. Our New Method Circulars give full directions.

M2. The ascot scarf that well-dressed women are wearing may be made from striped silk. The lined shoulder scarf is made from two half-yard pieces of plain silk. Directions for making these and two other scarfs are contained in this circular.

M3. To give fresh chic to a winter dress wear the youthful collar at the left, or use ruffling as shown at the right. Directions for making two other becoming collars are given in the circular.

M4. A simple evening dress gains distinction when you add this new ribbon girdle. Directions for making two other girdles appear in this circular.

M5. Floral ornaments are sponsored by well-dressed women here and abroad. This circular gives directions for making the nosegay shown in the center, the ribbon flower at the left, as well as two other sorts of artificial flowers.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.
Inez Courtney, of First National, demonstrates the latest in evening coiffure. The hair is brushed back off the forehead with very wide waves ending in curls at the back. The ears are uncovered. The new length earrings are worn to complete the effect.

The Mike Nearly Ruined His Career

(Continued from page 92)

Was with my sweetheart for two hours, and then came back. I told the farmer it was a forced landing, and if any of the army fields saw me they must have thought I belonged to one of the other nearby fields. They did not miss the plane at my field.

"That was just one of the foolish stunts," he continued. "I did a lot more just like them—but the most foolish was later when I married her. Actors and actresses should not marry each other. There is too much conflict. We were unhappy all the time—finally just called it off."

"But you are married now," I said.

"Sure," he said. "Why not? Did it only a month before I came to America in 1927. But this time I went far, far away from the stage for my wife. Actresses are nice, very nice—but not to marry."

WHEN the war was over Paul Lukas returned to Budapest and re-enrolled in the Royal Actors' Academy. Still carrying on the argument with his father, although they remained friends, he was flat broke.

And then followed several years of hardship. Four boys living in one room because of lack of funds. Two sleeping on beds, two on lounges. Their only income was derived from working in the government subsidized theater as extras. For one appearance as an extra they were given one crown, which was equal to twenty cents. They found coffee houses desiring actors as patrons. At five o'clock every day those places gave them coffee. "With real cream, too," says Paul Lukas—and all the rolls and butter they could eat. "But if we ate more than five rolls they looked at us with a funny look and we knew we had better not eat any more." There were two of these coffee houses, one on each side of Budapest, and often Paul and his young friends hurried clear across the city to get that second free "coffee and rolls."

"Then I got a job tutoring for my lunch. I taught two young boys algebra. So about two o'clock every day I ate a big, fine meal. Lunch, in our country, you know, is a big meal, so that tutoring job meant something."

"But it wasn't bad. I loved it. We had fun always, even when we were hungry. And once a month I always made eighteen crowns in one night. Because that often the theater ran a play which made one something more than an extra. I love that play for the meals it gave me. It has thirteen scenes and I appeared in eight of them—eight crowns there. Also I had a part. I ran through a door and said, "The war is on!" Having a part I got ten crowns. No flicks down, eighteen meals. Because for one crown you could get the biggest dish of navy bean soup you ever saw—never have I seen so big a dish in this country—with two nice large sausages cut up in it. I could last for a whole day on that—and often did. I think of that now, sometimes, when I sit down for a good meal a day here in Hollywood."

PAUL LUKAS finally became a full-fledged actor in this theater in Budapest where only the best actors and actresses in Hungary are seen across the footlight. And, except for side excursions to play in Vienna and Berlin, he remained there until he came to America.

Those years were invaluable training. They were training such as few American actors get. The company put on a different play each night. A "hit" would be played only two or three times a week for but one short month—and then not played again until the following year. They had a vast repertory. All the works of Shakespeare, Moliere, Shaw, Galsworthy, Oscar Wilde and every European playwright for the past two centuries. Paul Lukas would take the lead in a play; the next time it was presented he would play the butler or some small part. "I think I have played just about every character written by the great authors in those years I was on the stage in Budapest. I don't understand how American actors can play the same part night after night for months and even years. The monotony of it would drive me mad," he said.

I remarked that I was sure that was what drove some actors I know crazy. And Jack Barrymore once told me that was what drove him off the stage. "I lost all interest after the first night," said Jack.

ONE evening in 1927, two Hollywood motion picture producers were in the audience in that theater in Budapest. One was Adolph Zukor, the other Jesse Lasky. They saw Paul Lukas act. Afterwards they went back-stage. As a result of that visit Paul Lukas signed a contract to come to America, to Hollywood, and make motion pictures.

His first picture was with Pola Negri in "Loves of an Actress." Five other pictures followed in quick order and just when Paul Lukas was beginning to get his feet under him and learn what the movies were all about—came the talksies to Hollywood. And Paul Lukas could not speak a word of English!

"Wasn't that nice?" he asked me. "For eight months I did not do one day's work. I began to wonder where I could get navy bean soup with sausage in it in Hollywood. But I studied English hard. Worked at it day and night. Pretty soon I could understand it, then I could talk it. But the accent still remained. I'm trying to get rid of that now—and you know all about me."

Lukas' last pictures have shown him to the public as one who has arrived and who is going a long way forward toward that goal of motion picture fame. In "The Right to Love," "Anybody's Woman," "Grumpy" and "Devil's Holiday" he has achieved success. Unless all signs fail, he will continue achieving it in even greater portions for a long time to come.

Because he is good looking, has color, he is interesting both on and off the screen and he can act.
**SON**: Now watch, mother! Watch me!

**MOTHER**: What are you up to, son?

**SON**: I'm showing Jackie how to massage his gums—so he won't ever get "pink tooth brush"!

**MOTHER**: Who on earth told you about "pink tooth brush"?

**SON**: Why, the teacher! She told us all about it.

The way our gums get lazy, because we won't eat food unless it just melts in our mouths. And so you got to massage your gums, to keep 'em hard and healthy. If you don't, they begin to bleed. And that's just too darn bad.

**MOTHER**: Serious, you mean?

**SON**: Sure it's serious! Why, mother, you ought to know that, as old as you are. Why, if you have "pink tooth brush" you're liable to get something—a disease that's spelled g-i-n-g-i-v-i-t-i-s. Or you might get Vincent's Disease. Or you might even get py—py-something.

**MOTHER**: Pyorrhea?

**SON**: That's it. And that's not all. If Jackie doesn't massage his gums, he'll probably have false teeth when he gets about 20 or 30. Because if the roots of your teeth ever get 'fected—

**MOTHER**: In-fected.

**SON**: Well, anyway, if they do, off to the dentist you go. And have a heck of a time getting a lot of teeth pulled. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you have "pink tooth brush" yourself, mother.

**MOTHER**: No, as a matter of fact, I haven't. Because I use Ipana Tooth Paste just as you do. And it has ziratol in it—which is what the dentist uses to stimulate the gums and keep them firm and healthy.

**SON**: Yeah. I know all about ziratol. But the best way to really keep your gums in great shape is to put some more Ipana on your brush after you've cleaned your teeth. And rub it in your gums. Like this. See? Look, mother, don't my gums look hard—and healthy? So will Jackie's—if he'll massage his gums with Ipana every single day—twice a day. Just the way my teacher said.

---

**CHECK "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

**WITH**

**IPANA**

**TOOTH PASTE**

---

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-31
75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name: ..............................................................

Street: ...............................................................

City: ................................................................. State: ............................................................
of your forehead before you know it."

H e was as good as his word. In less than a week the prodigal daughter was once more as much a part of the Hollywood tapestry as jealousy, counterfeit nobility and the bungalow court theory that six could live as cheap as one. Fascination's other stars, with bills guaranteed by Mr. Sealyham, threw welcoming luncheons and parties, limelight seeking public officials helped her to lay cornerstones and dedicate a fleet of bandit chasers, and before long Dixie was ruffling her feathers in a devastating society satire entitled "Two Lumps or Three?"

But after the third day of recording it began to be whispered around the studio that La Baronne had lost her old fire, that she was playing mechanically, that Oakleigh, 4th, had a roving eye and that for once in her life she was not being worshiped. The following morning an uneasy cast assembled for work, listening to a haggard-eyed director.

"I want every one of you to play to Dixie with all you've got, he ordered. "We all like her, and you can see she's not her real self. It's all a matter of overcoming her inferiority complex, and I can't blame her much, after seeing that barnacle she's tied to."

"You think he's responsible?" piped up Mr. Sealyham, who was hovering near. "Speaking incognito, he rolls off my knife, too."

"Sure I do," said the director sorrowfully. "Don't you suppose I know her reactions after those eight straight knockout scenes she made for me when she was married to you? But now she can't concentrate. Why? Because she keeps worrying over losing this human thunder strike. Not that she loves him, if you're intelligent—pardon me—in- ttative enough to know what I mean."

You're not yourself anymore, you said A. B. becoming dignified. "She'd like to sidetrack him if she could think of the next move and—pass, here she comes!"

Miss Baronne, with the horsey Ogilvie in tow, entered the sound stage to a suspiciously spontaneous greeting from the cast, and for a moment the famous opalescent eyes glistened as of old. Cameramen and juicers grinned encouragement, the monitor man presented her with some flowers from his garden, and the gown designer went into treble transports over the draping of his creation of orange sequins.

Mr. Sealyham relaxed a bit and watched Dixie stumble through a scene that was supposed to be one of subtle comedy. Once . . . twice . . . three times, and each as leaden as a bride's biscuits, he told himself. Was Dixie really through? There she was, lovelier than ever, starting the fourth trial, and—

"Ak-ak-ak-ak," came a choking noise from a hand dim corner of the stage, cutting into the silence like a riveting machine. Ak-akachoooooo!

"You're canned!" yelled Mr. Sealyham, peering into space. "Sheer in this climate, would you? Come down out of there and I'll slip you a draft for your wages!"

"It's only me," said a chastened voice. "I ain't—I haven't got a cold, Silly; it's just these dusty cobwebs that I'm tangled up in."

"Foghorn! What are you doing there?"

"I'm laying off this week," stated Mr. Turbot from the top of a pile of scenery. "I wanted to see her act, and I knew if I didn't hide somewhere, she'd chase me and—"

"You big loon!" flared Miss Baronne, getting off with it this? You bet, she'll chase you—run, don't walk, to the nearest exit!"

"You win," groaned Mr. Turbot, sliding down to the floor. "I don't want to be a drawback, but listen, baby—"

"Well?" demanded Dixie, trying to tell herself that the expression on her homely face couldn't be one of adoration.

"You haven't grasped the proper mood, honey. This scene should be played with what's called airy badinage."

"And you can help me, I suppose?" said Miss Baronne a little less frigidly, but managing to wave the olive branch with a warlike gesture.

Foghorn lounged a bit closer. "'Fever hear of the fellow who met the girl who was taking vocal lessons? 'Pardon me,' he says, 'but do you sing for money?' 'Well, hardly,' she sniffs, 'I'm a good man, only to kill time.' 'Well, go ahead, kid,' says the fellow, 'you certainly got a fine weapon.'"

"Put it back in the mothballs, Foghorn, you'll have to do better than that!"

Then what about the new cop and the seaman? And Mr. Turbot enacted her favorite story complete with gestures.

"Oh, you idiot," tinkled Dixie, her mouth working strangely. "I haven't heard that story—since, oh, you're as crazy as ever!"

"That's the stuff," beamed the director, sensing the change in her attitude. "Encore, Foghorn, old boy."

"Remember the Greasy Vest, where we used to eat in the old comedy days? Remember the time the proprietor asked me how I found the steak, and I said, 'Very easy: I lifted up a potato and it was lying right under it.'"

The Baronne came features were wrinkled with amusement, then, turning to see how Oakleigh, 4th, was taking it, she discovered him deep in conversation with the henemed Miss Mira-flores, who had appeared from nowhere. "Never mind him," urged Mr. Turbot, growing bold enough to seize her elbow.

"We've got this picture to think of now. J'ever hear of the fellow who was nuts about genealogy until he looked up his family tree and found he was the sap? That's right; keep smiling."

"We'll go right into that scene again," said the excited director. "All set, Dixie?"

"Lead on," trilled the star. "I'll get the tempo this time, surely. Why, Foghorn, where are you going?"

"A good performer always leaves 'em laughing," said Mr. Turbot, drifting for the exit. "I'll be back some other time, and anyway, I'm on my way to a wooden wedding—a couple of Poles I know are getting married. Gooyeby!"

Six months later Miss Dixie Baronne was on the crest of the wave, buttressed by an excellent performance in "Two Lumps or Three?" and a couple of other life preservers. Gone were the faint traces of crows' feet, gone was her inferiority complex, and most decidedly gone was Ogilvie Oakleigh, 4th, who had entrenched himself in a Queen Anne bungalow conveniently near the polo field at Coronado. It was at this retreat that Dixie, deceptively Quakerish in grey gulf chiffon, but with a corsage of violets pinned joyously on one shoulder, alighted from her roadster one April morning.

"I hope," mumbled Ogilvie, when he had been summoned from the stables, "that you haven't come here to start a row. She—she isn't around, so there's no need to look. Why, you're smiling!"

"I've good reason to, darling. You left me six months ago today, and I've come to tell you that you will be served with divorce papers. Desertion, you know, in cases like don't remember."

"Not really?" beamed Oakleigh, 4th., trotting out the grin he usually re-

(Continued on page 98)
She thought:  
"Nice boy—but ‘B. O.’ makes you impossible."

Yet, to be polite, she said:  
"I’m terribly sorry—but I won’t be in any night this week."

Girls liked him at first  
.. but couldn’t forgive "B.O."  
(Body Odor)

She hated to turn him down again. He was good-looking, agreeable, just the type she liked. But . . . "B.O."—body odor. No, she couldn’t overlook that.

Fortunately he discovered his fault later and the simple way to correct it. Today he’s well liked—welcomed everywhere—engaged to the very girl who once thought him "impossible".

"B.O."—we all need to guard against it! Even in cool weather, when we don’t realize we’re perspiring at all, pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily.

We become so used to this familiar odor that we don’t notice it in ourselves—never suspect we are offending. But the least trace of "B.O." is instantly apparent to others.

Why take chances—risk unpopularity—when it’s so easy to be safe? Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy, the delightfully refreshing toilet soap millions love. Its mild, abundant, deep-cleansing lather purifies pores—ends all "B.O." worries. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent—which you’ll quickly learn to love and which vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies.

Wonderful for complexions
Thousands of women depend on Lifebuoy—and Lifebuoy alone—to keep their complexions radiantly fresh and clear. Its bland, penetrating lather gently frees clogged pores of beauty-robbing impurities—tones and stimulates dull skins till they glow with fresh healthy beauty. Try it and see! Adopt Lifebuoy today.

lever brothers co., cambridge, mass.

new!
lifebuoy
health soap
stops body odor
served for the photographs after the international matches. "Well, that is sporting of you, snip, old girl! Delighted, absolutely, and I'll have my lawyer speed things up so you'll have the decree in a week. How much alimony are you praying for?"

"Not a nickel," said Miss Baronne flushing. "I couldn't. I got what I went after—a sporting aristocrat—only I didn't know they were so uninteresting. W—what were you saying about that henna rinse?"

"Oh, I tired of her, the same as I tired of you, and besides, I didn't encourage her to follow me the way she did. And why should I? I do keep the same ponies or mallots or motors from year to year? Perish the thought! Then why, if you'll pardon me, the same wife, be she ever so charming? And that is love—eh, he—among us millionaires, as your cinema puts it. Er—you'd better take a hundred thousand or so, don't you think?"

"No, thanks. And Ogilvie, I think I like you better now, than I ever did before.

"Most remarkable woman," said her puzzled husband, "no tears, no high jinks of any description! Your arteries aren't hardening, by any chance? No? Well, there must be a number four in the filling. Who is he?"

"You're surprised," murmured Dixie, and blowing him a kiss, she started back to the Fascination studios, not in a vehicle of more noise and varnish, but in a chariot of thriftedown that floated on pastel shaded clouds. And she didn't give the credit to the climate. By the time she was facing Sealyham at lunch, disturbingly starry-eyed and provocative.

"I'm telling you," shrugged the production chief, "he's on location in Nevada."

"Bring him back, then. Good heavens, he's always on location somewhere. Where in the world has he popped in he's been such a help to me. Look at me, A. Take him out of Nevada and put him in with me in "The Viper's Hisss," we're going to make down at Catalina."

"Listen," said Mr. Sealyham candidly. "Six months ago, ogilvie roused me up to me and begs for plenty of outside stuff. Now, don't ask me to irritate my best starswimmer just for one of your whims."

"That's all you and Ogilvie were—just whims," said Dixie shakily. "But Foghorn—well, I've decided that I can't get along without him.

"Mr. Sealyham barely avoided stabbing himself with his fork, then it clattered to the floor. "The old yearning looks in your eyes," he quavered. "Just like a guy in masquerade costume looking for a bus. Why—hey, dry those tears! I'll be a this—and that if you don't really want to put the swaddlings on the original once more."

"Yes, I do. Oh, A. B., I was always pretending when I was married to you, pretending and it was two times worse being an Oakleigh. I don't have to pretend with Foghorn. He loved me before the public ever heard of me, before I had a dime or enough gal to say 'chawming weathaw' out loud. And he's good for me, A. B., he's so funny! Did he ever tell you about the woman who couldn't spell Kosciusko?"

"Sure," said A. B. loyally, "and I nearly had a hemorrhage over it. But I'm cured of temperament now and you haven't pulled a single solitary rave at the studio. I'm happy, that's why. You can't refuse to bring him back."

"Don't I know it," moaned Mr. Sealyham, "and I wish my broker was right as often as you are. But it'll be against his will; he told me himself he was glad to be free."

"I'll change his mind," promised Dixie, her eyes luminous. "How? Well, when we're on location at Catalina, Tangee's on the cliffs, and then what do you suppose happens? I sprain my ankle; not really, of course, but then, I'm a pretty good actress. Can't I'll I'll look. foghorn can't be afraid of me then. He'll carry me down and I'll be clinging to him—"

"I'll have me a pair of shoes that I can see that, baby. Well, anyhow, I'm glad I helped lure that Newport nitwit out where the traffic could hit him. Not that he needed urging."

"Ogilvie? Why, what did you do about it?"

"Five hundred smearers a week for five dollars and forty cents. I'm a joyfully, "for a leading lady out of work to make believe she thought he was wonderful. One henna rinse preferred. Get me?"

"THE VIPER'S HISSS," that epic of heat, hate and love in the jungle, unveiled itself with the slithering and fascinating efficiency of the serpent concerned. Miss Baronne, arrayed in the customary coming-out gown of several castaways, which consisted of organdy, tattered, and a rug on the bias, emoted at high pressure with the handsome stencil of a hero, but without a vestige of rest on Mr. Turbot. And Foghorn, who was the only nobly boatswain who was to save them from a gruesome fate at the teeth of some canibals from Central Avenue, excelled himself in turn, while Mr. Sealyham remained grinning in the background like a chubby Buddha.

On the fourth afternoon the tremulous Dixie hastily finished lunch and, escorted by the production chief, wandered away on a trail leading to the top of the green and chocolate cliffs that overhung the beach. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Sealyham returned alone, and before long he was gazing anxiously at his watch.

"Almost time to start shooting again," he stated. "Hmmm—looks like Dixie's forgotten about us. She invited me for a climb, but that A. in my name sticks in her teeth, so I backed out. Hey, Foghorn, run along up the hill and bring her back, will you?"

Mr. Turbot hopped aloft and inside five minutes well along the path, little knowing that a pair of dangling eyes were spying on him from above. Miss Baronne, hidden behind a stump of wind-fallen cypress, watched him draw nearer, and began preparations (Continued on page 100)
What Tooth Pastes really DO

Revealed by UNIVERSITY LABORATORY TESTS

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste the only one of 10 typical brands tested that:
(a) Really cleans teeth  (b) Without scratching enamel

YOU may be shocked by some of the facts disclosed here. They are reported to you exactly as determined by tests in a great University laboratory.

Ten typical dentifrices were tested—Dr. West's and nine others:

SEVEN DO NOT CLEAN TEETH — and two of these scratch enamel
TWO OTHERS CLEAN — but both of these scratch enamel
ONLY ONE OF THE 10—Dr. West's—CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING!

Opinions and guess-work were eliminated from these tests. Normal teeth were stained (to show both invisible and visible dirt) both before and after brushing with each dentifrice tested. The effect of each dentifrice on enamel was next determined. Powerful camera lenses and delicate instruments recorded the results—as given here.

Our purpose in reporting these tests is simply to give you, in advance, exact demonstration of what Dr. West's Tooth Paste will do for your teeth.

When you can be sure, why... guess?

Uniquely gentle polishing

Dr. West's Tooth Paste is a modern dentifrice, product of the best modern knowledge of tooth care. Perfected by the makers of famed Dr. West's Toothbrushes.

It combines two gentle polishers with purest vegetable cleansers. Teeth are not only thoroughly cleaned, but doubly polished. In addition it gives every other good result any dentifrice can safely provide.

You'll like this delightful modern tooth paste. It is refreshing and cooling to the whole mouth. Millions have switched to it already, making it the most sensational success in tooth paste history.

Get some today. You'll find it at all good stores. And you'll see what a tremendous difference it makes—when you know in advance that your teeth will be thoroughly cleansed and brightened, without scratching enamel.


BIG 10c TUBE ON SALE AT MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5-10c STORES

This and Dr. West's Toothbrush, mean white, clean teeth!
Once in a Wifey

(Continued from page 98)

for the accident. She would fall just so, one shapeless leg stretched out thumpily and her mouth away with agony—ah, she was almost there!—he would find her crumpled up and moaning piteously and:

Through the scented air came a frenzied scratching of pebbles, a salty cuss word, and a heavy thud as the careless Foghorn, stepping upon a rock that shifted beneath his weight, spun wildly around and crashed ungracefully into some bushes.

"DARLING!" shrieked Dixie, dashing out from ambush. "Are you hurt? Speak to me!"

Mr. Turbot was on the point of speaking to the world in general, but at sight of her he altered his diction. "Not a bit," he said cheerily, and then, as he tried to rise, his ruddy face grew white. "My ankle!" he groaned, staring at that joint which already was puffed to twice its natural size. "It feels as big as a baby star's head."

"I'll make you more comfortable," fluttered the remorseful Dixie, drawing his head onto her lap. "Just for a minute, before I run down to get help. Oh, Foghorn, darling, this is all my fault! And of all places! Do you remember in the old days how we used to save up and come to Catalina on Sundays, and eat hot dogs and peanuts and look at the view, and then you'd make me laugh? Oh, Foghorn, weren't we happy?"

"Gosh," said Mr. Turbot in wonder, "if an ankle rates me a rave like this I'm sorry it ain't—isn't a couple of kneecaps. You bet we were happy, and—say, perhaps you'd better go get that help."

"I don't need any for what I'm going to say. Let's be happy again, Foghorn, will you?"

"Listen," said the quarry, struggling to sit up, "you've got me at a disadvantage. Don't look at me like that or I'll weaken. Do you really mean that you want me to—uh—uh—to—"

"Propose? Yes! But you're so slow that I see I'll have to do it myself. Will you take me back—for keeps?"

"Will I?" said Foghorn, suddenly serious. "After missing you every day for five years? After haunting all the places we used to go together, just so it would bring you a little nearer? That hurts a fellow, but the hurt's better than just numbness. Will I? There's only one answer."

"Oh, Foghorn," faltered Dixie, "you make me all choky when you talk like that. There's the dearest little white church away out South on Figueroa Street where it's home and quiet and—oh, I mustn't cry, darling, when I want to smile. Make me smile."

"Okay, honey," said Mr. Turbot, kissing her six or seven times to refresh his memory. "Then why not let's look for another little church somewhere on Hill Street—I can't spel Figueroa!"

The End

In NEW MOVIE Next Month
O. O. McIntyre
Will Present His Vividest
Recollections of Hollywood
HERE IS THE BIGGEST SHADE VALUE IN YEARS!

CLOPAY
Window Shades
only 10¢ EACH

Made of CLOPAY, a Marvelous New Material
SUN-PROOF ... FRAY-PROOF ... CRACK-PROOF
Every Shade Perfect. Full Size ... 36 Inches Wide, 6 Feet Long

NOW you can have fresh shades for less than the cost of cleaning your old shades. Only 10¢ for an attractive, durable shade, made of a remarkable new fibre material—CLOPAY. They attach to your old rollers in a jiffy, without tacks or tools.

Test the quality of CLOPAY Shades at your favorite department or 5 and 10¢ store. See how strong they are, how tough, how light-proof, how flexible, how resistant to damage of any kind. They have no filling to crack or fall out. This amazing CLOPAY material is made by a newly invented process from wood fibre, the same basic material used in many of the smartest modern dress and drapery fabrics.

Above all, notice the beauty of CLOPAY Shades, their thick creped texture, their mat finish, their smart colors. A soft standard green, an ivory tan, and also in new and charming combinations—tan faced with decorative chintz designs in color.

At your windows, no one would suspect that CLOPAY Shades cost only 10¢. Your pocketbook will relish this secret.

Super-CLOPAY Shades in heavier weights, mounted on rollers and complete with brackets ready to hang, 25 to 50¢ at Department Stores.

Look for the words
“GENUINE CLOPAY”

If you have trouble finding genuine CLOPAY Shades write us for the name of your nearest dealer. Clopay Corporation, Division of The Seinsheimer Paper Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES
(Manufactured under Patent No. 1,308,759. Other Patents Pending.)

At Most Department Stores and 5¢ and 10¢ Stores.
"Yes, that's what I wanted to be, but my family wouldn't allow me to carry out my ambitions."

Every child's stars are fixed. The only responsibility parents have, so far as their children's mental gifts are concerned, is to encourage them to develop whatever the horoscope indicates, and not to try to change their children's destinies to fit their own parental whims and ambitions. That Dorothy Mackaill's parents didn't interfere in this important matter, not only she, but her thousands of admirers, should be profoundly glad.

That's enough for Neptune. Miss Mackaill has other things in her chart. And they don't have anything to do with her feet, either. The intellectual sign Gemini was rising when she was born. And the sign which is rising, as any scientific astrologer will tell you, may have more to do with your character and destiny than the sign in which the Sun happened to be at the time of your birth.

In Miss Mackaill's case, the first and obvious result of being born so strongly under these particular signs is her versatility. Pisces is symbolized in the astrological books by the Two Fishes, one swimming upstream and one down. Gemini is symbolized by the Twins. Both signs indicate a volatile nature, a double equipment of tendencies and aims, a twisting first this way and then that to attain one's true sphere.

That isn't all. Pisces, as we have seen, is ruled by the revolutionary, mystical, romantic, irresponsible planet Neptune, which is sometimes inspiring and sometimes disorganizing and invariably causes nervousness and restlessness. And Gemini is ruled by the equally active, changeable, stimulating planet Mercury. You know what we mean when we say "mercurial." Well, that's what people are when they are born strongly under this powerful but often upsetting planet.

Fishes swimming in opposite directions!

Twins, each with a different temperament!

Nervous Neptune!
Mercurial Mercury!
And what have you?

Well, in this instance, you have the delightful, many-sided, stimulating, exciting personality which is Dorothy Mackaill.

As to the reasons for her success, both past and present, they are so many and so obvious in her horoscope that all I need to do is to point them out to have you recognize their inevitability.

In the first place, Miss Mackaill's Sun was in that portion of the heavens when she was born which always indicates that men will be a fortunate influence in the person's life. Not necessarily by marriage. In fact, Miss Mackaill's horoscope indicates that she is more likely to profit through men who come into her professional life than through those who attach themselves to her personally. Marriage is likely to hold heavy responsibilities for anyone with Dorothy Mackaill's stars. But so far as business goes, she will benefit—and undoubtedly has benefited—in unexpected ways through people of influence and wealth. (I don't happen to know whether Miss Mackaill is married, so I don't know whom I am hitting, if any one. But I will say this: if she ever does marry, and has a child, she will be very fond of it and will be an excellent mother. That, too, is clearly written in her chart.)

But to get back to her career, the Moon, which rules the public and also relations with women, is especially well placed in Miss Mackaill's horoscope. In spite of her obvious attractiveness to men, she is likely to achieve her greatest success because of her popularity with women. And I am wondering if that hasn't already been the case. I haven't seen as many of Miss Mackaill's pictures as I could wish, but it has always seemed to me that her "pull" was quite as strong with women as with men—and, of course, there are more of them in the average movie audience.

As for her relation with the general public, her Moon is friendly to the god of hard work, and to Venus, the goddess of pleasure, so it is hard to see how she can fail to maintain or improve her present box-office popularity if she will work hard enough and use to good advantage her abundant charm. I believe that she will do these things, because her Jupiter (ruling success, wealth, honor and glory) is in the ambitious sign Aries. Aries gives strength, initiative, boundless energy. Its symbol is the Ram. And like the Ram, those born strongly under its influence—Dorothy Mackaill, for instance—are just bound to get ahead!
"STAGE Coach Days" were great old days. The stop at Ye Old Inn was a great event. Here gathered the rich, the poor, society's belles, government leaders and the town crier. Gossip, song, the minuet and politics prevailed.

Our artist has pictured here an interesting high spot in the lives of our forefathers as a test of your powers of observation. He has purposely drawn two people exactly alike in size, height, pose, costume or dress. Test your skill. If you can find the TWINS, you will be qualified for a chance to win the FIRST PRIZE in the big contest, details of which will be sent you at once. It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made in this unusual new advertising plan. There is no obligation whatever.

If you can find the "twins," send their numbers, together with your name and address. This will enter you in the contest. Two thousand eight hundred fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane and actual flying instruction to be awarded as FIRST PRIZE, with an extra promptness prize of $850.00—making a total FIRST PRIZE of $3700.00 cash, if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well chosen prizes and duplicate prizes to be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

M. J. MATHER, Advertising Manager
Room 108, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois
You’ll Adore this Chic New
LIPSTICK

Easy to use

Curved to fit the lips

NEW! It’s a thrilling lipstick vanity! Chic as the
Ritz, modern as tomorrow and ingenious. You’ll enjoy this latest creation of Heather
as much as you’ll delight in the beauty it
leavens on lips.

This vanity is a red half-moon crowned with the tint of gold. Petite and shapely as
can be. And far more extravagant in appearance
than the mere tens cents it costs you.

There’s no cap to lose, no slide to bother
with, no precious minutes wasted. Just a
flick of the finger and the stick is ready
to use. It is a lipstick of unquestionable
purity and of surprising durability. Its
narrow edge outlines a cupid’s bow and the
flat side covers the lips perfectly. In a
twinkling it adorns the lips with seductive
loveliness.

Treat yourself to this new Heather Lipstick Vanity. Sold in all 5 and 10-cent stores
with other famous Heather cosmetics.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

HEATHER VANITY LIPSTICK

10c IN U.S.A. • 15c IN CANADA

He Refuses to be a Star

(Continued from page 41)

the new medium of the talkies.

"Because I’ve been one," said the
suave Mr. Menjou.

Which only led to deeper bewilder-
ment on the part of said producers.

It was not that Mr. Menjou wanted
to retire. He had gone abroad with
some idea that he might like to live on
the Continent, dallying about the
Rivera and wintering in Cairo and
doing some traveling. But it had palled.
He liked to work.

So when two months had gone by and
he’d been selected only for star roles,
Mr. Menjou took matters into his
own hands. He promoted himself a lot
of non-starring jobs.

He went and asked Irving Thalberg
and Mr. Schulberg and several pro-
ducers for a chance to play just parts.
And he got them only by agreeing to
do some foreign versions in which he
would be starred. He speaks French,
German and Spanish as well as
English.

So now Adolphe Menjou, one time
star, one time a general in the Holly-
wood army, is demoted to the rank of
about a top-sergeant, and he’s happy!

HEARING much discussion about all
this, with some folks saying,
"Poor Adolphe, imagine how he feels,”
and others saying, "He’s an idiot," I
went to inquire for an expansion of his
statements. Having found out on
good authority that he actually had re-
fused to be a star, I felt I had to know
any.

Here is his explanation, brief, to
the point, given to me in rapid-fire con-
versation:

“I don’t want to be a star. I won’t
be a star. I never did want to be one in
the first place. I was right then,
but I lost my nerve. Now that I have
one, I’m more convinced than
ever.

“I am more or less a type actor. I
am to play the parts that are right for
me, I am to play, or parts I can
play. I’d rather play a real good part
than a star part. Often those aren’t
good parts. Often they aren’t in good
stories.

“I want to work. I like to work—
if it’s fun, if I enjoy it. I don’t need
a lot of money. I’m not rich, but I
don’t need to worry any more. I was
up there in that big money for quite
a few years and I’ve managed things
so that I can always be comfortable.
Still, I like to work and it’s always a good
thing to have the bread-and-butter
money coming in on top of your income.

“But I don’t want to do unpleasant
work. I don’t want to be worried and
harassed and nervous and on edge. I
don’t want to play in rotten stories.
And, by golly, I don’t have to.

“When Mr. Laaky came to me years
ago and he said he wanted to star me, I
said I didn’t want to be starred. They
thought I ought to be. So I said I
would, but they’d have to pay high.
Not, you understand, that I thought
was so great. But that I intended to
collect for the worry of being a star,
and for the harm it would probably
do me in the end.

“I FIGURED out that a man like
myself—not an all-round actor, who
living on playing thousands of
kinds of stories, but one who is neces-
sarily bound by physical qualifications
to certain roles—would do better over
a long period of years not to be starred.
I am unquestionably a character actor.
It’s difficult to get a long succession of
good stories in which to star a char-
acter actor.

“It proved so in my case. In the
four, almost five years, I starred for
Paramount, we exhausted every good
story for me; not only of the present
and in English but for fifteen years
back and in every language. We
combed the literature of all nations. In
the end, we found our stock exhausted.
There would, of course, be an oc-
casional new story written in which I
could star. But to make four good pic-
tures a year with me was an impos-
sibility. There simply were not the
stories.

“So if I went on starring it meant
continuing to do pictures I didn’t like,
didn’t approve of, didn’t enjoy.

“Besides, for four years I had had
the worries and responsibilities of a
star. No matter whose fault a mis-
take might be, it was my name that
appeared on the picture. It was an
Adolphe Menjou picture. There were
literally a thousand and one things to
be considered. I never had a day’s
peace. I was always searching for
stories, reading stories, discussing
them, lighting for or against them
with producers.

“Then there were casts. Who should
play this part, who should play that?
What leading lady was best? What
director? Sometimes I felt they were
mishandled in forcing certain actors or
actresses upon me. Sometimes they
felt I was wrong in refusing their se-
lections. Maybe I was. Maybe they
were.

“But it was all a trial, believe me. I
don’t believe there’s any other life in
the world that has as many trials as a
movie star’s. If it isn’t one thing,
it’s another.

“DO you know something? Since I
stopped being a star, I feel ten
years younger.”

I studied him a moment. I remem-
bered New Movie Next Month Presents an Authoritative Article on
THE NEW SPRING FASHIONS

Hollywood sets the modes for the world. What is the movie
colony going to wear? This makes the first definite statement
on the new fashions and what they will mean to women
throughout the land.
her a day a couple of years ago when I talked with him for an hour or so in his office at the Paramount studio, when he was still a star.

"You look ten years younger than you did then," I said, and meant it. He actually did. The worried look was gone from his eyes, the lines from his mouth. He looked happy and carefree.

What change had come in less than a year.

"Why shouldn't I? I'm better off in every way, except financially, and I daresay in the end I'll be better off than I was before. I have nothing to do now but play yes or no, and then work. I read the script. If it's no good, I say 'No, I don't want to play in that' and then I forget it. I don't have to explain why I don't like it. I don't have to worry and fret while nine scenario writers make treatments of it trying to make me like it. I don't have to begin sweating wondering what we are going to get a story that I do like.

"When I say yes, all I have to do is arrive when I'm called and do my work, which is acting. I have no responsibility.

"It's a great life. I never was so happy. I have some time to myself.

I live normally. I love to come to the studio, because I like to act, and now I don't have to be bothered with anything else. I sleep at night.

"A thrill for the glory— I wonder, after all, how much there is in that? The fact that I'm not starring doesn't make any difference to the people who liked me. I hope they'll enjoy the roles I play now. I don't see why they shouldn't. I have an infinite variety to select from. I can do a little bit of something if I can play a supporting role, if it gives me good dramatic opportunities. Moreover, I can play opposite or with great women stars, and we can build up much better scenes than I could when I had to take some leading woman who wasn't as experienced. If I'd been a star would I ever have gotten to play in a picture with Marlene Dietrich? Would I have had a story like 'Morocco' and a director like Von Sternberg?

"It's much! Under the star system, as a rule, the star's salary is such that money has to be saved elsewhere. If they get a good story and play a lot of money, they can give it to actors who aren't so expensive. A star who earns big money is apt to be given inexpensive casts and directors, to even up the cost of production.

"That's the reason, perhaps, that a lot of stars are killed. That some studios are graveyard of promising stars. When you're a star, you can't have the people you want, that you know would be the best for the role. They're tied up, they're too expensive.

"Well, anybody can have me now for any part they think Adolphe Menjou is the one to play. If it's a good story and a good part, I'll play it, and so I'll be in better pictures. I shall be able to work as long as I want to. And when I want to quit and travel, I can. I've nothing to worry about.

"So I think I've been very wise. I'm very happy, anyway. And that's the main thing eh?"

I agreed it was, and he dashed off, shouting in various languages at his friends and looking like a boy again.

Hollywood can think he's crazy.

I think he's the smartest man I've met around here in a long time.

---

GARGLE LISTERINE

**every 2 hours when you have a COLD or SORE THROAT**

In your mouth, a fierce and continuous battle is being waged. The forces of Health against those of Sickness. Nature against Germs—dangerous bacteria that lodge and multiply in the mouth by billions, striving to cause illness.

Surely you can appreciate the necessity of using, every day, a mouth wash fatal to germs, yet harmless to tissue! Physicians have long urged a night and morning gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. For Listerine kills germs of all types in 15 seconds. No faster killing time has ever been accurately recorded by science.

**Gargle every 2 hours**

The morning and night gargle is deemed sufficient, in time of normal health, to keep germs under control and maintain a cleanly condition of the mouth.

But when infection is actually under way, which is the case when you have a cold, sore throat, or inflamed condition of the oral tract, authorities urge that the gargle be repeated every two hours.

By so doing you give the body, now at lowest resistance, the extra attacking force it needs to combat the ever-multiplying germs in the mouth.

**Mouth germs reduced 98%**

If you could look into your mouth with a microscope before and after gargling with Listerine, you would behold a remarkable transformation.

Before the gargle you would see millions and millions of germs, alive, wriggling, darting to and fro. After, you would see the same germs dead and powerless to cause harm.

Repeated tests, following the technique employed at great universities, show that full strength Listerine actually reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane 98%.

**Take this precaution**

At the first symptom of trouble in the oral cavity, begin gargling with Listerine and consult your physician.

Do not be afraid to use Listerine undiluted. Only in this way can you get the full benefit of its germicidal action. Remember that Listerine is non-poisonous, absolutely safe to use, and actually healing to tissue.

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

**SAFE • NON-POISONOUS • PLEASANT TO USE**

10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores
"I Confess!"

Here you see Marlene Dietrich with two of her discoverers. At the left is Director Josef von Sternberg, who discovered Miss Dietrich on the stage in Berlin and gave her a chance to play opposite Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel." Second from the left is Sandor Ince, the Hungarian publicist and theatrical producer, who gave Miss Dietrich a prominent role in the Berlin footlight production of "Broadway." At the right is Victor McLaglen, who plays with Miss Dietrich in her second Hollywood film.

(Continued from page 54)

he is eating his lunch off a tray. While directors and secretaries are interrupting.
Across the enormous desk where piles of papers lie in order, you will see a deeply tanned serious face, with quick, kindly eyes. You will hear a voice still marked by the famous Texas drawl. You will listen to a vocabulary occasionally interspersed with the "cuss words" of a Texas cowboy, for emphasis. And you'll be as astonished as I was to realize that this youngster came alone and single-handed to break into the closed corporation of producing pictures, and to defy many of the sacred traditions and pet commandments of Hollywood.

"I CAME to Hollywood looking for something which would give me more than the normal return for money invested," he said, slowly. He thinks before he speaks, as a rule. "Or at least the possibility for a greater return. In the manufacturing business—and that is where most of the money in this country is made—competition limits you to about fifteen percent at the most. The average is much closer to ten percent on the money you have put into the business.

"You can make more than this on a monopoly, some patented article you sell to other manufacturers or to the public. But if you sell anything, say a bearing, to other manufacturers they get mad and you lose their good will if you hold them up for much more than the normal return. They make every effort, then, to find some way to get along without your article, or to get some other patent taken out and then—you are sunk for good. You can get more when selling to the public direct. They don't grumble unless you charge them more than they think the article is worth. Wooden golf tees are a good example of them. They cost but a fraction of what they are sold for—but the public wants them and thinks the price charged not exorbitant."

He stopped to answer a telephone and drink half a glass of milk. While he did that I adjusted my ideas to this sort of conversation from the "millionaire playboy of Hollywood." I began to see that here was one of those truly American young men who see romance and adventure in business.

"After looking over all the different fields, I am convinced that in most of them your profit is limited. That is not so in motion pictures.

"YOU can spend two hundred thousand dollars making a picture and net a half million dollars on it. And no one is going to get peevéd at you for making that much. The theaters will not, because they get theirs, too; the public will not, because they think the price you charged at the box-office is fair.

"That's why I'm making motion pictures."

Thinking of the size of the check he could write if he wanted to, I said, "But why do you want so much to make big returns? You've got all the money you need."

He waited a moment, as though arranging his thoughts. "To me," he said, "making money is the badge of success. For a business man, the gauge of his success is the amount he makes out of his business, isn't it? I'm a business man. I want to be successful. That's our national creed. Most of the money I have was made by my father. To prove myself as good a man as he was, I must make more than average returns. Do you see?"

I said I did.

Howard Hughes went on to explain, signing letters meanwhile, that he didn't want me to get the idea that

(Continued on page 108)
Mary the film vestal

She faced martyrdom to her life in the Aristocratic school of Pittsburgh, where she was the daughter of a prominent newspaper publisher, Mr. Gladys Moran. The mother, in her own time, had been a hostess at the Embassy in Madrid for her uncle, and invited Mrs. Moran and Lois to spend some time there with her.

The invitation was readily accepted and at a big social gathering in her honor, Lois danced. Among the guests was a prominent Spanish motion picture director, who at that time was about to make a film depicting the martyrdom of the early Christian maidens. He took one look at Lois, and is said to have exclaimed:

“The face of a vestal virgin. The girl for my picture.”

There was a hasty consultation with Mrs. Moran. She consented to the arrangement and Lois made the picture. She made still another in Spain and then went to Rome for three pictures. It was in the Italian capital that Samuel Goldwyn, who was even then preparing to film “Stella Dallas,” glimpsed the little Pittsburgh girl and then, there her fate was sealed. She was brought to America, or, rather, back to America. You know or should know the rest.

Lois Moran never encountered the privations and hardships that so many motion picture stars of today faced in their childhood. Her early days were spent among moderate though well-to-do surroundings and her schooling was obtained in the quiet sanctity of a seminary nestled among the Alleghany hills. And had she not followed the career which she did follow, today would probably find Lois Moran, with her social forebears and aristocratic ancestry, following the life here of a young debutante.

Three years ago, already established in the upper strata of Hollywood’s aristocracy, Lois Moran returned to Pittsburgh with Thomas Meighan, another local boy who made good in the big city, to lead the grand march at a ball given in the William Penn Hotel, by the Seton Hill Alumnae Association. Fame had not turned her head. Her success, she confessed, was luck.

And her classmates, the girls with whom she shared those quiet, pleasant days among the hills, found her the same “sweet, unassuming child” she had been but seven years before.

NEW MOVIE pays one dollar for every letter it publishes! Turn to DOLLAR THOUGHTS, page 10, and send in your own ideas.
"I'd Rather Die Than Loaf"

(Continued from page 106)

THE old days when women thought that frequent bathing and a dash of perfume or talcum was protection against armpit perspiration odor, are gone forever. And how glad women are! What a comfort it is to know that you can carry real insurance against this menace of Nature’s tricks.

Mum! A minute alone, any time, anywhere, and you’re safe from that odor which always marks one as well, at least insensitive to the nicer refinements.

That’s why Mum is such a joy! You can use it while you’re dressing. No fussing, no waiting for it to dry.

There’s nothing in Mum that can possibly injure fabrics. And there’s nothing in it that irritates the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can shave, put on Mum at once—and never a smart or burn!

Another thing—you know how odors cling to your hands when you prepare onions or fish for dinner, or when you have to sponge a spot with gasoline. Mum rubbed on the hands kills every lingering trace of odor instantly!

Carry Mum in your purse with your compact. Have underarm niceness always at hand. You can get Mum at all toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address, Windsor, Ont.

...and MUM!

that’s all you need for complete protection.

The New Movie Magazine

"I’d Rather Die Than Loaf"

every picture turned out made that much. In fact we both agreed that the average picture income was not far above that fifteen percent manufacturers and economists have set as a fair and good return.

"But the possibility is here, as it is in no other business," said Hughes. "The low return is only because so many bad pictures are made and so much inefficiency exhibited in the making of them. The thing that appeals to me is that your money can make those enormous returns. Turn out good stuff and you’ll make plenty. That’s my objective."

I was thinking, while he talked on efficiency, of "Hell’s Angels." That picture took three years to make and cost Howard Hughes four million dollars. Neither that cost nor time seemed very efficient to me. I said so.

He smiled.

"Good point," he said. "But I’d do it over again. I think it was a cheap picture. I spent money, yes. But in spending it I learned enough so that I’m sure now of what I only hoped before—that I can make big money in this business. I came here a greenhorn on making pictures. Looking at it in that light you can say that it was tuition in the College of Experience. It will come back, thanks to that experience.

"But don’t think it won’t come back the other way, too. That picture is making money. Before it’s finished, I will have back all it cost and more besides. That’s why I say it was a cheap picture."

I MUST put in here that in all fairness to Howard Hughes, it must be said that the cost of "Hell’s Angels" was run up through no fault of his own. Talkies came in when he was right in the middle of it and he was forced to scrap three-quarters of a million dollars worth of film. Also he built, for the sake of that realism which is his fetish, what no producer has ever built, a replica in half size of those Zeppelins used to bomb London during the war. The cost of that ran up into hundreds of thousands of dollars—but it was real, and he felt the public rated a real Zeppelin. He held forty planes and seventy-five pilots for five weeks at an airport in Oakland until what he thought was the proper cloud setting came along. But when it came it was beautiful—and real—and, to him, worth the money.

I said realism was his fetish. It is. He has one question, one yardstick, by which he judges stories, situations, characters. "Is it natural?" is the question. By it he produces, by it he directs.

He has great daring. He isn’t bound by tradition. The wealth back of him enables him to experiment and it may, in the end, enable him to do a great deal for the art of the motion picture. That is his intention.

Producers for years have said that an unhappy ending on a picture was synonymous with box-office failure. That the fans didn’t want to see anything but happy endings.

"BUNK!" said Howard Hughes, kicking another Hollywood tradition in the face. "People want entertainment. If a picture is entertaining, it’s a good picture. It is a good picture if it depicts natural and possible happenings. They include unhappy endings, as you know if you look around you any day. That doesn’t mean I’m going out looking for sad finales. But I’m not going to shy away from them if the rest of the story is good and the ending logical."

"Same way about sex. If the action is natural and normal I’m going to put it in my pictures and keep on putting it there. I’m not going to throw in some hot scene just to appeal to what someone has called the depraved instincts that are in all of us." But I’m not going to hold back if the situation is natural and normal.

The censor boards can fight and cut—and I’ll fight back. I think the

This picture reveals why Hollywood is an ideal place for making movies. No, we are not referring to Frances Dee and Rosita Moreno, who appear in natty Winter garb. It’s because Hollywood is ideally located to get any sort of background, from the sands of the Sahara to the tropics of the South Seas. This was made on location up near Lake Tahoe.
public wants honest realism in its pictures, as it does in its books and in the theater. I'll give it to them.

He looked out the window into the studio lot for a moment. Then said, "And I'll spend every cent I have, go to the wall completely, proving that the public wants and appreciates realistic pictures as well as fairy tales. I'm in this business to make money. I believe I can make the most money by making the best pictures. As a manufacturer, I was trained to produce the best article possible. It was my father's code. If I manufacture pictures, I'll live up to that code."

His first picture venture was when he financed Marshall Neilan in making, "Everybody's Acting." It was not an expensive picture; by no means an "epic." But it brought Howard Hughes back a little over fifty percent return on his investment after all expenses were paid.

He next crashed into the eyes of Hollywood with "Two Arabian Knights." With Louis Wolheim, Bill Boyd and Mary Astor, this picture was a knockout. It was one of the best pictures of the year and made "the playboy of Hollywood" over twice as much as it cost to produce. But still, Hollywood regarded Howard as a playboy and refused to take him seriously.

So he came right back at them by buying an exciting stage play "The Racket" and making an excellent motion picture with it. It starred Tommy Meighan and again Hughes made a lot of money.

A hundred thousand dollars with which he had started making motion pictures had grown into well over a million. That's a rather satisfactory way to "play."

Incidentally Hughes was investing his own money, made in the tool company, in pictures, while a lot of picture producers were investing their surplus in Wall Street. He did pretty well, it seems to me. Especially by comparison.

When he had finished another telephone conversation, I said, "Does that go on all day?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you get it taken out of here?"

"Never can tell when one of those birds might really have something I want," he said.

"With all your money," I said, "you work harder than most men."

"I want to work," he said. "I must work. I'd rather die than be a loafer. But it's gotten so now I'm looking forward to a day off. This game was fun in the beginning. It still is, in a way. But it sure has developed into plenty of work, too. Your nose has to be in the grindstone all the time. But there are two great things about it: It can never get monotonous because different things come up every day, and you can make a bigger percentage of profit here than in any other business I know if you make good pictures."

Howard Hughes is doing that. He landed in Hollywood with nothing but money, so it was said. But he stuck his chin out, dared Hollywood to try to take his money away from him, defied Hollywood with his radical notions about making pictures—and is making Hollywood give him more millions.

This kid nephew of Rupert Hughes has turned out to be quite a lad. In a year or two, he'll be one of the great factors of the picture industry.
The New Movie Magazine

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 57)

The new way to a
lovely complexion

...a “skin health” cream

“SAFEGUARD the health of your skin and you
enjoy its beauty.” Realizing this, millions of women are adopting a new, medicated cream that
promotes skin health—Noxzema Cream.

Noxzema is entirely different from ordinary cos-
cmetics. It actually helps the skin function—stimu-
lates circulation—keeps pores clear, free from
excessive wastes. No wonder rough, rheumy skin quickly clears, smooth, clear—radiant with
health. It’s Noxzema on your skin every day.

Use Noxzema both as a night cream and as a
powder base. It’s preservative and non-drying. At
all drug, department and mail Wolfworth stores.
Or mail coupon below with 15¢ for generous trial jar.

NOXZEMA CHEMICAL CO., Dept. T-3
Baltimore, Md.
Please send me a 10¢ trial jar of Noxzema Cream.

Name ____________________________[
Address _______________________________________

City ____________________________ State __________

HOLLYWOOD’S
OWN FAVORITE
RECIPES

Give your friends a real movie
dinner ... here are recipes for
everything from muffins to
dessert. Every recipe con-
tributed by a favorite star ... and
with every one an interesting
new photograph, taken in
the star’s own home. Send 10c
plus 3c postage for this un-
usual new cook book.

FAVORITE
RECIPES
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Incorporated
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
night. He likes all sorts of people and meets them graciously. He makes them talk and soaks up information like a sponge. He never forgets a face or where he first saw it. When in Hollywood he does not mingle much with cinema players. The reason, of course, is obvious. Good friendship and discipline do not mix. Yet he does like them and he knows all about each and every one—more than they ever dream he knows. The malicious gossip of Hollywood does not interest him. I have heard it started in his presence at dinner parties out there. He immediately becomes deaf, changes the subject or suddenly remembers he has to telephone New York. His is a legal mind and demands indisputable facts.

On the other hand when he hears news of some individual who is working hard and proving a credit to the industry he becomes attentive. He interrogates. What he hears is immediately classified in his very capable head between his two very remarkable and outstanding ears.

Of all the restless people I know, Hays likes motion best. He is like a blob of mercury on smooth glass. He thinks in terms of miles. It pleases him to bring people together who ought to be acquainted. If he does not know a person he asks to meet them.

I recall at a dinner party one night he had not met Heywood Broun and asked me to present him. I did. Before I could walk away, the usually shy Broun—this was before his advent into politics—was talking his head off. Hays has a gift for making people talk from the first crack of the pistol. When he goes to Hollywood or to Sullivan or abroad he carries two and sometimes three stenographers and he will often hop off the train to shoot a jolly to some author whose magazine story or book he has just read. I suppose Will Hays in many ways is a Babbitt. Yet in many other ways he is the greatest sophisticate I know. People may often think they are kidding him about this and that. But they never do. He can size up the four-flusher at a mere glance but he will never expose his hand. He would make a marvelous poker player.

His friendship is as staunch as I have ever known. I have personal knowledge of this for in a dark hour in my life, when my dizzy world suddenly stood still, turned over slowly and crumbled, he was a Gibraltar-like rock.

He had heard that I was the victim of a bit of shameless injustice. He spent the most of three busy days and nights in my behalf. Nor did I know of his activity until many weeks afterward—and then from others.

Once when I tackled him about it, he evaded with: "Shut up. I didn't do anything. It's all a big lie"—and changed the subject. But I know he did.

Multiply this incident by thousands and you will understand why those of us who know Bill Hays love him with such enthusiastic adoration.
swim and fly and motor, you party in packs from house to house. Paris was to me the last word in sophistication.

The American thinks of Paris as a place to drink and flirt excessively. Actually he is converted to coffee and Viichy within two months. The difference is a disgrace among Latins. They live more by the honor system over there. When they can't come to America. In Sicily when I asked about the old black-hand mafia—those bandits who terrorized the island for so long—I was told with happy smiles that they had all gone to New York and Chicago.

Hollywood is not confined to the suburb that bears the name. Its spirit animates the entire coast and even creeps into Mexico. There is all the scenic variety of its movie "locations.

No one ever stays indoors unless he has to work. He keeps his car and drives off in all directions. Among the holiday branches of the movie colony, I recommend Palm Springs in the desert, Lake Arrowhead, five thousand feet up in the mountains, Del Monte, Santa Barbara and San Diego along the seashore, and Agua Caliente and Ensenada in Baja California of old Mexico.

In respect to scenery, California is a closely packed bargain. You will find here all the scenic specialties of Europe plus samples of Asia and Africa.

Along the foothill boulevards you drive through Italian scenes of orange and olive. Arriving at Banning you will find the Japanese celebrating the blooming of the cherry trees in springtime. On beyond you enter the desert that doubles for Sahara on the screen. Here, in an oasis of date palms, you may cool yourself by looking up at San Jacinto with its Alpine snows. Or you may drive the other way past Bill Hart's ranch in the Warne hills and cross the Majave desert to Bishop, thence into the high Sierras, dwarfed only by the spectacle of Wally Beery fishing from his cabin porch.

In balancing the joys of a Hollywood trip against those of a European you must ask yourself whether you are movie-minded or history-minded. If you are interested in historic monuments you may prefer Europe. And you.

The cathedral of Notre Dame was always a favorite landmark of mine. I never failed to lift reverent eyes to the hill where it was enthroned in changing vestments of light. So I suffered a shock of personal loss on looking up one day to find it had disappeared. Carl Laemmle had torn it down.

Phantoms of old-world monuments flit through the lots of Hollywood, serving their day in pictures before being returned to their original solvets. Notre Dame having done her service for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" had returned to the Ile de la Cite.

On my second night in Paris I visited the famous black-hand mafia. Notre Dame was being illuminated for the occasion, someone having tipped them off I was coming. No picture ever impressed me more than the effaced face like chaste silver on the velvet of night sky. Now and then a fragment would detach itself and wing off into the blackness, a pigeon whose slumber had been disturbed by the bright light in its eyes. As I stood revering the work of god-inspired man, a plaintive voice at my elbow murmured, "But where's the hunchback?"

I suddenly realized that the scene had become the travel guide. In the palace of Versailles the same little screen-read friend called my attention to the secret door into the bed-chamber of King Louis. "Remember that's the door Pola Negri used when she visited the king at night."

"Yes, and now Norma Talmadge is using it," I sighed, recalling Du Barry, "or maybe the kings.

Later our guide pointed to the window from which Marie Antoinette viewed the rabble shouting for bread and uttered her classic wise-crack, "Let them eat cake."

"A woman who would make a crack like that ought to have her head cut off," observed my friend. "It was doing an old good job for her. Who do you think she was, Greta Garbo or Gloria Swanson?"

It seems the tables have turned: the movie reproduced historic scenes and now those scenes are movie history.

WANDERING through a movie lot you pass through all ages and nations. In one corner better attires anywhere in the world. They make the originalns look like imitations.

Even the retired actors eruct them on their subdivisions to attract the history-minded. If you are interested in historic monuments you may prefer Europe. And you.

There are, of course, the genuine old Missions all along the coast. Dreaming, fragrant spots of redolent romance. I shall never forget the rapture I felt as a child on viewing San Gabriel Mission or the pleasure of drinking the wine under an ancient wide-flung vine (Poor little children of these gin days).

In view of the economic times it might be well to balance the cost of a Hollywood trip against a European.

With the exception of Italy, Europe is no cheaper than Hollywood. Most often it is more expensive.

If you want the same comforts you have at home—room with bath and meals at all hours—you will find Hollywood more congenial perhaps.
I know a hotel in Hollywood where you may have room, bath and unexcelled service for two dollars and a half a day or fifteen dollars a week. The same accommodation would cost more in Paris.

Food is cheap in Paris if you know your restaurants. The same is true in Hollywood. I always look forward to the unsurpassed restaurants of Foyot, L’Escargot and Larue whose food and wine cannot be matched anywhere this in country. But when I am hungry in an American way I think of the six cent lunch and dollar dinner at the Come-On-In Inn in Hollywood. In this Japanese bungalow under the trees you will find more genuine atmosphere than in Nini’s Vieux Chalet of Montmartre. I cherish the privilege of dining in Hattie’s immaculate kitchen above membership in any club. It is a deal never exclusive (only Malcolm McGregor has similar entry.) Nini herself is not as amusing as Betty, the waitress. Recently I enjoyed a long chatty evening in the sky-light dining-room with Anita Stewart and her husband, George Converse, with whom I compared travel notes. When Betty dashed in wearing a purple skirt to her knees and a sweater that looked like a reptile’s Sunday clothes we agreed that no peasant in Europe was half as picturesque.

In Hollywood and its environs you may dine on all the foods of the world. There are restaurants Russian, Japanese, Italian, Spanish, French, Armenian, Greek and Swedish. Call up Louise Fazenda and she’ll direct you to all of them.

There are also some exotic dishes peculiar to California as whale steak, sharks’ fins, beer steak and barbecued meats.

The drink for which I thirsted in Paris was orange juice. You become addicted to it in Hollywood. And I missed the incomparable vegetables of California that ornament the roadside markets.

I need not reiterate the variety of people in Hollywood. It is as cosmopolitan as Paris. With Doug Fairbanks I have seen the dragons dance in the streets of Chinatown. I have enjoyed Japanese food in a rickety upstairs with Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffith, Malcolm McGregor. At Palm Springs I saw the desert Rudgie Valentino and watched the Indians in their tribal dances. With Novarro I have dined in obscure Mexican places in Sonora-town. Stepin Fetchit and Nina Mae introduced me to the delights of the negro section along Central Avenue.

My good Italian friend, Bull Montana, has taken me to the Guasti ranch where I found the hospitality of Italy along with the food and drink. In Santa Barbara each year I enjoy the Spanish fiestas. At San Gabriel the Mission Play. In the Spring my Japanese friends escort me to Banning for the festival of the cherry blossoms. In midwinter I am entertained by Jack Dempsey and my Mexican friend, Manuel Reachi, at Ensenada, which with a hotel, casino and the finest beach in the world is more attractive than the French Riviera.

In fact I don’t see how I’ve found the time to write this article, or you to finish it if you happen to be in Hollywood.

P. S.—Ramon Novarro has just called to invite me to the International Theater for “Sevilla de Mis Amores,” the Spanish version of “The Call of the Flesh,” which he directed.

“Men must work” says Russell Owen

and here’s how some of them make it easier.

A MAN was working on metal with bare hands when the temperature was more than forty below zero. He grinned as he looked around, and though he was a tough person, I wondered how he stood it. How did he protect his skin from being burned by the frosty metal? How protect it against frost-bite? I soon found out how the workers in many lines have solved such problems for themselves. They use a protective substance. Its name is “Vaseline” Petroleum Jelly.

For example, there was the sailor who used it for “sea cuts”—those cracks in the skin which come from cold and are inflamed by salt water. There were the men who work on electric batteries all day, who find that “Vaseline” Jelly is the only thing that will protect them from the hardening effect of sulphuric acid.

Photographers, who must dip their hands in chemicals, used it to prevent skin troubles. “Just rub a little ‘Vaseline’ Jelly on the hands before putting hands in chemicals and you’ll never have any trouble with poisons affecting them,” said one of them.

There was the glass engraver who covered his face and hands with it before etching, to prevent the fumes from burning his skin. The head of a firm of painters and decorators, who advises his painters to use it on their faces in the morning before beginning work, as the paint then comes off easily without rubbing or hurting the skin. The printer who used it to take ink stains from his hands. One man—he was a painter—was using it to wash with because there was no water handy.

The head of a firm of plasterers said: “‘Vaseline’ Jelly to a plasterer is as essential as any of his tools. Nine out of ten plasterers have a bottle of ‘Vaseline’ Jelly in their tool kits, keeps the hands soft and cleans the lime out of the pores.”

The cold facts from these men is the best advertisement in the world for “Vaseline” Jelly as a healing and protective measure. Try it some time.

Russell Owen
for the servants to get in and out of them than Beverly Hills. And a roadster and perhaps a five-car garage full of assorted sizes and colors (we will omit discussion of yachts).

SOME stars and some directors have airplanes and air chauffeurs. I was recently snatching breakfast at dawn in a Harvey House at Kingman, Arizona, where I had stopped over night on a trailer trip. I looked up and there was Douglas Fairbanks, gulping his coffee. He had dropped down for breakfast. He was piloting his own plane, he said, “into Colorado,” out turkey shooting for the moment.

Entertainment can cost little or much. There is a trip to Europe every two years, leaping to London for clothes. Most of them hop-scotch down to Beverly, and I have seen a hurried film-flammer order twenty-five of each little clothes, to be in half an hour. Arthur Fester has taken the trouble to bring over a lot of tailors from his beloved London in a noble experiment to make riding breeches look better in pictures.

I will leave the bootlegger’s bills to your imagination.

NEARLY all picture people now have beach homes up the coast. Most of these places are small. One cozy little cot has an elevator—and, I have been told, twenty guest rooms.

Just how much picture income is lost gambling I would not venture to guess. Week-end losses of $60,000 or more are quite commonplace at Agua Caliente, that delightful spot across the Mexican border which is well outside the zone of perfect health. There are, I understand, ample opportunities for being taken care of by gentle-mannered gamblers in Hollywood, Pasadena, and Del Monte.

Many film stars are generous and do kindly things which never reach the ears of press or public. I know that one picture star recently bemoaned the fact that her Beverly Hills neighbors were not having fun during a week-long visit. So he equipped all the fire stations with fancy concrete hand-bell courts and quietly paid the bill. Another movie gal used to save up $200,000 in her penny bank and then get rid of it in a hurry, sending broke and down-hearted actresses on trips to Paris, all expenses paid. Actors often see each other through misfortune—and many a star pays hospital bills for some poor kid who never knew who sent her out of the city, or who in fixed things up, transforming a ghostly hospital room into a paradise.

Actors blessed with children go to fantastic lengths to keep their precious little ones out of harm’s way. I remember one little boy who was 31 years old. One graduate has charge of a bar at a large hospital. Another saved a sparrow with a broken wing, and had it for his pet. He lives in a little house in the desert. And his pet bird. He was a bird fancier and had a bird of every sort.

Leila Hyams is one of the prettiest of the Malibu beach belles. Miss Hyams, by the way, is being seen now in *Part Time Wife*, a successful Fox Production starring Edmund Lowe.
Dollar Thoughts
(Continued from page 10)

Plea for Gilbert
Baltimore, Maryland.
I recently saw John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor." Why they put a good star in such pictures is beyond me! They are just taking one of the biggest box office attractions and ruining his fame by casting him in stories entirely unsuited to his type. Why don't they give him more pictures like "The Big Parade," or "Flesh and the Devil"? They could also cast better actresses opposite him. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, John Gilbert is one of your best bets. See that he remains that way.
S. Stedd,
1664 W. North Avenue.

Bill's Influence on the Kiddies
Chattanooga, Tennessee.
All the bedroom farces, drinking scenes, risque parlor dramas, gangsters and hold-ups piled together are mild in their influence when compared to one William Haines picture. Our own youngster is impossible for days after seeing him. And I have heard stories of other people say the same thing.
Sarah Emerson,
Box 1681, Sta. A.

How to Frame New Movie Pictures
Trinidad, British West Indies.
Having noticed the full-paged pictures in your magazine are all of the same size, and thinking that there may be readers who would like to frame theirs, I take pleasure in suggesting it being done this way. Take two panes of glass, put the picture between them, bind the edges with passe partout, putting rings at the sides, supported by short pieces of string. In that way you can hang the glass to show one set of pictures one day and a different set the next day, for both pictures can be seen in one frame.
Jack R. Fortune
Care Miller's Stores, Ltd.
Frederick Street,
Port of Spain.

Helpful Article
Lima, Ohio.
"How to Have Your Photograph Made," by Russell Ball, was splendid. That man knows his business and does New Movie for printing such an excellent article. I had my photograph taken about a week after I read it, keeping in mind all of Mr. Ball's advice. I have only to add—it is the best picture and the most natural one ever taken of me.
R. M. H.
936 Rice Avenue.

From the Azores
Ilha Terceira-Azores.
I'm sure as I do in this Island of Terceira (Azores), almost ignored in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, it is always a great pleasure for me to receive some new magazines. However, that pleasure has increased with the first copy of THE NEW MOVIE that I received and read. Among the special features that I have appreciated in that magazine I may mention the number of portraits of the stars, published in each (Continued on page 117)

Start a new day, at 6 P.M.

Would you make every evening a more pleasant one . . . or more profitable? Would you make them all happy, lively, enjoyable . . . and resultful? Then wash away fatigue and the cares of the day . . . with this invigorating bath. Moderately hot at first, ending with a cold splash and brisk toweling. Read The Book About Baths for more details.

No more dull sleepy mornings
Fully as helpful as the "After-work Bath" is the "Morning Wake-up Bath." It is an eye-opener, an energizer, a self-starter. There are a few little tricks that make it more effective. Like starting with warm water and suds and making the final splash cold enough to be tonic.

Here's a bath for sore muscles
Did you know that the right bath can do much to prevent sore, stiff muscles after hard work or exercise? If not you should read page 13 of The Book About Baths. It explains, among other things, that this bath should be a long, hot, soapy one.

Learn to make baths help you
There is really more to this matter of baths than you might imagine. Baths to end sleeplessness, to ward off colds . . . for mental alertness, for comfort, for cleanliness. But it's really quite simple. And very important in this busy, busy age. In fact, so important that we have written a book about it!

Write for FREE booklet
The Book About Baths is a valuable, helpful booklet. Decidedly interesting! And simple, practical, understandable. Would you like a copy? Free, without obligation of any kind.

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Name
Street
City
State
The Banjo Player Who Made Good

(Continued from page 67)

Still he kept going. This game was far tougher than he had imagined, but by now he wanted it badly and refused to allow it to sidetrack him. He sat for an hour after hour in casting offices, stood in line with hundreds of others who were after the same job he was. Sometimes he got it; more often he did not. But he talked to Hollywood people he had met while playing in the orchestra. In this way he got test after test for small parts. "Those are great—nobody uses 'em. But none of them ever clicked, none of them ever brought him the glad news that the test was good and that he was to get the part.

He moved out of the cheap hotel to a cheaper room with a family who sought to add to their income by renting their "spare" room. For a while they did get those extra dollars once a week. Lew Ayres pawned his musical instruments in order to pay them, and get gasoline for his car. Lest that latter be thought an extravagance, allow me to say that in Hollywood it is just about a necessity. The distance between studios is so great—it takes almost an hour to drive from the Universal to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio and far, far longer than that on the buses and street cars—and those seeking jobs must cover so many studios daily that extras have found it more profitable to go without eating and buy gasoline rather than give up their cars.

Lew Ayres finally came to this point. For six weeks he did not pay his room rent. For six weeks he ate where and when he could. For days of those weeks his only food was two apples and a loaf of bread—eating fifteen cents. And there were days when he did not eat that much.

"Boy, but I was sure tempted to quit then," he told me. "Looking back on it I don't know why I didn't. I could have gotten a job in an orchestra any time. But that would have meant I would not have had time for pictures. And they came first."

His landlady, sorry for him, allowed him to stay on those six weeks without paying his rent. But she, too, had to eat. She finally stopped him as he went to his room one night.

"Lew," she said, "I'm sorry. I'd like to have you stay with us. But we need the money we could get for your room."

"I know it," he answered. "I've had to get along for a while now if I hadn't thought every day I'd get work and be able to pay you. I'll leave tomorrow."

The next morning he packed his suitcases and threw them into the back of his car. He had eleven gallons of gasoline and twenty cents. What was to go or what he was to do he did not know. He had a half-formed idea he could sleep in his automobile but it was wet. He sat behind that steering wheel for five, ten, fifteen minutes. He could not make up his mind which studio to try first in his daily search for work. He heard the telephone ring inside the house. It stopped. There was a pause. And then his landlady pulled back the curtain of her front room, looked to see if he was still there, and raised the window.

"Telephone," she called. "It's for you, Lew." He walked back up the stairs he had climbed, hungry, so many hopeless nights. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Ayres? Pathé Studio talking. Can you come out this morning? We want to make a test of you?"

"I'll be there." But his voice wasn't jubilant. He'd been tested before. Dozens of times. Tests were just something—well, something you took. Like castor oil.

He went through the test as directed. They asked him where they could call him during the late afternoon and he countered by saying that he would call them. He didn't know where he would be. He drove out to Santa Monica that afternoon and sat looking at the sand and rolling waves. "I didn't have a rational thought for hours. Just sat and looked at the breakers. I don't know what was in my mind. Guess I was about ready to throw up the sponge and go back to the banjo and sax."

Just before dark he called Pathé and was told to come over and see...
Paul Bern, then a producer at Pathé, now one at M-G-M. Bern gave Lew Ayres a contract for six months, and smiled when Lew asked him how soon he'd get paid.

It was the beginning of the up grade for the kid from Halstead's orchestra. The salary wasn't much, but it was eating money.

Lew Ayres did little while at Pathé. They were making few pictures and could not see Ayres fitting in any of the parts in them. But Bern, who left Pathé, did not forget the young fellow who asked him, "When's pay day?" He sent for Ayres when a leading man was needed for Greta Garbo in "The Kiss."

Then Universal started casting for the great part of the boy in "All Quiet On the Western Front." They took tests of every available man in Hollywood and sent to New York for others. Finally Paul Bern again suggested Lew Ayres. He took the test, the job, the picture—and was made. Lew Ayres has eventually arrived in Hollywood, landed on both feet after his long climb up the hazardous ladder, and is headed for big things if the present plans of Hollywood producers do not go astray.

"I once tried to thank Paul Bern for what he has done for me," Lew said. "It was during the shooting of 'The Kiss.' But he just grumbled, 'Haven't done a thing. Just helped get you a job. Don't flip after I recommended you and I'll be repaid.' You know, I had to work like the devil after that remark."

Lew Ayres did. He's working now. And he's going to work himself to a much higher level in this Hollywood of ours.

Dollar Thoughts
(Continued from page 115)

issue; the gossip from the studios; the visits to the various studios of the motion picture world and, especially, the reviews of the new films. I have greatly appreciated this department as from it I can obtain the right information regarding the current movies.

Jacinto Dos Reis Moniz Silva,
Rua do Conde No. 14,
Santa Luzia Angra Do Heroismo.

Inside Impressions
Hollywood, California.

Having worked in movie studios for five years, perhaps my impressions of stars whom I have seen in person may be of interest to the fans:

1. Laura La Plante—Democratic, friendly, sincere and unaffected.
2. Mary Philbin—Shy, sweet, restrained, not capable of deep emotion.
3. Alice Joyce—A perfect lady.
4. Louise Fazenda—Always considerate and amiable; greatly beloved by all who know her.
5. Norma Shearer—Gorgeous; as elegant and beautiful in real life as on the screen.
6. Betty Compson—Can change her entire appearance with every gown. A highly gifted star, with something wistful about her.
7. Joan Crawford—A sensible dresser, and vivid, magnetic type of woman.

Evelyn Bosson,
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Maybelline Co., Chicago

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 38)

Why should they? How could they? For they saw each other masked and armored against the world that hadn’t lived up to their dreams. He thought she was beautiful, but cold, haughty, hard. She thought he was handsome—in a way; he looked as she thought a Prince Charming would look if he happened to be such a thing... but he was snooty, high hat, and very young.

A MASK—and a suit of armor, meeting. And hiding behind them, a boy and a girl, terribly young, shy, sweet, confused. Ashamed, really, of how young and expectant they were. Ashamed to admit that deep down they both hoped still for the miracles of which all young things dream. Oh, no, they were a couple of worldly folks, they knew life, they weren’t to be fooled any more.

why? Unexpectedly, they met in a world of make-believe, and lost for a moment, their pretenses.

Joan Crawford went to see Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a play called “Young Woodley.”

Sitting in the darkened theater, seeing the boy play this sensitive part with real artistry and finesse, the girl thought that he was worthy and arrogantly casual. She forgot how she had always been haughty with him. They met on a common ground—their real, intense love of the art of acting.

Going out into the bright lights of Hollywood Boulevard, Joan was still held by the spell. There burned in her a desire to pay tribute where tribute was due. Absently, she went into the telegraph office and wired compliments and congratulations.

The next day Douglas called her up. That night he took her to dinner. He took her to dinner several times. They danced, chatted, were very gayly casual. Two charming people having a bit of flirtation. Doug said bright things about pictures. Joan said wise things about life and people. Their interests were all the same, they knew the same people, did the same work, lived in the same atmosphere. Their positions were equal.

And slowly that magic which no poet has been able to explain, revealed them to each other. The mask dropped from Joan’s face. And he knew that it had concealed his dream girl, who stood before him, tender, strong, eager for love, ready to believe again in those things which life had forced her to lay aside.

Doug laid aside the armor of his gaiety. He was a poet in love.

This had been destined from the beginning of the world.

At nineteen they had discovered the most priceless of all gifts. They had no doubts, no questions. Cynicism fell from them like some soiled garment. Modernism forsook them. The miracle had befallen, and miracles always belong to the few.

They didn’t want to waste a day, an hour. Since fate had intended them to make a perfect whole, why delay matters? They belonged together for always. In the most old-fashioned way in the world, they wanted to Get Married.

To their utter amazement, they encountered opposition on every hand.

This thing was so clear to them, wasn’t clear to anybody else. To their chagrin they discovered that their immortal love was regarded by their elders with incredulity. Nobody would believe them. At best, it was a “first love,” a boy and a girl romance which was bound to die. At worst, it was an affair—a Hollywood affair.

“You’re too young,” was the general verdict. “You’re just kids. You’ll get over this. Nineteen! Ridiculous!”

In a way it is not difficult to understand their opposition.

Doug’s mother had devoted her whole life, her every thought, to her son. He had been the center of her universe since he was a child. To her, at nineteen, he was still a child. How could he be ready to marry, to leave her for a life of his own? Of course she wanted him to marry—some day. Of course she hoped he’d find the right girl—when he was older. But not so soon—so unbelievably soon.

Besides, what could a boy of nineteen know about real love?

His father, the Senior Douglas Fairbanks, said much the same thing.

Doug’s marriage would handicap Doug, Jr., terribly. He could understand the hot blood of youth, the belief youth has in itself. But why take a rash step, just when he was beginning to get on? Surely, it was wiser to wait.

Even Joan’s mother objected vigorously. Joan was too young to marry. And if she did, it should be some older man, who could guide, protect and advise her.

Neither of the kids had any money. They were earning fair sums, but both had obligations. Nothing was sure. Being under age, they couldn’t be married without the consent of their parents.

(Continued on page 120)

Mercolated Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by rapidly using pure Mercolated Wax. Get in hurry, and have an infected or almost invisible patch of aged skin fix itself, until all blemishes disappear, and face looks fresh, fleshy, toned, and yuong. Use on hands, elbows and knees. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and healthy, and you look years younger. Mercolated Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: four times Power- dired benzene and I half plat witch hazel. At drug stores,

Great Personalities of the Screen

Herb Howe Starts a New and Sensational Series in NEW MOVIE Next Month, Presenting the Great Folk of the Films as He Really Knew Them. The First Story Presents Mabel Normand.
Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 16)

after an unfortunate experience with an aged millionaire, learns that youth is preferable to money, or something like that. Permanent

Sin Takes a Holiday. Designed for the more sophisticated picture-goer, this hits the target, if not quite the bull's-eye. It is pleasing to watch Constance Bennett emerge from the somewhat drab personality of an efficient secretary into a radiant butterfly. Before she is through, she has her boss turning hand springs. Pathé.

Viennese Nights. For those who prefer romance and the moonlight of glamorous Vienna, to realism. First National has turned out a pleasing operetta, produced on a generous scale. If you are not in the mood for singing there always is another night and another picture.

Just Imagine. A musical picture displaying no little imagination, in addition to girls and song. Fox.

Reviews

(Continued from page 88)

daughter and the other members of the household. If you prefer to avoid the long-drawn agony of a death-house, prior to the execution of wayward son, it may be well to leave before the conclusion of the film.

Free Love—Universal:—Conrad Nagel, as a husband who has passed through six years of an irritating marriage, wallops his wife on the jaw, whereupon Genevieve Tobin, in the role of the wife, punches out on the drawing-room floor. When she comes to, she concludes that marriage is just a rough-and-tumble fight after all, that true love must be expressed through an occasional punch, as well as a feverish kiss. It takes a long time for Conrad to forget that he is a gentleman, but for the most part, the domestic bickerings are authentic enough to hold the attention. For comedy relief, there is the ever reliable Zasu Pitts with Slim Summerville as her running mate. The big moment of the picture, however, comes when Conrad says it with flats.

See America First—Universal:— Those made dizzy by high places and by hazardous approaches to being hurled through space, may well avoid seeing this comedy too soon after eating. The cautious grounding will get a good scare in following the antics of Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville in this hodge-podge of adventure. It is a gaminster picture gone comic with occasional suggestions of satire, usually running into burlesque. The appealing, befuddled Harry and the tall, gawky Slim make a good comedy pair in a picture that does not aim to arrive anywhere except at an amusing finish. Gang warfare at its worst and at its merriest provides a background for an entertaining hour. Bessie Love is almost overlooked in a regrettably small part.

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This season six new Paris-approved colors have been added to the popular Tintex shades—be sure to see them on the Tintex Color Card which you will find on display wherever Tintex is sold.

Better look below and decide which of the Tintex Products you'll need for your particular purpose—there is a special kind of Tintex to meet every home-dying and tinting need!

TINTEX TINTS AND DYES

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere
Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 118)

So they waited. And the waiting did them no harm. It convinced them, and it convinced everybody else, that they meant what they said. It gave them time to get acquainted, to plan their future, to learn many things about each other while there was still time.

In the end it was Doug’s mother who said, while they were visiting her in New York, “Why don’t you children get married?”

They stared at her, stared at each other—and then young Doug was gone, with a leap and a shout worthy of his father. He actually came back with a bewildered minister, and it took some time to convince him that in the Twentieth Century licenses and such like had to be obtained, and that Joan desired to wash her face and brush her hair and put on a new frock.

But the very next day, in June of 1929, they were married. Both of them just twenty-one. Doug’s mother watching with happy eyes. That, of course, is where old-fashioned novels end and modern ones begin.

But Joan and Doug, being a little of both, say it’s neither a beginning nor an ending.

They are old-fashioned in their love, their complete conviction that they were created to be husband and wife, that nothing in the universe could have kept them from belonging to each other. They hold to the simple creed that there is but one love in each life, one real love, and that it is necessarily eternal. When you talk to them, you begin to believe that, too, even if you didn’t already (which I fortunately did).

(Continued on page 122)

Marlene Dietrich spent the holidays with her husband and little daughter in Berlin. This picture was made on the S.S. Bremen just before she sailed for the Fatherland. Don’t worry. Miss Dietrich is hastening back to make more films for her many admirers.
The Men Who Make the Movies

How to Have Lovely Lips for 8 Hours

(Continued from page 8)

Following Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," made in France, came James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," the first multiple-reel photoplay produced in America. It was presented at the Lyceum Theatre on Forty-fifth Street by the highly esteemed Daniel Frohman, thus associating one of the most illustrious names of the American stage with screen entertainment. Then, as now, Mr. Zukor was concerned with the success of his projects, not with personal credit.

Inevitable disappointments were faced in the early, experimental days of Famous Players. Some of the stars whom much was expected were ineffectual on the screen; renowned plays faded away when robbed of speech; but there was no questioning the soundness of the idea. Jesse L. Lasky was one of the first to sense the arrival of a new epoch. He abandoned the production of miniature musical comedies for the vaudeville stage, and, following the lead of Famous Players, made feature pictures. In 1916, the Lasky company merged with Famous Players and together they prepared to fight their way into theaters still under the control of the old-line producers, threatened with dissolution for violation of the anti-trust laws.

From that day to this there has been practically no cessation in the struggle for theater control. In a sense it has been and continues to be a world war involving companies large and small. A picture costing, perhaps, $200,000 to make, must be shown in a large number of theaters before the initial expenditure has been covered, let alone interest on the investment. Just as Mr. Zukor organized his own company when no one was ready to risk the expensive innovation of multiple-reel photoplays, so he bought or built theaters in the face of a threatened boycott of Famous Players productions.

Millions of dollars were involved in the construction of Pabst theaters, scattered all over the United States. More millions paid for advertising to establish the names of Paramount, Pabst and Famous Players. Yet more millions went into the making of ambitious photoplays. And all the time, a small man with a broad vision has been the architect behind the blueprint. Like the late Charles Frohman, whom he resembles, Mr. Zukor has retained both the respect and friendship of the many players he has led to the fountain of fame. By reason of his sagacity and honesty, he won the confidence of bankers when motion pictures were regarded as a poor gamble. His was the first company to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Mr. Zukor humanoises the glitter of speculation. He accepts place and power, but not the pomp of place and power. Surrounded by luxuries, in the winter at the Hotel Plaza in New York; in the summer on his glorious country estate, he remains a simple and direct man. Probably the thought of being anything else never occurred to him.


Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kiss-proof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally new type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried. Kiss-proof or any other kind.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly New Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick敢或 has ever done . . . actually seems to last indefinitely.

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick.

It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, Natural color. Thus it ends that artificial smock women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the French for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kiss-proof Indelible Lipstick (for Lip and Cheek Rouge). Also—remember it is Not the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kiss-proof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is Entirely New.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW Kiss-proof Indelible Lipstick

Lipsticks—Black and red enamel, $1.00 each, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, 50c and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.
RECOGNIZE THESE EYES?

Their owner is a First National Pictures star whose father and wife are both film favorites. Born in 1907, he's 6 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has blue eyes and light hair. Name below’s

clear eyes are a social asset!

Yes, and a business one, too! There's no wonder why, because those clear, bright eyes make a far better impression than do those which are dull and bloodshot. Start now to have more attractive eyes by using Murine each night and morning. It harmlessly clears up any bloodshot condition and imparts new lustre to the dullest eyes. 90c at drug and department stores. Try it!

*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

The New Way to SKIN BEAUTY

Give your skin its natural right to loveliness by the daily use of the two new Outdoor Girl Facial Creams. You need only your two hands and these perfect creams to secure practically all the benefits of an expensive "salon treatment."

Outdoor Girl Cleansing Cream liquefies immediately at skin temperature. It removes every particle of dirt from clogged pores and leaves your face fragrantly clean.

Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Cream feeds and nourishes the skin tissues—smooths away premature marks of age—and brings back youthful suppleness.

Generously "Introductory tube" of these 2 creams—also Outdoor Girl Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream—are available at the 10c counters of some F. W. Woolworth and other chain stores. Larger sizes—6c and $1.00—at leading drug and department stores.

CRYSTAL LABORATORIES, BRONX, N. Y.

OUTDOOR GIRL FACIAL CREAMS

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 120)

But they are completely modern in their intelligence about love.

THEY faced quite naturally the thoroughly established fact that marriage has its problems, that it is today a difficult relationship. They talk, those two. They talk everything out together. There are between them none of the misunderstandings and prides and antagonisms that cause so much difficulty between men and women.

To keep love fresh and beautiful over a long period of possession was something that their keen young modern eyes saw to be a thing that must be accomplished with care and wisdom. It didn't just happen. You couldn't, said Joan carefully, allow marriage to just go along without care and attention, and of—of—Romeo and Juliet. You would allow the garden to go without water and pruning and planting.

They regard love as a natural state, a condition of the soul, the supreme good, the longest by right to every boy and girl in the world. But they do not regard it as a completed miracle.

To begin with, they had none of the difficulties which beset Gloria and her Marquis.

Joan and Doug belonged to Hollywood. They understood it, and then held equal place in the public regard. Also, their experience with Hollywood marriages about them had been wide and was not disregarded. Each had work to do, but fortunately each understood the other's work completely.

Perhaps no one could have so completely understood Joan's upward climb, her long hours at the studio, her continual problems there, as Doug, and Joan knew, too, just what Doug's work meant to him, just how to advise and encourage him.

THEY have one great rule. Never to be tired, or angry, or upset, at the same time.

"How can you keep such a rule?" I asked.

"You can do anything," said Joan, quietly. "You do anything, no matter how big or difficult or agonizing, for your husband, wouldn't you?"

I said I would.

"Well, then wouldn't you do little things for him, too? It's easy, if you think. We have a rule—which ever one is tiredest gets the petting. Whichever one has to the most to be upset about at the moment gets the floor. It works.

"We try to think about our love as a garden, a beautiful garden. It isn't impossible to take care of a garden, is it? You have to know about seasons. You have to exercise great care. But it can be done. We try to make marriage like that. When we see little bare places—of interest, maybe—we plant something new. When we see a season changing—and all life obeys the seasons, you know, the changes of season—we treat it with respect. For instance, a man can't be a lover twenty-four hours a day, any more than a garden can be in Summer bloom all the time. But in Winter, a garden is still there—still lovely. The times when Doug wants to go and play golf on Sunday—those are little moments of Winter in the garden, and I love them. I don't resent them. That is what makes him a man, the man I love.

"Oh, a garden is a lot of care, but it's worth it.

"Our love for each other is just as beautiful and great and sacred as that between Romeo and Juliet. But we're living for each other—not dying for each other. It's more wonderful.

Sometimes in stories people make it look as if we did nothing but make love all the time. That's silly, and itannoys Douglas very much. We play together—we work together—we endure together—we lose and win together. We read, think, study, go to football games, take sun baths—we are separated at times. But we're one—so nothing else matters. And we keep love alive because we care for it and feed it and think of each other. I come first with Doug, he comes first with me. That's love!"

They aren't hermits. You see young Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, at the Embassy, at the Mayfair, at parties. But they do spend more evenings alone together than any other Hollywood couple I know.

The other night, when we were driving home from a dance at the Mayfair at four o'clock, we passed a big, dark open car. At the wheel was a blond young man, in a very elegant silk hat, driving expertly with one hand. His other arm was around a white eermine coat, that encircled a slim white figure. Against his dark coat was a mass of dark red hair that blazed in the light from the street lamps. Both were smiling contentedly at the world.

They gave you a sense of being one—of being together no matter what happened. It was very nice.

It made you realize that the greatest happiness in the world—greater by far than any freedom, any racing around, any excitement of love affairs—is to love and be loved by the one person who was meant for you. In fact, in time the world will remember that.

In the meantime, Doug and Joan are proving it every day. The New Movie Magazine

Adela Rogers St. Johns Will Relate Another True Life

GLAMOROUS fact romances of the most romantic town in the world.
Why does she always keep her hat on?

Probably because her hair is not as attractive as she would like to have it. Surely you realize that beautiful, wavy hair is the most vitally important part of your whole appearance. And now, you can have really natural wavy hair. By following the simple instructions that come with each bottle of Jo-curl Wave-Set, you can set the most beautiful waves in your own hair, irresistible waves. It's as easy as combing your hair. Then, brush a little Jo-curl Brilliantine through your hair to bring out the alluring beauty of every perfect wave. You'll be delighted with the result. 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your Drug-girl's, 10¢ sizes at most 5 and 10¢ stores.

The New Movie Magazine

In NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH

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Will Present a Remarkable Interview with NORMA SHEARER

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The Good News Girl

(Continued from page 123)

heroes of the World War.

But all those things are fairly simple to a woman with great wealth. I don't

make believe that all the money was used it as constantly and as thoughtfully to

help others as Marion does. For it takes time and strength day in and
day out to engineer and plan such things as the ball for 3500 ex-service men

which Marion gave at the Biltmore in Los Angeles on Armistice Night.

Still, as I say, it is sometimes easy to

be generous with money.

It is the other things she gives that are rare—and important.

She's always thinking about other

people. Are they happy? Can she

make them more comfortable? Do they

need a little boost, a little pat on the

back to restore morale? Do they re-

quire to be cheered after sorrow? Do

they need somebody to stand firmly

behind them, lending them prestige

and position after some failure?

If they do, there's Marion Davies.

There are many, many of us who

have heard of a high moment, at least temporarily, and

sleep and clothe our nakedness. But we

need—kindness, encouragement, good news. We need it like the very
dickens.

W E'RE weighed down so often by

self-doubt. We begin to see life as a long round of discouragement, of

envy, of people who see and speak

nothing but pessimism. We wonder

sometimes if anybody notices what we've done and more than that, what

we've tried to do. Our courage

falters in a morass of criticism, ignorance, cheerlessness, unkindness, spoken to

our face and behind our back.

Sometimes I watch the cars going

home out Wilshire Boulevard as dusk settles over the world, and I wonder

why the men with worn faces are going home to. I wonder if they're going home to

tiresome fault-finding, to depression, to placid acceptance. Or, if it's lucky enough

to be going home to somebody that

cheers them and cheers for them.

As my own favorite philosopher,

Wilson Mizner says, "I want somebody
to cheer for me, whether I'm right or

wrong. I want them to tell me I can
do anything. I want to be told I'm a

great guy—and then maybe I will be."

That's why everyone who knows her

loves Marion Davies.

I have never heard her say an unkind

thing to or about anybody, in the ten

years I've known her. I have never

known her to do an unkind thing to anybody, in those years. I have never

seen her at any time nor in any way display those vices which are so often

condoned by the so-called virtuous, and which can make life so hideous a thing

to—therefore—be. I've never known a

temper, criticism, back-biting, self- righteousness, touchiness.

It is easy to be kind in great mo-

ments. It is the small things that per-

vades every hour of every day for

everybody that is without price and

that convinces us of how beautiful a

thing life might be, if we were all just

kind, one to another. Just kind in

word alone.

I have never known any human
She'll Still, the hostess alone. She has joyousness there, knowing to John Andrews, much more of the profession, if you talk with her for five minutes. She may stutter a little while she does it, because she is very shy and very modest about herself, but she'll do it. She'll remind you of the best thing you ever did in the past and of how much better you're sure to do in the future.

If you are the guest, she will make you happy by small acts of thoughtful courtesy that go far beyond the lavish hospitality which has been so much talked about. Her fame as a hostess has spread over two continents. There can be no question that she is Hollywood's social dictator. She has given parties amazing in their beauty, their guests, their entertainment. So, however, have many other people. Marion's great gift as a hostess is based not upon the magnificence of her entertainment nor the fame of her guests. It's based on the simplest, homeliest thing in the world—her real, warm, deep Irish hospitality. She makes you feel that she wanted you to be there, that she's happier because you are there, that she sincerely welcomes you to all that is hers and desires to share it with you. I am fool enough to believe—I still believe in such a lot of things, thank goodness—that if Marion tomorrow lost all her money and all her fame and lived in a shack on the shore, the same people would beat a path to her doorway.

Marion Davies has wealth, prestige, power. I have never known her to use one of them for anything but good. That is something to say of any man or woman. Nor am I alone in saying it. There is no one in Hollywood who wouldn't agree with me, testify with me. There is joyousness in knowing (Continued on page 126).

John Barrymore has just received the oldest egg in the world! Still, there is nothing ominous about that item, despite the way it sounds. The egg was sent to Mr. Barrymore with some ceremony and many wrappings by Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer who found it in the Gobi Desert. It is—or was—the egg of a dinosaur. The age is something like 90,000,000 years.
Los Angeles had the largest wreath in the world at Christmas time. It hung on the front of the Fox Criterion Theater and was presented to the theater by Miss Crawford, one of whose pictures was appearing in the house at the time. It took four men an entire day to build the wreath, which was 75 feet in length and 48 feet in width.

Marion, being with her. She has everything in the world, yet she is grateful for the simplest gift of affection, the simplest testimony of the love of those about her.

When she was going to Europe a few years ago, several of us decided that since Marion was always giving parties for everybody, showers for everybody, it might be nice to give her one. So Gloria Swanson and Constance Talmadge and Louella Parson and I arranged a going-away shower for her at the Ambassador—a surprise party. If she'd been an extra girl, she couldn't have been more touched, more thrilled, more grateful. I remember how her hands trembled as she opened the little packages, and how tears ran down her cheeks as about seventy or eighty of her friends cried "Bon Voyage" from full hearts. She made us glow with the knowledge that we had done something wonderful, something happy, something she appreciated deeply.

The night that "The Floradora Girl" opened in Hollywood, Lloyd and Carmen Pantages gave a party afterwards at the George Olsen Club, for Marion. Some of the stars of the musical comedy stage had arranged a number, the famous sextette of "Oh, Till Me Pretty Maiden" to do a special treat for her.

When she got up to thank them, she was simply overcome. She grew pinker and pinker, and stammered admirably, and finally hid her face in her hands. And everyone there laughed and cheered and felt that they'd had a hand in something that gave joy, felt that they were pretty fine folks to have thought of it.

It is a rare quality to have kept that enthusiasm, that ability to be happily grateful, when you have had as much as the world has given Marion.

But what she has had, she has shared. If the world was so arranged that some must have much and some little, Marion is one of those who are fitted to have much, because she dispenses it to bring gladness everywhere.

You see, I'm like Bill Mizner. I love to be around people who regard the world and everybody in it as pretty first-class. I love to be around people who convince me that they think I'm a very remarkable fellow. I like people who make me feel good, who fill me with the assurance that a lot of good things are due me and that I'm sure to get my due.

Marion makes everybody feel like that and that's why she's the most popular person, man or woman, in Hollywood.

In a current magazine, Angelo Patri, in a delightful essay, says "Every good deed, every worthy action, every pleasant thought that has graced and blessed the world has been born of the good news that some shining soul has padded along the line. Have you such a word for us? Perhaps you are by every virtue of your being Good News to all men? Then surely shall your name be remembered and even the stones on the streets of your city shall shout your praise."

I expect if the stones on Hollywood Boulevard ever take it into their heads to do any shouting on the score of Good News, they'll begin with Marion Davies. She's good news to everybody most all the time.
The Magnificent Masquerader

(Continued from page 33)

There is in him all the vast irony that was Anatole France’s. He appreciates such men as Baudelaire. It is not good business to allow people to know that a buffoon reads or thinks. That would destroy the illusion. He is an attentive listener.

The great mouth opens wide, the eyes twinkle in wonderment at bad or good news. Then his strong face becomes expressionless.

He has pity and compassion for people. As if ashamed he brushes them away with a laugh.

As clean as a lion physically, he has no pride in his personal appearance. His wardrobe is expensive and extensive. He may leave the house wearing a high-priced scarf. Before he has driven a mile the scarf goes in a coat pocket and is forgotten.

He has a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. He knows automobiles and airplanes. He will talk of them with the pleasure of a child. He drives a Ford coupe.

He weighs about two hundred and forty pounds. His appetite is enormous. He gets out of kilter every week and his doctor puts him on a diet. He stays on it till he sees a restaurant. Then he pounds the table and opens his gargantuian mouth and smiles at the waitress.

“Is food I want—food I want—and lots of it—let other people diet—it’s food I want.”

Beery has a habit of murdering the King’s English. It helps him in his rôle.

He has the strength of many men. Once in “Way for a Sailor” it was necessary for him to carry a man weighing one hundred and ninety pounds a distance of two hundred feet, forty of which was up the side of a ship.

Petulant as a school girl before a hard scene, Wally said to Sam Wood, the director, “I’ll do it this time and if you don’t get it you can have Will Hays carry him up next time. Once is enough.”

The cameras began to click. The great buffoon spread his legs apart and held his body taut like a man who is about to catch a heavy weight swung through the air. The man was laid limp across his shoulder. Beery’s wide mouth went tight and Wood yelled “Ready—Camera—Quiet.”

The magnificent masquerader of comedy began his walk. He moved forward under the weight with such rhythm, one would have thought he was a machine. His heavy hobnailed shoes dug into the ground. As he reached the water, he grabbed the rope. The man slid partly downward toward the ocean. There were gasps from hundreds of spectators. Beery grabbed the body tighter and made the upward climb and laid his burden carefully down.

“You son of a gun, you let me slip from your shoulder on purpose.”

“Well,” replied Wally, “we gotta have a little fun.”

Beery was born in Kansas City between forty and fifty years ago. His father, an immense man, was a policeman in that town for many years. (Continued on page 128)
JOINTS STIFF?  
Hurt to move?

GIRL: "Here, Grandpa, put Sloan's Liniment on that sore place."
MAN: "Thanks, Betty, it's just what I wanted. Sloan's always stops these terrible joint pains."

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When sixteen years old, the future comedian ran away with a circus and remained with it two years, having complete charge of a herd of elephants when he left.

BEFORE he was twenty, he played in the Henry W. Savage musical-comedy organization. He still has a good voice, though few people know it. For a buffoon is not supposed to sing.

In 1913 he became a comedian with the Essanay Film Company. Few film lovers are now aware that the name Essanay is the first two letters—S and A—of the names of the founders of the company: Beery's brother-in-law, Anderson, and Beery.

Sporo, the son of a railroad engineer who for years worked for the Chicago and Northwestern, is still one of the wealthiest members of the Essanay fraternity. From Beery's brother-in-law, Anderson, faded from films and is heard of no more.

Beery's training in Essanay comedies was very thorough. He joined Mack Sennett in 1918 and remained a year. It was during this period that he met and married Gloria Swanson. While a member of the Essanay Company, Beery was the star of the film, From Beery's brother-in-law, Anderson, faded from films and is heard of no more.

Gloria later married a member of the Essanay Company, Beery could be seen high in the air, circling about. Soon he would come to earth, approach a table in the restaurant and exclaim, "I want food—I want food—they haven't none up there."

Beery does not boast. He has no personal vanity. No make-up is too unlovely for him. He hates to rehearse a scene. He refuses to work on Sunday. Sam Wood cajoled him into doing more anything if at first he consented it failed.

A temperate man, it is safe to say that he has not touched intoxicating beverages since he has come to life. He does not smoke.

He is fond of children. He has none. He is never without a double. The doubly-backed overstuffed chair in the room is his life. He does not smoke.

W E were located in the desert for some weeks during the making of "Beggars of Life." Each morning we would hear the drone of an airplane. Beery could be seen high in the air, circling about. Soon he would come to earth, approach a table in the restaurant and exclaim, "I want food—I want food—they haven't none up there."

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He is fond of children. He has none. He is never without a double. The doubly-backed overstuffed chair in the room is his life. He does not smoke.

He is not without courage. Once, at a rodeo, his job was to "bodlog" a steer. He took his stand in the arena. A wild steer came charging at his horse.

He grabbed the animal's horns and dragged it to the earth. With the strength of Dempsey, he absorbed personal combat.

He dreads to fight before the camera. "I ain't no fighter, I'm a peaceful man."
He is never so happy as when talking about elephants. He likes to tell a tale in which he saved his life. A lion got loose and chased him. He ran under his pet elephant’s trunk for protection. The elephant swung his trunk and knocked the lion forty feet. This was fine—except—Wally went with the lion.

“What did you do?” someone asked.

“I shoed that lion away and ran back and got under the elephant’s trunk again. They ain’t no lion gonna get me if I can help it.”

Beery would much rather be a featured player than a star.

“Too much grief, being a star,” is his comment.

One of the oldest players in the films, having been in them nearly twenty years, he is not of the old school mentally.

A natural actor, he FEELS the scene and needs but little direction. In fact it might be good advice to most directors to let him entirely alone. His greatest moments on the screen do not come through direction. They come out of himself.

NEITHER does he take his position seriously.

On the M-G-M lot was recently acquired player with a New York reputation who made life miserable for producer and director. As irritating as a pawnbroker who has bought an Ingersoll watch by mistake, he would march into the restaurant each day as though emperors followed him.

One day I was seated at a table with Beery. The great buffoon glanced at the puffed actor and shook his head, “When will birds like that learn that we’re all stealing the money? A fellow would think he was God out walkin’ on a rainy day. Some day he’ll wake up with a pick and shovel in his hand and wonder where he’s been so long.”

The actor’s contract was not renewed.

That morning he had done a lot of things in the film in which we were playing. I admired his fine technique and got him to talk. After he had eaten a steak as a starter, he said:

“Characters have got to do something that the man in the street is afraid he might do. Then you’re sure of getting a laugh. The old stunt of having a fellow walk into the street without his trousers is always good for a scream.

“TVE worked in lots of pictures that were considered good entertainment, and they were funny. People came to see them and spent the evening laughing. Then they walked out of the theater and didn’t remember a thing that they had seen. Such pictures are good from the entertainment standpoint and are successful. They are seldom if ever great, just because they do not create any lasting impression.

“We averaged a picture a week for the first two years I worked before the camera. I used to play women’s parts. My feet, like the rest of me, aren’t so dainty and these big feet sticking out from under my skirts got many a big laugh.

“Motion pictures in those days were a novelty. Crude productions made good on the strength of newness. slapstick comedies of the ‘knock-em-down and drag-em-out’ type enjoyed a tremendous vogue.

“They gave me my start, and many (Continued on page 130)

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AND HANDS CHAP
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Wind, rain and snow rob your face and hands of skin loveliness. Let Nivea Creme keep face and hands soft and smooth—as is your sheltered body skin. Use Nivea* Creme both before and after you face the elements to prevent chapping and wind-burn. Use it as a night cream, cleanser and powder base. Look for the blue and white Nivea tube on the cosmetic counter.

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Hollywood Cooks

FORTY-SEVEN famous stars give you their favorite recipes in this unusual new cook book. Ruth Chatterton selects Beefsteak a la Victor Hugo. Gary Cooper says his favorite Buttermilk Griddle Cakes will start any day off right. And forty-seven new photographs give this book a special interest... photographs taken in the stars’ own homes. Buy a copy of this interesting new book and give your film fan friends a movie breakfast, a movie lunch, or dinner, or afternoon tea. It is on sale in many Woolworth stores.

If you do not find “Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars” in your Woolworth store, we will mail your copy. Send in the coupon with 10c, plus 3c for postage.

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The Magnificent Masquerader

(Continued from page 129)

Another fellow got his the same way.”

One of Beery’s best roles was that of Butch in “The Big House.” The film was false in spots and left much to be desired. It was Beery who made the picture.

Old convicts who served years behind bars have often asked me if Beery had not been “in stir,” so vivid was his characterization to them.

During the making of this film he composed a song, the chorus of which had to do with himself as Butch, Chester Morris as Morgan, and Robert Montgomery as Kent.

“We’re three little boys in the house, gown,
I'm Morgan, I'm Kent, I'm Butch. We ain’t got no money but ain’t we got fun.
We cut directors’ throats just to see the blood run.
And if they don’t suffer our job’s badly done,
I’m Morgan, I’m Kent, I’m Butch.”

Along with his role of Richard the Lion-Hearted in “Robin Hood,” he likes the part of Butch better than anything he has played in the three hundred films in which he has appeared.

He recently returned from a deer hunt and learned that a law had been passed forbidding cold storage houses to keep wild game for patrons. He built a storage house at his Beverly Hills home. The swimming pool at his home, which cost a small fortune, is used by Beery to train his bird dogs.

“I’ve got to train ’em some place, so they’ll be in good form for duck hunting.”

A

N active Free Mason, a member of the Order of the Mystic Shrine, it is the one thing about which he is reverent.

Unmindful of the fact that if a player is allowed to make up his own dialogue as he goes that the film footage might run out of all proportion, Wally has a complex against learning lines. He wants to FEEL his words. In view of most of the dialogue now written, he is correct.

As a rule he can take an entire sequence and handle it with precision. His personality and gusto dominate every scene. He stoops to none of the ancient tricks of attracting attention to himself before the camera. He does not need to.

He was ill during several scenes in “Way for a Sailor.” A man as large as himself played his rôle. His back was to the camera. The lines were spoken “off scene.” The player merely went through the motions that Beery was supposed to go through. The scenes fell flat. The company waited until Wally was well enough to play the rôle himself. For even with his back to the camera, he added a gusto which no other man could duplicate.

He is a director of banks and an airplane factory. But few know this phase of his life.

To all who meet him, he is simple, kindly; the right foot forward, the right hand extended.

He makes no enemies. He is always on guard against friends. He knows many things without knowing how or why he knows. Now, after twenty years, he is one of the most successful players in the films. He lives his rôle consciously, shrewdly. It pays him close to a quarter of a million a year.

Only once in a while does he let the bars down. Then suddenly his great mouth opens in a smile and he is back in character again—the wise buffoon.
Imagine being the daughter of a bachelor!

A Marion Davies Production

Marion Davies

In the famous Broadway comedy hit

The Bachelor Father

With Ralph Forbes and C. Aubrey Smith

Based on the play by Edward Childs Carpenter

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

You won't be able to resist her any more than her bachelor father could! Here is one of the most lovable and entertaining roles ever played by America's favorite comedienne. Here is a play about a situation you have never before seen on the screen. No wonder New York applauded its wit, daring and all-around human interest!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
“Let’s Go!”

GOING places ... doing things ... and smoking Camels. All three are in the modern tempo.

Camels, gloriously mild and mellow, retain all the delicate fragrance of choicest, sun-ripened tobaccos, through the scientific care with which they’re made. There’s life and joy in such a smoke ... never flat nor over-treated.

You’re going somewhere when you go with

Camels
THE LIFE DRAMA OF THE COMET GIRL

STARS YOU NEVER FORGET by HERB HOWE

EVANGELINE ADAMS CALLS APRIL THE GOOD LUCK MOVIE MONTH
Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT’S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It’s toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

A Booth Tarkington comedy-drama for the whole family from sonny to grandpa.

LEWIS STONE
IRENE RICH
LEON JANNEY
JOHN HALLIDAY
MICKEY BENNETT
And a lot of great kiddies

From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons," by Booth Tarkington.
Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

"Let's all go to the movies."

I know what I wanna see."  "Hey, get a move on, Fatty!"  "Where you all a-goin' so fast?"  "We're all gonna see Father's Son!"

Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the time of your life!

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
The New Movie Magazine
ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES
One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 4 April, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

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Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations
"You must keep Youth!"

warns

Lew Ayres
Universal Star

Learn the Complexion Secret
9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars know

"What type do I most admire?" asks Lew Ayres, Universal star. "The type doesn't matter much—if she has that radiant charm I can't resist—youth.

"I don't mean the kind that's measured by birthdays! But that glowing, compelling something women nowadays seem to have at almost any age!

"The lovely stage and screen stars, of course, know how vital to their charm—their success—youth is, and how to keep it. And hundreds of other women seem to know their complexion secret! Everywhere you go you meet them—twenty-five... thirty... forty! Still fascinatingly young."

Indeed the stars seem to have no birthdays—to be always young, delightful, appealing, no matter how long their list of successes. "A flawless skin is the secret," they will tell you.

They use Lux Toilet Soap—and have for years. In Hollywood, alone, 605 of the 613 important actresses rely on it for keeping skin smooth!

Because the fascinating actresses are so dependent on it, this fragrant, very white soap is found in theatres everywhere—is official in all film studios. Countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars rely on Lux Toilet Soap.

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap is Youth Lux Toilet Soap...10¢
E. DERR, president of Pathé, rises to tell us, "Motion picture audiences still want music with their film fare." And to back up what he says, Mr. Derr points to his new production, "Sin Takes a Holiday." "Constance" is the title of a new tango in this production written especially for Constance Bennett, the star, by Dr. Francis Groman, musical director of Pathé. It is interesting to note that Miss Bennett also plays the piano accompaniment to an Italian love melody sung by Herbert Bragiotto in the same picture. Some musical stars are really musical, after all!

Of course, you remember Victor Schertzinger as the composer of "Marcha," "The Love Parade," and a score of other haunting popular melodies! Having finished a long-term contract with Paramount he has just been signed by Bill Le Baron, the wizard of RKO, as a director. But he will still continue to write music. He can't get away from it.

Another new M-G-M musical is Ramon Novarro's "Sevilla de Mis Amores," produced in his own language for foreign distribution. Novarro sings some of the historic songs from "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," and other operas as well as original melodies written especially for the production.

There has been much argument about De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson's new talkie for Gloria Swanson. Now it develops that it may not be done on the United Artists lot at all. You never can tell!

The Rhythm Boys of Paul Whiteman fame, Bing Crosby and Harry Barnes, returned to the Universal stage for a sequence in "Many a Slip." They worked with Max Fisher's orchestra, and produced "There Must Be Somebody for Me," and "To-day There's No Tomorrow." All of which would indicate that Hollywood is still musically minded.

Here's something that will interest you, a bit of sentimental gossip which has come to me lately from Tin Pan Alley, and which should be worth a special story of its own. Do you know how the popular hit, "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver, I Will Love You Just the Same," came to be written? It was designed as a tribute of honor to May Singhi Breen. In private life, she is Mrs. Peter De Rose. And Peter De Rose wrote the song! "Reaching for the Moon" seems to me to be about the best piece of music I have heard in quite a while. Although very new, this waltz has a big bid for fame already, and is being plugged steadily over the air and elsewhere. Ted Wallace and his boys certainly do the number justice, and Columbia is fortunate in getting the services of such an orchestra, for this type of recording. The vocal chorus is very smooth and goes a long way toward putting the record over. You'll like this one. Incidentally, it's from the talkie, "Reaching for the Moon."

The other side is also by Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys and is the popular tune, "Lonesome Lover." This is the first time that I have ever heard this song played to waltz tempo, and the result is good, to say the least. It also has a very good vocal refrain, which makes the record equally pleasing on both sides, something unusual. (This is a Columbia Record.)

CAB CALLOWAY and his orchestra (better known as The Mississippians, I think), have just come forth with a new recording of that old favorite, "Some of These Days," and it is a wow. The way these boys can tear through a piece is a crime, and they should be seen to be appreciated. However, as everybody can't do that, the phonograph is the next best. If you like hot music, be sure to get this record.

The other side is that modern spiritual, "Is That Religion?" and is recorded in the true Calloway (Continued on page 111)

Kathryn Crawford, recently of Hollywood and now a feature of the Broadway revue, "The New Yorkers," sings one of the hits of the year, "Love for Sale." This is a popular record number right now, too.
—Come in and see
my new washer
Mrs. Coyne

—Oh, did you get one, too!

—It works well, only
the clothes don't
look really white
I can't seem to get
nice thick suds

—I use Rinso.
It's a wonderful
soap! — You
never saw such
soapy suds!

NEXy WASHDAY
—My! What a
great wash! I'll bet
you used Rinso

—Yes, it works just
great in the
washer and do you
know it's wonderful
for dishes, too!

SAFE for your finest cottons
and linens — white or colors

The makers of these
40 famous washers
endorse Rinso

ABC
American
Beauty
Apex
Automatic
Barton
Bee-Vac
Blackstone
Boss
Coffield
Conlon
Laundry Queen
Lincoln
Meadows
Select-A-Speed
One Minute
Prima
Princess
Rotarex
Safety
Savage

Crystal
Decker
Dexter
Edenette
Fairday
Faultless
Gainaday
Hag
Horton
Laundryette
Lincoln
Meadows
Select-A-Speed
One Minute
Prima
Princess
Rotarex
Safety
Savage

Demonstrators of washers — 32,000 of them — say,
"Rinso is wonderful!" Its rich, long-lasting suds get
clothes so much whiter.

Great for tub washing, too

And how wonderful these lively suds are for tub wash-
ing! Rinso soaks out dirt — saves scrubbing and boil-
ing. That saves the clothes! Cup for cup, Rinso gives
twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Try
it for dishes and all cleaning. Get the BIG package.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Love Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies,
"What Happened to Jane"
Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p.m., E.S.T.
WEAF and associated stations.

Millions use Rinso
for whiter washes
in tub or machine

Millions also use it
for dishes, floors
and all cleaning
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

The Man Who Came Back. The combination of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell is strong enough to support a story that does not register as distinctly as might be expected, considering the success of the play from which it is taken. *Foz.*

Reaching for the Moon. Douglas Fairbanks has gone ultra modern in this romance of a heavily gilded stock broker, and Bebe Daniels has gone blonde. They are a swell pair in a frothy piece that succeeds in being amusing most of the way. The continuity writer has remembered to allow Doug plenty of opportunity to display his well-known agility. *United Artists.*

The Devil to Pay. Samuel Goldwyn, producer *de luxe,* is to be thanked for this picture, which from first to last is thoroughly saturated with the charm of Ronald Colman. Frederick Lonsdale, British playwright, who knows his London drawing-rooms, turned out an acceptable story. *United Artists.*

Common Clay. Based upon a famous play of some years ago, the producer has preserved much of the human interest contained in the original. Constance Bennett and Beryl Mercer give first-rate performances. *Fox.*

The Dawn Patrol. Another tribute to the heroic work of the aviators in the World War. Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., lead the flyers on their daring exploits. *First National.*

Romance. Well worth seeing, especially if you respond to the mysterious charms of the incomparable Greta Garbo. An artistic setting worthy of the star. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Holiday. Presenting a mature viewpoint on life and handled with skill, "Holiday" belongs among the better pictures, whereas Ann (Continued on page 10)

Class A

The Blue Angel. Due to remain one of the outstanding pictures of the season because of the superb acting of Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich in a sophisticated story. Now and again you may be a trifle shocked, but you are certain to be interested. *Paramount.*

Tom Sawyer. John Cromwell, director, has tackled a difficult subject and carried it to the screen with rare tact and discrimination. Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin and Mitzi Green are all that need be asked in the visualization of Mark Twain's immortal characters. *Paramount.*

Doug Fairbanks is excellent as the gilded stock broker of "Reaching for the Moon," in which Bebe Daniels makes a delightful blond heroine. This is a diverting comedy with striking settings. Note Doug's batteries of telephones.

Jackie Coogan is delightful as Mark Twain's immortal boy hero in Paramount's visualization of "Tom Sawyer." Here is a splendid picture that can safely be recommended to all the family.
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

The world has been waiting impatiently while METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has been pouring men, money and genius into the creation of its greatest motion picture! AT LAST—

TRADER HORN

is completed and has been proclaimed greater than "THE BIG PARADE" greater than "BEN HUR," in fact "THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME!"

See it at your favorite theatre

A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER
All-Talking Picture
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 8)

and the smooth William Powell. You will like them. Paramount.

The Rogue Song. An operetta selected as a proper vehicle for Lawrence Tibbett. The production rides along on the crest of his impressive voice. Metro-Goldwyn.

Devil May Care. Affords Ramon Novarro an opportunity to sing as well as act. He does both rather well in a pleasing, though not very important romance. Metro-Goldwyn.

Luminox. Winifred Westover makes an irresistible appeal to the sympathies in her portrayal of the central character in Fannie Hurst’s popular story, United Artists.

The Love Parade. Bright and witty and finely presented, particularly in the rôles carried by Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. Paramount.

Sin Takes a Holiday. Classed among the more thoughtful of current pictures. Constance Bennett is the pleasing ally of sin and, needless to say, she makes it dangerously alluring. Smart entertainment cleverly presented. Pathe.

Viennese Nights. Singing and making love in the moonlight to the tune of a seductive waltz. You get plenty of love in the pictorial presentation of a colorful operetta. First National.

Just Imagine. An imaginative conception of what the world may be like in 1980. An occasional fantasy of this kind is a relief after a diet of gun-laden gangsters. Fox.

Abraham Lincoln. A true picture that reflects credit on the entire industry. Walter Huston plays Lincoln, under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Stephen Vincent Benet wrote the story. United Artists.

Three Faces East. The erratic genius of Von Stroheim and the emotional lure of Constance Bennett combine in making this a melodrama of distinct individuality. Warners.

Monte Carlo. Lubitsch gets the exotic atmosphere indicated by the title. Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald are smart personalities quite at home in the haunts of the financially reckless. A deftly handled production. Paramount.

What a Widow. Not quite as daring as the title might indicate, but it does present Gloria Swanson and that will be enough for her loyal followers. United Artists.

Outward Bound. A fanciful play concerning the occupants of a ghost ship sailing into eternity. The passengers do not realize that they are dead, altogether an odd notion. Warners.

The Office Wife. Secretaries (office wives) are dangerous rivals to domestic wives, if we are to believe the implications of this picture. But then, all secretaries are not as dangerous as Dorothy Mackail—worse luck. Warners.

Old English. A fragrant piece out of the past offers a congenial setting for the (Continued on page 98)
## What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

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Can Buddy Rogers cook? Well, anyway, he knows a good cruller when he eats it. On this page he gives his favorite recipe for biscuit tortoni.

Hollywood’s Own COOKING PAGE

SOME day psychologists may be able to read our characters and discover our latent talents by knowing our food preferences. If they discover that your son Bill prefers crullers to French pastry they may say that he would succeed better as a prize fighter than as a landscape gardener, and the fact that Barbara prefers French dressing to mayonnaise will help in deciding whether she should be trained to be a stenographer or a toe dancer. Something of that sort.

As a good start for this new sort of character reading they might take the case of Charles Rogers, who doesn’t hesitate for a second to say that his favorite form of nourishment is biscuit tortoni. He doesn’t say it just because he had it for dinner the night before and it is the first food name that comes into his head when you ask him. He has a real and lasting preference for this dessert and can even tell you how to make it. He even goes so far as to tell you how wide the ribbon should be that is used to tie the lady fingers in place.

The Movie Colony’s Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

The ingredients needed are as follows:

- 2 cups thin cream
- 2 cups heavy cream, beaten stiff
- 1 cup dried macaroons, finely crushed
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 1/3 cup non-alcoholic sherry
- Lady fingers, split in halves

The macaroons should be slightly dried and then rolled out with a rolling pin on a board to form crumbs. Then soak them in thin cream one hour. Add the sugar and sherry and put in a freezer, pack with ice and salt and freeze until it forms a mush. Add the heavy cream beaten stiff. Mold, pack in salt and ice and let stand two hours. When ready to serve, place a row of lady finger halves on a serving plate. Remove ice cream from the brick, cut into ⅛-inch slices, place on a plate on the lady fingers, arrange other lady finger halves around it and tie ribbon, ⅛ inch wide, round to keep in place, making a bow at one corner.
SAVE time and save work—make your favorite recipes in Crinkle Cups. You don’t have to grease these dainty baking dishes. Use them just as they come from their dust-proof package. Cakes, muffins, meat and vegetable dishes, any number of your favorites will cook in Crinkle Cups without sticking or burning. Turn them out perfectly shaped and whole—or serve them daintily in the Crinkle Cups. No pans to wash when your cooking is done! Buy Crinkle Cups at Woolworth’s and see how many good things you can make in them.

SOLD IN F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 CENT STORES

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10c for a package of 75 cups.

DEVILED CRAB

(For other tested recipes, see the recipe book in every package of Crinkle Cups)

1 cup crabmeat
1/2 cup mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
3/4 cup milk
2 egg yolks
2 teaspoons lemon juice
salt and pepper to taste
1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley

Make a white sauce of flour, butter and milk. Chop crabmeat and mushrooms, add to white sauce with parsley and seasoning, egg yolk and lemon juice. Mix well and put in Crinkle Cups, sprinkle with dry bread crumbs mixed with a little butter and bake until crumbs are brown—about 40 minutes in moderate oven. Fills 6 large Crinkle Cups.

You may use either fresh or canned crabmeat or you may substitute canned tuna or salmon or use cold left over cooked fish. Use canned or fresh mushrooms, or omit mushrooms, using 3/4 cup medium fine bread crumbs instead.

Oldmill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-4-31, Linden Street, corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Men Who Make the Movies
The Story of Winfield Sheehan
BY LYNDE DENIG

Winfield Sheehan, executive head of the Fox Film Corporation, knew politics before he knew motion pictures and he knew newspapers before that. Moreover, he was and is a fighting Irishman and proud of it. He punched his way through youth and he has kept right on punching when punches are needed. He just naturally gravitated toward excitement and thrived on it.

He took a job as reporter on The Buffalo Courier because it promised varied activity, which his father's dry-goods business did not. He enlisted for the Spanish-American War because he considered a few months in Cuba, shooting at Spaniards, to be a diverting vacation. He entered politics by way of a secretaryship in the New York Fire Department, in the days when thundering gray horses, three abreast, struck sparks from the cobblestones. He switched from politics to pictures when William Fox convinced him that motion pictures were highly exciting, as well as profitable. Winnie (to use his familiar nickname) has not been disappointed. He has had plenty of fight and ample money.

On the surface, Mr. Sheehan is calm—deceptively so. . . . Some years ago the motion picture industry undertook a campaign—a drive for funds to be donated to some cause; I have forgotten just what. All of the leading motion picture companies were concerned in the success of the undertaking, which was progressing none too well, despite daily committee meetings. The Big Sheechs were called into action: Will Hays, the late Marcus Loew and Winfield Sheehan. This was my first meeting with Mr. Sheehan. He said little, making no apparent effort to impress the round-table conference. His large, wide-open eyes suggested frank simplicity. He listened attentively until he had something definite to suggest.

But, of course, Mr. Sheehan is neither simple nor slow to move when the time for action arrives. Behind a poker face and calm eyes, he conceals a keen and rapid mental mechanism, and behind the mechanism lies a quantity of old reliable Irish energy.

Winnie never bothered about copy-book maxims, but has lived in accord with a number of them just the same. From the day he left Canisius College, Buffalo, to become a reporter on The Buffalo Courier, up to the reorganization of the Fox company last year, he has been ambitious, industrious and thorough. When he tired of newspaper work in Buffalo, he moved to New York and became a police and political reporter on The World, in the golden days of Manhattan.

Making the most of his opportunities in true copy-book fashion, Winnie learned so much about city affairs and politics that Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo picked him for his executive secretary. Transferred to the Police Department, Commissioner Waldo carried his efficient young secretary with him, whereupon Winnie set about enlarging his experience and his contacts. It was during this period that he met William Fox, prosperous proprietor of penny arcades, now rising rapidly in the amusement field as owner of a chain of Greater New York theaters showing motion pictures. His prize house was the venerable Academy of Music, just around the corner from Tammany Hall, where Winnie felt thoroughly at home.

Mr. Fox, classed as an independent, meaning that he was engaged in a prolonged warfare with the all-dominant Motion Picture Patents Company, wanted an assistant familiar with the political racket, only they did not call it a racket then. He chose Mr. Sheehan, who knew nothing about the making, selling or showing of photographs and admitted it.

"You'll learn and you'll make a lot of money. You don't mind a rough fight," urged Mr. Fox.

Winnie agreed that he had no objection to a larger pay check and that when it came to fighting he always had been able to take care of himself. And he always has. With the organization of the Box Office Attractions Company, subsequently the Fox Film Corporation, the ex-reporter, ex-secretary became Bill Fox's chief counselor. As a New Year's token in 1914 he was given the title of general manager.

Winnie has been awarded a generous slice of the credit for the development of Theda Bara, first of the screen vampires. Her real name was Theodosia Goodman and her past was no more romantic than her name. The new general manager improved upon both. Without the aid of a numerologist, he selected a suitable name for a woman of mystery. Also, there were no shortcomings in her mysterious past, as it appeared in official biographies distributed to newspapers and magazines. Picture patrons talked about the "dark siren" in "A Fool There Was," and before many months had elapsed the most renowned of the Fox stars was setting war-time styles in vamping.

With the menace of the (Continued on page 12)
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Find Success
Make Friends
Hold Love

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Name ........................................
Address ........................................ City ......................... State .................
For Greta

Media, Pa.

NEW MOVIE has been unusually fair and kind to Garbo, and it is for this reason above all that I am writing to thank you for your fairness and good sportsmanship. The recent January issue gave Garbo the laurels she so greatly deserves. It is amazing how blind the greater part of the film public and the screen magazine writers are to this woman's greatness as an actress. For a time it was in danger of being a pure illusion, but after "Romance" and "Anna Christie" there can be doubt no longer. When the actress has gone—as some day she must, of course—she will be talked about in words of marvelous wisdom. That is always the way; they tear a person to bits until they are gone beyond reach, and then they bewail them. Look what an idol Valentino became after his death!

Richard E. Passman.

Another Greta Garbo in Marlene Dietrich? For verily the wiseacres have publicly prophesied. Well, with training the tall Marlene may learn to glide as Greta, she may definitely arch long, thin brows, affect false lashes and develop a sphinx stare, but she can never master the Garbo mind, can never touch a personality that is not her own, nor experience the Garbo reactions to Life that mark her Great!

Catherine Crupel, 111 Maple Avenue.

Lockport, N. Y.

After seeing Greta Garbo in "Romance," I am more convinced that she is the leading actress on the screen. She has such beauty and infinite charm, as well as a voice that seems to be created just for the talkies.

Marion Akern, 121 West Avenue.

And for Marlene

East Orange, N. J.

Why this sudden emergence of Greta Garbo from her mysterious seclusion? We wonder. Perhaps (we whisper on a mere breath) the lovely Marlene Dietrich has something to do with it. After years of silence, Garbo suddenly becomes human, goes places, has appealing photographs made. We think it is high time, for though mystery is fascinating for a while, warm naturalness and sincerity will win. We admit that Miss Garbo is beautiful and deserved fame in silent films, but with the talkies we believe she is doomed, her too harsh and gutturial voice kindling the bier. At first we were astounded at Miss Dietrich's similarity to Greta, but we at once perceived that Marlene is to become the "great Garbo" of the talking films, and we know shall love the new soft-voiced, warm-hearted leading lady better than the old indifferent and taciturn star.

May Waston, 111 Halsted Street.

Westport, Conn.

What's this I hear about my idol, Garbo? She has secured Marlene Dietrich's German-made song records and plays them over and over in the seclusion of her home! I suggest that Greta buy the new Victor-distributed Dietrich record of numbers from "The Blue Angel" and listen to the German girl's singing of "Naughty Lola" and "Falling in Love Again." Dietrich may imitate Garbo and copy Jeanne Eagels, but she can't fake a singing voice. I can hear Garbo's low-voiced chuckle when she plays this awful record.

J. D.

Chicago, Ill.

I have just seen "Morocco," with Miss Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper and I think it perfect, from beginning to end. Miss Dietrich's faint trace of an accent makes her speech as fascinating as her face. Her slow deliberate actions were exactly as you would wish them to be, mysterious, and Gary Cooper is the lovable, devilish, and entrancing. It is the most romantic and chalant lover, that could ever be found. The tricky salute, that he used throughout the picture was made to order for him and I'm positive that each salute sent a thrill of ecstasy to the finger tips of every female in the audience.

Edna Long, 3253 Broadway.

Cheers for "Abraham Lincoln"

Staunton, Va.

I wish to compliment Director D. W. Griffith and Walter Huston on their wonderful portrayal of Abraham Lincoln. It was a superb picture and will always live in my memory. I am a Southerner and I went to the picture rather fearful that the South would be portrayed as a traitorous and unlawful country. I came away with a very different feeling, however. I now look toward Abraham Lincoln as one of the greatest men in history, and realize that, had he lived, the South would have escaped many of the hardships and indignities suffered during the Reconstruction period. I consider the production of such a picture as "Abraham Lincoln" an outstanding event in movie history.

E. M. Fulton,
231 Sycamore Street.

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Why are airplanes always shown in pictures as destructive? I would like to see a real air picture minus war and destruction. I am the wife of an aviator and have made many trips with him, all of which have been very beautiful. By "beautiful" I mean having had the feeling of greatness when seeing things from the air in an airplane. Everything is beautiful. One feels the Great Goodness all around. Couldn't we have an air picture to show this beauty?

Mrs. L. P. Meyers.

Too Much Make-up

Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Germany.

In Germany we like American pictures very much and are fond...
of American actresses. We love their beauty, their charm, freshness and their good taste re fashions, but we must call to your attention: ARE there not too much make-up! Is it absolutely necessary to make yourself up so exaggerated? You are young, beautiful and charming—the most lovely race of girls in the world, and, therefore, there is no necessity to conceal your natural beauty behind a thick mask of powder and rouge!

Otto Behrens, Tuebinger Str. 2.

Against Racy Titles

Annapolis, Md.

Why should excellent movies be hidden under titles that are intended to get the movie crowd but in reality keep intelligent people away. The title, “A Lady's Morals,” led you to believe that it is another of those stories, while it is a beautiful movie based on the life of Jenny Lind. When I see such titles as “Call of the Flesh,” I hesitate about seeing it, and sometimes miss a very good picture, as “Call of the Flesh” certainly was. But when I see such headlines as “The Big House,” “Common Clay,” “Anna Christie,” and “The Dawn Patrol,” Home Sweet Home is no longer the same and I rush to the theater.

Rose Wolfe, 46 Northwest Street.

Cheers for Cooking Page

Buffalo, N. Y.

I think one of your most interesting as well as beneficent features in NEW MOVIE is “Hollywood's Own Cooking Page.” I've tried some of the recipes and they're superb. We fans like to know that the stars of the movie colony are not above cooking an appetizing dish occasionally. I hope sometime we may see Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo demonstrating their choicest dishes.

Betty Enrich, 1514 Fillmore Avenue.

More About Fan Mail

Wilson, N. C.

This fan mail problem is getting quite serious. I wrote a letter to Gary Cooper commenting on his performance in “Man From Wyoming” and in reply I received a card saying that, if I would send 25 cents Mr. Cooper would be glad to send me a photo. What causes that? I didn't even mention a photo in my letter. Same way with Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian. Ho, hum! You figure to come out and give up.

Edna Walters, 300 North Pine Street.

Why Bad Star Films?

Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

If stars are worth the big money paid them, surely they are worth pictures which would give them an opportunity for displaying the talents that have put them so far up the ladder of fame. Or, is it that producers wish to have them appear in a few mediocre pictures, as a counteractant for that insufferable disease known as Swelled Head?

Norman M. Willon, 41 Warrick Street, Ascot Vale.

Ware, Mass.

The cooking page, that is now being published, is of very great service. I have tried some of the recipes and find that they are very good and appetizing.

Pauline Saletnik, 14 Monroe Street.

What, Another Garbo?

Dallas, Texas.

If the producers insist on foreign editions of Greta Garbo, why not have an American one also? But they won't have to go in quest of an American duplicate, they already have her, in my opinion, in the person of Rose Hobart. Miss Hobart has the same deep emotional appeal of the Swedish original. There is also facial resemblance and a marked similarity in the carriage of these young actresses. I sincerely hope that she does not return to the stage from which she came, but that she remains to entertain us as she did in “A Lady Surrender.” She's the nearest thing to Garbo yet—truly capable and fascinating, and I think she will do great things on her own.

Helena Hicks, 3608 Potomac.

Better Stories for Dick

New York City, N. Y.

All the Pulitzer prize-winning authors and other successful novelists and short-story writers fail to do anything in Hollywood toward writing a good story for my favorite actor, Richard Barthelmess. Isn't there something that can be done about it? I saw “The Lash” and I thought it was weak. Surely, Barthelmess—and his public—deserve better than that.

I. E. H.

Follow the Leader

New York City, N. Y.

Why must producers show innumerable “carbon copies” of a particular successful type of picture? Witness, for example, the unending number of crook melodramas; the “back-stage” Broadway talkies and songies, and the French Foreign Legion pictures. Originality, it seems, is an expensive trait, so the film producers, in their smug complacency, follow the beaten path. Then they find that the public always will refuse a monotonous and unchanging picture diet.

Henry Budoff, 732 E. 156th Street.

Applauds Miss Shearer

Toledo, Ohio.

I read with interest in February's issue of Norma Shearer's success in winning the award for (Continued on page 105)
**WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS**

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

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<th>Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.</th>
<th>RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.</th>
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<td>Robert Armstrong</td>
<td>Mary Astor</td>
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<td>Constance Bennett</td>
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<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
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[18]
CONCHITA MONTENEGRO

Photograph by Hurrell

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
LEILA HYAMS, vivacious Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, tells us—
"They're 'voice savers' as well as Life Savers . . . they soothe and clear the throat"
The great Hollywood constellation of film stars is upset. The big parade to the Warner Brothers studios is on.

The Warners have signed Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, at present under the Paramount banner. They have signed Kay Francis and intend to star her.

As this issue of New Movie goes to press it is rumored that the Warners also have signed George Bancroft and there are reports that Ronald Colman is joining, too. If the report about Colman is true, it means that three pals, Dick Barthelmes, Bill Powell and Ronald Colman, will be working on the same lot.

Then, too, the Warners have Constance Bennett as a star under special arrangement.

THE Constance Bennett arrangement has aroused much discussion.

To exactly whom does Constance Bennett belong? The question is being asked almost daily. Nominally under contract to Pathé, now working on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and just announced for two pictures by Warner Brothers-First National, whose is she?

Investigation shows that her contract with Pathe provides that she shall have ten weeks each year to do as she elects. She chose to give those ten weeks to Warner Brothers-First National and salt the earnings away. When that time is up, she returns to Pathe under a contract which has four years to run.

Miss Bennett is the most widely sought actress in Hollywood right now.

COLLEEN MOORE is entertaining again, in her beautiful Bel Air home. She had a big party the other evening for Al Scott, a handsome young banker from New York. And she introduced a new form of the ever popular buffet supper. Everything was served in the kitchen and the guests trooped out and collected their supper off the huge electric stove. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert, Norman Kerry, Marshall Neilan, Paul Bern and Jean Harlow, Mrs. Alice Glazer, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Willis Goldbeck, Howard Hughes and Billie Dove, Mrs. Luke McNamee, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), and Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levee.

HOLLYWOOD combinations:
Gary Cooper and Lupe
Constance Bennett: Signs a special Warner Brothers contract said to call for $300,000 for ten weeks’ work.

William Powell and Carol Lombard.
The Marquis Henri de la Falaise and Constance Bennett.
Gene Markey and Gloria Swanson.
These combinations have been going on now for a long time and you always see them together. Wonder whether they’ll result in marriage before the next year is over. Last year was productive of so many marriages in the film colony. 1931 may be as eventful.

Bill Powell shakes hands with every actor in the cast just before starting work on a picture. It is an old hang-over from the days when this little stunt was supposed to bring good luck to players about to open in a legitimate play.

Buddy—pardon us, Charles—Rogers landed in Hollywood without his appendix, which he had left in a Toledo, Ohio, hospital and with a mustache, which grows right under his nose.

John Barrymore is enjoying being a papa more than one would imagine from one so temperamental and Barrymoreish as he. Baby Dolores Ethel has developed a penchant for telephoning, and whenever her father is at the phone, she reaches for it and insists on having her bit to the conversation. Many of his friends are treated to her first attempts at speech via the phone, while her fond father looks on with rapt attention and great pleasure. As John has been forced to spend a good deal of time in bed, due to his recurrent attacks of tropical fever, the baby has had lots of romps in bed with her famous father, and Hamlet can talk baby talk and make faces just like any ordinary father.

Dolores Costello is to make “We Three” for the Warners as her comeback to the screen after nearly two years of absence. It is a dramatic story. This puts Dolores Costello with Ruth Chatterton and the other new stars just signed by the Warner Brothers.

** ** **

Mickey Mouse is sitting amongst the mighty. A wax figure of Mickey was placed in Madame Tussaud’s famous Wax Works Museum in London.

** ** **

Jack Gilbert sent Marion Davies a truck-load of roses for her birthday. They are old friends. Marion gave a kid party to celebrate the occasion. Everyone had come in children’s clothes and, of course, there were lots of laughs. Among the guests were Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon, Colleen Moore, Sally O’Neill, Eileen Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Constance Bennett, the Marquis de la Falaise, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, and John Gilbert.

** ** **

Backgammon has swept Hollywood with the same fervor that the rest of the country is showing for this old-new game. Hardly a Hollywood home but has a backgammon set and at all parties there are now several boards set up and exciting games, watched by an interested circle, vie with contract bridge as a favorite indoor sport. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess have a backgammon table in their library and spend their quiet evenings in deep concentration. Colleen Moore has become an expert. Jimmy Gleason and his popular wife, Lucille Webster Gleason, are also addicts. Gary Wilson, Chandler Sprague and Jack Gilbert have all acquired libraries of books on the art. Even the younger set backgammons and pretty Joan Marsh has been known to refuse a dance invitation and stay at home playing with her stepfather, Wesley Barr, who is publisher of a Los Angeles newspaper.

** ** **

Mr. and Mrs. George Archibald and Bennett gave a delightful dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), who have returned from a few months’ visit to New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. Watterson R. Rothacker, Mr. and Mrs. William McConnel, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons). Some very high powered bridge followed, as everyone in that group plays contract well enough to satisfy Mr. Vanderbilt himself.

** ** **

Maev Murray, virtually idle for four years so far as pictures go, has dusted off her old make-up kit and is back at work, playing the part of Agatha Carr in “Bachelor Apartment” for RKO.

Miss Murray stopped in at the home of Lowell
Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Sherman and Helene Costello on New Year’s Day. Low- dell had been scouring the highways and by-ways for someone capable of playing the role and had about decided he was sunk. Then Miss Murray appeared. Fifteen minutes later they had agreed on terms and at 8:30 next morning Mae was in the studio office signing a contract and being assigned a dressing room. Miss Murray walked off the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in 1926 and headed for Europe. Thus she walked out of pictures, save for a little independent or two. Of late, her principal employment has been collecting royalties from oil wells.

TWO interesting comebacks, in addition to those of Mae Murray and Dolores Costello, are those of Louise Brooks, who is to play one leading feminine role in “The Public Enemy,” for Warners-First National, and Greta Nissen, who is playing a role in “Women of All Nations” for Fox.

Greta Nissen is back in Hollywood following an absence of two years, confident that she has conquered her old enemy, the microphone.

Greta had a tough break when “Hell’s Angels” was filmed by Howard Hughes. She worked through the silent picture, then Mr. Hughes decided to re-make it into a “talkie” and substitute Jean Harlove for the feminine lead. Greta went to New York, began studying English, went on the stage and now speaks with virtually no Norwegian accent. She says she now fears no microphone.

IT looks like Tom Mix is lost to the hundreds of thousands of kiddies who flocked to see his pictures all over the world. He has just signed a five-year contract with John Ringling to appear in one of the latter’s circuses.

Jack Oakie says one way to succeed in motion pictures is never to cut a cutter. If you do your close-ups will all land on the cutting room floor.

William Haines does give the grandest parties! He seems to have a real faculty for making everybody have a good time. He gave a tea on a recent Sunday for his sister, Lilian. The house was, as always, gay with flowers. Bill doesn’t encourage bridge at his parties, because he thinks conversation is sufficient entertainment. His big upstairs living-room had a bright fire burning and there and in the long, white paneled hall the guests talked and laughed until late in the evening—Bill’s teas always turn into supper and nobody will ever go home. Mrs. Mae Sunday acted as hostess for Bill and wore a stunning frock of deep green velvet trimmed with Sable. Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes were among the guests, and Ruth was saying goodbye to many of her friends before going to Europe. Bebe and Ben, Sally Ellers, looking so pretty in a black ensemble, Marie Prevost and Buster Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Lilian Tashman and Eddie Lowe, Colleen Moore, in a brilliant little sports outfit in variegated colors, Marie Dressler in black, Mr. and Mrs. George Hill (Frances Marion), Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Phil Berg (Leila Hyams), who was all in white, with a jade green scarf and green shoes, Polly Moran, John Gilbert, and many others dropped in.

Mutia and Riano have left Hollywood. Mutia and Riano are the two native Africans who were brought to this country by the “Trader Horn” company. And they are returning to their native Mombassa very, very puzzled. Because they have seen things, these two Africans, in their 24,000-mile journey to Hollywood and back—things they can’t tell their friends at home. “Why?” they were asked.

“Everybody call us liar,” they said. “No believe about Hollywood. No believe about New York big buildings. No believe about money size. We tell, we lose face as double tongues.” So the glories of Hollywood will return to Africa locked in the memories of Mutia and Riano—and they won’t tell.

From six to ten letters reach the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios daily, addressed to the late Lon Chaney. They come from the out-of-the-way places in the world. One from a jungle town on the Amazon river in Brazil said:

“We’re a little bunch of fellows, who can’t come back. Drift down here and see us. You’ll get the greatest story ever filmed. Had you ever thought of that?”

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has the suggestion under scrutiny and may send some writers there for “color.”

Bessie Love says it’s all a mistake. She isn’t expecting the stork—at least not right away.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon entertained on Bebe’s birthday—just a small party for Bebe’s
The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the

Ann Harding: Grieving over the sudden death of her father, Col. George Gatley, in San Francisco.

really intimate friends. The date, as you know from Evangeline Adams, was January 14th. Bebe wore a white lace frock and a big corsage of orchids. I don't know anyone who receives so many gifts and congratulations on her birthday as Bebe.

A LONG letter from Anna Q. Nilsson—written to her pal Clare du Brey with instructions to relay it to Lucille Gleason, Dot Van Buren, and her intimates—says that Anna landed in Sweden to be greeted by bands, cheering crowds, batteries of reporters and all her old friends. When they saw her walk off the boat without even a cane, the crowds went quite wild with excitement. Anna Q. will stay a few months and then return to the camera.

NEARLY three years of work; two hundred thousand feet of film. From the conglomeration comes "City Lights," hardly nine reels in length. Nine thousand feet from 200,000!

Charlie Chaplin surveyed the accumulation. The grey at his temples had crept inexorably toward the crown. It had been a long time, it seemed, since he started that picture. There had been moments of super-enthusiasm when an idea sent him rushing onto the set with the entire company sharing his eagerness. His eyes sparkled as he envisioned the sequence. "Let's shoot it, quick!" he would exclaim in his exuberance.

Then, when it was finished, he would view it with waning spirit. "To the ash-can!" he would say. "It will not do."

The "ash-can" meant the storage vaults.

The king of screen comedians never made a picture which was a "flop." He never released a production until conscientiously he could give it his official O.K. And when it eventually went out, he was satisfied. And confident. Thus, from all the 200,000 feet used in making "City Lights," he approved only 9,000. And, some day a year or two from now, he will gather his staff about him, after the picture has had its sway, and there will be a bonfire on the lot in which nearly 36 miles of celluloid will go up in smoke and flame. That's his custom. Most of "City Lights" will disappear into the elements. But the remainder probably will make a million—or two.

Charlie concluded his work and made arrangements for his trip around the world. His itinerary includes London and Paris, where he would attend premiers of "City Lights." Then he purposed going to Toledo, Spain, to see a bull fight. Not that he wanted to see a bull killed, he explained, but there is skill in the work of the toreadors and a bit of romance and glamour about them. From there he planned going to Japan where a decoration of some sort has been ordered and he will dine with the Mikado.

This for the boy from the London streets!

Charlie Chaplin figures that he will be paid EIGHT MILLION dollars by theater owners for "City Lights." He will be able to put the picture into every house in the world, if he cares to, because, while it has sound, it can be run as a strictly silent picture. All small foreign houses which have not been able to pay for expensive equipment will be able to run "City Lights."

DOLORES DEL RÍO and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, have opened their wonderful new home in Santa Monica Canyon and are instituting Sunday afternoon tennis parties, with supper to follow. Dolores looks "all well" again, but seems willing to wait for just the right thing before going back into pictures.

JOE E. BROWN hasn't been worrying about starving to death. He has been doing a play in Hollywood, written by Ring Lardner, called "Elmer the Great." In it he plays a baseball player who can EAT. And DOES. At every performance Joe must eliminate a couple of waffles with maple syrup, a stack of wheat cakes, two orders of ham and eggs, a quarter of an apple pie, three lamb chops, orange juice, three cups of coffee and six doughnuts. He should be able to stagger along on that from show to show. Especially on matinee days.

Good news from Lila Lee. She's coming home from an Arizona sanitarium.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has been signed to another long contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where his rise to stardom has taken only a year. Leads with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo followed each other quickly for this New York stage juvenile; he is now playing opposite Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss."

What was the astonishment of quiet residents of Beverly Hills recently, when an army of Austins, driven by men in armor, with license plates bearing the prefix "Camelot" came rolling through town. It was just Will Rogers' army from "A Connecticut
film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

Yankee at King Arthur's Court" going to work at Fox Hills.

WORK on "The Up and Up" at Universal, with Mary Nolan in the starring rôle, was discontinued indefinitely while Mary takes a rest. It is rumored that Miss Nolan is terminating her Universal contract.

MARY BLACKFORD, just a few short months ago, was a student at Beverly Hills High School. Movies were far from her thoughts. She took the part of a French spy in a school play one night and her future was fixed. A First National official was in the audience and liked her work. So now she has a five-year movie contract. And they're talking about changing her name, Mary Blackford sounding too much like Mary Pickford.

Joan Crawford designs most of her own clothes and hats.

PARAMOUNT is paying the Four Marx Brothers two hundred thousand dollars for their next picture; and the brothers have an option of taking fifty per cent of what the picture makes instead—if it makes that much.

FOR Christmas Marion Davies gave elaborate gifts to thirty friends. To the girls went fitted travelling bags filled with silk stockings, underwear and nighties; to the boys she gave a fitted travelling bag filled with sweaters, stockings, golf hose and lounging robes.

DOUG, JUNIOR, and Joan have returned from a three weeks' vacation in New York. It is the first time they have been east since they trekked into the rising sun on their honeymoon.

THINGS were rather quiet in the Lloyd household during the holidays—if one can say the house can be quiet when two healthy little girls such as Mildred Gloria and her new sister are about. Mrs. Lloyd, the Mildred Davis of screen days, gave birth, to a four-pound boy late in January. The one dream of Harold Lloyd always has been a big family. "What am I piling up all this money for?" he says. "Why should I build a big house and an estate if not for a family?" Bad health has dogged Mildred's footsteps, and for a time it looked as if the dream of the Funny Man was going to be carried out with other people's children adopted as his own. Now that Mildred

Gloria has been provided with a companion near her own age, and a new baby boy has arrived, things are pretty much all right with Harold.

THE news that Constance Talmadge is shopping for a layette is something of a thrill to her friends, who have always looked on Constance as a sort of Peter Pan who could play with love or leave it, but would never settle down and be serious. Now that the miracle has happened and she is copying her domestic sister Natalie, wife of Buster Keaton, and mother of a stout pair of boys, everybody is very happy for her. They are hoping for a Townsend Netcher, Jr.

ESTHER RALSTON is on the stork's list, for some time in the Summer. Her husband is George Webb; Esther has just finished a comeback in the talkies, that began with her rôle opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner" and has continued through a starring rôle for Pathe in "Lonely Wives."

As Al Bowsberg was emerging from a studio projection room where he had just witnessed a preview of a doubtful picture, he was asked by a newspaper writer if he thought talking pictures were here to stay.

"I just saw one here a minute ago," he sighed. "I'm pretty sure it's here to stay."

GLORIA SWANSON will not be the naughty girl in pictures any more; her one venture into comedy recently, "What a Widow" persuaded United Artists that the public likes her Gloria wrong with sorrow, reaching out for a better life with plenty of eyeshadows and good looking clothes. Her present vehicle is one of them things, with loads of drama and expecting for the pulchritudinous Gloria. It is interesting to note that Gloria retains the coat-of-arms of the Marquis on her stationery, though her name is signed Gloria Swanson.

GLORIA SWANSON packed bag and baggage the other day and moved from her bungalow at Pathe to the United Artists studio, "Queen Kelly," Gloria's unfinished picture filmed a year or two ago, was left un- (Continued on page 113)
Constance Bennett returned to the screen late in 1929 after a four years' absence. Her new success has been remarkable. Miss Bennett has been painted by Hollywood interviewers as hard, high hat, and heartless. In reality, says Mr. Mook, she is none of the things she has been called. And, across the page, he tells you of the childhood that developed the Constance Bennett of 1931, one of the most popular of all talkie stars.
The Romance of the COMET GIRL

The Story of Movieland's Newest Meteor, Constance Bennett, Who Has Flashed Into Prominence in New York, Paris and Hollywood

By S. R. MOOK

A YEAR and a half ago Constance Bennett returned to the screen after a four years' absence. Immediately interviews broke all over the country—magazines, newspapers, periodicals of all sorts.

"Every Girl Should Marry a Millionaire!"
"$250,000 a Year on Clothes!"
"What Love Means to Me!"
"The High Hat Girl of Hollywood."

There was scarcely a magazine in the country chronicling motion picture personalities which did not carry a story about her. And the amazing part was that few of them were complimentary and, according to Constance, even fewer of them accurate.

I had known her intermittently since she was possibly five years old. The girl I had known seemed to fit none of the articles describing a girl who was supposed to be brilliant and heartless. The girl I had known was warm and sympathetic. It didn't seem possible she could have changed so much.

I RECALLED an incident that occurred when she was possibly nine years old. Her family was living out on Long Island. Her father had given her a bird dog for a present. It was the first time she had ever owned a dog all her own. The family had always had pets, but they had been more or less community property to be shared with her sisters. This was exclusively hers. She lavished affection on the animal and the dog adored her. They were playing on the sidewalk in front of her home one afternoon when the dog darted into the street after a ball she had thrown. An automobile ran over him. Connie gave him one stricken look and flew down the street to a veterinary's. She returned with the slightly bewildered gentleman in tow. The dog, seeing her coming, wriggled over to her and died with his head in her lap.

Connie was inconsolable. Her grief found an outlet in
poetry. It was her first offence in that direction and the result was called "Ode to a Lost Dog." She still writes poetry and has had a number of verses published anonymously.

Her love of dogs has persisted ever since. The den in her home today contains a collection of miniature porcelain dogs that must be the despair of the maid who has to dust them. And Connie cannot pass one in a store without buying it.

As a child there was something grave and dignified about her. She insists that her childhood was just like any other child's—but it wasn't.

Her father was—and is—an unusually successful stage actor, but he has always been erratic and eccentric. When I was thirteen or fourteen and as stage struck as they come, I was horrified to read in a theatrical trade paper that Mr. Bennett had refused to be starred by the Lieblers, who were among the biggest producers of those days. I immediately wrote him a letter of expostulation, pointing out that he could make much more money if he were starred and that he owed it to his wife and three charming children to make as much as he could.

He must have recognized the very childish and immature handwriting, to say nothing of the phraseology, yet he wrote back as gravely as though the letter had been a document of state:

"No doubt all you say is true, so far as you can know facts. But in this life facts must be taken into consideration and, for the present, I am more content to be a large leading man than a small part of the glow from the milky way."

The foregoing is mentioned simply to illustrate a certain side of Mr. Bennett's character. He addressed his own children as gravely as he had (Continued on page 121)

Constance Bennett's first marriage was to Chester Moorehead, a student at the University of Virginia. He escorted her to a number of football games and proms—and there was a runaway marriage. Miss Bennett's parents promptly had the marriage annulled.
How a Fractured Leg Turned Out to be a Lucky Break for Joe Brown

Rubber FACE

By JOHN O'HARA

If you want the real story of Joe E. Brown, you must go back to a poorly lighted vaudeville house in the Southland. You must go back to the year 1909.

It was a Sunday afternoon, the streets were boded by the lazy sun as four bedraggled men got off the cinerory train, gaped about and asked the station-master for directions to the local opera house. Four men? Make it three men, for despite his long trousers and battered derby, closer scrutiny revealed that the figure which walked a few paces behind the others was that of a boy, not more than fifteen years old. Nor was he a cheerful kid. You could tell that something was wrong. He was an unhappy lad.

The quartet found the theater, changed to a scant, athletic costume. Three of the men had bulging, chunky, powerful legs. The lad was well-built, but of a slender type. One of the men, a fellow with a bullet head and, seemingly, no neck, obviously was the chief of the party. He had a humorless look about him, cold, grey eyes and an officiousness that was apparent even in the few short steps he took to the middle of the stage.

The other men stood near the wings while their leader addressed the lad. "Now look here, you," he said. "That trick flop that you do off my shoulders. If you don't get that right the next time we go on, you're going to be good and sorry, get me? I've had enough of your crabbing this act. You do that fall right or—well, you do it right."

The lad cringed and said nothing. It could be seen that he was near tears. He merely nodded assent. Then the quartet went on with the rehearsal. The boy did the fall properly. There was no complaint.

It was the same the next day at the matinee, but at the first evening performance that night the boy was palpably nervous. It came time to be snapped up on the strong man's shoulders. His hands were damp and nearly slipped away from the Goliath's grip, despite its power. The strong man muttered under his breath; "You do that right or you'll be sorry." The boy's nervousness increased as he was twirled around in the air. The man was in a rage.

Suddenly the boy was flung in the air by those powerful arms. And when he came down on the floor, there was a sickening bump and a sharp little crack. The boy lay there.

He had a compound fracture of the leg.

The boy was, of course, Joe E. Brown and he made the story seem very close, very recently as he told it to me in his dressing room. He paused in his narrative and looked around the room. He was taking a few minutes time out during the production of "Broad Minded," the new picture he worked on for First National. "It seems pretty far in the past now," he said.

"Not to me," I said.

"I know, not to you," he said. "But that's because you're hearing it for the first time. I look around here and think how my life has changed since then. How I used to be beaten by that man! He was even more cruel than the first acrobat I worked with. You know I had very definite acrobatic ambitions when I was a kid. Ran away with a circus and all that. And that was a tough apprenticeship I served. The owner of the act paid me less money in a month than I spend for gasoline in a week—and I don't drive many miles. I thought I was making a wise move when I left him for the other act, but that was the way my leg was broken."

"What happened to you when your leg was broken?" I asked.

"I stayed at a boarding house, and the troupe paid my doctor's bill, because the fellow who threw me was afraid I'd have him arrested. Then I went to St. Paul and played professional baseball, and I had a brief turn with the New York Yankees. Finally I gave up the strenuous type of entertainment and chose to be a comedian. A burlesque comedian, at that. And maybe I didn't work at that! Sleeper jumps, draughty dressing rooms, hurried meals.

(Continued on page 124)
The FAVORITES of

BY GEORGE KENT

Photographs of Royalty by Wide World

GEORGE KENT, foreign correspondent and publicity director, has, in his extensive travels, met and chatted with the great and the near great, with kings reposing and deposed. The anecdotes of royalty here related were gathered during four years' residence abroad, during which time he was Continental publicity supervisor for the Electric Research Products, Inc., of Western Electric. Few people know both Europe and the talkies as well as Mr. Kent.

A KING'S life today isn't what it used to be in the good old days of silent pictures. Then a royal fan had his private theater and, when dinner was over, he had only to shove back his chair and saunter down the hall. There were always plenty of films too. The local movie barons were but too pleased to supply them free of charge. There was hardly a royal palace from Windsor to the Nile that didn't put on a show at least twice a week. And a few ran every night with matinees for the babies. The families used to sit there like ordinary folks, smoking, drinking coffee, sipping liqueurs, giggling, weeping, disputing over the stars—even as you and I.

Well, that's how it was until the talkies came along and changed it all. In the first place, a machine for projecting sound pictures costs a lot of money, and royalty, save for the rajahs and Abyssinians, isn't very rich these days. And then, there aren't nearly so many films as there used to be, not in the native tongues, and while most of the rulers know English, it lacks the savor of the home town lingo. Silent pictures are still available but they are now the riefraff of the studios and not worth the eye strain. So, it has come to pass that the royal theaters are no more.

What hurt most was the loss of the daily rave over their favorite star. Kings and queens are human, and they had their preferences, possibly their passions, and when the screens were rolled up and stuck away in the attics, these screen flames flickered their more or less wan way up the ladder behind them. Of course, they could have harnessed up the royal coach and galloped to the nearest theater. But if you have ever been a king you
the KINGS Royalty Has Its Own Screen Idols

With the Coming of the Talkies, the Rulers No Longer Can Afford Private Theaters of Their Own. So Now They Get in Line, Even As You and I

would know that going to a show in public is more pain than peace. A king has to bow, smile sweetly and never betray an honest emotion lest it be observed by a camera or a reporter and get itself scrawled in the newspapers of the world. As for belly laughter it ain’t etiquette, that’s all. Imagine yourself sitting through say a Harold Lloyd picture constrained from laughing out loud.

TODAY, there is only one member of a royal family anywhere in Europe who is able to see talkies at home. As one could almost have guessed, this individual is the Prince of Wales. He has recently had a full sized talking picture outfit installed in his private palace in London. There he can now see his favorites, Nancy Carroll and Zelma O’Neal, as much as he pleases. And among the male stars, the roughneck, Wallace Beery, a choice in which he echoes that of virtually every royal fan in Europe. He also has a fondness for his fellow Londoner, Jack Buchanan. In this he is exceeded by his father, the king.

George V of England has been denied of late the pleasure of going to the movies, partly because he is still convalescent and partly because the palace screen room has not functioned since the advent of the talkies. Still, the queen and he drop in at a picture theater now and then, to grace a formal opening. Mickey Mouse and other animated cartoons have wrung a giggle from the queen, and reports that seep through the inner circles of the court indicate that Harold Lloyd is considered amusing, and that royal compliments have been bestowed upon Richard Barthelmess, Ernest Torrence and Dorothy Mackaill.

BENITO MUSSOLINI, while not exactly a king, is the only other ruler who has at his private disposition a talkie theater. In the case of Italy’s iron man, the theater is not in his own home but in the building of the International Cinema Institute which overlooks his own garden. Several nights a week the Duce, accompanied by his wife and kids, tramps through the grass to the Institute to see a show. He is offered films in all tongues but he invariably chooses the Hollywood kind, and out of these the musical pictures, with lots of girls.

I happened to be there one evening when he was given a long list to select from. He picked “The Hollywood Revue” with a decisiveness that made any other alter-
Kings Laugh at Comics; Queens Thrill to Sheiks

Maybe the Swedish royal family isn't proud of Greta Garbo! They admire her abilities and respect her for her discretion. King Gustav V of Sweden is shown at the right.

native seem silly. Mussolini, himself the most theatrical figure in Europe, loves the theater and its twin art, the movies. He says he studies them and possibly he does, but he enjoys them, too, down to the last flicker. He glowers at the screen as if it were an assassin. He opens his mouth, and shows his teeth but he doesn't bite—he laughs. He sees the pictures as soon as they arrive in Italy, and sometimes he tells the censor he is a fool, and orders him to release a picture that he had banned. He once expressed a partiality for Anita Page, whose performance in that now ancient film "Broadway Melody," he enjoyed a great deal.

There can be no doubt that the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, envies the dictator his easy access to a private theater, for he, too, is a fan, of a family of fans. Recently he and the Queen went to four performances in a week, which, considering that all were in public theaters, is something of a record. At the formal opening of the International Cinema Institute, the King, after being shown a program of educational and industrial pictures, demanded a drama. It had not been intended to show one but to comply with the royal wish one was sent for and shown. It happened to be a film starring Bebe Daniels, which pleased doubly, this roguish star being the favorite in Rome.

When Boris of Bulgaria took as queen a daughter of the Italian King he laid the seeds of his undoing so far as the movies were concerned. He himself has seen only one movie, a Douglas Fairbanks picture. Boris liked the picture but has avoided films ever since, deliberately, because he is afraid they will become an enthusiasm of his. His Italian queen, with movies in her blood, can be counted on to bring the films back into favor.

King Albert of Belgium, on the other hand, needs no persuasion. Which is strange in a way because before the talkies came he was lukewarm on the subject. Al Jolson converted him. The King saw the huge promise of the new art and overnight became the most rarin' of them all. When Americans are received at the palace they leave a little dazed; His Majesty seems to prefer to talk talkies than the accepted hokum about international affairs.

Albert would walk a mile to see a good movie and admits it. What is more interesting, he did so recently. He happened to be in Paris a few days after Maurice Chevalier opened in "The Love Parade." This star is an old favorite with the King. Besides, sitting in a hotel suite with nothing to look forward to save a few dreary receptions is not the most amusing occupation in the world. And so Albert unstrapped his crown, donned a derby and with his chin in his overcoat collar slipped through the lobby unobserved.

You would know, if you had ever been a king, how it feels to be alone on a Paris street, walking along like any other mortal man, unobserved, unescorted, and free to do as you please. From the hotel which stands on the Rue de Rivoli to the theater on the Boulevard des Italiens, is only a little more than a mile, and the King did it on foot, not too hastily and got there, together with the rest of Paris, in time for the second show. There was a long queue winding its way around into a side street. Albert, ruler of all the Belges, quietly walked around the corner, lit a cigarette and took his place at the end of the line, and waited until he came abreast of the cashier, paid his twenty francs, entered, and sank into the upholstered seats with a sigh of satisfaction, a waiter on one side of him, a clerk on the other.

Maurice clicked with the King. But Jeanette MacDonald, the wistful, negligee-toting Jeanette, went over double-double, crowding her way into the special place in his affections. His Majesty had reserved for Bessie Love and Garbo. And though few may know it, what happened to Albert happened to most Parisians when they saw that picture. They came to see and applaud their Maurice but it was Jeanette they were brooding over when they departed. The King was delighted with Chevalier but how could a mere man vie with a real queen of a girl playing the role of a queen to, you might say, the queen's taste. And what goes for Chevalier goes for the other male favorites of Albert; Lon Chaney, Fairbanks, the Beerys, and Bancroft, all more or less the raw, braw heroes of the tough-guy cinema.

(Continued on page 88)
LAUGHS of the FILMS

ARE YOU SURE EVERYTHING'S ALL SET FOR MY LITTLE PARTY, BENTLEY?
EVERYTHING, SIR, EXCEPT ONE ELECTRIC LIGHT CLOSE IN THE SECOND FOOTMAN'S CLOTHES CLOSET, SIR, AND THE ELECTRICIAN IS ON HIS WAY UP, SIR!

GEORGE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU LOOK SO TERRIBLY PALE!

SHALL I— I Wuz Juzh EMACIATED INTO THE ELKS!

THIS PICTURE OF THE OLD-TIME GUY BET ME EIGHT IS GRAND!
CHEE! DEM GOLD DRAKE? SURE DO COP!

YOU SHOULDN'T GAMBLE! IT AIN'T RIGHT!

BUT I OWN THE PLACE IN THE WHEELS CROOKED—SO THAT ISN'T GAMBLING!

CLAUD BOW AND HARRY GREEN IN 'NO LIMIT'

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND EDW. EVERETT HORTON IN "REACHING FOR THE MOON"

EDW. ROBINSON IN "LITTLE CAESAR"
Mabel Normand was a young woman of extraordinary variety. She refused to let people know the real Mabel Normand. "The beauty of her inner self abashed her," says Herbert Howe, "she was so conscious of her failings. And yet I know no one of such beautiful accomplishments."

Herbert Howe is going to present the great personalities of Hollywood, past and present, in New Movie. He will tell you in future issues of Pola Negri, Doug Fairbanks, Rudie Valentino, and other notables of the screen. These will be intimate pen pictures of the vivdest of the film great by one who knew them through the years. Each story is complete in each issue.

I wonder if his personality would have seemed extraordinary without the reputation to back it up," muses Somerset Maugham of the character in "Cakes and Ale."

That is my speculation in reviewing personalities of screen history.

How many of them would appear great without their photographic enlargements?

Agreeing to pick the greatest of Hollywood, I counted as far as the little finger of the left hand, with thumb palmed, when I had to stop for a definition.

What do I mean greatest? Certainly not greatest in respect to screen accomplishment. Even in Hollywood success comes more often to people of sagacity and luck than to those of great personal charm.

Probably my best definition is supplied by Wilde: "There are individuals who, in themselves, are masterpieces of nature."

I am not sure I have met any masterpieces but I have known some pretty swell stories. Pola Negri is one . . . Mabel Normand another . . . Rudie Valentino . . . Doug Fairbanks. . . . These four certainly rate as classics among the characters of screen history.

Scanning the pages further I find other names which for one reason or another conjure impressions of varying vividness: Nazimova, Richard Barthelmess, Wally Reid, Ramon Novarro, Marion Davies, Alice Terry, Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Will Rogers . . .

I guess I had better make it a five-foot bookshelf instead of a set of ten.

Perhaps the writer's definition of the greatest personality would be the one who supplies the best copy, the most interesting from a story angle, be he saint or devil, mental giant or movie magazine writer.

That which issues from the mouth of man is but a fraction of his personal expression. A person may be fascinating and yet give a punk interview. "Interview" is a misnomer, anyhow. Usually it is just a beating.

Vivekananda, the Hindu philosopher, insists that a Man's being—that which he is in himself—exercises a greater influence than the words he speaks. There are personal vibrations that appeal directly, like music without words. We all set up radio waves of varying lengths. You may call these "magnetism."

One may be engrossed by a personality without giving a hoot for his ideas.

I have given lusty croup for Mussolini but he could never make a Fascist out of me.

I have joined in hallelujahs with Aimee McPherson but she will never get me into her baptismal tank.

I have been stimulated by the dynamic wit of Texas Guinan but she is never going to hail me a sucker.

Greatness as I am applying it has nothing to do with churchly virtues. I myself once received a gold medal for Sunday School attendance. The gold soon wore off and exposed the brass. I am very dubious about such awards. Yet I am not prejudiced. I rate Aimee and Texas equally.

Although in the past I have used the word "soul" many times like a sloven writer, I confess I do not know what it is. I seem to have a clearer idea of "heart." Perhaps the two are synonymous. Certainly greatness of heart seems to me to be the greatest ingredient for lasting charm. That is why Mabel Normand is first with me.

I had heard a lot about Mabel before meeting her. Everyone always heard a lot about Mabel. I did not think I would care much for her. A practical joker, according to stories, she liked to shock in burlesque fashion. Typically Irish, I was told. Impulsive, wild-tongued. In fact, from the hearsay picture, I
HALL of FAME

By HERBERT HOWE

gathered that Mabel was a hoyden, and from a hoyden I will run as from battle.

One afternoon I went with Adela Rogers St. Johns to Mahlon Hamilton's for cocktails before attending the premiere of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. That was years before Hollywood was scandalously headlined. There were a number of people in the drawing-room, among them several stars but no one particularly exciting. Suddenly I had the feeling that an arc lamp was flooding the room. I turned toward the door and saw a girl dressed in black, a large black hat shadowing her face, a string of tiny pearls around her throat. In her arm she carried several books which she evidently was returning. She came into the room with the shy step of a country cousin, and I noted she was pigeon-toed. Several people spoke to her but I did not get her name and no one took the trouble to introduce me. They didn't need to; I naturally gravitated. Almost at once I was immersed in the eloquence of dark eyes. I do not know whether I thought her beautiful. I was too far sunk for trivial observations.

I must have had a gaspy look, for she gave me a sort of resuscitating smile and asked me if I had read the books which she placed on a table, and did I like Stephen Leacock.

I said I was sure I would—if given a chance.

"Let me send you this one," she said. "And there is another I think you will like. Will you give me your name and address?" I gave.

It would be impossible for me to say how long we talked. I think Einstein's theory of relativity might apply, but as to that I am not clear. Anyhow I had the feeling of having known her much longer than time. She left as shyly as she had come, giving me an amused smile and offering her hand. (Curious how little details bob up in memory: I recall her telling me later that people were always giving her gloves which she detested and never wore.)

As soon as she had gone I galloped to Adela: "Who is she?... I'm crazy,..."

"Don't be so original," booted the unpitying Adela. "Everyone is crazy about her who ever knew her. Don't tell me you haven't recognized her! She is Mabel Normand."

Well, as Texas Guinan once exclaimed when similarly shocked, "I didn't know whether to commit suicide or sing 'Baby Shoes.'"

Incredible as it may seem, I was not at that time a fan for Mabel's pictures. And I am one of the rare souls who never recognizes a star off screen.

I went on to the premiere of "The Four Horsemen" but I couldn't seem to keep my mind on the picture. It seemed disjointed. I was the only reviewer who failed to hail Rex Ingram a genius, and so Rex engaged me to do his publicity and we became very good friends.

Thus I came under Mabel Normand's fatal spell which started operating immediately to my benefit.

A few days later the Leacock books arrived with several stories marked.

For many years Mabel Normand was one of the chief favorites of the screen and one of the idols of Hollywood itself. Until she died, however, no one knew the great heart of Mabel," as her Father Confessor expressed it.

Mabel Normand had a terrific aversion to publicity. She would elude interviewers with the agility of a quarryd rabbit. But she had a voracious interest in other people. She would rather hear a life story than tell one.

M. Jomier, the favorite French instructor of Hollywood, was in my apartment that afternoon. We had started to talk French but soon lapsed into an English discussion of Mabel. I found he was among those obsessed like myself. We were talking of Mabel when the telephone rang.

"Do you know who this is?" asked the voice.

"Yes," I said.

"Why, you big liar!" "Thank you for the books," I said.

"How did you know my voice?... Listen, will you do something for me?"

"Everything."

"Not that. I don't know you well enough. But will you do my publicity? They are raising the devil with me down here at the studio."

"Everything but that," I laughed. "I know you too well for that."

I meant that I knew her reputation for loathing publicity. She ran from it like a frightened child from a willow switch. It was (Continued on page 95)
Greta Garbo was very young when Mauritz Stiller discovered her. Indeed, she was little more than a child. He was forty-five—and a director famous across the Continent. There can be no doubt that Greta Garbo's whole life and character were affected deeply and indelibly by Stiller. He was a lonely soul. He taught her solitude.
Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD

III

THE TRAGIC LOVE OF GRETA GARBO

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

MORE and more the great Garbo shelters herself from the world. The brief days when she emerged from her solitude and moved among a few friends have ended.

She is alone. There is no romance in her life today. She lived alone—but the few who know her whisper that she lives now with memory and the thought of a dead great man who loved her for company.

Few in this country ever came to know the name of Mauritz Stiller. Yet he created Greta Garbo as surely as Pygmalion created his Galatea. They lived a strange love story, an Ibsen-esque love story if you will, and one that has left its imprint not only upon the silent, solitary Garbo, but upon the American public.

Garbo does not speak the name of Stiller. Yet she crossed the ocean alone to stand beside his lonely grave. Whether her thoughts were of love, of gratitude, of grief or of idolatry, no one knows or will ever know.

Greta Garbo crossed the ocean alone to stand beside his lonely grave. Whether her thoughts were of love, of gratitude, of grief or of idolatry, no one knows.

Not so many years ago, the name of Stiller was a magic one in the European theater. In Sweden he held a great place. They regarded him as a genius. In the world of the theater, he ranked above all others.

A gaunt, tall man, with an ugly face illumined by startling eyes that saw through the masks of life, saw into the depths of souls, held those he looked upon with an almost hypnotic power. He was not young. He must have been almost forty-five when he met the young Greta, still in her teens. He had never been handsome. He had no social graces, no gaiety, no outward attractions. Yet many women had loved him desperately, while he loved them a little. A very little.

A strange man, marvelous and terrible. With the deep pessimism, the brooding realism of his race. To him his work was paramount to all human emotions, all human contacts.

Only in the last year of his life did he yield to the madness of love. Then he found himself trapped unexpectedly in the embraces of his own creation. He never really loved Garbo until he knew that he was losing her forever.

At the height of his career in Sweden, he sought new material as a miner seeks virgin gold. First for his stage plays, later for his motion-picture productions. It was his joy and his satisfaction to discover raw talent and give it training and opportunity.

Upon such a quest he first met a girl we call Garbo. In Stockholm, as in most European capitals, is an endowed dramatic academy, which gives courses of training, employment, to aspiring young actors and actresses. After three years of instruction they are ready to enter the Swedish Theater.

Every three months the students of the Royal Dramatic Academy give a play. Upon a certain Winter night the cast of an academy play, waiting in the wings for the rising of the curtain, were thrown into a frenzy of nervous excitement by the whisper “Stiller is out front.”

This picture was made when Mauritz Stiller and his protege, Greta Garbo, arrived on the S.S. Drottningholm in 1925. Strange fates awaited them. To the famous Stiller came disaster and a broken heart. To the girl came fame such as few women have known.
When the great Stiller arrived in Hollywood, the Swedish colony turned out to welcome him. His protégée, Greta Garbo, shared in the reception. Who could guess that the unknown girl was marked for enduring fame?

The Great Stiller had come to see the performance. It was as though someone had told a group of college thespians that David Belasco was in the audience. The chance of a lifetime confronted each of them. If Stiller noticed them, if he approved them, success was assured. The slim, beautiful leading lady. The much-talked-of character actor. The suave heavy. They stared at each other, wondering which might be the chosen one.

They worked as they had never worked before, trying across the footlights to catch a glimpse of that ugly, brilliant face. After the performance they waited. Would he send for any of them? Would he praise any of them? He was talking to their director. What would come of it?

At last the word came back. Stiller, on the morrow, wished to see a girl—Garbo.

GARBO? Oh, surely not. It wasn't possible. Why, she'd had only the merest bit in the play. They stared at her. A tall, silent, peasant girl, who spoke to no one, whom no one knew anything about. They had never even noticed her.

The following afternoon, Greta Garbo presented herself at the luxurious apartment of Stiller. Six thousand miles from Hollywood, which had then never heard of either one of them, began the strange romance which was to give to the American screen its most popular actress.

The girl was trembling with nervousness, voiceless and cold with fear. Silent, she stood before him, utterly overcome. No one had ever paid any attention to her before. At the academy she had battled her way, by sheer dauntless determination. Not a soul had taken her seriously. She had none of the facile ability, none of the ease and grace, of the other girls. Many times she had almost given up in despair, to return to that mysterious place from whence she came.

Looking at Stiller, she beheld in him a veritable god. He was The Master. She was in the presence of The Master. He had called her. She didn't really see the man at all.

Briefly, coldly, he studied her.

"There is no use doing anything or saying anything," he stated brusquely, "until you take off that fat. Go away. Lose some weight. I will send for you again."

He did send for her again. Those hypnotic eyes of his had seen the power, the fire, the fundamental woman, beneath the awkward girl. Here was no ordinary, pretty-pretty, young thing, to please briefly. This girl would be great or she would be nothing. She came from the soil. She was real, burning, strong. With what he could teach her, she could do anything. They could conquer the world.

Three months later, he summoned her and she came.

In those three months, Greta Garbo hadn't eaten a square meal. Ruthlessly she had denied her healthy young appetite. Every morning she had walked miles and miles in the country around Stockholm. When she appeared before him the second time, she had lost twenty-five pounds.

"So," said Stiller, "you have done it. That is good. It is good not only for the thing itself, but because it shows you have courage, determination. Very good. Are you willing to work, work hard? Are you willing to give up everything else? Are you willing to think of nothing but your work? Can you stand pain, criticism, endless study, endless sacrifice? If so, come with me now. I will make you a good actress. You shall play in my pictures."

HER first picture with him was "Gosta Berling." They worked in Stockholm, in Germany, in Constantinople.

He labored with her for long hours. He taught her the minutest details about acting. He created for her a personality, showed her how to express herself. Slowly, the charm, the beauty, the buried talents began to emerge. But very slowly.

They drifted, naturally, into love. But it was a strange love on both sides. There was no equality between them. As they were separated in years by a quarter of a century, they were separated in position, in mentality.

Garbo was, like all Northern women, slow to awaken. She was, then, a child in years and a child in experience. To her, Stiller was simply the greatest man in the world. She idolized him, obeyed him, served him. His slightest wish was her law.

To him, she was then the clay he was molding. He loved her as man loves his own handiwork. He was selfish at times, he ignored her often, neglected her occasionally, took her for granted always. They were seldom apart, yet they were never really close. He didn't love her. He loved her work and he was fond of her. At times he was miraculously kind to her. At times he was heedlessly, thoughtlessly cruel. It made no difference. He was Stiller. The Master could do no wrong.

THERE can be no doubt in anybody's mind that Garbo's whole life and character were affected deeply and indelibly by this man. He was a lonely soul. He taught her solitude. There was brilliance in his mind, but no lightness. Society bored him. The ordinary
pleasures which a girl of twenty might have naturally sought had never appealed to him, and at his age he regarded them as trivial, useless. Often he had moods of deep melancholy, when he stared with pitiless eyes at the human race and saw life as a formless, terrible monster.

During those years, Garbo was his reflection and his shadow.

In 1925, Louis B. Mayer and his wife and daughters arrived in Berlin. The story of their meeting with Stiller and Garbo is well known, but it must be told as part of this history of their love.

Mayer sought out the great Stiller. He considered him a genius and believed that he could do great things in the American film world.

"Will you come and make pictures for us?" he said. "We can offer you great opportunities."

"I will come," said Stiller. "I bring with me Garbo. I wish to direct Garbo. She will one day be the greatest of all your actresses."

So Mr. Mayer and his daughters were taken to meet Garbo.

They saw a big, quiet, expressionless girl, wrapped in a big coat, with a hat pulled down over her eyes. She (Cont. on p. 126)
THAT is the question the editor asked me. And it might have proved a very embarrassing one. He asked it because so many of the leading stars were born in that month—or rather, in the month beginning March 22nd and ending April 20th, which is the period ruled by Aries, usually called the April sign. But supposing there hadn't been any answer to the question. Supposing there had been nothing in the stars to indicate that April's children would be successful in appealing to the public. Then I would have been in a fix. And so would astrology. For some skeptic would be sure to say:

"There can't be anything in this thing, anyhow!"

But skeptics are seldom very inspired people. And they almost never have the stars with them. In this case, they would have been especially doomed to disappointment, because Aries, the first sign of the Zodiac, the leader in the great pageant of the heavens, is primarily the sign of leadership on earth. Aries is the Alpha of the astrological alphabet, the "A" of the celestial "A-B-C's." Aries is the top of the heavenly heap—and its sons and daughters on earth reach the top, too.

Not just in movies! Always; before movies were born; since they were born, in other lines, in every line. The list of the Aries great reads like an all-star cast. J. P. Morgan was an Aries man. So is Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. So is Secretary Mellon, the world's richest politician. So is George F. Baker, the world's richest banker. So is Nicholas Murray Butler, the world's best known college president. So were John Burroughs, the world's greatest naturalist and Houdini, the world's greatest magician.

Is it any wonder that the same sign of the Zodiac should produce Mary Pickford, the screen's best known star, and Charlie Chaplin, the screen's greatest artist?

Is it to be wondered at that Harold Lloyd and Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan and George Arliss and Wallace Reid and Mary Brian and Constance Talmadge and Warner Baxter and Joan Crawford and Gloria Swanson were all Aries children?

Aries, in astrological language, is symbolized by the Ram—and you can't keep a good ram down!

But there are other reasons, of course, besides Aries' general penchant for leadership, why his sons and daughters should attain the peculiar kind of fame which is the bone and sinew of the picture star's success. Aries is a cardinal sign, a fiery sign, a spectacular sign, a publicity sign. Compare it, for instance, with its neighbor, Pisces, which is watery, gentle, modest, retiring, self-effacing. A Pisces man is arrested for driving his automobile too fast or, let us say, passing a light. Nobody ever hears of it. All he gets out of it is a five dollar fine! An Aries man does the same thing, and he gets headlines on the front page. Sob sisters make him out a martyr. The tabloids take up his case and demand an investigation of the police department. At the next election, the politicians demand that he run for mayor. Within a year he has signed a fabulous contract with the movies to teach the fine art of motoring on the talking screen!

I CAN give you all the examples you want of how this thing works. What college president has the longest biography in "Who's Who"? Who, indeed, but Nicholas Murray Butler. Is he the president of the oldest college in the world, or the biggest, or the best known? No, he is just Butler—Nicholas Miraculous Butler, as Roosevelt used to call him—a typical publicity-getting Aries man. (President Butler not only has the longest biography in "Who's Who" of any college president, but of any human being. That's Aries for you—one hundred per cent!)

King Albert of Belgium is an even better example: for if ever there was a man who seemed doomed by temperament, manner, mental equipment
and political position to comparative obscurity in the
king business, it was Albert. He has the tastes and
interests of an average, small-town merchant; and most
of that gentleman's virtues; he is clean, honest, just;
but he is far below the small-town standard in either
"pep" or shrewdness. Left to himself, he would resign
his job tomorrow and retire to his Flanders farm. And
yet, simply because the Great War burst on Albert like
a flood of fire and brought out into the limelight his
Aries qualities of courage and stubborn, dauntless,
idealism, he will probably go down in history as his
country's greatest king—the most widely publicized
figure to come out of the

I am not saying that
President Butler hasn't
great ability, or that
King Albert was lacking
in solid worth; nor
would I say that Mary
Pickford has not de-
served the affection in
which she has been held
or Charlie Chaplin the
acclaim that has been
his. Of course, they
de- scored the high places
which they attained. The
stars can't make bricks without straw any more than
the Children of Israel could. At least, they don't. But
they can see to it—and in the case of the Aries-born
they generally do see to it—that some people get all
that is coming to them, sometimes a whole lot more!

I COULD go on. For example, Mars is the ruling
planet of the sign Aries. Mars is electric, forceful,
active, aggressive. It gives courage, initiative, "punch." It
govern the sex organs. It gives "it." But do I
need to go further? Isn't it evident from these first
scrutings of the astrological surface that people born
under the April sign not only have extraordinary
capabilities for success with the public, but an even
more extraordinary gift for cashing in on those capabil-
ities through personal appeal and popular acclaim?

Here is why most of the great stars were
born in Aries?

Aries is a cardinal sign—a fiery, spectacular
publicity sign.

Mars is the ruling planet of Aries. Mars is
electric, forceful, active, aggressive. It gives
courage, initiative, punch. It governs sex. It
gives IT. It is the planet of personal appeal.

I'll assume that it is evident that astrology, for
about the millionth time in my experience, has proved
itself once more what it has always been, infallible, in-
escapable. And now, I will tell you some of the "special"
reasons why these particular stars succeeded.

Take Chaplin. No Aries person ever lent himself to
publicity more naturally than this eccentric comedian.
But it is necessary to look further into his horoscope
to see why he couldn't help being the original, unique
person that we all know him to be. And there it is,
as plain as the stars in the sky: Chaplin's Moon, ruling
the public and his Mercury, ruling the mind, are in
conjunction friendly to Uranus, the god of orig-
inality, the planetary apostle of the unique.

But the interesting thing about Mr. Chap-
lin's horoscope at this
time, when he alone is
holding out against the
talkies, is that both of
these planets which have
to do with his career are
also friendly to Saturn,
the god of practicality,
of conservatism, "the
feet on the ground" planet. And I believe that the wisdom born of these
latter influences was never better shown than in his
resolution to remain what he has always been: unique.
I am further led to that belief by the fact that Mr.
Chaplin's Jupiter, ruling money, is in direct opposition
to Taurus, ruling the throat!

JOAN CRAWFORD's chart, on the other hand, is
most favorable to the talkies. She has Venus, the
goddess of entertainment and the presiding genius of
all the arts, in the talkies' own sign Taurus. It is a
good chart any way you look at it. The past two years
must have been rather hard. The successes that she
won—and she certainly did win them, didn't she?—must
have been accomplished under difficulties. But 1932
should be a great year for her. (Continued on page 92)
She's Phoney That Way

The Idol of the Films Felt Smothered With Nice Patrician Roles, So She Played a Rough, Tough Burlesque Belle. Maybe Hollywood Wasn't Started

BY STEWART ROBERTSON
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

SPRING had come to Hollywood and the Galaxy Studios in particular where, in a miraculous display of April showers followed by golden bars of slanting sunshine, a slim, patrician bit of femininity was being crushed against a gentleman's tuxedo in a manner that outlined her profile to the best advantage. The very crocuses that starred the velvety lawn seemed to be watching them, jonquils and tulips nodded prim approval, and deep in the foliage of the magnolia that arched above the lovers a thrush sent forth his liquid, joyous song.

Then, with the stealthy insistence of a bad habit, the haunting melody of "Kiss Me Again" floated through the air, whereupon the magnolia, scoffing at the calendar, released a cloud of petals upon Miss Margaret Shaftesbury and her adorer, while Mr. Omar K. Speonk, supervisor extraordinary, wept copiously into a heliotrope handkerchief.

"I may be a slave driver," he moaned when the scene had coasted to a poignantly sad, "but besides and in addition, boys, I'm a sucker for sentiment. Maybe you think that love passage was a fake, and the answer is yes or no, as my lawyer is fond of saying. That's love as it should be—sprigged muslin, violets and high-class restraint in the clinches. No vulgar struggling about, which is the best us ordinary mortals can do. Get me? It's the unattainability of what Lady Margaret stands for that puts a dent in my subconscious. Ahhh, I feel as shaky as a Communist's credit."

HE resumed his blissful gazing, quite unworried by the sight of the rain and sun manipulators removing their apparatus or the thrush impersonator at grips with his atomizer. Still in the center of the stage, the star had stretched her lissom blonde loveliness on a garden seat and now was looking up at the leading man. Miss Margaret Shaftesbury, "Lady" by grace of her aristocratic life both on and off the screen, was not only distinguée but her eyes were laden with the sophistication of one who has looked at life and found it of no more interest than a page of The Congressional Record.

"How ever do you do it?" breathed Mr. Hilary Kingston. "I know it can't be me, for you've refused me often enough, but every time we play a love scene I start hoping. But now you're asestos once more. How do you do it?"

"Quite easily," said Miss Shaftesbury in a voice that was as crisp as a Winter's day in Winnipeg and just about as tingingly on the ears. "You're all very well, Hilary, old deah, but I simply think of someone else, that's the secret."

"Me, too," nodded Mr. Speonk, trotting toward them. "When I go home to my family and maybe register faint dis-

taste when I view 'em, my wife will think it's because I don't like the creamed shrimps, so she'll give me a bawling out. What can she know about love, with her nine children? I just see there and dream of you, Lady Margaret, the same as every man who's ever watched your emotions commotioning."

Miss Shaftesbury's sultry brown eyes burned into his. "Why not have supper with me?" she throbbed. "Hilary, too; I've something I want to talk over with you."

"Just business, I suppose?" Mr. Speonk inquired unnecessarily, seeing that he resembled an intelligent woodchuck in convex lenses.

"Strictly business," said Lady Margaret in her starchy, high-bred tones. "You're going to hear the confession of a tortured soul tonight, Omar, and you'd better be there with the remedy or you'll see more dramatics than that time I was caught by the U. S. Customs."

"That doesn't sound like you," interposed Hilary before the startled Mr. Speonk could unlimber his jaws. "You must be overwrought, honey; you'd better rest a bit."

"How do you know what sounds like me?" demanded Miss Shaftesbury rudely. "The real me, I mean." Her voice suddenly came out of its customary croon like the crack of a whip while her auditors stared. "Overwrought, says you, with your college education! Quit talking like a novel, will you? Burned up, says I, and still smoldering!"

THE ghastly silence that reigns after one has seen one's wife at seven A. M. for the first time enveloped the two gentlemen, and for the next hour they exchanged apprehensive glances with each other and timid smiles of assent with the irritable Lady Margaret. With the serving of dinner Mr. Speonk, absorbing courage along with the pickled walnuts, ventured out on the thin ice.

"There's a million guys would cut my throat for the privilege of sitting here," he declared, "and I certainly appreciate the risk. Trott out the troubles, precious, and let me have a piece of sample."

Miss Shaftesbury, regal in eggshell satin, smiled bitterly. "I'm utterly tired of playing a lady," she announced. "I must have a new brand of picture, Omar, because I want to be rough and tough. Don't commence that 'but' business, now! Tough, I said. What are you going to do about it?"

"Play a lady! But you are one."

"Just what do you think I am?"

"The leader of a new cult of suave expression made possible only by the advent of the talkies," recited Mr.
Speonk glibly. “After five years of stardom on the legitimate stage, you couldn’t resist the plea of Hollywood to transfer your art to the screen, and between ourselves, precious, you’re about the only New York star who didn’t flash and go back East singing that suave Fredway melody, ‘They Harried Me, Act in California.’ Because you’re real, that’s why. You, with your rep for brilliant plays and faultless diction, bear the hallmark of quality. A Shaftesbury vogue has swept the country! A—well, you’re there with both feet already.”

“You must have been looking over the publicity man’s shoulder,” snapped Lady Margaret. “And you, Hilary, why are you always proposing to me?”

“Why, we speak the same language for one thing,” said Mr. Kingston who was an unassuming, chestnut-haired young man. “There’s no dual personality rot about you, Margaret, like so many of the girls here, and you’re always so sweet and natural that I can’t help adoring you. I’ll admit I never had any real stage experience, like you, because I’ve been out of Princeton only three years, but I know the real thing when I see it. What in the world has come over you?”

“M E M O R I E S,” said the hostess tragically, rest ing her elbows on the table and speaking with her mouth aslant. “So I’m a lady! Perhaps I am, in this vale of vanity, where the finance companies keep the door of the furniture until it’s paid for, but I’m going to be tough, I tell you frankly, Omar, if I draw another single one of those awful country house comedy-dramas I’ll poison the next English author who has tea with me.”

“B-but you’ve never been identified with off-color parts until now, Spoons. How do we know you can play ’em? I’m not collegiate myself, because when I was a freshman the faculty decided I was too low for Lehigh, but even so, I got perception. You’re too refined.”

“Flap your ears at this: Before I climbed the ladder I waved the neatest hip in burlesque for the old Passionate Pilgrims! Now, do I know enough to play coarse parts?”

“Your studio biography don’t say a word about it,” protested the unbelieving Omar.

“Why should it—don’t some of the others read as through the first twenty years had been lived in a vacuum? Can’t you tell me two pop-eyed persons that under all this blanket of Parisian gowns, nice manners and perfumed security pulses a free soul, but it’s being smothered! Not only do I have to play lacquered dummies, but the real ones, from Pinehurst to Pasadena, have made me their darling. ‘Oh yaws, they say, ‘she is an actress, my deah, but so cultyawah!’ That kind of language is pretty infectious, you know, and I’ll never be cured if I don’t revolt now. Oh, I often think how gorgeous it would be to stumble over the cobblestones to some stage door—Boston, Louisville—and have but hiss and kick.”

“I don’t understand,” said Mr. Kingston. “Life as a chorus girl preferable to this? Ridiculous!”

“What do you know about life?” flared Miss Shaftesbury, balancing on a vocal tights between two accents. “This Princeton sheepskin’s got you insulated from it, that’s why you’re such a stick as an actor. Huh! Inside a year all you’ll need is two slices of bread to become a sandwich, and I’ll let you guess what kind. Ah, Mon Dieu! I stifle in the press!” implored Mr. Speonk. “Think of the servants. Think of me—I can get all the battling I want at home, and anyhow, I came here to get food, not fury.”

“Guzzle and gulp to your heart’s content,” said Lady Margaret generously, “and I’ll attend to you later. Listen, Hilary, mention chorus girls to most people and they think of those platinum princesses who work for Ziegfeld, but burlesqueurs are different. Not so much gloss, perhaps, but they’re real. No affections for them.” Her eyes grew softly luminous. “Real,” she murmured. “Real men and—”

I DON’T need a blueprint,” said her leading man stiffly. “So this invisible lover you dream about in the clinches is someone from this dingy past of yours? Thanks for the slap in the face. You’re just suffering from a good-old-days complex, but you’ll feel better in the morning.”

“Really?”—I mean, says you,” said the girl loftily, her gaze shifting to the dizzly Mr. Speonk. “What about it, Omar, will you recommend that I be taken away from the French pastry and given a hard role, or must I go to Honolulu with a breakdown?”

“Well,” said the supervisor, “we’re all lined up for that next picture where you’re the Princess of Kleptomania who is woed and won by a handsome young bathtub salesman from America, and all that usual boloney. Already I’ve put in a call for eight Airedale terriers to play diplomats, so we can’t postpone it, but there’s always some kind of a back-stage story kicking around Solomon’s Temple, and I’ll do my best to get it for you next. And say, it’s about time we—”

“May I ask just when?”

Lady Margaret’s ravishing lips parted in a melting smile. “Any time,” she assured her questioner, “that anybody sees me out with you.”

O N E afternoon in late July Miss Shaftesbury emerged from Solomon’s Temple, otherwise the office of the vice-president in charge of production, clutching the bulky manuscript of “Ladies To Let” with hands as eager as a pickpocket’s at a Shriners’ convention. Beside her trotted the careworn Mr. Speonk, and she handed her to a rakish roadster he spoke without enthusiasm.

“I wonder what kind of a liar called this a man’s world,” he croaked. “Here’s Solomon and me and all the rest overcoming our better judgment by letting you be boisterous, and I’m warning you that you might as well buy for ten cents a dream and commit suicide that way. Imagine you in a pair of web-tights! Imagine you doing the off-to-Buffalo step and singing ‘Who Gives a Damn For Mary’s Lamb When We See Mary’s Cal!’ No kidding, I’m quivering like a G string when Kreisler gets through with it.”

“You old darling,” said Lady Margaret joyously. “I’m not going to make a hobby of this or give up my friends. When ‘Ladies To Let’ still has the critics dumbfounded I promise you I’ll snap right back into Park Avenue purity, and then they’ll be writing columns about my versatility. Don’t scowl like that, Omar, you really enjoy seeing me be different.”

“But listen,” objected Mr. Speonk miserably, “how can I supervise a stage yarn? All I know about the legitimate theater is that they charge too—”

(Continued on page 114)
As a baby in Vienna, Erich Oswald Stroheim was quite willing to pose like the conventional movie vamp. He had little thought of a future screen public. Erich was born in February, 1885.

In circle, Erich’s father, Benno Stroheim, who was a manufacturer of hats in Vienna. Mr. Stroheim was of German ancestry. At the left, Erich and his mother, Jenny Bondy, who was born in Prague. Erich Von Stroheim comes of a distinguished family. Edwin Franko Goldman, the bandmaster, is a cousin. So, too, are Nahan and Sam Franko, and Victor and Friedrich Hollander. Victor Hollander wrote the music of Reinhardt’s “Sumurun.” Friedrich Hollander wrote the music of the Marlene Dietrich hit, “The Blue Angel.”
The Great Movie CIRCUS

The Famous Columnist Tells His Impressions of the Screen Colony and Its Famous Folk

By O. O. McIntyre

SOMEONE has undeservedly and flatteringly spoken of me in print as a prestidigitator with the ordinary things of life—a sort of medium for the mediocre. I like the comparison, for whatever slight talent I might possess for writing, lies in stressing the inconsiderable.

Not having the sweeping intellectual range of Wells, the stinging sarcasm of Shaw, the insouciance of Arlen or the imagination of Dreiser, I content myself with that bizarreness of life encompassed in the commonplace—the smell of fried fish, the hand wave of the white wing, the wise-crack of the crossing cop and the very latest shirt pattern worn by Adolphe Menjou.

So I was rather pleased when the editor of this sturdy feuilleton, dropped me a note in part: "Dash off something discursive about the things, the people, the scenes and other trivia you have been impressed by in Hollywood and New York."

Such instructions warm the heart of an ink-stained wretch because he may amble along, setting down such things as pop into his head just as they pop. It is a writing informality that instantly banishes form and often, though I hope this is the exception, coherence. So taking a deep breath and pushing a dog off my lap, here goes!

WHILE I honestly believe that the grand Hollywood movie openings come very near to constituting The Great American Vulgarity, I also think they are about as interesting to behold as any spectacle presented to the public.

It is no exaggeration that people bring their lunches at sun up from the Beverly canyons and Hollywood hills and remain along the curbs to await the arrivals at a cinema first night. Nobody is so curiously fascinated by the movie actor as the native of Hollywood. No matter his trade, he lives, eats and sleeps in the atmosphere of the studio. The wide-eyed hyena-like half-circle in front of the motion-picture gates at quitting time is not composed of visitors. Chieflly they are the residents of Hollywood.

Before dusk the blocks surrounding the theater are roped off and under-police guard. The street is a white glare from giant lamps. Everybody is on tip-toe and the enthusiasm becomes contagious. You find your heart skipping a beat. A huge limousine creeps along the curb, necks crane and eyes bulge.

"NORMA SHEARER" bellows the megaphone and there is thunderous applause. "Gary Cooper!" And then: "Conrad Nagel, Marlene Dietrich, Harold Lloyd, Hoot Gibson." And so on.

They sweep up to the microphone and impen such greetings as "Hello everybody, it is glorious to be here," or some petted darlings tremulously babbles: "We of the studio, etc., etc." It is all a magnificent display of self-consciousness carried on at increased tempo by the announcements in the theater: "Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks going down the left aisle" and "Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn down the center aisle, Mrs. Goldwyn wearing black satin with pearls."

It all sounds circusy and it is. But it is a slice of life in close-up that will give your emotions a touseling no matter what blase you are. I never miss a first night in Hollywood and I have attended a hundred.

I SUPPOSE the private theater of Winnie Sheehan, equipped with sound devices, has been pretty well written up but it has always interested me. Winnie, you may know, is a former newspaper reporter of Park Row and to visit his Spanish castle makes lesser members of the journalistic guild think: "Why, this might happen to me!"

Winnie's theater is in the basement, a gorgeous affair outfitted in oak with deep-cushioned chairs that were
made for lolling. After dinner his guests repair there, and in this luxurious case the gentlemen puff panattelas and the ladies gold-tipped cigarettes, while a new talkie unfolds.

Attendants in correct white monkey jackets bring deliciously fashioned drinks—soft, of course—from a glittering bar. The theater seats a half hundred and is the most ideal place I know for viewing a motion picture. In this way Winnie not only entertains his friends but is able to gauge that movie term known as “audience re-action.”

As somewhat an admirer of sartorial gee-gaws for gentleman it seems to me that the best-dressed man in Hollywood is not strictly of the movies. He writes for them at times, also books and book reviews, yet he has become one of the outstanding figures in the motion picture social life.

Mesdames and messieurs—Mr. Gene Markey. Gene is the descendant of a rich and aristocratic family in that fashionable suburb of Chicago called Evanston. He went out to Hollywood two years ago to transform one of his novels into a play. But and is not only today the Beau Brummell of the town, but the favorite beau. Wherever there is a party it may be certain that Gene Markey, resplendent in Bond Street clothes with shirts and ties by Charvet, will be squiring some cinema queen of the moment.

Once it was reputed he was to marry Ina Claire and that when she married the dashing John Gilbert, Gene’s heart was broken. But that was, in the Hollywood vernacular, “a bowl of cherries.” Gene and Miss Claire were devoted friends but long before Miss Claire and Gilbert met, Gene confided to this chronicler that their attachment was only what the world calls platonic. So that is a fat that. Yet there are people who still have a pitting glance for Gene. So handsome, so gay, but dancing about with tears in his eyes. Heigh-ho!

To my notion the motion-picture actors who have the deepest respect of the entire Hollywood community are Conrad Nagel and Harold Lloyd. Each is a devoted husband. Their wives are not of the profession. Their lives live all strong currents have run clean. Nagel is a church usher yet he is the gayest of all at parties and neither smokes nor drinks. Harold Lloyd is the sort of fellow who knows the name and age of all his barber’s children.

If I were to choose the most popular actress of Cinemaland at the moment I would not choose any of the flashy youngsters or even the old-timers of the studios. I would select that hilarious veteran of the legitimate stage, Miss Marie Dressier. Even jealous Hollywood calls her “a peach.” Miss Dressier’s vogue in the legitimate had been outmoded. Her “Tillie’s Nightmare” on the screen was a memory. She was in popular thought relegated to the chimney-corner rocker for the customary valetudinarian ease of the has-beens.

Yet today she comes very near to being one of the most popular and satisfying stars on the screen. She is brilliant, not a gold-tipped light is brilliant, but she has a depth of understanding. She has been a trouter on the kerosene circuit and endured the monotony of one-night stands. When her eclipse came she took it on the chin, standing up with a smile.

When the sun shone again she was the same lovable, hilarious and sympathetic Marie Dressier. She is constantly scheming to help some obscure player along the rugged way. She is richer in ideas than most of her sisters and nearing sixty she has the wholesome vigor of a whole team of hockey girls. Sweet Marie!

I WOULD like to crowd into this vignette many pleasant memories of Hollywood, ancient and recent, but white paper is expensive and there are so many others with infinitely more important things to say. Thus I am going to set down in staccato style with the proper dividing periods a few of them briefly:

Marion Davies in her home-made frock giving superb imitations of her fellow players, especially of Charlie Chaplin . . . Lon Chaney in costume seated on an old bench remarking rather pathetically: “Sometimes I fear these tortuous parts have shortened my life.” A year later he passed on . . . Lila Lee, in the flush of her career, remembering her debt to Gus Edwards who gave her her chance . . . Harry Beaumont’s beautiful golden-haired twins . . . The fake telephone that Lew Cody’s valet rang when Lew wanted to get rid of unwelcome visitors . . . Patty Arbuckle sitting in his car in a lonely garage slowly shifting the gears after his world crumbled . . . Gloria Swanson and Mickey Nellan lunching daily at the Montmartre . . . The first showing of the picture I have enjoyed most of all, “The Birth of a Nation . . .”

The old gatemans at Universal who knew the birth date of any player you mentioned . . . The inconsequential and shabby-looking Chaplin studio . . . Introducing Jim Tully to Al Jolson at the Ambassador’s Cocoanut Grove . . . The little knot of visitors always collected around the cottage where William Desmond Taylor was murdered . . . Clara Bow, hatless, speeding along Wilshire and Natacha Rambova having tea tête-a-tête at a little inn near Santa Monica . . . J. P. McEvoy with his Morris Gest hat looking Hollywood over for the first time . . . Wilson Mizner’s crack to a waiter who spilled soup down his neck: “Even a seal can juggle . . .”

Tom Mix’s drawing-room door doth with jewel-studded saddles and sprays of guns. . . . (Continued on page 120)
They Stand In

During the long intervals when lights are being adjusted and cameras are being set in position, doubles for the stars are used. These unknowns—of similar height and hair coloring—stand in the positions the stars will later occupy.

Above, Sammy Brinker, prop boy at Paramount, stands in for Jack Oakie. He has played many small parts.

Center, Jeraldine De Vorak, who was Greta Garbo's stand-in. But she looked too much like Garbo in public and that brought about her release.

Left, Gloria Raymond, stand-in for Kay Francis. She came to Hollywood from Cleveland three years ago.

Right, Cherie May, who stands in for both Clara Bow and Ruth Chatterton. Both are the same height, by the way.
HOLLYWOOD has gone hands up. The whole town has caught the spirit of gangland pervading the studios and has entered in with a rollicking realism.

"Stick 'em up!" is a common form of salutation on the side streets, and the question of the evening now seems to be, "Shall we go to the theater or hold it up?"

Those who can't find employment as gangsters in the studios are trying to make good outside, hoping, no doubt, to attract the attention of some producer while his hands are up.

The Racketeer Raid: The Warners were only fooling when they said "The Doorway to Hell" was the picture gangland dared Hollywood to make but the rackety boys appear to have taken them seriously. At least there has been a big influx of tourists from Chicago since the picture was shown. The newspapers ex-citably report Al Capone and "Bugs" Moran among the more distinguished arrivals.

RACKETEERS THREATEN HOLLYWOOD STARS screamed a banner line. Naturally high-strung, the stars got jittery. They couldn't very well use their doubles in such emergency and so they took to hiring body-guards. One of our virilest he-actors is said to have had one for several months, unaware perhaps of the money Rothstein wasted on one.

An actress of my acquaintance who has made some pretty good hauls herself in the way of diamonds and ducats now has a cavalier with a sawed-off shot-gun on the seat beside her chauffeur. Thus far she has refused to tell me whether he is a body-guard or an accomplice.

Such is the confusion in Hollywood.

Evangelist Capone: There is the report that Al Capone will appear in a gangster picture designed to show that racketeering doesn't pay. That ought to be a great comedy. Some truth in it, at that, when you consider the way the government is socking the boys for in-come taxes. They are the only high financiers who haven't received any tax refund this year.

If Al makes the picture he will donate his two hundred thousand emolument to a fund for the unemployed. In Chicago he maintains a soup kitchen for the jobless that costs him around a thousand a day or more. Capone should fit into the role of Murrieta, the old California bandit, who robbed the rich and gave to the poor. I am not implying that Al is a charity worker. Charity workers show no discrimination; they stick up everybody.

Bandit Barthelmess: Dick Barthelmess is doing a story around the character of Lingle, the Chicago reporter who consorted with racketeers and was put on the spot. This should be liminient to his reputation after "The Lash."

Following my calliope solo last month in honor of Dick's talent and judgment I was embarrassed to see him come capering forth as La Paloma, the beautiful bandit, in "The Lash."

Dick must be forgiven these periodic busts. Even Cal Coolidge dresses up like a cowboy on occasion. If it hadn't been for harsh criticism he might have been tempted to play a gaucho and do a tango.

Dick's bandit suggests a solid but little burgomaster who, after too many beers, has gone on a lark in the Western Costume Company.

Definition of Success: Studios have been buying up stars' contracts at fancy prices. M.-G.-M. is reported offering one of its stars five hundred thousand dollars to tear up his.

My idea of success is to be such a failure that someone would offer me half a million to quit work.

The Royal Family: Ina Claire was released by Pathe (with a bonus of $75,000, I am told) and trouped over to Paramount where she immediately triumphed in "The Royal Family of Broadway."

"The Royal Family," as you probably know, is considered a fictional version of the Barrymores. When the play was produced on the stage there was some fear that the Barrymores would object, but they only yawned. So many actors have impersonated them that it is an old story. Most every young actor has his period of imitating John, and not a few actresses see themselves as Ethel.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford seem to be in the Barrymores thrill just now.

Drawings by
Ken Chamberlain
BOULEVARDIER

By

HERB HOWE

Samaniegos Find Employment: Ramon Novarro took me to see the Spanish version of "The Call of the Flesh," which he directed. The boy makes good. It is distinctly a Samaniego triumph.

Noted for being good to his family, Ramon gives them all jobs in this picture. A considerable gift in these days of unemployment. Ramon in the past guarded his family against publicity with all the dignity of a don, hence it is something of a privilege for the public to see his mother, his two sisters, his sister's baby, his uncle and the family parrot.

Upon the completion of the picture Director Novarro was presented with a handsome tribute by the entire caste including a couple who were no relation.

The Barrymores should look to their honors. The Samaniegos look like a Royal Family.

No reflection on his family, but when Ramon had finished the Spanish and French versions of his picture he exclaimed, "I never realized before what wonderful people the Americans are."

Death's Sting: "Outward Bound" depressed me more than any picture I have seen. According to its thesis, death offers no escape. When you reach the other shore you are given your old job back and even your wife in case you committed matrimony while alive. You don't even know you are dead when you take the boat. You have no idea where you are going. But your suspicion is aroused when the Great Examiner comes aboard and offers a drink. You know very well you are not entering New York, where the examiners not only fail to offer drinks but confiscate any that you have in your baggage.

In spite of this convivial touch I prefer the old time religion. I believe that if I lead a good life here I shall go to Paris when I die.

Sex Title: As you know, a sexy title is important. Paramont was in a quandary over titling its Labrador picture. The love life of whales didn't seem to suggest anything. Then Jack Oakie walked in with the smashing suggestion, "Blubber Come Back To Me."

Triby Dietrich: On seeing Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" I Lindberghed back to Hollywood just as the Blue Angel was taking wing for Europe.

Parachuting on to the Paramount lot I gasped. "I want to meet Marlene."

"Have you never met Von Sternberg?" asked the publicity man.

"No," I said. "I want to meet Marlene."

"I will introduce you to Von Sternberg," the publicity man said.

On the set a little man was pacing with the majesty of Napoleon, Charlie Chaplin and other little men of great importance.

He acknowledged the introduction, resumed his pacing and then, wheeling, asked if there was anything more he could do.

The scene is Hollywood. The boys are getting in from Chicago on every train, all set to uplift the screen drama with a machine gun or a bomb. "Stick 'em up!" is the common form of salute out there now.

Hollywood Has Gone Hands Up and the Chicago Racketeers are Flocking to the Film Colony—Coming: An Avalanche of Gangster Films
Herb Howe Says the Public is Tired of Underfed Cuties

for me. The answer of course was, nothing at all. I faded into the surrounding shadows and the awed silence of the tomb.

"Has Miss Dietrich been called?" asked the little man.

"Yes, sir," piped one of the shadows.

Just then a door boomed to. A beautiful wraith in aviation togs slithered on to the set.

"She never says good morning," muttered a shadow next to me.

Miss Dietrich (for it was she) conferred with Mr. Von Sternberg sotto voce. Miss Dietrich nodded. The microphone swung overhead and hung low like an elephant's ear.

Miss Dietrich raised a gun from her hip and pointed it into the camera. "You may sprout wings tonight," she said in soft significant tones.

Over and over she repeated the line, accenting a different word each time. Each time she was prompted by Mr. Von Sternberg who fixed his eyes on hers and encouraged with a touch of the hand.

The picture they were making was called "Dis-honored."

If they hadn't told me I would have thought it "Svengali."

Svengali Dietrich: I am not so sure that Marlene is Trilby. She has the appeal of submissiveness, an appeal to the master in man. This is in contrast with the assertiveness of the modern American gal. Claiming none of man's prerogatives she is free to concentrate on woman's.

I am inclined to think that Trilby and not Svengali is the real hypnotist.

French Peppers: According to a publicity note Miss Constance Bennett acted as technical director of "Sin Takes a Holiday" because of her familiarity with French locale.

What about those pepper trees in front of the chateau, Miss Bennett?

Mother Marie: The enthusiasm with which we applauded Marie Dressler as America's new sweetheart indicates a reaction. It is like the applause that greets Al Smith when he appears on the screen. We are resuming an old love about whom we are disillusioned. In the capacious good nature of Marie we find refuge from those pretty preening manikins who have monopolized the screen for so long. We feel we can nestle to Marie without being scratched by bones or smeared by lipstick.

We are sick of four-flush, of which these cinema actresses are the best exponents. Our reaction to these hags, bones and hanks of hair is a back-to-mother movement.

Off-screen most of the vaunted beauties are scrawny, under-fed, wretched with the pathos of plucked fowl. For them there is no beauty in nature. They starve off their flesh until they look like boys. They color their hair and smear their faces. They shave their eyebrows and hang on false lashes. The Lord, in their opinion, didn't know how to make a woman.

Well, "Vengeance is mine," the scripture says, and so Marie is now the Sweet Woman.

We love Mother Marie. The others were just a flirtation.

Robustious Rambeau: Marjorie Rambeau in "Min and Bill" was an eye-and-heartful. Soft, luscious beauty, what matter the age? And what an actress! If Irving Thalberg doesn't find her a great story I'll be thinking that Irving is walking the floor too much at night with Junior.

A Tight-full of Beauty: Nita Naldi once exclaimed in indignation, "I'm not fat! I am a woman as God made her! I can go out to the Metropolitan Museum and look any of those classic dames in the face without blushing?"

And not only in the face, Nita.

I, for one, yearn back to those good old days of the beef trust when legs were limbs and not mere twigs.

Doing Right by Gary: I have served for some time as a voluntary mahout of Paramount producers, prodding them for the poor stories they have been giving Clara Bow and Maurice Chevalier. Hence I feel some satisfaction in their choice of "A Farewell to Arms" for Gary Cooper. He is exactly the man for the part. In fact Cooper is by all odds the most promising young male in Hollywood. He acts like an adult.

Et Tu, Herbie?: Our president, Herbert Hoover, has a full page in a recent issue of Variety. Can it be that he, too, like so many movie stars, is considering the stage when his contract is up?

Let's End It All: I don't understand why so much fuss was made about the monkey picture "Ingagi" being a fake. It isn't the first time that men have played apes. And locales are being faked right along by the Dunning process.

But even I was disillusioned when Mack Sennett confessed that he didn't use real custard pies in his comedies but just confections of paper and paint. Has Hollywood no honor?

An Eyelash Athlete: I am informed by my spies that the person who derricked Miss Dietrich's eyelashes into place was paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. I don't know how much the money is paid for affixing Miss Garbo's, or Miss Compson's. But anyhow there seems to be a future in this line, and I am subscribing to Strongfortism.

Hard Times For Stars: Producers are slashing star salaries. Since the talkies (Continued on page 125)
Photograph by Elmer Fryer

MARIAN MARSH
RAMON NOVARRO
WITH the overwhelming changes in fashions that have taken place during the past year, women have been jarred out of all the pleasant paths of fashion in which they have been accustomed to walk. On all sides is the wail, “The new fashions are pretty, yes—but what can a woman of my type wear?” There is an easy answer to that question. Go to the movies, and with the advice of three of Hollywood’s most famous designers, you may look at the mode on the screen that will answer your questions for you. Just what suits your type; what are the pitfalls for your type in the present fashions, and just what details in fashion will set you off to the best advantage, the movie designers will tell you, referring to stars on the screen.

Max Ree, famous as the man who first dealt with the problem of how to gown Greta Garbo, who has designed at three studios, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, First National, and now at RKO, we consulted on the subject of the importance of lines in the new mode. As Max Ree is essentially an architect, who designs sets and buildings as well as clever clothes, lines are a fetish with him. A nice sense of proportion guides all Ree’s designing; the relation between the length of a skirt and the type of sleeve to be worn with it operates according to definite rules that apply to all modes.

WHEN Greta Garbo was first entrusted to Max Ree, for her first picture in America, the problem of a tall slender girl with a swan’s neck added to her height, was met by the beautiful and striking Elizabethan collar Ree made for her. It added the horizontal balance needed for the long gown. Ree explains that the present mode of long bountiful gowns has brought with it the puff sleeve, inevitably, as a balance is needed for the fulness of the skirt. These underlying balances of lines, he says are at the base of every beautiful gown; unconsciously the eye is soothed by harmonious line, and the style is a success.

This is the credo of Max Ree; the lines must be right or no effect of color or material can compensate for the lack of proper balance in the lines of a gown.

“By means of the proper manipulation of lines,” says Max Ree, “any style can be adapted to any woman. While some women are at their best in certain styles, sometimes for variety, or to add piquancy, it is possible to gain interesting and beautiful effects by contrasting the personality to some degree with the mode. We are all familiar with pictures of very sexy beauties, taken in the habit of a nun. The effect is striking.

“On this same principle, a woman with the personality of Billie Dove, who is feminine and alluring, and whose beauty is in her soft curves, can be still more attractive in a tailored mode. The effect of the severe suit, with the warm vibrant beauty of Miss Dove, is like that of a tall, cool, green vase with a lovely rose blossoming forth in all its warm glorious color. But the lines of such a suit off Miss Dove would have to be adapted and would not be as severely tailored as those for a more mannish type of
Outstanding Features of the New Mode are the Bolero, the Puff Sleeve, the Long Bouffant Skirt, the Princess Line, and the Empire Style With Its High Waistline

beauty with a straight line figure and cold reserved personality.

“Lingerie touches, or the introduction of more detail of pocket, lapels, belts, and accessories, would suit her type best in the tailored mode.

“The lines of the mode, then, must be adapted to the personality of the wearer. Personalities are involved in the physical proportions of the woman, of course.

“I WOULD say that women group themselves as conservative and glamorous and exotic and vivacious, for want of better terms. In the first class, the ladylike type is meant: Corinne Griffith, Mary Astor, Irene Rich, Norma Shearer, are examples. In the second grouping, the glamorous ones, come Greta Garbo, Lillian Tashman, Dolores Del Rio. The exotics, typified by their curved slenderness and dark coloring, include Estelle Taylor and Bebe Daniels. The vivacious or sport type, those girls with straight-line figures and of short height, include Dorothy Mackaill, Alice White, Dorothy Lee.

“The conservative ladylike type can wear the long, slender lines of the mode most successfully. The sweeping trains, the trailing drapes, accent their dignity, their gracefulness, their ‘slow motion’ personalities. These modes give a ladylike quality to the wearer. A short woman can not wear these things, as they would make her look ridiculous. Personality can vary this rule this far: a short, slender woman, as Norma Shearer or Gloria Swanson, can with care wear this type of gown, for their movements are studiedly graceful and flowing, and they are clever enough to use their headdresses to carry out the tall effect. You can watch the hair of both of these women carefully to notice how they gain this taller effect in the way they dress it.

“For a short, peppy girl with quick, jerky movements to wear such a mode would be all wrong, as her movements would disarrange the drapes and make her look like an Isadora Duncan dancing the Charleston.

“The glamorous girls, like Tashman and Garbo, may wear the

For tall, slender, luxurious ladies is this hostess gown worn by Kay Francis. It is of peach silk chiffon velvet and its voluminous folds fall in cape-like sleeves and terminate in a train. Only the sedate, the serene and the poised can get away with a train.
Let the Motion Picture Screen Show You What

Empire mode, and the Grecian mode for evening wear. The high waistline, is part of the Grecian mode, though it is also Empire; we must remember our history here and recall that during the Empire, there was a revival of everything Greek. Hence, Empire is adapted Greek.

There are both dangers and advantages in each of these new features of the mode. Because of the latitude of choice, choosing becomes just that much more difficult.

"The bolero is a very dangerous thing. The small, slim girl must not suppose that here is something cute, to be slipped on in a minute with no thought. It takes the tall, slender figure, almost of perfection, to wear a bolero successfully. This is because it does two things; for the short girl it is bad, because it gives her a horizontal line cutting across her middle, which shortens her still more. For the taller woman, who has not a slender waist, and trim slender hips, it exposes her in those two places unmercifully. Only perfection can afford to be so displayed. The length of the bolero must be studied with great care, as for every one there is a different length that is just right; guessing wrong on the length spoils the whole effect.

"The short girl should think of the bolero as the head of the tassel, and of her skirt length as the fringe. When the head of the tassel is too long for the length of the fringe, the effect is out of proportion. The short girl in a bolero would look like a shaving brush. The bolero, then, is for the tall, slender woman, of the conservative, or glamorous type. It is not for the short type, nor for the well-rounded figure of the exotic type.

"The Grecian mode is beautiful and interesting, but here, too, the short girl, who has been the darling of the mode for so long, is at a disadvantage. The vivacious type is lost in the swirl of classic draperies, and becomes ridiculous. The conservative and the glamorous type both can wear Grecian modes to advantage, supposing of course that they make the most flattering personal adaptations of the details.

"Outstanding points of the Greek mode are the high waistline, the draped
bodice, with the cowl-like collar sometimes worn, and the tiny pleatings sometimes used in the skirt draperies. This tiny pleating comes to us from the garments on the figures in the frieze of the Parthenon, in ancient Greece. When used on the skirt of a gown, these pleatings act like elastic, moulding the figure in a very revealing way. This suggests the inadvisability of a too generously proportioned figure using such a mode. The Grecian mode suggests a pure coolness, ideal for the conservative type, and interesting and contrasting for the glamorous type.

"The exotic type, with its curved slenderness which is in contrast to the straighter lines of the conservative and the glamorous, and with its strong suggestion of sex, is best clothed in the Egyptian mode, always revived side by side with the Greek, for the warmer type of beauty. Billie Dove, Estelle Taylor, Bebe Daniels, would do well to prefer this to the Grecian. The Egyptian mode brings the pleatings or draperies into a

Mary Brian goes in for simplicity, which is as it should be. Notice the trimming carried out in crystal in a key design to harmonize with the Grecian lines of this gown. Sharon Lynn is so slender that her costumes must be adapted to give her those fashionable curves. Sophie Wachner designed this gown, which has a fitted bodice, with jewel ornaments and a very bouffant skirt with horizontal banding to give her wide lines.

panel down the front, and ties with a snug scarf about the hips, in front. This scarf outlines the hips revealingly. The sash or scarf tied directly in front is an accenting feature of this exotic mode. It is interesting to see how human psychology is eternally the same, for in Egypt and India from earliest times, the temple girls always wore the belt tied in front. Gloria Swanson too, can wear these exotic things. Her vibrant dramatic personality carries them well. For the average woman this style is best left alone; it can only be handled by a sophisticate.

"In this matter of remembering how important correct lines are in dress, women should bear in mind the great importance of a headdress to accompany a gown. It should complement it; a Grecian gown without a suggestion of Greek in the coiffure would be utterly ruined.

"Lilyan Tashman cleverly designed for herself a Grecian headdress of flat curls arranged in a semi-circle around the ears. Her inspiration was a beautiful head on an old Greek coin. This she wore with a Grecian gown carried out in white, with silver sandals lined in green velvet.

"Gloria Swanson, with the handicap of a head much too large artistically for her body, has adopted a way of doing her hair snug to her head, with a roll behind. This minimizes the apparent size of the head and, with high heels and the cleverly done lines of her gowns, she balances her head size and gains apparent height. If her gowns are not worn extremely long, she is almost sure to have a floating panel that achieves the long
What is Your Type? Are You Exotic, Vivacious, as they may produce a severe or feminine or luxurious effect, all with the same suit. Blouses, lingerie touches, lapel bouquets, handkerchiefs may vary with their type the effect of the suit.

"Now as to lines in the tailored suit. The girl who is very tall and slender will do well to employ a belted line on her suit coat, perhaps also a yoke on the skirt to cut the up and down line; a short jacket will provide still another way of introducing a horizontal line for the tall and slender one.

The medium height and build may wear the severe tailored mode with few variations, while the plumper type should wear a jacket of three-quarters or seven-eighths length. Vertical seams, diagonal seams that tend more towards the vertical than the horizontal will aid in the slenderizing effect on this long coat for the tailleur. Lines of the material handled vertically, V joinings on the side seams, groups of tucks and stitched pleated panels add to the variety of slenderizing effect obtainable."

Gilbert Adrian, designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, approaches the matter of the modern mode for this interview from the angle of suiting the personality with its own style. While, like Ree, he realizes the importance of lines, his advice on the adapting of the modern mode to the individual's own personality is most interesting. Lati-

effect. Swanson is always worth studying on the screen, for both her hairdresses and for the ways she achieves height with her gowns.

"In the class of the slender small girl whose charm is her vivacity, we find Dorothy Lee, Sue Carol, Dorothy Mackaill and Alice White. These girls are at their best in sports clothes, for daytime, and for evening, without too long a skirt, without drapes so that their vivacious, alert, abrupt movements will not be impeded by the flowing lines of their garments. For such girls, pleats, inset panels, and other mediums that allow for freedom of movement, yet return to the slim, flat line when the wearer is at rest, are much to be preferred. The evening mode for these girls may be charming, but should tend towards informality and away from grand effects.

"The tailored mode has returned this year with renewed popularity. I believe that this is the one mode, that with adaptations, can be universally becoming. It has much to recommend it both from the standpoint of economy, and of fittingness, for a woman is garbed correctly from breakfast till dinner for any occasion in a tailored suit. The study of lines in this case is highly important. Accessories are also most important,
Sedate, Glamorous or a Slim Sport Type?

If you have a really beautiful, clothes-proof figure, study this gown worn by Claudette Colbert at the right. It has an old-fashioned, tight-fitting basque bodice and a long circular skirt banded luxuriously in kolinsky fur. A gown for the young and vivacious Sue Carol (shown below) and therefore a good model for dark, snappy and sparkling girls. It is of flowered taffeta, made with a bolero jacket effect, and accented by a perky bow at the waistline. Designed by Max Ree.

stress that these modes are not for everyone. The puff sleeve is very naive; it is most suitable for the debutante type, the ingenue, anyone with a youthful, fragile charm. Lillian Gish I think of as ideal for the puff sleeve.

"The bolero has a dashing, vivacious imputation; youth and sparkling vitality, a breezy, effervescent nature is reflected in the bolero. Joan Crawford with her sledder, slightly tall figure has the right lines for a bolero, and her personality is ideal for it.

"Pleats, too, prominent in the mode, are not for everybody. Pleats like the bolero, suggest a breeziness, a youthfulness and vivacity in the personality; the reserved personality, or the nature type, will avoid this suggestion of sports wear in her afternoon garments. The heavy figure is accented in pleats, because they bulge, and also because the pleated line is short, unless carried from the shoulder to the hem. A fine pleating is more advisable rather than the wide sports pleat.

"THERE is a great richness in the mode for this year; with metallic brocades and cloths, heavily embroidered velvets, fur trimmings done lavishly, and many exquisite fabrics. Sequins and heavy beadings are to the fore again. These things should never be worn by an immature young girl, and preferable only by women with a queenly regal air. Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, Gloria Swanson, wear these things (Continued on page 104)
THAT JACK OAKIE SMILE!
HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY EVELYN GRAY

HOLLYWOOD'S youngest generation breaks into the entertainment column every now and again for kiddies do like parties just as well as their elders.

The latest social event was a birthday party given by Mitzi Green, at her home in Beverly Hills. Mitzi is just nine, but she proved a very gay little hostess and invited eight of her friends to enjoy the afternoon.

Of course, the chief things about a children's party are the games and what young Leon Janney, one of the guests, called "the eats." Which, after all, isn't so different from the grown-ups, is it?

The house was very prettily decorated with big bowls of bright flowers and of course no one was allowed in the dining-room until time for the combination tea and supper.

Mitzi wore a dainty little frock of vari-colored chiffon, made in a series of pleated ruffles, each a different shade of pastel.

The first game was the oldest of all favorites—pinning the tail on the donkey. And what a donkey it was. Not satisfied with (Continued on page 123)
On the second floor of this unpretentious house at No. 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., lived the Bows in 1922. Clara Bow was then a school girl. Her father worked in Coney Island. Her mother was a bed-ridden invalid. The little red-head mailed a cheap postcard picture of herself to several motion picture magazines then conducting a contest. The winner was to be given a screen opportunity. Clara Bow won. Below is the rear entrance to the house, still owned by Mrs. Onorina Berni. Clara Bow used to sit on the second step on sunny afternoons, read of Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart and conjure up mad fancies of stardom.

Below is the bedroom once occupied by little Clara Bow. Tiny Rita Bagnucca is pointing to the bed where the future star dreamed of far off Hollywood. How remote that seemed in those days.
Above, the home of Clara Bow in Hollywood today. A long step from the tiny flat on 73rd Street in Brooklyn. With it has come fame and much money. Also heartaches, the pain of disillusionment and the ache of tattered romance. Little girls in quiet streets of many towns now dream of her golden fortune.

Right, the ornate bedroom of the IT girl in her Hollywood home. Here alone is Clara Bow safe from the gossip mongers bent upon tearing good fortune from her grasp. Here no doubt she herself dreams of those dingy but untroubled days in that half-forgotten Brooklyn bedroom.

Brooklyn Photographs by Arthur Pilieri
Ask DAD, He Knows

Upper-left, Phillips Holmes and his father, Taylor Holmes. Dad is a well-known stage actor. Born in New Jersey, he began his professional career as an entertainer in vaudeville when he was twenty-seven. He is married to Edna Phillips. Dad is an accomplished pianist and has a home in Los Angeles, although he spends most of his time in New York.

Center, Bill Powell and his father, Horatio W. Powell. Dad was born in West Middlesex, Pennsylvania. He attended Duff's Business College and later worked in an office for an agricultural implement house. He met Mrs. Powell in Pittsburgh, married her and moved to Kansas City. Until he moved to Hollywood with his wife three years ago, Mr. Powell was associated with the First Mortgage Farm Loan Company of Kansas City. He is now retired from business.

You have heard a lot about Bert Rogers, father of Buddy. He was born in Olathe, Kansas, and for nine years was a school teacher in Gardner, Kansas, ten miles from Olathe. Later, while school superintendent, he married Maude Moll, with whom he had gone to school. After nine years of teaching, he became a reporter on The Olathe Mirror, and later took over the publishing of the paper. Now, with his wife, he lives in Hollywood with his famous son.
You Hear a Lot About the Hollywood Mothers. Here's Something About the Fathers

Center, below—June Collyer and her father, Clayton J. Heermance, of New York. Mr. Heermance was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., attended Union College and studied for the law. He was an attorney for twenty-five years. Mr. Heermance is a prominent Elk, being Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1 Lodge. One of his hobbies is the organ.

Upper left—Gary Cooper and his father, Charles H. Cooper, who was born in Bedfordshire, England. Charles Cooper came to America when he was seventeen, and worked in a shoe store in Wisconsin, in a railroad yard and in a Helena, Montana, bake shop. During this time, he studied law at night. He became an attorney and steadily advanced until he was named judge of the Supreme Court at Helena in 1918. He retired from the bench in 1926, when he came to Hollywood with his wife to live with the famous Gary. Mr. Cooper always has been a Shakespearean student.

Little Mitzi and her dad, known to vaudeville as Joe Keno, are shown at the left. Born in New York City, Joe Green began life as an errand boy in a real estate office. Always an active athlete, Joe succeeded a man named Keno in the variety act of Keno, Welch and Montrose. Thus Joe Green became Joe Keno. He later appeared in many musical comedies and with his wife, Rose Green, became a vaudeville favorite. Keno and Green no longer tour the variety houses, for they live in Hollywood with the famous Mitzi. Little Mitzi, by the way, has an older brother attending school in New York.
MARY BRIAN

After playing the sophisticated younger daughter of the mad Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Miss Brian returns to the saddle again in "Gun Smoke," in which she offers the love interest opposite Richard Arlen.
Call it LUCK

But Monroe Owsey Says it is Eight Years of Hard Unrelenting Work Behind the Footlights

By HARRY N. BLAIR

THE long arm of coincidence. Reaching out to pull the strings that sway our actions—and destiny. Thus it came about that I found myself interviewing Monroe Owsey, the world-weary young brother of "Holiday," whom I had last seen a dozen years before, when we were both kids in the same neighborhood in Philadelphia. In those days he answered to the name of "Buck," which his intimates still call him.

Right now, in case you don't know, this Owsey boy is sitting pretty much on top of the world. He can take his pick of offers from both stage and screen producers. The fact is all the more amazing when you consider that just a year ago he landed in Hollywood without a job. He is rightfully resentful when the unthinking remark on how lucky he has been. They rave about his "lucky break" without realizing that back of his success are eight long years of hard work in the theater.

It is his proud boast that during the entire time he has paid his own way, despite absurd tales of a wealthy and indulgent parent. "I've never been 'in the red,' either," he admits. "Always, when down to my last dollar, something was bound to turn up." During one of these off periods Owsey decided to give up the stage and indulge his flair for writing. He enrolled for the journalistic course at Columbia University, at the same time doing some coaching of semi-professional theatricals on the side.

At this stage of the game he was living in a modest boarding house on West 88th Street. Included among the boarders was Owsey Montgomery, whom he often "ate beans," not so long ago, when both were making the rounds of the Broadway casting offices, hoping for a break.

Back in the old days, when all the other boys were planning business careers, "Buck" Owsey knew that he wanted to be an actor. Needless to say, this idea rather disturbed his parents since there had never been any previous theatrical leanings in the family. In seeming submission, he started to prepare for Yale, upon completing High School. Meanwhile, he tried his hand at journalism by acting as cub reporter for The Philadelphia Ledger. He's not ashamed to admit there was also a brief period when he served as gas station attendant. He also used to burn up the roads between Kalamazoo and the Quaker City, driving in cars for the Roamer automobile sales agency. Wallace Reid was starring in a racing series around that time and, no doubt, the stage-struck youngster used to imagine himself in his idol's place. Surely he never dared to dream that one day he would be playing featured roles in pictures.

When the urge to act could no longer be put off, he hopped a train for New York, instead of going to Yale, as his parents had planned. Daily visits to the agencies, extending over weeks, netted him little encouragement. Finally, when he was down to the proverbial last dollar, there came a chance to play in a tent show, about to tour the South. The result was one hundred and twenty one-night stands in small hamlets, playing in "The Meanest Man in the World." It was an experience that would have discouraged the average stage-struck youngster, but it merely served to heighten Owsey's ambition for a Broadway career. He remembers only the amusing part of it now and tells how, in rainy weather, he was obliged to hike up the white flannels required for the part, while making a bee line through the mud, from the dressing tent. "And it rained most of the time," he adds.

H next understudied Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies." It was around this time that he played a tiny bit in "Jim the Penman," at the old Whitman Bennett film studio, outside of New York. "The strange part of it is that Lionel (Continued on page 119)
All the furnishings of Kay Francis' boudoir are of the Louis XIV period. Green, cream, orchid and canary yellow are the colors incorporated in the hangings, upholstering and carpeting.

Miss Francis is shown at her writing table at the top of this page.

At the left is Miss Francis' Louis XIV dressing table. The table and chair are done in a restful shade of green. An orange-colored design adorns the two pieces. The top of the table is gray marble. On the table are two marble and gold candlesticks, two marble and gold powder containers, two black and gold perfume bottles, a crystal powder and perfume set, an atomizer, and a gold cold cream container.
Top, a corner of Miss Francis’ boudoir, showing the canopied bed, the French night tables with their modernistic lamps of glass and yellow chiffon, the green brocaded chaise longue, and dark green, hand-carved screen, the green desk and the lace and green taffeta draped windows.

The bed, which is a fine example of Louis XIV art, is upholstered in green moiré and painted with yellow roses. The drapes are of dusty orchid, which exactly matches the color of the carpet. Right, a closer view of the chaise longue with Miss Francis herself reclining upon it. The framework of the chaise longue is enameled in cream, accented with gold leaf. The upholstering is of pale green brocade, and the pillows are of orchid and gold.

Note the elaborate treatment of the windows, with curtains of cream lace and overdrapes of apple-green taffeta. Narrow ruffles border the overdrapes.

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY OTTO DYAR
CAROLE LOMBARD
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<td><strong>Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>1883:</strong></td>
<td>Lon Chaney born in Colorado Springs, Colo., 1899; Nita Naldi born in New York. 1900: Mary Miles Minter born in Shreveport, La.</td>
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<td><strong>1892:</strong></td>
<td>First day of Passover. Full moon tonight. What about that Easter hat?</td>
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<td><strong>1902:</strong></td>
<td>Good Friday.</td>
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<td><strong>1912:</strong></td>
<td>&quot;The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari&quot; startles movie fans.</td>
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<td><strong>1922:</strong></td>
<td>Easter Sunday. Pray for clear skies, so that your new dress won't be harmed.</td>
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<td><strong>1932:</strong></td>
<td>Nancy Drexel (Dorothy Kitchen) born in New York.</td>
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<td><strong>1935:</strong></td>
<td>George Wilkes (Dorothy Court) born in New York.</td>
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<td><strong>1937:</strong></td>
<td>&quot;The Abominable Dr. Phibes&quot; opens at the Roxy.</td>
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<td><strong>1939:</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. George Willard (Dorothy Court) born in New York.</td>
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<td><strong>1940:</strong></td>
<td>Birthday of Abraham Lincoln. 1939: Raoul Walsh born at Carbondale, Ill.</td>
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<td><strong>1944:</strong></td>
<td>Fort Sumter fired on. First overt act of &quot;The Birth of a Nation.&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>1946:</strong></td>
<td>Thomas Jefferson born in Virginia.</td>
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<td><strong>1948:</strong></td>
<td>First pony express arrives at Frisco from St. Joseph, Mo. This was a 9-day jaunt. 1865: Abraham Lincoln shot by J. Wilkes Booth. 1897: Claire Windsor born at Cawker City, Kan.</td>
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<td><strong>1950:</strong></td>
<td>&quot;Death of Abraham Lincoln.&quot; 1890: Wallace Reid born at St. Louis, Mo.</td>
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<td><strong>1889:</strong></td>
<td>Charlie Chaplin born in London.</td>
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**Birthstones for April:** Ancient, the Sapphire. Modern, the Diamond. The diamond is said to betoken innocence.

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<td><strong>Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>1909:</strong></td>
<td>Mary Brian (Mary Louise Dantsler) born in Texas. New moon tonight.</td>
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<td><strong>1913:</strong></td>
<td>First efficiency man is imported to Hollywood.</td>
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<td><strong>1927:</strong></td>
<td>Battle of Lexington. 1900: Connie Talmadge born at Brooklyn.</td>
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<td><strong>1913:</strong></td>
<td>First Hollywood efficiency man looks worried.</td>
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<td><strong>1989:</strong></td>
<td>Diplomatic relations between United States and Spain broken. 1963: Dorothy Sebastian born at Birmingham, Ala.</td>
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<td><strong>1913:</strong></td>
<td>The first efficiency man imported to Hollywood retires to a sanitarium.</td>
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<td><strong>1791:</strong></td>
<td>James Buchannon born in Pennsylvania.</td>
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<td><strong>1890:</strong></td>
<td>R.C. 753: Beginning of the Roman Era. 1898: War declared on United States by Spain. Regretted later.</td>
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<td><strong>1920:</strong></td>
<td>Pretty Clairine Seymour dies during the making of &quot;Way Down East.&quot; Moon in first quarter tonight.</td>
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<td><strong>1930:</strong></td>
<td>Confederate Memorial Day in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi. 1899: Guinn (Big Boy) Williams born at Decatur, Tex.</td>
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<td><strong>1932:</strong></td>
<td>Ulysses S. Grant born in Ohio.</td>
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<td><strong>1893:</strong></td>
<td>Harold Lloyd born at Burchard, Nebraska.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>1931:</strong></td>
<td>On this day give a thought to Sigrid Holmquist, &quot;the Swedish Mary Pickford.&quot; Olga Petrova, Mary Miles Minter and the Lee Twins.</td>
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<td><strong>1790:</strong></td>
<td>Washington inaugurated President. 1902: David Manners (David Acllom) born at Halifax, Nova Scotia.</td>
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*Watch for This Feature Every Month*
REVIEWS

YOU are in danger of being satiated with covered wagons during the next month or so.

For instance, there's Paramount's own epic, "Fighting Caravans," an attempt to re-awaken that fine early Lasky pioneer spirit of "The Covered Wagon." However, despite the obviously heavy expenditure, the elusive old spirit doesn't revive.

Once again the camera portrays those hardy folk who braved the dangers of the plains and the perils of redskins to settle the Far West. This time, of course, there's dialogue, war whoops and other sounds.

The hero is a gaunt, fearless young scout (Gary Cooper), while the Parisian accent of Lily Damita is explained by making the heroine a pretty French-American from Vincennes. Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence, the comic relief of "The Covered Wagon," are back again as those thirsty old pales, Jim Bridger and Bill Jackson. Once again—with sounds, of course—they unsteadily shoot beer mugs off each other's head.

To be honest, "Fighting Caravans" is rather dull. And those two old scouts turn out to be dreadful bores.

The Problem of the Hero's Wife

A LITTLE better is Radio Pictures' "Cimarron," based on Edna Ferber's novel. This presents the lengthy and episodic panorama of the adventurous career of Yancey Cravat, who takes part in the 1889 Oklahoma land rush, helps settle the boom town of Osage, wanders off in search of new adventures, rides with Roosevelt at San Juan Hill and then comes home to die, a tattered derelict.

The real story of "Cimarron" is the tragedy of the wife, Sabra Cravat, who builds her own lonely success. Indeed, "Cimarron" seems to point the moral that the good old pioneers were fine historical figures but tough to have—and keep—around the house.

Richard Dix is the incorrigible Yancey, a difficult, florid role that totters along the edge of being too actory for belief. Dix, however, does well with the part; Irene Dunne, a newcomer, is satisfactory in the part of the wife, subordinated for stellar reasons; while George E. Stone steals a real hit as a young Jewish peddler who grows up with Osage to become its leading merchant. This is a sincere bit. Fine, too, is Edna May Oliver as a garrulous pioneer matron.

Miss Garbo Gets a Vote

THE picture this month destined to arouse most of your interest is Metro-Goldwyn's "Inspiration," starring Greta Garbo. The plot of this story of the Latin Quarter isn't anything to surprise you. Miss Garbo is Yvonne, who has been something more than the inspiration of quite a few of Paris' best artists and sculptors. She gives it all up for a handsome young chap, her first real love. When he learns of her past, he fails to understand and walks out.

There is much more to this story but it does not matter. Miss Garbo is quite breathtaking as Yvonne. She advances many strides in acting, with her English dialogue and does the whole thing superbly. Maybe it is not the function of a critic to decide between Miss Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, but, after "Inspiration," I cast my vote for the glorious Swede.

Miss Garbo's support is excellent. Robert Montgomery is the priggish lad who never makes up his mind about Yvonne and there are excellent bits by Lewis Stone as an elderly patron of the arts and by Kavan Morley as his studio light o' love.

Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

to give up her ornate futuristic apartment because of her love for a poor young newspaper man.

The popular Constance Bennett is Laura Murdock and she suffers graphically and charmingly in cloth of gold pajamas. Here again Robert Montgomery is the young man who upsets indolent young ladies’ lives. Adolphe Menjou is the big advertising daddy. It seems to me that “The Easiest Way” does not equal its stage original. Too much time is spent explaining why the heroine had to adopt her easy path. The original Laura Murdock was just a decorative weakling. And the ending will surprise old timers. In the film, Laura stands in the snow outside her married sister’s house, watching the Christmas tree decorating in progress within. In the play, she slammed the door on her elderly patron, remarking that she was on her way “to Rector’s or to Hell.”

Another Tough Killer

MONTH by month we grow a bit more calloused in our acceptance of the gangster. He crowds the front pages, he adorns our novels, he sneers through our films. First National’s “Little Caesar” was the novel of that name by W. G. Burnett. It traces the rise and fall of one Rico Bandello, who works his ugly way upward, as zealously as Horatio Alger’s old-time newsboy heroes, from ordinary, small-town gangster to almost challenger of the big boss of the big town. In the end, he dies behind a billboard, mowed down by a police machine gun, but not until he has shot his way to power.

This hardboiled film has a lot of suspense and force. Some is due to Mervyn LeRoy’s shrewd direction but most comes from Edward G. Robinson’s remorseless playing of the homicidal bandit. He’s squat, sinister, vain, completely savage in his quest of power. Here is a bloody but unforgettable portrait.

There are two swell lesser performances in “Little Caesar.” One is the Tony Massara of Doug Fairbanks, Jr. The other is the hysterical, doomed gangster of Willie Collier, Jr.

Trick Photography

PARAMOUNT’S newest Ruth Chatterton film, “The Right to Love,” is a farmland tragedy that plods along rather tediously. Its point of novelty lies in the way Miss Chatterton plays both mother and daughter with the aid of the Dunning process. This enables characters played by the same person to pass each other across the whole field of scene. For instance, Miss Chatterton, as the mother, pins a locket on herself as the daughter. “The Right to Love” is based on Susan Glaspell’s novel, “Brook Evans.” This tells the story of Naomi Kellogg’s marriage—with the bridegroom’s knowledge that she is to have a baby by another, now dead. The child, Brook, grows up and comes to think she owes everything to the man who has been a father to her through all the years. The clash between mother and daughter on this question of sacrifice is the drama of “The Right to Love.”

It is interesting to watch Miss Chatterton, as the mother, steal scene after scene from Miss Chatterton, as the daughter. Otherwise the story is dull and drab.

Joan Crawford Advances

ALTHOUGH Joan Crawford returns to jazzy step-ins in her next Metro-Goldwyn film, she is excellent as the unhappy, emotional heroine of Bayard Veiller’s old melodrama, “Within the Law,” transformed into a talkie called “Paid.”

Back in 1912 “Within the Law” was a sensation. It related how Mary Turner, a department store clerk, had been sent unjustly to prison. After three years, she is released. Then she sets out to keep within the law and yet wreak vengeance. She becomes the leader of a gang of racketeers, arranges that the son of the man who railroaded her to prison will fall in love with her—and then discovers she is in love with him herself.

The melo- (Continued on page 99)
Quincy, Ill., Knew Mary Astor as Lucile Langhanke, Daughter of the Local German Instructor

Mary Astor's father is Prussian. Her mother is Portuguese. Miss Astor's real name was Lucile Vasconcellos Langhanke. From babyhood, Lucile's life was shaped towards a successful career as an actress, a musician or a dancer. Her parents left nothing to chance. Step by step, her life was completely and carefully planned.

Beauty she had, but other girls of more striking beauty have gone no further than a typist's desk or the young matron's round of bridge parties. She had personality, a smile for everyone, wonderfully expressive eyes that were reddish-brown at times and hazel at others, and a wealth of soft, curly hair the color of rust with high lights of burnished copper. Still, beauty is not rare in the show business and, alone, it is often a deterrent instead of an aid to success.

From her earliest childhood Lucile's life was governed by the clock. She arose and breakfasted with the regularity of a West Point cadet. Her day was completely filled with orderly and carefully planned routine. There were music lessons, elocution lessons, dancing lessons, physical culture work and training in etiquette. Even her menu was scientifically planned. Her parents realized the necessity of a good foundation to a career as an actress.

Behind Lucile Langhanke's rapid rise to stardom looms the indomitable will and determination of her parents. From the day of her birth, possibly even before that, she was destined to a career on the stage and screen.

In the early 1900's, Otto Langhanke, Prussian lineage, migrated to the United States to seek his fortune. Because of his versatility and education he was able to try his hand at many occupations, studying in every spare moment. He became adept as a display card writer and window decorator but aspired to become an educator—a professor of languages. It was while young Langhanke was working in Chicago that the opportunity came for him to study the latest system of teaching German. He mastered his course quickly and, because of his early education, was qualified to become an instructor.

There were few teaching positions available in Chicago and Otto Langhanke moved westward to seek less crowded fields. Always in demand as a display card artist, he found work in Topeka, Kansas. And it was in Topeka that he found Helen Vasconcellos, a beautiful Portuguese girl, whose family claimed descent from royalty. It was a strange match, but the black hair and eyes of Helen Vasconcellos found favor in the blue eyes of the blond Prussian youth, and a brief courtship assured them they were meant for each other. They decided not to marry, however, until Mr. Langhanke could find more lucrative work. Miss Vasconcellos continued the study and teaching of dramatic art and her German lover waited for a chance to better himself.

Early in 1905 that opportunity came. A men's clothing house in Quincy, learning of Langhanke's ability, made him an offer. He accepted it and he and Miss Vasconcellos journeyed to St. Louis, where they were married. They came to Quincy on their honeymoon.

In the dusk of a wintry evening the newly married couple arrived in Quincy from St. Louis. They made

The Little Girl who Lived by the Clock.

That is the title her home town bestowed upon Mary Astor, the Cinderella of the Middle West, whose perseverance carried her from poverty to wealth and fame in the films before she was twenty.

She is still little Lucile Langhanke to the folks in Quincy, the Illinois city perched high on the eastern bluffs of the Mississippi River, where she was born twenty-four years ago on May 3 last.

And back in her childhood home everyone knows that the secret of Lucile's success is a rigid program of hard work.

Photograph by Otto Dyar

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their way through insistent cab drivers and walked up the long hill that leads to the business district of the city. Their finances were low and they knew that they must save at every turn until they could get established. The beauty of Quincy impressed them that evening and Mrs. Langhanke believed they had chosen wisely in coming.

The Langhanke's found room in a modest flat in the business section of the city, and they were happy in spite of their financial worries. Mr. Langhanke's windows and display cards won praise, but he wanted more than praise—he sought progress. Urged by his wife, he made application to the school board for a position as an instructor in German. He qualified for the position and was placed on the staff of instructors at Quincy High School. Although efficient, Mr. Langhanke was never a popular teacher. He was a strict disciplinarian and based his rules for conduct on those enforced in the German schools. From the outset he antagonized many students, but none could say that he was not a conscientious instructor.

Up to this time the Langhanke's had made few friends. Because of his extra work Mr. Langhanke had very little time for social activities. And Mrs. Langhanke was preparing for the arrival of a new member of the Langhanke family. She hoped it would be a girl, for she had so many plans in mind for the child.

And the little Portuguese bride's wish came true. On May 3, 1906, a daughter was born to the Langhanke's in Blessing Hospital. a tiny, chubby baby with great brown eyes and a hint of copper-colored hair. Mr. and Mrs. Langhanke were supremely happy. From the very hour that Mr. Langhanke heard its first wail that baby's career was determined. An actress, a musician, a dancer—she might be any of those, but whichever career she chose she would be a headliner; her mother would fight for her success.

A few weeks later the baby was christened Lucille Vasconcellos in St. John's Cathedral, an Episcopal church located in the same block as the home of the Langhanke's. Mrs. Arnold Scott of Quincy and Mrs. Robert Wray, now of Pasadena, California, were godmothers. They were Mrs. Langhanke's most intimate friends.

Little Lucille was retarded by few illnesses and grew rapidly. She talked plainly before she was two. Even as a very young child her beauty was apparent. Her most striking characteristic was a mass of rust-colored hair, a product of that strange mixture of blood—Portuguese and German. There were red heads in the Vasconcellos family, but Lucille's hair could be called neither red nor auburn. Her mother's hair was coal black.

As a compromise between the blue eyes of her father and the sparkling, black eyes of her mother, Lucille had large brown eyes. She inherited neither the paper white skin of her father nor the swarthy skin of her mother. Hers was of "peaches and cream" texture with subtle coloring.

At first the mother was Lucille's only teacher, but soon she was enrolled under the town's best instructors.

(Continued on page 107)
The Favorites of the Kings
(Continued from page 38)

The Prince of Wales (above) is the only member of a royal family anywhere in Europe owning his own talkie apparatus. And—whisper—one of his two favorites is Nancy Carroll (left). The other is Wallace Beery, the roughneck.

Differing radically from the rulers of Belgium, Wilhelmina, who rules the adjacent Netherlands, doesn’t like the movies a snip. The Queen shares the aversion for the movies that is characteristic of a section of the Dutch populace. When invited to a movie, Wilhelmina pleads indisposition, but the real reason for the refusal is the belief that movies, like dancing, and such things, are evil. The Crown Princess Juliana and the Prince Consort Henri sometimes go. Indeed Juliana has shown that she likes films more than a little, although out of respect for her mother does not display her preference too openly.

A little farther North, in Denmark, the gayest small country of Europe, there are numerous instances of royal attendance at the movies incognito. These have mostly occurred in the brief dark days of winter when the sun goes down at 2 o’clock in the afternoon; and never in the evenings. Christian X and other members of his family are regular movie-goers and when they attend they make no great effort to conceal their enjoyment. It is only when the lights flash on that they resume the staid mien.

she is one of those secrets that everybody in Stockholm knows. They admire Garbo for her art and respect her for her discretion. She is not regarded there as extraordinarily beautiful and one member of the royal family is reported to have said that it is strange that, of all beautiful and talented girls available in Sweden, America should have chosen one who is relatively mediocre.

Gustaf pulled a fast one on the Swedish movie distributors a short time ago. They had arranged, with His Majesty’s consent to install a projector in the palace for one day to show talking pictures to the poor children of Stockholm. The stunt was partly publicity, partly charity and was to be a twenty-four hour affair only. The King, however, sat in one afternoon and liked what he saw so much that he (Continued on page 110)

King Carol of Rumania (below) likes those arty, ultra modern films. But he has Hollywood favorites, too. One of them is Louise Fazenda, the comic Cleopatra who toys with the serpent at the right.

said to be becoming to royalty. Buster Keaton is a favorite of the Danish family, and appreciative murmurs at the appearance of Lupe Velez and Adolphe Menjou have been heard.

Still closer to the Arctic circle, the oldest reigning monarch in Europe, Gustaf V, of Sweden, is at the age of seventy-three perhaps the liveliest of them all. No day goes by but sees him whacking a ball on a tennis court, growing good naturedly at his partners, kidding his opponents, and generally carrying on in a most engaging and unkingly fashion. He has declined to comment on the great Swedish star, but that the royal family adores her is one of those secrets that everybody in Stockholm knows.

(Continued from page 38)

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King Carol of Rumania (below) likes those arty, ultra modern films. But he has Hollywood favorites, too. One of them is Louise Fazenda, the comic Cleopatra who toys with the serpent at the right.
April Showers for the Spring Bride

You can make any of the useful articles shown on this page with the help of our New Method Circulars.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the descriptions.

A1. A little money goes a long way if you spend it for ribbon or cretonne to make the work bag at the top, or a string sack and colored yarn for the utility bag at the right. The circular shows how to make these practical gifts as well as the handkerchief case at the left and a mending bag from a dishcloth embroidered with wool.

A2. Three complete alphabet designs for making embroidered or cross-stitch initials on towels and other linen are given in this circular. Shown at right.

A3. The engaged girl will be glad to receive attractive cases for knives, forks, spoons and other flat silver of the sort shown below. You will have no trouble in making a full set if you follow directions given in this illustrated circular.

A4. Embroidered linen is always acceptable. This circular gives directions for making five of the newest sorts of table doilies and guest towels, including the examples shown above.

A5. Door bags will help the bride to keep her things in order in a small house or apartment. The circular shows how to make them, with directions for making cretonne laundry bag, shown at right, and hanging hat case to match.
FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

The Correct Way to Breathe—The Importance of Walking Gracefully—How to Develop Lovely Hands—Beauty Advice

By ANN BOYD

Youth in our bodies! Beauty of line—beauty of movement—the poise of lithe muscles and the complete control of them.

How many girls are conscious of their bodies? Along the avenue you see one girl in a thousand walking with grace, striding along with free, easy, natural movements that only the joy and assurance of a youthful body can give. Ned Wayburn, the famous dance instructor, teaches girls first of all that the most valuable asset in the world is youth and that to have a career they must not dissipate that asset.

I receive letters from girls all over the country asking advice in the care of their complexions and how to use make-up to further enhance their charms. Women are rapidly becoming adept in the art of applying rouge, powder and lipstick. However, beautifying oneself has not been completed with this process. You cannot pass on your face alone. The twentieth century definition of beauty implies something more than a beautiful face. Beauty is in the harmonious interplay of mind and body.

Without breath there can be no life. Correct use of the lungs is more important than pure air, since one-third of the waste matter continually forming in the body is eliminated by the lungs. There are only two things required to make proper breathing a simple function—proper carriage of the body and freedom from tight clothes. Inhale deeply through the nostrils keeping the lips closed. Then push the air out through the nostrils with sufficient force to tense the abdominal muscles. The entire respiratory apparatus and every part of the lungs should be brought into play. To breathe correctly all the time, the body must be held properly when standing, sitting or walking.

The true balance which makes a graceful dancer makes a graceful walker. (Observe the natural grace of Jeanette MacDonald as she enters a room when next you see her on the screen.) Hold yourself erect, but relaxed. Your heels should be three inches apart with toes pointing straight ahead. Pull torso up to full height without tension of the muscles. It is an easy movement that slowly stretches the muscles until by the time the trunk has been stretched to its full height, the shoulders are pushed back and dropped slightly; shoulder blades are flat across the back; the spinal column is in its proper alignment; head is poised at the perfect angle; arms are hanging at the sides and the chest is raised. Try this and you will be convinced how easy and graceful the correct standing position is. Take this position and swing right limb forward from the hip and without bending the knee, set the heel down a long step ahead of the toes of the left foot, letting the heel touch lightly on the ground a second before the ball of the foot, keeping the toes pointed straight ahead. The heels should touch the floor a second before the balls of the feet do.

Slumping down in a chair is a free and easy posture that fits the free and easy manners of the present day. Yet this position forces the abdomen out and the shoulders forward; pushes the chin down toward the chest, making an ugly heavy under chin. And these beauty destroying (Continued on page 112)
REMEMBER the first time you noticed that your gums were yielding a trace of "pink"? A little disturbed, weren't you? And then you forgot all about it—just became accustomed to "pink tooth brush".

So many people have it! The modern menu is made up almost entirely of foods which fairly melt in your mouth. Your gums get little or no stimulation and exercise. They gradually become flabby and touchy and tender. Next step—there's "pink" on your brush.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. It opens the way for many gum troubles—for Vincent's disease, for gingivitis, even for the less frequent but more dreaded pyorrhea. Neglect it too long, and it may lead to infection at the roots of teeth which today are perfectly sound...which often means the loss of those teeth.

Ipana Checks "Pink Tooth Brush"

It isn't necessary to let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. First get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put some more Ipana on your brush and lightly massage it into your tender gums. Your teeth will soon recover their natural sparkling polish. And within the month your gums will have become firmer, with a healthier color. The ziratol in Ipana—the same ziratol used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums—together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

Today—get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use Ipana with massage twice a day—and you'll see very, very little of "pink tooth brush".

IPANA Tooth Paste
Why April is the Lucky Movie Month

(Continued from page 47)

Three interesting horoscopes. Above, that of Wallie Reid. Center, Lon Chaney. Right, Mary Miles Minter. Wallace Reid’s fate was written in his horoscope for every one to read—if they would.

Jupiter, the god of honor, glory, money and success, will be friendly to the Sun, ruling men, and the Moon, ruling women and the public, and Saturn, ruling work, and Venus, ruling love. That’s enough for one girl—I hope it won’t be too much for Joan!

Constance Talmadge is more Aries than most Aries, because she has three powerful planets, the Sun, the Moon and Mars, in this dauntless sign. Miss Talmadge has Venus in Gemini, the versatile sign. Need I say more? Her flashing film career proved this.

Gloria Swanson has a splendid horoscope. She has the Sun and Moon in Aries, a combination which usually makes people turn to literature. I shouldn’t be surprised if Gloria’s fame as a writer sometimes surpassed her fame as an actress. There are other things in the chart which back this belief. The Sun and Moon were in opposition when she was born, which always gives people a mission in life more than shows on the surface. She was also born on the full moon, which makes people anxious to be (Continued on page 94)

ARE YOU A CHILD OF ARIES?

Aries, the first sign of the Zodiac, governs the period between March 22nd and April 20th. The pure Aries type is rare. Indeed, that statement holds true of all types. Each of us is a varied mixture of elements, qualities, influences. So the power of leadership which Aries gives to its sons and daughters is only part of the heritage of the Aries-born. A much more important part is the peculiar Aries trait of being able to use these and other powers to the absolute limit of worldly advantage.

Aries, the Ram, rules the head. You may be restless and butting like a ram, and hence ambitious, courageous, full of “pep”; or you may be unoriginal, lacking in initiative, “dopey” like a sheep. It is up to you. You have it within you—all Aries people have—to realize the very finest possibilities of their sign. But will you?

You have great physical energy, but not great powers of endurance. Your strength is spasmodic. You should try to make it steady and lasting. You should cultivate “continuity.”

If you find that your sign has not given you the amount of persistence necessary to fight an uphill fight, let that fact be a challenge to you to prove your gameness. It is possible for you to force the fighting as well as to repel attacks. Persistence can be made habitual. Moral fibre, like muscle, grows stronger with use. If you find others unwilling to fight with your weapons, don’t get discouraged.

Don’t be impatient. Don’t go off half-cocked. Don’t be too anxious to “obey that impulse.” Don’t rush into situations without preparation. Don’t take up new ideas without thought. Don’t start before you are ready. Don’t stop before you are finished. Aries is a fiery sign. Mars is a quarrelsome planet. The combination, which is prominent in your chart, tends to make you both temperamental and temperish. Control the former. Harness the latter. Transmute the restlessness of your sign and the aggressiveness of your planet into useful energy and action.

Your natural tendencies, if ill at all, are toward headaches and other ailments connected with the head and face; also stomach and kidney trouble. After middle life, look out for symptoms of paralysis or apoplexy. Avoid excessive use of sweets. Live simply and intelligently.

In business, it doesn’t make such difference what kind of work you go into as it does the part of the work in which you find yourself engaged. Aries people must lead, must manage. You should be in the executive end. If you can’t be the boss, you may be his stenographer.

Your most congenial life partner might be born under the noble Leo or the brilliant Sagittarius—but I cannot tell you anything definite on a thing like that unless I know not only your birthday but the “other person’s!”
The New Movie Magazine

A NEW MOVIE ALBUM

My sister and I were the first to see the new movie, "The Great Gatsby," and I was won over by the music and the story. The music was composed by the famous Canadian composer, John Gielgud, and the story was written by F. Scott Fitzgerald. I was so impressed with the score that I decided to buy a copy of the album to keep it forever.

The album is a collection of the most popular songs from the movie, all performed by the original cast. It also includes an essay by Fitzgerald on the making of the film, which gives a fascinating insight into the artistic process behind the movie. The album is available in many Woolworth stores, or you can order it by mail for ten cents plus four cents postage.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

ON SALE IN MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES
Why April Is the Lucky Movie Month

(Continued from page 92)

something in the world. She is a real person, Gloria Swanson. And don't make any mistake about it; her big time is still ahead of her.

WARNER BAXTER is another one of these super-Aries people. He has the Sun, Moon, Mercury and Jupiter all in this one sign. He has Venus in Taurus, one of the sexiest of the signs. (Mayor Jimmy Walker had it there, too!) And don't be too surprised when I tell you that he has Mars, the planet which makes him the daring, romantic figure that he is, in Capricorn, the sign of the Zodiac which governs Mexico, the favorite locale of the Baxter pictures.

Wallace Reid had Venus in Taurus, too—and we all remember what a boy Wallie was with the ladies. He also had the Moon, ruling his relations with women, in Pisces affected by Mars and Neptune, a combination which made him unable to resist temptation. I could tell you a great deal more about Wallie Reid's horoscope. But what's the use, except to say that it shows as plainly as if it were a map with a cross on it the death which he was destined to meet?

Harold Lloyd was born on what we astrologers call the "cusp" between Aries and Taurus, so he takes from both signs. He is not only an architect but a builder. He has Venus in Aries, which is priceless as an aid both to publicity, and Mercury in Aries in opposition to the solemn Saturn, which gives him the serious turn of mind which seems to be so necessary to success as a comedian. He has the Sun and Jupiter, the two most powerful of the heavenly bodies, in conjunction in the sign Taurus, ruling the throat and hence the voice and hence the talkies.

In some ways, Mary Brian has the luckiest horoscope of any of these Aries people. I don't say she has the greatest gifts, I realize that little Mary is still a mere princess among the movie kings and queens. But she stands as good a chance as any one whose horoscope I have recently read of getting the most out of what she has to start with—and what she has to start with isn't so bad. She has the Sun, Mercury, Venus and Saturn in Aries, all in aspect to Neptune, the planet which rules the motion picture industry, and to Uranus, which gives originality, versatility, and the lure of the unexpected. Her Moon, ruling the public, is in Pisces, Neptune's sign, which makes her popular with both men and women. Incidentally she has Jupiter in Virgo, which means that she will not only make money, but—wonder of wonders in movieland!—the time will come when she will actually save it.

GEORGE ARLISS is just the same sweet, charming person according to the stars that we know him to be on the screen. He has a lot of Neptune in his horoscope, which not only foreshadowed his success on stage and screen, but makes him live in a world of his own. He should look out for his health this year. If he does, he should go on to new triumphs.

And so for Mary Pickford, she, too, is under contradictory aspects—mental I should say rather than physical—which should make 1931 unusual, interesting, perhaps wonderful. It is really up to her how she uses the extraordinary vibrations with which the planets are surrounding her. I won't go into Mary's horoscope in detail. So much has been written about her first and last and that even the stars would seem repetitious. But the thing which has all the more interested me most about this remarkable woman is the position she has carved out for herself, not only as the best known woman in Hollywood, but as the wisest. Why should this chit of a girl—for that is all she is today—be the oracle to whom both stars and magnates go for advice on all matters of major importance? It has long been an axiom in Hollywood that nothing can be done until Mary Pickford has put her O.K. upon it. You remember how Will Rogers wouldn't have his appendix out until Mary had agreed to it?

Well, there's nothing strange about all this once you look at Mary Pickford's horoscope. She has Mercury, ruling the mind, in Taurus, the most practical of the signs, but in aspect to Uranus, the planet of inspiration and vision. And as if that wasn't enough, added to her Aries mentality and gift of leadership, Aquarius, the sign which produces eighty percent of the successful candidates for the Hall of Fame, was rising when Mary Pickford was born! Aries head and Aquarius heart! No wonder Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart, is widely acclaimed and universally acknowledged Hollywood's Wisest Woman!

You see, He Editor, you can't get away from your stars!

You Can't Get Away From Your Stars

As the famous astrologer, Evangeline Adams, says.

Next month Miss Adams will talk about the film folk born in May—and the influence of the planets.
Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 41)

a bitter fate that crushed her with headlines later. When now I think of her terrific aversion I wonder if it was not a premonition. She would elude interviewers with the agility of a quarrelsome rabbit. When caught by one she would invariably beguile him into babbling of himself, and he would leave with only a rapturous impression. This was not design on her part. She had a voracious interest in people. She would rather hear a life story than tell one. Naturally sympathetic, her instinct was for liking everyone. I recall one interviewer calling in the throes of a flu-cold. Mabel made him take a hot foot-bath, gave him a toddy, bundled him up in one of her fur coats and sent him home in the care of her chauffeur.

My friendship with Mabel was extraordinary so far as I am concerned, but there are countless others who can testify as I do. We knew she had friends everywhere, but we did not realize how many until she died. Messages came from all parts of the world. A wealthy woman in New York, prominent in society here and abroad, wrote that she had arranged for a mass to be said every month, perpetually, for the eternal rest of Mabel. I visited an Italian orphanage where the children offer their daily prayers for her. Next to me at her funeral a boy in threadbare clothes sobbed convulsively throughout the service. No one seemed to know who he was. No one, for that matter, knows how many partook of "the great heart of Mabel." I gained a faint idea when I met her Father Confessor. I quote him when I say, "The great heart of Mabel."

MABEL was endowed with intuition amounting to clairvoyance. Through her own suffering sensitiveness she understood people. On my return from a European trip six or seven years ago, she said, "I bet you miss the good wines over there." I confessed I did.

"Listen, my dear," she said, "You must drink none of this stuff over here. God knows I am not a preacher or prohibitive. My friends are welcome to drink as they choose. But I have taken a pledge.

Appreciating Mabel's humor, I laughed. "Are you a Catholic?" she asked suddenly.

"No," I said, "but I went to school with Catholic boys.

"I am a Catholic," laughed Mabel, "but don't hold that against the church. There are good and bad in all religions. God loves them all; I am not bigoted. But there is one priest who is a miracle-worker. He saved my life, God love him. I wish you would let me introduce you to Father Chiappa, a very old Italian priest. You like Italians, don't you? Well, Father Chiappa is so saintly that when you meet him you will feel you are entering heaven. Lord knows whether you will ever feel that way hereafter, so you'd better meet him.

"I would like to," I answered.

"What about the Father?"

(Taken from page 41)

Teeth..lovely to begin with deserve the tenderest care

This thrift dentifrice is thorough yet so gentle in action

How foolishly to brush sound, lovely teeth with any but a safe gentle dentifrice which has proved itself in the hands of millions.

Before creating Listerine Tooth Paste we made an exhaustive study of tooth enamel. We examined its structure. We tested its varying degrees of hardness, case after case. We learned that people of today have less sturdy teeth than their ancestors.

Our next duty was to discover cleansing and polishing agents that would be harmless to the precious enamel surface. At length we found and included them in our dentifrice. Thousands have thanked us for them.

For the sake of your teeth, we ask you to use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how swiftly but how gently it cleans teeth—erasing fermenting food particles, discolorations, and tartar. Note the lovely luster it imparts to the teeth. Observe their soundness year after year under this gentle care.

In all the field of dentifrices there is no purer, more carefully compounded one than this. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

It saves you enough to buy a toilet set

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toilet set is merely a suggestion.

Listerine Tooth Paste 25¢

10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores
This is Mrs. White

You probably know Mrs. White yourself... have often remarked how clean and attractive she keeps her whole house...and her children, too... and yet always has time for other things!

She plans her housework

And you've wondered how Mrs. White (or Mrs. Jones as the case may be) manages to do so much. Her secret? She plans her housework. She budgets her cleaning time. Our free booklet tells exactly how she does it.

She uses cleaning short-cuts

Mrs. White spends her minutes wisely—makes every single minute "buy" the most cleanliness possible. She uses short-cuts—like changing suds frequently, making dishes dry themselves, etc. (See booklet for many others.)

And she is through by noon

Most of Mrs. White's cleaning is done by noon. She takes afternoons and evenings off for anything she wants to do... and still keeps her home, her children and herself clean and spotless... and happy! How does she manage?

No issue of NEW MOVIE would be complete without its portrait of Gary Cooper. Here we offer Gary at the age of two and one half years.

Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 95)

"Really?" She seemed astonished.

"Really.

"He won't lecture you or ask you to take the pledge. He will just talk to you and make you love him. You can tell him all your sins and he will never spill the beans."

"How old is he?"

"Seventy-two."

"He wouldn't have time to hear them all."

Mabel laughed: "Will you go tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

"I don't believe a bit. I shall call you."

The next day we went to Loyola to see Father Chiappa. Mabel entered first, "to prepare him," she said, "as a sudden shock might kill him."

She came out throwing kisses at the old priest who protested with upraised hands, "Mabel! Mabel!"

I entered the little office and talked with Father Chiappa, a man of Christ-like gentleness over whom the earth no longer had power. When he died a few months before Mabel, I felt I had lost an unfailing friend. Such is the instant power of fine personality.

Mabel was waiting for me in her car when I came out. She could scarcely restrain her excitement and the devil was in her eyes.

"Did you like him?" she demanded.

"Of course I liked him."

"What did he say? Did he scold you? I hope he did. He didn't ask for money, now did he?"

"Certainly not."

"But you gave him some. I can tell. Now didn't you?"

"A little for your Italian orphanage."

"Why, I'll never speak to you again. How much did you give him?"

I told her.

"Well, of all the... I shall never
Helen disliked the very sight of milk

Now I give it to her a new way
... and she loves it!

“My little girl was underweight and I had the hardest time getting her to take proper nourishment. She hated milk, and I had to threaten to send her to bed before she’d touch it.

What every child needs

Thousands of mothers have the same thrilling story to tell!

Cocomalt provides extra proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the active, growing young body. Every glass a child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk. For, by actual laboratory analysis, it adds 70% more nourishment to milk. And it transforms milk into such a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink, youngsters love it!

Strong, sound bodies in children are impossible without Vitamin D. This vitamin, produced by summer sunshine, is present in Cocomalt. It helps substantially to prevent rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk, ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail this coupon and 10¢ for trial can.

IN NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH

Herb Howe will tell you all about another glamorous and romantic figure in his Movie Hall of Fame
mellow art of George Arliss. Likely to appeal to a generation born before the jazz age. Warners.

Hell’s Angels. An aviation thriller that should not be overlooked. Pucks a punch. Some of the stunt flying has never been surpassed. United Artists.


Raffles. The Gentleman Burglar couldn’t do it without the presence of Ronald Colman who, between robberies, may enjoy making love to Kay Francis. United Artists.

Morocco. Marlene Dietrich in her first American made picture is permitted to choose between Adolphe Menjou and Gary Cooper. From beginning to end the picture is a treat. Paramount.

Class B

The Criminal Code. For those interested in what transpires behind prison walls, Columbia Pictures contributes this appropriately grim and uncompromising drama with Phillips Holmes as the boy who gets a lot more punishment than he deserves. Walter Huston was a wise selection for the warden. Columbia.

Passion Flower. The dear old love triangle, wife-husband-mistress, gets another airing, in a suitably cast and ably acted production. If you are planning a love-trip to Paris it may be well to see what happens to Charles Bickford, Kay Francis and Kay Johnson. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Royal Bed. A fairly well-pointed satire with scenes laid in one of the tootering European kingdoms so inviting to writers of romantic fiction. Lowell Sherman as the whimsical king, Nance O’Neill as the queen and Mary Astor as the princess, give smooth performances in the leading roles. RKO.


The Truth About Youth. A free and easy adaptation of “When We Were Twenty-one” as one near stage play. A charming young woman (Loretta Young) falls in love with the middle-aged guardian (Conway Tearle) of the youth she is slated to marry. Rather thickly sentimental, but passable entertainment. First National.

Hook, Line and Sinker. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in a goulash of farce and extravagant melodrama served in a country hotel. Plenty of laughs for those who like this sort of thing. RKO.

Mothers Cry. A weepy picture telling the story of a mother, who, to all intents and purposes lays down her life for her children and suffers intensely. Far more than most dramas of its type, it strikes a note of sincerity to which Dorothy Peterson, as the mother, contributes even more than her share. Warners.

Free Love. Domestic bickerings, with the wife doing most of the bickering, are the cause of conflict in a plausible account of what may happen between husband and wife when the neighbors are looking the other way. Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin are the home-bodies who find little to laugh at, unless it be the mischievous Zasu Pitts. Universal.

See America First. Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville make a good comedy pair in a diverting comedy depending largely on stunts—falling from high places and the like. Worth seeing if you are looking for an hour of laughs and chuckles. Universal.

Sunny. A fresh and pleasing adaptation of a popular musical comedy with Marilyn Miller as fetching as ever in a welcome variety of dance numbers. She pretty well carries the picture on the tips of her toes. First National.

New Moon. This merits a place on the list of musical films in which the music is heavily stressed, perhaps a bit too heavily. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore share the headline positions. Metro-Goldwyn.

The Widow From Chicago. As long as gangsters run high in popular favor this melodrama should pay its way in any theater. Edward G. Robinson, whose fame as a tough guy is well established, is the Big Boy of the gang. Alliott Wright, the wily ex-wife, gets a man with a bullet. First National.

The Lash. Colorful and romantic, but none too convincing, this contribution of Dick Barthelmess’ to the screen failed, though by no means distinguished. The redoubtable Dick is an aristocratic Mexican of the other school. His temper is like a fine steel blade and when he hates he hates intensely. First National.

Only Saps Work. Among the leaders in the procession of screen comedies, thanks to the original and intelligent acting of Leon Errol. There are many laughs in the picture that is clean and crisp in entertainment throughout. Paramount.

The Problems of a Hollywood Wife

Beset by adulation and stormed with fan mail, the Hollywood husbands have a hard time keeping their heads. Here is the wife's side of the problem—told for the first time.
the drama is still effective and Miss Crawford proves she can act while completely attired.

Clara Bow's Newest

Clara Bow's latest, "No Limit," seems to have been suggested by this star's recent misadventure in gambling. Remember that immortal tabloid declaration: "I thought they were fifty-cent chips!"

Here Miss Bow is Bunny O'Day, movie usherette, who comes into the proprietorship of a big gambling house. Let's hope that Miss Bow will not be required to go on providing Paramount with the plots of her pictures.

United Artists "One Heavenly Night," co-starring the pale but classic beauty of English musical comedy, Evelyn Laye, with the more rugged Texan, John Boles, is pretty mild stuff from any angle. Samuel Goldwyn called in two Pulitzer Prize winners, Sidney Howard and Louis Bromfield, to write the story but the lads have been as far from original as any regular Holly-wood-studio scenario constructors.

By Lynde Denig

Kiss Me Again—First National—

Providing you harbor a passion for colors: reds, yellows, blues and most of the other hues that may be expected to please the eye, "Kiss Me Again" is your picture. It carries a slight story, based on Victor Herbert's famous operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," which gave birth to the popular song number, "Kiss Me Again." The song is still good, as sung by the engaging Bernice Claire, who looks her best in colored photography. But it is not good enough to compensate for the weaker moments of an elaborate, but slow-paced production. Stage styles and, perhaps, the popular taste in music, have changed since the days when "Kiss Me Again" tinkled from the million pianos. Walter Pidgeon, true to musical comedy traditions, is a congenial companion for Miss Claire.

The Bat Whispers—United Artists—
The producer of this mystery thriller has erred on the side of the obvious. Through scene after scene in a spooky house, the picture as much as says: "Now is the time for you to become terribly frightened," with the result that the spectator never forgets that it is all a show designed to give him the shivers. The dark passageways, the secret doors, the thunderstorm, the bat-like shape hovering outside the window, the screaming girl; all lose in effectiveness because of over emphasis. Then, as if to complete the exaggeration, the entire picture is shown on a magnified screen. Chester Morris as the Bat, gives an intense performance.

Illicit—Warners—If you accept the argument of this love drama, you may conclude that, providing you are in love, you may as well take a chance at marriage, after all. The story, and it is a pretty fair story, too, goes to show that love never is free, regardless of legal ties. Mentally, Barbara Stanwyck is as modern as companion—(Continued on page 100)

Reviews

(Continued from page 85)
The New Movie Magazine

Reviews
(Continued from page 99)

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The Painted Desert—Pathways:---At times, this melodrama of the wide-open west, where men are cowpunchers and sheriffs, suggests a slow action movie. Everyone, from William Farnum down, seems to think he has a laugh before speaking, which retards the fighting and the shooting and the wild rides across the prairies. Looking for highlights in the picture that really are such, you can find yourself in a mine. Bill Boyd, Helen Twelvetrees and J. Farrell MacDonald are members of a cast that is all right, save in the matter of speed.

Reducing—M.G.M.:---The revival of interest in the robust comedy of Marie Dressler appears to be well justified. There are laughs galore in this story, disclosing the efforts of two sisters who conduct an establishment designed to reduce over-developed bodies to a fashionable slimness. Polly Moran has the somewhat thin figure of fashion model Rosalind Russell. On the supposition that the picture requires more beauty than is supplied by the Dressler-Moran team, Mortimer Sahl and Salli Elters appear as the daughters of the argumentative sisters. Buster Collier, Jr., is a young millionaire who enters the school, and Marion Byron, newcomer, plays the part of the gentle Miss Dressler, however, unquestionably is the heavy-weight star of the picture.

The Command Performance—Tiffany:---Once again, picture-goers have an opportunity to visit an imaginary kingdom in Europe where the gold supply is running low and machine guns may be tried over at almost any corner. As usual, a princess is about to be forced into a marriage with a profligate prince whom she detests. But along comes an actor bearing a striking resemblance to the prince. Either he must go to the salt mines where men rot, or he must impersonate the heir to the throne. He woos the princess in the name of royalty, and well,—you can guess what happens. Attempts at satire are so broad that generally there spills over into the rough laughter of burlesque. Neil Hamilton is first rate in the dual role of prince and actor.

Man to Man—Warners:---The name of Grant Mitchell means a lot more on the stage than it does in pictures. For years, Mr. Mitchell has been given deft performances in light comedy roles and now he comes through with a highly sympathetic and admirably shaded characterisation of a small-town barber. Save for the satisfying piece of acting, which lends tone to the production, "Man to Man" would be an unfortunate effort to film a too obviously contrived story. The plot concerns the return of Barber John after a ten year jail murder. His son, an over-proud youth, is unwilling to have the memory of his father, refuses to join in the home town celebration. A bank theft is involved in the ploy and brings about a change of heart in the prigish son, capably portrayed by Phillips Holmes.

Beau Ideal—Radio:---Pale shade of "Bee Geese," this attempt at a continuation of the noble traditions of the French Foreign Legion is buried beneath a desert sandstorm. The sandstorm is easy enough, and is a part of the picture. Two boyhood friends find their way into the Legion where commanding officers are brutes and the men are seven-veil heroes. Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Lester Vail are in the cast.

The Gang Buster—Paramount:---Just about everyone has been in a dusty little town-kidding in this broadly satirical comedy. Jack Oakie, who wears a mask as a comedian, steps out with a humorous little story of the small-town lawyer, who walks right into a machine-gun nest of gangsters. He has an honest, one-track mind that most of the gangsters detest. Suggestive of the kidnaped daughter of an attorney who has become involved with a powerful gang leader. Played straight, "The Gang Buster" would be acceptable melodrama, for it has excitement; but it is the better for the comedy treatment, and for the presence of Oakie.

Resurrection—Universal:---Lupe Velez is a genuine and a pleasing surprise in this picture. Frankly, we got to know the girl in "The Desert Trail." In the weepy role of Tolstoy's harassed and pathetic Katusha, she is distinctly appealing, particularly in the tragic sequences staged in a prison and on the weary march to Siberia. For the rest, the picture is a sympathetic presentation of the Russian novelist's sombre story. The tempo is a bit slow, as might be expected, but the dramatic action is well maintained to hold the interest. John Boles makes a handsome Prince Dimitri, who grows one of a life of profligate indulgence into one of noble sacrifice. If anything, he becomes a bit too noble, but that is an unusual complaint. The whole enterprise is a creditable accomplishment for which Director Edwin Carewe is in a large measure, to be thanked.

Dance Hall Marte—Educational:---Mack Sennett still knows how to pick 'em. This canny producer realizes that figures are more than voices and Sennett comedy and is just as particular in the days when Gloria Swanson never bothered her any more.
was a bathing beauty. Harry Griibon and Marjorie Beebe are the leads in this lively sequence of farcical situations. For those who laugh readily there are moments of merriment in the experiences of the Queen of the dance hall. Never mind about the story.

Marriage Rows—Educational—Dialogue is a distinct asset to noisy farces of this type. "Marriage Rows" is a scrappy picture with Lloyd Hamilton as the center of action.

The Ten Best Films of 1930

EVERY year The Film Daily invites the critics of the country to vote upon the ten best motion pictures of the year. This year close to 350 critics, representing some thirty million readers, cast their votes for the best films of 1930.

Here is the result, as announced by The Film Daily:


DER Deutsche's poll resulted in the selection of the following ten best pictures of 1930:

"Sous Les Toits des Paris" (French), "All Quiet on the Western Front" (German), "The Blue Angel" (German), "Westfront 1918" (German), "Anna Christie" (American), "Zwei Herzen im Drei Viertel Takt" (German), "With Byrd at the South Pole" (American), "Brand in der Oper" (German), "The Big House" (American), "Mickey Mouse" (American).

Der Deutsche asked the various producers this question, "What film during 1930 was your best offering?"

There was some difference of opinion among Paramount's executives. Adolph Zukor named "Monte Carlo," Jesse Lasky gave "Morocco" as his choice and Sam Katz said "Animal Crackers."

Here are some other answers, as translated by The New York World:


Harley L. Clarke, Fox: "Common Clay."

Hiram S. Brown, Radio-Keith-Orpheum: "Check and Double Check," with the two popular radio comics, Amos 'n' Andy.

Columbia Pictures: "Flight" and "Africa Speaks."

Ufa, Berlin: "The Love Waltz" and "The Blue Angel" have grossed about two million marks in Germany alone.

NO UNPLEASANT ODORS

with

SIVAM Perfumed MANICURE PREPARATIONS

On Sale at the Better 5 and 10c Stores

Paris conceived this exquisite idea. SIVAM spread the vague among smart American women because once and for all it banished the annoying chemical odor from manicuring and replaced it with a delicious, delicate fragrance.

SIVAM Perfumed Manicure Preparations offer a fascinating finger-nail treatment. SIVAM polish remains longer and gives a brilliant lustre. To prevent evaporation and solidifying, SIVAM bottles are fitted with Bakelite Screw Cap (brush attached) instead of a fussy cork.

SIVAM MANICURE PREPARATIONS MAY BE HAD UNSCENTED IF PREFERRED.

SIVAM Cuticle Solvent—removes stains and shapes cuticle.

SIVAM Polish Remover—removes all traces of old polish and prepares nails for the new. SIVAM Nail Polish, in Natural, Colorless or Red Rose shades, whichever best suits your type.

SIVAM Nail Whitener Cords—whiten nail-tips in a jiffy, simply moisten cord and draw under the nail-tip—no muss, no fuss, no sticky pastes! Each item is 10c. Try SIVAM today. If not at your favorite store use coupon.
The Cigarette Is Mightier Than the Pen...

No thanks, Mr. Webster . . . no words today. OLD GOLD, the cigarette itself, tells its own story better than all the dictum in the dictionary. One pack's worth more than a thousand words. 158 victories in 165 public taste-tests of the four leading brands show how convincingly even a few puffs tell OLD GOLD's taste-winning, throat-thrilling story. Light up . . . and write up your own opinion.

P. L. Leilard Co., Inc.

Cast of All Films Reviewed in This Issue

The Painted Desert—Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: Bill Holbrook, Bill Boyd; Mary Ellen, Helen Twelvetrees; Cash, Adolph Menjou; Jeff, J. Farrell Macdonald; Brett, Clarke Gable; Tonopah, Charles Sellon; Kirby, Will Walling; Ted, Guy Edward; Carson, Wade Boteler; Denver, William Lemaire; Charlie, Cy Cleary; Steve, James Donlon.

The Command Performance—Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Prince Alexis, Neil Hamilton; Peter Fedor, Neil Hamilton; Princess Katerina, Una Merkel; Queen Elvira, Helen Ware; King Nicholas, Albert Gran; Velleuburg, Lawrence Grant; Lydia, Thelma Todd; Queen Elizabeth, Vera Lewis; Duke Charles, Mischa Auer; Nasoco, Burr McIntosh; Roger, William von Brincken; Blondul, Murdoch MacQuarrie.

Resurrection—Universal—Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: Prince Dimitri, John Boles; Katascha Maslen, Lupe Velez; Major Schenck, William Keighley; Aunt Marga, Nance O'Neill; Aunt Sophia, Rose Tapley; Simon Karttiikan, Michael Mark; Simon's Wife, Sylvia Nadin; Smelkoff, Edward Cecil.

Fighting Caravans—Paramount—Directed by Otto Brower and David Burton. The cast: Clut Bernt, John H. Cooper; Felice, Lily Damita; Bill Jackson, Ernest Torrence; Leo Murdock, Fred Kohler; Jim Bridger, Tully Marshall.

No Limit—Paramount—Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Bernice (Bunny) O'Day, Clara Bow; Dorothy Potter, Dixie Lee; Ole Olson, Stuart Erwin; Douglas Thayer, Norman Foster; Mazie Mindil, Harry Green.

Cimarron—RKO—Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Yancey Cravat, Richard Dix; Soledad, Hedda Hopper; Dulce, Dixie Lee; Estelle Taylor; Soleday, George E. Stone; Mrs. Wyatt, Edna Mae Oliver; Printer, Roscoe Ates; The Kid, William Collier, Jr.; Isaiah, Eugene Jackson.

The Right to Love—Paramount—Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Naomi Kellogg, Ruth Chatterton; Brook Evans, Ruth Chatterton; Erle, Paul Lukas; Joe Copeland, David Manners; Tony, George Baxter; Caleb Evans, Irving Pickel; Mrs. Kellogg, Veda Buckland; William Kellogg, Oscar Apfel.

The Gang Buster—Paramount—Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Cyclone Charlie Case, Jack Oakie; Sylva Martina, Jean Arthur; Sudden Slade, William Boyd; Andrew Martine, William Morris; Gopher Grant, Tom Kennedy; Zella, Wynne Gibson; Pate, Donald Crisp; Carl, Albert Conti; Fulkner, Harry Stubbs; Sammy, Ernie Adams.

The Easiest Way—M.G.M.—Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Laura Murdock, Constance Bennett; Willard Mackay, Richard Dix; Jack Madison, Robert Montgomery; Peg, Anita Page; Elyce, Marjorie Rambeau; Ben, J. Farrell Macdonald; Alice, Clara Blandick; Nick, Clark Gable.

Inspiration—M.G.M.—Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Yvonne, Gary Cooper; Andre, Robert Montgomery; Delval, Lewis Stone; Lulu, Marjorie Rambeau; Odette, Judith Vosselli; Marthe, Beryl Mercer; Couthet, John Miljan; Julian Montell, Edwin Maxwell; Vignaud, Oscar Apfel; Madeleine, Joan Marsh; Pauline, Zelda Sears; Liane, Karen Morley; Gaby, Gwen Lee; Jules, Paul M. Cline; Arthur Hoyt; Gallaud, Richard Tucker.

Kiss Me Again—First National—Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Mila, Fi, Bernice Claire; Paul de St. Cyr, Walter Pidgeon; Rene, Edward Everett Horton; Count de St. Cyr, Claude Gillingwater; Francois, Frank McHugh; Mme Cecile, Judith Vosselli; Marie, June Collyer; General de Villefranche, Albert Gran; Specialty Dancers, G. Sisters.

I illicit—Warners—Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Anne Vincent, Barbara Stanwyck; Dick Ives, James Jennie; Georgia, Charles Butterworth; Dukie, Joan Blondell; Margie Tone; Natalie Moorhead; Price Baines, Ricardo Cortez; Ives, Sr., Claude Gillingwater.

Man to Man—Warners—Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: "Barber John" Bolton, Grant Mitchell; Emily, Lucille Powders; Michael Bolton, Phillip Holmes; Jim McDoug, George Marion; Rip Henry, Otis Harlan; Cal Bolton, Russell Simpson; Vint Glade, Dwight Frye; Tom, Bill Banker.

Paid—M.G.M.—Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: The Mary Turner, Joan Crawford; Joe Garson, Robert Armstrong; Agnes Lynch, Marie Prevost; Bob, Kent Douglas; Inspector Burke, John Miljan; Edward Gilder, Purnell B. Pratt; District Attorney Dornarets, Hale Hamilton; Cassidy, Robert Emmet O'Connor; Eddie Griggs, Turley Hartman; Carney, William Bakewell; Red, George Cooper; Bertha, Gwen Lee.

The Bat Whispers—United Artists—Directed by Roland West. The cast: Police Lieutenant, Chance Ward; Mr. Bell, Richard Tucker; The Butler, Wilson Benge; Police Captain, De Witt Jennings; Police Sergeant, Sidney Albrook; Man in Black Mask, S. E. Jenning; Cornelia Van Gorder, Grace Hampton; Lizzie Allen, Maude Eburne; The Caretaker, Spencer Charters; Dale Van Gorder, Una Merkel; Brook, William Bakewell; Dr. Vencrees, Gustav von Seyffertitz; Detective Anderson, Chester Morris; Richard Plem, Allen Huntley; Detective Jones, Charles Dow Clark; The Unknown, Ben Bard.
LIPS men love TO KISS

WISE in the wiles
OF BEAUTY she knows the
POWER OF A
beautiful mouth

DEATH OF DICK JONES

DICK JONES, who has been ill almost continually since he finished directing Ronny Colman in “Bulldog Drummond” finally passed away at the Queen of the Angeles Hospital in Hollywood. He had been ill for sixteen months. He was a veteran director, at one time head of the Roach Studio, and has thousands of friends in Hollywood who will miss him.

MABEL NORMAND’S WILL

MABEL NORMAND left an estate valued at $73,855.00, when she died a year ago. Twenty thousand of this was a home in Beverly Hills, thirty-five thousand was jewels and real estate. The rest was miscellaneous holdings of real estate, rare books, promissory notes, etc. It all goes to her mother, with the exception of one dollar, which she left to her husband Lew Cody. Explanation of the one dollar contained in the will: “Lew has all he needs in his own name. He understands.”
well because they are sophisticated types. The average woman should not copy these women unless she is sure her personality is of the gorgeous type; she may find herself totally blotted out by her clothes. Vivacity of the youthful sort is smothered by these luxurious modes, which require a certain maturity and dignity to carry them off well.

"For the woman who can not afford many changes of costume the luxury styles are forbidden. She may have a personality which will wear the luxury mode to a queen's taste; but if she is restricted in her clothes expenditures, as most women are, she will do better to give herself only a touch of luxury on her garment, perhaps a touch of embroidery on the shoulder of her velvet gown, an applique of metallic cloth. A wrap depending for its effect on a piece of lovely material is a better choice for her than one beyond her means, or trimmed with cheap magnificence. One may be richly dressed in simple things with the right touch and cut."

"A decorative personality can be over accentuated; this is a real danger in clothes for the woman who makes this error will find herself more of a manequin than a live, interesting personality. If a woman has attractively personality, such as Garbo, her charm transcends even simple garments; witness her pictorial success in 'Anna Christie,' as well as in 'Romance,' where she was clothed in such violently contrasting garments. No personality can afford to become too unreal; to keep the human appeal, the actress has to keep her personality down to earth; and this is the same with the woman seeking beauty in clothes in her own social sphere. Over-embellishment or too spectacular clothes can destroy a personality.

"Cutting lines, that is, the horizontal lines, it is well known make a woman appear shorter; but only if they make her appear more youthful; witness the short skirt. Hence, too, the youthfulness of the bolero and the puff sleever, when these are care-fully weighed, so that a careful decision can be reached as to the comparative desirability of added slender-ness or added plumpness, and youth-

SOPHIE WACHTNER, designer at the Fox Studios, is most adept at those little tricks that flatten, and conceal the faults of form and figure. She handles markedly contrasting types of beauty with equal success with her deftness. "New modes only exchange old faults for new," says Miss Wachner. "Where the old modes exposed the large leg and hip, the new mode displays other faults. To be frank, everybody has some features that need to be glossed over or concealed, to give the maximum effect of beauty. The drawback to all these forms are always the same; it just depends on the changes of the mode to conceal or reveal different ones."

"When I costume Irene Rich, who, in-

GRAYING
HAIR?

Why surrender to gray hair? This famous approved way means radiant color again. We send demonstration FREE.

ALL AROUND you, see them, these modern women who stay young. Their secret—known to millions—is one that every woman who gray hair should know—the famous clear, colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman’s. By this time-tested way, women are safely bringing youthful color to faded strands—so evenly that you would think nature herself had put it there.

You Need No Experience
Mary T. Goldman’s method can be done at home. Merely comb colorless liquid through the hair. Any type of hair matched—black, brown, auburn or blonde. Color blends evenly. Hair becomes lustrous, live-looking—easy to curl or wave. No "artificial" look. Nor will color wash or rub off on linens or hat linings. Entirely SAFE to Use
Mary T. Goldman’s has been used by discriminating women for over 20 years. Medical school autho-

Test It FREE!
Try it first on a single lock snipped from your hair. See results this way. Why hesitate to make this safe test? We have sent it to more than 1,000,000 women. If you prefer, you can obtain full-sized bottle from your druggist on money-back gua-

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OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

FREE
This Famous Single Lock Use Coupon

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Name ____________________________________________
Street ____________________________________________
City _____________________ State ____________

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR:
__ BLOND __ DARK BLONDE __ MEDIUM BLONDE __ LIGHT BLONDE
__ DARK RED __ MEDIUM RED __ LIGHT RED __ BLONDE

The New Movie Magazine

Spring is Here!

(Continued from page 71)

More Striking Fashions in Next Month’s New Movie
Dollar Thoughts
(Continued from page 17)

the year’s best performance in “The Divor­cee.” I want to congrat­ulate Norma on this, and let her know that after seeing that picture I was of the same opinion and certainly would have been disappointed had the award been given to anyone else.

Bessie Feder,
2272 Franklin Avenue

For a Clean Screen

Wichita Falls, Texas
Wife and I greatly enjoy reading The New Movie Magazine, especially as it relates to the life and family history of the Hollywood stars. My pres­ent thought, however, is about the paragraph on Page 31, February issue, containing the apparent objection to censor of “Mickey Mouse”—and why shouldn’t he be censored, we ask? Good wholesome clean amusement is enjoyed by all. It is more the pity the movies digress from the wholesome and have a seeming disregard for the intel­lectual impression left on the minds of youth.

Percy H. Stincomb,
1720—7th Street

Give Clara a Chance

Battle Creek, Michigan
Why, oh why, can’t they leave Clara Bow alone? I don’t believe she’s any worse than a lot of others who manage to keep their affairs more quiet. If they’d only give her a good story once, a fair chance, and turn her loose, people would keep still.

Dorothy S.

Wants Good Musical Films

Grand Rapids, Michigan
Who said that the public didn’t want good musical shows? True, we became nauseated with those numberless leg and bare-back affairs doing military steps up and down stair steps and nasal tenors trying to put over tripey theme songs. But, give us more such enjoy­able pictures, as “Rio Rita,” “Vagabond King,” “Sally,” “The New Moon,” etc., and see if our shekels still don’t clink in the box-office till.

Mrs. T. Burke

Next Month—
The Reminiscences of Henry B. Walthall
The film recollections of the famous Little Colonel of “The Birth of a Nation” will be an interesting feature of the next NEW MOVIE

Special
[at 5 and 10¢ stores only]

One Modess FREE
with 3 for 10¢

We make this special offer—one individual Modess FREE with the purchase of three at the regular price of 10¢—because we want every woman to experience the complete satisfaction of Modess.

There is nothing strange about the amazing popularity of Modess. Women who use it know it is the best sanitary pad they have ever had. It is supremely comfortable in every way—protective—deodorant—easily disposable. The filler is softly fluffed, gently pliant—all the corners and edges have been rounded. Modess can be worn inconspicuously with any type of ensemble.

It is a good idea to have these individual packages on hand besides your regular supply. Carry several in your hand bag for emergencies, they are just the thing for guest use—and they take up very little room in a weekend bag.

This Special offer operates for a limited time only. Modess individuals are on sale exclusively at 5 and 10¢ stores

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. U. S. A.
World’s largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.
If you eat as hard and as fast as you work, no wonder your digestion is upset—it is making you grouchy and irritable.

So do something to help your digestion. Chew a stick of Beeman's, the pepsin gum! It was developed by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago as the most delightful way to aid digestion.

Many millions of people favor Beeman's for its delicious flavor and chewing smoothness. Next time you pay your luncheon check, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

**Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids digestion**

---

Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, his wife, visit the Hotel Ambassador pool. Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., pronounced Sally to be one of Hollywood's most beautiful girls—and the film colony agrees with the famous stage producer.

**Spring is Here!**

(Continued from page 104)

such skill, is possessed of rather large thighs, which, if not properly camouflaged in her gowns, would mar her otherwise charming appearance. This fault is a common one, and Miss Wachner we notice deals with it by giving long skirt lines from the natural waistline.

There is the reverse problem of the girl with the full bust and slender hips; to keep the proportions of this figure pleasing, requires different treatment. Olive Borden might be considered of this type, as also Billie Dove. For them, Miss Wachner believes a V-neck in the gown, very deeply cut into the body of the dress and filled in with nude souffle, cuts the width of the figure pleasingly. This is the perfect figure for the gown having the diagonal no-shoulder effect with one shoulder bare, and the other covered with the end of the diagonally cut bodice. Souffle is used, or perhaps some contrasting material, to get the diagonal contrast over the seemingly bare side.

Marquise Churchill is a distinctive individuality. Her tallness must be softened into an appropriate youthfulness. Here the answer is to supply the horizontal lines. Miss Wachner designs Miss Churchill's skirts a trifle shorter than the mode, and drops her natural waistline a bit to take from the length of the skirt. The skirt line is the long line in the figure, hence if this can be cut at the top by dropping the waistline, and at the hem by shortening the length, a much shorter appearance for the figure is gained.

This, too, is why Miss Wachner does not always consider it advisable to drop the waistline to the hips on a full figure; it shortens the skirt line and unless the mature type she is designing for is tall enough to wear a very long skirt it shortens her too much. This point must be considered in gowning the middle-aged figures of women like Louise Dresser.
Nothing was spared. The child must have the best that the community's limited facilities afforded. Her public school training was not neglected, and she was almost always a step ahead of her classmates.

Soon the daily routine became the most important thing in the life of the little girl with the smiling eyes. Little or no compulsion was used to develop her art. Her playmates remember her as a serious, but friendly and superbly happy youngster who seldom had time to play but who enjoyed it whole-heartedly when the break in her routine permitted a few minutes with her playmates.

"No, I must do my work," was the almost daily response to the calls of the neighborhood children. She had seen the star of success through the eyes of her parents. Nothing must interfere with the way to its accomplishment.

Work, work, work. Lucile seems to have found most of her recreation in the diversity of her tasks. "She was beautiful in a rather shy, sweet manner," a girl who was in her grammar school classes said. "Her physical beauty lay principally in her gorgeous red hair and fair skin."

The girls of her class knew a little about her work outside of school. They knew her parents were grooming her for the stage. Lucile carried bits of her knowledge to some of her friends. She was being taught how to be graceful, posture and lack of self-consciousness, and sometimes she repeated her lessons to her playmates.

Lucile accepted her potential career as a matter of course. She would become an actress and, of course, a very good actress. Her statements were made without guile or boastfulness, mere declarations of foregone conclusions much as a boy in the footsteps of his dad. Strangely, she was not ridiculed. She must have been sufficiently positive to instil credulity in her companions.

To such a girl fame did not bring vanity. She was merely fulfilling her destiny.

ER playmates were a bit awed by and a little sorry for her, but she had neither time nor inclination to be sorry for herself. She was a happy girl.

JIM TULLY writes about
GEORGE BANCROFT in
NEW MOVIE Next Month
The New Movie Magazine

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 107)

younger, with a strong body and
through close association with adults,
the manners of her own kind. She
must have had an aptitude for making
and holding friendships for not one of
her old acquaintances will accuse her
of any petty faults which most
children have.

"I have my own alarm clock," she
told me of her grammar school
lessons one day, "and awaken myself each
morning."

The embryo actress was in good
hands. Nothing was a task. Her well-
ordered program brought her only
happiness and a desire to adhere to it
strictly.

"Her duties were not for her—
they were a pleasure and she did them
all cheerfully," said Miss Elizabeth
Balthrope, physical culture teacher in
the Quincy school where Lucile re-
cieved most of her early training.

"She was the most pliable child under
my direction and she had the most
nearly faultless manner of any young-
er in the school," Miss Balthrope
said, of one of Lucile's earliest and warmest
friends. She has followed the girl's
career with more than the usual tutor's
interest.

"Her speech was flawless and her
behavior that of a great lady even
when she was very small; she was an
extraordinary student because she had
a receptive mind," Miss Balthrope
recalls.

Time has worked no perceptible
change in Lucile's habits. Miss Bal-
thrope spent the Summer in the Astor
home in Hollywood three years ago.

She found Lucile the same little red-
haired girl, with the happy mien,
pleasant smile and the rigid routine,
carefully conserving her energies for
the career she has sought so ardently.

A
SENSE of humor, even as a child,
was one of Lucile's prominent
characteristics. Her godmother tells
of a party called at the home one day when
Lucile was bedfast with measles.

The doctor had given orders that she
must remain in bed until her fever dropped.

As Mrs. Langhanke and her visitor
chatted Lucile grew restless.

"Mother," she called, "did you hear
that?"

"I heard nothing," Mrs. Langhanke
replied. "What do you mean?"

"Why didn't you hear that noise
now, Mother?" Lucile insisted.

"No, what sort of noise was it?"

"Why, mother, didn't you hear my
fever drop?"

A little girl with red curls and an
engaging smile on her way to the
school building with her mother to
meet her father is the earliest recollec-
tion of Lucile Langhanke. She was a child to
attract attention and be remembered.

In winter she often rode to the school
on a sled dragged by her prance.

An additional source of income was
sought that Lucile might have more
advantages. The Langhankes decided
to raise chickens. They moved to a
small cottage in a residential section
of the city. A large back yard
was transformed into a poultry farm and

a special system was used, for Mr.
Langhanke was methodical in all
things. The poultry business prospered
and Lucile was definitely launched on
her career.

About the time Lucile became of
school age, Mr. Langhanke, who liked
to raise poultry on a larger scale and he
moved his family to a farm just out-
side the northern city limits. Here,
in a large, long, barn-like home the
Langhanke lived for only a short time.

Lucile was sent to Riverside school,
a rural school located a half-mile from
the farm, but her mother feared she
would not have the best advantages
there and later sent her to Webster
School, one of the largest public
schools in the city. Her father took her
each day when he went to the city to

T
HE poultry farm failed and the
Langhanke lost heavily. Un-
daunted, they moved back to Quincy
and took up residence near the high
school and Webster School. They con-
tinued their efforts on Lucile's
career. Despite their poverty the girl
had every advantage and Mrs.
Langhanke sacrificed everything to keep up
the girl's music and dramatic art les-
sons.

Lucile's first recital in dramatic art,
under the direction of Mrs. Grace
Baumgartner, now of Dallas, Texas,
was a great success. She placed per-
sonal invitations in her childish scrawl
on programs sent her godmothers. "I
want both of my godmothers to come,"
she wrote, and both did attend, as proud
of the little girl as her own mother.

Many school friends were there and
admired Lucile's personality and de-

divery. But none realized she was
privileged to hear a budding star of
the stage and screen—one, perhaps,
save Lucile's mother, who was certain
of her child's future.

Even then Lucile had exceptional
poise and assurance. She was never
awkward or bashful, and her etiquette
in all things was perfect. Those who
attended her first recital recall her
amazing versatility. Lucile's voice
was of medium timbre, inclined to be
high at times. It was her voice that
caused her anxiety when taken sup-
planted silent motion pictures. It
registers rather throaty over the
microphone.

Lucile inherited a love of the dra-
matic and artistic from her mother.
An aunt—Mr. Langhanke's sister—
was an actress on the German stage,
and she may have inherited some
natural ability from her father. She
was an adept piano student, her
teacher. Mrs. Lucille Goldsmith Thomp-
son, says.

T
HE world war interrupted the
Langhanke's most ambitious plans.
Feeling the deep anti-German senti-
moment of German in the public
schools. The board of education was prevai-
led upon to eliminate the study of German
and Professor Langhanke was with-
out a job.

Mrs. Langhanke did not give up.
They must go ahead with Lucile's in-

ColoRinse
NOT A DYE—NOT A LEACH
Makes sun bleached hair lovely again

Just use ColoRinse in the rinsing
water after your next shampoo. You
will be surprised and delighted how
easily it restores the shimmering
color sheen. It gives the hair new
life and tone. It adds that charming,
natural softness you love so much.
ColoRinse is a harmless vegetable
color—twelve shades to choose from
—that may be used as often as you
please with the certainty of fasci-
nating results. Made by Nestle,
the originators of the permanent wave.

CLEAN FALSE TEETH

Plaque and Bridgework with
HOPE DENTURE CLEANSER. Recom-
mented by Dentist to clean, beau-
tifully and sterilize false teeth plates.
Heals sore gums, corrects bad
breath, gives natural appearance to
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IS YOUR FALSE TEETH PLATE
LOOSE? Hope Denture Powder holds
plates tight in place—gives them
strength they can't rock, drop or be
played in

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ERED OR POWDER. Use,
no cost at 5c stores.
Repeat cases at
5c. Send proof from
your dealer cannot supply
you with new stand
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HOPE DENTURE CO., New York

108
struction; no sacrifice could be too severe. Professor Langhanke supported his little family on his meager earnings as a window decorator and card writer and out of this small fund the determined mother continued her girl's education and saved for the day when they would leave Quincy.

That day came sooner than they had anticipated. Lucile had progressed as far as she could with Quincy teachers. Chicago was not far away and Mrs. Langhanke believed it might present greater advantages. They were gaining nothing by staying in Quincy longer. Despite Mr. Langhanke's protests she broke up house-keeping and the family moved to Chicago with little ceremony.

The mid-Western metropolis opened up a new and brighter vista to the girl from the Mississippi valley. She was enrolled in the classes of famous teachers, and the mother taught dramatic art by day and chaperoned at night to provide additional funds. While the father and mother worried about money, Lucile seemed to have spared this annoyance. There ensued a heart-breaking period for the parents but the star of hope was not allowed to dim.

Fortune favored them. Mr. and Mrs. Langhanke worked long hours and lived frugally. Lucile was then about fifteen years old and her beauty and charm attracted attention wherever she was presented. Friends suggested that she try out for the movies. The parents thought little of it for a time but eventually decided to enter photographs of Lucile in a national contest conducted by several motion-picture magazines.

"Fame and Fortune" was the name of the contest—and it did bring fame to Lucile Langhanke and start her on the road to fortune. Summoned to New York for motion-picture tests, she received an award and was launched on her movie career.

The rest of the story is known to the entire movie world and a large portion of fandom—how Lucile was given her big chance, and how the years of rigorous training bore fruit at last in tremendous success. Now, in Hollywood, Lucile and her parents have the things they could not have in Quincy. Lucile's weekly income is greater than her father's annual salary was in the Quincy schools. Still the family unit and the well-ordered life are the most important things in the red-haired beauty's existence. Social life plays no great part in her activities and wild parties are strictly taboo, but her star has not yet reached the zenith of her own aspirations. She hopes some day to have her own company.

Sorrow has struck only once for Lucile. Her happy marriage was turned into tragedy when her husband, Kenneth Hawks, young movie director, was killed in the spectacular fall of his airplane while he was engaged in filming a picture. Sorrow did to Lucile what nothing else had been able to do—it halted, for a time, her march toward the top. Now she has resumed that campaign. The talkies have given her an opportunity to use the training in elocution which was intended to fit her for the legitimate drama. The years have added to her beauty and tragedy has given her the touch that may lead to still greater stardom—the Cinderella of the Middle West has followed the destiny planned for her at birth.

So Easy—

In 5 minutes this delicious dessert is prepared!

Here's how... Mix thoroughly a package of KRE-MEL with ½ cup milk. Add 1 ½ cups milk and place over fire, stirring constantly until it thickens and reaches boiling point. This will take several minutes.

If cooked in double boiler, mix as above and stir constantly until thick (2 to 3 minutes) after which continue cooking and stir occasionally for about five minutes.

KRE-MEL is pure, rich, delicious—and wholesome as well. Note the amount of milk called for in the above recipe. That's fine for children. We suggest you try all 4 flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel, Coffee.

KRE-MEL is made by the makers of Mazola Salad Oil and Karo Syrup

4 SERVINGS PER PACKAGE
The Favorites of the Kings

(Continued from page 88)

insisted that the machine remain and remain it did for nine days until Gustaf had seen every talkie the distributors' ring contained.

Until revolutions became frequent in Spain and King Alfonso began to be concerned about the Bourbon jewels, which is to say his crown and scepter, this jolly monarch was one of the heartiest fans in the world. There was a time when he was free to spend his Summers at Deauville and there the newspaper correspondents wove many a moonlight sonata around his friendships with various of Hollywood's blond children, including Pearl White. Recently, he has been bound down to summer in San Sebastian which is, candidly, more attractive than Deauville and at best only a fast drive from Biarritz. Billie Dove, the Talmadges, and a score of other stars, male and female, maintain the custom this Summer of a visit to San Sebastian, which besides its beach and casino serves up a tasty bull fight.

QUEEN MARIE, mother of Carol, liked "The Singing Fool" so much she saw it twice. The talkies really made a fan of her. She was so deeply interested in the phenomenon of the talkies that she pleaded for an explanation of how the mechanism worked, and so was taken up to the projection booth where they dealt with the matter of sound.

She attends the Trianon Theater in Bucharest once a week and would go often were it not for the effect upon public opinion.

Carol's sister, now Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, wife to King Alexander, maintains the family tradition. In her chateau the projector used to work nightly but now that the talkies have crossed the frontier it is dolorously silent. Nor does the queen go to the public theaters. She does not stay away because of it; indeed Belgrade does not as yet possess a really modern playhouse. There are rumors that the queen is considering the purchase of a sound apparatus, and these are probably well founded, for the enthusiasm for the movies of this royal couple is keener than anything hitherto recorded.

The rulers of Europe's vest-pocket countries are all fans. Charlotte, Duchess of Luxemburg, attends the public theaters on the average of twice a week. Louis, Prince of Monaco, finds himself frequently in Paris and profits by the occasion to see a few dozen movies. More widely known outside of Monte Carlo, the Prince does not fear recognition. Franz of Liechtenstein goes to Vienna for his movies but as far as I know is not more interested in painting pictures of his own on canvas.

The ex-kings, all in all, have a better time of it, so far as the movies are concerned. The man who used to be King Michael of Montenegro, and he would have been the King of Portugal, and the Grand Duke Cyril, who may be near of Russia, all indulge their tastes in the way of Tom, Dick and Harry, although none of them can be said to be rabid enthusiasts.

Of the exiles, most to be pitied perhaps is young Otto who, had there been no war, would today be Emperor of Austria-Hungary, but who now lives in stern seclusion with his mother, the Empress Zita, in Spain. Zita allows the boy few pleasures and in the little Spanish village there are no public theaters. Recently the boy visited Brussels and there saw his first movie. And what is one movie to a youngster. Thad he had not seen another one since.

---

LASHES STAY SOFT

J ust a T OUC H o f dark
ening shadow on lashes—what can be
more flattering to pretty eyes?... But—
ordinary cosmetics so often look un-
natural—"made-up." So often they
make lashes brittle. Now—a new cos-
metique has been created which gives
lashes a Double Treatment. First, it
darkens lashes—with a delicate and ab-
solutely natural touch. Then it softens
lashes. Of course "brittle" or coarse
lashes are impossible... This Double
Treatment cosmetique is the new Li quid
Winx... Try it! Send 10c for Vanity size
( enough for a month's use)

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. B-3
245 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 10c for Vanity Size of the new Liquid
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BLACK FRENCH
SHOE DRESSING

SAVES TIME
NO RUBBING
Works almost like magic! Wonderful for the kiddies' school shoes, also mother's On sale at most 10c stores.

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BALTIMORE, M.D.

Are You Reading The Hollywood Boulevardier?
Herb Howe Writes Only for NEW MOVIE Magazine
Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 6)

spirit. This carries a vocal refrain with effects, and what effects!
(This is a Brunswick Record.)

And who do we hear next, but our old friend, Ben Bernie, the "Old Maestro," himself, doing a noble job for the public with his recording of his theme song, "It's a Lonesome Old Town." If you have heard Ben on the air, you're familiar with this tune, and with his rendition. In my estimation, it's one of the sweetest numbers written in some time, and the "Old Maestro," did well in selecting it for his signature.

On the other side is "Au Revoir," the tune with which Ben signs off the air. Needless to say, he turns it out with perfection. Anything that says Ben Bernie on it, I buy, regardless of what the tune may be. (This is a Brunswick Record.)

And who should pop up now but Ted Lewis, the boy who made high hats famous. This time he comes with a revival of the old standby, "Somebody Stole My Gal." Of course, you are all familiar with the tune, which must be at least ten years old, but Ted and his boys whiz through it in good shape in the typical Lewisonian style. Naturally enough, Ted does the vocal honors.

The other side is also a revival, and this time it's "Some Day Sweetheart," and the band tones down a bit as it is turned out in sweet style. This also has Ted as vocalist, and if you don't like fast music, it should hit you just about right. (This is a Columbia Record.)

Mickie Alpert and his Orchestra, a bunch of boys new to me, have recorded, "Hurt," and a very good job they have done, too. This number is becoming quite popular, and Mickie and his crew are contributing to that popularity in no small way. Although they may have recorded in the past, I have never run across them before but we're sure to hear more from them now.

The other side is "We're Friends Again," a tune that I like, and I think you'll like, too. This is also recorded by Mickie Alpert and his Orchestra. See what you think of the boys. (This is a Columbia Record.)

Are you contributing to DOLLAR THOUGHTS?

Write your ideas about the motion picture plays and people to NEW MOVIE and win a brand new dollar bill. Turn to page 16 and read the details.

MILFORD GARTERS

For their smart, dainty styles!
For their fresh, live elastic!

10¢ each garter

For Sale Exclusively at F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5c and 10¢ STORES
CORNS

First Aids to Beauty
(Continued from page 90)

Effects, this humped-up posture make correct breathing impossible. It is
equally important that the torso be stretched to its full height when
sitting as when standing. When you sit down, fold back into the chair
until the upper part of the body is at right angles with the thighs. The
spines should not gently against the back of the chair. When leaning, bend
from the hips, keeping the torso erect and the shoulders pushed back. In
rising from a chair, place the feet in the proper position and that you can
push the body up easily.

Lovely hands are important. They
are one of the most gracious posses-
sions a woman can have. Action of
the hands is usually taken for granted.
We want to reach for a glass, so we
reach for it without giving a thought
to the manner in which the act is per-
formed. Because we don't give con-
scious thought to these actions, many
of us appear at a disadvantage, strik-
ing a different note in an otherwise
attractive picture. A finished actress,
such as Ruth Chatterton, knows the
important part hands play in express-
ing mood and tone. It is

Begin cultivating magnetic hands by
relaxing them completely. Hold
them away from the body, elbows bent
loosely, and hands closer, and
them from the waist. The action should be done en-
tirely from the upper arm. Flap the
hands rapidly so that the fingers fly
and then hold them still, palm up and
play imaginary five-finger exercises in the air. Push
the fingers of one hand apart with the
fingers of other.

It is up to each of us to work out
a program of exercise and recreation
which will give a youthful body that is
expression of the inner self. Surely
an hour or two each day is not too
much time to spend towards
the achievement of this goal.
Your masterpiece is yourself.

ROSE OF CONNECTICUT wants to
know what to do about deep lines
under the eyes. So often lines under
neath the eyes are caused from eye
strain, so I would first make sure about
this. The skin around the eyes, how-
ever, is usually thinner and dryer and
more delicate than anywhere else on
the face, and needs more nourishment.
Spread a rich eye cream around your
eyes each night. Begin at the inner
corner of the upper eyelid, travel around
the eye almost to the bridge of
the nose. Then pat lightly with
the cushions of your two forefingers.
Pat harder at the outer corners. These
exercises not only help to prevent lines,
but will soften them if they are already there.

How to improve legs is the cry that
comes from Mildred of Fairfax, Ala-
abama. Here are two excellent ex-
ercises for developing the muscles of the
legs. Lie on the floor, flat on your back.
Bring your right knee to your chest
as far as it will go, and clasp your
hands about your knee to bring it as
close as possible. Loosen your hands
and kick your foot in the air, with
your knee straight and your heel
pointing up so that you feel the stretch
along the muscles of your calves.
Lower your leg slowly, toe leading.
Repeat the exercise, alternating your
legs, at least ten times each day. Be
sure that your knee is straight when
your foot is up in the air, and that it
remains straight as it is lowered to
the floor. In the second exercise, place
your right hand on your nose, pull your
knees up to your chest, and return your
hands to floor as you kick your feet
into the air. This helps lower the
legs to the floor. Remember legs must
be exercised every day in the manner of
their movement every step of the way.

M. R. of Red Lion, Pennsylvania, is
having difficulty arching her eyebrows.
First use an oil or cream, then
smooth down and shape them
along the line you want. Eyebrows
need to be brushed daily to rid them
of the powder which has accumulated
during the day. If you dip your brush
each day in vaseline or olive oil after
the make-up of your face, your brows
will not appear rugged when their
movement every step of the way.

From Hazleton, Pennsylvania, comes
a complaint from H. S. B. of a chapped
face. You must protect your skin
from extremes of temperature as much
as possible and from irritating
cosmetics. Instead of soap and water, try
olive or almond oil for cleansing your
face. Use a tissue cream or nourish-
ing cream to massage with and leave a
film of this cream on over night. And
always protect your face with founda-
tion cream under your make-up.

Men Who Make the Movies
(Continued from page 14)

trust monopoly beaten off and with
Fox films in many big moves to audience
cities, Winnie focused his executive
energies on the foreign market, especi-
ally England and the Continent, where he
also worked on a new venture. To
begin, he took over newspaper traditions, he was and
is constantly on the watch for something
new. And if it looks right, he wants it
first, regardless of cost. He risked
huge investment on Movietone and
found his confidence in the sound
mechanism to be justified. Before
the agitation over magnified screens had
progressed beyond the research labora-
tories, Winnie was already in talks with
Fox theaters when the time came to
commercialize the new invention. Up
to date, the Fox Company has not been
crowned with anything important

Mr. Sheehan has a home in Beverly
Hills, Calif., where he spends most of
the year, watching the production of
his films. He is himself, working with
his associates. Winnie is a grand boss,
save that he forgets when it is time to
stop working and expects a like forget-
fulness in others.
disturbed in a storage vault. It probably never will be resurrected. The pretty Pathe bungalow Gloria occupied is untenanted. When Harry Cohn and Constance Bennett went under contract with the company, they seemed to be cying the attractive building covetously. Pathe officials, apparently sensed their thoughts, promptly built beautiful twin bungalows for their use.

**G**eorge M. **Cohan**, so long the stay and prop of the New York stage, has Hollywood plans. He intends producing "The Tavern" and "Gambling" on the legitimate stage here. Film plans will follow automatically. His daughter is doing well here in films. It may be remembered that in 1922, Cohan signed a million dollar contract to come West and make films with Joseph Schenck for United Artists with Al Jolson as star.

Somewhere along the way out from New York, he decided he could not leave Broadway, tore up his million dollar contract and went back. Perhaps the experiences of his co-worker, Flo Ziegfeld, who made a film here recently according to his own ideas, and very successful ones they proved, has convinced him that Hollywood is not to be neglected.

**James Gleason** has the smartest scheme in Hollywood. He writes dialogue of adaptations, and slips in a rôle for himself. Writing on "Women of All Nations," for Victor McLaglen, Jimmie produced a character which no one but his inimitable self could play. He recently completed his rôle in "Beyond Victory," for Pathe, in which he wrote a grand part for himself. And he played it, too! Racketeer!

**T**here is something about Bickford guy that gets em all. He is back to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot after asking for a release from his contract, because he would not play in the same picture with Jack Gilbert. He is playing Cash Hawkins in Cecil De Mille's "Squaw Man," at Mr. De Mille's own request. This, after all the remarks attributed to Bickford about Cecil De Mille.

His first act was to walk up to De Mille and say, "Mr. De Mille, I want you to know that I have never uttered a word of all the things you may have heard that I am reputed to have said about you." Mr. De Mille was non-comittal, but welcomed Bickford heartily.

**T**his machine may sound like a Rube Goldberg cartoon of Crazy Inventions, but here it is. It will make a noise like the wind, telephone, squeaky door, police siren, machine gun fire, temple block, burning fire, whistle, birds, printing press, cat, dog, cap pistol, music rack, horses' hoofs, typewriter, mallet, guai, crying baby, clock winding noise, doorbell, buzzer, ocean wave, sand block, breaking dishes and automobile crash. The owner and inventor reported its loss to the police, describing it as "the envy of all studio technicians." It was stolen from an
She's Phoney That Way

(Continued from page 51)

much for admission, and as for burlesque, I never was even exposed to it. As I told Solomon, the whole affair's entirely beyond my Jewishdictum."

"I'll help you," soothed Miss Shaftesbury, sitting very erect as they neared the corner of Wilshire and Western. "Burlesqueurs are human beings except, of course, that they are always a few crooked ones who'll swipe every Pullman towel a girl has collected. They're—star-spangled heavens! Danny! Danny Gilgo!"

Mr. Speonk wriggled at this plebeian display of excitement and then curiously inspected the reason for it as something in a triple checked suit stepped to the curb, flicking the rim of a beige fedora with thumb and forefinger. Mr. Danny Gilgo was one of those flashily handsome, elderly young men, overdressed, overconfident and undernourished, to be found dabling for totem poles in any large city. His air was one of boredom, his mouth was a mere obliquely cynical slit, and his career, such as it was, had moulded him into a smooth interloper of several famous tapdancers.

"Lo, Margie," he twanged. "How's tricks, baby?"

"Oh, Danny, it's so good to see any-one from the old troupe! What are you doing in Hollywood?"

"Waitin' for a call," said Mr. Gilgo, with superb effrontery, "I'm going to Fascination, Epiphet and the Slotkin barns askin' them could they use a hoofer. No, they said, they didn't need no hoofer, but seen they didn't. "I'm a hoofer, I was, I gave 'em an audition, and they took my address. The trouble with these mulet headlines out here is that they don't know nothin' about real show business. Do I hear applause?"

"Nothing at all," agreed Mr. Speonk, "except the music that what it wants, which isn't hoofer's."

Mr. Gilgo looked hurt. "I wouldn't rurn you up, Margie," he said, appealing to Miss Shaftesbury, "I'm Mr. Gilgo, name ain't in the directory. You're certainly ridin' the cushions these days, kid, with your high toned impersonations. I bet you could put the freeze on the Astors and have enough left over for a quart of sherbet. Say, is this little squirt your husband?"

Lady Margaret made the introduction while Mr. Speonk's frown deepened. "Danny," she said gently, "I'm afraid you don't know that hoofer in Hollywood are as common as yawns at grand opera. They're a drug on the market, even good ones, but I think I have a position for you. Climb in and I'll drive you home for ten."

"Just what I expected," said the taptancer airily, settling himself to Mr. Speonk's discomfort, "I knew a guy with my class wouldn't have to wait long. What do I have to do?"

"I'm beginning a picture about burlesque and I think Oscar and my director will need an adviser to keep it true to life."

I wouldn't be surprised, Margie. A fellow they tell me they don't bury their dead here—they make superiors out of 'em. Haw, haw!" chortled Mr. Gilgo, snapping Omar on his buckle.

"Boy, is that a hot one!"

He remained equally playful at the tea table, where he wolfed the sandwiches as only a burlesqueur can, and shortly afterward Mr. Speonk, listening to a conversation in a jargon which he couldn't understand, departed in the same spirit that Napoleon left Moscow.

Later in the evening Miss Shaftesbury gazed fondly on the brush little with possible defects for the sake of the memories he revived. Was he a bit louder, a little more blatant, than she remembered the merest suggestion of her life that made him seem like that. Anyhow, he was a real person! But something decided her not to tell him what he had been the object of her thoughts in the love scenes. She leaned eagerly forward.

"Let's talk over old times, Danny."

"When was it, Margie?"

"I don't think you'd want to forget 'em, livin' like this."

"Perhaps you don't understand," tremoloed Lady Margaret, "I'm hungry for reality after being on this treadmill of bandannae of yachts and looking parties and looking wise at some stupid art exhibit. Let's talk about how we used to give the Johns the runaround in Pittsburgh or the time in Baltimore when we had to bail out the comic before he had been the object of her. I can remember so many things!

"So can I, Dressin' rooms as cold as an igloo and old stages saggin' like a canvas tent."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Gilgo, "You think you can't give me no thrill, Margie Slattery."

"Oh, I love to hear that name again! You know, Danny, I always rather admired you from a distance, but you had a partner, so you never suspected, I guess, What happened to the act?"

"I outgrew her," said Mr. Gilgo with an expansive gesture. "And besides, she married a restaurant owner in Worcester on account of she'd be sure of three squares a day. 'You ain't gonn' no place,' she says to me, 'and if I stick with you until we play Broadway one of my grandchildren will have to guide me across the street.' Professional jealousy, that's all, because I ankled along without her in show after show, and when I made a stake in a

in NEW MOVIE Next Month

Another hilarious short story by the popular Stewart Robertson. Nobody knows Hollywood better than Mr. Robertson or writes about it more amusingly.
creep game I breezed out here. Me, I got ambition, and if you still feel that way about me, I don’t blame you.”

Miss Shaftesbury steered him back to the good old days channel, and Danny, shrived enough to appreciate icing on his cake, cheerfully exchanged rose tinted lies until he was ushered into the night at eleven bells.

NEXT morning found him at the Galaxy studios, armed with a defensive insolence to cover the fact that he was immensely impressed by all he saw, and after Mr. Speonk had towed him around for two hours, explaining the marvels and introducing the cast, he requested details on the story.

“Well,” said the harassed Omar, “the heroine is an honest girl, but it seems there’s a villain—one of those old guys who’ll do in a pinch and usually does just that. He’s a millionaire and—”

“Out,” barked Mr. Gilgo. “The only brand of alleyrabbits what hang around burlesque stage doors are cheap skates with maybe a few of these college punks, except when you play Washington, when there’s always a couple of national law-makers that send their taxi drivers to scout for ’em. Make the villain a senator.”

“You may not believe it,” Mr. Speonk told me, “but there’s such a thing as censorship, and we don’t go ruffling the fur on any law-makers. What do you care how rich the villain is—I’ll be responsible for that.”

“Leave me have a peek at the hero, then,” I said.

“Right here,” said Hilary Kingston, stepping forward. He was dressed in quiet grey tweeds, and Danny, viewing them along with a blue banded Panama, malacca stick and boutonniere, commenced to wonder if his own blinding ensemble was not a bit over the heads of the picture people.

From the chair Miss Shaftesbury sized up both men as they faced one another. Hilary, tall, handsome, blond and reserved; Danny, a dark, nosy bantam, handsome in a different way. Hilary, who had always walked smoothly toward success; Danny, who had known the uncertainties of fate . . . something told her she would choose one or the other before long.

“You sure look noble,” said the tap-dancer leeringly, “So you’re the screen lover de luxe, huh? A guy with a front like yours would be makin’ up to Margie on the outside, maybe?”

“Suppose we stick to the story,” suggested Hilary reddening.

“Oke, brother. Now I want to wise you up that you can’t play no tailor’s dummy in this picture. Take this sequence of the taxi ride,” said Mr. Gilgo, turning to the director. “I don’t want to tramp on your toes, but could I see it acted out so’s I can make alterations right away?”

THE director obligingly motioned the lead to the center of the stage and indicated a settle. “There’s the cab,” he encouraged. “You know the story, so let’s have your interpretation.”

Mr. Kingston took Margaret in his arms, bending over her in his customary gallant manner. She shrank away, struggling.

“Get rough with her!” yelled the disgusted Mr. Gilgo. “You can’t overpower a chorus girl by personality—put on the strategy—!"

“He’s right, Hilary,” laughed the (Continued on page 116)
Life Is a Movie . . . YOU ARE A STAR

In the daily scenes of your world, you are a star. In costume—ina charac-
ter face hundreds of observant eyes. Now, like Loretta Young and other stars, you may share in the greatest discovery in make-up—Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge. They bring a new individ-
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comes reality—and each scene has a happy ending.

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youth-tint that draws admiring
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LIPSTICK—ROUGE—EYE COSMETICS

She's Phoney That Way (Continued from page 115)

star. "My blue blood's turned to scar-
let now, and you'll have to check those
elegant approaches."

"Real? I'm sorry, Margaret, but
they're the only ones I've got for you
now." "Yes, really!" mocked Mr. Gilgo.
"So you're an actor! Distinctive as a
golden eagle, I remember readin' of
you, but say, if you ever flew across the
street you'd get shot for a snipe. Here's
the system, brother." And, hopping on
the settee he pinioned Miss Shaftesbury
with the dexterity of an apen. She
struggled anew, whereupon Danny,
having seized Hilary's cane, hooked it
around her neck and yanked her closer,
ending with a barrage of kisses upon
her unresisting mouth.

The assembled cast giggled uneasily
at this unheard of liberty, then checked
their excitement as they themselves con-
fronted the flustered Omar K. Speonk.

"Shall we say that I am miscast?"

He said pleasantly. "The part's out of
my depths, I'm afraid you'd better as-
sign someone else to it."

Mr. Speonk commenced mumbling
but Lady Margaret cut him short.

"Don't be absurd!" she flashed. "You
don't dare refuse to play opposite me."

Little tremors of panic ran through her
as she thought of losing Hilary's com-
petent support. "I—I just won't have
it."

"I'm withdrawing, and that's final.
I'm not the sort who can submerge
himself in a type of actor, and the parts I've been
playing with you haven't taken much
acting because—well," said Mr. Kings-
dy, sagely, "of course, I guess you know how it is. I can't do justice
to this technical advisor's instructions
because I lack his—er, subtlety, and
what's more, I don't regret it."

"A brawl in the first five minutes!"

lamented Mr. Speonk. "That's what
comes from trying to be a hussy in a
hurry, and if you don't go back to the
script, you're just—playing the lead in that unpopul-7 drama,
'Wrinkle, Wrinkle, Little Star.'"

The trim lines of the Shaftesbury jaw
hardened slightly, although her eyes were dewy. "I'm too versatile an artiste
for him," she murmured.

Sure," seconded Danny, who had
been peering over her shoulder, "what's an actor, more or less. Listen, here's
a place where you have to say, 'Stop, I
won't listen to another word!' Who's
that going to be? I'd like to know;
We'll change it to, 'Lace up your shoe,
kid, your tongue's hangin' out!' And
no squawks from you either," said Mr.
Gilgo as Omar registered an approving
"I'm glad to hear your snotty Lady Mar-
garet utter them very words to our
comic when he tried to get fresh in
Toledo."

Six weeks of production left Miss
Shaftesbury awheel with triumph, a
raving success in a little world that
seemed created to bend the
knee solely to her. This was the never
failing system in vague with Galaxy's
promotions. Indeed, all other producers, they never knew whether
they had a winning picture until the
public decided for them. Reams of pub-
licity billoved forth, typewriter keys
clicked out prophecies that a female
Jannings was about to be born, and
the studio, self-hypnotized, began mouth-
short phrases about "this daring new
adventure into the uplands of artistry."

Breathless as a knife thrower's part-
ner, Mr. Speonk had planned for only
from eight until five, while Mr. Speonk
and the director, all but a drifter in the sea
of realism, learned more and more heav-
ily upon the cocky Mr. Gilgo. That
gentleman, modestly admitting that he
didn't have to look in the back of the
book for the answers, had come to be
accepted by his co-workers as a neces-
sary evil and by Miss Shaftesbury's
friends as an intriguingly vulgar little
cap, but so natural, you know.

"Really!" cooed the star on the final
day. "Nobody else could have helped me nearly as
much, and another thing, the way you
handled my co-workers, my set has been simply marvelous."

"I've been studying 'em," said the
tapdancer, who had rescued his g's
from sliding to Boston Boulevard and whooped an
appraise I've had to see how the other
half behaves in its own quarters. A
bit nutty, but nice, I'd say, even though
they are a little arc.

But I'll admit that Kington guy who walked
out on you as soon as he found out
you were a Slatter,

"I can't believe it was that, Danny.
Still—he's been working right
over on Stage D, and I've only
seen him in the distance. He avoids
me, but he—"

"He'll look his eyes out at the prem
—the perm—well, the opening night of
'Lady To Let,'" bragged Mr. Gilgo.

"Well, on that note. . . ."

It was about ten days off, I heard, and you
won't see me from now on then."

"But why?"

"I'm readying a surprise for you,
baby, that will make you prouder than
ever. Omar's the only one I've told, and
he's all for it." And flapping a
kiss, the only method allowed him outside
working hours, he swaggered away.

The ten days dragged on, with the
star shamelessly haunting Stage D,
only to find the others hinting to
him. She succeeded, but Hilary, when con-
ered, talked books, politics, sports,
anything save the yearning that glazed
in his eyes. Whereupon Miss
Shaftesbury, with feminine ferocity
wanted to hurt him.

Opening night was all such an occa-
sion and all be. Not a single personage
reached the theater in comfort, for the
crowd, gobbling up the restraining
ropes like so much spaghetti, flooded
from home to home. Revellers, spilling
in through palmy as the stars, makeup concealed in tapioca-like blobs in the
September heat, were carried shoulder high to the oblong box. Searchlights shamed
the rainbow, the master of ceremonies ran
clean out of cough drops and chauffeurs went
home to beat their wives, while inside
the theater Miss Shaftesbury was
completing his speech of welcome.

"And not only has this been a glori-
ous adventure," he recited woodedly,
"you were not taken without the advice of a
very remarkable fellow. A man, ladies and
gentlemen, whom I may call the
landlord—heh, heh—of 'Lady To Let,' and
like all other landlords, he's responsible,
besides being a nifty tapdancer."
How Charlotte Nye Saved $22 Worth of Shoes for Just a Few Cents

SPRING came—it always does, and Charlotte Nye found herself in need of spring shoes but Charlotte did not like the idea of spending a lot of good money for shoes just yet. In her closet she found several pairs of old ones—they only looked old.

"There certainly should be some way to renew their appearance," she thought. Then she remembered an ad she had seen for ColorShine—the remarkable polish that brightens up soiled shoes and keeps them looking new.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed, and that very morning she bought a supply from the 10c. store. Neutral Creme for her last year’s sport shoes, White Kid Cleaner for last season’s kid slippers, Black Creme for her worn black pumps, and for her husband’s old tan oxfords, (which he was about to throw away) she used Black Dye, and presented him with a pair of black shoes, good for several months wear.

"The results were wonderful," says Mrs. Nye “why they look like new, and we still have the $22.00 it would have cost to buy new shoes and too, there is enough left in each bottle to polish our shoes again and again."

It is economy to keep shoes looking fresh and smart with ColorShine—only 10c, a bottle! Special ingredients soften, protect and preserve the leather. There are ColorShine Polishes for all smooth leathers: Neutral Creme for brown, tan and colored shoes, White Kid Cleaner for white kid and calf shoes, Black Creme for black smooth leathers, Black Dye for dyeing all smooth leathers black. Sold in 10c. stores everywhere; 15c. in the far west and Canada. You will find ColorShine on the hardware counters of most 10c. stores. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Maryland.

Let ColorShine Make Your Shoes Look New

15c in Far West and Canada.

(Continued on page 118)
not after Danny's performance. Take me home this instant."

"Pipe down," ordered Hilary, pushing her away from him. "Home your eye! We're going to drive around until two A.M. kid, and then we'll get the early editions of the morning papers. I know you can hardly wait to read them."

"You brute! You know very well that the critics were the first to chuckle."

"No, I was, and as for that brute stuff, why not? You can't overpower an ex-chorus girl with personality, you know. I've half a mind to hook you around the neck and see what happens."

STOP it!" begged Margaret. "I know you're only fooling, but it sounds terrible, coming from you. It isn't a bit natural!"

"Then," said Hilary, once more his quietly smiling self, "why can't you see that it's the same with you, dear? We're not great, you and I, we're only types, and you can't be rough because it isn't in you. Why, you headstrong little idiot, don't you know that you were always a lady, even before you began playing one?"

"The public doesn't want art," protested Miss Shaftesbury in a most unconvincing voice.

"They want Lady Margaret. And so do I," said Hilary almost fiercely. "Well, if you can say that when I've got tear stains all mixed up with my rouge, I guess it must be true. And it's true that you're real in your—in our own way, isn't it? Ah, Hilary, I'll never think of anyone else now that you're holding me again! Will you kiss me?"

"I'm too polite to break a certain rule."

"Why, darling, what are you waiting for?"

"Ladies first," said Mr. Kingston happily, and for once in her life Lady Margaret took direction with a smile.

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**Studio Notes**

DIANE ELLIS, who was one of Hollywood's younger actresses a year or so ago, and who married millionaire Stephen Millett in Paris two months ago, died in Madras, India, on her 'round-the-world honeymoon trip. She was twenty-one the day she died. Graduating from a Hollywood High School, Diane was very popular in the film capital and is sincerely mourned.

Wilson Mizner put one radio wise-cracker in his place recently. After listening to the young writer getting off very ancient whoozies about the movies, Bill remarked gently, "If that young man is going to be on the air often I'll have to quit breathing it."

---

DON'T YOU OFTEN WONDER WHAT TO SERVE?

In this new book of carefully planned, interesting menus, you will find the perfect answer to that perplexing question—what shall I serve today?

Every menu is a complete and delightful dinner. The recipes are given for the main dishes. You will find them easy to follow with perfect success.

Easy to prepare, healthful and tempting, you will want to serve every menu in the book—and then serve them all over again, with variations.

**TOWER BOOKS INCORPORATED**

55 Fifth Avenue New York City
Call it Luck
(Continued from page 79)

Barrymore, who was starred, was eight years later to direct me in 'Ten Cents a Dance' on the Columbia lot in Hollywood,’ he remarked. ‘Just another coincidence. It’s a small world.’

Other stage engagements followed, including thirty-five hectic weeks of vaudeville. Then came a period of fourteen weeks of featured roles with the Stuart Walker Stock Company in Cincinnati. Equipped with all this experience, he decided to again try Broadway. After some weeks, he landed a role in “Young Blood” but the show folded and he had to return to stock, this time in Springfield, Mass.

His next onslaught on Broadway resulted in the juvenile lead with James Rennie in “The Great Gatsby,” followed by important roles in the road companies of “The Enemy” and “The Night Hawk,” but still nothing outstanding. He was simply one of the crowd. Meanwhile, talkies were commencing to attract many of the stage contingent. Accordingly, when he was offered one of the leads in a war film, he readily accepted. Canadian producer, he jumped at the chance. After seven months work, the whole affair turned out to be a dud. “All that time wasted,” he exclaims. “The film, ‘Carry On, Sergeant,’ was never released. However, there was plenty of ‘you-know-what’ and we had a great time,” he adds, with a slow smile.

At this stage of the game he was about ready to quit the acting business for good. There didn’t seem the slightest chance of getting in a Broadway show and he was fed up on the road. Again fate took a hand. “Hollywood” was about to be cast and George McFarlane, the stage comedian, whom he knew but casually, introduced him to Arthur Hopkins, the producer. Finally, after a discouraging delay, he was given the part which he later played on the screen. The play turned out to be a big hit and a goodly portion of the glowing notices were for his amazing performance in an extremely difficult role. He admits to being surprised at the attention he created. ‘I played more important parts on the road,” is his comment, “without causing a ripple.”

Finally the show closed after a record run of thirty-five weeks on Broadway. He had worked all those months without a vacation and felt the need of a change. Accordingly, when Henry Duffy offered him the same role in the Los Angeles production of “Holiday,” he wired an immediate acceptance. And it was for his parts in both that he and his pal, Dick Kane, piled into the Lincoln car he had but recently purchased, and set out for the West Coast.

Arriving in Los Angeles, he was greeted with the news that Henry Duffy had decided to postpone the stage production indefinitely. No one else seemed interested, so he proceeded to enjoy the California climate before returning to accept a Broadway engagement. Then came the best break of his entire career. Pathé decided to screen “Holiday” and Ovessi, being right on the job, was given his original role. The picture turned out to be an even greater success than the play, with the Broadway film critics es-

(Continued on page 120)

A POWDER BASE THAT LASTS TILL THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING

Nivea Creme goes into your skin—holds your powder sotin-smooth all evening—leaves no shine. That's because Nivea Creme contains Eucerile*, discovery of a noted German dermatologist. Use Nivea* Creme as a powder base and help your face acquire a loveliness as soft and smooth as your sheltered body skin. Look for the blue and white Nivea tube at the cosmetic counter.


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WHAT'S NEW...
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Readers like the New Movie's department of Reviews. For a complete analysis of all the important new film releases, for interesting comment on film personalities...new stars and established favorites in new roles... follow the Reviews in every issue of

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

How I MADE UP for JOHN'S Shrunken Pay Check

How a Little Home Business
Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now..."

It had been hard enough before now—with John's pay check ever smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered through the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making $15.00 to $50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greased doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done? Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample brown Bobbys to my friends; gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week I sold 256 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than $150.00 a week.

Women interested in making $15.00 to $50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 85D, Chicago, Ill.

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Without cost send me details of your Brown Bobby plan.

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Forty-seven famous stars give you their favorite recipes in this unusual new cook book. Ruth Chatterton selects Beefsteak a la Victor Hugo. Gary Cooper says his favorite Buttermilk Griddle Cakes will start any day off right. And forty-seven new photographs give this book a special interest ... photographs taken in the stars' own homes. Buy a copy of this interesting new book and give your film fan friends a movie breakfast, a movie lunch, or dinner, or afternoon tea. It is on sale in many Woolworth stores.

If you do not find "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars" in your Woolworth store, we will mail your copy. Send us 10c, plus 3c for postage.

The New Movie Magazine

Call it Luck

(Continued from page 119)

especially lavish in their praise of the newcomer's performance. This in spite of the fact that his lines were cut to about half of what he had in the stage production.

Since then, it's been more or less easy sailing. Several companies made bids for his services. But he was in no hurry to sign, preferring to free lance. In this way, he can afford to be choosy in his choice of roles and is not obliged to play parts unsuited to his talents. After playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Ten Cents a Dance," he went over to the Universal lot for an important rôle in "Free Love." The day on which I interviewed him, he was bemoaning the way in which the New York censors had cut out his best lines. He had hoped that the rôle would establish him as a light comedian, and help him escape the weakling parts with which producers seemed bent on saddling him.

At the time this is written, he is in the midst of playing Claudette Colbert's husband in "Honor Among Lovers," which Paramount is making at its New York studios. The fact that Dorothy Arzner is directing, especially appeals to him. He confesses that one of the only two fan letters he ever wrote was to Miss Arzner. The other concerns a story which is too long to tell here.

Although Monroe claims to be a confirmed bachelor, I'm inclined to doubt the fact, judging by several photographs displayed in his room. Jokingly, he says he's never married because he couldn't find a girl that could put up with him.

Oddly enough, Owsley is a dyed-in-the-wool fan. His enthusiasms are mostly for Gloria Swanson, Louise Dresser, and H. B. Warner. He also admires Warner Baxter and would like to play the accented type of parts that Baxter does so well. He would also like to do crock rôles similar to those favored by Edmund Lowe. In fact, anything different from what he has already done would appeal to him.

The Great Movie Circus

(Continued from page 54)

and the bubbling fountain holding a loft golden celluloid balls in the center of the Mix dining room. . . .

The prominent guest that somehow still enshrouds the home of the late Wallie Reid . . . The scrupulous neurosis of Greta Garbo . . .

But this could go on for pages. I'd like only to squeeze in a line or so more to say that if you could only enjoy this 1-100th as much as I have enjoyed writing it, it would be swell.

Read NEW MOVIE'S Reviews
A Complete Guide to the Best New Pictures
The Romance of the Comet Girl

MRS. BENNETT comes from a long line of distinguished theatrical people. Her father was Lewis Morrison, who played Mephistrophiles in "Faust" for seventeen years. Her mother was Rose Wood, once Lester Wallack's leading lady and later a member of the Philadelphia stock company which featured Georgie Drew and Maurice Barrymore. She has always been exceedingly level-headed and it is from her Constance inherits her logic. Upon divorcing Richard Bennett, she abandoned the stage and started a play brokerage office.

But, at the time, Mrs. Bennett was more concerned with her children than with her career or plays. She had seen too many personal tragedies to want her daughters launched in it. She tried to foster an interest in them in the things that occupied other children.

But Mr. Bennett was continually inviting theatrical people to the house—successful men—and he, being what he was—and is—was continually arguing with them. Constance would slip quietly into the room and sit unobtrusively in the corner, absorbing it all. Some-thing there was creeping into her eyes over the vehemence of the debaters concerning some relatively unimportant matter, but she never interrupted.

And after she had been there for ten or fifteen minutes her mother would discover her presence and send her out to make the tea.

When she was about five Mr. Bennett decided that, stage or no stage, he was going to have a home life. And home to him meant having his family with him. In those days he devoted a season to playing in New York and the following season to touring—five or six months in New York and a few months in Boston and a couple of months in Philadelphia.

CONNIE grins today when she thinks of the entourage that used to set out with her father. In addition to her parents, her two sisters and herself, there were always both a French and a German governess, a valet for her father and a personal maid for her mother, besides the household servants to be engaged on their arrival at the hotel.

Usually the valet, one of the governesses and her mother's maid traveled on the train but Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, the three children and the other governess made the cross-country trek in a huge Locomobile—Mr. and Mrs. up front (he at the wheel in a large linen duster), the three children, the governess, the dogs and the goldfish in the back—for the children would never leave their pets.

Once Connie was holding the goldfish bowl and decided the fish could not breathe with the lid screwed down tightly the way it was to keep the water in. She unscrewed the lid and surreptitiously threw it out the side of the car. Immediately the water started sloshing out of the bowl and presently a fish or two sloshed with it. One of the other children started to cry and Mr. Bennett looking around and seeing what had happened, brought the car to an abrupt stop, put the fish back in the bowl, marched up to the door of a farm house and made the farmer's wife sit down and feed the fish. Connie wept copiously during the rest of the trip.

I asked what had caused the incident to stick in her mind.

"Why," she answered, "it was my first experience of the kind. If it had been one of the dogs he would have run after us and tried to get back to me but the fish just stayed at the farm. And it taught me that it's simply no good pinning your affections on a fish."

WHEN she was about ten they took a place in New York and for the first time in her life Connie began attending day school. Her education therebefore had been gotten from private tutors. Later she attended Miss Chapin's School, Miss Shandor's on Park Avenue and still later Miss Merrill's Finishing School. She lived at the latter place during her year there.

In the afternoon a week she was permitted to attend teas, providing her home work didn't suffer as a result and provided she was properly chaperoned. She has always had a phemonenally retentive memory. Even now, she reports for rehearsals two days later than the balance of the company because she is always the first up in her lines.

Well, in those dear, dead days Connie's home work was a joke. She would read "Leaves" over once or twice and it stuck with her. She never had to "cram" for an examination. So she and her chaperone went cookie pushing every afternoon instead of the allotted once a week.

At the end of the term, with one of the highest averages in the school, Mrs. Bennett was dumbfounded when the principal said very sweetly, "I'd prefer, Mrs. Bennett, if you would send Constance somewhere else next year. I don't mean that she isn't a good student, because she is, but she's an unsatisfactory student. You see, she learns easily so it doesn't interfere with

(Continued on page 122)
The Romance of the Comet Girl

(Continued from page 121)

The boy met the dances and teas
and was simply diversion until she met
Chester Moorehead, a student at the
University of Virginia. He escorted her
to a number of football games and
proms and she discovered there was
"that certain something" about him.
The next thing we knew he had per-
suaded the reckless Constance to elope
with him.

A creature of impulses, I could never
conceive of her marrying in any other
way than by eloping. Not because she
would be afraid of opposition but be-
cause anything vital she did would be
on the spur of the moment. If she an-
ounced her engagement and planned a
church wedding, by the time the wed-
ding day rolled around she would prob-
ably be in love with someone else—or
at least no longer in love with the
man to whom she had been engaged.

But for once Connie couldn’t have
her way and her parents had their mar-
riage annulled. They were adamant on
that point. The legal end of it out of
the way, the whole family—including
Connie—sailed for Europe.

On her return, she found the empty
round of teas, bridge and dances failed
to satisfy and no longer interested her.
She began to study drawing—covers
and sketches of the Vanity and Vanity
Fair type. In the back of her mind was
the idea that she would eventually open
a modiste shop in this country and de-
sign the gowns herself.

Unknown, even to herself, at the
time, Constance had said goodbye to
domesticity. She was launched—defi-
nitely—upon a career!


Joan Crawford, as seen by Coke, the
well-known Latin-American caricaturist,
who spares no one.
How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 72)

the quiet little donkeys bought in the store, Mitzi hand-decorated hers with brilliant colors and it made a great hit with all the youngsters.

In the middle of the big living room was hung a big paper bag. Each of the children was blindfolded and given a big stick. Then, after being whirled about three times, he or she was allowed to take two swings at the bag. Phillipe De Lacy succeeded in breaking it on its first swing, but Mitzi fell in every direction. Then there was a scramble, to see who could acquire the most of the "goodies."

A spirited game of Lotto followed this.

The menu had been very carefully selected, because every mother knows that children never eat any dinner after they have been to a party. So Mitzi, instead of just ice cream and cake calculated to spoil every one's appetite, served a real meal.

The table was massed with bowls of sweet peas. At every place was a "cracker" with a carnival cap inside, a beautiful box of candy, and a small gift — flashlight for the boys and tiny pocket books for the girls.

First was served a plate of creamed chicken, with a small fluted paper cup containing mixed peas and carrots. With this went bran muffins, baked with raisins and nuts. And a fruit salad, made of fresh California fruits, with a simple mayonnaise dressing.

This was followed by separate ice cream molds, made in gaily colored figures. There were Santa Claus, rabbits, American flags, and big flowers, all in special molds.

Of course there was a birthday cake, with "Mitzi" written across it, which Mitzi cut herself. Fruit punch and milk were served with the meal.

The fruit punch was half pineapple juice, half grapefruit juice, with a dash of lime juice, and the children all thought it was a great success.

And here is the recipe for the bran muffins, which is Mitzi's favorite and a very unusual one:

1 cake compressed yeast, 2 cups milk, scalded and cooled, 4 tablespoons of molasses, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 egg, 1 cup sifted white flour, 1 3/4 cups bran, 1 teaspoon salt, 3/4 cup of chipped nuts and raisins.

Dissolve the yeast and molasses in the warm milk; add butter and eggs, well beaten, then the flour gradually, salt and nuts and raisins, beating all the while. Beat until perfectly smooth; cover and set to rise in a warm place from about 45 to 60 minutes, or until the batter rises to about double its bulk.

Stuff the bran muffin tins or muffin pans with the dough, filling them to the top, and bake twenty minutes in a very hot oven.

Mitzi's little Hollywood friends — some of them in pictures — who came to her party included Nancy Crowley, Dawn O'Day, Marion Smith, Lois Jane Campbell, Phillipe De Lacy, Billy Butts, Junior Coghlan, and Leon Janney.

The New Movie Magazine

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THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

Every month the New Movie offers a Guide to the latest records of Movie song and dance hits.

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Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using mercolized wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible pimpled age skin flick off, until small defects, such as freckles, liver spots, tiny freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use thin face lotion: 1 ounce powdered salsolite. and 1 half pint white hulk. Art drug stores.

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You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

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Have Eyes That Win

Your lashes with Kurlash (upper left). They appear lend, deeper, longer. You display more personality and charm. No heat, no cosmetics—just a simple pressure and presto!—what lovely eyes you have!

Other aids to true eye beauty: "Mount," a brush; "Kurlene"—mascara and brush; "Shadette"—new toning eye-shadow; "Tweezette"—automatic tweezers, painless.

Write for free folder "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them."

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Dept. 71, Rochester, N.Y.

Alice White, caught in the act of aquaplaning off Coronado Beach, Cal. By the way, when is Miss White going to return to the screen? NEW MOVIE gets requests for her return in every mail.

Rubber Face

(Continued from page 35)

All the usual inconveniences of troop- ing. And remember, too, that I wasn't the most confident fellow in the world. I was on my first time out as a comedian, and while I was pretty well convinced that Mutter Nature had endowed me with the physical qualifications for a comedian, I was less certain that my line and lines would get the desired results, namely, hilarity on the part of the audience.

"By that as it may, I stuck at it, and I must have been all right because they won't let you stick in burlesque if you can't make the customers laugh. I got a couple of Broadway offers and I grabbed one so quickly that you'd have thought I was being offered $10,000 a week. But never fear, I wasn't. Not by fifty or sixty cents, just at that time.

Once on Broadway, however, and I never was without work for any lengthy period. As a matter of fact I worked too hard. I'd become accustomed to a steady grind, but I had worked so hard for such a long time that I used to regulate my jobs so I could have a breathing spell now and then. As it was I had long runs in 'Listen Lester,' 'Jim Jam Jems,' 'Greenwich Village Follies,' 'Betty Lee,' 'Captain Jinks,' and 'Twinkle Twinkle.'

"It was while I was playing in 'Twinkle Twinkle' in Los Angeles that I got my first movie offer. And I took it just as quickly as I did my first Broadway opportunity. And I'm glad I did. I have a swell time in the movies. There was 'Sally' with Marilyn Miller, and there was 'Top Speed'

The First of a Series of True Life Stories of the Hollywood Studios

in THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE Next Month
and 'Going Wild.' There's still enough novelty in it to make it new and exciting, although I've had several years' experience before the camera. Slightly more than two years, as a matter of fact. And I suppose you know I've signed again with First Nation for a series of pictures in which I'm to do comic roles. The first one is to be 'The Tenderfoot' which tells of a drugstore cowboy who actually sees the West.

Here Joseph Evan Brown paused reflectively. I couldn't tell whether he was thinking of his early youth in Holgate, Ohio, of his father, the German contractor, or his Welsh mother; of his six brothers and sisters. I did know he was thinking of things that were deep in the past. Suddenly he looked at me and smiled.

"Do you know," he said, "that experience with the broken leg really shaped my destiny?"

"I don't understand what he meant, and said so.

"Well, this is why it did. While I was lying on my back in that little Southern town, feeling the bones knit, I got one of my first comic ideas. Strange, isn't it? There I was, in agony or near agony, and yet I could see something funny about the whole thing. I really did. One night, when all was quiet in the little boarding house I could sleep. I lay there wondering how it must have looked to the audience when I went sailing through the air. I had a dim recollection of their laughing, so far as must have been funny. Then it occurred to me that I might burlesque an acrobatic act.

"That idea more than anything else made me want to get well. All of a sudden I had something to live for—and up to that time things had been rather dreary. I thought and planned the whole act, and it was one of the first things I did when I became a burlesque comedian. It brought laughs aplenty, and while it wasn't my big number, still I used it frequently.

"But even if I hadn't used it at all, it gave me the idea of becoming a comedian. And I suppose the fact that I was able to see the humor of that situation established me as a comic."

And that's Joe E. Brown, the man who turned a compound fracture into a good break.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

came, stars have been made over night. Most of which captured New York with one picture. Lew Ayres, from getting seventy-five dollars a week has arisen in six months, since "All Quiet on the Western Front" to challenge stars who have been making five thousand. Richard Cromwell smashes through in "Tol'able David" at a similar wage.

The day is not far off when plans may pay a young man to be President of the United States.

Cosmopolitan Hollywood: Overheard in a Chinese restaurant in Hollywood:

"What is the American dish for today?"

"Hungarian goulash."
SORE MUSCLES?

Stiff Neck?

HE: That's great, Mary. I can move my head now without pain.

SHE: I know Sloan's would help. It always eases stiff neck for me.

Stiff muscles tingle with warmth, healing blood as soon as you put on Sloan's Liniment. Blood carries off fatigues poisons that cause muscle-lameness. Pain goes.

Don't put up with stiff neck and sore muscles. Sloan's Liniment costs only 35¢. And it warms like sunshine. Drives out that terrible pain. Get a fresh bottle today.

Sloan's Liniment

Don't be an EX-BLONDE

"How much lighter your hair used to be, "What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, blondes only, prevents darkening — gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

Gottschalk's

Metal Sponge

"The Little Sponge That Does the Big Job" (Continued from page 45)

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

SPOKE no English. It did not matter. She would have spoken none if she could. She had nothing to say to these strange people from over the sea. Besides, what had she to do with it? Where Stiller went, she would go. Where he stayed, she would stay.

Mayer did not want her. To him, she was so much excess baggage. But since he could not get Stiller without her, he took her and gave her a contract with a small salary.

So Stiller and Garbo crossed the ocean, the continent, and came to Hollywood. She was terribly unhappy. The new land appalled her. She clung to Stiller, her one friend in a friendless world. They drew closer in this new environment than they had ever been before.

Stiller hated America, hated Hollywood. The vast, impersonal studio, the business-like necessities of picture production on a big scale, swamped him. The box office angle was new to him, and he did not seem able to adjust himself. He did not understand the American story angle and they did not understand the stark, brutal realism which was his creed. He was removed from a picture in which he was directing his discovery.

It happened, strangely, that the great Stiller failed utterly in America, and the unwanted Garbo succeeded far beyond any dreams that either she or Stiller had ever conceived.

But those things did not change Garbo. They never, in fact, seemed to penetrate her consciousness. After all, success and failure in the eyes of the public, were often accidents. They were not criterions of true worth. Stiller was The Master.

Nothing shook her loyalty. Until the day that Stiller, defeated, left to return to Sweden, Garbo never made a move without him. She would do nothing without his advice. Every contract, every story, had to be submitted to Stiller. She merely looked with contempt upon those who could not understand him nor appreciate him. She would still sit silent at his feet, listening to every word he spoke.

And in that last year, Stiller came at last to love her sincerely. For he saw that he must give her up.

She fought bitterly against it. She wanted to go back to Sweden with him. For a long time she swore she would not work unless he could direct all her pictures.

It was Stiller himself who forced her to see that she could not do that. He loved her. But still better he loved the thing he had worked for, the thing he had created—the great Garbo. As always, the artist in him placed her work far ahead of any personal opinion. She was the centre of his existence, his masterpiece. If his own work had failed to find its great expression, hers had not—and hers was part of him, too.

It broke his heart, that parting. But he was miserable away from his own land. He was miserable in his failure. He could not sit about, watching her. He, who had been the great Stiller, must go back to his own land.

Garbo stayed—because he told her to.

She was young. Their love had been so strange, so unhappy a thing, that he could not hold her always. He was an old man when they parted. Perhaps already her heart had told her that such love as theirs was not the love intended for every woman's heart.

But it was the great emotion of her life in many ways. To him she owed everything. He had stamped her with his thoughts, his art, his belief beyond anything that life could do to change it. No matter what happened, what she felt, she could never shake off the feeling that he was the greatest man in the world and must be obeyed.

When he died, when they told her of his death—only a few months after his return to the land where they had met—she stood very still, for a long time. Then she walked quietly out of the studio, went home, and no one saw her for three days. She came back, quieter than ever. She did not seem to care that he had left her every thing of which he died possessed. But as she shed, she crossed, the first place she went—leaving behind the cheering crowds, her family, everyone who lived in the place where he was buried.

To a dear friend she said, "It was marvelous—and it was terrible. That is all. He was a great man. I shall never forget him."

The great Garbo has not married. She has fled romance. Perhaps, she loved him better than she knew.

In any case, the two names will always belong together—Stiller and Garbo. Whether or not we ever know what is in her heart now for the ugly, and brilliant genius who made her what she is, they will belong together in the story of their art and of their love, Stiller and Garbo.

In NEW MOVIE

Next Month

Adela Rogers St. Johns will relate another great love romance of the most famous town in the world.

Watch for it!
Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 113)

auto parked in downtown Los Angeles; the police are praying for a break in solving the mystery, hoping that the thief will set it going.

Polly Moran played through the entire picture "It's a Wise Child" with Marion Davies, minus her front teeth. Polly suffered from sinus trouble until a surgeon spotted the incisors.

"Out!" he ordered.

And out they went. Just as "It's a Wise Child" went into production.

Passing Greta Garbo on the lot, Greta smiled indulgently.

"Ahh aw-wite," said Polly. "But I'll be a vampish ov' heah!"

"Yass?" replied Garbo.

The Screen Stars Shop, established largely through the efforts of Mary Pickford last March, has quit business. It found itself in the strange predicament of having nothing to sell.

Miss Pickford's idea was to have the stars send in discarded clothing, toilet articles, house furnishings and knick-knacks. These would be offered for sale and the proceeds be turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Florence Turner, veteran actress, was placed in charge. At first, business boomed. Mae Murray sent in dresses, slippers and a $250 ermine coat which sold for $65. Vilma Banky gave a dozen pair of slippers, an armload of dresses and a black evening gown which also netted $65. Marion Davies, Bessie Love, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Moreno, Ronald Colman, Alan Crosland, Edward Griffith, June Collier, the Torrence brothers, Dolores del Rio, Ruth Roland and others contributed generously.

Greta Garbo sent in three of her pictures, personally autographed. They were snapped up immediately.

The total receipts for the first three months amounted to $1,090.13, according to the audit of Secretary A. W. Stockman. But the disbursements were $1,621.54, leaving a deficit of $531.41. This was met by an appropriation from the Relief Fund.

The enthusiasm, at first exhibited, waned, despite Miss Pickford's efforts. "For Rent," says the sign on the door.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, the Duke of Sutherland of the British Empire, accompanied by Sir Edward Ward, son of Lord Dudley of London, and a retinue of servants befitting their station in life, sailed for Honolulu recently, after a protracted visit in Hollywood. The Duke visited with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and was a guest of Joseph Schenck on his yacht for a deep sea fishing cruise off the coast of Mexico. The Duke expressed a wish to catch a bigger tuna than the one captured here last year by his fellow countryman, Sir Winston Churchill. A dolly self-effacing sort of person, with few airs of grandeur, the Duke has a sly sense of humor and loves to spread it on at a bit of time, telling the Hollywood folk that he came the whole way across the world to enjoy a bit of the famous California hospitality.

(Continued on page 128)

DANDRUFF is not only untidy—it's OFFENSIVE!
Stop It NOW!

You can stop that unsightly dandruff that is ruining the beauty of your hair—quickly—easily—at home. Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment is the surest way to rid your scalp of dandruff—and too, Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment gives new youth and elasticity to the hair itself! Follow the Hot Oil Treatment with delicately fragrant Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate.*

This easy Jo-cur home treatment brings out the true beauty of your hair and leaves your hair so easy to wave.

* Entirely different. After wetting your hair, a spoonful will give you a luxuriously lathering shampoo.

You CAN LOSE WEIGHT
if you really want to . . .

You can reduce . . . and acquire grace and poise while losing the unwanted pounds. You can reduce sensibly . . . without endangering health. And agreeably . . . without making your life a bore.

"Reducing the Right Way," a practical little book, gives you menus that are so interesting you will never miss the things you should not eat. It tells you about simple but effective exercises that make you more graceful as well as slender.

If you do not find "Reducing the Right Way" in your Woolworth store, send us 10 cents, plus 2 cents postage, and we will mail it to you.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.
Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 127)

“Jumping Joe” Savoldi, who played fullback with Notre Dame, has been signed by Paramount to play the role of Al Capone in a underworld drama being written by Charles Furthman.

“Moon” Mullins, another of the team, a backfield player, had a screen test at Paramount and is scheduled for a chance at the talkies.

EILEN FERGUSON RUSSELL, widow of “Bill” Russell, was married recently to Richard Lewis Har- greaves at a quiet ceremony in Chi- chester Chapel of the Immanual Pres- byterian Church, N.Y., for his close friends and relatives attended. The bride wore a gown of beige velvet and real lace with a hat to match, and carried a bouquet of yellow orchids. Her sister, Mrs. Norbert Brodine, attended her. Following the ceremony, her old friends Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd gave an in- formal reception for the bride at their Benedict Canyon home. Guests in- cluded Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard (Gertrude) Price, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes (Gloria Hope), Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), and many local society people.

THE Blossom Room of the Roose- veult is a favorite rendezvous for film parties. A recent evening there saw Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lytell (Grace Menken), Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Na- gel, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Langdon, John Considine, Jr., Ivan Lebedeff, Buster Collier, George Gershwin, Sid Grau- man, Jack Warner, Harry Rapf and William De- Mille, and the Misses Marie Prevost, Natalie Kingston, Joan Bennett and Thelma Todd.

NEVER expect an actor to do any- thing for the screen you would not do yourself,” is the belief of Alfred Santell, well-known stage director. So when Elissa Landi was forced to smash a mirror in the picture recently, Santell threw down one key to keep trying anything. Santell contributed also toward a successful “Squadrons.”

The Hollywood advertising on “Trader Horn” began well in advance, with the town placed with the un- explained mystic words, “O mo manta?” The legend appeared between paragraphs in the newspapers. After two weeks of this, it was “hooked up” with “Trader Horn” for it seems the phrase means “I love you” in African dialect. Now restaurants are advertising a “Trader Horn” salad, with pineapple, pear, peach and chablis. A bowl of coconut and served on a lettuce leaf with whipped cream.

THERE are no more “chairs of the stars” at the Metro-Goldwyn-May- er’s Culver City plant. The custom of placing a star’s name on the back of a canvas-lined seat and daring any- one else to use it is out. A chair’s a chair and finders’s keepers.

Wallace Beery so learned when he finished a scene in his current picture, "Boy!" he called to a property man, "get me a stick! Get me a dozen! Then maybe I can have one without some bird sitting in it.”

Six “birds” promptly arose and tendered him their places.

FRITZI RIDGWAY is accredited with throwing the most spectacular parties of the season at Palm Springs in the desert. There was the large ball at Palm Springs and to it were invited Marie and Peggy Prevost, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McLaglen, Simeon Gest, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lipps, Jack Danghetta, Dolly Hanson, Ellis and Billy Wickersham, and a few others.

In the hotel patio a group of Hapi Indians held a celebration for a long, long time and as the stars became clear in the heavens, Fritzi and her husband, Con- stantine Bakaleinoff, announced that a few miles away a barbecue had been prepared. The party piled into motor cars and at the mouth of a little can- voy found the trysting place. There, under a marvelous moon, the party reveled.

A Mid-Winter party of that kind can’t be given anywhere except in Southern California.

ANN HARDING is hurt. Fighting back the tears, she says so.

Ann’s father, Colonel George G. Gat- ley, who commanded the Sixty-seventh Field Artillery Brigade of the Rainbow Division in the World War, died in San Francisco on January 9th. Ann and her brother, George, went immediately because she entered pictures against his will but last September they bridged the rift and he took her into his arms and helped her keep the thorns away. She knew that the crowds would come—not to pay respect to the rugged old Army officer but to see Ann Harding, the movie star.

And the newspapers in the Bay City accused her of “going high hat” and getting “ritzy.”

“I just wanted the body of my daddy to be laid to rest surrounded only by those who cared,” she said. “It’s so un- kind.”

El Brendel, comic star at the Fox lot, learned the limitations of greatness not long ago when he was on a vacation trip with his wife, Flo Bert, of vaude- ville fame. The pair were driving in San Francisco, and passed a policeman against the signals. El Brendel in- quired of him, “Am I the star in ‘Just Imagine’?” The cop drew back, looked over the funny little man with theanchovy accent, and realized who he was. “I know about that,” ain’t you just too funny? Here, take this ticket, and tell the judge just how funny you are.” El pulled his hat down over his ears and drove off.

GEORGE ARLISS, master of make- up and peculiar characteristics.
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writes her own books of
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friendships, love. The world's most
famous astrologer tells you about them
in her twelve wonderful new books,
one for each sign in the Zodiac. Read
one and know yourself. Read all and
understand everyone you meet.

WHOSE EYES ARE THESE?

Only 18, yet she's one of First National Pictures' most popular stars. This youthful beauty is 5 ft. 3½ inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Name below.

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this quick way

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Murine. Almost immediately they'll
feel fresh and rested, and will look
just as fine as they feel! Also use
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wind and dust. 60c at drug and
department stores. Try it!

*Loretta Young

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different. 1c.

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or full time at our simple Photo-Color
process and supply you with work. Write
for particulars and Free Book to-day.

THE IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
338 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.
On page 32 of this issue of NEW MOVIE you will find the first installment of the life story of Constance Bennett, the Comet Girl of Hollywood, Paris and New York. In both childhood pictures, Constance is shown at the left with her sisters, Joan and Barbara, at the right.

The pictures on this page were loaned by Adrienne Morrison, mother of the Bennett sisters, to NEW MOVIE. "The Romance of the Comet Girl," elsewhere in this issue, is the first authentic account of the colorful career of Constance Bennett.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 129)

Art died in Mexico and his body, brought back to Hollywood by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, was given a military funeral.

A wild, care-free man, Art Accord was a real soldier of fortune. Many times he was far up the ladder of success, and just as often crashed down because he could not cram himself into the narrow confines of normal, routine existence. Art will be missed by many in Hollywood.

Mrs. Lon Chaney was among those who contributed money to bring Art Accord's body back from Mexico.

THEY say that Gary Cooper stormed and raged following the completion of "Morocco." Throughout greater Los Angeles the billboards shrieked "MARLENE DIETRICH with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou." The Gary Cooper readily could be seen with the naked eye.

"I'll never do another picture with her!" he exclaimed. "If she were an artist, I wouldn't mind. But they brought her over here and Von Sternberg gave her all the footage he had to make her 'make good.' It wasn't fair to me after all my years of work."

Paramount officials smiled in tolerance. A few weeks later they broke the news.

"You won't have to play with Marlene," they said. "We have another role for you. We've cast you with Clara Bow in 'City Streets,' a very dramatic production."

Right on the chin, he took it! Not a Dietrich production, but a Clara Bow opus—Clara, their biggest box-office card.

But the rigors of the court trial of Daisy De Voe, former secretary, so upset Clara, that she was taken out of "City Streets" and the part given to Sylvia Sidney, who recently arrived from New York.

John Monk Saunders, who wrote those lovely and amusing stories about Nikki and her war birds in Liberty is the husband of the popular Fay Wray.

DE SYLVA, BROWN AND HENDERSON are doing Gloria Swanson's next picture. It is going to be more dramatic than comic, although there will be laughs in it.

LILY DAMITA is putting on weight since she came back to Hollywood. In fact, you might call the vivacious Lily plump and not be so far wrong. Saw her playing roulette at Agua Caliente and not doing so well.

A NEW one appeared on Wilshire Boulevard on the edge of Beverly Hills. You plunk down fifty cents, go in, get a fishing pole and some bait, and throw your neck into a swimming pool which is stocked with trout. You then pay a dollar for every three trout you catch. The place is open all night and catches a lot of trade from people coming home late from parties and theatres. They go in and inveigle their breakfast onto a hook.
FROM CHIC FELT HAT TO SLEEK SILKEN TOE

Tintex Brings the Cheerful Charm of Color in a Mere Matter of Moments!

Those faded stockings... those washed-out looking underthings... that frock that needs only a new shade to make it do for another successful season...

Tintex will give them just-out-of-the-shop freshness that comes with bright new color!

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Ask to see the Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter. It shows the complete color range of Tintex on actual dyed materials. Select the colors you need and then everything you wear and everything your house wears will always be charmingly colorful.

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Supposing you have a dark frock (or any other article) and are pining for a lighter colored one...

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric...

Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted in any of the fashionable Tintex shades, light or dark.
"I'd rather have a Chesterfield"

Only when it comes to taste do cigarettes differ. Chesterfield too is mild; but it is wholly different in taste. "A character all its own," say millions of smokers. You will find the change to Chesterfield a real change—and a mighty welcome one!
"THEY SAY..."

EXPOSING THE WHISPERING CHORUS

THE PROBLEMS OF A HOLLYWOOD WIFE

Beginning... THE HIDDEN REAL LIFE DRAMAS OF THE STUDIOS
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- Drapes
- Doilies
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- Blankets
- Bed-Spreads
- Table-Runners
- Lamp-Shades
- Luncheon Sets
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To restore just-out-of-the-shop color newness to all faded fabrics... or to give them new and different colors... is but a matter of moments with Tintex! It is so astonishingly easy, so amazingly quick, so perfect in colorful results! Indeed, to keep your Home and Wardrobe ever blooming with fashion's favorite colors is even easier than it sounds when you use Tintex!

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**Suppose you have a dark frock (or any other article) and are pining for a lighter colored one...**

**Tintex Color Remover** will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric...

Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted in any of the fashionable Tintex shades, light or dark.
BEBE DANIELS

"My Past"

The tell-tale autobiography of DORA MACY'S life!

Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE
The New Movie Magazine
ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES
One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 5

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

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Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations
"YES...I am 39 years old!"

SAYS

IRENE RICH

This charming screen star tells a complexion secret 605 of Hollywood's 613 important actresses know

• "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't look old. To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

  "That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. Any woman who wants to hold her charm should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

  How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly," she says, "and have for years."

  Surely you will want to try this fragrant, delicately white soap for your skin.

IRENE RICH AND HER DAUGHTERS
(left to right) Frances, twenty years old, Jane (in background), fourteen, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, Irene Rich says: "The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly for years."

IRENE RICH, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Years have only added to her charm. Above (in the circle) is one of her most recent photographs—below it, a picture from one of her recent films.

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap
Does marriage bring disillusionment? The ultra-modern heroine of "Illicit" believes that it does. Barbara Stanwyck is the heroine and James Ronne the husband in this interesting study in matrimony produced recently by the Warner Brothers.

Metro-Goldwyn has just produced Eugene Walter's famous play, "The Easiest Way," that vivid study of a young woman who sets out to get her luxuries without effort. Constance Bennett gives a fine performance of the girl and Adolphe Menjou is the man who is willing to provide the golden setting.
What a wonderful lot of praise Rinso is getting!

Every day letters come from delighted Rinso users.

“Thousands have written to say, ‘There never were such suds!’”

“All I do is soak the week’s wash in Rinso suds—and out it comes white and gleaming!” writes Mrs. Anna Jennings of Albany, N. Y.

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“Its suds are so lively, even in our hard water,” writes Mrs. C. B. McGuire of Oklahoma City, Okla.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. No matter how hard the water, you need no bar soaps, chips, powders or detergents. You need no washboard or boiler. Use Rinso alone for the whitest linens, the brightest colored things you ever saw!

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Rinso
The Granulated Soap

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Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 6)

Metro-Goldwyn's newest vehicle for Greta Garbo, "Inspiration," is a "Sappho" in modern dress. Miss Garbo plays the inspiration of the Latin Quarter while Robert Montgomery is the young man who proves to be her first real love. Miss Garbo is better than ever in this film.

Chatterton is interesting in this dual rôle of mother and daughter in a sombre character story. A commendable effort to look into the hearts of two unfortunate women stranded on a bleak farm. Should be appreciated by the more thoughtful picture fans. Paramount. Class B.

Paid. They turned back to "Within the Law," a popular stage melodrama, for Joan Crawford's latest picture, released under the title of "Paid." The story is still good and so is Joan's performance. She is one of the best little emoters on the screen. Metro-Goldwyn. Class B.

No Limit. The tempestuous Clara Bow spins a mean wheel as boss of a gambling house. Incidentally, she spins herself into a pretty mess before fortune spots her for a comeback. Paramount. Class D.

One Heavenly Night. Not so heavenly as one might wish, in view of the talent concerned in its creation. An English musical comedy, Americanized by two well-known writers and acted by Evelyn Laye and John Boles. Pretty, but just a wee bit dumb. United Artists. Class D.

Kiss Me Again. Victor Herbert's famous operetta, "Mlle. Modiste" under a different title. Bernice Claire sings the provocative song number and Walter Pidgeon is the heavy lover. The picture is filmed in color, if that helps. First National. Class C.

The Bat Whispers. The spookiness in this mystery picture is slapped on with a too heavy hand, otherwise "The Bat" is an acceptable contribution to the shake-and-shudder school of screen entertainment.

Chester Morris will frighten all the children. Paramount. Class B.

Illicit. The wedding-ring marriage gets the better of the argument in this version of the love life of a modern Miss, played with emotional fervor by Barbara Stanwyck. Miss Garbo makes the most of her unhappy moments. Warners. Class B.

The Painted Desert. A drama of the rugged West that grows wearisome because of the unnecessary deliberate action, intended to be impressive. William Farnum deserves something better than this. Pathé. Class D.

Reducing. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a rough-and-tumble farce, the action laid in a beauty shop. Anita Page and Sally Eilers supply the beauty. Plenty of laughs. Metro-Goldwyn. Class B.

The Command Performance. It all happens in a mythical European kingdom where the heart of a princess is about to be exchanged for the national debt. But it doesn't happen, not with the dashing Neil Hamilton to interfere. Highly romantic. Tiffany. Class D.

Man to Man. Grant Mitchell, better known on the comedy stage, scores in a sincere portrayal of a small-town barber, unjustly sent to jail. The story is thin, but in its presentation there is a welcome note of feeling. Warners. Class C.

Beau Ideal. A feeble imitation of "Beau Geste" in which the French Foreign Legion gets caught in a sandstorm and in the seven veils of Arabian court dancers. To be quite frank, "Beau Ideal" is an unconvincing gesture. Radio. Class D.

The Gang Busters. Jack Oakie having a lot of fun with the racketeers. The audience enjoys it, too. Paramount. Class B.

Resurrection. If you want a nice, gloomy Tolstian evening, this is your picture. Lupe Velez does some real acting as the much abused Katusha. Universal. Class B.

The Blue Angel. Important because it first presents that rare combination, Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings, Germany's biggest contribution to the screen. Paramount. Class AA.

Tom Sawyer. Just right for kids, big and little, long and short. Jackie Coogan has grown into the part of the immortal Tom Sawyer. Paramount. Class A.

The Man Who Came Back. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell share the honors in an adaptation of a former stage success which does not loom so large on the screen. Fox. Class B.

Reaching for the Moon. Douglas Fairbanks as a stock broker with bullish inclinations. He goes in heavily for Bebe Daniels and corners the market. United Artists. Class B.
Another great role—another blazing triumph for the winner of the 1930 Best Performance Award

Norma Shearer

in

Strangers

May Kiss

This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.

She faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

With Robert Montgomery, Neil Hamilton, Marjorie Rambeau and Irene Rich

Directed by George Fitzmaurice

Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.

Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
In Defense of Clara

Pittsburgh, Pa.

It happens that I am one that does not care for the type of pictures they give Clara Bow, and therefore do not waste my time going to see them. Of course, there are a number of people who care for the rah-rah, rowdy-dow pictures in which friend Bow is cast, but since I much prefer the quiet, refined sophistication of Garbo to the hard-boiled sophistication it is Clara's lot to portray, I have never become a Clara Bow fan—and never will. However, since Daisy Deveoe took the stand in court that first day and began slingin' mud, I have become a loyal booster for Clara. How much she spends a week on liquor is nobody's business, just as it's nobody's business whether I spend one dollar or five for a quart of gin; whether she buys gifts for her boy friends is also nobody's business, and some of these holier-than-thou people that are saying, "I told you so—they're all alike" will probably remember her hearing somewhere that it's better to give than to receive. Furthermore, the fact that I have taken two dollars and eighty-three cents from John Doe does not give me the right to get up in court and tell that he has false teeth and goes to bed with his socks on.

Dorothy Scott,
3408 Parkview Ave.,
Apt. No. 6, Oakland.

Also for Clara

Memphis, Tenn.

Since Clara Bow's recent publicity in her legal battle with her secretary, some of the clubwomen and critics have adopted that holier-than-thou attitude and have declared that Clara's pictures should not be shown in their town. Why in the name of Heaven, should the public care what the stars do off the screen? Why should we expect them to be models of perfect behavior, so long as their pictures are entertaining? I, for one, can enjoy the pictures of my favorite stars without giving a thought to what they do in private life. It is their life and the fans have no right to judge them by the way they live it. If only those who are truly "without sin" should throw the first stone, I don't believe any stones would be thrown.

Mrs. J. A. Griffin,
1312 Lauderdale Street.

And Again

St. Louis, Missouri

Personally, I do not care how many slams Clara Bow gets in the papers—I like her pictures and will continue to see them just as long as they are shown in the theaters here. And another thing—I think there are plenty of people here who feel the same way, considering the fact that I had to stand in line for over an hour to see her last picture.

Jacquelyn Patterson,
2914 Magnolia Avenue.

Stop That Pickin'

Boise, Idaho.

Why does everyone pick on Clara Bow? Hasn't she had enough knocks in her life? How many of us have gone through the "hell" she has and have come out famous? Every remark she has made has been converted and twisted into veritable spasms of untruths. She plays poker, drinks, henna her hair—but admits it. How many of us do these things and are honest enough to be above board with ourselves and our friends? Give her a break!!

Outraged Female Fan.

Cheers for Chatterton

West Allis, Wisconsin.

Why is Greta Garbo given so much publicity as "the most mysterious actress," etc. She is of the stolid Swedish type that is naturally very quiet and does not deserve the praise given her. In watching her on the screen, one sees a mask that neither smiles nor shows any emotion. At almost all times her face is immobile and devoid of any emotion. And why don't people see Ruth Chatterton's ability as a real actress worthy of any praise?

Celia Hirsh,
567 49th Avenue.

That Garbo Controversy

New York City, N. Y.

It seems to me that your Mr. Herb Howe greatly underestimates Greta Garbo's fan population when he thinks that Marlene Dietrich will replace Greta Garbo. Miss Dietrich, in her two pictures shown here, has had the company of three of the screen's finest actors—Jannings, Cooper and Menjou—as well as one of its best directors, Von Sternberg. She undoubtedly has ability of her own but she undoubtedly copies Garbo also. Moreover, she undresses a great deal and tries very hard to be "hot stuff."

Evelyn Soumers,
204 Bleecker Street.

Garbo Publicity

Young Harris, Georgia.

The general public seems to think Garbo is handed down as an angel descended from heaven. Where does her greatness lie that makes her so wonderful and so much more glorious than our own lovely American stars? The characteristics dreamy and romantic are the only nice adjectives I can see that belong to Garbo. They speak of the strangeness, mysteriousness that belong to her; to me this is only publicity.

William M. Stanley,
Young Harris College.

For—Not Against

Los Angeles, Calif.

Most of the movie magazines write against the movie people, not for them. Why try to turn movie fans from their favorites by writing little catty things about them? They can't turn me. I purchased a copy of New Movie and how glad I am that I did. No catty comment there! I wouldn't miss a copy, and by the crowds I see around the counter, many others wouldn't, either.

L. R.
THOUGHTS

A Hit with the Frats

High Springs, Fla.

Down here in sunny Florida, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is certainly popular among the college men. They buy them out faster than anyone. Sigma Nu—Sigma Chi—every fraternity house on the avenue has this sensible, worthwhile magazine on their tables, and in their magazine racks. Even the most studious man on the Campus finds time to read and enjoy it.

Wilson White, Box 163.

Wants Bigger and Better Casts

Elmhurst, L. I., New York.

The talkies nowadays are generally good and enjoyable if one is not too severe or exacting a critic, but one thing which infuriates and exasperates me to the teeth-gritting stage is the new form of presenting the cast of characters. It is really no longer a cast of the characters in the picture, for one is simply informed that So—and—So and So—and—So are in the picture and one is supposed, one presumes, to match the players with the characters properly. A sort of glorified guess game, as it were.

Jeanne Vojik, 41-28 95th Street.

Also About Casts

Charlestown, Mass.

One thing I wish the producers would do is to have the cast shown on the screen at the conclusion of the picture. For the past two years there is a certain actor I have taken a liking to, and I am still in the dark as to his identity. No one can remember the cast throughout the picture, and I think it would be better to publish it at the end rather than at the beginning if it is not possible to show it twice.

Fred C. Wren, 333 Medford Street.

Films as Teaching Aids

Belfast, Maine.

I am a school teacher and find the movies an invaluable help in “putting things across” to my classes. In the last few weeks, we have used “Tom Sawyer” and “The Taming of the Shrew” in English. In civics we have referred to “For the Defense” and similar pictures for material regarding process of law and trials and to “The Big House” for the modern prison system. Even Latin is not omitted, for we notice mottoes of different companies, such as Metro-Goldwyn’s “Ars gratia artis.”

May I add that until a copy of NEW MOVIE fell into my hands last Summer, I had never purchased a film magazine. Now I buy one every month.

G. H.

Against Wild Parties

Champaign, Ill.

Why do film companies insist on releasing such perfectly absurd pictures of marriages, divorces, wild parties and exaggerated portrayals of modern youth? These, I believe, are disgusting to a goodly share of the theater-going public. May I mention “Free Love” as a typical example of the above. It is obvious that the public wants better things from the crowded houses such as “Tol’able David,” “Abraham Lincoln,” “Old English,” “Journey’s End,” and others of this type attract. The movies can be a great help educationally and morally, if they will.

Catherine Dressler, 61 E. Healey Street.

Wants to Know About Producers

Columbia, S. C.

I am indeed gratified to see that THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is running a series of articles telling the readers about the producers of motion pictures. It has, for a long time, seemed strange to me that magazines have not published more about the producers. Stories of their lives do not lack glamour. In addition, they are both inspirational and instructive.

Edward Furtick, 329 Waccamaw Ave.

Those Popular Teams

Vancouver, Washington.

Let’s have more pictures starring Jeanette MacDonald, and that gay boulevardier, Maurice Chevalier! I thought the two were great in “The Love Parade.” The ever-popular always-wellliked Gaynor-Farrell team came back in splendid fashion in “The Man Who Came Back.” Despite her small voice, Janet was convincing in the hard-boiled rôle she was forced to play in the opium den in Shanghai.

Marlene Dietrich, the current screen sensation from Germany, couldn’t have smoked a cigarette in a more sophisticated fashion herself.

Prt. Herman J. Merry, Co. “B,” 7th Infantry, Vancouver Barracks.

For Slender Heroes

Ansonia, Conn.

Why don’t some of our movie he-men do a little reducing like the girls? They seem to think it O.K. to sport a tummy, and a couple of chins. The public has a right to expect their movie heroes to appear trim and fit on the screen. Those I have in mind are all fairly young, too, so how come they get so stout, fairly bursting out of their clothes?

Mrs. Lionel DaCosta, 81 Division Street.

Herb Is Too Shy

Beloit, Wisconsin.

Who is this Herb Howe who writes such wonderful interviews with stars? In every issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE you read some interview written by him. He certainly can write! Oh, Mr. Editor and THE NEW MOVIE staff, won’t you please publish his picture or give us his life-story to make THE NEW MOVIE a still more wonderful magazine?

Please! Please!

Ethel M. Anderson, 716 Eighth Street.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Hollywood's Own
COOKING PAGE

Mr. Erwin's ideas about making coffee are rather vague, but when it is prepared in this way he is sure to like it:

One scant measuring cup of finely ground coffee. Five cups water.

Use a percolator type of coffee pot and put the cold water in the lower section and the coffee in the strainer above. Put over a low fire to heat the water and from the time the water begins to bubble over the coffee, let it continue cooking precisely three minutes and then serve at once.

If you are preparing breakfast for Mr. Erwin you will be sure to please him if you serve strawberries. He likes the English fashion of serving them with the hulls on without sugar. But be sure that the berries are large and perfectly ripened.

Rhubarb cooked with oranges is another breakfast favorite of Mr. Erwin's. Wash and cut up the rhubarb as you would for stewing and put it in a casserole with equal quantity of sliced oranges. Add a quarter cup of sugar to every cup of rhubarb and just enough water to cover the bottom of the casserole. Cover closely and bake until the rhubarb is tender.

To make creamy scrambled eggs, allow two eggs for each person to be served. Break in a bowl and beat until whites and yolks are well mixed. Do not add any water or milk and do not add salt until after the eggs are cooked. Butter a frying pan and put over the fire. Pour the eggs into the pan and cook over a low flame, stirring constantly so that the egg mixture will be evenly cooked, light and creamy. Cook the bacon crisp in another pan and the minute the eggs are done, turn onto a warm serving dish, garnish with bacon and serve at once.

French toast, which is sometimes called German toast, is made in this way. Allow one egg and two slices of stale bread for each person to be served. Break eggs in a soup plate, beat lightly, add one-third cup of milk to each egg and mix well. Melt a little butter in the griddle and soak the slices of bread in the egg mixture until soft but not soggy. Lift bread from the egg mixture and put on the hot griddle, brown first on one side and then on the other and serve at once.

Mr. Erwin's favorite graham muffins call for the following ingredients: One cup white flour, one cup graham flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one scant cup milk, two eggs, three tablespoons melted butter.

Sift white flour, baking powder and salt together and mix thoroughly with the graham flour. Break the eggs into a bowl without separating and beat until well mixed. Then stir in the milk and combine the egg and milk mixture with the flour mixture, add the melted butter and beat vigorously for one minute. Pour into greased muffin tins, filling 2/3 full, bake in a hot oven 30 minutes. Wholewheat flour may be used instead of graham.

Stuart Erwin is not a gourmet nor a gourmand and what he actually knows about cooking wouldn't take long to tell. But Mr. Erwin does appreciate a good breakfast and with the right nourishment to start the day he is willing to take chances about the meals that follow.

Here are the menus of three breakfasts that Mr. Erwin has especially enjoyed:

Strawberries
Creamy scrambled eggs
Crisp bacon
Coffee
Buttered toast

Rhubarb cooked with oranges
Broiled finnan haddie
Hot graham muffins
Coffee

Grapefruit
Hominy with cream

French toast Coffee

You can tell from the worried expression on Stuart Erwin's face that the coffee isn't going to come out right. Indeed, Erwin isn't an expert cook—and he admits it. When he attempts breakfast every two-and-a-half-minute egg turns out to be hard-boiled.

The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

12
SAVE TIME
and WORK and WORRY
Make Your Favorite Recipes in
Crinkle Cups

Save yourself the time and work of fussing with pans, getting them greased and ready, washing them up when your cooking is done. Crinkle Cups are ready for use, just as they come from their dustproof box. Save yourself worry about the success of your cooking. Cakes, muffins, meat and vegetable recipes will cook in Crinkle Cups without burning or sticking. Many of your favorite recipes are easier to make and daintier to serve in individual form. Serve them, right from the oven, in their Crinkle Cups. Or turn them out, prettily shaped and just the right size. Keep a package of Crinkle Cups on a handy shelf. They can be a help to you many times a day.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 Cent STORES

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10¢ for a package of 75 cups.

**CHICKEN PIE**

(For other tested recipes, see recipe book in every package of Crinkle Cups)

1 cup diced chicken 1 tablespoon flour
1 level tablespoon butter ½ cup rich milk
1½ cup chicken stock (This may be made with a chicken bouillon cube, if canned chicken is used) ½ teaspoon chopped parsley Salt and pepper

Make a cream sauce of the flour, butter, chicken stock and rich milk, and add the chicken with parsley and seasoning.

**FOR THE BISCUIT**

1 cup flour ½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder 2 tablespoons shortening
Sift ½ cup milk or water

Sift the flour with baking powder and salt, cut in the shortening and add enough milk or water to make a soft biscuit dough. Spread on slightly floured board and cut with biscuit cutter 2½ inches in diameter. Fill Crinkle Cups half full of chicken mixture. Place one of the biscuit rounds on top of each and bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes.

(This is an excellent way to serve any left-over meats)
MUSIC of the Sound Screen
The New Movie’s Service Department, Reviewing the
Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THE MONTH’S BIGGEST HITS

“Reaching for the Moon,” waltz—played by
The Troubadours (Victor)

“Sous Les Toits de Paris,” waltz—played by
Mark Weber and his orchestra (Victor)

“Readin’, Ritin’, Rhythm,” fox trot—played by
Clyde McCoy and his orchestra (Columbia)

“In Deinen Augen Liegt das Herz von Wien,”
fox trot—played by
Mark Weber and his orchestra (Victor)

snap him up. At last it has happened, and I know
that Columbia will profit by it. “Readin’, Ritin’,
Rhythm” is the title of their opus and they do
justice to it. The tune doesn’t strike me as being
so much, but the orchestra sure puts it over. This
song is from the Paramount talkie, “Heads Up.”
Take a tip from me, and listen to this record.

The other side is “Sugar Blues,” Clyde McCoy’s signature on the air. Just listen
to the first four measures and I wager you’ll leave
the store with the record tucked safely under your arm.
We’re going to hear more of Clyde McCoy. (This is a
Columbia record.)

Once more we come to Mark Weber and his orches-
tra. This time they’re playing “In Deinen Augen
Liegt das Herz von Wien.” That’s a mouthful for
anybody, and we haven’t even mentioned that it’s from
the all-talking German picture, “Zwei Herzen im ¾
Takt.” This is another one of those productions that
contains no English in the dialogue, but still manages
to draw the crowds in this country. The music from this
picture is far above the standard for such works, and
seems to be going over big, although why Victor didn’t
get somebody in this country to record it is beyond me.

The other side is from the same production, and
played by the same orchestra, and from the title, “Zwei
Herzen im ¾ Takt,” is the main tune in the picture. This
one is a waltz and better fitted to Mr. Weber’s conducting.
(This is a Victor record.)

Max Steiner, who succeeded
Victor Baravelle as director of
music for Radio Pictures, is
the writer of the score for the
newly-produced and pre-
eminently successful picture,
“Cimarron,” which is now re-
ceiving the plaudits of the
critics.

Max Fischer and his orches-
tra have just completed the syn-
chronization of the new picture,
“Millie,” which Charles R.
Rogers produced for Radio Pic-
tures. Helen Twelvetrees is
one of the featured players.

Photograph © by G. Maillard Kessler
Maurice Chevalier has developed
into one of America’s favorite
record makers. His recordings
for Victor are highly popular.
Chevalier, too, is broadcasting
with much success.
### What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

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15
The Men Who Make the Movies
The Story of Carl Laemmle
BY LYNDE DENIG

CARL LAEMMLE is a small man, unimpressive in appearance. When you meet him in an elevator in the Heckscher Building, New York, where his offices are located, you would not surmise that he is president of one of the most prosperous motion-picture organizations in the world. Even in the course of a conversation, you might fail to sense the force, determination and independence of character that for approximately twenty-five years have made him a factor in an industry raised on the backs of strong men. In motion-picture competition, only the stalwart survive.

Mr. Laemmle never wastes energy in trying to impress others with his own importance; one reason, perhaps, that at the age of sixty-three, as chief executive of Universal Pictures Corporation, which he founded, his driving force remains unimpaired. He continues to walk at the head of the procession, with his son, Carl Laemmle, Jr., following in his footsteps, or, to be more exact, walking abreast of him, arm in arm. A recent testimonial to their joint success was the selection by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, of “All Quiet on the Western Front” as the finest picture of the year.

In February, 1931, the entire Universal organization joined Mr. Laemmle in the celebration of a Silver Jubilee marking the passing of twenty-five years since he opened his first motion-picture theater, the White Front, in Chicago, the forerunner of a chain of theaters, which Universal either owns or controls. But to return to the beginning.

CARL LAEMMLE was born in Laupheim, Germany, in 1867. He first saw the Statue of Liberty on St. Valentine’s day, 1884. He had a few dollars in his pocket and was ready to work at anything until he found something better. Mr. Laemmle always has been that way—ready to do the best he could with the job at hand, but constantly on the watch for an improvement. Never once in his long career has he been content to sit back, resting on accomplishments. From the time he was a youngster delivering packages for a drugstore in lower Manhattan, he has faced each new morning with a “what next” attitude.

Even as far back as 1884, when horsecars rattle down Broadway, New York looked a bit cramped to

the adventure-seeking German boy, who had read tales of the Wild West. He saved money for a railroad ticket that carried him as far as Chicago, where he worked in a department store. This was not, however, the land of his dreams. The next jump took him to a farm in South Dakota, but the life of a farm-hand at four dollars per month, and keep, did not offer much beyond a back-breaking future. He decided that he could do more with a pen than with a pitchfork and returned to Chicago.

Nearly ten years passed before Mr. Laemmle stepped into something that gave promise of a career, though nothing very exalted. He became head bookkeeper and soon general manager of a department store in Oskosh, Wis., where he might still be figuring with red and black inks had it not been for a small motion-picture show near the store. He dropped in at the show of an evening, more interested in the numbers of people entering the place than in the flickering entertainment thrown on the screen. At that time, practical business men did not talk about art in connection with motion pictures; rather they listened to the tune of the cash register, as they still do, for that matter, although not so frankly. Mr. Laemmle, with his savings of $2,500 and his newfound interest in motion pictures, hopped back to Chicago where he met R. H. Cochrane, a young advertising man, who was ready to try his luck with a picture show. Mr. Cochrane, it may be noted, has been Mr. Laemmle’s right-hand man ever since.

They started their careers together with the opening of the White Front Theater. Another theater soon was launched in Chicago, then another and so, stone by stone, the foundation of a flourishing organization was laid. Mr. Laemmle has profited mightily. He and his associates have been responsible for a fair share of the finest pictures yet produced, such as “Foolish Wives,” “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” and “Merry-Go-Round”; but it is significant that Mr. Laemmle never has altered his original attitude toward motion pictures. They are, in his opinion, essentially the entertainment of the dime and nickel counting public. Universal always has been a reliable supply house for the small theater in the small town.

Every history of a motion-picture career that dates back far enough must take (Continued on page 127)
IN THE MODERN SHOW WORLD

PERSONALITY IS KING!

RADIO'S STAR-SPANGLED GALLERY OF THE GREAT!

Great Names! Great Players! Flashing their Genius Across the Screens of the World! Investing RADIO PICTURES with the Magic of Personality! ... Endowing Each Role with Sincerity and Reality!

EVERY RADIO PICTURE IS A STAR-STREWN PATH TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT! These, and Hundreds of Other Great Artists, Cast in Roles in which they are Peerless, are the reasons for such Outstanding Successes as RADIO'S "CIMARRON!"

Watch for these players in their Newest, Greatest pictures ...each has a place in your heart... for Personality is King!

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RADIO PICTURES
Learn From the Stars
How to Work
Play
Find Success
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March 22 to April 20—Aries 0  Aug. 24 and Sept. 23—Virgo 0  Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—
April 21 and May 21—Taurus 0  Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra 0  Capricorn 0
May 22 and June 21—Gemini 0  Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Sagittarius 0  Jan. 21 and Feb. 19—
June 22 and July 23—Cancer 0  Nov. 23 and Dec. 23—
July 24 and Aug. 23—Leo 0  Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces 0

Name ....................................................
Address ............................................. City ....................... State .................
FIFI DORSAY

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
ANITA PAGE  
Lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star 
Say's— "Life Savers are delightfully refreshing at all times . . . they cool the throat and clear the voice."
GRETA GARBO has only one year to go on her present contract. She says that when this is completed she will leave for Sweden and give up pictures forever. M-G-M has three pictures in preparation for her now, “Susan Lenox,” “Mati Hari,” and “Grand Hotel.” If she keeps her word and does not re-sign, these pictures will probably be Garbo’s last contributions to the screen.

Better write Greta—and tell her you can’t do without her.

“HAPPY days are here again.” You can hear that tune being whistled and sung all over Hollywood. Reason: a great boom in production, hundreds of men and women who have not worked in months are now on salary again, and a flock of pictures made during the past few months are box-office smashes. Also, Hollywood seems to be returning to its own. The wild and woolly period in which no one knew what they wanted or who could give it to them is passed and old time (silent days) writers, actors, and actresses are again in demand. The invasion of the “foreigner” (from Broadway) is over.

John Barrymore is collecting autographs!

Hesitatingly, sometimes blushing as he makes his approach, the great actor who has been annoyed a thousand times by autograph hunters has started a book for his little daughter, Dolores Ethel Barrymore, in which he hopes to get the signatures of noted men of the world. The book is about the size of an income tax schedule and nearly as formidable looking. He added recently the names of Commander Byrd and Gilbert K. Chesterton, but weakened when he came to Professor Albert Einstein.

Charlie Chaplin, it might be mentioned, has an autograph book whose names suggest the roster of an international “Who’s Who.” He collected them himself.

THE placid, sophisticated Constance Bennett continues to be the enigma of Hollywood. On the exterior, she is Manhattan ice. At the studio, cameramen, electricians, property boys, script clerks and the like, worship the very hems of her garments. The other day a property boy who had supplied things for her personally on one of the sets was about to be fired. He was blue over the outlook.

“What’s the matter, son?” Connie asked when she noticed his dejection. He told her.

“Just a minute, Mr. Stein?” she said to the director. “Mark me ‘absent’ for a bit. I want to go to the front office.”

Constance unceremoniously burst through a door.

“...and he’s a good worker, too! I know he is,” she concluded. “Please, don’t.”

What official could resist that! The boy still has his job.

A long day was drawing to a close and Constance was having trouble arranging her make-up. The sun was dipping far out in the Pacific Ocean.

“I’m going to miss an anniversary dinner with my wife,” murmured a minor player, ruefully.

“You are not!” said Constance. “Come on: we’ll get through with this scene immediately. Let’s go!”

Her make-up might not have been all that Pathe desired, but that made no difference. She was keeping a young man from a home where an anniversary dinner was in waiting. Which wasn’t right.

“Shoot!” said Constance.

It was shot—and satisfactorily, too.
In a friendly conference, Pathe and Warner Brothers - First National have agreed, with the consent of Miss Bennett, that she will make only one picture this year for the latter organization, and one next year, instead of two this summer, as had been planned. Pathe also announced hereafter Miss Bennett will be loaned to no other companies under any circumstances.

The first picture “Connie” will make under her Warner Brothers deal will be “Jack Daws’s Strut,” from the Harriet Henry novel. Her ten weeks’ work in the two pictures will net her exactly $300,000, from which the following may be deducted:

- $300,000 for ten weeks.
- $30,000 per week.
- $500 per day.
- $833.33 per hour.
- $13.80 per minute.
- 23 cents per second.

If Miss Bennett “throws a button” which will take five minutes to replace, she will use $69 worth of Warner Brothers’ time. If she develops a “run” in a stocking, or misplaces a lipstick, the company is out just so much money at the rate of $13.80 per minute.

“Let’s go on top of the theater and play tennis!” Ann Harding will be saying that to her husband, Harry Bannister, before long. No, not goofy nor out of her senses in the least.

The two are completing a private theater on their estate in the Hollywood hills and its roof is being fitted up as a tennis court.

A MOST beautiful friendship has grown up between little Gloria Lloyd and “Peggy,” the little girl recently adopted by Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. The two are inseparable and outside of school hours are seen with their arms about each other or playing around the beautiful Lloyd estate. They attend a private school together.

A few days ago Gloria had to remain in bed because of an abscess in her ear. And “Peggy” hung around with a suspicion of a tear in each eye.

“Peggy!” Mrs. Lloyd called. “Get your things. It’s schooltime. The car’s waiting. Hurry along!”

The little girl went to her new mother’s side and pilloved her head upon her breast.

“I don’t want to go to school without Gloria,” she said.

“O, but you must!” Mrs. Lloyd replied. “She will be all right.”

“Peggy” thought it over a minute and reluctantly prepared to depart.

“But, when she gets well, I’m going to bed too!” she declared.

And that shows just how hard “Peggy” is trying to be a good girl and win her place in the Harold Lloyd home. To use a slang expression, the Lloyds are crazy about her.

So is everybody else who talks to her. “Peggy” has made good.

Mary Pickford is going into business manufacturing cosmetics and beauty preparations.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN’S only regret when he left Hollywood for his trip abroad was that he couldn’t take his tennis court and a few of his favorite players with him. Charlie has in the past year become a most ardent devotee of this sport, and now swings a mean racket, to say nothing of his backhand smash.

THE Assistance League tea room, a charity organization in Hollywood, holds the distinction of having the highest priced waitresses in the world. Many of our best known stars donate one day a week waiting on table. Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Catherine Dale Owen, Eleanor Boardman, Loretta Young, are fast becoming proficient in the art of juggling a tray.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is living a life of ease. She says she doesn’t know when she will do another picture, if ever, and just wants to enjoy her beach house and her vacation. Corinne is one girl who has saved her money, made good investments and can sit back now without worrying about the wolf at the front door.

We have had numerous letters asking for Marie Dressler’s age and when asked about this question her answer was, “Use your own judgment. Sometimes I look 108, but I never feel older than the person whose presence I am in.”

IF Will Rogers really takes up politics seriously he will get over his dislike for telephones and dress suits. At present his beautiful home in the heart of Beverly Hills has no telephone connection and Will does not and never has owned a tuxedo or dress suit.

TO most people a black cat generally is accepted as an omen of ill-luck. But not Joseph von
Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Sternberg, Paramount director. The black cat is his mascot and appears for an important moment in every picture he directs. It started with “The Salvation Hunter,” the first picture he made, and one which brought him recognition. Now the cat has eleven pictures to his credit.

JOSEPH CAWTHERN, the grand old veteran of stage and more recently screen fame, was signed to a long term contract by Radio Pictures on the day of his fifty-seventh anniversary in the acting profession and his golden wedding anniversary. Mr. Cawthorn will be seen shortly with Mary Pickford in “Kiki.”

Hollywood has an altitude of from 270 to 1800 feet above sea level. It is twelve miles from the nearest ocean, the Pacific.

MAE MURRAY is sitting in an oil well! Not literally but figuratively speaking. Her third well has just come in, and she tells me it will bring her income up to seven or eight thousand dollars per month, without counting her picture earnings. About a year ago oil was discovered on property adjoining some owned by Mae. She at once started drilling and now has three wells going full blast. Her home is surrounded by derricks, and in time the house, too, will go to make way for the flowing black gold.

IN walking through the Warner Brothers Studio the other day I noticed a new building under construction that will house the new contingent of stars, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell and Kay Francis. Some wit had tacked a sign up “Paramount Building.”

DICK ARLEN and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary last week with an informal dinner at their home. Dick and Joby had just returned from Honolulu and said that everybody is so lazy on the island that the newspapers have to print everything on the front page.

Cigars are a sure killer of romance, according to hundreds of movie fans who have written to the Paramount studio asking those in charge to please not allow their new found screen idol, Fredric March, to ever again appear in a picture with his favorite story. So March is taking up cigarettes in a serious way.

MARY BRIAN’S fans failed to be impressed with her first emotional rôle in “The Royal Family of Broadway.” They want to see Mary as the sweet leading lady to Richard Arlen or Jack Oakie. So you will get the sugar-coated Mary from now on.

COLLEEN MOORE has finally done it. In other words the famous Dutch bob as worn for so many years by Colleen and which had become more or less of a trade mark, has at last been converted into a very stylish and ultra modern bob. It is a decided change and most becoming and has brought considerable interest and admiration from the opposite sex.

IVAN LEBEDEFF, one of Radio’s featured players, was trained for military service in the court of Emperor Nicholas, where, it is said, he made quite a war record. At the start of the World War he joined the Third Regiment of Dragoons, later serving as a member of the flying corps on the Rumanian front, where he was wounded and taken to Odessa. In time he was captured by the Bolsheviks, was arrested, but escaped from prison. When he left Russia he went to Berlin, Constantinople, Vienna and Paris, where he met D. W. Griffith, who brought him to this country for a part in “The Sorrows of Satan.”

One thing is sure: Joan Crawford’s home is well supplied with rugs. In between scenes at the studio her hands are never idle—always you will see her working on a hook, cross-stitch or hand-woven tapestry rug.

RICHARD DIX has finally come to realize that you can’t engineer a locomotive and coal it too—and has put the direction of his next starring vehicle “Big Brother” in the capable hands of Fred Niblo. Dix, you know, was going to direct his own films.

WHEN Ramon Novarro finishes the Spanish version of “Daybreak” he will go to Europe to study French. In future Ramon will be able to make Spanish and French versions as well as English.
A glimpse of Beverly Hills, which creates more gossip than any other town in the world.

The WHISPERING

It Destroys Happiness in Hollywood, Where the Movie Stars Live in Glass Houses, Watched Day and Night By the Whole World

They say—what do they say—let them say.
You can’t do anything else, in and around and about Hollywood.

Get famous and get talked about. That is an axiom no one can escape. The whispering chorus takes each name, as soon as its big enough to be mentioned on the billboards, and begins its everlasting gossip. Some of it is funny—some of it is tragic. Some of it is true and some of it is false as Chaplin's mustache.

But it isn't only in Hollywood itself that gossip of the stars pursues its way.

It has been my misfortune to spend days on the witness stand, being cross-examined by irate legal lights. Those things happen to reporters who get mixed up in all sorts of things. But never in any courtroom have I been subjected to the ruthless questioning that a group of non-picture people will hold me.

In New York, San Francisco, Chicago, or Oshkosh, it's always the same. The tales of Hollywood's great and near-great are told, re-told and discussed until one grows dizzy and limp.

One night in New York not long ago my husband and I were invited to dine at the home of a famous writer. Knowing the guest list, we looked forward to the occasion with delight. My favorite illustrator and her distinguished husband were to be there. An internationally known painter and his beautiful wife. A novelist who writes gangland best sellers. A noted playwright and his wife, a stage star. We said, "Now we will hear some real conversation for a change."

Do you know what we talked about?

Movie stars! They had heard all the latest gossip and they wanted to know any additional high lights and whether what they had already heard was true or not.

I have just gotten out of a hospital where I added my appendix to the collection. As soon as I could hold my head up, every nurse, interne, etc., etc., came in to pay their respects—and talk about folks in the movies.

Not even royalty has ever been forced to exist under such a barrage of talk—and such talk!

Honestly, it is appalling. You can only wonder where, how and by whom some of these wild Arabian Nights imaginings get started.

"T'S interest," Gloria Swanson once said to me, when I had repeated to her a wild talk about myself which I had heard two women discussing in a beauty parlor. "I suppose we shouldn't mind. They are interested in us, and they think of us impersonally. So they talk. I have learned not to let it concern me."

And Gloria has had more than her share. No one in the business has been so much talked about.

For instance, take this last wave of gossip concerning Gloria, Constance Bennett, and Gloria's recently divorced husband, the Marquis de la Falaise. Talk made a great and glittering triangle of that combination. "They said" Constance had stolen the Marquis away from Gloria. Now, in all due fairness to everybody, nothing sillier was ever discussed. Connie couldn't have taken Henri away from Gloria, even if she'd wanted to, which she probably didn't. Gloria and her husband
More of Beverly Hills, which owns more "They say" rumors per square foot than any other town.

CHORUS

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

had come to the parting of the ways before he ever saw Constance Bennett. When Henri went to Paris, he and Swanson knew the end had come. And it wasn't until he had been in Paris some time that he met Miss Bennett.

Yet I have heard—and probably you have—all sorts of wild tales about the battle between these two famous stars over the dashing Frenchman.

Perhaps the strangest part of the whole thing is the way that stories are accepted, told as gospel, and become part of the tradition, without any foundation at all. Or with very little foundation. Or how a wisecrack, made carelessly, will be repeated seriously and become a great topic of conversation.

For instance, I once heard a well-known young leading man say kiddingly to his wife, "I'll give you a good beating for that when I get you home." A week later someone drew me aside and said, "Did you hear the latest? So and So gave his wife a terrible beating the other night because she made a mistake in a bridge game. I hear she is going to divorce him."

ONE of the most constant sources of gossip is divorce and engagements. If a husband and wife are seen apart twice, it's all over town that they are separated. Hollywood is naturally dramatic.

A well-known scenario writer who is married to a pretty leading lady told me one on himself the other day.

They were living at the beach for the Summer. Their town house was rented and they decided to take a couple of rooms at a Hollywood hotel, where they could stay if the drive seemed too long, or change clothes after work. The husband went to the hotel alone and looked at rooms. Two hours later three reporters were on his trail, demanding to know if there was a rift in the matrimonial lute.

You have to be careful. As poor little Janet Gaynor says, "You can't be natural. People talk about such simple things."

When Janet married Lydell Peck instead of Charlie Farrell, the whole town talked. On a certain night—just before the wedding—when Charlie was, to my positive knowledge, at home with his mother and sister, the rumor went around like wildfire at a large party that Charlie had tried to drown himself in the vast Pacific. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Charlie and Janet never did want to marry each other. They understood each other perfectly. Yet for weeks they were overwhelmed with gossip and talk. And if Janet went to a theater without her husband, it was discussed in every nook and corner as an immediate divorce.

HAVING nothing real about Garbo to discuss, fancy paints many pictures. Not long ago I heard a positive statement that Garbo was a devotee of some East Indian religion, and that she had living in her house various priests and priestesses of the cult. Her spare time, it was averred, was spent in dark and unknown rites. I expected any moment to hear that cages of boa constrictors were kept in the parlor. As a matter of fact, Greta has friends in Hollywood and she wouldn't know an East Indian religion if she met one. Not that the great religions of the East aren't all right, but Garbo doesn't (Continued on page 90)
Wills are the most revealing of all human documents, and the most interesting. Shakespeare's day, and the same human emotions of love for kin, ambition, and spites, as proved by the Hollywood wills of the past, animate the Hollywood will-makers of today. Wills of the past few years in Hollywood have contained all sorts of surprises, and have had most amazingly complicated results. Lawsuits, attempted suicides, poignant personal tragedies, have followed in the train of some of Hollywood's wills. While it is impossible to know the details of wills being made today in the film colony, due to natural reticence and causes that would make it inadvisable to reveal the secrets of these documents in their entirety, some of them have been told for the purposes of this article.

These wills reveal the personalities and the ambitions of their makers in a way that nothing else does. There is something so terribly final about making a will, that the real person emerges in making one, stripped of sham. While most of the wills being made consist of formal bequests to the logical heirs, others do not do this, and explain why.

Another angle on this will business is it reveals the personalities and ambitions of the writers, relates to the various collections, valuable and unique, that represent the hobbies of the stars. What will become of some of these most valuable and unique collections is revealed in this story of the wills of Hollywood. Things gathered during long and colorful careers on the stage and screen, and often related to work in films, represent the most interesting of these collections.

Personal photographs from the Albert Davis Collection

MODERN Hollywood folk are making much better provision for their loved ones, and are managing their affairs in a more business-like manner than did the earlier generation of stars. Barbara LaMarr and Wallace Reid, it will be remembered, died with no wills, and of all they earned little was left for the loved ones dependent upon them.

Cecil De Mille has made a will in which his keen studies of human nature are applied to every one of his four children. Bequests to them are governed by arrangements that vary with the temperament of each child as so far expressed, and with their ambitions in life. Money is held in trust with cash payments calculated to take care of the probable needs and welfare and pleasure of the children, with the terms of the payments and the trusts adapted to each child individually. The money of the widow is left in trust similarly. The will is planned like a carefully played game of chess, with every contingency studied, and, he hopes, provided for. Charities, though Mr. De Mille would make no statement on this point, are known to be along the lines of his interests in life; the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and the Universal Religious Conference at U. C. L. A. (University of California at Los Angeles), which is a clubhouse for members of all religions.

All charities and bequests apart from those to his family, are cared for under a separate trust, so that no errors of litigation in regard to these things will affect the validity of the will providing for his family. Strangely enough, some time after De Mille had made this will, he found in the family archives an old will made by one Antonius DeMilt in Haarlem, in 1633; the will is an amazing parallel to De Mille's own, even down to the number of children in the family and the careful ways the trust interest and cash were disposed of differently for each child, and for the widow.

"To make a really good will," says De Mille, "it would be necessary to try the children for five
The Will Is the Most Revealing of All Human Documents—and Hollywood Wills Disclose a Lot

The famous Valentino will, reproduced for publication for the first time, this will, which caused a great deal of litigation, was drawn up in September, 1925. Valentino had just eleven months to live when he made this will. He died in New York on August 23, 1926.

years with no money. I have often thought, if it were practical, what an interesting experiment it would be to go home some day and say, ‘Children, I am penniless; my health is gone and it is up to you to support me’. This leaving of money is a dangerous thing; it should be studied carefully because it is a responsibility. The principle of modern charity is good; the teaching of an individual to be self-sustaining, rather than leaving him alms. A will, in my belief, should protect the beneficiaries against the dangers of money. It would be wrong to leave money under similar terms to individuals with different temperaments and traits. Then, too, a will should not create jealousies; the home so carefully built must not be destroyed. My will makes arrangements for every new piece of property, according to every foreseen contingency.

“In the matter of collections; it has been my observa-

tion that the hobbies of parents are rarely carried out by children. I wonder if it is wise for parents to leave collections to children who perhaps will lose interest and dispose of a collection that the parent has spent years gathering together. My opinion is that in most cases it is better to leave valuable collections to museums where they will be kept intact for general appreciation. “If one could leave one’s experience along with the money, that would be of real value to them. On the other hand, it is dangerous for a dead man to tie the hands of the living.”

De Mille has collected many relics dear to the heart of the picture fan; the suit of armor worn by Wallace Reid in “Joan the Woman” stands in his study; the Crown of Thorns, from “The King of Kings,” is resting on a red velvet cushion on his table; these and many other similar things from his film career, he plans to leave to the museum in project by the Motion Picture Academy. A collection of armor, of great value, another of arms, still another of rare and curious gems, including an exhibit showing by specimens the growth of the pearl in the oyster shell, and a pearl formed in the shape of a tiny fish, which was coated with the noxious substance (Continued on page 83)
Skippy, Percy Crosby's lovable comic strip character, is in the movies. Skippy, in the person of young Jackie Cooper, is making a picture in Hollywood. Wait until Sooky, who is always belittlin', Cuthbert and the others of Skippy's gang hear about this. And what will Aunt Gussie and Uncle Louis the glassblower say?
THINGS I Know to be TRUE

A Motion Picture Publicity Man Gives the Low Down on Some of the Film Famous

By WARREN NOLAN

FIVE years ago, after four years on the staff of The New York Times and two years as motion picture editor of The New York Telegram, I took over the job of publicizing motion pictures; during these years I have made some random notations so that one day I might set down unrelated observations that might aid in illumination of characters that come to the public only as synthetic concoctions of preconceived impressions: constructed images wrought out of trained imaginations and concentrated emphasis. Call it the Low Down, call it the Real Stuff, you name it. These are merely some of the things I know to be true.

1.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, arrived at Harmon, N. Y., en route to New York City on what proved to be his final visit, sat in a Pullman drawing room of the Twentieth Century with his manager, George Ullman, Charles Moyer of United Artists, and myself. "Dorothy Herzig of The Daily Mirror bet me five dollars you wouldn't contribute anything new on the Pola Negri business, that you'd say, 'Ask the lady.' Anything new?" I asked. "What else can I say?" he replied. "If I say I don't love her I'm a cad. If I say I love her she'll want to marry me and God knows I don't want to marry her." I thought of this when I stood at the door of St. Malachi's Church, handling the press at Valentino's funeral, and saw George Ullman and his wife support the shuddering Pola into the services. "Her best performance!" whispered Regina Cannon of The New York American.

2.

THE truest thing ever said about publicity was uttered by the late Mrs. Pickford. "Don't worry about them writing things about you," consoled Ma Pickford. "The time to worry is when they write nothing about you."

In Charlie Chaplin the genius and the citizen have now become interwoven in one personality.

3.

I HAVE seen a good deal of Harry Richman, traveled over the Alleghenies in an airplane with him, a rough trip during which the pilot lost his bearings. Richman kept his nerve, located our position, and finally took the stick himself. I have seen him in Hollywood, New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia and other places and know him better than anybody in the picture business. He told me the absolute facts on the Clara Bow business, told them in such honesty and detail that the recital even ceased to be humorous. Insofar as such people, people of wide and full experience, are capable of love, Richman and Clara were deeply in love. His jealousy broke up the romance, which was frankly instigated for publicity but turned into such a real thing that both parties were hurt. Richman will never really get over it; it was probably when the romance was soaring, the one genuine emotion in his life. And Clara was crazy about Richman, no matter what anybody tells you; I have seen them together...

LILLIAN GISH, from the time I was a high school boy, has been my favorite screen actress and my ideal of a woman. Well, we were going to have "The Swan" as a picture and so I had to call on my heroine and talk to her, talk to a star whose name, however great it once was, had recently not been a box office magnet because of changing styles in screen stars and because of several inferior films that had hurt her. "May I be honest?" "Yes, please." "Well, then, Miss Gish, you've got to know that the public no longer wants the kind of screen character you played, the fluttering lass who chased a canary or was chased by John Gilbert around a rose bush. It's hard for me to say this but it's true and it's only because I would do more for you than any star I know that I say it. Will you tell interviewers, 'I've caught that canary'!" I didn't speak to myself for a week after that; it was like telling Paderewski he'd have to play in Macy's window.

(Continued on page 124)
George Bancroft is direct and innately honest, says Jim Tully. He says the first thing that comes into his mind. This is so unconventional that in Hollywood social circles it is considered dishonest. All screen players take themselves seriously. They hide, with subterfuge, an all consuming ego. When Bancroft's name is mentioned they murmur, "A terrible egotist," and resume talking about themselves.
Without Cunning

George Bancroft, the Thunderer of Hollywood, is a Simple Soul and a Superb Example of What the Movie Capital Can Do to a Man Without Duplicity

THERE is in his eyes the look of a hunted man. He is as one fleeing from his own success. Maligned by every little word weaver, and confused and persecuted by those who are envious, he is a supreme example of what Hollywood can do to a man who lacks duplicity. George Bancroft is a simple and a kindly man. He is without cunning. As direct as a railroad engine with full steam ahead, he flounders through the mazes of intrigue and becomes blinded by his own steam.

No more genuine person ever wondered what it was all about in Hollywood. One of the most popular men on earth, he is a lonely and troubled individual. He has been accused of ingratitude. In touch with him from the beginning, I know a great deal of his film career. Too much is said about what successful men owe to others. As a rule they owe very little. Philanthropists waste much more time on dubs than they do on first-rate men. Bancroft was Bancroft the minute he put his strong mug on the screen.

YEARS ago Walter Wanger, Paramount's keenest diplomat and most cultivated man, said to me in New York: "I want you to see George Bancroft. There's millions of dollars in him. Let me have your honest opinion."

The film was shown in New York. Bancroft was the only thing in it. Shortly afterward he came to Hollywood.

Within a few months many men claimed credit for his discovery.

James Cruze was given first credit as his discoverer. Those who knew Hollywood smiled. Cruze put Bancroft in his film because he was told to do so by the Paramount officials. He did not discover him. The film was "The Pony Express," one of the worst films made up to that time. Bancroft carried the film. He next appeared under Cruze in the much publicized "Old Ironsides."

George Bancroft hates interviews. His chief interest in life is his daughter. He likes to travel—on ships. His favorite food is sirloin steak, rare. He never uses make-up. He was the first actor to insist upon going before the camera without it. He loves realism. Even this film did not hurt the career of the coming man. His big chance came in "Underworld," instigated and made an entertaining film by B. P. Schulberg and Josef von Sternberg. With respect to official and director—Bancroft did make "Underworld" famous.

The most highly successful film, financially, in which Bancroft has appeared in recent months was "The Wolf of Wall Street." It had much of the usual balderdash. But it also had Bancroft and Baclanova—and the adroit direction of a man whose work is too much overlooked, Roland V. Lee.

ONE realizes the power of Bancroft after watching him in "The Wolf of Wall Street." It invites comparison with Jannings. Baclanova, a strong type, was veered from her characterization when opposite the heavy German. Bancroft, similar physically to the German, and, though it be considered treason in Berlin, as fine an actor, played much better opposite Baclanova. In "The Wolf of Wall Street" she gave the most finished performance in her woefully miscast film career. Bancroft imbued her. Jannings crushed her. No one on the set need to play down to Bancroft. Wallace Beery, his rival for screen honors, found in him a generous co-worker in that "epic" of the sea, made ten miles from land, "Old Ironsides."

Properly managed, Bancroft and Baclanova might have made an excellent starring team. It would be interesting to know why this idea was not carried out.

Sergei Eisenstein admired Bancroft's work. The big actor would have been an ideal protagonist for the socio- logical and artistic views of the brilliant Russian. The tragedy of American working men—the farmer, the factory laborer, even the tragedy of the underworld—the interpretation of all these lie within the scope of Bancroft's dramatic potentialities. These two men might have made a series of (Continued on page 106)
Constance Bennett entered motion pictures over the objections of her parents, particularly her father, Richard Bennett, the stage star. She was but seventeen when she tried her luck first. Her success was immediate and surprising—but she tossed it all aside to marry Philip Plant. Love is like that. "If I fell in love today—and the man wanted me to leave pictures, I'd do it without a moment's hesitation," Miss Bennett admits. "If I married outside my profession, I'm not sure I wouldn't want to give it all up again. The chances for happiness would be greater."
The Romance of the COMET GIRL
How Love and a Career Fought for Supremacy in Constance Bennett's Life

By S. R. MOOK

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S picturesque career touches its high points in New York, Paris and Hollywood.

Last month New Movie told how both her father and mother came of distinguished stage families. Her father is Richard Bennett, the footlight star. Her mother is Adrienne Morrison, whose father, Lewis Morrison, was a celebrated stage star of his day.

Miss Bennett, with her sisters, Joan and Barbara, was raised in the ever changing household of a theatrical family. As she grew up, Constance Bennett attended several New York finishing schools. She was sent to Mrs. Balsan's School in Paris and—at sixteen—was presented to society in Washington.

The Bennetts planned to keep Constance from a stage career. Miss Bennett became a familiar figure at college proms—and she met Chester Moorehead, a student at the University of Virginia. There was a runaway marriage—but her family had the ceremony annulled. Constance was sent to Europe to forget. She took up drawing and planned to follow art and designing as a career.

PART II

It was about this time Constance Bennett met Philip Plant. She was going up to New Haven to a football game and dance with a friend and young Plant drove up with them. He fell and fell hard.

His mother was married for the third time to the then District Attorney of New York—Colonel Hayward, the father of Leland Hayward. And Leland, in turn, was married to Connie's best friend, Lola Gibbs. So Mr. Plant had things pretty much his own way. He became extremely intimate with his step-brother and wife and was constantly suggesting that Mrs. Hayward invite Constance Bennett to join them on a party.

Two or three months of that and he and Constance were engaged. It was shortly after Mr. Plant had been in an automobile accident and involved in an unpleasant suit for damages.

Mr. BENNETT was no more enthused over his daughter's engagement to Mr. Plant than he had been over her marriage to Mr. Moorehead. So the family proceeded to Europe a second time.

Back in 1924 Constance Bennett had a brief—but flashing—taste of screen success. One of her hits at that time was scored in "Cytherea." She is shown above in a scene from that film with Lewis Stone.

But young Mr. Plant was in earnest and promptly followed them. In Europe he succeeded in convincing Mr. Bennett of his eligibility and the engagement was announced, with plans for an October wedding. Obstacles and objections having been removed, Constance returned to this country with her parents. She and her fiancé immediately began to make themselves miserable by quarreling and the engagement was broken.

Partly to forget and partly as a gesture towards independence, she accepted an offer to play the lead opposite her father in "The Dancers."

Her first engagement the lead in a Broadway production opposite a famous star! Much it mattered to Connie. She found out she would have to sign a "run
of the play” contract which meant that she must continue with the show as long as it was in New York and then go on tour with it indefinitely—or until her father tired of it and the producers shelved it. Connie declined to leave New York. Intuitively she knew that the romance between herself and Philip Plant was not ended—nowhere near it—and she wanted to remain in New York.

Then another engagement was offered. She accepted it and walked out of the cast while the play was still in rehearsal. The leading man had insisted upon making love to her when they weren’t rehearsing. “I didn’t object to being made love to,” she explained, “I merely objected to being made love to by that man.”

It was about this time she attended the Equity Ball with her father. Samuel Goldwyn was there. There has never been anything the matter with Sam’s eyesight and Connie’s beauty seemed to him like a white flame. He offered her the lead in Joseph Hergesheimer’s “Cytherea”—a best seller of that period.

Long arguments characterized the conversation in the Bennett household at that time. Mrs. Bennett was bitterly opposed to the idea of Constance entering pictures. Her father saw no harm in it.

Constance put an end to the discussions herself. “I’m seventeen now—almost eighteen. When I’m eighteen I’ll be of age and free to do as I please. You can stop me now, but you’ll only be postponing matters, because when I’m of age I’ll go into pictures, anyhow. The only thing you’ll do is knock me out of this opportunity.”

Mrs. Bennett capitulated and Constance signed for the picture which was to be made in the East.

Then she and Philip Plant became reconciled and life took on a rosy glow again. But happiness, at best, is transitory and nothing lasts.

She and Plant quarreled again—violently this time, and the engagement was broken a second time.

As if to aggravate matters, Mr. Goldwyn decided to film “Cytherea” in Hollywood and Mrs. Bennett renewed her objections. This time it was Constance who was adamant. She wept, stormed, pleaded, cajoled, threatened and finally had her way after promising faithfully that she would return as soon as the picture was finished and not ask to stay on the West Coast alone. She wanted to get away from New York—away from Phil Plant and everything that reminded her of him.

Just before she left New York Paramount made a test of her and wanted to sign her on a contract to start when she finished “Cytherea.” Her father was all for signing. “Oh, no,” said the logical Constance. “They wouldn’t want me at that figure unless they were satisfied I was going to be good. If I am good they’ll make a lot of money on me. Well, I say if I’m good, I’ll make the money myself. I’ll take my chances freelancing.”

She came West and made “Cytherea.”

Plant phoned her by long distance, apologized and asked her to come back to New York. Connie hung up the phone. A short time later he phoned again, this time that unless she came back he was going to marry someone else. “It’s your privilege,” said Constance, and added sweetly, “I certainly wish you happiness. Goodbye.”

A few days later he phoned again to announce his engagement. The maid who was working for Connie almost wrecked the romance for keeps that time.

Connie, with a fiendish sense of humor and always with a flair for the unusual, had engaged a maid who was largely a mixture of Japanese and Irish, but in whom there was also a goodly portion of Scotch and West Indian—with a trace of Russian thrown in for good measure. If your imagination can encompass such a heterogeneous mixture, you may have some idea of what she looked like—to say nothing of her mentality.

Connie kept a small bungalow in Beverly Hills and this one maid, who was a general factotum. Her life in those days was one mad whirl. The maid was so tired she could hardly drag one foot after the other. Throwing herself across the bed, she would tell the maid not to disturb her for an hour. The phone would ring and Mr. Blank would ask to speak to Connie. The maid would ask for his name and then carefully explain that (Continued on page 112)
Constance Bennett's marriage to Philip Plant marks a romantic chapter in her life story. For several years they maintained a home in Paris, one on the Riviera and another at Cannes. They were familiar figures at Deauville and other famous watering places. Constance's salon became celebrated in Paris. Yet their romance grew cold. They tried desperately to make things right, but failed. Then Miss Bennett turned back to Hollywood.
HOLLYWOOD'S

The Boulevardier Tells of the Temperamental Gypsy, Pola Negri, and the Flashing and Magnetic Rudolph Valentino, With a Few Comments Upon the Brisk Senior Douglas Fairbanks

Rudolph Valentino was one of the greatest personalities off the screen as well as on, says Herbert Howe. From the screen he suggested warmth and wickedness. In reality he had the Italian warmth and earth-heartiness. He loved, most of all, the convivial contact of good companionship.

In attempting to pick the ten greatest personalities of screen history I concluded last month that there weren't ten, there were only four. (Why should the Greatest always be served up in bundles of ten, anyhow?)

My Big Four are: Mabel Normand, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

This month I dodge missiles by admitting I have overlooked at least one, perhaps the Big One—Will Rogers. In my previous dissertation I made plain that I was choosing my cast for off-screen personality. Will is great in so many ways that it seems unfair to confine him to the screen great, but we have the right . . . he gets our money.

But ladies first . . .

Mabel Normand led off my review last month. This month Pola Negri is the leading lady.

To appreciate Pola you must not judge her as you would your neighbor but as you would a character of fiction. Pola as a neighbor would be as disquieting as Lady Macbeth. I am in a position to know since I neighbored Pola in Beverly Hills the night she opened artillery fire from her bedroom window. A burglar had made the fatal error of calling on Pola. Beverly Hills remembers that night as Moscow remembers the Ten Days that Shook the World. Pola should be returned to Hollywood if only to drive back the current crime wave.

Pola sets up drama wherever she goes. “In Poland we kill!” was a familiar cry at the Paramount studio when she first arrived in Hollywood. It was sometimes accompanied with a biff-boom-ah of hurling props.

Pola’s hair would be red if she didn’t prefer it black. Her eyes have the changing hues of the ocean mismused Pacific. They storm from gray to green to dilated black. Humor shimmers in them during the calms. They give pictorial reason for “That tiger cat!” an expression blurted out by a German officer when I asked Pola’s whereabouts in Berlin.

Europe seethes with stories about Pola, just as Hollywood does. She is a lady of many versions. She is not quite clear as to the true one herself.

Ernst Lubitsch declares that if Pola’s true story—as he knows it—were set down it would be the greatest

prima donna romance ever written.

In Berlin Pola had a maid with whom she quarrelled as violently as Cavallini did with hers in “Romance.” The maid would come hurtling out of the dressing-room pursued by epithets and winged bric-a-brac. An hour later Pola would totter forth in tears declaring she couldn’t go on unless her faithful servant was recovered. Usually the maid was to be found playing pinochle with the boys on the set, calmly awaiting the summons to return.

When Pola learned that Jim Abbe, the American photographer, was in Paris she declared he must photograph her. No one knew his address. “He must be found at once!” cried Pola. Two hours later Jim was seized by a couple of gendarmes as he sat over a cimazo at a café table. Pola had telephoned M. Chiappe, the prefect of police, to “get Abbe.”

The trouble with casting Pola in pictures is that there are few characters in fiction as great as herself. She was triumphant in “The Czarina” because she and Catherine the Great are at one. Norma Talmadge

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has said that the greatest piece of acting she ever saw was performed by Pola in "Carmen." Pola is a gypsy queen. It is impossible to sympathize with her in one of those more-sinned-against-than-sinning characters. Pola is so capable, you figure it must be a frame-up.

Lubitsch says that if Greta Garbo had come to this country when Pola came she, too, would have had difficulty. Pola came in the glucose era when Polyanna rode with Santa Claus. "If Pola came now it would be different," says Lubitsch. "The American public has changed tremendously. It has become sophisticated. It wants the truth, not fairy tales."

STILL I think Pola would have her difficulties. She would be unhappy without them. She was born amid revolution and Polish intrigue. Her father was marched off to Siberia when she was a child, and one of her early memories is hiding under the bed when the Cossacks called for her and mama. Her father, she says, was a Hungarian gypsy.

"My God, how handsome he was!" she says. "I look just like him."

She played on the stage during the siege of Warsaw. Here again she suffered personal tragedy. The Germans captured the city and the Poles took flight. Among the fleeing was a handsome Polish officer to whom Pola bid a heart rending adeu. This may be untrue, but anyhow Pola was soon on her way to Berlin, there to achieve what she terms a "tremendous sensation" on the stage in "Sumurun."

The outstanding feature of Pola's personality is her superb egotism. Compared with the garden conceits of Hollywood, hers is a passion flower among dandelions. With such self-assurance she does not feel the necessity of talking about herself and so is free to discuss many things. Brutally forthright she scorns the feints which most of the Hollywood folk employ to disguise their self esteem. Much was made of the rivalry between Pola and Gloria Swanson.

"There is no rivalry," said Pola. "She is clever. But it has always been my policy to be first wherever I am."

Gloria soon left Paramount to join United Artists.

Pola in turn left Paramount for Europe when Clara Bow's star transcended.

I WENT to Berlin to interview Pola soon after the war. She had just stormed this country in "Passion." The Paramount officials in Berlin were preparing her for entrance to our Pollyanna realm. An English lady had been engaged to tutor her. Everyone realized that Pola was dynamite, and she was being carefully safeguarded. The chief executive asked me to stand at a distance while he rapped gently on her dressing-room.

(Continued on page 128)
DRAMA was blazing its passionate path across the garish night club set at Epictures, Incorporated, to the accompaniment of terrified scrambling among the pseudo-customers, most of whom were far too handsome and perpendicular to be entirely real. Action flashed like the flying hoofs in the Kentucky Derby. A woman's scream... a denatured curse... the bark of a .44... shuddering groans. The crash of glass... the hurried exit of a waxen-featured villain... then silence.

But not for long, seeing that the plot was built upon that grand old lopsided foundation that "the show must go on." Like a jeweled cloak spread mercifully across a Highlander's knees came a gush of golden melody as Jazz, in the person of Miss Susie McCue, strutted pertly into a pool of apricot light followed by a dozen high voltage damsels whose insulation was of the thinnest. The patrons beamed approval, for Miss McCue, besides being one of those luscious ladies who bulged in the proper places, was offering a stamping rendition of the
Susie McCue was a dynamic little bundle of energy in the center of the cabaret floor, while movie cameras and microphones recorded results. Eyes flashed, elbows and shoulders jerked to the off-beat rhythm, as she waded through her syncopated repertoire with a softly slurred sultriness that mesmerized her hard-boiled observers.

latest collection of notes carrying universal interest.

"Ja-hazz baby, sweeter to me
Then the sweet puh-tato or a chicken fricassee,"
sang Susie, who possessed hair the color of cinnabar, lilac eyes and a miserable memory,

"Ja-hazz babee, 'possum am sweet,
So's—uh—so's—"

And for one dreadful moment her huskily provocative voice wavered, then crinkled on triumphantly:

"So's the watermelon, but you've got 'em all beat a mile.
Ja-hazz baby, talk about eyes!
You can make 'em sparkle like the starlit skies."

And so on through a triple chorus, recorded by camera

You certainly rang the bell," he applauded.

"As per usual," said the lady airily, "and in my opinion, entirely too much value for the money. I—"

"Wait a moment, sister. What about fumbling those lyrics? You've given us plenty of anxious moments and some time you're going to trip hard. If you could recite 'Mother Goose' when you were a kid, surely you can master song poems."

"Are you casting slurs at my mentality?"

"Far from it," said the monitor man earnestly. "Any blues singer that can duplicate her Broadway success in Hollywood gets the sweeping salute from me. I merely stated that you never seem too sure of your lines."

"Well," said Susie confusedly, "a girl can have worries, can't she? Here I am on the Fascination payroll and yet they keep loaning me to other studios, which makes me feel like a slave in the market place. Besides, I should get a rakeoff, because I'll bet they're making at least two hundred a week on me."

"What odds that the sun will come up?" cut in the ivory-featured villain, sauntering into view.
MISS McCUE simpered in his direction. "Then I'm dizzy over a joke somebody told me last night. It seems a skinny star says to her director after a scene, 'How do you like my articulation,' she says. 'Just fair,' says he, looking directly at all her visible joints, 'I always did say you were put together with malice aforethought.' Well, I don't get that one at all, so it must be some left-handed stuff by Eugene O'Neill. I hate things I can't grasp."

"Myself, for instance?" suggested the menace, who was to be the trade-writing-paper manufacturers' marvel with joy. Mr. Franklin Rittenhouse, his willow-leaf mustache trained to a satanical angle, provided a nation-wide thrill to discontented females, and now he smirked patronizingly at the little singer.

"Oh, you iceberg," pouted Susie, drawing him to a quiet corner. "I know I'm unh-crazzy about you, and you can stand there giving me the mackered eye." Her voice sank to a pleading whisper. "Won't you take me out to dinner, Frankie, as I've been asking you? It's my last day here."

"My child," drawled Mr. Rittenhouse, "I'm tangle up with three women at the present writing, and you'd be surprised how that wrinkles the old brow. Besides, aren't you aiming a trifle high? After all, you're only a warbler; you lack that spark of genius that I was looking for..."

"Anything else?" asked Miss McCue, still too enthralled to blow out a fuse. "Nothing, except that you're suffering from retarded intelligence. That means dumbness, my child."

"You just prove it!"

"Very well. How much does Fascination pay you?"

"Six hundred," said Susie uneasily, eyes downcast. "And you thought they might be making a couple of hundred on you! Well, I'm not supposed to know this, but you get only twice your salary."

"Twelve hundred dollars!" screeched the little singer, doing arithmetical on her fingers. "Oh, that Atlas Nerts, I'll make a wreck out of him! No wonder he's been out every time I've tried to see him, the general managing shrimp."

"All said now," grinned Mr. Rittenhouse with relish, "do you admit that you're a bit squiffy to be working for half your worth?"

"Sort of. But in a big way, Frankie, like everything I do. And how huge a surprise," gloated Susie, her lilac eyes aflame as she hurried to her dressing room, "will Atlas get when I give him the works this afternoon. That starts for the lip, Frankie, and I'll soon show you that I'm really not dumb at all."

Mr. Rittenhouse registered polite disbelief at such a miracle and later watched her drive away, promptly forgetting her the moment she disappeared. Not so the dazed Miss McCue, whose goal in life was to advance herself in his estimation, and when she finally cornered Fascination's unfortunate general manager in the studio barber shop she was tuned to concert pitch.

"You snake in the grass!" she hissed, charging at chair number three.

MR. ATLAS NERTS was a jumpy individual with the wary eyes of a ferret, and, shrugging off the epithet, he tried to regard his employee with the bland assurance of a man whose wife kept track of him. "If you've got a complaint, see a doctor," he advised. "In my case, I transplant business."

"I'll bet you do. Business like making a fortune out of a poor girl while you're paying her starvation wages. Business like giving her the run-around when she tried to see you. Listen, Mr. Nerts, I've heard all about your deal with Epictures, and I suppose that has been going on every time you loaned me. I want at least nine hundred dollars! I want."

"Be reasonable," begged the general manager, unable to resist the lure of bargaining. "If we double our money in you, Susie, that's business. We'll have some yarns for you later on, but don't forget that renting you to other studios keeps you before the public."

"I want mni—"

"I'll see it," said Mr. Nerts, feeling strangely impotent when unprotected by the bulwark of his desk, "suppose you were idle? Look at all those Broadway sanitary sopranos who could sing only in shower baths, where are they now? Your contract has eight months to run, and you should be glad of it, seeing that maybe I'll recommend you to the sketchy fifty."

"You horrible old miser!" throbbed Susie. "How can I give my best to my art with this injustice hanging over me when I could practically knock your eyes out for nine hun—"

"Never mind the chorus, baby; those three little words aren't hot enough to melt my resolution."

"All right, then; I'll get asthma."

"Try it," countered Mr. Nerts, "and I'll get even. How? Why, when you're hiding behind a fake certitude that you can't talk, I'll dredge me up another blues singer, and in two months you'll be forgotten. You want to remember that gals like you are as plentiful as 'Ts' in the Roosevelt lobby."

MISS McCUE'S dainty figure grew taut as a bow string. Down in her heart, which was sending up little flutters of dismay, she knew she could be replaced with very little trouble, and the uncertainties of Broadway held no appeal for her. But what was wrong? Here she was, stressing her femininity until her eyelashes clicked in their sockets, yet Mr. Nerts remained as cagily impassive as the villainous Rittenhouse. Was it really possible that her brain was not twenty-two carat? She decided to be pathetic.

"Is that the way the great Atlas Nerts treats the people who stagger home exhausted after having wrung the last drop of creativity from your cells for him?" she inquired in an infantile voice. "Oh, Atlas, how long about belonging to the intelligentsia, and even though you semi-sophisticates don't know enough to keep out of bathing suits, I thought you'd appreciate how a girl feels. Just think, only a meanly—"

"If I were you," said a jaunty gentleman, rising from an adjoining chair, "I'd practice that tremolo a bit before you expect us to break down. You're a rotten actress, Susie, so you'd better go into your dance."

"Absolutely," wheezed Mr. Nerts, salvaging the remnant of his dignity, "Take her out of here. Marty, and stifle her with a raspberry sundae or something similar."

Miss McCue abandoned pathos and looked daggers at Mr. Marty Stretchler, director of publicity and her tolerated admirer when her thoughts were not dwelling on a higher plane, seethed, "but you can't stop me! More money, Mr. Nerts, or your cabaret scene will be as flat as the ginger ale that's served in them."

"Take a bow and beat it," snapped the harassed executive, "before I forget I'm—"

"Tighter than the new waistline!" cried Susie, exiting in the middle distance as Mr. Stretchler propelled her to the door. "Ah, Mr. Atlas! You'd trade a canoe for a battleship any old time."

"You'll report to the Celestial studio next week—or else," ordered Mr. Nerts, and (Continued on page 100)
Behind the Screen Dramas

The Real Life Story of the Stenographer Who Took Her Christmas Bonus of $500 and Went to Hollywood in Quest of Glory and Fortune

As told to
Virginia Maxwell

Believing that the real stories of the most famous town in the world, Hollywood, have never been told, New Movie has set out to catch these tragedies and comedies. Each month, New Movie will present the vital and very real story of an actual Hollywood adventurer. The subjects of these stories will not be the stars or the famous players of movieland. They will be the unknowns, the extras and the minor workers who are struggling for success and fame. Every story will be genuine. It will present an actual adventure, as it was told to our investigator, Miss Maxwell.

If you contemplate trying your luck in Hollywood, you should read these stories. They may have a vital effect upon your future. At least they will teach you what you must do, if you dare to face the tremendous odds stacked against you in movieland. If you read them as a lover of motion pictures, you will find them to be tremendously interesting cross-sections of life behind the screen.

The stories are illustrated with actual pictures of actual people made on the spot by Stegg, the famous Hollywood photographer.

I was mad about Jimmy. Couldn't see another chap in the world like him. At least, that is the way things stood the first year I went to work for Crawford & Co.

I was a stenographer and Jimmy worked in the cashier's cage. It started one day when the boss sent me in to deliver a sheaf of reports. I glanced up at the clean-cut, good-looking chap and something in our eyes spoke. Jimmy knew, for he told me, later, that he felt the same spark that day. From then on he called me June and I called him Jimmy.

I'm just as much a vamp as the next girl, but our romance seemed to blossom naturally in church because Jimmy sang in the choir at weddings and earned extra money that way.

With this, he bought the diamond ring he slipped on my finger in September. We planned to marry at some vague, future date, when Jim's salary would permit it. But that was long before the memorable Christmas bonus came around and I found five crisp one hundred dollar bills in a little green envelope—a bonus gift from the firm to each employee.

My first impulse was not, as you might think, to furnish a cozy apartment and get married. Jim wanted me to pool my five hundred with his and buy a little house somewhere in the suburbs.

Little did he know that this bonus money meant the key to a dream I had long carried locked in my heart; a dream I had often thought about as I lay awake in my shabby room at night thinking what the world held in store for my future. Jimmy was so nice, really. And yet the temptation to marry him was not nearly so tormenting in my heart as the thing I'd always wanted to try. Laugh if you will, but I, too,
Should She Take a Five-Year Movie Contract or Go Back

If you hope to get a job as a Hollywood extra, you have to file your application for work with the Central Casting Bureau, for it is to the Bureau that the studios go when they need certain types. Learning this, I went to the Casting Bureau.

like hundreds of other girls, wanted to be a movie actress.

Just seeing myself on the screen at all would have been the most marvelous thrill. Hollywood, studios, beauty, luxury, grease-paint; the adulation of millions of people all over the world! It was breath-taking, stupendous in the very thought of such an adventure. I might make good. You never could tell. Movie magazines were my favorite reading and often I had read the stories of girls who had risked everything, taken a gamble and finally arrived at success in pictures.

I'll skip by the fireworks which ensued when I broke the news to Jimmy. At first he was stunned, then he was angry and dashed out of the room, calling me all kinds of a fool; warning me that no good would come of such nonsensical ideas.

Even that didn't deter me. Mr. Crawford, the boss, laughed in my face when I told him. Then he grew serious when he saw I was hurt.

"Why, June, there are thousands of people in Hollywood trying to get into pictures," he explained, as if I didn't know that already.

"I admit you're very attractive—fact is, I always thought you were too darn attractive to make a good secretary," he chuckled.

Then he went into a long lecture on love and marriage, claiming that women were made for these things and that every girl should think of marrying and settling down with a nice young husband before she thought of a career.

SECRETLY I snickered. I just couldn't imagine myself breaking my precious fingernails on cook pots or working over a skillet of steak and onions. No, not even for Jimmy. And he was awfully cute at that. Not for me! I was Hollywood bound!

Jimmy forgave me, grudgingly, and was down to the station to see me off. Fortunately, perhaps, I had no family ties, as I was an orphan. And that saved a lot of weeping and advice.

Mr. Crawford's brother-in-law was a movie director; he told me, just before I left the office. And when old Mr. Crawford realized I was serious about the thing, he actually gave me a letter of introduction to Sam Pearlman, who had married into the staid old Crawford family.

I'll never forget my first day in Hollywood. The train trip across country was just a blur in my memory. Desert and mountains and more desert and then we rolled right straight into Los Angeles.

Taxi fares were high, but I had a few hundred dollars in my pocket, so I jumped into a cab and told the driver to take me to the least expensive hotel in Hollywood where a girl needn't be afraid to stay alone. He grinned at that. But you couldn't blame me, not after all the wild stories I'd read about Hollywood night life.

It was early evening when I arrived in the city of fame and fortune. A string of sparkling lights against the velvet blue background of mountains—that was my first impression of Hollywood. Up Hollywood Boulevard before we swung off to a row of small stucco buildings, one of which I learned was a family hotel.

Of course, I couldn't stay indoors that first evening. I walked all over town. And it was then I discovered the Warner Brothers' long, white, two-story building, like an old Colonial fortress, on Sunset Boulevard.

I BOUGHT a copy of The Hollywood Citizen and found the "ad" of a girl who wanted to share her apartment with another girl. I proved to be a daring place, right off the Boulevard, with a wall-bed living-room, a real kitchen and private bath. All furnished, for the modest sum of $40 a month. We split the rent, so my share was only $20, and then we each put a few dollars into a kitchen envelope and whoever was home first for dinner did the shopping. I hated cooking, so Vera attended to that. We were lauding and mending to make up for it. It worked out grand, and with expenses cut to the bone, I was able to remain in Hollywood longer than I expected. Vera worked in a beauty parlor and had a steady salary.

With all Mr. Crawford's bragging about the big movie magnate-law was, in a certain studio, when I asked for Mr. Pearlman, the information clerk looked me over as if I were very dumb and informed me Mr. Pearlman hadn't been directing pictures since talkies came in. They didn't know where he
came be located now. I felt disappointed. Every morning I was at the studios before 9 o'clock. So were many other beautiful girls. The big studio gates were like a menacing giant's hand, reaching out to crush me down. Most days there was no work for anybody. I left my photos everywhere with casting directors. They're probably reposing in dusty files to this day.

Then I learned that it isn't done that way. You have to file your application for movie work with the Central Casting Bureau and it is to them the studios call when they need certain types. Three days after I'd given them all the facts a mortician might care to know about my body, my weight, my height, coloring, ancestry, etc., I got a call from the bureau.

"Are you working in any picture at present?" a business-like voice asked me. I almost swallowed my tongue trying to appear indifferent when I told them I was quite unengaged at present—like that I said it—and they told me to call at First National Studio in Burbank next morning at 8 o'clock.

Vera told me how to get out there by bus. I worked that first day as a dance-hall girl in a picture with Alice White. Handsome chaps there were to dance with. Extras, all of them, some with terribly empty stomachs beneath their carefully tailored clothes.

The chap with whom I was to dance kept asking me if the mascara on his eyelashes was all right. He was afraid it might have got smeary while we were going through the many rehearsals under those hot studio lights.

A LUCKY break for me and just dumb luck that paired me off with this fellow because of my height and build. He was such an excellent dancer, we were singled out to dance closer to the camera, while Alice White, from another angle, was bawling out Neil Hamilton. You may have seen this picture since that memorable day. It was called "The Widow From Chicago."

It was during work on this picture I met Dudley Melbourne, the most independent director in all Hollywood. He was not working just then and he sat around, watching the various types in the crowd. He didn't single me out for any attention. That is rarely done because directors can usually have the attentions of almost any girl who wants to get ahead in pictures. I singled him out. And deliberately tried to attract his attention.

It happened when little Alice White, sitting off stage, smudged her gray frock with dirt. I had an art-gum eraser in my bag and it came in handy then, since the close-up could not be taken while Alice's dress was soiled. The eraser removed the spot and Alice thanked me with a cute smile. The director smiled his thanks, too.

My lucky break came when Alice White, sitting off stage, smudged her gray frock with dirt. I had an art-gum eraser in my bag and it came in handy then, since the close-up could not be taken while Alice's dress was soiled. The eraser removed the spot and Alice thanked me with a cute smile. The director smiled his thanks, too.

(Continued on page 84)
Taurus Rules the

The Guiding Planet of May Dominates the Throat, Bringing Talkie Success to Many Born Under Its Influence

Jupiter, the planet ruling honor, glory, wealth and success, was in the midheavens when Dick Barthelmess was born. It also was friendly to Saturn, a combination which is often found in the charts of great financiers, indicating not only the ability to make money, but to make it work. Barthelmess faces a remarkably friendly planetary condition within the next two years.

Taurus for talkies? It couldn't be otherwise. For Taurus is the sign of the Zodiac which rules the throat. Therefore, it rules the voice; therefore, success with the voice; therefore, the talkies; therefore, success in the talkies.

Each sign of the Zodiac rules one part of the human body. Aries rules the head; Cancer, the stomach; Pisces, the feet. I told you a month or so ago of the girl baby whose horoscope I read and predicted that she would win "success through the feet." She is now one of our most famous dancers. And she, of course, was a Pisces child. There have been innumerable similar cases involving Taurus and the throat. Geraldine Farrar's is the most notable. I may have mentioned that before, too; but I am going to tell you the story here because it is apropos.

When "Jerry" was a small girl a rich woman in Boston became very much interested in her voice. She knew, however, the perils of backing child prodigies who often grow up to be very ordinary people. How could she tell whether this one's voice would retain its remarkable qualities? Well, she thought herself of her friend, and my friend, Oliver Ames Gould, a member of the old Boston family of that name, who was an expert amateur astrologer. Mr. Gould read the child's horoscope, observed that she had the favorable planets in Taurus which were a guarantee of success in an operatic career, and told his wealthy friend to back her to the limit. The result, as we all know, was one of the most glamorous careers in the history of American music.

It would be wonderful, wouldn't it, if we could have our own children so accurately measured to find out whether or not they would be successful in the talkies? Or whether we ourselves would be? Of course, we can, but that isn't what I started out to talk about. I started out to tell you why there are so many successful talking picture actors born between April 21st and May 21st, the period over which the sign Taurus prevails.

The list is a long one. Here are a few: Richard Barthelmess, Robert Montgomery, Josephine Dunn, Tom Moore, Leila Hyams, Alla Nazimova, Norma Talmadge, Mary Astor, Mae Murray, Billie Dove, Maureen O'Sullivan, Estelle Taylor, William Bakewell, Armida, Gary Cooper and—although he didn't live to try his voice in the talkies—Rudolph Valentino.

The first thing that strikes you, upon reading this list, is that some of these people are good in the talkies and some are not. "Aha!" exclaims the skeptic. "I guess that proves there isn't much in this here astrology!" Well, it proves nothing of the kind. The fact that you are born strongly under the influence of the sign governing the throat does not prove that you will be able to use that throat to advantage. Physically, it does indicate that you will have a good strong organ between your head and your shoulders, but it doesn't prove that that organ may not be cut by a knife or strangled by a rope. I said Geraldine Farrar had favorable planets in Taurus. A good many of our worst criminals, who met death by hanging, had unfavorable ones!

Let me show you what I mean. I have in my studio five letters from the woman friend whose horoscope I read:

Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Richard Barthelmess, born in New York City on May 9, 1895, within three days of the ill-fated Rudolph Valentino.
of a man who had been tried and condemned in the State of Oregon for murder in the first degree. The first inquired what I must know to help her. I wrote and asked the usual questions as to when and where he was born—the year, the month, the day, if possible the hour and place. The second gave me this information and more details about the crime. I replied, saying that the man’s horoscope indicated that he might be guilty, but that he would not pay the death penalty at the hands of the law. The third was frankly hopeful. The fourth answered a question which I had asked in a special letter. “Yes,” the woman wrote, “the death penalty in Oregon is hanging.”

I had asked her the question that brought that last answer because the man’s chart fairly haunted me. It clearly indicated that he would not die at the hands of the law, but also indicated just as clearly, because of the unfavorable planets which he had in the sign Taurus, that he would die a violent death by an injury to his throat.

The fifth letter, which came sometime later, was brief: “Suicide by hanging! Such is the end of the story. I rather think from your question about the Oregon law that you saw it.”

Of course, I saw it. I couldn’t help seeing it the moment I looked at the unfavorable planets governing his throat—just as I couldn’t help seeing the moment I looked at the horoscope of the late Lon Chaney that he was destined to die—as, indeed, he did die—of an affliction of his throat!

NOW, don’t misunderstand me. If there are any of the delightful artists whose names appear in this list, whose voices squawk a bit in the talkies, don’t think they are going to be hanged or that they are going to die of some ailment affecting their larynxes. Not at all. They simply fail to get the benefit of their Taurus vibrations because as their throats are concerned because the planets which they have in that sign are unfavorable or, being favorable, are so afflicted by other planets that they cannot exercise to the full their beneficial influences.

Let us take the case of the dear lamented Valentino, who is beyond the point where any unfavorable aspects in his horoscope can do him harm. The question naturally arises: Would Rudolph Valentino have been a success in the talkies? Would Valentino have had new successes? Evangeline Adams says Valentino’s career had already set when he met his death. Even had his life lasted until the talkies were invented, the probability of any sustained success for him was extremely small. Rudie was a comet, and he had shot his course long before the talkies came.
Remember Jack Gilbert's gorgeous performance of the dashing Prince Danilo in Erich Von Stroheim's superb silent version of "The Merry Widow"? No matter what the sound films do to our Jack, we shall always hold the gay and debonair prince in a niche all his own in the screen's gallery of fame. And, no matter how noisy the films become, you'll never see a better Prince Danilo. The date of release was 1925.

Of course, you have pleasant recollections of Vivian Martin, one of the charming silent films stars. Miss Martin, who is now the wife of the well known magazine editor, Arthur Samuels, was one of the loveliest of the celluloid ingenues. Above, you see her in "The Stronger Call," produced by Oliver Morosco. The bucolic youth is murmuring in her ear: "Honey, I reckon you-all need pertectin'." The date was 1916. At the right, one of the best of Wallie Reid's, Paramount films, "The Dictator," based on Richard Harding Davis' yarn. Lila Lee is the damsel in distress. The year was 1922.
Turning the CLOCK Backward

No matter what success Ramon Novarro achieves in the singing films, fans will always remember him best for his Ben-Hur. This film is still playing Europe with great success and it is still making a lot of money. The premiere of "Ben-Hur" took place in New York in 1926.

You are now seeing a new Tom Sawyer, but maybe you remember Jack Pickford's playing of Mark Twain's immortal character back in 1917. Popular Louise Huff was the Becky Thatcher. There is a scene from this "Tom Sawyer" in the center of the page. At the left is a dramatic moment of "Tillie," produced by Realart and starring Mary Miles Minter. Noah Beery is the fatherly old fellow with the whiskers. The date was 1922.
Chaplin's "City Lights" Scores—Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

WILL Charlie Chaplin's voiceless comedy, "City Lights," have any effect upon the talkies? There is just one answer. No! This superb mingling of the laugh and the tear, it seems to me, is the exception that proves the rule. Chaplin is the only star who can make silent pictures.

"City Lights" Isn't Silent

NOT that "City Lights" is really silent. Chaplin calls sound to his assistance all through the action. With the aid of musical instruments, he at once burlesques the talkies and satirizes the bumbum of the civic ceremony of a statue's unveiling. Later on he swallows a whistle at a party and surprising results accompany every hiccup. Then, in a gorgeous prize-fight, he gets tangled in the cord attached to the timer's gong.

So "City Lights" isn't really silent. But, in workmanship and perfect timing, it easily is Chaplin's best comedy. And that is saying much, when you pause to consider your memories of his best—"The Kid" and "Shoulder Arms."

Here Chaplin has shadowed his immortal clown with just a little more of the tear. There is more of the pathetic aspiration. Not that the same wistful fellow— with his jaunty cane and his timid brave front in the face of adversity—isn't involved in the old hilarious adventures. But there are pauses, notably at the end, for tragedy.

The late William Bolitho called Chaplin "the living legend of the proletariat." In simple words, he meant that Chaplin's forlorn clown personifies all downtrodden humanity in revolt against efficiency, society and the law, exemplified by silk hats, lorgnettes and night sticks—and not getting very far with the battle.

In "City Lights" the little tramp known the world over befriends a blind flower girl, falls in love and in trying to help her, steals. His pathetic pose of wealth stands revealed in the end, when the girl, her sight restored, thanks to his money, sees her noble hero for the first time as a dilapidated clown. There the comedy ends.

Through the serio-comic romance run the clown's adventures with a drunken millionaire. This chap makes the tramp his bosom pal when he is drunk but, in the heavy-headed sobriety of the morning after, he never recognizes his boon companion. The tramp is the life of the party at night, while regularly every morning he is tossed out upon the front steps.

HARRY MYERS, the unforgettable Mark Twain hero of the old silent "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is the alcoholic millionaire—and he is priceless. He is a faultless foil for Chaplin. Virginia Cherrill is tender and sympathetic as the flower girl. But "City Lights" is all Chaplin.

You owe it to yourself to see this Chaplin masterpiece.
Two Foreign Film Hits

WHEN the motion-picture critics of the world voted recently upon the ten best pictures of 1930, "Zwei Herzen Im ¾ Takt," a German-made film, and "Sous les Toits de Paris," a French picture, landed at the top of the chosen few. Both of these pictures are in this country now and you may be able to see them in the little film theaters of your city.

"Sous les Toits de Paris" (Under the Roofs of Paris) was made by Rene Claire with a minimum of dialogue. The story is told pictorially—and with a clarity that makes it understandable to everyone, whether or not one speaks French. Its background is the real Paris, not the ornate Paris with which Hollywood concerns itself, but the Paris of the back streets, the lazy little cafés and garret rooms. There is a simple story—of Pola and the emotion she arouses in three men, Albert and Louis, who are pals, and a street bully, Fred. This story is told with superb directness and a rare spontaneous gayety, minus all the conventional hokum of Hollywood. You will like it—and you will be won by Albert Prejean (an un-music hall Chevalier) as Albert and Pola Illery as the girl of the garrets.

"Zwei Herzen Im ¾ Takt" (Two Hearts in Waltz Time) has a genuine charm and is as racially Austrian as "Under the Roofs of Paris" is Parisian. This concerns a Viennese composer, who is at work upon an operetta and who can not hit upon a waltz melody. He is helpless until he sees Hedi and then he writes his waltz, which, of course, is "Two Hearts in Waltz Time." Walter Janssen makes a distinguished composer and Gretl Theimer is an attractive inspiration, but it is Robert Stoltz’s waltz, most of all, that puts over "Two Hearts in Waltz Time." Doubtless you have heard this lovely waltz on the radio.

Two new films with a jungle background have reached Broadway. One is Metro-Goldwyn’s long delayed visualization of the best seller of several years ago. "Trader Horn." In book form these recollections of the old South African tinware peddler, Aloysius Horn, were a literary sensation. For the film the Hollywood moguls naturally selected the most highly colored of Mr. Horn’s highly colored recollections. That is, the quest of the white tribal goddess, who, in reality, was a missionary’s daughter stolen in infancy by the savages.

Drama of the Jungle

IN the film, the Trader, accompanied by his young friend, Peru, indulges in an African travelogue, after which they find—and save—the goddess, Nina, who wears just a bit of monkey fur here and there and has been raised on a diet of cruelty. Indeed, she is as difficult to save as a civilized deb.

I liked the scenes on the African plains—of wild beasts, antelopes and giraffes in timid close-up. The scenes of animal killing are not for such as I. I might shoot a charging lion or rhinoceros, if I happened to be cornered, but pictures of these animals in dying agony (with accompanying sound) do not constitute entertainment for me.

Still "Trader Horn" is an effective thriller for those who like this sort of thing. If the story is a little difficult to believe, remember that Mr. Horn’s memories were, too. I will not go into how the individual scenes were made in Africa and in Hollywood but many of the moments involved considerable risk.

Harry Carey is excellent as the old Trader. Edwina Booth does well as the blonde savage, the toughest rôle, for sheer physical tribulations, ever handed a Hollywood cutie. Duncan Renaldo is pretty bad as Peru. A swell bit is Mutia Omoolu’s fearless gun-bearer. Mutia is a real native. He (Continued on page 92)
Hollywood, Cal.

Hollywood is a Glittering Mirage—
Problems of a Blonde in Africa—
Screen Youths Are Taking Themselves Too Seriously—Garbo vs. Dietrich

Hollywood is a glittering mirage. To those outside it looms a paradisical oasis in a sage-brush world. Those within find it a high-pressure area from which, at one time or another, each seeks escape, only to be lured back. Gloria Swanson swears she is going to fly to a South Sea isle where a lady is as free of worries as she is of Lanvins and even Stepins. Doug Fairbanks has broken the leash and bounded off to Siam to spank tiger cats. Chaplin after two years' servitude on "City Lights" is going on a long trek through Europe. Norma Talmadge is yearning toward Biarritz and Juan-les-Pins where she good-timed last summer. Marlene Dietrich fled to Germany after "Dishonored" declaring the Hollywood sun dried up her brains. Is it any wonder then that a lighter-brained mortal like myself should find the excitement of the Clara Bow-Daisy De Voe battle too much for him and fly off into the Arizona deserts? After that trial I felt I needed not only a change of air but a change of profession. I was lured to Arizona by Mr. Brisbane's description of a rattlesnake pit at the University. The snakes are milked of their venom, which is used as an antidote. I thought some of it was needed in Hollywood. With my Hollywood experience I found I could win the rattlesnake milking championship with one hand tied. Everything is tame after the excitement of the movie colony. And so here I am back among the picture pythons.

A Voice From The Bed: I just talked to Leslie Fenton on the telephone. Les immortalized himself in Hollywood history by turning down a million-dollar contract in order to go vagabonding. A wild Byronic Irishman with the divine restlessness he adventured around Europe last year. I tried to catch him there but he was always in a biergarten when I was in a bistro or vice versa. He returned to Hollywood romantically penniless to restock himself for a round-the-world jaunt. He was cast in "The Man Who Came Back." You may have heard his voice issuing from a bunk in the hop joint. "I only appear vocally," Les says. "I am a voice from the bed."

In "The Public Enemy," his next, I trust he will be sufficiently rested to get up.

Screen Slaves: Les Fenton declares that actors who stick too close to Hollywood become imitations of themselves. He is right. Some become mere ghosts. A man who gazes upon his reflection day after day in the "rushes" is liable to suffer the same fate as Narcissus. The camera captures their real selves and leaves them actors.

Escape By Proxy: Hollywood is just a close-up of the world. Nearly everyone wants to get away from himself and the complications he has forged. Civilization has fallen into a goose-step with most of the world moving to the lugubrious measure of a Marche Slave. We would like to go native but not having the Houdini agility of Doug Fairbanks we flock to such pictures as

Herb Howe fled to the Arizona desert to forget Hollywood—and a mirage of the golden town promptly appeared to annoy him. So Herb deserted the sage brush for the old town again. Can you blame him?
"Africa Speaks," "Rango," "Trader Horn." ... They offer an escape by proxy.

Africa Falls For Blondes: Trader Horn turns out to be Thomas Cook in Africa. He shows you more animals than you could see at the zoo and some prove as good actors as any in Hollywood. I particularly like the near-sighted hippopotamus who, rather than use a lorgnette, maneuvers herself into the wind to recognize you as small. What a field for the listerine advertisers! ("halitosis in Africa proves fatal") The film is travel propaganda for Africa. Blondes who may have been deterred from an African tour through fear of the distances between beauty shops will be reassured by the appearance of Edwina Booth. Although Miss Booth dresses in the height of African fashion she isn’t tanned anywhere, and her hair is a stunning testimonial to the tinting and waving experts of the dark continent. The clean feather headdresses and smart pearl anklets of the natives likewise indicate that their costume department is in every way equal to that of the M-G-M. Studio. The way in which the Miss Booth holds the men in submission should be particularly alluring to blondes. Even when she beats them up they remain gentlemen. Indeed, the picture shows the African brunettes to be much less savage than our blondes.

The Life of a Missionary’s Daughter: According to Trader Horn and all jungle pictures, missionaries are so busy converting the heathen that they invariably mislay their daughters, who, consequently, are reared by unconverted, though kind-hearted, chimpanzees or natives. A lot of thanks the chimps and heathens get, judging by Edwina’s conduct. Maybe the missionaries lose them on purpose. Anyhow, those daughters always carve out fine careers for themselves. They become queens and rule with high hand until some heir to American millions has the misfortune to be shipwrecked within their reach. The fate of a missionary’s daughter appears to be a lot sweeter than that of the daughter of an American millionaire.

Savage Disillusionment: I don’t know why so much fuss was made over the faking of “Inagagi,” which purported to be an African thriller but was filmed in the vicinity of Hollywood. The only difference between “Inagagi” and many another picture is that “Inagagi” was Hollywood-made in its entirety whereas others use the “Dunning process,” glass shots and other tricks only in part. This is no insinuation toward “Trader Horn,” for M-G-M courageously sent its company to Africa. The film is authentic in background—a lot more authentic, I suspect, than the story from which it was taken. Even though it were not, I should never expose it. I shall never forget the expression of complete disillusionment on the face of a Christian lady when, in reply to her question, I was compelled to say that I did not think the little colored boy was actually eaten by the lion in “Africa Speaks.”

"Inagagi" and many another picture is that “Inagagi” was Hollywood-made in its entirety whereas others use the “Dunning process,” glass shots and other tricks only in part. This is no insinuation toward “Trader Horn,” for M-G-M courageously sent its company to Africa. The film is authentic in background—a lot more authentic, I suspect, than the story from which it was taken. Even though it were not, I should never expose it. I shall never forget the expression of complete disillusionment on the face of a Christian lady when, in reply to her question, I was compelled to say that I did not think the little colored boy was actually eaten by the lion in “Africa Speaks.”

It just seems you can’t believe anything you see in pictures, sighed the lady.

Rest For The Ears: "It’s kind of a rest for the ears," said the gentlemen behind me at a showing of Chaplin’s "City Lights."

"Yeah," said his lady friend, who proceeded to unloose the tongue.

Rest for audience ears and chance for the tongue long-silenced by talkies.

The silent little Chaplin is welcomed sentimentally like a long-lost friend. His familiar gags are a happy reminiscence. It’s something of an old home week.

As a pantomimist Charlie is as great as

DRAWINGS BY KEN CHAMBERLAIN

Blondes who have been deterred from an African tour through fear of the distances between beauty shops will be reassured by the appearance of Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn." She never acquires a tan and her hair is always a stunning testimonial to the waving experts of the dark continent.

ever but as an author he seems a trifle weary, a little repetitious.

We will always love this little fellow and perhaps that love is heightened by the sadness one feels in seeing him mute in the age of talkies, just as veneration of Bernhardt increased when she was compelled to act from a sitting position, her leg amputated.

Hollywood Genius: I wonder how much will be said of the genius of Chaplin a few years from now. There was a time when it was heretical not to place Mary Pickford at the head of the screen’s greatest actresses. Mary is now considering a plunge into the cosmetic business, which she has found will yield eighteen million a year.

Mary should have graduated from the screen to a higher position. Few names have been so idealized as that of Mary Pickford. It has opportunities without limitation. It might (Cont. on page 122)

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The month of May derives its name from the ancients, dating back to the Roman Maia, the goddess of growth. The birthstone for May—Ancient, agate; modern, emerald. The emerald is said to bring happiness to wearers born in the month of May.
CLARA BOW

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee
Louise Brooks is returning to the screen as the Russian charmer in the Fox production, "God's Gift to Women." Here Miss Brooks is wearing a delft blue crêpe de chine evening costume lavishly studded with rhinestones and crystal beads, ending in a giant flounce of vertical plaited net ruffles. The wrap is of deep blue Salome velvet with circular cape bordered in white fox. The costume was designed by Earle Luick.
The romance of Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis is such a sweet and simple story that it is often overlooked in the midst of Hollywood's tragic and sensational and unusual amours. It is the boy and girl love story that eternally walks hand in hand with beauty. And—best of all—it ends with a "They lived happily ever after." For Harold is a sane, kind and understanding husband. And Mildred has given him a happy and peaceful home, arranged for his comfort and inspiration.
The story we love best.
That is the romance of Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.
Because it is such a sweet and simple story, we sometimes overlook it amidst the tragic and sensational and unusual amours of Hollywood.
Yet it is the boy and girl love story that eternally walks hand in hand with beauty. A brave and gay and adorable story, full of tears and laughter—and with such a happy ending. In these days of "ex" This and That, of distorted values and cynical comment on all that has to do with marriage, it is like a breath of Spring.
Once upon a time, in Hollywood, there was a young man named Harold Lloyd. He had been poor, discouraged, but with that dogged determination that won't believe defeat, he had battled his way up to the first rung of the ladder. For surely one-reel comedies rate almost at the bottom.

A busy, energetic, determined youth, with a pugnacious jaw, clear, deep gray eyes. On the screen he resembled any other young American go-getter. He knew he didn't amount to much, but he intended to, some day.
If he thought about love at all he thought himself rather in love with a dark-eyed Spanish beauty named Bebe Daniels. When he had a few dollars to spare he took her out in his uncertain Ford. But love was not as important as pictures. They were, in time, to become the greatest of friends, with a friendship that lasted and kept them close through good and bad alike.
Bebe had played with him in his early one-reelers, but she left to go with Cecil de Mille, and Harold found himself without a leading lady.
"Well, here we are," he said to his producer and sidekick, Hal Roach. "What'll we do for a gal?"
The two young men cogitated for a while.

A prophetic scene from an early comedy made by Harold Lloyd, when the blond and unknown Mildred Davis was his leading woman. The picture was "Haunted Spooks," made in 1920.

"Look," said Harold. "We ought to get somebody that's a direct contrast to Bebe in looks. Have to be a blonde. Little blonde with blue eyes and curls, see? Maybe it'd be better if she was somebody new."
The search went on; then one day Hal Roach came leaping into Harold's far from palatial dressing room. "Come take a look."
In Bryant Washburn's picture was a pretty little blonde named Mildred Davis. The two young men looked at each other and nodded wisely. That was it.
But the question of finding Mildred Davis proved to be something else again.

At that moment Mildred Davis, her lovely blonde curls tied with a big blue bow, was going to high school in Tacoma, her books being carried back and forth by a whole coterie of devoted youths. Motion pictures and Hollywood were far, far from her thoughts. She didn't like Hollywood and pictures made her tired, and besides her father and mother said she should finish her schooling sensibly before they heard any more about her being an actress. After all she was only sixteen. So Mildred returned from her brief experience and was happily studying French (Continued on page 108)
NO CASTING TODAY
The extra girl is turned down at another studio

The first of a series of special motion picture drawings by Everett Shinn, the famous artist
Lots of interest will center in Marian Marsh's selection to play Trilby opposite Mr. Barrymore's Svengali. Miss Marsh was born in Trinidad, British West Indies, in 1913, and was attending Hollywood High School when her sister, known to films as Jean Morgan, got a job in pictures. Marian went around and took a screen test herself. That led to a Warner Brothers contract and a rôle in "Young Sinners."
George Du Maurier made famous the Latin Quarter of Paris with his celebrated novel, "Trilby." This is now being made into a talkie to bear the title, "Svengali," after the bizarre hypnotist who transformed the voiceless model into a great singer. Mr. Barrymore will be the strange and sinister hypnotist. This picture shows him on a moving camera truck used to get unusual angle shots.
The Problems of a Hollywood Wife

BY EVELYN GRAY

It's strange that the actor's wife has been neglected in song and story the way she has. There is the old classic, "Oh, What a Foolish Girl Was She, to be a Bartender's Bride"; then, "The Gambling Man" and "Casey Jones" pointed out the sad lot of the gambler's wife and the gal who loved a brave engineer; "Father, Dear Father" chants the dirge of the drunkard's wife; "The Girl I Left Behind Me" tells what happened to the soldier's sweetheart, and "Poor Butterfly" shows what a meanie a sailor can be. To date the actor's wife is unsung.

Many a girl who would like to settle down into comfortable arch preserver shoes, eat hot biscuit, and let her hair get gray, is condemned to four-inch heels, no lunch, bleached hair that she knows darned well is unbecoming, and the general strain of trying to look half her age in order to keep home and husband safe against the perennial onslaught of the new crop of seventeen-year-old leading ladies at the studios. She must sparkle and scintillate when she's worried half crazy that the baby, who must not even be mentioned, is having another spasm of croup.

Mentioning the baby recalls Madame Glyn. Madame is the proponent of the theory that all actors should be single men, preserved in the acid of their thwarted natures, as it were, a sort of perennial and unbelievable youth like the figures on Keats' Grecian Urn. If he commits the unspeakable vulgarity of marrying, so be it, he dooms himself with his audiences. If he is so utterly lost to his own future as to perpetuate his kind, he must keep this assiduously concealed.

Un fortunately, this theory still exists to darken the lives of actors and their wives and children. If you do not believe it still exists, try as I have tried to interview these mysterious creatures that live in the half light, the wives of the stars. You will find every obstacle put in your way to keep you from speaking to these cloistered souls, these inhabitants of the Hollywood harem, condemned to the outer darkness behind the brilliant spotlight on the husband and father. The wives of Richard Barthelmess, Conrad Nagel and Robert Montgomery are among those positively forbidden to give interviews, statements or opinions, by the exigencies of their husbands' careers as male idols. As this is so often the case in Hollywood, one wonders what mental adjustment the wives make to this situation. The airy remarks of Mrs. Joe E. Brown, which come a bit later in this article, speak one woman's attitude toward this problem.

To be the wife of an actor," says Mrs. Edmund Breese, who has been just that for twenty years, "one must start out with plenty of common sense." Now common sense is that peculiar trait which everyone believes he has, but can never discover in anyone else. Just what common sense is, as applied to being the wife of an actor, is hard to say; but why it is particularly needed by an actor's wife is easy to understand. It is so necessary for the wife because the actor husband is bound to have so little of it.

Whoa, there, we don't mean what you mean. Actors are simply grand, we like a lot of them. But the type of personality that makes a good actor would be ruined if bogged down with too much common sense. An actor must be emotional, he must be full of imagination, temperament, a fair share of conceit, a passion for freedom, love of applause, and a great many other qualities that do not make for happy home life for any ordinary woman.

By temperament, then, an actor is very likely to be a husband that needs understanding from his wife, more than any other sort of husband in the world. If he does not get it, not only marital unhappiness results, but frequently his career is spoiled with the stress and publicity attendant on his divorce. Even if there is no divorce, how can a man put real fervor into love scenes that mean his pay check, if he knows that his wife is going to criticize his fervor because of her own jealousy?

Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, are an interesting Hollywood couple. Both are players—and they manage to make a success of their marriage. They are shown at the left with their little daughter, Jane.
They're Many, Because Actors, Hemmed in by Adulation and Emotionalism, Make the Toughest Sort of Husbands

If he has been wrangling at home, he may be so overwrought that he cannot remember his lines. He may fly off the handle and wrangle with his director because his wife served soggy hotcakes and Junior upset the cream pitcher. Of course, other husbands have this happen and carry a grouch to the office. The actor's wife realizes that her husband's possible tantrum may hold up production and cost thousands of dollars to his company.

The actor's temperament is pretty well exemplified in Jack Gilbert. He was divorced by his former wife, Leatrice Joy, several years ago. Leatrice said, at the time, "Jack was too temperamental. He was always either up on the heights, full of enthusiasm and energy and pep, enough to exhaust one, or down in the depths, despairing, full of gloom, and the world was all wrong. I could not stand it. I am a simple sort of person, really a Pollyanna type. I guess, I could not keep up with Jack's tremendous moods." Then, too, witness the separation of Jack and Ina Claire.

Betty Compson married Jim Cruze, famous as an actor before he became a director; after several trial separations she divorced Jim. He loved to give big parties all the time. Day and night their home was an open house, and over the week-end it was a madhouse. Jim, who likes to imagine himself the lord of the manor dispensing largess, has guests that he doesn't know himself, that just "came" along with the regulars. Hollywood is a great town for this sort of thing; and Jim himself realizes that he is victimized—but doesn't seem to mind it, so it goes on happening.

The hurried marriage of Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire has ended in a separation. Temperaments clashed—and love flew out the window. One of Hollywood's big problems is the adjustment of temperaments.

This grandeur complex, with the manifestation of giving big parties, is one of the most frequently observed things in Hollywood. Men buy big houses they can't afford, and proceed to give parties that they can't afford, and buy cars they can't afford, wear clothes they can't afford, buy their wives clothes they can't afford, buy expensive gifts they can't afford, to give to anybody at all because it flatters their own vanity to give such gifts; perhaps the whole round of Hollywood "Can't Affords" has its inception in the desire to magnify themselves in their own estimation. Doing Big Things in a Big Way is Hollywood's motto. An actor can't send a girl a dozen roses; he must send her three thousand, in two trucks. Generosity? Maybe. Maybe megalomania. Terribly dramatic and exciting, of course, for the recipient, as well as for the sender. But no one could ascribe it to common sense.

How does a wife deal with this problem? Perhaps she stands it until her strength begins to break, and then gets a divorce. Perhaps she gets her husband guided in the channel of buying real estate or some other sort of thing that can be used on a rainy day. Perhaps she throws up her hands in glee and enjoys it all as much as he does. It takes a strong and steady hand to drive this sort of horse, if disaster is not to follow.

Foolish investments are as much of a menace to the happiness and prosperity of Hollywood home life as the megalomania of spending.

Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, shown at the left with her daughter, Jane Harriet, always is pointed out as one of the model non-professional wives of Hollywood.

(Continued on page 109)
Come Into the Garden
The Romance of the Old Spanish Pioneers Still Hovers Over the Gardens of the Hollywood Famous

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER

HOLLYWOOD homes and Hollywood hospitality have become proverbial to those lucky enough to have visited this magic capital of films and frivolity. The romantic aura of the old Spanish settlers—with their haciendas comprising broad acres, their vine-grown patios and pools, their lace-like wrought-iron gateways, grilles and balconies hung with brilliantly blooming pots of flowers, their gay open air feasting in walled gardens beneath spreading pepper trees—is still a part of the polyglot village that is Hollywood.

The influx of New Yorkers brought here by talking pictures, who knew Nature mainly through city parks and penthouse gardens atop skyscrapers, have been among the most enthusiastic gardeners to build up estates in the ideal, all-year-round climate of Hollywood. While many of the stars have brought the gardens of their native climates to Hollywood, and adapted them here insofar as is possible, the greatest number have accepted with open arms the graceful spaciousness, vivid colorings and picturesque detail of the old Spanish gardens native to the soil and climate of California.

If you wish to shape your garden after the famous ones of Hollywood and would like to know if any of the flowers described here are suitable for your climate, write to The Garden Editor, NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE formal Italian garden flourishes well in the Hollywood climate, and there are many examples of it here. There are the old fashioned gardens of the East and the Middle West, and the stately formality of the Virginia country places; there are the frankly Western cactus gardens, and wild flower gardens of plants native to this district.

All of them represent a wholesome instinct, the desire to have a place to refresh the nerves drawn taut in the high tension work of the studios, a place to entertain friends delightfully outdoors in the European style. Fannie Hurst made fun of the French pastry architecture of Hollywood; such places represent a past era. Hollywood has grown up; all the architectural and landscaping art of the world has been centered in the building of beautiful estates. Small homes are as perfect in their gardens as the large estates; stars come home from travels abroad and from trips to Mexico and Hawaii eager to imitate and adapt the lovely things they have seen.

Francis Bacon once said: "A garden is man's purest

Jack Gilbert believes that the cactus garden is the ideal man's garden. Here is an interesting view of Mr. Gilbert's prize cacti.
On this page three striking views of Harold Lloyd's beautiful estate may be found. At the right: the lily pool and the suntrap at the end of the estate.

At the left, the picturesque old mill that forces the stream through the Lloyd estate. Below: the cascades in front of the Lloyd residence, with the comedian himself crouching in the foreground.
Formal French and Italian Gardens Vie With Those

Ramon Novarro finds moments for reflection in this lovely garden with its huge sycamores and rose plots overlooking the restless Pacific below.

pleasure"; and Hollywood sophisticates have found surcease from care in lovely gardens.

All Hollywood estates are to be judged in comparison with the Harold Lloyd estate, for, in its seventeen acres, is comprised the most beautiful and varied gardening in the whole vicinity. Nature has been encouraged with a knowing hand to bloom according to her mood within these magic confines, and art has added its graceful touch to the ideal sites provided by the natural topography of the grounds.

The Lloyd property was acquired some years ago from the old estate of the Benedicts, for which Benedict Canyon, in which many beautiful sites and estates lie, was named. The purchase was made by Lloyd's uncle, William R. Fraser, who had been a district supervisor in the United States Forest Service in Denver, Colorado, and who fully appreciated the value of the grand old trees which today are a feature of the estate.

The varied topography makes for an ideal variety in the grounds. The house, of admirable and restrained Italian type, is placed at the top of a hill that is approached with a winding road from one side, but drops in a sheer rocky declivity from the other. At the foot of the declivity, and along its base for some hundreds of feet, runs an undulating stretch of greensward with a golf course, and a stream that goes the length of the grounds ending in a quiet lily-grown lagoon with rowboats. Entering the grounds by the road one finds a long wall of brick and stone protecting the lower stretch of grounds from the eye of the passerby. Plantings of trees, shrubs and flowers between the road and the wall make a pleasing screen.

Entering the gates, the visitor passes across the lawn of the golf course for a hundred feet, across a quaint stone bridge over the stream, and up the winding road to the house.

The terrace in front of the house is ornamented with dwarf orange trees in urns, and looks down into the vista of the Garden of Cascades. Rising in a round fountain bowl between two semi-circular staircases at the front of the house, the water falls through a series of cement basins shaped like sea shells, extending for a distance of one hundred and
of the Far West and of New England and Dixie

seventy-five feet. A walk on each side of the cascades is lined with beds of petunias, Shasta daisies, delphinium, stock and other annuals. This Garden of Cascades is enclosed on each side by a hedge of Pruner's Carolina cherry, and a spaced row of Italian cypress. Huge peppers from beyond the garden stretch large leafy drooping arms of ferny foliage overhead.

The waterfall discharges its crystal burden into a large pool on the terrace below the Cascade Garden; there a wide flag-paved circular terrace widens out to invite one to quietude and enjoyment of the vistas beyond. Then a wide shallow stepped stairway, balustraded, descends to the next level, to the mirror pool where pond lilies grow in profusion. Beds of variegated flowers surround the walks about the pool, and a sanded terrace at the end of the pool with a suntrap, where tables and chairs add coziness, affords a view extending to the mountains and sea. If one looks on the grounds below, there is a rose garden stretching down to the terrace on one side full of ragged robins, with their wide red rosepetals. Orange and lemon groves, old as the Benedict Rancho, are neatly terraced down the slopes which end in the golf green below.

Approaching the house by another path, one passes massed beds of loristina, a dark green shrub with white fragrant blooms looking not unlike tiny cherry blossoms, and heavily fragrant. Through a romantic side stairway cut out of the rock, and overshadowed with tall cypress, one passes a quaintly wrought iron gateway, which unexpectedly opens on a hushed unreal spot, where time stops, there is no sound, and only heavenly beauty and fragrance. This is the French Garden.

A small plot, surrounded by a high hedge of English boxwood and the towering whispering tops of a tall eucalyptus, the French Garden is planted entirely in paper white narcissus, with violas—a heliotrope-colored pansy—which cover the black earth with their rich color, while the heavily fragrant clusters of the white

Another view of Jack Gilbert's garden. Mr. Gilbert likes the strong primitive coloring of his hillside cactus garden.

Constance Bennett standing close by a nook in her walled garden. This little rocky grotto invites quiet thought, even here in Beverly Hills.
Hollywood Temperament Relaxes in the Lovely

Norma Shearer loves the pleasant relaxation she can enjoy in this charming garden, with its lovely pool, arbor and flowering borders.

narcissus emit an incense-like odor. Here it is that Harold Lloyd likes to come, in the morning, and again in the evening, for a few moments alone. The gardeners understand that not one flower is to be plucked in this spot. This is Lloyd's own personal part of the garden.

All the paths hereabouts are lined with violets which raise their sturdy ruddy stems to hold aloft their large purple faces above the cool green leaves. These violets are the favorites of the mistress of the house, Mildred Davis Lloyd.

Below the Narcissus Garden, called the French Garden, is the Dutchman's Garden, so called by Harold because it is set off in square plots, containing annuals which are changed square by square as the flowers pass out of season, without disturbing those in other plots still blooming. There are always homely colorful garden favorites rioting their robust blooms here.

On the other side of the house, across wide stretches of tree-grown lawns, there is the formal garden laid out in geometric beds lined with small box hedges; this opens off the dining room. Descending a wide winding flagged stairway, one enters the spacious confines of the Poplar Garden. Three sides are surrounded with tall Lombardy poplars; shrubs are in front of these, and then beds of bloom. As this is written huge masses of colorful and fragrant stock lift their conelike heads of bloom. The paths are lined with the same dwarf orange and tangerine trees that in their urns decorate the large terraces about the house. This is the largest single garden plot about the grounds and contains almost everything that can bloom in the Southern California climate.

Slopes below are planted with the large flat-faced yellow and orange calendulas, which because of their brilliant
colors are great favorites with Lloyd.

There are paths leading from all the upper terraces about the house, down to the stream and greensward below, first mentioned in this description. One stairway, the most picturesque, starts with Observation Point, a small wrought iron fenced spot where one may stand and view the distant panorama, and the more immediate prospect of a beautiful cataract that falls over the face of the rocky declivity in three cascades, a distance of over sixty feet. Down the stairway, of flagged rocks set in cement, one goes down by gradual slopes over the face of the declivity, which is grown with huge old trees, live oaks, sycamores, eucalyptus, peppers, under which flourish fern, wildflowers, native blooming shrubs, in a wild and picturesque confusion. Many other paths form a network across the face of this charming cliff, which extends for several hundred feet along and above the stream below.

A barbecue pit, with tables and chairs and all conveniences, is beside a picturesque old stone mill, the ponderous wooden wheel of which furnishes the force to the water flowing through the little stream and lagoon. Beyond this, on the same level stretch at the base of the cliff, is the Phoebe Garden, built formally about a center mirror pool at which four paths converge. A picturesque shrine at the end of one path shelters a statue of Phoebe. Roses grow in the geometric enclosures, set off from the lawns about by low stone walls on which one may sit comfortably, secure in the knowledge that the bronze sundial will warn of passing time.

The estate of Carl Laemmle, next to the Lloyd estate, is perhaps the most romantic as well as one of the oldest in the Hollywood district. Bought and developed some years ago by the late Tom Ince, a devoted lover of beauty in all forms, the property was laid out as the most beautiful Spanish haciendas in all California, with buildings and grounds second to none in the southwest. In addition to making the ranch a vision of beauty, with rambling stone walls, picturesque old wells, and other such things, Ince planted many acres of the property in oranges, avocados, walnuts and other profitable crops, with the idea that eventually the property would pay for itself. At present it belongs to the Carl Laemmle family and under them the estate has blossomed and fulfilled the dreams of its original owner.

Louise Fazenda has specialized on Shasta daisies in her garden. They are ideal for a California garden.

Sue Carol provides synthetic raindrops for her pottery garden, one of the prettiest of the many Hollywood gardens.
Recognized as one of the really beautiful young actresses of Hollywood, Miss Young has been getting some choice roles. In one year she played opposite such stars as Jack Barrymore and Ronald Colman. You next will see her in "Big Business Girl," another story of a pretty girl in the business world, written by N. H. Swanson, editor of College Humor, and by Patricia Reilly. Hollywood is going in strongly for the problems of the modern stenographer.
HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

Admiral Richard Byrd is the Guest of Honor at a Lovely Party
Given by Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels

HOLLYWOOD knows how to entertain celebrities, and we thought that you would like to know how Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, the explorer, was entertained when he recently visited in the movie capital.

Everyone in pictures has joined in the nation’s admiration of Admiral Byrd, so of course it was a gala occasion when he arrived and everyone hoped to be on the very exclusive guest list when it became known that he would be the guest of honor at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels) at their beautiful home in Santa Monica. Of course you know that Bebe is an Honorary Colonel in the Flying Corps and Ben is a pilot of distinction, so they were exactly the ones to give such a party. Besides, no one in Hollywood can equal Bebe as a hostess.

The house was full of baskets of spring flowers. The dinner was served in buffet style, and small tables were set with silver, flowers and exquisite linen in the drawing room, and the big sun porch.

After dinner there was bridge, much delightful conversation and some very good music.

Among the guests were Lieut. Commander George O. Norville, U. S. N., and Mrs. Norville, and Lieutenant Sweely, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sweely.

Bebe wore a lace frock of coral, and her mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, who assisted her in receiving, wore beige satin. Mrs. A. W. Lyon, Ben’s mother, was in a very lovely gown of lavender and silver lace.

There certainly couldn’t be gathered together anywhere prettier girls than those who came to meet Admiral Byrd that evening. And they all wore their loveliest frocks and jewels.

As for the menu—well, there was just everything to eat that you could imagine.

Roast turkey, baked ham, delicious chicken a la king in chafing dishes, and bowls of every kind of salad. One thing that Bebe’s dinners are always noted for is great silver dishes of the most perfectly cooked vegetables, and bowls of sliced carrots and celery, served raw.

I’m going to give you the recipe for that ham:
One eight-pound ham; 2 quarts Brussels sprouts; 1 bunch watercress; ¾ cup chopped chives; 2 bunches of shallots; ½ teaspoon pepper; 1 tablespoon mixed pickle spices; dry bread crumbs; whole cloves; 1 teaspoon salt.

Parboil ham 30 minutes and drain. Chop all vegetables as fine as possible and add a little water. Enough to make a paste. Season with salt and pepper. With a sharp knife make incisions through the ham, about two inches apart. Stuff these with the vegetable mixture, pushing it in as far as possible with the end of a spoon. Roll the ham tightly in cheese cloth, plunge into boiling water, add the pickle spice and boil gently for four or five hours. Let it cool in the liquid, then remove the skin and dust the fat with dry bread crumbs. Stud the whole with cloves and brown in the oven.
Above, Dorothy Christy and Sally Eilers demonstrate that Spring's fancies in fashions turn to organdies and eyelet embroideries in dress selections. Both dresses show the slenderizing body lines with flaring skirts now so popular. Miss Christy is wearing a velvet bolero with her all-over eyelet embroidery pattern, while Miss Eilers' dress reveals a youthful bertha collar. Right, the flowing lines of the twilight dinner gown of net embroidered with silver, with deep black chiffon godets and self-edged cape effect, is stunningly complimented by Evelyn Knapp. Howard Greer is the creator of this gown.
Organdies for Afternoon and Gayly Printed Chiffons for the Evenings Are Now the Vogue

Above, Greta Garbo herself poses for NEW MOVIE costume picture. The casual air accentuated in sports clothes is preferred by Miss Garbo, who wears them with the right carefree manner. Her silk dress of wide belt and scarf collar lines, with button trim, carries out the lines she likes to adopt. The vagabond hat is chosen to set it off properly. Left, Mary Doran wears this charming gown of red taffeta, with stunning black lace mitts and a lovely necklace of cut rubies and diamonds.
HOLLYWOOD DEMONSTRATES NEW FROCKS, WITH

Trains, peplums and crystals are all an integral part of the Spring season's evening mode. Carole Lombard combines all three items in the gown of turquoise blue satin, shown at the left.

Summer evenings this year will be bright with gowns of gay printed chiffon and big picture hats. Miss Lombard appears at the right in a frock of black and yellow print and adds a hat of black tulle and straw, as well as black suède gloves.
At the right Claudette Colbert wears a gray tweed suit, designed for sports and street wear. The fur on the collar and the cuffs of the coat is gray Persian lamb. With it Miss Colbert is wearing a gray crêpe blouse, antelope hat, gunmetal stockings and black lizard shoes. The bag is of black lizard, also. Below, "Spring Rain" is the title of the frock of gray chiffon and atom-like crystal beads worn by Miss Carole Lombard.

The afternoon frock worn by Miss Lombard at the right shows the Russian influence, just now so much a part of the mode. The frock is of beige roma crêpe with three quarter sleeves bound in blue fox fur.
Plenty to satisfy your natural craving for fruits and sweets

Cool, tangy, refreshing fruit flavors of orange, lemon and lime—and always satisfying “mints” of peppermint, wintergreen and spearmint.

You can buy them everywhere—to have a package handy in your purse or pocket whenever you have that normal healthy desire for a bit of sweet.

Solid drops of refreshment in all your favorite flavors—you’ll find them satisfying and enjoyable, and just enough. The most complete candy enjoyment you can get, and only 5¢.

Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints are made by the makers of the famous Beech-Nut Gum.

Tourists motoring through the Mohawk Valley are invited to visit the plant of the Beech-Nut Packing Company at Canajoharie, N.Y., on Route 5, midway between Utica and Albany.

ALL Candy
They’re solid
Helps for the Home Dressmaker

You can make any of the smart accessories shown on this page with the help of our New Method Circulars.

MA27. Made from printed silk and a bit of belting ribbon, this wisp of a hat can be made to fit any head and draped to become any type of face. The circular shows how to make both hat and matching bag.

MA28. Made from crêpe de chine and lace, this new dance set has all the earmarks of Paris. The bandeau is nicely shaped by darts and tucks and the shorts fit without ripples at the waistline. The circular gives directions with diagram for cutting pattern.

MA29. From half a yard of silk you can make the tie and belt set shown above. Circular shows how to make this as well as the cavalier set below it and two other collar and cuff sets.

MA30. Schiaparelli originated this smartest of all new sweaters which you can crochet from a few balls of yarn. Circular gives full directions.

MA31. This nightgown is very new but not difficult to make. Directions for cutting and making are contained in circular.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the description.
Hereby Bequeath—
(Continued from page 33)

When it invaded the oyster's shell, a rare and famous gem which will go to the Smithsonian Institute; another collection of shawls, which is part of a fabric collection; maps and documents by family members; documents; objects of art, including Ming porcelains, a collection of Indian rugs, all antique, including one made from the ravelings of old Spanish lances; a collection of fifty-four knives, all taken from murderers by the Chief of Police at Manila, a gift from De Mille's old friend, Theodore Roberts; all of these things will find their way to museums. De Mille is considering the idea of willing a fund to install them all in one wing as a memorial at the Smithsonian or some similar museum.

THE will of Harold Lloyd is another carefully planned document, as well it may be, representing the final disposal of one of the largest single fortunes collected in films. The widow will be provided for generously both by trusts to safeguard her and by bequests of cash and other properties as well. The same is true of the little daughter, Mildred Gloria; and her adopted sister shares equally with the benefits that fall to Mildred Gloria, dollar for dollar. It is well known that Harold Lloyd's dream has always been of a family; the unfortunate circumstances that have hindered its fullest realization have turned him towards adopting a child, but he insists on regarding her as his own, in the way he is providing for her. His estate of seventeen acres, and his elaborate home, he has lavished money on, with the idea of providing for his children and their children forever, a Lloyd estate that will not end with him and his wife. His extensive library with many unique and expensive volumes, will be kept intact with the furnishings of the home, for the children.

Louise Fazenda, while she is not possessed of a huge fortune, has a very human sort of will. Louise makes a new one about every year or so, and while there is always the matter of a trust fund for her parents, the individual small bequests vary and increase. When she becomes aware that one of her treasures appeals particularly to some friend, down it goes in the will. She has a collection of various old pieces of china, Wedgwood, antique Dresden, Colonial glass, as well as other old and valuable pieces.

Some of her most valuable things which will be left to museums, include a collection of firearms, covering completely the history of California from the earliest days down to the present. Old blunderbusses of the Mexican War, the earliest gun collection, the pistols of bandits, of the Gold Rush era, of the Civil War, down to the present, are all represented. A collection of old theater programs, a letter of Edwin Booth, the actor; a collection of old land grants, and documents pertaining to California history, a fine group of mementos of Lola Montez, the famous dancer, who came to the California gold fields from the courts of Europe, an old mail coach riddled with bandits' bullets from the early days, a collection of daggers, and valuable miscellaneous articles, including old books, will be left to California museums. A collection of old "stills," made in her early Silent days, which would set some stars squirming with embarrassment, will go to the Academy museum. All of her things have been collected personally by Louise, who loves to roam from one town to another in out-of-the-way places, to search for likely places to find things. She is also an avid second-hand store and auction fan; her buying is mostly personally done.

HOBART BOSWORTH has a unique contribution which his will leaves to the California State Historical Society. During his long career in films, beginning with the first one ever made in California in 1908, over a Chinese laundry at Eighth and Olive Streets in Los Angeles, he saved his "stills." Most of the films in his early career were made outdoors on locations now quite changed by the growth of the city and the developments and changes all through the state. He claims he has been shot on every rock, swimming every river, and walking across every strip of desert and mountain in all California. He has saved at least ten "stills" from each of these hundreds of productions. Sometimes two a week were made in the early days, and they represent not only a complete history of motion pictures, but supply a display of all phases of California geography not obtainable now.

Mary Pickford, who is perhaps the best business woman in Hollywood, has taken ample care to protect her adopted daughter—niece in reality—fourteen-year-old Gwynne Pickford, with trust funds and other legacies. During the lifetime of Mary's mother, it was well known that Mary shared her income with her mother, share for share, and her will also made a like provision; at her mother's death the money came back to her. Mary, as always, is willing to make few statements about her family affairs. She did say, however, that she has made a bequest to the Motion Picture Relief Fund in the hope of encouraging others to do likewise. This is the charity nearest Mary's heart. A collection of rare antique jade, of considerable value, she is willing to a museum, to keep the collection intact. Miss Pickford also owns all the old Biograph pictures in which she appeared, and these she is willing to the Academy museum.

Johnny Mack Brown is not in the big money as yet; but he is putting everything that is surplus into a trust fund so that his wife and child will be protected for life. There are no executors for administrators, it passes directly to them in case of his death, and his ambition is to get the trust as large as possible as soon as possible so that it will be enough to care for them if unforeseen events should cut them off from his support.

Charles Bickford says that everything he owns is held jointly with his wife; there are no reservations nor strictures on it, and at (Continued on page 94)
I couldn't stay indoors that first evening. I walked all over town. And it was then I discovered the Warner Brothers' long, white, two-story building, like an old Colonial fortress, on Sunset Boulevard.

Melbourne was a middle-aged man, careful to keep his weight down and his tailoring perfect. That gave him an attractive semblance of youthfulness. His hair was beginning to turn gray at the temples and he had the clearest eyes I've ever seen. When he looked at you, he seemed to look right through you as if he were mentally cataloging you for a part.

Perhaps if Jimmy had not written me so regularly and so appealingly asking me to come back home and forget pictures, I might have learned to care a lot for Melbourne. He was so brilliant, so absolutely familiar with every part of the world, so completely at ease no matter where he went, and surely he could display the perfect savoir-faire in the face of all situations.

He had about everything a girl could wish and directors were sometimes known to marry extras. But when they did it was usually front-page news.

Gradually, Melbourne and I became inseparable friends. He said I was like an evening breeze, refreshing after a hot day of artificiality. We dined at the best places and occasionally at the little apartment Vera and I still shared. Work was pretty steady now, thanks to Melbourne's personal interest in me. He'd get on the telephone, call a director, say he'd like to have a late hour tid-bit at Henry's with him. He disliked eating alone, he said casually, and if I'd care to, he'd drop by and pick me up.

That was the beginning of a series of dates with the great Melbourne. Once, he told me he liked me because I was so darn natural and Hollywood was full of girls who were trying to be somebody they were not.

I made him admit he had gone to the trouble of looking up my home number through Central Casting. I didn't care if or not, this pampered person actually blushed when he 'fessed up his interest to that extent.

Since this is a true story, I'll have to confess that Dudley Melbourne did not show me any marked attention that day at the studio. I was surprised and delighted when my apartment phone rang a few evenings later and Vera, with her hand over the receiver, told me in a hushed and awed whisper, that it was Melbourne.

I put on the high-hat, which he promptly told me to take off, because he'd only called me at the last minute to ask if I'd like to have a late hour tid-bit at Henry's with him. He disliked eating alone, he said casually.

Once, when his prestige was heavy with a younger official to whom he had given a start toward success, Melbourne ordered a part written for me. It was the first time I ever knew that could be done. I was a featured player now and because I proved popular with audiences, I was on my way to stardom.

The thrill I experienced the first night I witnessed myself on the screen in a featured role, was indescribable. My eyes showed up white and larger than they really are. And I never (Continued on page 120)
I DON'T like it. I don't like it at all! I admit I've noticed it before—but then there was only a faint trace of 'pink'. I knew I should have done something about it, then, right at the beginning.

And my teeth have gone dull. They don't sparkle any more. They're dull now—sort of gray. Probably nobody will ever say nice things about my teeth again. Perhaps 'pink tooth brush' has something to do with that.

"But somewhere—somewhere—I've heard how to stop this 'pink tooth brush' business— I remember—massage of the gums—with Ipana. Yes, Ipana. Thank goodness I thought of it. Because I can get some Ipana and start today—before rehearsals begin. I'll start it right now saying goodbye to old 'pink tooth brush'!"

Better do more than look worried when there's "pink" on your brush. If you ate coarse foods, your gums would get all the exercise they need. But you eat delicious foods which melt in your mouth, and which give your gums none of the stimulation they require for healthy firmness. Circulation flags—and day by day the gums become softer, lazier, more tender.

And while the first trace of "pink" on your brush is nothing to get excited about, gums which continue to bleed are very likely victims to various gum disorders, such as gingivitis, or Vincent's disease—or even the less frequent but dread pyorrhea.

"Pink tooth brush," neglected can be responsible for the loss of the teeth's natural brilliancy—and may even lead to infection at the roots of your teeth. Then, of course, the dentist may have to extract teeth which today are perfectly sound.

Yet there's a simple, inexpensive way to check "pink tooth brush." Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush and lightly massage it into those flabby, tender gums of yours.

Ipana contains the important ziratol which so many modern dentists use for toning and stimulating unhealthy gums. Within a few days after you have begun to use Ipana with massage, your teeth will show a change. They're cleaner—and they have the brilliancy all healthy teeth should have. It may take longer before your gums show a difference. But within a month they will become firmer, harder, healthier than ever before.
Come Into the Garden
(Continued from page 75)

fruit-bearing trees and shrubs adorn the Laemmle estate today. Flowers are a great part of the beauty of the Laemmle estate. “Papa Carl,” as the senior Laemmle is affectionately called by many of the old employees and the stars at Universal City, is especially fond of carnations, and huge beds of these fragrant blooms border the lawns and terraces. A special feature of the Laemmle estate is the pool around which is constructed a realistic beach, with tons of sea sand transported there, in which an extensive cactus garden is planted where the sands merge into the nearby mountain side. Several large palms make a picturesque oasis of the spot, which the canny Ince often rented as a location spot to motion picture companies in his time, calmly charging his own companies rentals when he used it for his pictures.

Large trees, live oaks and sycamores, acacias eucalyptus and poplars, and wide sweeping terraces of lawn surround the house, which tops the crest of the hill far from the road and at the end of a long beautiful mountainous drive through acres of carefully gardened flowerbeds, and picturesquely careless rocky beds of bloom. The estate extends for thirty-two acres, through rich bottomlands planted in fruit orchards, and over picturesque hills and rocky heights, grown with hoary trees and cunningly coaxed by gardeners in shady places with ferns and the large clustered colorful cinerarias and banks of violets, in more open stretches with informal mixed beds of petunias, delphinium, snapdragons and daisies; rocky ledges bloom with native mountain wildflowers and hardy-climbing nasturtiums, while at the large old Spanish gateway of time-stained stucco and hand-hewn timber there is a burst of sunset glory in the scarlet trumpet vines that mass themselves gracefully to shade the figure of the Spanish caballero in carved and (Continued on page 114)

Betty Compson's house is sheltered from the road by the large old palms along the roadway. Lawns and clipped yew trees surround the front of the house.
Another invitation lost  
...all because of 'B.O.'

People all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—body odor... At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run
People won't tell us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather cleanses and purifies pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions
"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies.

Try Lifebuoy Free
If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy free. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 485, Cambridge, Mass.

She thought:
"We'd squeeze you in somehow—if it weren't for 'B.O.'"
Yet, to be polite, She said:
"We'd give you a lift if we weren't so crowded."

It's New!
Lifebuoy Shaving Cream
New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects... ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. At your druggist's.
Mary Brian demonstrates one of the new coiffures, which displays rows of flat curls that are achieved by moistening the ends of the hair and twisting small sections of hair into circles around the fingers. When it is necessary for the hair to dry quickly, Miss Brian applies toilet water to the ends of the hair in place of water. Each section is moistened separately, then twisted over the fourth finger. When the curl is twisted to form a coil, it is held in place by two invisible hairpins, pinned so that the hair lies very flat. Spray the hair with a second application of toilet water to insure the firmness of the curls. Permit the hair to dry for ten minutes. Then remove the pins and press the curls flat.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Smart Coiffure Modes for Spring—The Long Isis Bob, Named After the Egyptian Goddess, Will Reign Supreme—How to Dress Your Hair

By ANN BOYD

"B EAUTY draws us with a single hair," quoth the author of "The Rape of the Lock." The renowned tresses of Lady Godiva or the famous wigs of Marie Antoinette and the ladies at the court of Versailles, which towered three feet above their heads, would be nothing but a burden today.

A compromise has at last been effected—a truce called in the warring camps of the longs and shorts. The council of hair stylists has decreed that the long bob shall reign supreme this Spring. Not the long bob that appeared when women began to shear their locks a few years ago, but an Egyptian bob, closely resembling the figures of Isis, which appear to have their hair cut square around the neck, reaching to the shoulders.

A Garbo or a Dietrich can let her long bob fly to the seven winds, but for most of us the result of such nonchalance would be either a tragedy or a comedy. A permanent wave then is almost a necessity, if you yield to the dictates of the council of stylists and cut your hair or let it grow to the designated length. Permanent waves have been brought to a high degree of perfection in the last few years. No longer does la femme emerge from the beauty salon with a fuzzy, tousled head of hair but with a sleek-looking head with wide, wide waves.

SINCE femininity in the active as well as the passive mood is definitely something to be reckoned with in this year 1931, coiffures have also taken on new coquetties to harmonize with madam’s costumes. Weep not! The coiffures of the eighteenth century, which took the form of bunches of fruit or vegetables pointed like pyramids, are not coming back. You will not be forced to sleep in a high-backed chair instead of going to bed, as were these ladies of former days, in order not to disturb your headress. While the general outline remains smooth and sleek, all sorts of little curls obtrude themselves in the most unexpected places.

Martin from Vienna, one of the leading coiffeurs in the United States, is sponsoring the long bob with slight variations. The hair is short at the sides and shoulder length in the back. It is waved vertically off the forehead and back at the sides. The long hair in the back becomes a cluster of curls which are brought to one side, depending on which side the hair is parted, and arranged deftly till they reach the crown of the head. This, of course, is only one style of headdress which may be affected if the hair is cut and waved as mentioned above. The curls may be pinned closely at the nape of the neck or arranged all over the back of the head if you are in a capricious mood. These coiffures would be especially appropriate for semi-dress or evening dress. For less formal occasions—active sports, spectator sports or business, the curls would be brushed out and drawn into a flat coil or narrow, horizontal rolls close at the back of the head, thus preserving the contour of the head.

If you are considering a new coiffure this Spring, remember that the side part which slants a little looks best with irregular features; the center part or straight-back coiffure, with perhaps the ears showing, looks best with regular features and the oval type of face. If you have a round face, a flat arrangement would be the most becoming. Curls around the forehead help to shorten a long face or a high forehead. For older women, or women with thin faces, simple coiffures arranged softly (Continued on page 125)
What?

NO Spring cleaning this year?

There needn’t be...as this free booklet explains

A house that is already clean shouldn’t need Spring cleaning, should it? After all, isn’t Spring cleaning merely doing now that which might well have been done sooner? Ideally we should keep every nook and corner of our houses clean throughout the year!

Impossible, you say? Impossible to get all the cleaning done day by day as you go along? No, not impossible! In fact, it’s easier and more practical.

Adopt this time-saving plan

In our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O’clock*, we explain a simple easy way of doing this very thing...of definitely planning and scheduling your cleaning...of easily obtaining that indefinable charm and beauty which real cleanliness adds to a home.

In a helpful, understandable way this book tells you the two most important things to do to get housework done better, quicker, easier. One is the systematic use of time; the other is the efficient use of equipment, especially soap and water.

Send for this FREE booklet

Over 150,000 women have found this booklet helpful. First, because it tells exactly how to work out a time-saving plan. Secondly, because it gives many cleaning hints to make housework easier.

Would you like to receive this valuable book...to be able to make Spring cleaning unnecessary? Then fill in the coupon below. No cost; no obligation.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare
by teaching the value of cleanliness
The Whispering Chorus

(Continued from page 31)

happen to be part of one of them. They may be anywhere, including our own group. And it is a positive fact that the whispering chorus attributes to Hollywood picture stars more illegitimate children than to the royalty and nobility of the old kings. You would actually expect to see the place overrun with unlicensed offspring. Did you ever stop to think how many young starlet hopefuls, or for that matter, living in a glass house, in the glare of a giant spotlight, watched day in and day out by the eagle-eyed representatives of great press organizations, to go through the complicated business of unmarried motherhood without anyone knowing it? Yet, to listen to talk, you’d think it was as simple as picking a California orange.

I HAVE made it my business to run down two really dreadful gossip stories, started in Hollywood about people who were friends of mine. These tales had gained amazing credence and if you were a reputed source, you were confronted with alleged statements of alleged eye-witnesses. I had a good many years ago been approached by a city editor, Wesley M. Barr, who had big print and me a thing or two about the difference between facts and fancies. Libel suits are not pretty.

I ran these stories back, step by step, from one “Well, I was told,” to another, until I found the originators. The first one came from a girl who later spent some months in a state insane asylum, and the most vicious, filthy-minded male gossip who ever slaughtered any honest man with a word to tell his acquaintances under the spotlight himself. The other was born of pure malice and jealousy, and broke down completely under direct attack.

Of course, the mere rumor of engagements does no real harm. But it’s very amusing. And it does spoil some nice easy-going friendships. No girl in Hollywood can be seen twice with the same man without everyone trying to pin an engagement on them. Hollywood is small, and of itself, it is like every other small town. Everyone knows everyone else’s business and then some. But this whispering chorus spreads itself until it takes in the millions of people who fill movie theaters everywhere.

Myself, I don’t think gossip ever hurts anyone. I mean professionally. The glamour and excitement connected with all these things are supposed to happen, bring the average citizen just as fiction thrills him. But it does hurt personally sometimes.

A FEW years ago a well-known producer died suddenly of a heart complaint from which he had long suffered. He died in his own bed, with his devoted family gathered around him. His funeral was attended by most of the leading lights of the film industry.

To this day the story that he was murdered goes the rounds of the voice of the whispering chorus. The utter absurdity of it doesn’t seem to impress anyone. It is the fact that nurses, doctors, undertakers, reporters, all had access to the body of this man—he was supposed to have been shot, by whom or for why isn’t stated—and that the slightest whisper would have blown the whole story right out, is passed over. A telephone call to a newspaper—just a bare suspicion of a neighbor—hailed the funeral services of Ray Rayner, the most unimportant man—and put Paul Kelly and Dorothy Mackaye in the dock.

That rumor was thrashed out by every newspaper in the country. Everything that was true, or half true—or rather, half tinged with the truth—is printed somewhere. Not everything that is printed is true, but believe me, boys and girls, everything that is true gets printed.

You know all about poor little Clara Bow and her love affairs. You’ve even heard her whispering letters.

You know all about Gary and Lupe. You know, or you can help but infer, that Doug and Mary had a little furry or domestic trouble (it comes in most households around the tenth anniversary) but that they’ve patched it all up. If anything else happens there, you’ll know it.

None of the sorrow and tragedy of Mabel Normand’s life was hidden from you.

Alma Rubens’s ghastly slavery to drugs and her untimely death are all as well known to you as to anyone in Hollywood.

The story of Daisy Devoe, the prize traitor of the movie colony, that Clara Bow’s red hair isn’t quite so red without a dash of henna, is now a matter of court record.

JACK GILBERT and Jim Tully got headlines for two punches in the Brown Derby.

Just remember that any big story about anyone in the movies gets into print sooner or later.

The whispering chorus is the news source of dozens of high-class and highly-paid newsmen. Any of their whispers that are true come out either in head lines or in witty paragraphs in witty columns. Hollywood has few—very few—secrets. And such as they are, there are always a few little personal tit-bits that are of interest only to those who know each other well.

So the next time anybody tells you that Clara Bow married pretty Greta Garbo’s illegitimate daughter, or that Marie Dressler is secretly married to Buddy Rogers, or that Rudolph Valentino is still alive and hiding in the South Seas, you tell them they’re crazy.

Because I mean they really are!

In NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH

Another Striking Human Interest
Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns
Some Arresting Facts about Ten Tooth Pastes

From University Laboratory Tests

Every dentifrice user has a right, we believe, to know exactly what the product will actually do for teeth.

That is why we report the startling results of tests on 10 typical tooth pastes, by a great University laboratory.

Dr. West’s and nine other tooth pastes were tested:

SEVEN DO NOT CLEAN TEETH—and two of these scratch enamel
TWO OTHERS CLEAN TEETH—but both of them scratch enamel
ONLY ONE OF THE 10—Dr. West’s—CLEANS TEETH WITHOUT SCRATCHING ENAMEL!

Needless to say the tests were accurate and impartial. Normal teeth were stained (to show invisible as well as visible dirt) both before and after brushing with each dentifrice tested. Next the effect on enamel was determined. Results were measured and recorded by delicate instruments and powerful camera lenses.

And now you know in advance, exactly what Dr. West’s Tooth Paste will do for your teeth. So... why guess?

Two gentle polishing actions

This remarkable thoroughness comes from a combination of two gentle polishers with pure vegetable cleansers. As you see, these polishers cannot scratch enamel—yet they brighten teeth to new beauty. And always cleanse every tooth thoroughly.

Every other good result you can safely expect from a dentifrice is provided by this modern tooth paste. It was perfected by the makers of famous Dr. West’s Tooth Brushes—the product of modern experience and knowledge in oral hygiene.

You’ll like it. Cooling and refreshing to the whole mouth. Millions have switched to Dr. West’s Tooth Paste—giving it the most sensational success in dentifrice history.

Today quit guess-work in caring for your teeth. Get Dr. West’s Tooth Paste at any good store. Your teeth are worth the best care you can give them; see how they improve when you give it to them!

Write For Free test: Western Co., Dept. 125, 307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Big 10¢ Tube on Sale at Many Woolworth Co., 5¢-10¢ Stores
was brought to Hollywood for additional close-ups but he couldn't stand its lurking dangers. He has now returned to the safety of the jungle.

Monkey Tragedy in Sumatra

AFTER "Trader Horn," Paramount's jungle effort, "Rango" turned out to be pretty mild. Ernest Schoedsack, the ex-newsreel cameraman who helped make "Grass" in Persia and "Changing Siam," spent months in the Sumatra jungle filming this study of orang-utan life. Like Mr. Schoedsack's other efforts, this pictures primitive life in combat with nature. My difficulty with "Rango" lay in working up any personal interest in Tua, the elderly orangutan, and in Rango, his son. The only other principals are an old native and his son, whose business seems to be killing tigers. The climax comes when dad (the native papa) is away at a business conference. A tiger sneaks up and the native boy sends his water buffalo after the big cat. The boy, or, rather, the buffalo wins with little effort.

The best moments of "Rango" depict the boy. He wakes up at dawn after a nervous tropical night with scores of hungry prowlers searching the underbrush for tasty bits.

Millie, the Redheaded Heartbreaker

Mr. old friend, Don Clarke, wrote "Millie," so am prejudiced in its favor right at the start. But Radio Pictures' filming of this yarn of a restless and ruthless redhead is a box-office hit, anyway. Millie marries a wealthy chap, has a baby and then catches her husband cheating. With that she starts out to wreak vengeance upon the whole male sex. "Treat 'em like tramps," she declares, "they're all alike." Years later, her sixteen-year-old daughter is lured to a deserted hotel and shot during the villain's death. The male jury promptly acquits her. As you can see, the picture is "Millie," unless he is a veteran tabloid reader. Helen Twelvetrees gives an oddly interesting quality to the role of Millie. She is not a good actress yet, she always seems about to burst into tears, and she never looks convincingly like the mother of a sixteen-year-old daughter.

He Printed the News

SPEAKING of tabloids reminds me of "Scandal Sheet," apparently George Bancroft's final picture for Paramount. Bancroft plays a hard-boiled editor who is mad at the news" and whose creed is "print the news." He says so himself but the editorial staff believes there is a limit somewhere. Jack Hofsiss discovers that his wife has been unfaithful with a banker. He prints the story and then shoots the banker, thereby getting still another bank out of his life—and there comes to edit the prison paper.

This yarn, remotely suggested by the tragedy of a New York editor who committed murder and later died in Sing Sing, never gets very real, although Bancroft is effective, Clive Brook is an excellent bank examiner, and Kay Francis is attractive as the wife.

Probably all binary because it is hard to make a newspaper play interesting, even to newspaper men. The spirit of adventure, of faithfulness to one's paper, of camaraderie, is something that has to be ashamed of—and other people can't understand.

Palm Beach Becomes Heaven

THE New York reviewers sat pretty hard upon Paramount's "Stolen Heaven," but I do not agree with them. Based upon an original story by Dana Burnett, this is a moving little yarn of considerable daring, as pictures go. Two facts: Tapper doesn't get a job, the other a cabaret charmer tired of things—start out to spend a stolen $20,000. They plan one fling at the good things of life; then to kill themselves. In mellow and benevolent warmth at Palm Beach they find that life is worth living—and they give the impression that they may face the music and start all over.

Here the screen dares to intimate that good may come of a honeymoon appropriated, without the benefit of clergy and that stolen money may be spent enjoyably. The story is beautifully "played" by Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes. Here are two great performances.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Bachelor Father—Metro-Goldwyn—Marion Davies carries most of this comedy on her graceful shoulders. It is light and frothy enough not to be carried too seriously. It is a genuinely popular stage play, the picture is effective, in part, mainly because of adroit acting that may bring laughter, although the situations are less than convincing. The Bachelor Father, finely portrayed by that fine old actor, C. Aubrey Smith, sumns three of his recognizably long-winding years. They meet for the first time on the father's glorious English estate, from which the exuberance of youth has long since vanished. Tony Flagg (Miss Davies) turns out to be an impostor and is driven from her new-found home. But she comes back in time for a sentimental conclusion. Ralph Forbes makes a properly aristocratic lover.

Dracula—Universal—For those who prefer to enjoy their nightmares in the theater, rather than in bed, this pictorial version of a play that set all New York to shuddering is a delectable solution of the problems that have gone the limit in supplying a ghostly, or a ghastly environment for the playground of the male vampire and his victims. Its picture texture is unhealthy: it could not be otherwise with such a theme; but it is rather well done, if that is sufficient justification.

Dana Andrews is policely sentimental as the blood-loving Count Dracula. Helen Chandler displays the eerie quality requisite for the character of the unfortunate girl, whereas David Manners does Tom textures as the normal youth. See "Dracula," if you must, but leave the children at home with Amos and Andy.

Bright Lights—Warners—Dorothy Mackaill knows how to wear a grass skirt and her dancing improves with each of her tropical pictures. Frank Fay looks and acts the part of a musical comedy singer, which he is. Noah Beery presents a terrifying South Seas seducer. There you have the kindest compliment this film contains in connection with this melodramatic musical comedy, unless you still respond to intricate dance numbers, emblazoned in the bright lights of Technicolor.

Lonely Wives—Pathé—A bedroom farce that obviously aims at being as suggestively naughty as the law allows and quite as obviously succeeds. The situations, embarrassing in themselves, are supplemented by double meaning dialogue. That is the type of story, or squirm, perhaps both. Playing a dual role, Edward Everett Horton gives animation to a philandering husband and a young and impressionable wife who takes the place of the husband for one eventful night.

Finn and Hattie—Paramount—Mitzi Green had better avoid personal appearances. Somebody might forget that she is only acting and reach an irate hand across the footlights, intent upon strangling her. She has incurred the same amount of impudence now before the public. In Jackie Searl she has found a male chip of the same block. As a matter of fact these two outrageous children practically steal the picture from Leon Errol and Zazu Pitts, whose adult humor is less effective than their juvenile instinct. Finn and Hattie is an episodic affair, following the experiences of a newly rich family on a trip to Paris.

Going Wild—First National—Joe E. Brown, First National's broad-mouthed comedian, succeeds in being amusing through the great danger in this somewhat conventional picture. It recalls "Top Speed." Brown's recent comedy, save that this time the thrills are staged in the air with the hero impersonating a renowned aviator performing hazardous stunts.

Aloha—Tiffany—"Ilanu no marry native boy. Ilana love white man." Well, you know the ways of these half-caste South Sea maidens with their grass skirts and their undraped frankness. Ilana "she happy." It is a commonplace of another sort, unfortunately her way leads to the crater of a volcano, for white men, or, more particularly, white women, no like the beautiful half-caste. Aloha, a grass-skirt picture, runs true to form, with Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres doing their darnedest to make the leading characters believable and sympathetic.

The Single Sin—Tiffany—Melodrama, acted with intensity, as it should be. Constance Talmadge, as the—(Continued on page 101)
Now a New Freedom...

New Peace of Mind!

Gone are the Shackles of Fear, Discomfort, and Uncertainty!

The shackles of womanhood are broken. The shackles that have held them for ages, in fear, discomfort, uncertainty! Today all women can know at all times the poise and the peace of mind that come from perfect protection.

Active, athletic women, too, can be free today to pursue their sports at any time. Free, to wear filmy frocks on any occasion.

For there is now an utterly new and totally different hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an immaculate and complete protection! A sanitary napkin that is New in design; New in material; New and remarkable in the results it gives.

It is so unique that we want to send you a sample free of charge (in plain wrapping, of course). So you can examine it fully. Judge for yourself its two distinct advantages that have never before been offered to women.

Ends All Chafing—
All Irritations!

Made under rigid U. S. Patents, it is pure Rayon cellulose filled. And you will find it as gentle as fluffed silk.

This softness comes because of its totally new construction—as well as its rayon cellulose filler—as you will note the moment you see it and compare it with any other pad. You see at once why it is preferable. For it is not made from mere layers of crepe paper as in old-type sanitary methods.

Once the discriminating woman tries one, she never goes back to old ways. Its name is Veldown. Most stores can now supply you.

Effective Hours Longer

It also has another important feature. It is absolutely protective for the reason that the outer side has been specially treated to make it moisture-proof and impenetrable.

This innovation makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods. And it gives complete safety and protection hours longer than other ways. Hence a danger that every woman carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated. And no other protective garments are necessary.

It is specially treated with a deodorant—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. You will find that it is a vast and great improvement on any other pad you have ever worn.

Of, if you prefer to investigate before buying, send the coupon for a trial pad free. For the sake of your own comfort and safety, don't delay to learn the unique advantages of this remarkable new invention.


Miss Lucy T. Costello, R. N.
Veldown Company, Inc.,
220 East 42nd Street, New York City

Please mail me, in plain wrapper, free of charge, a sample of Veldown for my inspection.

Name:__________________________
Street Address:__________________
City:____________________________
State:___________________________

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)
Hereby Bequeath

(Continued from page 83)

his death it passes unconditionally to her. "She knows my wishes, and surely the mother of my children is the one who shall see to it that they are served. It is only because of her and them that I care about accumulating money." His money is invested in various projects, but his name appears with his on all papers as partner and his shares would pass directly to her if he should die.

JOHN GILBERT has willed the bulk of his estate to his little daughter, Lorette Joy II and pays into a trust fund for her as well.

Douglas Fairbanks is most reticent about his will; he is among those who are superstitious on the subject of wills and discussing them. Unless his name is one of the big surprises of Hollywood, it leaves the bulk of his estate to his son and heir Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Mary Pickford is wealthy in her own name. Young Doug has made good, so very much so, and managed his own financial affairs so well that there should be an estate, which will not go with inherited riches. Fairbanks, Senior, admits that he has followed the lead of Mary, his wife, in willing much to charity through the Picture Relief Fund. The diligent Mary has waged a campaign with personal entreaty among the wealthy of Hollywood, to remember this fund in their wills in order that it may become a self-sustaining endowed fund and not dependent on casual gifts.

Constance Talmadge have made the three sons of their sister Natalie, and Buster Keaton, their principal heirs. As the father of these three lively varnish removers is not a poor man himself, these children can look forward to being very wealthy young men some day. Norma is possessor of Harold Lloyd’s estate coming to all Hollywood, and the jewelry, which she rarely wears, but leaves in a bank vault, will be part of the property of the new marriage. Young Stanley, the boy-girl indeed that marries the masculine owner of the sets of gems Norma will leave behind. She has three sets, consisting of bracelets, tiara, ring, necklace, and pin, in diamonds, rubies and emeralds, as well as many miscellaneous and very valuable single pieces. Constance too has many gems.

Carl Laemmle, another man superstitious about discussing his will, is one of the wealthiest single figures in Hollywood. He has matured plans for a Laemmle dynasty for some years; at present his son Junior, in spite of his youth, has taken over many of the reins at the Universal studio. The family home has been established for some years, as Laemmle bought the large and beautiful estate of Tom Ince, adjoining Harold Lloyd’s estate in Hollywood. The Laemmle home was built to the plans of William Drummond, and will be the home of the new marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bergerman, and her baby daughter, the first grandchild, that Junior will take over the bulk of the fortune and the responsibilities of the studio and will maintain the family home. Years of thought have gone into training Junior for this destiny.

Irene Rich, instead of retiring from her picture career after her marriage to a Southerner, retired from her career that she might provide from her own earnings three trust funds of $100,000 each for her mother and two daughters, which will pass to them at her death.

ESTELLE TAYLOR has provided in her will for trust funds for her mother, her sister and her niece. The incomes from these funds go to the beneficiaries during their lives, and the principal is to be given to Estelle’s nephew, Frances Carter, at their deaths, provided that she is twenty-one. If not, the trusts will be held for her until she reaches eighteen majority. All that is left to the nieces, as Estelle’s husband, Jack Dempsey, is wealthy. She has provided in her will that he may select any piece of her jewelry, which is quite extensive and contains some exquisite pieces, for a memento. The rest of the jewelry then goes to the niece. This collection includes, among other things, a string of large real pearls, several diamond rings, diamond and emerald bracelets, and some exquisite rubies.

William S. Hart has provided for his boy in a trust fund that stands in his will, the income of which is being used for the care and education of the boy under the care of a committee. In twenty-five years, he becomes twenty-one, the interest of the $100,000 trust becomes payable to him instead of to his mother. At twenty-five, its ownership will be transferred.

Other bequests in the will are interesting because they favor the Old West. Hart has been a most diligent collector of fine Indian rugs and his beaded collection of work by the plains Indians is the finest in the world. The beads are sewn with buffalo sinew. Certain of the finest he has designed and worked, are included in the beaded collection.

Guns that belonged to Bill, the Kid, Hickok, and Kit Carson, besides the gun and hatchet, the gun of Al Jennings in his bandit days, of George Pike, famous Wyoming bad man, and the gun of the last bandit in gold to die in the West, will be preserved and presented to the City, together with several rare makes of guns used in the Old West, make up a thrilling bit of history in his collecting. Twenty buffalo coats used at Fort Lincoln, the fort from which Custer’s men marched to the massacre, over sixty years old, were bought by Hart when the old fort was abandoned by the government. Soldiers of the early days used them in severe weather.

Documents, including a personal letter from Bob Ingersoll, another from President Roosevelt, both fan letters, a first printed account of the Custer massacre, and many other things will go with the collection to the Smithsonian. A large library of unique volumes on Western history, also goes to the Smithsonian.

While the wills are the most difficult to pry into, due to the reasons mentioned, wills already probated left by the stars of years gone by, are very absorbing, as with them, one can trace the interesting and sometimes totally unexpected results that ensued. Perhaps the most elaborately worked out will so far probated in Hollywood belongs to William S. Ince, who died, as all the world knows, so unexpectedly in the midst of a most successful career as a producer. Ince left an estate of $10,000,000, to be invested in the establishing the largest and most beautiful private estate in Hollywood. It is only riddled at the present time by the adjoiners, in order to accommodate Ince’s plans, it was not kept in the family. On Ince’s death it was sold to Carl Laemmle; it is said to be the most beautiful and perfectly worked out Spanish house in California.

The estate of Ince was considerable, estimates at his death varying from one hundred to two hundred millions of dollars. Mrs. Ince was named as executor with her attorney to control the estate for five years. They were directed in the will to lease the Ince studio "in such a way as to be profitable—and the good will built up by the Ince corporation shall be kept before the public." This desire to keep up the good will is highly typical of the vital life-loving nature of the man. For the remainder of the year in which Ince died, his wife continued to carry out his projects at the studio and to complete contracts. At present the studio, after first being in the hands of Cecil De Mille, is the home of the Wagner-Linder; Ince forbade that the executors should invest any money in picture productions or anything "except investments in banks." The second five years following his death, the income from the estate was to be paid to his widow monthly, unless the income from any quarter of a year exceeded $10,000 in which case the surplus was to be added to the principal of the estate and re-invested. The remainder was to be held in trust, one fourth of the income to be paid to Mrs. Ince and three fourths paid for the use of the children. These provisions are to be disposed of as follows: at twenty-five, each child is to be paid the sum of $10,000 provided he is engaged in a business or profession, and provided the mother agrees in writing. At thirty one half the balance of each child’s share of the remaining estate “provided he has been engaged in business or a profession, and is industrious and sober,” and his mother agrees in writing, will be paid. At forty, the remaining balance due shall be paid, under similar terms. If at any payment period, Mrs. Ince does not agree, the payment of the money is deferred until Mrs. Ince agrees to the payment in writing.

This appeals to one who knew Ince personally, as his guard for his children, valuing his love of life above all other things which he feared might be disastrous if the children were left the money under no restraint. Life schooled him to hate the poor and poverty in his early days, but he preferred to set up his own safe guards for his children. The confidence he expressed in his wife's judgment has been justified, for Mrs. Ince has invested the money well, and increased the estate considerably.

(Continued on page 96)
WINNERS
of "You and Your Home Contest"

1st PRIZE $100.00
Mrs. Ruth Averda Smith
32 Union St.
Camden, Me.

The unusual night picture
shown above wins first prize.
Oval, Mrs. Smith. Inset, Mrs.
Smith in her attractive kitchen.

2nd PRIZE $50.00
Anna Frank Ringel
108 Paisley Ave., North
Hamilton, Ontario

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

3rd PRIZE $25.00
Miss Margaret Vezdos
319 Delaware Ave.
Lorain, Ohio

THE three winning pictures shown here have been
selected by the Judges of the Contest, from a most
interesting array of pictures typifying representative
American homes in all sections of the United States.
In justice to the splendid amateur photographic efforts
displayed in the remaining group of pictures received
from the contest, TOWER MAGAZINES will devote a
page in its June issue to the pictures that are awarded
a prize of $5.00 each by the Judges.

Winners of $5.00 PRIZES
Miss Dorothy Faller
301 Lexington Ave.
I Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Grace Evelyn Huston
1193 Lincoln Ave.
San Jose, Calif.

Mr. Charles Muller
1827 W. Plymouth St., West Oak Lane

Mrs. Ruth Browning Sondersand
401 Montgomery St.
Fall River, Mass.

Louise Irene Bouchard
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TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
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 titan 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 actually soothes, heals and protects.

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent!

NEW! TANGEE THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE Lipstick for professional and evening use.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouches, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. T. G. 1
417 Fifth Avenue New York

I HEREBY BEQUEATH

(Continued from page 94)

In the case of Mrs. Ince's marrying again, before Ince was dead for seven years, the will provides that she shall not receive her share of the principal, but only the income till her death, after which the estate is to be the beneficiary, and the same divided among the children equally. This was probably meant as a "keep off" for fortune hunters. However, Mrs. Ince married within a year of the seven year limit, but as it was claimed that one half of the estate was hers under the California community property law, her share became one quarter, instead of one quarter of the interest as the will awarded it. Mrs. Ince married Holmes Herbert.

CHARITIES were provided for in the Ince will in the event of the trust being in existence at the time of the children's deaths. If the trust fund for Mrs. Ince exists at her death, and the children are dead, the money shall be divided one fourth to the Actors' Fund of America; one fourth to the Orthopedic Hospital, and the remainder to a fund for establishing the Tom Ince Foundation for the Benefit of the Invalid Poor, to establish a farm and estate for the convalescence of those who have received treatment of various charitable hospitals.

Provision was also made in the case of other children being born of the marriage; if the wife dies, the money goes to the children; if the children die, the money goes to the wife. The income and principal of the estate are also, to be not subject to attachment, garnishment, sale, pledge or mortgage. The father-in-law of Ince was to be guardian in case of the death of the wife; the mother-in-law, if the father-in-law dies, and the children are still minors.

The will of Tom Ince was made October 3, 1921 and probated January 16, 1924; his death occurred December 19, 1924. At the time of his death, the children were William, 15, Tom, 11, and Dick, 9. Ince himself was forty-three. The widow and the children were about as thoroughly protected as is possible; and, even if the will did not meet the provisions of the California law that allows the wife a half of her husband's property, if it has been accumulated since their marriage; this is the famous community property law.

THE most famous of all Hollywood wills is that of Rudolph Valentino; an impulsive document, it displayed absolute trust in his friend and manager, George Ullman, devoted to his sister and brother who were his legal heirs, and loyalty and gratitude to his wife's aunt, Mrs. Teresa Werner, who was named as the third beneficiary in the estate with his brother and sister. Because this will has been the subject of so much litigation, it is worth including almost in its entirety. After a preamble, the will reads: "I hereby nominate and appoint S. George Ullman the executor without bonds— in the settlement of my said estate. This will turns over the property to Ullman for disposition as outlined in the document, and again provides for Ullman to finally distribute the said trust estate according to my wish and will as I have this day instructed him." The three, the sister, Maria Strada, the brother, Alberto Guglielmi and the aunt, Teresa Werner, no blood kin to him, were to receive equal shares from the trust estate in trust for the heirs. The reason that the will was drawn up in such a vague and hasty manner, is because it was declared a thousand dollars after his wife Natacha Rambova divorced him, to supersede a will in which he left everything to her.

Another clause in the will was to the effect that if any of the beneficiaries contested the will, he or she should receive nothing. Another clause provided that anyone who could prove to be an heir at law should be rewarded with $1 as his share of the estate. His former wife, Natacha Rambova, was left with one dollar; his first wife, Jean Ackor, received not even a mention. Pola Negri, who claimed frequently to be his fiancée, was not mentioned. The Will was probated, 1926; Valentino died in August 1926, and the will was probated in September, 1926.

Immediately Alberto refused to recognize the will unless the estate was transferred to an executor. Werner was invalidated, and he recognized as co-executor with Ullman. Alberto followed legal advice which declared the will to be "inherently unwise and illegal because of the outside instructions referred to twice.

The legacy left to Mrs. Teresa Werner, the aunt of Alberto, and wife, Natacha, was left her out of affection; she had lived with Valentino and Natacha, and when they separated, stayed on him as her taking charge of his household for a time. After the objections of Alberto, she came from France where she was living and announced her intention of protecting her claim.

Another feature of the will pronounced illegal by legal talent is the clause that if the estate is in trust, pay the bills, and give the net income to the heirs with no instructions in the will as to the final disposition of the fund. No trust is legal that runs for longer than the life of a beneficiary plus twenty-one years, and the phrasing of the will allows such an interpretation to be made.

Alberto and Maria Strada insisted on Ullman's furnishing a bond for $100,000, in spite of the provisions of the will, which was finally done.

ROMANCES appeared in the bills submitted against the estate. Ghosts of romance; the estate was charged with all the bills for the ill-fated film, "What Price Beauty," made by Natacha Rambova, which was an elaborate artistic flop to the tune of $48,500.00. This was made when the romance of Natacha and Rudy was beginning to fade, due to the objections of Valentino that the spotlessly white gloved and bejeweled wife interfered too much with her husband's work; "What Price Beauty" took her mind off Rudy for a bit, he kept her happy. It was previously to this made in the plans for "The Hooded Falcon," a medieval story, for the costumes of which they had bought fabrics all over...
Europe, and for which Gilbert Adrian designed exotic costumes; some of these unbelievably expensive costumes and fabrics were part of the estate sold at auction by Ullman following Valentino's death.

Another ghost of dead love that walked during the settling of the estate was the claim presented by Pola Negri for $15,000 for moneys loaned on a note by her to Valentino. She got it, with interest for one year at seven per cent, just like the butcher the baker and the candlestick maker.

Still further was the stripping of sentiment to proceed in the working out of the unlucky will of Valentino. In August 1928, Alberto and Maria filed suit against Ullman, petitioning for his removal as executor, and mentioning over sixty exceptions that they took to his conducting of the trust. They complained that Ullman had so mismeasured the estate that it had shrunk from over a million dollars to something approximating $350,000, and that the estate was so impoverished that it was unable to meet tax liens. They charged that loans had been made to different individuals without security, one of which was $50,000 and the other $40,000; the list included, as we have said, over sixty such exceptions that they took to Ullman's management of affairs.

On July 9, 1930, the Bank of Italy (California), petitioned for letters of administration to give it jurisdiction over the estate, following the resignation of S. George Ullman, who resigned "that discord might not cloud the memory of my dear friend." Maria and Alberto through their attorney claimed "mismanagement, misappropriation and fraud." The fraud referred to accusations that Ullman tried to escape liability of his bond as executor. Where Ullman is quoted at the death of Valentino as saying that the estate would value around $500,000 at least, he declared at this later date that Valentino was $180,000 in debt at his death.

The Son of the Sheik and The Eagle netted the estate $500,000 after Valentino's death, according to Ullman. He further claims that he had $16,000 worth of hardware [this refers to the collection of armor, horse trappings, arms, bronzes, and such things collected abroad by Valentino, which he (Ullman)] advertised and fixed up legends for at a cost of $50,000 and sold for $97,000.

One might go on and on with this controversy which is not settled yet and may not be for some time. The will, made in love and affection, has led to discord, and those whom Valentino loved most deeply are at odds with each other due to the hastily made will.

The will of Mabel Normand, made on February 26, 1927, and probated March 30, 1930, is short and to the point, a two hundred word will. Mabel left her estate entirely to her mother, Mary Drury Normand. A clause in the will explains that nothing is left to her husband Lew Cody because he has means of his own and is able to support himself. A trust fund of $50,000; jewels to the amount of $35,000; her home and its furnishings, stocks, bonds, and several bank accounts brought the estate up to $94,000.

Earle Williams, film idol, like Wallace Reid and Barbara La Marr, died intestate. His wife was (Continued on page 98)

How to get rid of loose DANDRUFF

Sooner or later, everyone experiences the annoyance and humiliation of a case of loose dandruff. Contact with others, promiscuous use of towels, combs and brushes, the trying-on of hats, spread this common ailment.

When this dandruff appears don't let it become serious. At the first sign of it, use full strength Listerine. It has remedied this condition for thousands.

The treatment consists of dousing Listerine, full strength, on the scalp and massaging vigorously, repeating the treatment frequently for several days. This is important.

From the outset you will be conscious of a marvelously cool, clean and healthy sensation of the scalp, and within a few days, you will note that dandruff is disappearing.

Loose dandruff is thought by many to be a germ condition, and noted dermatologists declare that the successful method of combating it is by frequent massage and applications of antiseptic.

Full strength Listerine, as you know, is not only a safe antiseptic with a tendency to soothe and heal tissue, but also possesses great germicidal power. It kills germs in the fastest time science has been able to measure accurately.

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff or an irritated scalp, begin the Listerine treatment at once. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Earle Williams, film idol, like Wallace Reid and Barbara La Marr, died intestate. His wife was (Continued on page 98)

Listerine the safe antiseptic soothes the scalp

10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores
The Perfect Pair for washing woolens—

**IVORY SNOW**

and lukewarm water

Ivory Snow—tiny fairy-thin pearls of pure Ivory Soap—gives extra protection to all fine fabrics. Every tiny pearl is so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even lukewarm water!

No waiting for hot water. No fussing with suds. No cooling to the safe faintly warm temperature. Now you start with lukewarm water, add Ivory Snow, and you’ll have foamy suds in a single swish. No unmelted soap left to cling to woolens and silks.

So quick! So handy! So very, very gentle! A big box for 15¢.

New!

9944/100 Pure

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

“A perfect soap for silks,” say Mal-linson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu.

“The ideal soap for woolens,” say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of the downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers.

**I Hereby Bequeath**

(Continued from page 97)

made administratrix of the estate, amounting to $300,000, under a $200,-

000 bond. The labyrinth of trouble into which the unfortunate widow, in-

experienced in financial affairs, was led, is sufficient reason to spur any man into making a will to provide against such contingencies. The whole sad story came to light when Mrs. Williams was brought into court by claims of creditors two years after the death of her husband.

Sam Warner, husband of Lina Bas-

quette, and one of the Warner Brothers, left a will that has been the cause of much bitterness and tragedy. Sam Warner died in 1927, leaving in his will two trust funds, one of $100,000 to his baby daughter Lita, and another like sum to his wife, Lina Basquette, then under age. The residue of his estate was then divided amongst his three brothers.

Lina Basquette, according to the terms of the will, was never to receive the principal of her trust fund, only the income; and in case of marriage she was to lose this. She married Peveryl Marley, a cameraman, two years after Sam Warner’s death, and lost her trust fund. Recently she lost her second husband, he suing her for divorce and mentioning cruelty.

Because of her feeling that Baby Lita was receiving only a share of the Warner millions that should be hers by birth, Lina Basquette listened to ar-

rangements to make Harry Warner and his wife the legal guardians of the child, when they offered to settle a $300,000 trust fund on the baby, the principal to be the baby’s at her major-

**THE** will of Theodore Roberts is Hollywood’s most famous “spite will” — a man of great emotional ca-

pacity, sensitive in the extreme, and ill for some years before his death, he expressed much bitterness against his family and did it in such a scathing manner that it took those of his own flesh and blood to stand up under the accusations in it. In one part of the will, he says, “I hold that human quali-

ties are most truly gauged by the manner in which rebuke or remon-

strance is received.” By this test, Roberts’ kin came through with flying colors, for a niece wrote to a friend, following the death and publication of the will, “What he did was perfectly all right but it grieves us deeply that he did it in a way to cause any dim-

ming of the beautiful reputation he bore of being a well loved and lovable
man. I thought it might be a comfort to you and to those loved him to know these facts (this refers to her refutation of many charges made in the will of heartlessness, etc., on the part of relatives) that you may know his words were the creation of a phan- 
tom that grew out of his long physical sufferings. We don't want his memory shadowed by a foible of his old age; he WAS a grand old man; people were right in loving him; nothing should be allowed to dim the brightness of his wonderful charm and the warmth and benevolence of his personality.

The text of the will is in part as follows: "I hereby bequeath to the Earle Williams, intestate, one expected at the beginning of his illness that it would end fatally. Of all the sums that Reid must have made, for himself and for the picture company for which he worked, nothing was left his widow and two children but an estat of $88,500, composed of a home with two mortgages, valued at $40,000, and his furniture and automobiles, valued at $18,500. His widow, Dorothy Davenport, an astute business woman and a great artist, has now guarded the family fortunes fare well, by her producing of independent pictures since his death. The two children are being well raised; one legacy their father left them is that of honor and courage, even unto death.

The wife carried out his wishes in devoting much money earned from pictures she made on the dope evil, to helping in the cause of saving addicts, and to educating those that might fall into its snare unknowingly, as did Wallie Reid. A man who, at his death, knew that life might be his if he would return to the habit which he was fighting, and deliberately chose a clean death rather than a return to slavery, has left perhaps the greatest legacy of all, the example of real courage. Barbara LaMarr, who died January 30, 1926, left no will. Poor pitiful Barbara, enmeshed in debt and struggling with her marriages, her tangled business affairs and her health, left little to be disposed of. Her father, William W. Watson, and her mother, her brother, and her adopted son, found three were heirs. The estate consisted of her home in Whitley Heights, not far from the old Valentino home; a few personal effects and furniture. Her baby was adopted by Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery. So much genius, beauty and love of life, poured out for nothing, and leaving nothing but the memory of beauty and ardent passion to roll on down the years.

MILTON SILLS, in his will probated September 30, 1929, left an estate of $250,000 for his wife and baby son Kenyon, from whom Mrs. Doris Kenyon Sills is to receive $1,500 a month for the first three months, and thereafter, $1,000 a month. A trust fund, made at the time of his divorce from his first wife, provides for Gladys Sills his ex-wife, and their daughter.

Lon Chaney, recently deceased, left a will in which he made his wife, Hazel G. Chaney, "my beloved wife," his ex-courtesan and heir; his first wife, "Cleva Creggton Bush from whom I am divorced and to whom I am under no obliga-
tion" received no legacy. His son, he mentioned, has been previously provided for. His brothers, George and John, and his sister Carrie, he had also provided for by his life insurance. John Jeske, his chauffeur and valet, "faithful friend and at all times a loyal and faithful servant" was left $5,000.
inconspicuous

I'll see you later concerning this outburst.

"Don't disappoint me, dearie," shrilled Miss McCue just before she vanished. "Come around the Fourth of July and I'll use you for punk."

BERET askew on her reddish curls, chubby knees functioning smoothly below the rim of a blue leather coat, Susie walked sulky beside Mr. Stretchter as he lectured her with the candor of a gentleman whose real talent lay in appreciating the gifts of others. It's okay to throw your arms around Opportunity's neck," he counselled, "but there's no sense in trying to strangle him.

"Meaning what?"

"That you'll be on seventy-five per week on dear old Broadway—some weeks—and there's where you'll finish if you don't stop trying to gouge Atlas. Unless, of course, you marry me."

"I've told you 'No' a hundred times," frowned Miss McCue, appraising his cheerful countenance. "You're too darn good tempered to be intriguing, Marty dear. You lack the spark of genius that stamps one as different, and therefore you fail to—to—oh, I can't remember the rest!"

"I'm not surprised, especially as I heard from Epictures that you'd been flattering over your lyrics again. Can't keep your mind off that Rittenhouse fellow, I suppose."

"I'm afraid he's beyond me," sighed Susie as she pictured the scornful Franklin, then she switched a melting gaze upon the back of Mr. Stretchter.

"Marty, do you think I'm dumb?"

"Of course I do," said Mr. Stretchter with disconcerting promptness. "Not so bad for a blue singer, though. Your mind could be as charity as a stockbroker's office, and still I'd love you because I've got sense enough for two."

"Then think up some way for me to get nine hundred dollars."

"You aren't worth that much, sweetheart."

"For heaven's sake!" exploded Miss McCue. "Why be as disillusioning as an author's photographer? Look at the other stars—what have they got that I haven't?

"But you're not a star," Marty reminded her gently. "When musicals go out, honey, so must you. All you're doing is hanging on the coat tails of a lad, and I wish it was over with."

"So you could snap the handcuffs on me, eh?" accused Susie. "Oh, Marty, if you had only a tenth of the romance that Franklin suggests, but then Fox won't stand, all tweeds and freckles and sterling quality, until I could scream. I'm fond of you, but if I ever weaken it'll be because I've come to the end of the trail, and don't forget that, please."

I can wait," said Mr. Stretchter with exasperating assurance. "Go ahead and mix with the cream of the cinema; you'll find it's pretty thick, or vice versa."

They drove townward, wrangling amiably, dined and danced, and then, as he bade her goodnight in the lobby of the Musclebound Arms, the publicity director eyed her quizzically.

"Five to one," he offered, "that you haven't learned your songs for that Celestial picture."

"What of it?" asked Susie, chloroforming her conscience by remembering that she had always squeaked by somehow. "If I memorize them too soon I have too much trouble not to forget them. And that, my good man, is inefficient across his desk the elevator whisked her skyrocket she grew a trifle panicky. Marty knew that she was a poor study, others suspected it; suppose the omnipotent Atlas should find it out? Two minutes after entering her apartment she was blinking sleepily at the three-tone poems which were destined to become favorites with bathroom reciters for the purpose of deafening their wives.

A FEW days later Miss McCue, driven by the cynical Marty to intensive rehearsing with an orchestra, was letter perfect in the numbers, and began to figure out saucy little interpolations and obligatos with which to astound the Celestial officials. And just as she was beginning to swagger like a person who never gets lost in Brooklyn, a summons arrived from Mr. Stretchter.

It appeared that the general manager had decided to overlook her invitation for Independence Day, and he smiled reassuringly across his desk. "Listen, sister," he chirped, "they been telling me that you're the niftiest little crooner that ever shook a spangle."

"Do you mean to say that you didn't know it already?"

"Baby," said Mr. Nerts bluntly, "If you had this merengue to look after you'd understand why a guy can't know it all. It was only last month I found out that you couldn't have Bryan Mawr beat Harvard with one minute to play, and if somebody shipped us eleven dozen blues singers for a gross I'd never know the difference because I wouldn't be bothered counting 'em. Take you, for instance. The New York office told us you were a wow on Broadway, so we signed you just because we heard that Epictures was after you. Then, when we had no parts ready, we began panic calling you to keep Mawr from the door. On the level, sweetheart, how do you do your stuff?"

The request changed Miss McCue from a mournful maiden to a dynamic

(Continued on page 102)
Once they hated milk
...now they fight for it

No wonder they're gaining weight and look wonderful

There's a year between Paul and Betty, but I've brought them up like twins. They're fond of each other and always share their candy or toys.

"So it strikes me funny to see them being greedy about milk, all of a sudden! Once they wouldn't touch milk, they hated it so; now they fight for it.

"I'm delighted, because while they're tall for their ages they were underweight—and needed lots of milk. Now that I mix Cocomalt with it, they drink five or six glasses a day. This extra nourishment is doing them worlds of good. They're gaining weight and look wonderful."

So delicious, children beg for it

This mother's story has many parallels. Even children who detest milk are won over by the rich, creamy, chocolate flavor goodness of Cocomalt. And glass after glass, it helps to round out their arms and legs, to fill out their little bodies, to put color in their pale, young cheeks.

For Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk. Every glass your child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk—thus supplying the extra proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so valuable in promoting healthy, sturdy growth.

Cocomalt also contains Vitamin D—that essential element produced by summer sunshine. Vitamin D helps to ward off rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. 3/4 lb., 1 lb., and 3 lb. family size at all grocers. Also a generous sized 10c can at stores featuring 10c packages.

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every month and save your time and money.

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Please send me a free trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name ____________________________
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City ____________________________ State ____________________________

101
Squawkin’ with Susie

(Continued from page 100)

A NEW SHORT SHORT STORY

A big story, OLD GOLD’S, yet it’s told in two words... “Try it.” Big space and big words can’t tell more than one pack in telling you that O. G. is the finest, throat-easiest cigarette. You’ll find out why OLD GOLD defeats other leading cigarettes in public concealed-name tests... and your taste and your throat will be grateful for the knowledge!

The first two numbers whirled into the ciphon with a lift and crash that spelled success, and as the words were seldom of more than two syllables Miss McCue weathered the storm gray mutes, barely an error. Like jugglers, contortionists and similar fauna, she was able to do two things at the same time, and as she warbled defiantly in her solo, she saw, not the scrubby recording crew, but the skeletal countenance of Marty Stretcher.

“I'll show you!” she seemed to be challenging. “You hear that—every word perfect, and yet you’ve got the nerve to say I’m stupid. I’ll make you regret it different before I’m through!”

Her eyes flashed victoriously, and she registered with an almost bacchanalian intensity, for which the gratified director took credit in subsequent interviews. Then came the day of “Incredible You,” the super-song that was to be photographed in color, and along with it skulked the spirit of failure. High lights flashed, the traveling camera crane stripped its gears, the chorus chime in raucoously and were immediately rung. Only the nonchalant Susie McCue was flawless. Over it all the director swung the lash of sarcasm until, by four in the morning, Susie was a cast to the point where it hovered on the verge of fame or a flop.

The actors watched him anxiously, all except Susie, who, slightly aloof as became a Broadwaywardite, was muttering, “Who-makes-me-ideale-when-I’m-lim-busy (gasp) Idolizin’-til-I’m-duh-izzy (gasp) Mizzie (gasp) Incredible-edible-woedable-YU-HOO!”

“Once more, please!” called the director, and a surge of chromatic harmony banished all signs of fatigue as Art re-hypnotized its devotees. Half a dozen vari-hued spotlights converged on a door cut in a huge banjo that served as a backdrop, and through its burst Susie at the apex of an arrow-head formation of chorines, clad in what appeared to be the remains of a gilt and scarlet lamp shade. As she advanced Miss McCue’s mind was buzzing with thoughts of future triumphs over the bulbous opera singer, who, as the star of the show, was to be the bride of the conductor’s baton, zoomed from crescendo to a muted tantalizing thrum as Susie began to sing. The verse flowed smoothly by, and she founded the bend into the chorus with a quickened tempo rendered more insistent by an undercurrent of tom-toms.

Who makes me ideale when I’m busy Idolizin’ till I’m duh-izzy

warbled Susie, and before she reached the end of the second line she was face to face with her family skeleton. What, or what, was the third, not to mention the fourth? She tried desperately to concentrate as the tune fox-trotted resistlessly ahead, but under the strain of repeating the second verse she inserted her and the unfortunate little blues singer’s well-exposed back was against the wall. A clatter of xylophone was heard from the third, not to mention the fourth! She tried desperately to concentrate as the tune fox-trotted resistlessly ahead, but under the strain of repeating the second verse she inserted her and the unfortunate little blues singer’s well-exposed back was against the wall. A clatter of xylophone was heard from the third, not to mention the fourth!
each one, but trying to conceal it with a series of devastating winks and pouts, strutting bravely to the bitter end. Finishing with a heavily blurred YU-HO! punctuated by an impudent stuff-wuff-wuff, she ignored the startled glances of Mr. Nerts and the director, and ran quickly from the sound stage, but once in her dressing room her well-powdered shoulders shook with sobs instead of syncopation.

It was all over now, she told herself, scrubbing at the makeup with shaking fingers. Her chance to steal the opera singer's thunder was gone, to judge by the general manager's sagging jaw; perhaps she'd never even be loaned to rival companies. Retakes in the morning, then oblivion with Marty loomed ahead—what excuse could she offer to prevent that fate? Five-thirty saw her walking shame-facedly across the stage, a snappy comeback in readiness with which to stun the director in case he opened fire, and, sure enough, here he was blocking her path.

"You little devil!" he roared.

"Listen, you big tramp," commenced Susie, "I— And then something she saw in the other's eye made her stop.

"So you've been holding out on us," he grinned. "You cute little rascal! I must say it didn't stick so well when you sprung it, but the playback—oh, boy, that playback will panic the industry!"

Marty McCue reeled into a chair and made a feeble noise that sounded like, "Huh?"

"Don't 'huh' me, sweetheart," shouted the delirious Mr. Nerts bustling up. "Say, that stuff-wuff-wuff business sure is squishy on the ears. It sounds like a high grade taffeta train being swooshed by a princess, and if it goes over the way I think it will, we'll talk business again."

"It was the eefa lofa-sofa that appealed to me," asserted the director. "The original words are sappy, anyway, and it was mighty smart and sweet of you to break up the lines that way. Been rehearsing it for a week, too. I'll bet. Why, when you roll your eyes and gurgle that phrase a person can read any kind of meaning into it. Kind of broad but not too deep, get me?"

Spots shimmered like mosquitoes before the lilac McCue orbs. "Honestly," she quavered, "you won't want any retakes tomorrow morning?"

"I'll say I'll do 'em!" bellowed the director. "Do you think I'm nuts? Those two earlier numbers—we'll do 'em all over again, baby, so you can sprinkle 'em with this new paprika—and if you make it hot enough you'll have your name in lights!"

"WELL, sweetheart," said Mr. Nerts, tilting his chair to a dangerous angle, "it's over a month since the reports began to come in on 'Bums and Bouquets,' and although Celestial won't give me any inside dope on the figures, the newspaper clippings show that you've goaded the country. It's come to a point where, when a wife says to her so-called master, 'Where were you last Wednesday night—answer me!' he comes back with, 'Eefa-lofa-sofa,' and laughs it off like that."

"So I've heard," cooed Miss McCue, regarding her employer with a speculative gaze. The thirty days elapsing since the Hollywood premiere had transformed her into a personage to be singled out in restaurants, and she had

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4 FLAVORS — CHOCOLATE · VANILLIN · CARAMEL · COFFEE
Squawkin’ with Susie
(Continued from page 103)

declined that if laurels were to be thrust upon her the best thing to do was to wear them as if they had always been part of her wardrobe. Pan mail was rolling in, and the only flaw was that Mr. Stretcher, temporarily transferred to New York, could not be present to rub his nose in the tour of shadow boxing he came to the point.

“Charmed to have you for tea at the Beverly-Wilshire tomorrow,” he said, as he gave me a feathery kiss after, and later to a thawtaw.” The latter was Londesmond for “theater” and had been acquired only after hours of practice.

“That’ll be perfectly gorgeous,” gushed Miss McCue, at the same time marveling that the hungrily awaited invitation caused no ripples of delight.

“If thought you’d think so. And please allow me to retract my statement about your mentality. You have none of late with the fire of genius.”

“None whatever, and I’m proud to number you among my friends.”

“But what number am I?” inquired Susie, suddenly suspicious. “That’s what those three girls you were interested in?”

“I’m still talking to two of them,” said Mr. Rittenhouse with the cool detachment of the connoisseur, “but the third one, an outsider opera singer, I’ve discarded for you. After all, she was out here for only one picture, while you, Mr. Wilshire, will be my Main Character.

“But Frankie, you talk as though it were business!”

“IT is, and excellent publicity for both of us. Can’t you understand that to be seen with me as an escort will give you added luster, while it marks me as being in tune with the times. Next I’ll dream of me to make the offer, I think.”

“I suppose it is,” said the little singer wistfully, “but it doesn’t sound very thrilling.”

“Oh, there will be a kiss or two,” promised Franklin, “and I’ll help you off with your wraps and be there with all the little attentions so people will know we’re not married. In short, the perfect courtier.”

“B-but don’t you really care?”

“Good heavens!” said the villain irritably. “Why is it that women must get sentimental about me? Do I give them any encouragement? NO! Most of them start after the third date, but here you are in full sail already, and I don’t like it. Be a sensible girl, now, and realize that your brains attract me more than your face. It may seem bittersweet, but that’s Hollywood, my child. Er—shall we say tomorrow at five?”

“We’ll say tonight at ten!” sizzled Susie, hugging me very closely. “And this time you make your exit, you merry-go-rounder, you fattener upon fame, you—oh, get out of here before I traduce you!”

“Sorry, old thing,” said Mr. Rittenhouse, who apparently had extricated himself from similar situations, “but I think the girl has too much to flatter!”

The stimulated Susie dived madly into a floor sweeping creation of dull gold fishnet, rushed the maid out for a couple of orchids, and still managed to look drooping with languor when the menace arrived. She greeted him effusively, but Mr. Wilshire eyed her with the same glassy admiration he would have bestowed upon a new pair of lavender spats, and after half an hour of shadow boxing he came to the point.

Some Women wonder...while others FIND OUT

what to do about this vital matter

THERE is one subject of absorbing interest to all married women. How they do wonder about this matter! How many theories they hold about it! How wrong most of these theories are!

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current beliefs regarding feminine hygiene. And it is surprising how many women actually never learn the facts!

Zonite is safe and powerful

Caustic and poisonous antiseptics have long been a cause of uneasiness and unhappiness. It is true that until recently these were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose. Yet doctors could not and would not advise the use of bichloride of mercury or compounds of carbolic acid. But Zonite is different. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid which may be allowed on the body. And Zonite is safe. No mercurial poisoning. No formation of scar-tissue.

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Mail coupon today for the booklet on feminine hygiene. The whole truth is told freely and frankly. Read this book and be among those who know the facts. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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City... (In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)
The first thing you do at home for emergency relief for burns and scalds is to reach for the "Vaseline" Jelly. In this thrilling fire story, Russell Owen tells you how those who fight fire on a big scale depend on the same sure method of soothing wounds acquired in the line of duty.

More Amusing Yarns of Hollywood, by Stewart Robertson, are Coming in NEW MOVIE
pictures that would bring to a focus the tremendous drama of modern social inequalities.

Instead, Eisenstein, defeated here, now seeks to make a film in Mexico while Bancroft wends his way through a continuous recurrence of stereotyped melodramas.

**MANY** vehicles given to Emil Jannings would have been ideally suitable for Bancroft. Jannings’ untimely expulsion from American pictures through linguistic difficulties might have opened for Bancroft the opportunity to easy roles more worthy of his ability. He is forced to offset the burden of faulty stories, bad direction and worse supervision of his vastly magnetic personality.

In “Street of Sin,” Jannings was assigned the rôle of an underworld character whose eventual reformation was effected by the influence of a pure love and so forth. Despite his great cleverness, Jannings could not touch the faultless delineation of a Bancroft crook characterization. He is unsurpassed in the modern cinema for faithfulness to detail in voice and gesture. He endows his crook characters with the quality possessed by so many underworld types—a rather finite charm.

In “The Mighty,” Bancroft’s infectious laugh was used throughout the film. The success of this production undoubtedly came from the producers’ willingness to use the Bancroft laughter to the point of exhaustion. If writer, director, or supervisor found their own bag empty of tricks, they would put in a sequence where Bancroft laughed. The “Bancroft laugh” is now so sad that it may eventually be used at the funeral of a producer.

Bancroft, around fifty years of age, has the strength of an ox and the agility of a cat. His two-hundred-and-ten-pound body is made of springs. He does not know his own strength. He can lift an average sized man above his head with ease.

He possesses great charm for the ladies. He brings them back to the early cave days when there were no dishes to wash and no gossip at bridge tables about Einstein and his work.

**BANCROFT** does not have the same allure for them as Joel Valentine, who often forced the exhibitors to run bad comedies as “chasers” to clear the theaters of the ladies who had brought their lunch, prepared to call it a day.

Nor had he any part of the cruel quality possessed by Erich Von Stroheim. But he does appeal greatly to the frustrated among women the world over.

The possessor of the best masculine voice developed six months ago is also a master of silence. With no facial grimace and no verbal support he can build a scene in silence until it trembles on the verge of tears.

There are those who say that the big actor is in love with himself and quote him as having said that “the world has gone Bancroft.” They accuse him of being brusque. Women interviewers have been particularly harsh to him. It is merely the kittens meowing at the lion which roars from the hurts of life.

Bancroft, being an actor, has no gift for analysis. Living on volcanic emotions, he has no idea from whence they come. If he were a shrewder and less simple man, he might find it as easy to charm a lady in life as on the screen. He is direct and innately honest. He says the first thing that comes into his mind. This is so unconventional that in Hollywood social circles it is considered dishonest.

All screen players take themselves far too seriously. They hide, with subterfuge, an all consuming ego. When Bancroft’s name is mentioned they say, “A terrible egotist,” and resume talking about themselves.

His brusqueness is so obvious that even a director should be able to understand. He is like an immense collie. He would make up to a director who carried poisoned meat in his hand. He would thank him in hating fashion for the meat he has directed him with kindness and understanding—Josef Von Sternberg and Rowland V. Lee.

**BANCROFT** is amazed at duplicity and cunning. He cannot understand it. He has no method by which to safeguard himself against it. So all he can do is imitate the turtle and keep his head and heart under a shell. He has never seen the sea and judge the hurt turtle accordingly.

Bancroft is a product of the United States Navy. He served under Admiral Dewey in the Spanish-American War. He is said to have been a cadet at Annapolis. Why he did not go on and became an admiral is shrouded in darkness.

He came up the usual back-stage stuff. He was a Cinderella of the craft, which sailors either had to witness or commit treason by deserting, then vaudeville, then such sob stage pieces as “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine” and “The Rise of Rosie O’Reilly.”

His first film was called “Driven.” It had a spark, though its truth and realism were over-estimated in its early day. Bancroft played a brutal pioneer. It was the first of his laughing villain roles. It made him talked about.

The Paramount officials at first tried to develop him as a comedian. They gave it up after nine pictures. Then B. P. Schulberg had a great hunch. He put him in “Underworld.”

For years he told all who would listen that some day he would be the biggest drawing card in films. Fellow players laughed. They thought they were going to be. Bancroft is.

**BANCROFT** is by nature a very gentle man with a hot temper. His mind runs on one track. It is not very smooth. He is of the stuff of which the rough liberalism of the United States Navy broadened him early.

Having a one-track mind he makes a greater effort at concentrating than others who have more tracks in their heads.

If anyone attempts to get him off...
the track he is apt to find him brusque and curt.

His constant companion is a woodsman named Jim Davis, who knows his master.

"I leave George alone when he's thinkin' about his work. If I see him readin' the script of his next picture, I fight shy of him like he was a graveyard."

George loves goldfish. He owns scores of them.

When moving into his new home he spent an entire day going back and forth between the old house and the new. His automobiles were full of tin cans which contained goldfish.

His gardener is said to have put six choice specimens in a heavy, selected can, not wanting the jar of the machine to hurt them. It was quite thoughtful. George discovered at the end of the journey that he had forgotten to put water in the can.

He acts out everything he talks about. He sees and does everything dramatically. When being interviewed, he will get up from his chair, pace the room, and re-enact the roles about which he is talking.

This, of course, is not a popular procedure with interviewers, who wish to talk about themselves.

BANCROFT is in one respect a miracle—an actor who does not like publicity. For fear that newspapers will report his sending flowers to people in the hospital—he sends them without his name attached.

Well past middle life, and the most popular star on the screen, he has proven that if youth will be served, so also will George Bancroft.

By accident he became known as "the he-man of the screen". A small exhibitor used the words in electric lights to advertise, "The Drag Net". The words caught on.

He realizes that he has not the resiliency of youth. He will shirk neither danger nor combat if handled tactfully and with consideration.

When ten men are fighting, he might consider it dangerous, as a man of fifty, to trade wallops with them. But, as there is no face like Bancroft's, they rise with diffidence and is soon in the midst of the battle. And when Bancroft fights—he fights. At thirty he might have whipped any man in the world. At fifty—he can still whip any screen actor. But I would write of men...

His chief interest in life is his young daughter, Georgette.

He likes to travel. An ex-sailor, he prefers ships to trains.

His favorite food is sirloin steak, cooked over charcoal—rare...

He never uses make-up. He was the first actor to insist that he be allowed to appear before the camera without it. He hesitates before granting interviews to writers. He claims they do not understand him.

He will talk to me by the hour. As he has no pretense, I always treat him kindly.

A one-time eccentric dancer in burlesque, Bancroft is still light on his feet.

Henry Fink is one of his closest Hollywood friends and confidant. He is the author of the gutter-wail song:

"You made me what I am today—
I hope you're satisfied."

The song is not very popular with producers. They do not sing it while signing new contracts with Bancroft.

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Instantly

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A Linit Beauty Bath is sensational in immediate results — delightful — no waiting — and trifling expense!

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Linit gives the skin just the right amount of lubrication. It neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

THIS TEST PROVES IT TO YOU!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream — and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced — INSTANTLY!

LINIT is sold by your Grocer

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
irregular verbs and being the belle of Tacoma, when over the wires sped a message that upset everything.

Would Mildred Davis come back to Hollywood and accept a contract as leading lady for Harold Lloyd?

"Who's Harold Lloyd?" said Mildred's father, a newspaper man who's supposed to know about things.

Mildred turned innocent and exquisite blue eyes upon her parent.

"Why, Daddy," said she, "he's a great comedy star—like Chaplin."

The thrill was that she hadn't the faintest idea who Harold Lloyd was until her small brother informed her.

There was a pitched battle in the Davis household. Mildred resorted to tears, hysterics, coaxing, martyrdom, silence. She was her father's idol and of course in the end she won.

"But I thought you hated Hollywood and didn't want to go back," said the poor man.

"I know," said his beautiful blond daughter, "but I didn't know they would send clear to Tacoma for me."

The next day Mildred, Mrs. Davis and Mildred's small brother left for Hollywood. On the train they held a council of war.

"We got to have some new clothes," said the young lady.

"Why, you've plenty of clothes," said mama. "There's your new blue suit and your white dress, and—"

"They're all wrong," said Mildred. "You know everyone thought I was too young. We got to have some grown-up clothes."

Thus the hour of their first meeting was sad and terrible.

HAROLD had been dreaming of the little blond girl who looked like every boy's first sweetheart.

Mildred had built up a Harold Lloyd who was a romantic leader man, an ideal screen hero.

Face to face, Harold saw a severe, dignified black plume topping a black dress which might well have been worn by a tragedienne of the old school. Between the two was a grave and tragic little countenance suggesting to Harold's horrified brain that since he saw her on the screen, Mildred had lost her entire family in a calamity.

Mildred saw a shabby young man in big horn-rimmed glasses who looked bewildered and slightly demented.

She cried—at parting.

He swore.

"Now look what you've got us into," said Harold to Hal Roach.

But Hal wasn't discouraged. "It's that damned ostrich feather," he said. It was.

Dressed in frilly white, her curls flowing, the sweet and mischievous girl of their first vision appeared. And Mildred saw Harold minus his screen make-up and his bewildermnt and decided he was a very nice boy.

For weeks Mildred made little mention of Hollywood. And played together. There was no love-making in these years. Yet they were seldom apart.

The Mildred of those days was the gayest, sweetest, prettiest little imp you ever saw. She was as full of mischief as a robin. She teased Harold, bossed him and kept him continually busy. The thing everyone in the studio adored was her bubbling enthusiasm. It was miraculous and contagious. She got more pleasure out of little things than any girl Harold had ever seen. Her faith in his future and her own bountless. She never walked—her feet were always skipping, dancing, running about the lot, and her pretty curls danced, too.

Beaux came her way, of course, and she flirted and teased them and told Harold boys she found them all a trifle.

But usually it was Harold who took her breathless with excitement, to football games, Harold who took her to dance at the Ambassador or Sunset Inn. They were always the best dancers on the floor, always laughing.

But there was another side to the imperious young thing who was the studio pet.

During the first part of their time together, tragedy overtook Harold. While he was posing for a publicity picture, a bomb, supposed to be harmless, went off in his hand.

Dark days came. Harold lay motionless, his eyes bandaged. Doctors came and went silently. The boy, suffering tortures in his burned face and torn hand, dared not ask the fatal question. Would he ever see again? He feared the answer too greatly. Something hammering in his heart told him that they believed the bright and beautiful world was shut away from him forever. And he fought the demons of despair. Just as ambition was becom-

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Problems of a Hollywood Wife

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by silly stock gambling, phoney oil investments, and all sorts of slickers' propositions, and you will see that they are easily unwise. Lucky, indeed, is the actor with a wife who has sound business sense and cooperates with him in saving and budgeting the money. If she doesn't have business sense—well!

Neil Hamilton's wife is one woman blessed with great financial acumen; she handles all the family money, budgeting Neil's expenditures, making investments, and seeing that money is saved.

Johnny Mack Brown and his wife, Constance, go over all their bills together, work out their budget, and cooperate in savings and planning for the future.

Jack Mulhall's wife is an excellent manager and does her share towards their happiness in a material way by planning ways and means to save and to invest his money. So far she has been very successful.

The problems of professional and non-professional wives merge when it comes to one very sinister aspect of life in Hollywood. Blackmailers thrive in this city, where reputations are so fragile and so valuable. Not by ability does an actor endure, but by reputation. There have been a few stars whose hold was so great that the storms of scandal left them relatively untouched. Many others have found to their grief that unproved accusations have wrecked their careers. With these unfortunate in mind, it is small wonder that the actor or actress falls an easy prey to blackmailers. One payment clinches the deal; then the blood money can be collected indifferently.

Another difficult situation for a Hollywood wife is the moonstruck girl who marries the husband. Some of these situations are amazing. As long as these admirers confine themselves to mail, it is easily enough handled; but when they arrive in town personally, and climb in the bedroom of the star, as happened with Valentina on two occasions, it indeed gets rather hectic for the wife.

The "other woman" looms much larger on the horizon of the Hollywood wife than anywhere else in the country. A male star is constantly playing roles opposite some young and beautiful woman. He goes through fervent love scenes with her, must murmur sweet nothings to her, caress her, and register passion in a convincing manner. It is a well known psychological fact that if you set your face in a frown or a smile, and keep it so for a few minutes, you begin to undergo the emotion depicted on your face. Why should it be different with love? Perhaps the response of the leading lady is simulated, perhaps it is real. Nature is working against the wife under such circumstances.

A professional wife must make personal sacrifices to keep her home and husband. In her own case, she would like to go back to New York to the stage; but her husband is established in pictures and so she remains here.

YOU SAY IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO YOU . . .

EVEN once in a while you have an evening spoiled. Perhaps it's by a good looking woman who sits beside you at the theatre. Instantly you know that her toilet did not include the use of a perspiration deodorant.

You think with assurance, "That could never happen with me." . . . COULDN'T IT? Are you sure?

Unless your assurance is based on the regular use of a dependable deodorant, you can't always be sure!

For underarm odor is a mean, tricky thing. If you forget to use precautions, even on a single occasion, it is liable to creep in.

The simplest way to make sure of yourself is just to use Mum when you dress.

That's the wonderful thing about Mum, you know. You can use it any time, anywhere. A minute is all you need!

No directions to follow, no tedious delay. Just apply a little bit of this snowy cream with your finger-tip, and slip on your dress. That's all there is to it!

For there's nothing in Mum that hurts fabrics. And nothing that irritates the skin. You can use Mum right after shaving!

Women have found Mum invaluable in another way, too. Rub it on your hands after you've prepared onions or fish for dinner, or have used gasoline or dry cleaner. It kills every whiff of clinging odor! It soothes and softens the hands, too.


FOR SANITARY NAPKINS

This is a special use which careful women appreciate. Mum gives protection from embarrassment.

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Great Love Stories of Hollywood

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ing a reality, just as his hard work was bearing fruit, was he to be out of the race? Success, the result of honest, inspired, concentrated work, was his at last. Already the name of Harold Lloyd was beginning to be famous. How could he face life—he who was so young and full of dreams and the energy to make them come true—if he was to be blind?

He bore it silently, bravely, comforted his mother and father, reassured his heart-broken business associates.

But there was one comrade who cheered and comforted him always. Mildred never faltered. There was no pity in her happy voice, no fear in the strong little hand that held his. She wasn't afraid to laugh and be natural and tease him and call him an old mummy. Fear, panic, retreated before her naturalness, her gaiety, her complete conviction that he would soon be quite all right again. Not for one moment did she ever accept any other outcome. Day after day she sat in the darkened room and cheered his heart and strengthened his soul. So that when he could see again, the first thing he wanted his eyes to rest upon was the exquisite little face of his best friend.

Only when he looked into her blue eyes, did he realize by their new depths, by the first tears he had ever seen, that it had taken all her faith, all her courage to go through without faltering.

Mildred's father had come to Los Angeles to live and Harold had a second home in the Davis household. He and "Mid" roughhoused, he scolded her big-brother fashion, and as money began to roll in from "The Sailor Made Man" and "Grandma's Boy," gave her such gifts as Mrs. Davis would permit. But toward the end of 1922, when Mildred's three-year contract with Harold was up, a new situation arose.

Harold Lloyd's beautiful and talented leading lady hadn't gone unnoticed by an industry always keenly alert to both beauty and talent. Offers from other companies began to pour in. Money and dramatic roles, opportunities to star on her own, were presented to her.

Mid took them all to Harold. "What'll I do?" she asked. Harold studied them carefully. "Well, look," he said, and stopped, frowning.

"See, Mid, we can meet any of their offers for money," he said. "We'll give you any salary they name. But, honey, we can't possibly give you the chances they can. We can't give you good dramatic roles. You've gone just about as far with me as you'll ever get. I realize that."

He knew that Mildred, like every girl, was ambitious. She wanted to be a star. In Hollywood, that idea is in every girl's mind. Bebe had left, and soon become a star in her own right. And he was convinced that Mildred Davis had every bit as good a chance. She was the Pickford type, then so popular. Did he have any right to hold her back?

He knew he didn't and he advised her as to what she should do, which offer to take, which contract to sign.

WHEN he was alone, he felt himself overcome with a sudden, inexplicable sadness. Mildred would go. Then the old happy, carefree days would be over. She'd be working at another studio. She'd be a star, busy with interests of her own. What in the world would he do without her? Why, he couldn't. He simply couldn't do without her. The very idea was absurd. Mildred was part of his life.

He dashed out—ran to her dressing room. She'd gone home. He followed her. He knew that he loved her—had loved her always. It broke on him with a sweep that sent him breathless to her side.

An hour later Mildred Davis had agreed to give up her own promising career, had agreed to become Mrs. Harold Lloyd and had admitted that she loved him.

On February 10, 1923, in St. John's After every cigarette

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

How good your smoke tastes after dinner! It's the same way after you chew Beech-Nut Gum. It stimulates your taste sense—makes the next smoke taste better, more enjoyable. Remember, always, there's no gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.
Church, Los Angeles, they were married by the Rev. Dr. Davidson, with no one but the families present. They slipped away to San Diego for a two weeks' honeymoon and then rushed back to the studio to finish "Why Worry." Harold had quit right in the middle of it to get married.

I have always remembered one thing that Harold said to me about Mildred, soon after they were married. It comes into my thoughts often when I have watched other marriages go on the rocks.

"I never knew anyone," Harold said, "that got so much joy out of life. It's such fun to do things for Mildred because she's so happy over them. It's the greatest thing in the world to give her something, because she appreciates it so. It's the greatest thrill to tell her about anything you've accomplished because she gets such a kick out of it."

Perhaps that's one reason Harold Lloyd has been such an outstanding success.

"A nd they lived happily ever after."

They have, too. The Lloyd home is by far the most beautiful in Hollywood. The acres of rolling woods and gardens, the fairy palace atop the green hills, the pool and tennis court and golf course, the playhouses and old mill, are all marvelous. Inside the house are collected beauties from many countries, and from many centuries — paintings, rugs, books, silver, furniture — all from the hands of artists.

But it is little Mildred Lloyd who makes all this loveliness into a home. It is Mildred who gives it that gayety and joy, whose personal touch brings that indefinable something without which a palace doesn't mean a darn thing, and with which one room becomes the center of a man's life.

There is a simplicity, a gentleness and yet an exuberant delight in everything that Harold has done for her that makes Mrs. Harold Lloyd exceptional.

Much has been said about Harold and his fine, decent life. His character has been applauded by his public. Here is one man who has survived Hollywood and its madness and trials and temptations and remained just as he was before millions and world fame came to him.

All that is true. But Harold has been lucky. Back of him has been a happy and peaceful home, perfectly arranged to give him comfort and inspiration. Beside him has been a young and beautiful and devoted wife, whose every thought has been for him, whose belief in him has been a staff, and whose appreciation has been a spur and a reward.

In May, 1924, Gloria Lloyd came to take her abode with the young Lloyds. A fair haired child who is the image of her father. The wait for another baby was long, and little Peggy was adopted so that Gloria should not be alone.

Now the final touch has been added — Harold Lloyd II is doing beautifully in his incubator, and will soon be ready to go home to the big house on the hill.

Many evenings Harold and Mildred spend alone in their home, playing their favorite music on the big organ, listening to the radio — happy, contented married folk.

And they lived happily ever after.

Even the oiliest skin becomes smooth with LIGHTEX

A new, exquisite blend of OUTDOOR GIRL FACE POWDER of fluffy, unusual dryness!

LIGHTEX, the delicate new blend of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, imparts to the "shiniest" complexion, the petal-smoothness of youth. This enchanting new texture owes its marvelous fluffiness to an unusual base which is fifteen per cent lighter by specific gravity than any other known. Soft, satin-y . . . free from lime or mica . . . LIGHTEX films the face with a fresh loveliness that clings for hours . . . But skins which are normal yield best to the mellow richness of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder. Its luxurious quality soothes and animates the tissues, protecting sensitive skin against the ravages of wind, sun and whirling dust.

If you have not already used OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder in either the Lightex or Olive Oil blend, by all means try it today. Its seven enchanting shades include Everglades, a glorious "duo-tone" for all types of complexions and Lido, a radiant "gypsy" tint. Regular size packages of this unusual powder at 35c and $1.00 are available at the better drug and department stores.

For trial purposes, generous introductory packages also may be had at the toilet goods counters of leading 10c stores (25 cents in Canada). Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Ave., N. Y. C.
Romance of the Comet Girl

(Continued from page 40)

Miss Bennett was resting and could not be disturbed for an hour. In half an hour or forty-five minutes, Mr. Blank's impatience getting the best of him, he would call again. The maid would ask who was calling and on getting Mr. Blank's name would fly into a rage that would have done credit to any one of the six nations whose blood coursed in her veins—to say nothing of the mixture, "You so-and-so," she would scream, "didn't I tell you she couldn't be disturbed?"

ONE of Mr. Plant's calls came during such a period. "Long distance" meant nothing in the life of this maid. She calmly told the operator Connie couldn't be disturbed. A short time later the operator rang again and the maid flew into one of her customary rages. Mr. Plant was already on the other end of the wire and, not hearing clearly or understanding the ungodly dialect the maid spoke, jumped to the conclusion that Connie was refusing to speak to him.

The telephone operator eventually put the call through and Connie received the momentous news of his engagement. She ought to make an excellent poker player. She can't be bluffed.

She went right on with the picture and presently it was finished. She returned to New York and the film was released—a smash hit and Connie was something of a sensation.

Then the offers began pouring in and she went back to the West Coast. She was out here nine months this time—and made nine pictures: "Into the Net," "Code of the West," "The Goose Hangs High," "My Son," "My Wife and I," "The Goose Woman," "Wandering Fire," "Marriage" and "Sally, Irene and Mary." It was in the last-named picture that Joan Crawford got her first real break and Sally O'Neil was also prominently among those present.

These pictures were all made as a free lance player and at a constantly mounting salary. Only those of you who can remember back five or six years ago can have any idea of the fan following and popularity she developed in those few months. After each picture she was deluged with new offers of contracts, but it was not until after "Sally, Irene and Mary" that M.-G.-M. finally talked her into affixing her signature to a contract. The document stated she was to have six weeks' vacation every year. She started her new contract by taking the first year's vacation at the beginning instead of the end.

WHEN Plant saw that his newly announced engagement was having no effect on Constance, he broke it and came West himself. He arrived during the latter part of her stay. Connie loved him. She had never tried to kid herself that she didn't. She has always had a good head and usually she keeps it clear. Young as she was, she realized that marriage is a serious business and she had tried to reason whether she and Plant could be happy together. It was when she decided they couldn't that she had broken the engagement.

When Plant came West, it seemed good to her to see him again after nine months and, when they sat down and chatted, the things they had quarreled about seemed trivial.

So they became engaged for the third time and made plans to be married in January. Then Constance signed her M.-G.-M. contract and they returned to the East together. She still had two pictures to make for another company which she had contracted to do before signing with M.-G.-M. One of them—the first—was to have been made in New York. But no sooner had she and Plant arrived there than the officials told her they would have to leave for Palm Beach.

Plant objected. They had been separated for nine months, had just become reconciled and now they would have to be separated again. "I don't want it that way," he pleaded. "Let's be married now. I've more money than we need and there's no sense to your working yourself to death this way."

CONNIE agreed. They were married in November. The head of the company for whom she was to make those two pictures gave her a release from her contract as a wedding present and M.-G.-M. waived the contract with the understanding that, if she ever returned to pictures, she would come back to them and finish it out.

They were perverse enough, although Plant had objected to her going to Palm Beach to make a picture he took her there on their honeymoon.

People have tried to make much of the fact that Constance is selfish; yet, on her honeymoon, she did one of the most unselfish things I have ever encountered.

Barbara, her sister, had gotten herself into the headlines—quite accidentally—but the newspapers were
making much of it. Connie received a wire from her father: “Barbara in trouble. I am appearing in a play and cannot leave. Will you go?”

And Connie wired back: “Tonight.” She threw her things into some bags, cut short her honeymoon and left that night as she had promised, explaining to friends, “The papers are trying to put Barbara in a mess. I’ve got to go and straighten it out and bring her back.”

She brought Barbara back to New York with her and then she and her husband left for Europe. They maintained a house in Paris, a home on the Riviera and another at Cannes, and the two became familiar figures at Biarritz, Deauville and the other famous watering places.

Her salon became quite celebrated. Visiting there, one almost invariably met the Who’s Who of the French capital as well as celebrated and important visitors in town.

“How could you be satisfied without your career?” I asked Miss Bennett the other day.

Connie’s blue eyes widened and she regarded me levelly: “My boy, if you ever fall as deeply in love as I was, you’ll know that there is nothing in the world that matters so much as being with the person you love. No price you can pay is too high, if it brings you happiness. I don’t regret it.”

And yet there are those who have said her heart never rules her head!

“Right now,” she continued, “I think I’m getting a lot more important breaks than I ever did before I married, yet if I fell in love today with a man and he wanted me to leave pictures, I’d do it without a moment’s hesitation.”

“I think a man would have to be pretty selfish to ask you to leave pictures now,” I interjected.

She turned that over in her mind for a moment and regarded me with an amused expression. “Not at all. People who are not directly concerned with the making of pictures simply cannot understand the business. Your time isn’t your own; you never know when you may have to break an engagement you had planned on for days simply to attend a conference of some sort at the studio. Neither can they understand why you have to establish social relations with people you work with in this business more than any other. If I married outside my profession, I’m not sure I wouldn’t want to give it up again. I think the chances for happiness would be greater.”

Her eyes took on a faraway look and it was easy to guess she was living over those years abroad again. She and Plant were happy for a time—a rather long time as happiness goes—and then the old differences began cropping up again; the same things that had caused them to break their engagement twice before they married. They tried, but it was no use.

Four years had written “Finis” to the chapter in Connie’s life. She had been a divorce, picked up the broken skeins of her life and faced the future.

Next month the most colorful chapters of Miss Bennett’s meteoric career will be told in New Movie. This covers her return to the screen, following her divorce from Philip Plant. It relates her recent adventures in Hollywood and tells how she came to meet with her great film success.
Come Into the Garden

(Continued from page 86)

Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, devoted themselves to the business of making a home and garden for their little two-year-old daughter Jane, when they became Hollywood residents and found themselves with a large house and the loneliness of a stage home behind them. Their hilltop home, with a view to the sea and mountains, is surrounded by terraces and window-boxes for much level gardening, but with plenty of range for an imaginative couple to transform into a pleasing yard. Terraces of lawn, gracefully one into the other, dotted with big old trees. Because the rocky formation of the under-soil prevents deep-rooted plants, Ann and Harry decided to utilize the natural conformation of the soil to its best advantage, and constructed an old-fashioned rockery. Beautifully colored slabs of variegated  stone, placed in graceful groups, and at the top of the incline, a shallow lily pool was built, fed from the overflow from the big swimming pool near the house. The lily pool trickles gently down over flat slabs of mossy rock, and spreads socially into several small pools bordered with irises, daisies, violets, mignonette, sweet alyssum, and nasturtiums, which ramble informally over the rocks. Ann’s favorite flower is the daisy, and these pretty white blooms figure largely in her yard. Other charms of an enclosed garden from her residence abroad, and her Beverly Hills home is surrounded by a walled garden which repeats the lily pool and all the white flowers. We allow ourselves in perfect freedom from curiosity at the stucco wall, with gracious arches surmounting the delicate iron wrought gates, is half concealed by a row of towering weeping willow trees, and a back planting of shrubs which are rolled along the whole length of the lawn. Climbing roses drape the high walls of the house. A syrian grotto with overhanging fern and creeping jasmine covers part of the cove where glistening fish flash in reflected light. A large fountain, built up in a high basin of flat stones, modeled after the fountains of the California Missions, lends the enchantment of its cool splashing to this quiet retreat.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., take pride in the beauty of their patio, in their Brentwood Heights home. Like thrifty young folk, they feel conscious about the semi-circular flagged terrace in front of the house. An unimpeded sweep of broad lawn extends from the terrace, bordered by azaleas, shrubs, and false box to the base of the terraces. Variegated flower beds follow the staircases at the sides, while the rising terraces are planted in masses of purple crocus surmounted by shrubs of many varieties, rising tier by tier to the high hedge of the house terrace, and ending in large circular driveways, which surround trees grouped at each end of the house. Tall poplars line the entrance to the house from the street.

PICKFAIR, the estate of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, is Hollywood’s Foreign Embassy, for here America has practically a European notable to visit these shores, from Prince George of England to the Duchess of Sermonetta, of Italy. The House of Pickfair, is an entity of gardens and lawns, laid out between two hills, and including them. This has all been planted and laid out since the estate was begun in 1922, with the exception of the large old trees one sees here and there about the estate.

The house is approached by a semi-circular driveway, winding up over lawns, broadly bordered with pines. Lawns stretch away to the swimming pool with flowering shrubs sparingly set along the edge. One hill, cut through with a deep canyon, is dabbled “Arizona” because of the miniature Grand Canyon effect; it is beautifully grown with large trees and informal patches of annuals, with crocuses, narcissi, daffodils, and hyacinths providing spring cheeriness beneath the shade of cypress, cedar, and Italian cypress.

At the foot of the hill, there is a broad stretch along the lower road, carefully gardened to supply cut flowers for the house, Douglas Fairbanks, is very fond of roses, and all sorts grow in these gardens, from the simple hose-leaved ragged robin to the more choice Madame Cochet and Souvenir de Clau-
YOU can have hair as lovely as this—
easily— inexpesively

LOVELY hair is not the exclusive privilege of screen and stage stars, or of women who have unlimited money to spend on beauty treatments. Millions of women who are trying to keep within a budget—or supporting themselves on a moderate salary—find they can save from $25 to $50 a year—caring for their hair the Jo-cur' Way—at home! YOU can do it too! It's easy! And you can keep your hair looking its best—always.

A Complete Hair Beauty Treatment for Less Than 10 Cents!

Hard to believe, isn't it? But it's true! You can actually give yourself—at home—the same complete beauty treatment for your hair that you have been accustomed to pay from one to five dollars for. And you can do it easily—quickly—for less than 10 cents! Jo-cur' Hot Oil Treatment gives new health to your scalp—new life to your hair. Delicately scented Jo-cur' Shampoo concentrate removes the dingy film of dust and dirt, and leaves your hair soft, fluffy and easy to finger-wave. Then a lovely, lasting wave with Jo-cur' Waveset—just as easy as combing your hair. And finally—a touch of Jo-cur' Brilliantine to bring out all its lustrous beauty.

Each of these marvelous preparations can be used easily at home—each of them is composed of the best materials money can buy, regardless of price—and each of them can be obtained in generous sizes at most five and ten cent stores. 25c sizes at your druggist's.

Economy is fashionable now!

At most 5 and 10c stores
25c sizes at your druggist's

Jo-cur' Beauty Aids
for the Hair

The New Movie Magazine
Come Into the Garden

(Continued from page 115)

that this year is producing a first crop, a single orange that Betty inspects carefully every morning before starting for the studio. Orange blossoms are her favorite flower, and she says this in spite of their having fooled her once.

Nick Stuart and Sue Carol possess a new home in the Los Feliz district, near the Dempseys, overlooking the city, and the base of the mountains that overlook Los Angeles proper. Built of brick and shingle in Dutch Colonial style, the house is beautifully and appropriately set off with lawns and neat brick terraces and walks, which are bordered with every sort of blooming shrub and plant. Sue is particularly proud of her tall prize pentstemon, and several pots of odd cactus which with vividly colored cinerarias decorate the stone-edged stairway leading into the house from the garden. Tall trimmed yew trees provide a bit of formality for the tangle of blooms bordering the sides of the lawn. English ivy rambles informally up the walls and over the quaint house shutters. A shallow lily pool built round with neat brick shelters some varicolored pond lilies, Sue's favorite flowers.

ANITA PAGE loves her garden for the relaxation it gives her after the day's work at the studio. Her garden is laid out primly, with a wide strip of lawn which extends back to a charming pergola with a wall fountain in it. Arched lattices extend across the farther end of the yard each way from the pergola, shutting off the farther end of the yard from the flower garden proper, which is in neat wide beds on each side of the lawn. Gravel paths set off with conically trimmed dwarf privet hedge bushes, traverse the rectangular flower pots, which contain pentstemon in lavender, rose, white and pink, double flowering fragrant stock, gladioli, purple irises, narcissi, hyacinths, daisies, and tall vivid-colored snapdragon. Some of Anita's favorite flowers, reminiscent of her Eastern home, lilacs of the valley, are planted under the sheltering shade of the tall trees that border the garden, acacias, just bursting into their feathery yellow blooms, and eucalyptus with heavy heads of scarlet flowers just opening to the spring rains and air.

Norma Shearer chose a home with a conventional stretch of lawn surrounding it, with a more personal garden at one side. Stepping-stone paths traverse the lawn approaching a hexagonal raised lily pool, with a large Greek urn in the center from which water spouts through several side ornaments. Pots of cinerarias, begonias and other blooms by the season, are placed at intervals about the rim of the fountain base.

Although Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli have been friends for a long time, they surprised everyone when they were secretly married in Yonkers, N.Y., recently. They promptly sailed away for a three months' honeymoon in Italy.
The brick wall at the back of the grounds is utilized for one side of a delightful arbor of white lattice overgrown with roses, where tea can be enjoyed amidst the fragrance of the blooming border beds of carnations, double flowering stock, snapdragon, iris and ageratum. Tall rising palms, cedars with their heavy dark foliage, young white-barked birches and slender eucalyptus mark the end of the estate. Norma is particularly fond of camellias, though she has no conveniences for raising these delicate blooms.

Irene Rich has a charming home and garden in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles, with a broad stretch of lawn in front, with bushes against the house and a wide stretching sycamore tree beside the walk. At the back of the house begins the garden proper, with a flagged terrace opening out from the dining room. The rectangular yard is centered about a long pool, sunken below a wide terrace of lawn. The pool at the far end is fed by a wall fountain emerging from a gray stone slab and dropping into a semi-circular basin which in turn cascades into the pool. About the sides of the long pool, flagstones make a walk, which is bordered by a luxuriant bed of varied blooms, from tall delphinium and hollyhocks at the back to snowy Shasta daisies with golden hearts, gay gaillardias with crimson petals edged and splashed in yellow, petunias with their soft fragrance, clove pinks and sweet williams, just the sort of thing that makes a perfect background for the charming mistress of the home. At the near end of the pool, a wide bird bath with a small jet of water attracts many songsters to the garden.

CLIVE BROOK lives in the old Wallace Reid home, in Hollywood, and takes great pleasure in working about the estate. Its fruit trees come in for spraying in season, and the present season finds Brook busy with work and plans for his English rock garden which he is putting in this year. The cactus bed on the west side are most variegated, with many varieties represented from the diminutive Hen and Chickens cactus, whose small rosettes of tightly packed fleshy leaves border the edge of the beds, to the towering stalk of a Century plant getting ready to put forth blooms beside the snowy waxen bells of the yucca on their spire-like stem. Still another cluster of desert growth fills the corner of the yard beside the aquamarine-tinted tile pool. Tall pines lend a pleasing barrier at the end of the yard.

Ramon Novarro has an ideal site for his home on the bluffs overlooking Santa Monica canyon and bay. Inpressive spreading live oaks shield the house from view from the road, and frame the vista of ocean seen from the yard. Many hundreds of rare plants grow about in his yard, for it formerly belonged to a famous botanical expert who spent a lifetime developing the estate. Many rare cactus, brought from Ramon’s native Mexico, are in one part of the garden, including an odd specimen known as Old Man’s Head, a cactus resembling the partly bald head of a man, grown over on the sides with what looks like long white hair and a long beard.

FAY WRAY and her husband, John Monk Saunders, the writer, bought the old home of King and Florence Vidor in Hollywood. The English house (Continued on page 119)

Read How Helen Carey Made Her Old Shoes Look New

"There's a lot of wear in these shoes yet," said Helen Carey, as she took several old light colored pairs of out of the closet. "I wonder what I can do to make them look new again."

Then she thought of ColorShine—a remarkable line of polishes for renewing old shoes and keeping them fresh and smart looking. Down to the 10c store she went and came back with a bottle of ColorShine Neutral Creme.

Soiled and shabby as they appeared, in a few minutes ColorShine Neutral Creme made her last spring's tan sport shoes as well as her beige dress pumps look like new. It was so easy to do— and there was enough left to polish them many more times.

Try ColorShine. It's real economy— only 10c a bottle. It keeps shoes looking bright and smart, and special ingredients soften, protect and preserve the leather. ColorShine Polishes are for all smooth leathers and you can get all kinds—Neutral Creme for brown, tan and colored shoes, White Kid, Black Creme and Black Dye.

ColorShine Shoe Polishes sold in 10c stores everywhere; 15c in far west and Canada. Get a supply of ColorShine on your next trip to the 10c store. You will find it on the hardware counter. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.
Taurus Rules the Talkies

(Continued from page 51)

Pain Ends Instantly

Put one on and in one minute the pain is gone! That's how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain from corns and sore toes. The secret of this magic relic is the soothing and healing medication Zino-pads contain. Their cushioning, corrective feature removes the cause—friction and pressure of shoes. Try them!

100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are 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. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Mercalized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Abounds all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercalized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, pure mercalized wax is ageless for both, until those defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks younger. Mercalized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove blemishes and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Baseline and 1 half pint white wine. Use drug stores.

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The New Movie Magazine

good or it makes them flog. Several singers, possessing basically beautiful voices, but with planetary aspects similar to Valentino's, have been listed in the latter category. One day they were Caruso's. The next day they were busts.

The unfriendly influence of Uranus in Valentino's chart is not conclusive evidence that he would have failed in the talkies. But there were other signs in Valentino's horoscope which indicated that his career would reach its peak, in fact that it would end, long before the talkie era began. I never read for Valentino himself. He was one of the few outstanding figures of the stage and screen who never came to me. But I became familiar with his horoscope in a curious way. A few years before I had the editor sent me a series of dates, and asked me to draw the horoscopes and send them to him for publication in his journal. I didn't know what dates they were—only the sex—but the results appeared in print. And then, I discovered, much to my regret, that so far the saddest of the lot was Rudie Valentino's!

I wish I had space to repeat that entire prediction. In full it said: Do not interfere, little planet, with commission from the gods which made a shadow lover than in the flesh-and-blood. I also said that this person unknown to me would reach the height of his career in 1924, which he did; that he would shoot through the theatrical heavens like a comet, which he did; and that he might come to a sudden, mysterious and tragic end, which he did.

I promised to leave the answer to the question of Rudolph Valentino's probable success in the talkies to you—but I am quite willing to give my own opinion. Rudie had one of the most favorable horoscopes for the movies that any man could have. His Moon, ruling the public, was friendly to Neptune, ruling the movies. But, in spite of this favorable aspect, his Moon was so afflicted that it was wholly improbable that he could have maintained the heights with which he had already reached. Rudolph Valentino's Moon was setting when he was born. His career had already set when he met his death. In the same chart he had a most favorable horoscope for success in the talkies—except that here again his favorable planets were so afflicted that even if his popularity and his life had lasted until the talkies were invented, the probability of any long-sustained success in the new medium would be slight. When Valentino entered the movies, delightful creature that he was, was not a fixed star. He was—as I said when I didn't know about whom I was talking—was going long before the talkies were invented, he had shot his course.

There is, on the other hand, something very durable about Richard Barthaehm. He was born within three days of the July 17, 1927, birth of Valentino, and has a Moon and a Sun in Sagittarius, Moon which rules his career, is also in aspect to Neptune, which rules the motion picture industry—a very strong aspect because it is in Sagittarius, Jupiter's sign. In fact, Jupiter, the planet which rules honor, glory, wealth and success, was in the midheaven when Dick Barthelmes was born. In addition he was also friendly to Saturn, a combination which is often found in the charts of great financiers, indicating not only the ability to make money, but to make it work. Like Valentino, Barthelmes has Venus in Gemini in aspect to Neptune, which helps in playing the listener on the screen, but sometimes brings unusual experiences in love affairs in real life.

As to what the future holds for Dick Barthelmes, he should know that he is coming under a remarkable friendly planetary condition within the next two years. He is already in the aspect to Venus, which occurs only once in a lifetime. With such a favoring aspect, combined with his always friendly Jupiter vibration, he should make a great deal of money these next few years. He should, however, look out for injuries to his health or through jealousy in 1931 and 1932. A full moon must so rule his stars during these vital years that he may get all the benefits and avoid the dangers of the unusual vibrations which will be coming to him.

That advice would have been good for Valentino in 1923 and 1924. It would be good for all of us, any time, regardless of the sign under which we were born!
is set simply in a yard which boasts as its main attraction some of the oldest eucalyptus in the locality. Their fern-like fronds stretch over the house, draping down from a great height from the bare peeling trunks of the great trees. Informal grouping of flowering shrubs against the house, is embellished by planting of tulips, narcissi, hycanthis and primroses. Tulips in all colors are Fay's preference among flowers. A quaint brick wall overgrown with ivy surrounds the back yard and separates the front lawn from the tennis courts and flowering borders of the back yard.

Dick Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, have the distinction of having built and planted their entire grounds with the rocky fern beds and fountains and the neatly flagged paths about their Spanish home at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood. They selected a site with large walnut trees to supply the shade that is so desirable in this land of molten sunshine. Dick is something of a tree surgeon himself, and what he and Joby did not know about gardens they discovered for themselves out of garden books. Large ferns form a shelter for the delicate primroses and tiny English daisies about the house, and small varieties of wood ferns shelter the timid eyes of the violets set among the rocks. Sturdy rose climbers and bushes grow against the house walls, and the African jasmine, with its tiny white starlike fragrant blooms winds about the hand-hewn oak up rights of the patio roof. The jasmine is Dick's favorite among his flowers.

Lilyan Tashman, whose home is one of the most charming small places of Beverly Hills, has carried the sophistication of her house into the garden. There is a wide flagged space under a huge pepper tree, where a large Spanish table that will seat fifty is set with quaint chairs of carved and colored wood like the table, and with thong seats. A large plot of brilliantly colored zinnias borders this space, their strong primitive colors fitting most effectively into the Spanish scene under the pepper tree. This sophisticated simplicity extends to the old well in the patio, and the quaint rows of colored pots lining the edge of the balcony above and the stairway that with its wrought iron grillwork, ascends to the balcony.

Jose Mojica, member of the Mexican Hollywood colony, has gone in for gardening in a big way at his Santa Monica Canyon hacienda. The noted tenor who sings for Fox in films, was an honor student in agriculture in Mexico City, before he went in for voice culture, and now he has returned to his early love for a recreation. To him the business of producing superior tomatoes is just as aesthetic as opera, and his orange groves are a pleasure to the eye in their neat rows and their carefully plowed rich soil beneath. He has the typical Mexican hacienda, with stucco walls, tile-topped, and spreading patio with its wealth of semi-tropical blooms and fountain, huge barns and stables beyond, and all the picturesque wagons and implements belonging to the old time farm.

There's more Allure in fingertips that wear this radiant Nail Make-up

"More brilliant and enduring!" say women in the 8 fashion centers of the world

"Irresistible"... says leading Buenos Aires Beauty Editor

FROM cosmopolitan Buenos Aires to romantic old Vienna...from Paris to Madrid...lovely ladies pay eager tribute to Cutex Liquid Polish.

"Tapering fingers tipped with the twinkling brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish are utterly feminine," declares Doctora Equis, Beauty Editor of the Argentine fashion journal, "El Hogar."

"And it is thoroughly practical! For it dries with magic speed, and gleams undimmed for many, many days, without cracking, peeling or discoloring."

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For 16 years the makers of Cutex have specialized in manicure preparations. Cutex has always been first with every new aid for beautifying the nails.

Cutex Liquid Polish

Tips the fingers with romance

119
I might have needed drove doll'd had heard knew was tip-toed was was was found

In a jiffy your eyes will feel fresh and rested; soon the bloodshot condition will disappear. Also use Murine after golf and other outdoor sports to offset eye irritation. 60c buys 60 applications at drug and dept. stores.

"Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"

Behind the Screen Dramas

(Continued from page 84)

I dreamed I'd go so slender and willowy. Melbourne told me it was the camera that did it, though I suspected he didn't want me to succumb to the well-known Hollywood aliment called "enlargement of the ego." Dr. Dudley was one of the few exclusive guests invited to a big party at Beverly Hills one evening and he chose me as his partner. I didn't mind. I had just bought a new white satin and crystal gown I had invested in. Vera did my hair as only she could. I knew the other picture flyers would be wearing lots of jewelry, so I wore none. I looked beautiful, if I have to admit that myself, as I gazed into the mirror. The production chief would be present. And if he saw me at my best, Melbourne had hinted, I might be offered a starring contract.

THE party did not begin until 10 P.M. And according to Hollywood standards, it was a howling success. By 11 o'clock the most snobbish of the film celebrities had begun to discard their pose. Always there was shop talk. Who was doing certain pictures and why, Who was having contracts renewed and if not, what then? There was gossip and chatter about situations and people, but I dare say most of these film favorites were too clever to knock one another. That, most assuredly, would be an evidence of inferiority complex. Such a complex is disastrous in Hollywood.

Drinks of every variety being constantly served; a luxurious buffet supper with delicacies from every part of the world. Whether you were Spanish and liked tamales or whether you were German and preferred cheese, it was there, as was Russian caviar and English beef.

I noticed Sol Weinberg, the production chief, eying me carefully all evening. Before the night was over he showed me a drawing he had drawn ready for me to sign, at a salary I've never dreamed of. I was to agree to stay five years with their company.

I was doing the wildest fancies of film success I never dared think that I could reach such heights. It was a dizzying reality, at last. Over the entire world my features would be flashed to millions of admirers. It was a supreme moment in my life when I told the production chief I would be into his office Friday—the one and only day he saw anyone on business.

Five glorious years! Five years of money, of luxury, of being able to buy anything I wanted. Things I had longed for, a gorgeous car all my own, a big house in Beverly Hills, trips to Europe. They all flashed before me like the unwinding of a music box.

Upstairs, where the ladies retired occasionally to powder their noses, everyone chatted gaily. The smallest shops in Hollywood had set their finest costumers—boxes and boxes of powder, variously tinted rouges, new eye shadow, lip pencils—all donated so that ladies of the screen might try them and perhaps like them, too.

A long gold mirror was hung across the wall. I brushed taffeta draperies like the shelf in a chorus girls' theater dressing room. And there, in the mirror, a few chairs down from mine, my eyes met those of a famous film beauty of another day. She had been trying to make a come-back and had not been given a few minor parts lately. Struggling to hold on against the inevitable fate, she managed to get herself invited everywhere. But one director might see her and perhaps remember that she was once a fine actress.

Our eyes held each other for a moment, then she smiled at me through the mirror. I smiled back. The next moment we were chatting about the new rouge colorings. Her face, at close range, was a masterpiece of the plastic surgeon's knife. Tiny scars, carefully covered on the screen by grease paint make-up, revealed themselves to me with a shriveling for I Age. Inevitable. What had this faded, middle-aged woman got out of her film fame? Money, a fine home, a devoted dog. I wondered if she was alone in that big house in Beverly Hills. Her name had been a byword only fifteen years back. Every High School girl carried pictures of her movie idol. I know that, for I too had been one of her ardent admirers.

I think she must have felt what I was thinking. She smiled, but paradoxically, and turned away. As she made her way downstairs I could see that she was trying to be as light and buoyant as a school girl. I was walking in her direction. The illusion of youth must be maintained.

Something struck fear to my heart. Something I could not quite understand or analyze. This woman had had her day of fame. Surely, she should be ready to retire now. Room for new stars to come into their own. My brain kept repeating this to me as Melbourne and I drove home a little after midnight. He shrugged indifferently when I tried to ask him more about the woman who had suddenly made me stop and think.

"It's not the need of money that keeps her hanging around," he said, a bit disrespectfully I thought, "it's the old bug vanity. She doesn't want to lose the fame she has. She's tasted the sweet nectar of adulation and she can't give it up."

The car stopped before my house and Melbourne said he was too tired to drop in. I was thankful for that for I wanted to be alone. His attitude was typical of Hollywood men, where femininity is a luxury.

I tip-toed into the living room where Vera and I slept together. And to my surprise I found Vera was not yet home. A note pinned on the lampstand told me she had gone to a party. I sat down and tried to read. I couldn't. I wondered if anything might be wrong back home. Deep within me something kept stirring—rattlesnake—I who had never had a nerve in my life. I was twenty-five years old now. In five years I would be thirty. But I was rich. And I—

A—the across the patio I heard soft, lilting music coming over the radio.

I needed cheering up, so I snapped on the switch of our own little program and sat listening to the Columbia little program

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WHAT'S NEW?

ON THE SCREEN—EVERY MONTH

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End Corn Pains

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Soft Corns

For Soft Corns

Wiz ard Gau, 200 S. Lauson, St. Louis Mo.
coming across the continent from New York. It was whooppee time on Broadway. Out here it was three hours earlier.

Suddenly I thought the evening's excitement had been too much for me. I was probably in a daze. Though I was certain, after a moment, that I was right the first time. It was Jimmy's voice I heard in that room, crooning a beautiful melody to the orchestra's music. The Jimmy who used to sing at weddings, who always claimed to adore me, who'd never marry another girl while I was living, who—what was that he was saying?

"Folks, I hope you like this little song which I wrote straight from my heart. This is the first time it has been played over the air. I called it 'Sweetheart, Won't You Please Come Back to Me' because it's a plea, a very personal plea, that I'm sending out to a certain girl, somewhere, tonight, before it's too late."

In another moment, the orchestra was playing again. But I wasn't listening now. I was opening drawers and closets and quickly packing all my pretty new lingerie into a grip. A few sports dresses I slipped off hangers and folded them into my small location valise. It would have taken a week to pack all the things I had; negligence, evening gowns, dozens of pairs of slippers, hats, perfumes, cosmetics of every kind. I left them all and went to the phone to call a taxi.

I telephoned a brief note to Vera and another to Melbourne with an apology to Sol Weinberg. With all my heart I suddenly wanted to go home. I wanted Jimmy—Jim and Jimmy's dumb jokes and awkward compliments. I wanted, most of all, the good old-fashioned, simple things he represented. Somehow, I wanted dishes to wash and steak and onions to fry, and most of all, I wanted to be able to grow old without becoming panicked! Age was a terror in Hollywood. Back home, among Jimmy's and my set, age was the tender compensation of love and lifelong devotion. It was the glorious reward for having given youth to a houseful of growing youngsters.

Something had suddenly awakened within me. Something which made me see life from a new angle. I think it must have been the haunted expression of that woman's eyes—the star of a few years back who had outlived her fame.

I took any train I could get early that morning—anywhere, just to get away from the glorious spell of Hollywood before I could change my mind. I found myself in San Francisco next day. From there I proceeded East. Jimmy and I are married now. And I'm preparing the bassinette. And, yes, I'm making it just like the one Norma Shearer had for her baby, because I just don't seem somehow to get away from the spell of Hollywood after all, no matter where I am.

**Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!**

New 8-hour lip coloring discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Formulated on entirely new principle. **Waterproof... Wearproof... Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."**

Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried... Kissproof or any other kind.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely. No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done... actually seems to last indefinitely. That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the French for that!

**What To Ask For**

To obtain, ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.


**The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK**

Newly Discovered Formula

Eight hours later—lively lips!

**Betty Lou Powder Puffs Sterilized**

STERILIZED FOR A HEALTHY SKIN as fine a puff as you can buy 10c

Sold Exclusively at

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10c STORES
The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 57)

have been glorified perpetually like that of Jane Addams.

Guilty Clara: The most horrifying evidence against Clara Bow, in my opinion, was that she spent $175 for whiskey. No one in Hollywood will care to associate with Clara if that’s all she has to offer. One hundred and seventy-five dollars worth of whiskey wouldn’t cost a cold at current prices. Other Hollywood stars spend as much as a thousand for a tea party. Any star’s secretary has grounds for complaint against such teetotaling stinginess.

Dyed For Love: I couldn’t account for half the male population of Hollywood having dyed hair until Duley apprised us that Clara invariably insists that her admirers tint their top-knots. Now I recall that on meeting Clara, just before I sailed for Europe, she gave my hair a studied scrutiny. Oh why did I rush away! I might be a big blond now.

Hamlet Fairbanks: There ought to be a law preventing adolescent actors from seeing John Barrymore. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., gave promise as an actor, but of late he plays every part as though it were Hamlet. Everything he does he does with tremendous significance. He thinks he thinks too much. He should pattern a little more after his pappy who bounces around thoughtlessly and apparently has a good time.

The Sennett School: Doug, Jr., is not the only young actor who is haunted by the Barrymore ghost. Screen youths are taking themselves too seriously. Perhaps it is the restraining microphone that affects them. The youngsters of the silent days had the advantage in one respect. Nearly all of them had training in the old slapstick school of Maestro Sennett. There is nothing so nourishing to screen art as a good custard pie. Spare the slapstick and spoil the actor.

Educated Voices: “Heah ah shuh, paw,” says Ruth Chatterton in “The Right To Love,” mixing colloquialisms. And Miss Crawford as the shop-girl Mary Turner in “Paid” says “suffahd all yuh life,” meaning, “suffered all your life” though she didn’t say so.

One of two things: either these girls are suffragists from too much education or they are trying to show that, though they are playing Hamlet monkeys, they themselves know how to speak propsably.

Even the maids find it difficult to shake off the elegance of the Hollywood salon language. In hearing “Little Caesar” you have the feeling that gangsters Collier and Fairbanks must come of good families while Mr. Robinson never had no bringing up.

Prof. Janney Speaking: Observing Master Leon Janney introducing celebrities to the microphone at the opening of “City Lights” I felt he should open a school for our public men most of whom cannot remember their own names unless they have a paper stuck in front of them.

Example of Master Janney’s ad-lib diplomacy: “Marion Davies, star of stars!”

Star of Stars: Marion Davies is unquestionably the star of Hollywood. Her Georgian beach palace with the flag floating above holds a prestige unmatched even by Pickfair. She dances with the governor, entertains war vets and presides at dinners for visiting nobles and local orphans. The foundation for her popularity, however, is composed of secret charities, of which I happen to know. In this respect she comes closer to filling Mabel Normand’s place than anyone in the colony I know. And Mabel certainly was the star of stars.

Novarro vs. Chevalier: That beauteous dancer Pothoula Canouta writes from New York to say I was mistaken in saying Chevalier is the favorite of Paris. La Canouta declares that Novarro wins the popularity contests and offers quotations to prove it. According to Pour Vous, Ramon is, “succeeded de Rudolph Valentino dans le coeur des femmes.” Moreover, he is, according to Cinemonde: “L’ami intime d’un secrétaire, Herbert Bowes.” I hope the magazines are nearer right about Novarro’s rating than about mine. I never wrote a scenario in my life, and that’s my epitaph. It takes character to resist the temptation

The Real Story of Marlene Dietrich

Next month NEW MOVIE will tell you all about the mysterious star from Germany, giving all the colorful details of her life.

How she came to stand on the stage, how she happened to try motion pictures. All about her marriage and her little daughter. This feature was written in Berlin by a well-known German writer and friend of Miss Dietrich.
in Hollywood—that and the virtuous gift of laziness.

Some of the French are sore at Chevalier because he makes so much money over here. I guess they don’t know how much Ramon makes. Anyway the talk of Ramon and Paris, I appreciate Canotta’s correction. Evidently I got my information from the wrong Parisiennes. I’m always getting in the wrong sort—they’re so charming.


It looks as though I were successor of Von Stroheim—the man you love to hate.

The Garbo-Dietrich controversy makes good copy for us starving writers. But I have been through too many wars to take this one seriously. For instance, the Valenti-Navarro issue. Besides, Greta doesn’t mind me seeing Marlene. So there!

**Actor Under Protest:** Little Robert Conklin is the foster son of elder brother Jackie much against his wishes. At first he flatly declined to play in “Skippy.”

“Don’t let him be an actor,” said Robert. “I don’t like actors. I would rather play with my dog.”

“What do you want to be?” asked one of the Paramount officials.

“A banker,” said Robert promptly.

Those who have seen him at work say it will be only a few years before Robert will be able to realize his true ambition.

Just A Waster: Movie stars are not all spenders by any means. Chester Conklin is said to be as conservative as Rockefeller. Arthur Caesar and a friend drove up to Chester’s house one night to call.

“I see a light,” said the friend.

“If there is a light,” said Caesar, “Chester must be giving a party.”

New Sheik and Sheba: Stars are rising and falling with greater speed than at any time in screen history. Marlene Dietrich broke all records with her first two pictures. Young Richard Conte, who bounded into stardom with one picture, “To’able David,” causing my most sophisticated girl friend to sigh as she once sighed over the Latin lovers. As for me, the names that sheba me into the jaws of a theater are Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau. All ages are having their fling.

Herb’s Favorites: Ever since a fan wrote that I knew nothing about art if I approved of Dietrich I have been conning over my favorites. I find that these are the players who draw me out night after night. Greta Garbo, Beryl Mercer, Marjorie Rambeau, Walter Huston, Jack Oakie, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Beryl Mercer, and Harold Lloyd, when he chooses to appear. Given good stories and direction, Cary Cooper and Clara Bow can also lure me to the theater in a Lubitsch picture, but any Lubitsch picture is champage to me. I favor Novarro in such characters as “The Fagin.” I am exalted by Dietrich’s and MacDonald singing. And I will go to any theater that offers Mussolini in a news reel, and so if you say I don’t like art you had better apologize to Bonito.

**Oh, why did I forget?**

Not for a week to entertain the bridge club ... but she’d volunteered to substitute for Sally! Oh, why hadn’t she remembered the awful state of the living-room curtains? So faded, dull and dirty. And no time now to send them to the cleaners. She could manage the food and the fun, but think of her friends and their useful silence! They had called her the prize housekeeper of them all. What a blow to her pride. What in the world could she do?

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The New Movie Magazine

Things I Know to Be True
(Continued from page 35)

6.

THEODORE DREISER and I sat in
a projection room and looked at
Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." We
don't know Dreiser, never met him be-
fore or since; he had a package that
looked like a bundle of soiled laundry
under his arm. Paramount had just
bought "An American Tragedy." "I
don't think that Laasky ever read the
book before he bought it," Dreiser
said. "They're not much at reading in
the movies, and they're trying to put
this and that director on my picture but
they know they've got to give me the
last word or they'll never get anything
else of mine to do. Von Stroheim is too
hard, Griffith is—ugh!—but this Chap-
lin, say, is not a very serious kind of
actor. He's the man to make 'An Ameri-
can Tragedy'."

I thought. So I invited him over to
my house, and he came. We talked
about it, made a deal, and that's the
story of "An American Tragedy.

7.

I FIRST met Chaplin about seven
years ago, when I was a movie
critic. He was hitting the myth of the
Supreme Artist, the Great Man, and
jabbered questions at him for three
hours at the Ritz in New York, and he
countered with a discussion of
the poetry of Keats and Shelley, the
spoken word of Pavlova, that quality of
rhythm she expressed. This was in
the days of the 'Broadway' director,
and Chaplin was one of the few
men who could talk about it.

When Max Reinhardt, the greatest
figure of the world theatre, landed in
New York to make a picture, his first,
he was welcomed by a throng of two
people, Rudolph Kommer and myself.

8.

TWO of the most charming men
I have ever met were Alastair MacKintosh
and the Marquis de la Falaise, hus-
band, respectively, of Constance Tal-
madge and Gloria Swanson when I met
them. Both handsome, both affable
and personable, they were in no sense
disguises of their wives but definitely
personalities themselves. MacKintosh
must have a most attractive French
accent. I was at a luncheon at which he
was talking about a Rex Ingram picture
in which he and Vincent Astor were
involved, and when I spoke with
Henry just before he went to the coast,
when the papers were after him for
statements about his impending divorce
from Gloria, he actually seemed more
considerate of Gloria's position in the
matter than of his own.

9.

WALTER HUSTON is not only the
best actor in pictures but the
sanest mind in Hollywood. Eugene
O'Neill, Arthur Hopkins, George M.
Cohan—such men in the theatre—con-
sider him the finest actor in America.

My chief difficulty with him is to
make him realize that he is too natural,
that the public and the press don't con-
sider a movie star sufficiently important
unless he strikes a slight attitude, poses
a bit. Huston is so debonair that he
drops weighty announcements casually;
unlike college football, he suffers from
under emphasis in his off-screen con-
tacts. It has seemed to me a wonder-
ful thing that so fine an actor has
earned such general acclaim, through
"Abraham Lincoln," "The Lady Lies"
(his best, I think), "The Criminal
Code" and other films, without standing
on his ear or smelling any directors
in the nose for publicity purposes.

He has a grand sense of humor, actually
has read some books, and is more a
student of acting than anyone I've met.
His son, John, writes, and his sister
is so cultured a lady that one hopes
she will never move to Hollywood. In
this connection, it's a fine thing for
the movies that such good performers as
Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Claudette

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cially new and tempt-
ing.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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around the face are the most flattering. If you have a long neck or a large nose, a knot of hair placed properly in the back will give perfect balance. The short, thick neck is aided by a flat arrangement at the back with vertical waves or a French twist. The girl who must wear glasses looks well with hair parted on the side, brushed back from the cheeks and waved softly.

MISS ERMA R., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has great difficulty in keeping her nails in good condition, for they break off and become very uneven. I suggest that you soak your nails two or three times a week in the following solution:

Myrrh—One ounce
Lanolin—One ounce
Oil of sweet almonds—One ounce
Spermaceti—Four ounces

After a month or two of this treatment, a soaking once a week should be sufficient to keep your nails from becoming brittle.

Betty S., of Dayton, Ohio, wants to know what to do about rough, pimply legs. The best way to get rid of the pimply condition of the skin is to take a cold shower after each bath. Take it just as cold as you can possibly stand it. In time you will have formed the cold shower habit and will never be able to get along without them. A good hand lotion will keep the skin on your legs and arms soft and smooth. Apply the lotion after your shower.

A double chin! Helen is a young married woman of Houston, Texas, but she has that dreaded thing—a double chin. You need not be unduly alarmed however, for exercises for reducing the chin are very simple. For example, merely rolling the head in a circle from front to side, to back and round to the front again, is a splendid exercise. Another simple exercise is as follows: Bow the head forward, stretching vigorously the muscles at the back of the neck; then bend slowly to the right side, making an effort to touch the shoulder with the tip of the ear; then bend slowly to the left in the same way, and finally backward as far as you can. Do this ten times and be sure that you do not raise your shoulders as you bend your head. Don't slight your chin and neck. They need cold cream, astrigent lotions and cold water just as much as does your face.

NANCY, of Hamilton, Ontario, has not succeeded in getting rid of her last year's sunburn. You cannot remove a heavy tan or a severe crop of freckles overnight. Severe bleaches often contain corrosive sublimate or other dangerous substances that may make the skin even more sensitive to freckles. Mild bleaches are the best and safest method. I recommend the use of mild whitening creams, lemon juice, or a mixture of lemon juice and glycerine. Another excellent bleach consists of sponging the face with hydrogen peroxide. If you are faithful in using these bleaches the result will be a gradual whitening of the skin.

Send your beauty problems to ANN BOYD, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Things I Know to Be True

(Continued from page 124)

Colbert, Chester Morris, and a handful of other newcomers have big followings.

10. MOVIE stars are uniformly ungrateful, interesting, self-centered, intellectually honest.

11. GLORIA SWANSON has a phobia that very few people really like her for herself; she suspects most of them are out to wheedle favors from her. Consequently she opens up to three or four per cent, Virginia Bowker, Lois Wilson, Lance Hacket—trusted few. The rest sit in at an act consistently better than the one on the screen because it is tremendously and gratifyingly effective. She never kids herself and no one else ever kids her. She saw Shelley plain when she worked for Mack Sennett and there are no cobwebs over her eyes now. Her only fault is that she is headstrong and reacts instinctively instead of rationally to people and things.

12. DOLORES DEL RIO has had more hard luck than anybody in the history of pictures. The death of her husband, Jaime, shortly after their divorce, was a terrible blow to her popularity, especially after the soggy and blundering attempts of the press agent to get over some business about a possible duel in Paris between Director Edwin Carewe and ex-husband Jaime, at a time when Dolores was going to the opera every night with Jaime and when Jaime owed Carewe some money and they were good friends. The fact is that Dolores was married to Jaime when she was fifteen and just out of a convent; life came late to her. She is a charming, intelligent, honest, sincere person and altogether the most congenial and regular movie actress I have ever met. Example: I went to Venice, California—the Coney Island of Hollywood—one night last year with Chester Morris, whose family know my family and who is a good personal friend, with a New York newspaper woman named Dixie Fights, who rode the dippers and the boats and scooters, and nobody recognized either of the stars—Dolores was seen as she was on the height of her fame—until one little girl exclaimed, as Dolores, a frankfurter covered with mustard between her lips, emerged from an airplane swing, "Why, that's Dolores—Dolores Costello!" The laughter was led by the lady herself. The importance of sound advice is emphasized in the fall of Dolores Del Rio from the heights; her voice is all right, she has the added advantage of speaking French and Spanish fluently for foreign versions, and she looks better than ever. But bad publicity and unfortunate circumstances hurt her, even though I think she will score one of the greatest comebacks in pictures when she gets a good part. It is permissible to say this, for she no longer works for my employers.

13. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is really a gentleman. Not only in his manners, but in his mind, in his attitude toward others.

14. CO-STARRING and team players usually are professionally jealous of each other because of their fight for honors. I once heard Vilma Banky laugh happily as she scanned New York reviews of his Colman's performance in a picture they had made together. And Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen really aren't pals. I learned in Hollywood last December, when we put both of them on the radio nationally.

15. THE trouble with most movie stars is that they want to do everything, such as Chaplin does. So when they begin to be important they insist on picking their own stories, doing their own directing, etc. This killed off Harry Langdon. It hurt Corinne Griffith. Mary Pickford, shrewd, lets Sam Taylor do the worrying about story and direction; she sticks to the acting now. After all, Philip Barry and Maxwell Anderson don't insist on acting in their plays, do they?

16. LEWIS MILESTONE is the best director of pictures and has been since "The Racket" and "Two Arabian Knights," while Edmund Goulding is the most expert craftsman. I have seen Chester Morris imitate Ronald Colman, Lupe Velez imitate Gloria Swanson, Conrad Veidt imitate John Barrymore, and it's a book in itself what Mary Garden said about John Barrymore's pictures, what Gloria Swanson said when they tried to sell her an airplane, what Eugene O'Neill said when offered a big movie contract.

17. THE sheer fact of the matter is that the public wouldn't believe you if you tried to tell them exactly what movie stars are like; and most newspapers, knowing the public insists on preserving its illusions, wouldn't print the facts. The synthetic character, the idea in the public mind, moves on blithely and prosperously, while the real person is known usually to half a dozen intimate friends.
Men Who Make The Movies

(Continued from page 16)

into consideration the Motion Picture Patents Company, commonly known as the film trust. Either you were one of the "ins," or you were numbered among the "outs," in which event, getting films to show was difficult. Mr. Laemmle, along with other independents of his day, found himself in something of a predicament: theaters he had, but no reliable service of pictures. Realizing that other showmen without the fold of the trust must be in a similar position, he lined up a few unattached producers and established the Laemmle Film Service. The success of this exchange in Chicago encouraged the establishment of similar offices in other cities.

Again confronted by a shortage of pictures, Messrs. Laemmle and Cochran took stock of their resources, which were considerable by this time, and decided to risk a production company of their own. In May, 1909, the famous Imp Company came into existence, officially, the Independent Motion Picture Company.

Imp pictures, as they were called, must revive sentimental memories in those who remember the screen of an earlier day. Many players and directors who have since risen to fame made their first appearances at the old Imp Studios. It was there that Mary Pickford and Owen Moore met and loved and married. James Kirkwood was among those present; also Lillian and Dorothy Gish and many other young actors and actresses. They worked for small pay on the old stock company plan, but they had a lot of fun. This little band, sponsored by Mr. Laemmle, was credited with considerable daring when it produced "Hiawatha" in 989 feet; 1000 feet later became the standard length of one-reel pictures.

In 1912, in preparation for a fight to the finish with the film trust, Mr. Laemmle enlisted the support of a number of prominent picture men of that period; among them, P. A. Powers and David Horsely, organizing the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which, from that day to this, has thrived and preserved its independence. This preservation of independence is particularly noteworthy in consideration of the epidemic of mergers during the past few years.

Always modest and unassuming, Mr. Laemmle is essentially a family man, and he carries the family spirit throughout his organization. From the time Carl Laemmle, Jr., was old enough to comprehend the rudiments of the always complex picture business, his father has been preparing him to carry on the vast enterprises under the Universal banner. When the time comes to shift the burden to younger shoulders, Carl, Jr., will be waiting to receive it and to carry it forward.

THE NEW MOVIE ALBUM

An autographed WHO'S WHO of the SCREEN

The New Movie Album

AN AUTOGRAPHED
WHO'S WHO
of the screen

The stars tell their own life stories—and sign them! The photographs are striking new poses! By all means you will want to add this autographed who's who of the screen to your collection of photographs and facts about your favorite stars. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us 10 cents, plus 4 cents postage.

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55 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.
Hollywood's Hall of Fame
(Continued from page 48)

When I returned from Europe
Pola had already written several
chapters into the history of Hollywood.
Tony Moreno was working with her on
the Paramount stage and informed me
that she was eager to see me.
"My good friend!" cried Pola, rushing
off the set when I appeared. "Have
you heard of my tr-oobles?"
"Plenty," I said.
"You hear about me and Chaplin?"
"Yes," I said. "Does he still amuse
you?"
"No," she said. "I love him. The
t-rooble is that he loves me more than
he loves me. But don't print that. It
would make him more conceited."
Pola was keeping pretty much aloof
from Hollywood society. Like all for-
eigners coming to Hollywood she was
astonished by the way in which our
press gets personal. She wanted to
talk about Art and the reporters
wanted to know about the Love-Life.
Instead of shutting up in her shell as
Garbo has, Pola grabbed her hat and
left drive. Then she retired glibly.
But she couldn't restrain her interest
in the Hollywood people. Being her
"good friend" I had access to her colo-
nial mansion with its Italian Interior.
She would question me by the hour
about each of the celebrities. To most
of my delineations she would nod her
head. She knew them all without meet-
ning them. When eventually she did
emerge she made several loyal friends.
The best of them was that lovely and
gracious woman, Kathryn Williams.
She did not meet Mabel Normand until
a few months before leaving Holly-
wood. They became devoted friends.
At the housewarming party which
Mabel gave in Beverly Hills, Pola
threw her arms around Mabel.
"Why didn't you tell me about Mabel
before?" she demanded, turning wrath-
fully on me.
All I could squeak was that I didn't
know I was Her Majesty's master of
ceremonies.
The next day Mabel telephoned me
and endorsed Pola characteristically.
"I love her," said Mabel, "I don't care
if she is a genius."

When I was in Paris last Summer
I heard that Pola was flat broke;
her magnificent jewels had gone, and
her estate was about to go. Pola is al-
ways the subject of stories. Anyhow,
she received me in the historic splendor

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of her chateau, served rich viands and priceless brandy and chatted of her ambition to establish homes for old and infirm in Warsaw. She maintains a part in Paris and recently secured a villa at Cap Ferrat on the Mediterranean. Pola has a way of commanding her desires to crouch at her feet like dogs. Even without much gold reserve she would still be the Empress. When I called on her she looked extremely well but the doctor had recommended the Riviera for her in Winter.

"My lungs," she said calmly. "I came up so quickly, I burned myself out. The doctor forbids me to smoke."
She tapped a cigarette, and I lit it for her.

"And I must not drink," she said sadly as she sipped the Napoleon brandy.
She was divorcing her prince, Serge Midivani, a charming boy but too inexperienced for her, she said. Her first husband, Count Dombaski, had proved, on the other hand, too old. I suggested that her third would probably be just right. But, ah, non! . . .

ON her last visit to Hollywood Pola secluded herself. She resents the facetiousness with which writers treated her grief over Valentino’s death.

"They do not understand me," she says, adding dolorously, "I am a child of my race. I am Slav. I cannot help that I have not the restraint of the Anglo-Saxon. My emotion seems to them exaggerated, but I am not acting.

The skeptics have said Pola’s word of her engagement to Valentino. I happen to know that Rudie thought a great deal of her, that he purchased extravagant gifts for her on his last trip abroad. An amusing note in their romance has never been told: Rudie wrote Pola a fan letter before she came to this country. The two had a great deal in common. Both had had experiences which made them “sophisti-
cated,” as we Americans say. That is to say, the were wise in worldly matters. And they shared a genuine appreciation of art and literature. Pola, moreover, was the autocratic, keen-minded woman that appealed to Rudie. Her love for him was genuine. Pola’s feelings, however, is that she says, burns herself out—and swiftly.

I HAVE written so much about Valentino that it is hardly necessary to explain why I think he was one of the greatest personalities off screen as well as on. From the screen he suggested warmth and wickedness. After a long line of Anglo-Saxon heroes with maniac hair and virginal manners he came as the answer to a suppressed prayer for unhallowed romance. As a sheik he routed the saintly impostors. It was, as I have said, simpatico. He had the Italian warmth and earthiness. He loved good food, good wine, beautiful women and fast horses. He would have liked to be a knight in medieval times—and succeeded pretty well in these. Most of all he loved the convivial contact of good companionship.

Because he had strong feeling, combined with Italian expressiveness, he was a great emotional actor. You always knew how Rudie felt. He was unhappily sensitive. The slightest criticism set him brooding—or challenging.

(Continued on page 130)

What A Spree

Dear Sue—

Over here in Paris I’m strutting around in swell $1,000 gowns. How do I do it? Listen! At a masked ball the other night, a handsome Frenchman, a fashion designer, was searching for someone with enough personality to wear his gowns and give the big U. S. A. buyers a thrill. He asked me to exhibit his latest models. This child sure grabbed the chance!

I’m having the time of my life stepping out almost every night with Francois (that’s his name). He says he doesn’t know why my charm captivates him. Of course, it’s the Blue Waltz Perfume and Brillantine. The combination sure gives a girl personality—and the rich don’t understand it, but, Sue, they can’t resist it.

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Hollywood’s Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 129)

Like Pola he suffered ridicule for his deviation from the American standard. He wanted to fight a writer who ridiculed his bracelet and said something about the possibility of a powder puff. You may recall that before the war a man was thought effeminate if he wore a wrist watch. Lacking the Anglo-Saxon cautiousness (is that the word?) Rudie wore a wrist watch, bracelet and rings because he liked them, as most Italians do. I know a virile American star who loves perfume but only allows himself to sniff it in the privacy of his chamber. We have a lot of tribal taboos when you come to think of it.

The greatest charm of Valentino was his sympathy; his open liking of people and the desire to be liked. In this respect he was as irresistible as an affectionate child.

I think Rudie was the most companionable fellow I have encountered in Hollywood. He had no sense of practicality and so would sit up all night talking if he found the companionship. Most actors have to be in bed by eleven; they have to think of their art—that is to say, their appearance. When Rudie made his triumph in “The Four Horsemen” he was not of Hollywood society. He had been a professional dancer and had been enmeshed in gossip. Hollywood, as you know, is Puritanical outwardly. The local seers considered his success as just one of those passing flukes. I interviewed him in his small apartment in the Formosa and found him a boy of sincerity and unusual mind.

A few months after my story appeared I had occasion to request another interview. The publicity men of the Paramount studio, where Rudie was doing “The Sheik,” were astonished when his reply came back:

“Tell Mr. Howe I am at his command any time anywhere,” said Rudie, who by that time was an acknowledged success.

But a little later when I made a slight criticism of his work he wrote me sadly, asking if I had thought him a dumb-bell all along and if our friendship had been only a passing illusion. My reply was such as to reinstate his sense of humor. He liked a hearty laugh. When he and Natacha were broke in New York, battling Paramount for better stories, he sent me a bottle of Benedictine for Christmas. Around the neck of the bottle an Ingersoll watch was tied with a note: “I hope I can study this with diamonds next Christmas.” When I returned from Europe he and Natacha entertained me in their apartment for a real Italian dinner with Rudie acting as the spaghetti chef. For all his love of princely shows Rudie never lost that simplicity of nature that goes with greatness. Always he was the magnetic Italian peasant boy with high aspirations.

Before I can be accused of being un-American in sympathies I advance Doug Fairbanks, Sr., among the greatest, chiefly because he is as typically American as Valentino was Italian. In such pictures as “The American” he portrayed a better American than Babbit, brash, go-getting, a little cocksure but with the saving sense of humor which is a national attribute.

Doug is more like his screen self than any player I know. Brisk, vital, debonair, he transmits an enormous vitality. On coming forth from one of his pictures I feel as though I had had vigorous exercise, a cold shower and a hard rub-down on top of that.

Doug once told me he despised actors, adding quickly, “I’m not an actor.” It was that day we visited Los Angeles’ Chinatown. Everyone recognized Doug, and he accepted the recognition good-humoredly. As we were about to step into his car there was a mighty roar. A huge Mexican with gold teeth rushed forward and grasped Doug’s hand. They embraced like long-lost brothers.

“I gave him those gold teeth,” said Doug when we had settled in the car. “I knocked out his originals inadvertently when he sparred with me for a picture. He has never ceased being grateful.”

Doug has fits of melancholy. He doesn’t like the business intrigues of the picture game, yet he led the crusade of stars for independence some years ago when the corporations became high-handed. Having achieved his limit as star and producer he is restless for a new field.

“I'd like to be a veranda walker,” he grins. “You know, visit the resorts, dress up in my best clothes and strut the verandas. When I had shown them all my suits I'd move on to another spot.”

Doug likes travel. He took huge enjoyment in visiting the royal courts of Europe, pacing the verandas. He would like to be an ambassador or some sort of plenipotentiary.

Doug’s resemblance in personality to Roosevelt was noted in his first pictures. Doug didn’t mind the comparison and neither did Roosevelt, who was a Fairbanks’ fan. Now Doug is rounding out the likeness by going on a big game hunt in the jungles of Asia. When he has subdued the animals as effectively as he has the fans he will be sighing again for new worlds. Veranda walking will never satisfy his dynamic spirit. Porch climbing would be more in his line.
Do you play outdoors? Do you water-wave your hair? Do you want to save your wave?

then you need **Lorraine Water Wave and Sports Nets**!

Lorraine Water Wave Net, with Chin Ribbon —10c; To assure a perfect wave. Use it, too, while cold creaming your face. Made of rayon; pastel and two-tone shades.

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The MORALS of HOLLYWOOD
by Judge Ben B. Lindsey

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THE REPORTER: "What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The "Press" would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"

Dick Barthelmess plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff"—but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then—his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!
The New Movie Magazine

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One of the Tower Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 6

Features

Cover Study of Constance Bennett by Rolf Armstrong

The Romance of Marlene Dietrich
Dr. Hans Wollenberg

The Morals of Hollywood
Judge Ben B. Lindsey

Their Good Luck Tokens
Jack Beverly

Great Love Stories of Hollywood
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Turned Down by Griffith
Dick Hyland

Chaplin Goes Home
Wilbur Morse, Jr.

The Romance of the Comet Girl
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The Anti-Movie Month of June
Evangeline Adams

What, No Comeback?
Sally Benson

Home Town Stories of the Stars
Hal Miller

Magic from Your Remnant Box

June, 1931

Fiction

A Ringer for Royalty
Stewart Robertson

The exciting Hollywood adventure of a Balkan vampire and her American motion-picture double.

Departments

The Hollywood Boulevardier
Herb Howe

Mr. Howe tells all about the Garbo-Dietrich controversy.

Reviews
Frederick James Smith

Comment upon all the important new pictures and personalities.

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

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LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Millie, that dangerous red-head who broke every man's heart, is the heroine of the Radio Pictures film of that name. Helen Twelvetrees gives an absorbing performance of the dangerous Millie. John Halliday is the scoundrel who died at the point of Millie's revolver.

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You won't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S AA or A award of merit.

City Lights. In this superbly fine comedy, Charlie Chaplin again demonstrates his pre-eminence as a film comedian. Others may require dialogue, but Charlie expresses about everything that need be expressed without resorting to words. Pathos and humor, so closely allied that it is difficult to say where one begins and the other ends, give the thrill of life to this production. You must

Edwina Booth plays the beautiful white Nina who rules the African blacks in "Trader Horn." Harry Carey is admirable as the old trader himself. A most exciting wild animal film.

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

see "City Lights." It is Charlie's masterpiece. United Artists. Class AA.

Sous les Toits de Paris. (Under the Roofs of Paris.) This French production made by Rene Claire affords an interesting treatment of a mild little story concerning the very Parisian Pola and her relationships with three men. The action as developed shows a keen sense of dramatic values. Named as one of the ten best films made in 1930. Class A.

Zwei Herzen im % Takt. (Two Hearts in Waltz Time.) Truly Austrian in treatment and feeling, this romantic story of a Viennese composer who writes an immortal waltz melody creates a distinctly pleasing atmosphere. Walter Janssen and Jretl Theimer are finely suited to the leading roles. This production was recently given a place among the ten best pictures of 1930. Class A.

Trader Horn. Based on the famous book and of necessity confined to the more dramatic incidents of the wandering story, this picture should satisfy those with a taste for unusual adventure. The intimate pictures of animal life in South

(Continued on page 8)
"Keep the lure of Youth!"

SAYS

RICHARD DIX

R.K.O. Radio Pictures' Star

Learn the Complexion Secret nine out of ten lovely Screen Stars know

"The woman who wants to keep her charm must keep her youth!" says Richard Dix... star of R.K.O.'s production, "Cimarron."

"And certainly there seems to be no reason these days to lose this endearing charm! Every day here in Hollywood I meet actresses no longer young as birthdays go, but still radiantly attractive."

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ESTELLE TAYLOR says: "Every woman wants beautiful skin but a star must have it. Lux Toilet Soap is a boon to me."

Youth Lux Toilet Soap..10¢
GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 6)

dialogue is frankly suggestive. Pathé. Class C.

Pinn and Hattie. If you enjoy that
disconcertingly clever and impudent
youngster, Mitzi Green, you will find
her enjoying full sway in this frothy
comedy, dealing with the behavior of
an American family stimulated by the
heady air of Paris. Mitzi and an equally
aggressive boy, Jackie Searl, steal the
picture from Leon Errol and Zazu Pitts.
Paramount. Class C.

Going Wild. Hazardous flying with
Joe E. Brown as the terrified pilot of an
airplane on the loose provides the best
moments of an extravagant farce.
Brown gets most of the laughs in a pro-
duction suggesting his earlier comedy
"Top Speed". First National. Class B.

Aloha. One of those perplexing situa-
tions in which a South Sea Island girl
marries a white man and finds out that
it might have been better if she hadn't.
Ben Lyon is the man in question and
Raquel Torres is the dusky maiden.
Love and heartbreaks to the soft tone of
a ukulele, if you like that sort of
thing. Tiffany. Class D.

The Single Sin. "From bootlegger to
millionaire's wife" might do for a sub-
title explaining the career of an unfor-
tunate young woman who was not so
bad as the liquor she handled. Kay
Johnson runs away from her evil city
companions and tries going straight in
South America. She returns a perfect
lady, subject, however, to blackmailers.
Death, conveniently enough, opens her
pathway to happiness. Tiffany. Class D.

Seas Beneath. A story staged in a
modern submarine and making its chief
appeal through finely photographed sea
scenes, revealing the marvelous effi-
ciency of new under-the-water craft.
Fox. Class B.

The Southerner. Lawrence Tibbett has
screen personality as well as a voice. In
this romantic tale of the individualistic
son of an aristocratic Southern family
he acts and sings with ease and assur-
ance. In addition to the intelligent
handling of a diverting story, the picture profits by
several negro spirituals sung by a negro chorus.
Metro-Goldwyn. Class B.

Girls Demand Excitement. An unbeliev-
able childish story of a feud between the boys and girls of a co-ed
college, evidently suggested by the recent stage suc-
cess "Lysistrata". Instead of being funny this pic-
ture is for the most part just plain foolish. Fox.
Class D.

A Happy Little Honeymoon. Glenn Tryon is the chief
comedian in this rough-and-tumble story of a bridal
couple pursued by their too devoted friends. Educa-
tional. Class B.

Strange Birds. An interesting novelty presenting rare
birds at the Catalina Aviaries. The brilliant plumage
shows very well in color films. Educational. Class B.

The Royal Bed. Lowell Sherman appears in his
suavest mood as the whimsical king of a mythical
European principality. The satire is skillfully handled
by an able company of players. Radio. Class C.

Sit Tight. This time Joe E. Brown appears as a
trainer at a health institute in
“I’LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!”

ANOTHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but “on location” in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!
ALL true Frenchmen take their soup seriously, and Lew Cody bears out the fact of his French ancestry by naming French pot au feu as his favorite viand.

Pot au feu is not just soup. It is an institution, without which home life in France would be all but impossible. Don’t imagine for a minute that it is a cheap dish made from any old odds and ends of meat and vegetable parings. To be sure, the humble French housewife can contrive to make good soup for her family at amazingly small cost, but where strict economy is not necessary the French cook chooses first-class ingredients for the soup pot.

Vegetable Soup à la Cody—which is nothing more or less than the boiled and vegetables from French pot au feu—calls for a marrow beef bone weighing at least two pounds, and two pounds of good beef. The bone should be cracked so as to expose the marrow and as much as possible of the fat trimmed from the beef. Put the bone and meat in a soup pot, cover with three quarts of water and after it has come to a boil let simmer twenty minutes. Skim the soup and let simmer twenty minutes more. Skim a second time and let cook slowly three to four hours. Then add the following ingredients:

- 2 tablespoons barley
- 1 large onion or 2 small onions, chopped fine
- 1 small can of tomatoes or 1 cup crushed fresh tomatoes
- 1 bouquet garni, consisting of one or two sprays of parsley, and one leaf each of bay and thyme
- ½ teaspoon celery seed or a small stalk of celery
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper, preferably fresh ground from a French pepper grinder.

Any fresh vegetables cut into dice may be added.

Let simmer again just long enough to cook the vegetables, skim and allow to cool. Remove any fat that congeals on the surface. Reheat and serve with the vegetables.

THIS is the recipe that Mr. Cody gives for his favorite soup, referring to his French cook for further suggestions about making soup in the true French fashion.

“Do not let us forget,” says the French cook with solemnity, “that without good soup, good dinner is impossible. In France one often has soup for luncheon as well as dinner—if it is perhaps better to serve hors d’oeuvre for the first course at luncheon with soup only for dinner.

“There are, of course, many sorts of soup in France,” the cook continues, “some made with meat, some with fish and some entirely with...” (Continued on page 93)
The New Movie Magazine

CRINKLE CUPS...
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They Like Richard Dix

Terre Haute, Ind.

"Cimarron" is the ultimate achievement of the so-called talking western picture. Richard Dix has given his all to a splendid rôle and is to be congratulated upon his stirring performance as Yancey Cravat.

Julia A. Lee,
2315 S. 8th Street.

Cohoes, N. Y.

Richard Dix has always seemed to me to be suited to something a great deal better than his usual type of picture. At last, I am satisfied! He has been taken out of silly school-boy rôles. His portrayal of Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," that great American epic, calls for hearty applause. At last Mr. Dix has been cast in something worthy of his unusual talent.

Dorothy E. Trimble,
80 Central Avenue.

Romance Has No Age

Chicago, Ill.

Why must we have women of thirty continually cast as young girls? In an effort to prove her versatility many a star makes herself ridiculous. Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge all give me the fidgets as young girls. They would be much more charming as sophisticated women of the world, and acting their age. It is foolish to assume there is not romance for every age. My lovely mother of fifty-two, my sister of twenty-seven, and young sister of seventeen all married last year; and in each case, after the most thrilling and romantic courtship.

Irene Farrer,
3339 No. Ozanam Avenue.

Likes Our Reviews

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Nine-tenths of the value of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, my favorite, would be lost were it not for the picture reviews of Frederick James Smith, whose opinions I have always found reliable. I used to read his reviews in Liberty, too. They are, in the estimation of this reader, honest, fair, discriminating, and where players are concerned he plays no favorites and takes no smart cracks at those he may not like. The average fan with a limited budget who can afford but one or two shows a week, say, will spend his or her entertainment money most intelligently who follows the reviews by this editor. Personally, he has never let me down and for that, quite apart from the pleasure I get reading such a splendid magazine, I owe him a debt of gratitude. His criticism is always constructive, moreover, and I am sure the players themselves realize his value.

Allan W. Free,
Hotel Ford.

Movie Mad Malta

Cospicua, Malta.

Do you know that Malta has now five cinemas wired with talking pictures, and that three more are in the making? Do you know that "The Love Parade" made the greatest hit of all talks exhibited here, running for two weeks, which means much, when one considers that less than ten per cent are true film-goers, and that Malta is a small island of a quarter of a million inhabitants.

Joseph Farrugia,
65 Ida Toro.

Likes Joan Better Than Connie


One of the unexplainable things about public opinion is the rise of Constance Bennett in popularity and the apparent decline of Joan Bennett's fan following. In my estimation, Joan Bennett is by far the more attractive and better actress of the two. This must be the opinion of others too or why has she been chosen to play opposite so many really veteran actors in the best pictures of the last two years?

Eleanor M. McCarthy,
33 Pleasant Street.

Ain't Love Grand

St. Louis, Missouri.

Anyway, ain't love grand in the movies? When a man tires of the not too virtuous lady, she unselfishly fades away and lets him marry the nice pure girl he has known since his boyhood days. And every day we read in the papers where a woman sues a man for a hundred thousand or so because he married the other woman. Ain't love awful in real life?

Genevieve Mitchell,
3706 Delmar Boulevard.

Applause from Nottingham


Both I and my friends are very enthusiastic about THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It is far in front of anything we can get over here. In these parts we seem to favor Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Janet Gaynor, and Marie Dressler—not to forget Laurel and Hardy.

C. W. Dakin,
27, Olive Avenue.

(Continued on page 14)
Learn From the Stars How to Work Play Find Success Make Friends Hold Love

Read Evangeline Adams’ Own Books of Astrology

If her twelve important new books, the world’s most famous astrologer explains the astrological influences on your life, success, happiness, friends.

One for Each Sign of the Zodiac
One of these twelve books tells you how to know yourself: your strong points and how to make the most of them; your weak points and how to strengthen them: the kind of job you should have; the friends to make; how to look for happiness in love. It is important, too, to understand those you love, your friends, your business associates. Each of these twelve books can give you helpful information about the people you know now or those you will meet in the future.

Have You an Aries Lover?
Read the book that explains the character of Aries people, and you will know how to adapt your life to his, how to find the greatest mutual happiness in your love.

Are You a Doer or a Dreamer?
The book that explains the influences of your ruling planet will tell you what kind of person you instinctively are. It will help you master the job you are doing now. It will help you find the work that holds for you the greatest promise of success.

Have You a Taurus Child?
The Taurus Book will help you understand his characteristics, habits, tendencies—help you bring him up to the fullest enjoyment of a happy, healthy, successful life.

Be Your Own Astrologer
In her own Books of Astrology, Evangeline Adams now takes you to her New York studio, where famous people come frequently to seek her advice. She shows you how to cast your horoscope. She explains the chart by which she reads the character and destinies of her clients. She shows you how to be your own astrologer.

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July 23 and Aug. 21—Leo □
Aug. 22 and Sept. 22—Virgo □
Sept. 23 and Oct. 23—Libra □
Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio □
Nov. 23 and Dec. 22—Sagittarius □
Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—Capricorn □
Jan. 21 and Feb. 19—Aquarius □
Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces □

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

T.6
Dollar Thoughts
(Continued from page 12)

Movies in the Schools
St. Louis, Mo.
A letter in New Movie some time ago suggested using moving pictures in the schools. This is an excellent idea, and, in fact, has been tried in numerous localities. Here in St. Louis, for example, they are being used with admirable results. Movies make great “teachers” and, as such, will probably be used universally to make schools more interesting and instructive, and to make longer lasting impressions than any number of books or lengthy explanations by the teacher.
Edward Mead, Jr.,
6315 Waterman Avenue.

Cheers for Jim Tully
Chicago, Ill.
How I enjoy the writings of Jim Tully! A master of the interview, he reads human nature like a book and reveals his subject in terse sentences almost pugilistic in power and punch. Virtues and faults alike are shown, but always with a human touch of understanding. Plenty of living, a broad viewpoint, and a sense of humor give Tully’s work an airiness that is stimulating, and at times even startling in its blunt force and emotion—but always interesting, at least to me.

Congratulations, New Movie. I believe not a little of your phenomenal success is due to your good judgment in picking such writers as Tully, McIntyre, St. Johns and Herb Howe!
F. L. Stoutimore,
2550 Washington Blvd.

Admires Joan Crawford
Daytona Beach, Fla.
Herb Howe’s prediction for 1931 left out the most charming of them all—Joan Crawford. With more pictures like “Dance Fools Dance” and “Paid” she would be a hit. When Mary Pickford made the remark that she would have thrilled the ancient Greek sculptors she certainly told the truth. I admire Joan because she is all that is lovely and spontaneous in feminine youth.
Jane H. Usher.

France Likes New Movie
Milhouse (Ht-Rhin), France.
I read your magazine every month with great interest, and this owing to the kindness of my cousin, who sends them to me from Mexico. When reading New Movie Magazine, I believe to be for some moments in Hollywood, near the greatest stars of the world, such like the lovely Marion Davies, the frolicsome Clara Bow, the impenetrable Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, and our careless and turbulent Maurice Chevalier.
Jacques Ducas,
53 rue des Vergers.

To Which We Agree
Liberty, N. Y.
I’ve just discovered a gorgeous blonde newcomer in Doug Fairbanks’ “Reaching for the Moon.”

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies
Her name is, I think, June MacCloy. I think she shows a great deal of promise and ought to be given leading parts and not be allowed to fade into oblivion like so many others. I’ll even bet that she’ll be a star in the not-too-distant future!
E. I. Hale.

Against Revivals
Cheyenne, Wyoming.
They have a maddening habit of recasting old productions and putting them over on an unsuspecting public for new ones. It isn’t that we need new authors and playwrights. There are hundreds of plots filled with intrigue, action, stirring romance, fairly crying to be screened. The libraries are full of them. I have read dozens that I’ve longed to see in film. Then with all of this accessible material, why must there be so many repetitions of one play? The latest example of this is “Kiki” in which Mary Pickford plays. Then why drag it up again? They will be bringing “Peter Pan” back next.
Mrs. E. A. Patchen,
Strand Theater.

Attention, Ray Griffith!
Oakland, California.
After seeing “All Quiet on the Western Front”, in my judgment, the most outstanding character in the picture with no exception is the “bit” played by Raymond Griffith. Now I read that he has been signed with Warners to write gags. I think it would be a good idea for the producers or directors, who don’t seem to recognize this man’s talent and ability, to write their own gags, if they could think of any, which I doubt very much.
Margaret Tuttle,
13800 Washington Avenue.

Well, We’re for Rudy
Jenkintown, Pa.
Why does everyone pick on Rudy Vallee? Just because people do not like him is no reason why they should throw fruit at him as they did in Boston. Personally, I cannot see much the matter with him. Hasn’t he introduced big hits such as “Maine Stein Song” and “Betty Co-Ed”? Didn’t he start the idea of slow rhythm? What’s the matter with Rudy Vallee?
Theodore Huston Jr.,
Cloverly and Runnymede Avenues.

Nancy Carroll’s Baby
New York City, N. Y.
What is all this fuss about the stars who are afraid of disillusion if they show the public their babies? It was Nancy Carroll who said this. I happened to be in the museum one day when Nancy and her daughter came in. What a daughter! She is the cutest and sweetest little girl that I have ever seen of the stars. She hasn’t Nancy’s beautiful red hair, but she really has her mother’s sweetness and beauty.
Jean Palmer,
360 W. 119th Street.
# What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>STAR</th>
<th>TITLE</th>
<th>DIRECTOR</th>
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The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the
Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THE HITS OF THE MONTH

"Falling in Love Again," waltz—played by Johnny Hamp and his orchestra (Victor)
"Reaching for the Moon," fox trot—played by Sam Lanin and his Dance Ensemble (Hit-of-the-Week)
"Sweet and Hot," fox trot—played by The High Hatters (Victor)
"I've Got Five Dollars," fox trot—played by Emil Coleman and his orchestra (Brunswick)

Chevalier's new picture at present entitled "The Smiling Lieutenant." Clifford Grey will write the lyrics. Jesse Lasky, the producer, says the public demands more music.

Al Jolson, according to latest reports, is to do several musical pictures for United Artists in 1932 on a basis that should yield him $2,000,000.

Maria Grever, Spanish composer, has been placed under contract by Paramount to write the lyrics for "Arriba Le Telon." She is the author of "Jurami," "Una Ola" and other celebrated Spanish songs.

"Manhattan Musketeers," a new Paramount production, tells of the rise and fall of a jazz band leader in which Charles Rogers will be featured.

Lee Zahler, musical director and song-writer, is preparing all the music for "Joaquin Murietta," a Columbia picture, as well as for Mascot Productions and Hutchinson pictures at the Tec-Art Studios.

Abe Meyer, head of the Meyer Synchronizing Service, is supplying the music for "Meet the Wife," a Christie picture; "Mother's Millions" and "Women Like Men," Liberty Productions; "The Beloved Enemy," an Al Rogell picture, and several comedy and travel pictures.

PICTURE producers still continue to cast longing glances toward the musical talkies, no less than three prominent members of the industry having recently expressed themselves in favor of the return of the melodic snapshots.

Jesse Lasky admits that his firm made an error in releasing Maurice Chevalier's "Playboy of Paris," with little music. The next picture of the famous French star will be distinguished by several numbers.

Then there is Roy Del Ruth, prominent director for Warners, who is quoted as saying: "Musical drama of a high order will be one of the predominating features of screen entertainment.

"But as in all types of theater attractions, the vehicle itself must have merit and its music must be of a quality that will be sure to please whether it is heard from a motion-picture screen or from a concert platform."

Max Steiner, musical director general for Radio Pictures, in a recent interview, said apropos of musical pictures: "Music has a distinct place in motion pictures and I feel that this is truer than ever despite the position in which motion-picture music now finds itself.

"Music will some day elevate the screen as it elevated the legitimate drama. I can not say when that will be, but I would like to prophesy that it will be sometime in the very near future."
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New Portraits of the Stars Their Start on the Road to Fame Scenes From Famous Pictures

THIS latest New Movie Album has more in it . . . it has everything the motion picture fans want to know about their favorite stars. Which are your favorites, and in which roles did you like them best? Besides new and beautiful photographs of the favorites, this new Album gives you vivid scenes from famous films . . . roles the stars selected as the ones they themselves liked best. There is interesting information, too, about your favorite stars and how they started on the road to stardom. Get your copy! This latest edition of the New Movie Album will sell fast . . . and the issue is limited. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus three cents for mailing and we will mail it to you promptly.

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TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Winners of $5.00 Prizes in our "You and Your Home" Photo Contest

If Tower Magazines had offered a larger number of prizes in the amateur photographic contest, the work of the judges would have been very much easier. Many interesting photographs were received, necessitating close and careful decisions. Last month we reproduced the photographs taking first, second, and third prizes: First prize, $100, won by Mrs. Ruth Arveda Smith, 32 Union Street, Camden, Me.; second prize, $50, won by Anna Frank Ringel, 108 Paisley Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario; third prize, $25, won by Miss Margaret Vezdos, 319 Delaware Avenue, Lorain, Ohio. Shown above, are those awarded the five prizes of $5.00 each. We take this opportunity to congratulate the winners on their splendid success with the camera, and to thank all contestants for their interest in Tower Magazines' "You and Your Home" Photo Contest.
ELISSA LANDI

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine
ANITA PAGE
CHARLIE CHAPLIN knocked dear old London and the rest of Europe right off its feet. His recent trip over there started with such a bang that it was necessary for him to have police escort whenever he moved out of a house or hotel. And the list of names of those who called on him, entertained him, or were entertained by him reads like an extract of famous people from Who's Who. Seats sold for the London opening of “City Lights” for fifty-five dollars per each — and none to be bought at that price. And fifty dollars in London can be compared to one hundred and fifty in New York or Hollywood. Charlie entertained one hundred guests at the opening and at a dinner-dance afterwards. Among them were: Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, Lord and Lady Astor, Elainor Glynn, the George Bernard Shaw, Lord Lee of Farnham, Sir Phillip Sassoon, Alistair Macdonald, son of the Prime Minister—and many, many others.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., and his wife, Joan Crawford, both work for different companies, but have an arrangement whereby they are both working on pictures at the same time. Doug works at First National, a distance of ten miles from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where Joan labors, but can be seen always at the noon hour burning up the road between these two studios, to lunch with Joan.

Bobby Jones, golf champion, looked at the grease paint, rouge, eyebrow pencil and hair “slickum” which an employee in Warner Brothers make-up department set before him. Bobby was preparing to start work in his twelve one reels titled “How I Play Golf.”

“What’s that for?” he asked.
“Your make-up, sir,” the employee replied.
“Not for mine!” said Bobby. “I’ll play my role ‘as is.’ You can’t make a gigolo out of me. Pretty soon you’ll be handing me a powder puff and a lipstick then a lace collar and I’ll commit murder. Take ‘em away!”

The great club wielder went before the cameras with no artificial touch-up whatever.

BOBBY JONES made the longest speech of his life at a luncheon Jack Warner gave for sports and magazine writers at the First National eats emporium. He talked for eleven minutes, telling all about and why the shorts he is making for First National. O. B. Keeler, Bobby’s pal and press agent, amused the guests by doing sleight-of-hand tricks with collar buttons. O. B., a great favorite in Atlanta, can lose more collar buttons in one day than most men can in a lifetime. He discovered one was missing during a dinner one time and lived in terror for twenty-four hours. He thought it might have fallen into his plate and disappeared with some food on his fork.

A DIRECTOR told Catherine Dale Owen he had a great part she could play in his picture if she only had dark hair. Whereupon Catherine had her golden locks dyed, then went to see the director who informed her the producers insisted on him using a blonde. So Catherine dyed in vain, and is once more a blonde.

Lila Lee is still in Arizona. So is Renee Adoree.

CORINNE GRIFFITH says she has no thought of returning to the screen, she is
having much too good a
time going about places
and seeing things. What's
this about the smell of
grease paint?

MARIE DRESSLER went to Honolulu for
a rest but upon her ar-
river she found that her
many friends had planned
a series of dinners, break-
fasts, and sight seeing
tours for her. Not want-
ing to disappoint them
she went through with
their plans. Then had to
come back home and rest
up from her vacation.

Polly Moran has a new contract from Metro-Gold-
wyn-Mayer.

HOLLYWOOD should now be the style center of
the world. Some of the most famous modistes are
giving the movie capital as their home address. And
now one of the most famous of all is in our midst,
Mme. Chanel, who will design exclusively for Sam
Goldwyn's leading ladies.

If you are a brunette, use red perfume; if a blonde,
blue perfume! Whatever that means, Anyway. Mlle.
Chanel, the greatest of the designers of women's
clothes, says that is proper. She also says that for
daytime use your skirt should be fourteen inches above
the ground.

Gabrielle Chanel has just arrived in Hollywood to
design clothes for United Artists stars. She will pre-
dict the styles six months ahead so that Gloria Swanson
and her girl friends will be right up to the minute
when their pictures are finally released.

And the vivacious Gabrielle has knocked
Hollywood for a loop.
Don't be surprised if she herself appears
upon the screen. She's
pretty enough in real
life, and if the camera
is kind to her—as it
isn't to so many beauties
and is to so many
not beauties—she may
become a star herself.

Our own Adela Rogers St. Johns is doing the story for Elissa Landi's next picture. Allan Dwan will di-
rect it.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS wrote the novel, "A
Free Soul," from which is being made Norma
Shearer's next picture. In the book is a character, a
great lawyer, who was the Beau Brummel of his day.
Clarence Brown, directing the picture, wanted Lionel
Barrymore, who is to play the lawyer, to be correctly
dressed. He telephoned Miss St. Johns to ask about
the character and the clothes he should wear.

"I took that part of the character from my father,"
(the late Earl Rogers, one of the greatest criminal
lawyers in the United States), said Miss St. Johns.
"He was the fussiest dresser I ever knew."

"What will I do with Barrymore to make him dress
as your father did?"

"Why don't you get Eddie Schmidt to make his
clothes? He made father's for twenty years?"

should worry about it from now on. Thanks, Adele."

So Eddie Schmidt, rated as the best tailor in Los
Angeles and Hollywood, now has a novel distinction:
He made the clothes for the man from whom the char-
acter was drawn, and is now making them for the actor
who will portray that character on the screen.

FOR years a young man named Allan Lane went
from studio to studio playing small parts and bits,
hoping that some director or producer might recognize
his talents and give him an opportunity. After many
futile attempts he decided to try the stage. He made
good and all of the Hollywood producers are now
clamoring for his services. You'll see him in "The
Reckless Hour" with Dorothy Mackaill.

JOHN MCCORMACK, Ireland's renowned tenor, ar-
ried in town a short time ago to join his wife and
daughter, who are now occupying their new home in
the hills just back of Hollywood. Tommie Meighan
was at the station to meet his friend.

ALL of the who's who of filmdom attend the Mayfair
dances given monthly at the local Biltmore Hotel.
The last one brought forth the movie colony in their
best bib and tucker. This is the one night of the month when
each and every shining star tries to outshine the other. No feminine
player would think of appearing at one of these affairs without a
ew gown, and most of them patronize the
same "exclusive" shop—
you can tell that by the
gown, three stars
had on identically the
same dress.

Clara Bow lost weight
at the rate of a pound
day during the trial
of Daisy De Voe, her
private secretary. Worry, following the
Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

trial, continued to sap her strength until she got down to 106. But she looked like the proverbial "million dollars." Normally, she weighs around 115.

* * *

A YEAR ago Edna Purviance was robbed of $12,000 worth of jewelry in Honolulu. San Francisco police recently recovered $4,500 worth of it in a pawnshop in that city. It had been pawned for seventy-eight dollars.

* * *

The death of Frederick W. Murnau, famous director, which came as the result of an automobile accident, has shocked and saddened not only his friends in Hollywood but the picture industry as a whole. Murnau, who directed "Four Devils," "The Last Laugh" and "Sunrise," was a reserved German much liked by those who worked for him but not well known to the movie colony as a whole. However, he was regarded as a great artist and a pioneer in new methods on the screen. For the past year he had been living in the South Seas, making "Tabu," and resting and preparing for further work before the camera. At the time of the fatal collision, he was driving to Santa Barbara to visit friends and expected to leave shortly for New York for the opening of "Tabu." A memorial service was held at the Fox studios, where he had made his American pictures.

* * *

Leila Hyams is waiting for someone to present her with the bronze medal.

Leila is a seafaring maid on Sunday and any other day when duty. Trolling in the vicinity of Catalina Island recently, she hooked into a fifty-pound halibut. And she landed it after a long battle.

"I didn't have any help either!" she boasted as she proudly exhibited the "monster of the deep." There was enough fish for the entire neighborhood.

* * *

An evening with Dick and Jessica Barthelmess is always most interesting—they have that nice faculty of making one and all welcome. One evening recently found a very large gathering of celebrities at their home, among them Gloria Swanson looking unusually lovely in a black velvet gown with short red velvet jacket. Corinne Griffith in a black crepe dress with white wrap around jacket. Eileen Percy overheard challenging Dick to a tennis match to take place the following day—for a new racket.

* * *

If it won't be El Brendel's fault if "Women of All Nations" is minus laughs. Between scenes on the set El can be seen studying his gag book much to the chagrin of Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, stars of the picture. This gag book is arranged alphabetically: A for automobile gags; B for baby; G for gowns, etc.

* * *

For years Lew Cody's corned beef and cabbage dinners have been famous with his many friends in the film colony. Here's the menu: A thick slice of onion on a lettuce leaf, a thick slice of orange on top of that, with a garlic dressing. The corned beef is cooked for four hours, slowly. With this you serve potatoes, turnips, cabbage and carrots, mustard hot or cold or medium. No dessert, but a variety of cheese and crackers, also coffee. After that—a box of bicerbionate of soda to each guest as a favor.

* * *

Polly Moran, the wholesale laugh provoker, was recently given a brand new long term contact at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Polly is an asset to any picture, not alone for her splendid work, but for the general good spirit of friendliness she has for all fellow workers. Everyone from star to property boy is happy when Polly is on the set.

* * *

Marie Dressler, Adolphe Menjou, Dorothy Lee, Wallace Beery, and Fredric March have refused stardom within the last six months.

* * *

While Corinne Griffith and her husband Walter Morosco are spending the summer months in Europe, Constance Bennett will occupy their Malibu Beach home.

* * *

A certain well known star recently entertained with a formal dinner and in place of the customary place cards and favors she conceived a novel idea of putting a popular novel at each place. The idea was that each guest should find the book whose title best described or fitted them. The first to find what he thought to be his place was a well known executive who went all around the table until he
The Hollywood Who’s Who—and what the

came upon “The Genius” by Dreiser and then sat down. Wilson Mizner was the last to be seated, he got “You Can’t Win.”

RECENTLY three directors, one actress and two actors who a very short time ago were known to picture fans the world over, were seen canvassing the studios for a day’s work as extras or bit players. It’s a hard struggle up the ladder to success but such a short fall down.

KING Vidor is a keen devotee of tennis and would like very much to have the opportunity of directing Big Bill Tilden in his Metro-Goldwyn short on technical points of the game. King would have an opportunity of receiving instructions from the King of the Court that money couldn’t buy.

That medium-sized young man seen industriously pedaling around on a bicycle at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plant is Cliff Edwards, better known as “Ukulele Ike.”

Cliff was working in four pictures at once, some of the stages being a city block or two apart. The bike helped conserve his sole leather and temper.

STRANGE as it may seem—believe it or not—there are some people who don’t know Rudolph Valentino is dead. The post office at the Paramount studio is still getting mail addressed to the former idol and requests for photographs personally autographed.

Fritzi Ridgeway smoked the pipe of peace with the Kow Indians when she was adopted into the tribe a few weeks ago. She promptly became sick. The doctors said it was the “flu,” not the pipe which upset her.

VICTOR McLAGLEN has added boxing instructions to his other accomplishments, and is very proud of the record just established by his first and only pupil. His son, Andrew, age ten years, has just won the boxing championship for the third consecutive time at the John Curtis school.

THERE was a reunion of former New York City Police and Fire Officials recently at Fox Movietone City, Grover Whalen, former New York Police Commissioner, was the guest of Winfield Sheehan, former New York Fire Commissioner, at luncheon. Mr. Whalen gave a brief talk and told of having been guest at the breakfast club where a thousand men had gathered together at eight o’clock in the morning. A feast, he says, which would be impossible in New York.

GEORGE O’BRIEN and Director John Ford are on the first lap of their vacation trip which is to take them on a tour of the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, China and Japan.

A TRANS-CONTINENTAL limited train streaked with the desert’s dust, rolled slowly into the Los Angeles terminal station and came to a stop. Camera men, press agents, reporters scanned the alighting passengers.

“There he is!” exclaimed one.

“Tommy Meighan!” shouted another and the old welkin rang for all that welkins are worth.

From the steps of another car, a neatly dressed, nice-looking man alighted, shook hands with Forrest Monroe, his business manager, and a friend or two, then directed that his bags, all covered with European stickers, be placed in a car. He quietly left the station, virtually unobserved.

The man was Walter Huston, one of the most outstanding actors in pictures today. The ballyhoo was missing.

“I like it that way,” he said, quite modestly.

Mr. Huston was returning from a trip to Paris, London, Monte Carlo and Milan. At Tunis, he visited Eugene O’Neill in whose plays “The Fountain” and “Desire Under the Elms” he took the leads. O’Neill, he said, has prepared screen versions of “The Hairy Ape” and “Desire Under the Elms.”

They heard Lupe Velez utter strange sounds on the set of “The Squawman,” at the M-G-M studio. She would go into a huddle with herself and croak the sounds over and over again.

“Is that Mexican profanity,” a cameraman asked, “or is your throat sore?”

But it was neither. Lupe had to learn some words in Apache for her role in “Naturich” and she was doing her best to make them sound like Indian. The redman who tutored her finally gave his approval and Lupe recorded the words in the film.

WHEN the late Louis Wolheim went to Metro-Gold-
Little discovery.

Wyn to make (what turned out to be his last picture) "A Gentleman's Fate," starring Jack Gilbert, he was assigned the dressing room formerly occupied by Lon Chaney, but like most stage actors his superstition would not permit him to take it, so he occupied the one next to it.

Little Wallace Reid, Jr., now thirteen years of age, has no hankering to become a screen star, his mother, Dorothy Davenport Reid, says. The lad is in school and takes small interest in the "movies."

"If he ever enacted a role," Mrs. Reid said, "it would be with 'Bill' Hart and 'Bill' only. He, you know, was Wally's best friend. But I don't suppose Mr. Hart will do any more pictures. He's happy on his ranch near Saugus."

A New York producer wrote Mrs. Reid some time ago asking if the boy might work in a film. She replied that he was disinterested.

Gloria Swanson possesses the smallest feet among the female stars, wearing size two—Garbo the largest, with a seven.

The film colony looked on with regret as Lew Brown, Ray Henderson and Buddy De Sylva, noted song writers, dissolved their organization and Brown and Henderson headed back to New York. The "Three Musketeers of Music" seemed part and parcel of screen entertainment.

"We're breaking up a partnership of five years because Brown and Henderson don't like Hollywood and miss the atmosphere of the theater," De Sylva explained.

"We're checking out and leaving our shares of more than $1,000,000 to Bud because we don't intend to let Hollywood break our hearts," Brown and Henderson chorused later. "It's too much like grinding out sausage," Brown added. "One picture right after another, without a chance to get a sandwich and a drink of water in between. That's not ART. They don't want good song writers out here. I've seen many a good 'book' man get the air because he didn't 'fit in,' as they say.

"Everything's all right between us three," they went on. "We're still good friends, but Bud can have Hollywood."

John Barrymore has made a discovery. Dolores Costello, his beautiful blonde wife can cook ham and eggs!

"And cook 'em like nobody's business!" John explains, proudly.

The two have returned from a brief yachting trip into Mexican water, during which they went ashore and spent a night in sleeping bags. Next morning, Dolores turned cook and over a campfire prepared coffee, ham and eggs. Then they spent hours studying the brightly plumaged birds which abound in the Southern Republic. The Barrymores' private aviary is one of the most extensively stocked in all California.

As soon as Dolores completes "The Passionate Sonata" and John finishes "The Genius," for Warner Brothers-First National, the two will go on another extended cruise into the South Seas. Dolores Ethel, their baby, will be taken on this trip.

Wallace Beery recently piloted a twelve-passenger plane from Los Angeles to San Francisco and was not recognized by any one of the passengers—such is fame. Wally is the only actor who holds a transport license.

The "flu" which laid Gary Cooper low while he was making "City Streets," reduced his weight twelve pounds in five days. Never any too husky at his best, he said he had to stand twice in the same place to make a shadow. When the "flu" was done, he went to a hospital with yellow jaundice.

Mack Sennett stared. The stranger began rising to greet him.

Up he went, and up and up and up. The comedy producer lifted his chin and watched the ascent. When the man's stature had reached 8 feet 7 inches and there stopped, Mr. Mack was surprised he was looking at the biggest man in the world.

"I'd like to get into the movies in a big way," the caller said.

"That's the only way you could do it," Mr. Sennett replied.

The man was Clifford Thompson of Stevens Point, Wis. He is twenty-five years old, weighs 325 pounds, has a chest measurement of 52 inches and wears size 16 shoes. A 50-cent piece easily will slip through the finger ring he wears on his left hand. By the side of Marjorie Beebe, 5 feet 3½, he looked something like the Empire Building. Hitherto, the tallest man in the world was eight feet four inches.

Mr. Sennett may use Thompson in a few two-reel pictures.

(Continued on page 77)
The ROMANCE of Marlene Dietrich

ONE does not ask any woman—and above all an artist—how old she is. At the utmost one may guess and with Marlene Dietrich one does not go wrong, if one assigns her birthday, which she celebrates on December 27, to the year 1905.

Marlene Dietrich is not her right name; she was born the daughter of a German nobleman and army officer and was baptized as Marlene von Losch. Her mother was not of the nobility, but was a member of a well-known and respected family by the name of Felsing.

In the formerly imperial Germany it was against tradition for a member of a family of nobility to go on the stage; perhaps it was this consideration which decided her, after the War, to drop her parental name and call herself Marlene Dietrich, a name which also belonged to her family.

SHE lost her father quite early; her mother is still living and has her home in Berlin on the same street as her daughter. They are devoted to each other.

Marlene Dietrich grew up in Berlin, where she received a careful education. Besides attending the Auguste Victoria Lyceum (one of the foremost schools for young girls in Berlin), she had many private tutors at home, especially for languages, and thus it happened that she learned to master English and French, as well as her mother tongue. At that time no one guessed what wonderful help this knowledge of languages would be for her career as a star of the talking films. The fact that her only sister, slightly older, is a student of philosophy proves that the von Loschs were strong for culture and education.

It is customary in Germany's best families for the daughters to attend a finishing school (Pensionat) after graduating from the Lyceum. And so we find Marlene finishing her education and taking up the study of music at Weimar, the city of Goethe, ancient culture and artistic impressions.

This was her first step toward Art. Marlene von Losch had natural musical talent. She plays the piano, and besides having her voice trained, she was quite fascinated with the study of the violin. While speaking of her remarkable musical talents, it must be revealed that she can play other instruments besides those mentioned above, and that she derives a special pleasure from playing on the "Musical Saw," which she manipulates very skillfully.
Want to Know All About the Mysterious German Star? Here Are All the Facts, Told for the First Time

MARLENE DIETRICH

Her name was Marlene von Losch before she married Rudolf Sieber, German studio executive. The name Dietrich is a family one.

Her father was a nobleman and army officer.

She was born in Berlin. First intended to be a musician.

Met her husband on her first visit to any studio—and fell in love.

But in spite of this love of and gift for music, this art was not destined to become her fate and the stepping stone to her fame. For when she left Weimar and returned to Berlin, she discovered that her strongest ambitions and desires leaned toward the stage.

WHAT was she to do? The greatest shining light in the theater firmament, as every one knows, is Max Reinhardt. In connection with his various theaters, Mr. Reinhardt also conducts a theater school where young talents are discovered and trained, and are then offered opportunities as actors in his theaters. It is in this school that the brightest careers of the German stage have made their beginnings. No wonder that the dream of every stage aspirant centers in being admitted to Reinhardt’s “Theaterschule,” a wish that is not easily gratified, as the selection of artists is very strict and the doors of this school open only to those of most extraordinary talent and ability.

One of Reinhardt’s most important co-workers, Berthold Held, is the director and a teacher of this school. He himself gave me the following interesting account of Marlene Dietrich’s first steps towards the stage:

“It is now eight years since Marlene Dietrich presented herself to me in company of her mother; a young girl, like so many others, with an unquenchable desire to go on the stage,” he said. “Of course, this meant a test, for only such pupils are accepted who convince me from the first of
Marlene Dietrich as Her Home Folks View Her

their ability. Twice she put in appearances to recite for me; something of literary value which would enable me to judge her existing dramatic talent. The fact that I accepted her as my private pupil is proof of her ability.

"I started the study of famous parts from classical plays with her. I remember well that I studied with her the role of Princess Eboli from Schiller's 'Don Carlos.' This private course lasted but a few months; but within that time there occurred an incident which affected her future life. To give her an opportunity to cooperate in a film as a super, I took her to the Efa Studio and thus she made her first acquaintance with the movies, with Klieg lights and camera, if only at a distance, as a small unknown super. But she also made another important acquaintance at the Efa Studio; for I myself, introduced her to the director and I noticed at once that in the first second of their meeting there was a mutual interest between them. You might call it love at first sight. The fact is, that one year later this director and manager, Rudolf Sieber, became, and what is more, is still her husband.

"This sympathy helped her career along, for already on the following day she was advanced to an extra, sitting in the first row, with a monocle in her eye, instead of being in the background as a super.

"Incidentally, it is quite interesting to note that on that same day, I took another young lady to the Efa Studio, for whom this same day proved to be of no less importance; she became the wife of Ernst Lubitsch later on.

"At that time I had already gotten the impression that Marlene's interest in the film was far greater than that in the stage; her career proved it. The last time I met her was a year and a half ago. It happened before her engagement and big success in 'The Blue Angel,' at the Ufa, under the direction of von Sternberg. Although at that time she could already look back on several film successes, she told me that artistically she felt dissatisfied, had not yet been able to develop in the right direction and was anxious to accomplish something totally different. It was obvious that she was suffering from unsatisfied and strong artistic ambitions. Very shortly they were to find surprising satisfaction! That is the story of Marlene Dietrich's teacher who directed her first dramatic steps.

Now, let us go back to her career. After her studies with Berthold Held there was a pause and then we see her in her first small parts on the stage, but at first-class theaters; at the Deutsches Theater with Reinhardt, in the Kammerpein, at the "Staatstheater." But she did not remain long in Berlin; she was anxious for bigger parts, for further development. We see her again in Vienna at the "Kammerspielen" in a role in "Broadway," then in the "Schule von Uznoch" under Reinhardt.

After a pause of some duration, she returned to Berlin where Viktor Barnowsky, Max Reinhardt's most important rival as a director, engaged her again for "Broadway." She did not belong to the stars, but she is beginning to draw attention as a gifted actress.

And then it happened—her big stage success! The "Komodie," one of Reinhardt's famous theaters in Berlin, produces a charming "Revue" in 1928 with the title "Es Liegt in der Luft" ("It's in the Air"). Marlene Dietrich has one of the principal parts and is triumphantly successful. Suddenly she belongs in the front row of the Berlin theater world. Her charm, her singing and her dancing are big assets and establish her success. Her song hit, "Wenn die Beste Freundin mit der Besten Freundin" ("When the Best Friend with the Best Friend"), from this revue is still remembered by Berlin theater-goers.

A lovely photographic study of Miss Dietrich and her daughter, Marlies. Outside of her work, Miss Dietrich says her whole life is wrapped up in her little daughter.

And naturally now she draws the attention of the film world. This is what her first director, Robert Land, has to say about her discovery for the movies:

"I saw and heard Marlene Dietrich in 1928 in the revue, 'It's in the Air,' and was fascinated. I said to myself at once that this artist was made for the films, and I asked her to call on me to talk things over. She came, but said at once that it was of no use, that she had been in about thirty pictures and had gotten nowhere; that she had never been selected for a principal part and probably was not suited for it. All that talk did not discourage me. I asked her to drink a glass of water to notice her natural motions. My impressions of this confirmed me in this (Continued on page 98)

Miss Dietrich, who is Mrs. Rudolf Sieber in real life, in the library of her Berlin home. Here she divides her time between her family and her work.
The

**MORALS of Hollywood**

Motion Pictures Must Justify Themselves Artistically and Socially—and Discard the Fear of Truth

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

**JUDGE BEN BARR LINDSEY** is a notable figure in our national life. For over twenty-five years he attracted wide attention for his handling of the juvenile court of Denver. Through him our methods of correcting juvenile delinquency took a step forward.

He was a candidate for governor of Colorado and is known from coast to coast as a writer and lecturer. Recently, Judge Lindsey has been a storm center, due to his advocacy of compassionate marriage.

Judge Lindsey has spent much time in Hollywood and he knows and understands movieland and motion pictures.

**UNQUESTIONABLY** Hollywood is influencing the ideals, customs, standards—that is, the "morality"—of the country to the remotest crossroads community.

I am not here concerned with the private lives of the actors, actresses and other artists who form the most picturesque part of the world's greatest movie colony. If that subject were under discussion I should say, as I have often said before, that the private living of Hollywood is on as high a plane as that of lawyers, doctors, writers, or any other professional group. There are variations in the moral code among the picture people as elsewhere, but it is my opinion, from rather close contacts with their domestic life, that their behavior is no less wholesome than the behavior of other social minorities with the same unlimited opportunity to do as they please.

In this article I am dealing with the morality of Hollywood as reflected on the screen and with the effect of that reflection on the lives of the millions of movie patrons in the nation. What is Hollywood telling the people about life? Is Hollywood giving them the facts so that they may arrive at valid conclusions as to the full life, the more desirable life? Is it telling them the truth about "success" and "failure"? Is it giving them an accurate view of the turbulent world in which they find themselves in 1931? Is it a stimulating, educative force, deepening individual and social consciousness? Is it an encouragement to honesty and courage or to evasion and cowardice? Do the movies stand for reality or for escape from reality?

**HOLLYWOOD'S** influence on the more superficial phases of living are obvious. Skirt lengths fluctuate to the dictates of the reigning queens of stardom. The make-up of the studio lot is a commonplace in Midleton. Carmine lips, purplish eyelids, beaded lashes, plucked eyebrows, hair sleeked close to the cranium or bobbed with frizzly ends—these are but parts of the movies' conquests. A new animation lights the eyes of the flappers of Main Street. Puritan America, stolid, repressed, runs a whole new gamut of facial expression. Gestures, dazzlingly adroit, punctuate the witticisms of Yankee repartee. There is a new boldness and freedom in the walk of our girls; in their dress a franker revelation of physical charms.

These changes I do not lay entirely at the door of the movies, but I am convinced they have been sped up by the movies and their spread is far wider than it would have been if the klieg lights had not been born.

A keen young observer tells me she is satisfied that the technique of love making is taking on a new finesse in America due to the influence of the screen. She insists the late Valentino was the "great lover" in the eyes of hundreds of thousands of girls, that he set new standards in romance which alert youth everywhere copied or sought to improve upon! She was referring, no doubt, to deftness and flair of manner, to deference of approach, to nicety of address and caress, which rural America of the North and West, at least, had, down to the twentieth century, neglected.

"I protest against the success propaganda of the movies—the never-ending dangling of the bit of wealth and social prestige before aspiring youth. As the movies see it, the full life is the life of entanglement with limousines, costly establishments, gorgeous raiment, dazzling banquets."

—JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY.
Their Good Luck Tokens

By JACK BEVERLY

Motion picture people have the reputation of being the most cold-blooded, selfish folk in the world.

Yet, when you get to know these people, if you ever really do, you find beneath the selfish callous exteriors that they are quite as sentimental at heart as you or I.

Few of them but have saved some memento from the picture that launched them on a successful career. Mr. Powell himself, I am told, has kept the beret that he wore as the legionary in "Beau Geste," as a kind of talisman and souvenir.

Dick Barthelmess, who has the reputation of being strictly business, is, at heart, one of the most confirmed sentimentalists I know. Not content with one souvenir, he has kept a reminder of each spectacularly successful picture he has made. Going into his dressing room one finds on the walls the Chinaman's cap from "Broken Blossoms," the gun from "Tol'able David" and the boxing gloves he used in "The Patent Leather Kid."

Pola Negri, who was supposed to think of nothing and nobody but herself, had the bedroom suite used in "Passion" shipped all the way to America and used it in her own bedroom as long as she was here. In company with Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, I recently visited the people who bought her home, and there, in all its splendor, was the Louis XV suite from "Passion." After selling them the house, Pola, as soon as she was settled in Europe, wrote and asked if they would sell her back that suite so she could have it again.

Speaking of Sue, one naturally expects her to be sentimental. Nor is one disappointed. She has kept a little lace shawl she wore in "Soft Cushions," her first picture. And quite little it is, too. Sue played a harem belle.

Betty Compson, whose career has been one of ups and downs, whose successes have been almost as numerous as the business-like Dick Barthelmess is sentimental, too. He saved the old musket you see here that he used in his first big hit, "Tol'able David."
The Movie Favorites Are Just as Sentimental About Their Lucky Talismans as Other Folks

her friends and who has developed into one of our shrewdest business women, still cherishes a lace blouse she wore in "The Miracle Man."

RUTH CHATTERTON, the woman of the world, who brags that she lives in the midst of turmoil, never puts anything away and can never find anything she looks for, has saved a pair of shoes from almost every successful picture or play in which she has appeared. She has a trunkful of them and can tell you at a glance in which production any pair of shoes was used. One pair, she showed me, was used in "Daddy Long Legs." That was her first stage starring vehicle. She played an orphan and, knowing that orphans get only what is left and what no one else wants, she started on a hunt for shoes to wear in the play. Appearing in Denver, she noticed a scrubwoman with an old, old pair of shoes, coated with the gray that comes from age. Said Ruth: "If you'll take those shoes off right here and now and give them to me, I'll give you $15 for them." And those are the shoes she values today.

Shoes seem to be a favorite keepsake, although I've never been able to figure out why. Mothers treasure the first shoes their babies wore. Joan Crawford, although only the mother of a large family of dolls, has kept a pair of satin slippers in which she danced the Charleston in "Sally, Irene and Mary," which first attracted attention to her and started her on her hey-day career.

Marie Dressler has kept a pair of torn stockings and dilapidated shoes which she wore—no, not in "Anna Christie," but in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," which was made before many of you ever saw the light of day and in which Charlie Chaplin appeared but wasn't even featured. But if you think Miss Dressler doesn't remember "Anna Christie" with a tear and a smile, get her to show you the glass beer mug which she kept as a reminder of that heart-wrenching scene in the saloon of that picture.

JANET GAYNOR, too, has the shoe penchant and kept the pair she used in "Seventh Heaven." So profound is her belief in their talismanic qualities that she has not only kept them but actually wears them in some scene of every picture she makes. If the shoes are out of keeping with the character she portrays, she wears them in a close-up where they don't show.

William Haines, who boasts of his unsentimentality and who swears that he wants to live in the present and not the past—who hasn't even a still from any of his pictures—has kept the complete uniform he wore in "Tell It to the Marines."

And Mrs. Oakie's boy, Jack, who is the last person one would ever suspect of sentimentality, has kept the hats he has used in almost every picture he's made. But the goby's lid from "The Fleet's In" is the one he puts under his pillow at night.

Dick Arlen, whose life has been as kaleidoscopic and colorful as any O. Henry ever wrote about, who has been buffeted about until he (Continued on page 100)
The Seven-Year Romance of Charles and Virginia

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

stood about the set, talking with other extra men. When suddenly there appeared beneath the dazzling lights a vision of beauty such as it seemed to the young man, he had never seen before.

A dark, slim girl, with a pure, oval face and serene dark eyes under a madonna brow.

That was Charlie Farrell’s first glimpse of Virginia Valli. And it was a case of a cat looking upon a queen. For Virginia Valli was a star, a famed beauty, already at the top of the picture world. Nobody had ever heard of Charlie Farrell and he had never played anything but extra parts.

From that day forth, all Charlie’s dreams were of the lovely lady he had seen from afar. He had spoken to her, too, casually, and she had been kind and gracious. He noticed that while she was dignity itself, and seldom laughed, she was nearly always smiling. That soft, mysterious smile remained in his mind, flashed before him on lonely evenings, stood between him and many a girl he met and who bestowed looks of approval upon this unknown youth.

VIRGINIA VALLI doesn’t even remember those first meetings on the Universal lot. She was married, very unhappily. She was busy and hard working. There was nothing to call her attention to any one of the many extra men who came across her path. Life wasn’t very gay for the lovely Virginia in those days and that soft smile often hid a heart that was lonely and sad.

But Hollywood moves fast. Hollywood believes in drama, in changing life swiftly and unexpectedly. The scenes shift almost too quickly for the eye to follow. The panorama amazes anyone who has time to stop and think about it.

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli met at the Fox studio.

Charlie was no longer an extra man. He was a comet. “Seventh Heaven” had been made. There is no one interested in pictures who doesn’t remember that Charlie’s part as the cocky sewer rat who “looked up,” as that very remarkable fellow, Chico, raised him to stardom overnight.

Virginia Valli was no longer a star and no longer a married woman. She had left her husband some time before. It was a severe wrench, because Virginia believed in the “forever and ever” part of the marriage service. But it had to come and she knew it.

Someone, in the course of the passing days, introduced the two. Miss Valli smiled—politely and without interest. But Charlie was for the moment dumb. A warm tide of memory swept over him. Always this girl would carry the halo of those young dreams. He
was a stranger in her eyes. But she was very close to him. The nearest thing to an ideal boy had ever had. He grew red and a little breathless. He wanted to ask her to go to dinner with him, to let him see her sometime, somewhere. But courage failed him and the moment passed.

They saw each other from time to time. Virginia conceived an odd liking for this handsome young man, who looked at her with a wistfulness she could never understand.

The two were nearer—but not much.

There was another man, an older man, distinguished, successful, handsome, who occupied most of Virginia’s thoughts just then. She wondered whether she was in love with him. She wondered whether she could ever be in love again, after the romantic fashion she had conceived when she dreamed over Tennyson’s poems. She wondered why she didn’t seem to care much about anything.

The truth, of course, was that Virginia Valli had been deeply wounded by her unsuccessful marriage. She is naturally a quiet, rather reflective person. And at that time she frankly shrank from life, from anything that might expose her to more hurts. It is not wise nor necessary here to go into the things she had suffered with her first husband. But they were humiliating, unpleasant ugly things. They couldn’t happen to any girl and leave her where they found her. Her self-respect had been battered. Her self-confidence was at its lowest ebb. The gay and happy heart she had carried into her young girlhood was afraid now. Perhaps, after all, life wasn’t meant to be very happy.

None of that showed in her face. She was more beautiful than ever. But she was adjusting herself to new concepts, new philosophies. From those days of confusion emerged Virginia, the philosopher, the woman Charlie Farrell was to love and eventually to marry.

Where many girls would have been shattered, would have grown hard or reckless; where many girls would have come out of that confusion and unhappiness with the old theory of “take what you can get, live for today, have all the fun you can,” Virginia Valli did something quite, quite different.

She became a wise and tolerant understanding person, convinced of life’s compensations. A love of peace and comfort came to her. Her vision broadened. “The world is so full of a number of things,” said Virginia. Books became real friends. Real friends grew in importance. The worlds of music, painting, travel, opened their doors to her. Laughter was to be sought, always. Work wasn’t a burden but an opportunity.

Very few women come to understand the meaning of comfort, of security, of kindness and confidence, and particularly of companionship, before they are thirty. Virginia Valli knew all those things in her twenties. And she came to be much valued by men and women, who sought in her serenity and her sureness a safe harbor for confidences and a solace in misery.

You could trust Virginia, her tact, her understanding, her secrecy. There aren’t many young women like that around.

In the meantime, Charlie Farrell had gone through the unusual and so little understood romance with Janet Gaynor.

Gay, emotional, stormy, vivid little Janet. They “grew up” together in pictures. They were the ideal young lovers of the screen. The (Continued on page 82)
Hollywood Relations: Carl Laemmle, Sr., has put his son Junior in charge of production at Universal. I went to see Junior recently and was waited in the anteroom when an impetuous young fellow rushed in: 

"I want to see Junior," he said. 

"You will have to wait," said the secretary. "He and his lawyer have just gone in to see his father."

"Oh, oh!" cried my friend. "So he takes his lawyer along when he goes to see his father now."

Sensitive Spots: The Humane Society is investigating the treatment of animals used in "Trader Horn." I don't know what they can find out more than they see in the picture. Those alligators certainly looked abused to me. You can't shoot even an alligator in the tail without hurting his feelings. I know because I have a friend who doubled for one.

 Superior Slaughter: The Humaners get awfully upset if a boy plagues a kitten in a picture or a cow is made to read "Three Weeks," but I haven't heard any of them objecting loudly to the millionaires who go on "big game hunts." And Lady-So-and-So with her foot poised delectably on the stomach of a muzzled lion is considered a heroic person. I have set traps for ground squirrels on my rancheria but when my police dog caught one and started shaking it viciously before my eyes I slapped him smartly on the waggar and told him to stop imitating his superior creatures.

Human Baboons: I am not worrying about the Humane society doing the same to M.-G.-M. What worries me is that the picture boys may get scared and confess the stuff was faked. Remember how mad we got when we found out that those weren't real baboons that made off with the gal in "Ingagi"? Of all the dirty tricks! Several baboons wrote me furious protests.

Corrupting Cows: I think it inhumane of those Ohio censors to bar that cow from the screen because she read Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" in a cartoon comedy. She'll never be able to stage a come-back unless she changes her name so that Will Hays doesn't recognize her. I don't see how "Three Weeks" can corrupt a cow's morals. I know little about the love life of cows but, even before I found out about Santa Claus, I learned that a calf on my grandpa's farm was born out of wedlock. Cows are terribly sophisticated.

Camels Demand Privacy: I recall the indignation of a camel on the Universal lot. She was about to become a mother, and of course the local chatter writers had to tell. That camel was madder than Garbo when anyone tried to see her. News photographers insisted on taking a picture of the birth. It occurred at night and spotlights were turned on the expectant mother. When the baby was born the mother tried to kick it to death. They told me that a camel in captivity always tries to kill her young. It is my opinion she preferred to see it dead than see it become an actor. Camels apparently cannot adjust themselves to the picture business. They seem to demand privacy. At least this mother camel in giving birth to her child snorted something that sounded like me, "PULEEZE!"

Others Understand Einstein, But——: Rendered disconsolate by letters from Garbo fanatics who resent my weakness for Dietrich I was only able to go on when I received a note saying that I alone knew and understood Buddy Rogers. That makes up for my failure to understand Einstein.

DRAwINGS BY KEN CHAMBERLAIN
Beautiful, But—

Evelyn Rossman of Milwaukee, asks me to do a story about Buddy Rogers. I tried to. I asked him to fill out a questionnaire. It was no more impudent than the one sent me by California's 'Who's Who.' I filled mine out, though I admit I ought be Buddy, on the other hand, was the perfect gentleman and answered me with the silence of a tomb. So I can only write epitaphically—Buddy Rogers: Silent Star.

Nina Hallelujahs Abroad: Nina Mae McKinney, the little colored girl who starred in 'Hallelujah,' told me it was her intention to become the toast of Paris, wear gowns like Gloria Swanson's and drip diamonds from her physique like Peggy Joyce. Well, Nina has been chateauxing abroad, drippin' diamonds and wearing pink face powder. According to The Pittsburgh Courier, a paper for the colored people, "the girl of a hundred loves" has signed to do an Ufa talkie for $50,000. She is doing so well, in fact, that she felt she could afford to send her chaperon back to New York. As my colored boy Ambrose says: "That girl am sure a whip!"

Her Steeped Bed: When Nina Mae arrived in Paris she sent her card in to Josephine Baker, the American negress who has snake-hipped herself into fame and riches. Miss Baker, sensing rivalry, refused to see Nina. After all, Miss Baker is now a countess and recently was chosen "Queen of the Colonies" for the French Colonial Exposition. The colored folks' newspaper, Pittsburgh Courier, says:

"Miss Baker lives in a colonial mansion valued at a quarter-million dollars, with a sunken swimming pool, luxurious motor cars, a number of servants, and she sleeps on a bed which is steeped in historical lore."

Steep sleep!

Pola's Passion Bed: Norma Shearer, a sharp wit, told me that when she and Irving Thalberg were looking for a house in Beverly Hills after their marriage, a realtor took them through Pola Negri's mansion. Conducting them to the star's bedroom he pointed to the Du Barry bed.

"That is the bed," he said impressively, "that Miss Negri used in 'Passion.'"

The New Sirens: The original (Continued on page 114)
**Birthstones for June:** Ancient, emerald. Modern, agate. The emerald is said to bring happiness to wearers born in the month of June.
Here is a trick photograph of the perfect pair of Paramount. Both charmers are one and the same—Carole Lombard. The twin image effect was gained by the photographer. Miss Lombard is one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood and she has been getting a number of prominent rôles recently.
Miss MacCloy, who scored in Doug Fairbanks' "Reaching for the Moon," is wearing white jersey pajamas appliquéd with modernistic designs in yellow and blue.
GLORIA SWANSON
Norma Shearer's screen poise and self-possession have created an illusion. The Hollywood theory is that luck has played no part in her career, rather that she has ordered and directed her life with the greatest forethought and efficiency. "It isn't true," says Miss Shearer. "Nothing has been planned. I didn't plan my film career. I wouldn't have gone into pictures if I hadn't been broke. I didn't marry Irving Thalberg because he was the big executive of my company. I wouldn't have married him if I hadn't been madly, deeply in love. Things have just happened."
In "Strangers May Kiss" Norma Shearer plays a role similar to her part in "The Divorcee." In this interview Miss Shearer tells for the first time how she chanced to play this sort of sophisticated role.

**Luck and Motherhood**

Norma Shearer Gives Her First Interview Since the Birth of Her Son—and Tells of the Part Chance Has Played in Her Career

**BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

There is no danger that Norma Shearer will retire from the screen.

The lady who in one year had a baby and won the Academy award for the year's best performance has just signed a new two-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Slimmer, lovelier, sweeter than I have ever seen her, Norma Shearer is back on the lot, ready to go to work. Her son—and he is a beautiful baby if ever I saw one—will be eight months old on April 25th.

I admire Norma Shearer tremendously. She is a perfect example of a fine new type of womanhood. Ridiculously young, she is a great success in her chosen profession, she is a successful and beloved wife to a very busy and important man, and she is a sane and happy mother.

It is "some woman" who in her early twenties can drive that team of jobs and remain serene, alert, beautifully competent. Few of our younger screen stars have had the courage to venture so much.

As we sat across a small luncheon table for the first interview Miss Shearer has given since she took time out to become the mother of Irving Thalberg, Jr., a new conviction about Norma came to me.

I have known her for seven years and always she has been something of an enigma to me. To most people. Always gracious, always available, taking her part in things social and professional, she has nevertheless betrayed little of her inner self to the world. Friendly—but aloof. Charming to talk with, but essentially reserved. Not given to intimacies, and belonging to none of the small cliques which make up Hollywood, having no satellites to follow in her wake, she has moved in Hollywood but never quite been of it.

But as we talked freely over luncheon, it came to me that the keynote—I'm sure that there is a keynote to every character and that you can't estimate that character without first finding out what it is—the keynote of Norma's character is sincerity.

The revelation surprised me, but the more I thought, the more I listened, the surer I became.

She knows herself. Her power of analysis is proved by her work as an actress. She has had the courage to apply that analysis to herself. Her reserve comes from a fundamental sincerity which, if you will stop to think a moment, you will agree that few of us possess in daily contact with life.

"I am a very lucky girl," she said quietly. "Sometimes I am amazed at my own luck. If anyone had told me a few years ago (Continued on page 120)
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen gave a patio puzzle party recently. Left to right: Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Arlen), Dick, Patricia Meighan, Walter Huston, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY EVELYN GRAY

Games have come back into fashion with a vengeance these days. All kinds of games, and they are now forming the basis for a lot of charming and informal entertainment in Hollywood. When the picture folk are working hard and don't have time for big parties, small groups get together and bridge is having a very hard time to hold its own.

One of the most popular modes of entertaining right now is "puzzle parties." You have probably seen many of these big cut puzzles, which comprise hundreds and hundreds of small pieces and when put together form beautiful and often famous pictures. It's great fun to get a few friends together and try putting one together in an evening. And it's quite the thing now to "exchange puzzles." Once you have done one yourself, you put it back in the book and exchange for another one with some friends.

Dick Arlen and his delightful little wife, Jobyna Ralston Arlen, are puzzle fans. Dick has been making so many pictures that he seldom has time to go out socially or to plan engagements ahead, so Joby likes to give him some fun at home and often asks their intimates in for a patio supper and an evening with a really intricate puzzle and I'm sure many wives of busy husbands would find this a good example.

The other evening Dick and Joby and Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart—Mrs. Stuart, of course, is better known to the movie fans as Sue Carol—Walter Huston, and Patricia Meighan met at the Arlen home for such entertainment. The Arlens have a very pretty and unusual home at Toluca Lake, a real early California bungalow built right on the shore of the lake and just a minute's drive from the Lakeside Golf Club, where Dick gets his exercise.

Jobyna had a real puzzle ready and everybody started in. Sometimes these puzzles take weeks to do. Corinne Griffith has one about four feet square, which was so beautiful when she finished it that she had it shellacked and framed and it hangs over the mantel of her Malibu Beach home. Aileen Pringle is another puzzle devotee and right now is completing one which fills the whole ping-pong table.

It being a warm spring evening, supper was served in the patio, from which the guests could watch the late evening colors on the lake. After dinner, they settled down to puzzle making and had a grand time. Incidentally, anagrams has come back into favor and almost everyone has a set of anagram blocks which are brought out for any gathering of five or over. It's great practice for one's vocabulary and the dictionary is becoming a best seller again. Carey Wilson, the famous scenario writer, is conceded the championship. With Jack Gilbert and Douglas (Continued on page 96)
Behind the Screen Dramas
WHAT I LEARNED AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY

AS TOLD TO VIRGINIA MAXWELL

EACH month NEW MOVIE is presenting the real romance of a Hollywood unknown. You can read everywhere of the stars and the famous folk. These stories are of the people who never get their names into the electric lights.

This month NEW MOVIE offers the surprising drama of a little tourist and what happened when she actually met the movie star she had watched so many times in the little theater back home. This story, like the others of the series, is genuine. Some of the names are fictitious of course. But the little dramas are from real life, as they were gathered in Hollywood by Miss Maxwell.

The pictures, made by Stagg, the famous Hollywood photographer, were made on the actual locations described in the stories.

MAYBE we can start off understanding each other when I tell you I was a misfit. Just didn't belong to any clique of girls, never popular with the boys and when I had made up my mind to go in for some sort of career I found, after many disappointing experiences, that I just didn't make good at any of the artistic things I tried to do. I was a dreamer and dreamers are rarely practical people!

It was when I was twenty-three years of age that I found the glorious opportunity of going with my brother to the Pacific coast.

Mother had a cousin who had moved to Southern California for her health several years before. And when Harold's stamp collection business began to prosper and he decided to spend his vacation visiting Aunt Hattie, I was thrilled and delighted to be asked along.

That tennis game was the beginning of everything, although I was far from realizing it then. The players were all well-known picture people. And it was there I met a very popular young star. Her first name is Mary. She took an interest in me—and that interest changed my whole life.

That evening I was invited to a Hollywood party, just when I had begun to think...
It Was Her First Hollywood Party But in the

Mary would never dream of offering me one of her gorgeous frocks to wear, even though I hinted strongly that I'd feel funny in my old lace dinner dress. She ignored the hint, being entirely wrapped up in making up her lips.

Hollywood was one of the coolest little spots on the map. Harold and I were awfully anxious to see Hollywood, for we, like everyone else in the world, had heard so much about it. Two days after we arrived in Pasadena, Aunt Hattie and Uncle Will got out their Ford and drove us over to Hollywood.

We drove out to Culver City first and right up to the M.-G.-M. Studio gates and asked to see Greta Garbo. The uniformed guard looked us over appraisingly, asked us if we were long lost relatives, and when he learned we were just admirers, wanting to see her in person, he burst right out laughing and told us to write Miss Garbo for an appointment.

Only after several such attempts did we realize how silly we were—actually trying to talk with a world-famous personality for no good reason except idle curiosity.

You can imagine my surprise then when Harold phoned me breathlessly one afternoon to tell me he'd actually been talking with Leatrice Joy. Leatrice, who was formerly the wife of the famous John Gilbert and mother of his little daughter, Leatrice Joy, 2nd. How many times had I followed the story of their romance in the magazines back home. And here was Harold actually meeting Leatrice Joy herself.

Quite excitedly he told me how he was sitting in a stamp-collector's office (Harold always kept his business in mind no matter where he went) when in walked Leatrice Joy. She was making a collection of rare stamps for her baby daughter and had come to purchase some.

The broker introduced Harold and they chatted for quite a while. In fact, it was Harold who sold Leatrice Joy the stamps he had taken out to the coast to dispose of. He hurried home to tell us all the thrilling details of his afternoon, but the crowning glory was when he announced that his friend had invited him to join a group of movie tennis players at a friend's home Saturday. They needed an extra player, one of Harold's ability, anyway, and I was just imagining how Harold must have boasted about his tennis trophies after Miss Joy opened up the tennis subject.

It was funny to hear both Aunt Hattie and Uncle Will handing Harold a whole volume of advice before he went out to Beverly Hills that day. As I look back upon it now, from my own beautiful home on the mountainside overlooking Hollywood, I chuckle with delight. But that is ahead of my story.

The upshot of that memorable day was that Harold was asked to bring me along next time. He had told some of the players about lonely me and I guess he worked up a little sympathy in my direction so that they suggested I be dragged along next time. I have no illusions that they urged him or that anyone would ever have missed me had I not showed up.

For me, it was the beginning of everything, although I was far from realizing it then. The tennis game was like most tennis games, except that the players were well-known picture people. Most of the men were in white linen, while the girls wore bathing suits or tennis shorts.

I haven't told you everyone who was at the tennis match that afternoon, since one of the girls, a very popular young star, asked me not to mention her name in this story. Her first name is Mary. It was this beauty who seemed to take an interest in me and for no apparent reason we found ourselves sitting on the side lines, under a huge umbrella, chatting about home towns and linen frocks and layer cakes.

Before the day was over Mary gave me her private telephone number and asked me to call her up. She had a lot of special fan mail she wanted answered and
Moonlit Patio Garden She Found Real Romance

she thought my mind ran in just the right channel for replies. She would outline what she wanted to say and I would put it into lovely words for her.

I WAS delighted with this opportunity, for it not only gave me a few hours work to do each day, from then on, but it afforded me some money with which to indulge in a few of the delectable accessories one sees every day in the Hollywood Boulevard shops. Aunt Hattie was glad, too, for I guess she had begun to grow weary of seeing me hang around the front porch in between dish-wiping events.

To me, it was the open road to a group of charming movie acquaintances and the realization of the first childish desire I had, just to see, face to face, one of my own movie favorites. Before three months had elapsed I had met many of the stars at premières, at teas, at informal dinners. For Mary had learned that I was more than a secretary. I was conscious of my lack of great beauty, although I concede I am fairly attractive; so conscious of my shortcoming that Mary seemed to appear more beautiful by contrast. She admitted this frankly to me one day during our conferences, so I'm really not being catty in remarking it.

And then came the memorable event of the season. It was a party given by a Beverly Hills society matron. Mary saw to it, for the reason I've told you, that I was included in the invitation. That was how I came to be asked to the grand occasion when we were to meet the most popular male movie star of the day, a movie idol whose fame was international. I had always admired him on the screen. His eyes were liquid pools of passion in close-ups, his profile one which artists came to Hollywood to sculpture. His body was exquisitely moulded and usually the scenario included scenes in which he could show his bronzed muscles covering his tall, slender frame like those of a Greek god. He had always been my favorite star and I know that millions of other girls felt the same way about him as I did.

WHEN Mary told me I was at last to have the opportunity of meeting the one star over whom I'd been raving ever since I got in with the movie set, I was fairly breathless.

So long had I kept this secret affection for him locked in my heart that it seemed almost like a fairy tale that I was to see him, actually be close to him in person, and if we were introduced, to feel the touch of his hand. Little pins and needles seemed to play through my body all that day, though I tried to keep a poker face on before Mary. I was terribly afraid she would tell him, and if he laughed, as he probably would, I think I would have died of shame.

So I kept pinching myself that it was all true that night as I carefully dressed for the party. Mary would never dream of offering me one of her gorgeous flocks to wear, even though I hinted strongly that I'd feel funny in my simple lace dinner dress. She ignored the hint, being entirely wrapped up in making up her lips at the moment.

"Your big boy is very high-hat," she said suddenly, as she swung around from her dressing-table to face me. I was surprised that Mary was still thinking of my flattering words about him.

"High-hat? How do you mean?" I asked.

"Every picture star in Hollywood has tried to make him at some time or other—but he gives them all the freeze-out. Conceit, I guess, afraid of having anyone else cut in on his popularity." It was the first time the thought occurred to me that Mary liked him pretty well (Continued on page 108)
Comes the SUMMER

Above, Anita Page makes a charming appearance in a one-piece jersey dress of white, featuring a short sleeved bolero jacket of brown, the brown shade being carried out in the belt and button decorations. Brown and white sport slippers and bag add an attractive color touch, while the hat and gloves are white. The white chiffon frock, worn by Miss Page at the right, shows an interesting use of black lace insertion designs. Forming the only ornamentation on the otherwise plainly made frock, the contrast gives a striking effect.
In the circle at the upper left Miss Page demonstrates one of the attractive early Summer hats, Grecian in mood. This is a combination of white silk braid with a wreath of green laurel leaves. A fine mesh veil adds an alluring feminine touch to the hat. Colorful printed silks combined with lines lend themselves to the Summer suits designed for the new season. Miss Page reveals a combination of this type just above, her suit showing a sleeveless bolero and bell-shaped skirt of printed silk with handkerchief linen blouse of short sleeve, rounded collar design. Left, Miss Page appears in a rose-colored knitted suit with flesh-colored sweater. Knitted suits are arriving to join the Summer sportswear styles fashioned in three-piece patterns consisting of sweater and skirt with cardigan jacket.
What the Well Dressed Mermaid Will Wear This Summer

Top left, Dorothy Jordan in her trim two-piece bathing suit showing a modernistic pattern carried out on the white top of her pleated trouser suit. Above, June MacCloy in her new anti-sunburn bathing suit. This is the latest beach vogue. It is a high-necked jersey suit in white and dark blue. The top part is appliquéd with a modern design in blue and yellow. The beach jewelry is of carved wood. Left, Catherine Moylan demonstrating that plaid gingham is the newest thing for beach pajamas. It is a youthful pattern carried out in blue, yellow, red and black, fashioned in a backless style with an accompanying bolero jacket.
Newest Beach Styles

Above, Dorothy Jordan in one-piece white bathing suit, ideal for real swimming. The white cap matches. Left, Lillian Bond in a short and abbreviated romper beach suit. Made of printed striped or dotted wash material, in splashy colors, these suits are ideally designed for active sports.

Leila Hyams, at the right, in a smart orange-jersey swim suit with orange rubber slippers. Ideal for the water or for acquiring a beach suntan.
Chester Morris
Gave Up All Hope of Being a Screen Favorite

I LIKE Chester Morris. He's real, he's regular, and he's natural. I'm glad I interviewed him.

You know, this interviewing business gets tiresome on occasion. Herb Howe even goes so far as to say that interviewing drives you crazy and offers himself as Exhibit A.

It's particularly tough when you meet your subject for the first time and have to form a definite estimate in a half hour or so.

Chester Morris fell into this class as far as I was concerned. I had met him, yes. I knew him, yes. But I didn't know him well enough to write about him.

Then, to begin with I was forty-five minutes late for the appointment. That alone was unlikely to work me into his good graces. No one likes to wait that long for anyone. I walked into his home in Whitley Terrace, overlooking all of Hollywood, in some doubt about events.

CHESTER MORRIS is one of a stage family. His father, William Morris, was a famous actor and will be remembered for his success in many Broadway hits. He was a leading man of the Frohman company at the Empire Theater in New York, a company that made theatrical history. And Etta Hawkins, Chester's mother, was a comedienne in that same Frohman company. The acting urge and talent descended to their children, for Willy Morris, who made a big hit on Broadway as the warden's daughter in "The Criminal Code," is Chester's sister. Adrian, one brother, is also an actor and another brother, Gordon Morris, is a dramatist. It certainly runs in the family. For two years the whole family appeared together in a playlet written by William Morris and called "All the Horrors of Home."

Chester's first ambition was to be a magician. His idol was Alexander the Great and he once played hocky from school at Mount Vernon, New York, and bummed his way into the

Chester Morris comes of a well-known stage family. His father is William Morris, long well known on Broadway. His mother is Etta Hawkins, who made a name for herself as a comedienne behind the footlights years ago. One brother and a sister are on the stage. Another brother is a dramatist.
Big Town to see Houdini, another of his heroes.
When he was twelve, he gave his first performance as a magician. Billing himself as “The Mysterious Morris” he packed the family basement with other kids his age who wanted to see him strut his stuff. “Dad sneaked into the basement and I didn’t see him,” Chester told me. “After it was all over he informed me that if I ever did any of that Mysterious Morris stuff again he’d disown me. I must have been pretty terrible. The kids guessed what I was going to do before I did it and told me immediately afterwards just how I’d done it.”

Thus ended his original life plan. So he decided to follow in his father’s footsteps and become an actor.

He was fifteen when he began attending the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. He’s a real New Yorker, by the way, having been born there. But his school days didn’t last long.

One morning he took a train up to New Rochelle and talked his way into motion pictures.

Edwin Thanhouser was then making films and he paid young Morris fifty dollars a week, which looked like all the money in the world. The first his family knew about his venture was when the movie appeared in Mount Vernon and the theater owner billed Chester as “Local Boy Makes Good.” Until that moment, his family thought he was still at art school.

The following year, his troubles began. Things started getting very tough for young Morris. Sweet sixteen may be all right for girls, but for young gentlemen with stage ambitions it’s something else again. Chester was one of the world’s best examples of what has been called the awkward age. He was too big for boy parts, too young for leading men, and too awkward for juveniles.

He had about decided that family tradition or no family tradition, a fellow must eat, when the break came. After months of hanging around booking offices and managerial sanctums, he was given a role with Lionel Barrymore in “The Copperhead.”

At seventeen, in a road company of “Turn to the Right,” he was the youngest leading man on the American stage.

He landed on Broadway the following season and stayed right there until he came to Hollywood. All of which is why Chester Morris, still in his twenties, has the air of an old and experienced trouper. Despite his youth, he’s a real veteran.

D. W. Griffith, who has been responsible for more great careers in pictures than any other one man, in-

directly gave Chester Morris his start in pictures. D. W. had seen the young man in a stage play in New York and asked him to make a talkie test. Morris did it. And that, apparently, was that. He never heard from D. W. again. Never knew whether the test was good or bad. Tests are like that.

After wondering for a few weeks, Chester forgot it. But that test was to have its day, nevertheless.
Young Morris was under contract to the stage producer, Al Woods. As soon as “Crime” closed, he was to be cast in “Jealousy,” a play with only two roles. Morris decided that movies weren’t for him. He would stick to the stage, where he was sure of work and a good salary.

Destiny, however, was pulling other strings. Roland West, one of the big movie directors, was going to shoot “Alibi.” It was difficult to cast. While he was searching for just the right actor, he happened to see the test Chester Morris had made for Griffith.


The more Morris refused, the more determined West was to have him. If he could square Woods, would Morris change his mind? Morris said he might. Joseph Schenck, head of United Artists, for whom “Alibi” was to be made, arranged matters with Woods and Chester Morris came to Hollywood with a six months’ contract in his pocket.

It took three months to make “Alibi.” For the other three months, Chester Morris just sat. Sat until he was almost crazy. The picture (Continued on page 117)
LEILA HYAMS
CAREERS of the more famous stars of Hollywood are like great houses, with the many rooms filled with varied, colorful stories. Some phases of those careers, like some of the rooms of the houses, have been thrown open wide to the public. Every bit of the furnishings have been described in detail.

But a few and other rooms, into which the public glimpsed. They are the dens, a-brac sacred to the memories. They are the attics and, dark closets in which are stored forgotten memories that retailed in print.

There is in Hollywood no whom more has been written told than Charlie Chaplin. His like a collection of jewels, tiny friends. This story is collection. It is a peek into cherished memories. It was Charlie himself but by Tom Geraghty recalls, "when suddenly Charlie told the driver to turn down a narrow little alley. We went along this alley for several blocks until we came to where an old water trough divided the street. Charlie told the chauffeur to stop and we got out of the car. Dirty, ragged little kids were playing around the water trough. An old hack drew up beside us and a horse that looked like it had fought in the Hundred Years' War poked a withered head into the water. Charlie looked at the water trough and then at me. He smiled and asked if I remembered the fine appointments of his (Continued on page 86)

Photograph by Acme

Up in the dingy tenement room Chaplin lay down upon the floor and looked up to the ceiling cracks. "They used to be my school books and my story books, too, those cracks," he told his companion. "I used to lie here by the hour and dream of those cracks."

By WILBUR MORSE, Jr.

CHAPLIN Goes Home

What Happened When the Great Comedian Climbed the Rickety London Tenement Stairs to the Room That Once Was Home
MAY I show you something as lovely as yourself?” he inquired, half expecting to see a tiny hand extended for a continental kiss. “Mr. Klink told me that your mind was very sensitive to beauty.”

The hand, which on closer inspection had the roughened palm of a tennis addict, regally indicated another chair, and Miss Wedgewood, not trusting herself to speak, merely smiled upon her visitor. That gentleman, thrilling to the warm brown eyes with their glints of gold, drew from his pocket an oblong case of purple leather stamped with a coronet.

“A feast for a connoisseur,” he said rather stately. “There was a click, and from a bed of satin flashed a circlet of light alive with an orange-whiteness that burned and glowed. “Canary diamonds,” intoned Mr. Dorset, covertly watching the girl’s reaction, “from a Russian treasure-room. Can’t you see frosted Moscow sunshine imprisoned in their facets? And now they are awaiting a throat like——”
The Exciting Hollywood Adventures of the Czar's Crown Jewels, a Balkan Vampire and Her American Motion Picture Double

BY STEWART ROBERTSON

Drawings by C. A. Bryson

A burst of theatrical laughter underlined by a shade of despair checked any further high pressuring. "You don't want me," Miss Wedgewood told him enviously. "I couldn't buy even the box. But aren't they gorgeous!"

"I beg pardon," said the puzzled Dorset, "but aren't you Baroness Ulp?"

Lorna shook her head. "I'm just her stand-in. You don't suppose a big star is going to loaf around for hours before a scene while the geniuses squabble, do you? I happen to be her twin in contour and coloring—indeed everything except ability, I guess—so I get sixty a week to do the drudgery."

"But you're beautiful," protested Mr. Dorset. "I thought so the moment I saw you."

Miss Wedgewood smiled wanly. "Beauty's cheap out here," she said without vanity. "I was nothing but an extra until Prismatic rescued the Baroness Yvonne Ulp from some Balkan backyard that got sponged out after the war, but the very fact of looking like her ruins any chance for the future. Nobody wants a number two edition, even of the left-handed cousin of an ex-king. Who are you, anyhow, carrying a necklace like that?"

I'm from Bombardier and Company, Fifth Avenue. We send a smooth worker out here every Summer with a few choice articles, and this year it's my turn. You see, when we call on the stars personally, they're so flattered at having been singled out that selling them isn't very difficult, provided it's done with a lyrical note."

"Frosted Moscow sunshine?" laughed Lorna. "You've hit it," grinned Mr. Dorset, who under the veneer of business was a friendly and personable young man. "Look here, you're the first person I've seen who isn't suffering from a display complex. Couldn't we have supper together? I'm not asking you because you resemble the—"

"Sh-h-h! Here she comes now. Don't make any noise or there'll be fireworks."

All uproar was hushed as a tallish girl slithered onto the set, and Mr. Dorset stared admiringly at the Baroness Yvonne Ulp, whose last name was the surviving syllable of several that had been whistled off in order to find room for it on a theater marquee. There was the same clean curve (Continued on page 106)

Lorna Wedgewood was the baroness' double—on and off the screen. Her duty was to double for the Balkan vamp in the studio and in public. For sixty dollars she gave up her own identity, too, for all time. She was the baroness' smoke screen.
PART III

THAT was in March, 1929. Coincidentally the talkies were just getting a firm foothold in the picture industry and the various companies were rushing about as haphazardly as ants, trying to secure new talent.

Connie's poise and sophistication, her beauty and the husky cadences of her voice were as famous in Europe as they have since become in America. The Ufa officials in Germany knew of her, knew of her theatrical ancestry and learned of her divorce. They also knew that there is no anodyne for sorrow equal to hard work, and they realized their chance had come. They sent a representative to see her, with instructions to sign her for two pictures.

Four years of shopping, of an empty round of social pleasures—teas and bridge in the afternoons; theaters, night clubs, bridge and dancing in the evenings—had begun to pall upon her. Besides, what was the use? She and Philip were estranged. She might better go back to pictures for a time.

She was on the point of signing with Ufa when the Marquis de la Falaise, who was acting as personal representative in Paris for Joseph F. Kennedy, then head

Constance Bennett is one of the most interesting figures in pictures today. Her poise and sophistication have singled her out for immediate recognition. She moves but little in movie circles. Her closest friends are not concerned with motion pictures. She is oddly aloof from rumors—and there are many of them—that revolve about her in the film colony.

of Pathé, heard she was considering a return to pictures. He immediately approached her. Connie had been on the verge of signing the Ufa contract at a large salary. She could make pictures in Europe, but in America there was that uncompleted contract with M.-G.-M.

NEGOTIATIONS hung fire for two weeks. Many were the long-distance calls put through across the Atlantic during that time. Conversations with Mr. Kennedy, with her attorney, with M.-G.-M. As soon as the last-named company had heard there was a chance of her coming back to the films they wanted her to finish her contract.

That contract had been made at what seemed an exorbitant figure for her services, even in those days, but in the face of the salary she had been offered by Pathé and Ufa (who were bidding against each other and constantly raising the ante) the M.-G.-M. remuneration looked like pin-money. Eventually M.-G.-M. gave Miss Bennett a release and let Pathé and Ufa fight out the battle between themselves. And Pathé finally got her.

It is interesting to note that M.-G.-M. recently paid Pathé $125,000 for Connie's services for one picture, "The Easiest Way."

But let Miss Bennett explain. "I signed for five years," she says. "I'd have signed for ten if they had asked me, because I had no intention of remaining in pictures. I thought I would come over, do one or two pictures and then retire again. But it sort of gets into your blood. You start going good and you work like the deuce to see if you can't go further."

Hardly had she signed her contract, closed her Paris house and boarded a liner than trouble commenced. Aboard the steamer she received a cablegram from the Pathé publicity department in New York:

"On your arrival you will be faced with battery of news cameramen and ship news reporters. A very clever young man in our department has thought up
splendid way for you to crash front pages in all papers. Idea is for you to say 'No young girl should ever marry a millionaire.' This may shock you at first, but am sure on thinking it over you will agree it is a clever idea."

Constance thought it over—for about two minutes—and sent this reply:

"Tell your clever young man that I don't want to crash the front pages in that way. For some inexplicable reason whenever I come to America I always land on the front pages—and without having to make an ass of myself to do it."

That was the beginning of her troubles. When she reached New York she related the incident to Mr. Kennedy, treated it as a joke and added, "Besides, why shouldn't a girl marry a millionaire if she wants to?"

And Mr. Kennedy repeated it as a joke. But, by the time it had gone the rounds, the humor had been deleted and it was told as a serious matter of big import. So immediately a young woman wrote an interview supposed given out by Constance, called "Every Girl Should Marry a Millionaire."

"Now, how," Constance demanded in exasperation, "could every girl marry a millionaire? In the first place there aren't enough millionaires to go around and, in the second place, even if there were, it doesn't stand to reason that all of them would want to marry. It's ridiculous." But there was nothing that could be done about it.

Then came several other interviews which disturbed her—vexatious little things she was supposed to have said but hadn't—things that annoyed her in the same way a gnat or mosquito annoys a person. She began to resent interviewers who wrote what they pleased rather than what she said.

But the one that really infuriated Constance, and I have never seen her so burned up over anything, was one called "$250,000 a Year on Clothes!" "I never gave out any such interview," she stormed. "That girl came to me and began talking about clothes. I discussed them with her because I like clothes and I enjoy talking about them. But I never gave her the price of a single garment. I've always thought it was very poor taste to flaunt the price you pay for things—whether cheap or expensive—in people's faces. After I was gone, she went up to the publicity department of the studio and they filled in figures that are enough to start a revolution. A woman couldn't spend that much on clothes in a year."

The result of all this has been that Constance has refused to see writers, and this, in turn, has led to charges of "temperament." Maybe she is temperamental, but I don't think so. I've known her for a long time and I've never seen any evidences of it. She has too keen a sense of humor for that sort of thing. If she ever did start throwing things, I imagine she would burst out laughing in the midst of it.

I happened to be on the set of "This Thing Called Love" the afternoon they finished shooting. The company was dismissed. Just as they started to leave the set the assistant director asked her to wait a moment. She turned and the director handed her a box containing two dozen American beauty roses which the electricians, prop men, camera men, grips and actors had chipped in to buy for her because it had been such a pleasant engagement and they had wanted to do something to fix it in her mind, too.

Incidentally, her personal maid has been with her for years. Her secretary, chauffeur, cook and housemaid are the same ones she engaged when she first returned to this country. Not a bad record for a star who is supposed to be selfish, cold-blooded and ritzy.

Her sense of humor is illustrated by another incident I witnessed. They were engaged upon a shot of Connie and her supposed-husband in a room together. "I'll turn on the radio," he announced.

"Don't bother," said Constance, "I'll do it."

"Ah, no," respond her husband, "I'll turn it on."

Nobody liked the way he read the last line but he himself. He rather fancied his inflections and stubbornly refused to change the delivery. The actor who played the husband is not without a sense of humor himself and, in talking about it afterwards, he laughed. "You can see," he said, "the line doesn't mean a damned thing. But I just happened to like the way I read it."

The Movie Meteor Flashing Across Hollywood
When Miss Bennett came back to pictures in 1929 she intended to make one or two films—and then
quit again. "But it sort of gets into your blood," she admits. "You start going good and you work like the
dece to see if you can't go better."

The director was beside himself. Connie pulled him aside.
"Don't worry. Just go ahead and take the shot. It'll be all right."
So they started the scene with the actor all puffed up and thinking he had won his point.
"I'll turn on the radio," he announced presently.
"All right," said Constance quite unconcernedly, thus removing all opportunity for him to de-
liver his last line. Being a good actor, he recovered himself quickly and the surprise he felt over the retort he got instead of the correct cue didn't show in his face.

T o me, Constance Bennett is the most interesting figure in pic-
tures today. She may not have an angel's disposition. Few of us have, and as a rule those few are uninteresting to the point of dead-
lines.
But when she is upset over a thing or doesn't like a person, that person knows it. She doesn't say one thing to your face and another when your back's turned. Not so long ago she had an argument about her contract with Neil McCarthry, the Pathé attorney. The session lasted for hours. When it was finished Mr. Mc-
Carthy picked up the phone and called the studio executives, who were waiting to hear the outcome.
"Whatever that girl says is O. K.," Mr. McCarthry announced. "She hasn't a crooked bone in her body, and when she fights, she fights in the open."
She has a clause in her contract that permits her to take ten weeks' vacation a year—all at one time, so she can go to Europe if she chooses. Last year she made the trip. This year she has forfeited the vacation in order to get in another picture or two.
"I can't understand," I said, "why you don't use those ten weeks to do a stage play."
"I'd die of fright if I ever had to face an audience across the footlights," she responded.
"But I should think the urge would be in your blood," I persisted. "Didn't you like to go back-stage when you were a kid and your father was a star?"
"Oh, sure," she answered care-
lessly, "but that was because I was the daughter of the star, and I could go sailing in while other people had to wait to be an-
nounced (Continued on page 98)
The Men Who Make the Movies
The Story of Samuel Goldwyn

BY LYNDE DENIG

SAMUEL GOLDFWN'S eyes are well focused: One is set on beauty, the other on money. More fortunate than most men, he has found considerable of both before reaching the end of his rainbow. Throughout his career as a producer of motion pictures, which started in 1910, Sam Goldwyn has been a practical idealist with a strong creative urge. He has taken his share of knocks and has come up fighting, generally with a new star in his corner of the ring. Every night when they kneel to give thanks for manifold blessings, Ronald Colman, Wilma Banky, Lois Moran, Belle Bennett, Gary Cooper, Walter Byron and sundry others should mention Sam, their discoverer and, to an appreciable degree, their artistic creator.

The familiar story about George Bernard Shaw and Goldwyn is, in reality, not as extravagant as it may appear. It seems that in the course of a discussion over screen rights to his plays, Shaw said: "The difference between us is that you are thinking of art, whereas I am thinking of money." Oddly enough that may have been the case, for Goldwyn always has shown profound respect for the artistically elect.

In 1920 he assembled a group of distinguished writers whom he dubbed Eminent Authors, once referred to in a newspaper as the Immortal Authors. Gertrude Atherton, Rex Beach, Basil King, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart were in the group. The results were less than satisfactory, but Goldwyn went right along angling for the biggest fish in the literary pond. There was, for example, the sad case of Maurice Maeterlinck, a bewildered poet whose knowledge of bees availed him little in a Hollywood studio.

As was his habit when anything of seeming importance transpired, Goldwyn worked himself into a fever of excitement over the coming of the renowned Belgian. Maeterlinck must travel across the continent in a kingly fashion: a private car, no less, and gala receptions sponsored by social leaders in the principal cities en route. Edwin Justus Mayer (now a playwright), one of the smartest of the young publicity men on the producer's staff, was assigned to special escort duty.

Eddie borrowed a morning coat from another member of the publicity staff and was ready to depart with his precious cargo. At the farewell pep meeting, Goldwyn, in a display of enthusiasm, slapped Maeterlinck on the back: "I know you'll make good," he said. But the poet's bluebirds shed their feathers in California and his bees would store no honey. Goldwyn took a few brisk canters on the bridle path in Central Park and promptly forgot the illustrious but expensive Maeterlinck.

REVERSING a customary procedure, Goldwyn adopted his business name for personal use, instead of naming his business after himself. Left an orphan in Warsaw, Poland, at the age of ten years, he came to this country in the steerage and landed his first job in a glove factory in Gloversville, N. Y. As Samuel Goldfish, he grew to manhood in Gloversville, advancing steadily in the glove business, saving money the while, with a view to establishing his own business when a favorable opportunity arrived.

In 1910, he met Jesse L. Lasky. They pooled their resources, founded the Lasky Pictures Corporation and remained partners until 1917, when Goldfish withdrew to found another company with Arch and Edgar Selwyn. Taking the first four letters of Goldfish and the last three of Selwyn, without aid from a numerologist, they evoked the name of Goldwyn and called their company Goldwyn Pictures. A few years later, Sam had his own name legally changed.

While the record may indicate that Goldwyn is essentially a lone, rather than a partnership executive, this same record will show that the producer has been a keen picker of men. At the beginning of his independent career he selected men such as Howard Dietz and Kenneth MacGowan to bring him and his pictures into contact with the public. Explosive of temper, exacting, and a veritable dynamo of nervous energy, he has a keen regard for men cast in a different mould.

AMONG other qualities contributing to Goldwyn's success, is his appreciation of the importance of maintaining friendly relations with the press. He always finds time to be courteous to the men behind the typewriter, which reduces an anecdote now being printed for the first time. In connection with the announcement of some new policy, Goldwyn invited representatives of magazines and newspapers to his office. At the close of the conference, he stood at the doorway bidding his guests farewell, addressing each by name. He shook hands with a reticent young man and then, by way of a pleasant comment, he said: "Give my regards to Sime," Sime being Sime Silverman, editor and publisher of the unique amusement weekly, Variety. It happened that the man addressed, instead of being a representative of the famous Sime, had been an inconspicuous member of Goldwyn's own publicity department for more than a year.

(Continued on page 90)
HOLLYWOOD'S

The Boulevardier Discusses the Honest Funny Man, Will Rogers, and Tells About Charming Marion Davies and Her Charities

Of Will Rogers Mr. Howe says: "The best ambassador of good will is Good Will. A skyscraper among bungalows, he is the loftiest character on the Hollywood Olympus. And he is the typical American, being part Cherokee.

Each month in New Movie Herbert Howe has been discussing the outstanding personalities of Hollywood through the years. He has related his impressions of Rudie Valentino, of Pola Negri, of Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and of Mabel Normand, the greatest of them all. Next month he will tell you about Richard Barthelmess, Alla Nazimova and other vivid figures of the films. The story this month—on Will Rogers and Marion Davies—is complete in itself, as are the others of Mr. Howe's Hall of Fame series.

When I first met Will Rogers he had hardly begun to talk and hadn't learned to write. He had just graduated from the Follies into the higher art of Hollywood and was appearing in "Jubilo" on the silent screen.

"Been down to see our picture?" he asked, twirling his rope and mangling his gum.

"No," I said.

"Aw, you ought to go see it," he drawled. "Somebody ought to go see it." In "Jubilo" he impersonated Romeo in a burlesque of the balcony scene. He said the reason the scene was put in the picture was that Sam Goldwyn had a lot of costumes left over from a romantic production starring Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen.

"I don't want to brag," he said shyly, "but I wear Gerry's tights.

A lady interviewer watching him at work in his tights couldn't repress a little squeal over the shapeliness of his legs.

"Well," blushed Will, "I wasn't in the Follies five for nothing."

The day I met him the publicity boys were after a photograph of his hands. It was for use in a cigarette advertisement. Will doesn't smoke but he was agreeable providing the endorsement read: "I don't smoke and that's why I can recommend your cigarette."

Looking at his gnarled hands, he shook his head ruefully.

"Guess I'd better wear huskin' mittens," he said.

"We could say they were to protect my delicate paws from the nicotine stains."

Then he had a brighter idea:

"I'll tell you. I'll get Gloria Swanson to let us use a photograph of her hands. We'll write underneath: 'Will Rogers' hands—see what ropin' does for the hands!"

Will doesn't look you straight in the eye when talking. I suspect those who do. It is the ruse of slick writers and promoters. Will looks at the ground and chews his cud. But now and then his little eyes dart blue lightning into yours. Catching you off guard he sees more than by a challenging stare.

Will is naturally shy. Fifi Dorsay who vamped him in "They Had To See Paris" used to make him blush by insisting on acting as his maid.

"Aw leave me alone, Froggie," he would plead as Fifi darted at him to brush off his clothes and smooth his hair each time he came on the set.

"But Monsieur Rogers, your clothes are all dust and your hair is terrible. I cannot have my lover look so . . ."

Fifi never succeeded in placating his hair. "He says he is Indian," Fifi remarked to me, "and I believe him. His hair is made of wire."

Fifi also revealed that Will cannot remember his lines unless he composes them. Considering the lines composed by the screen dialoguists, I suspect Will of smartness rather than bad memory. No lines are as good as his own. But Fifi says he forgets the names of characters too. He always called her Fifi in the picture instead of the character name.

He likes Irene Rich as his leading woman because he is used to her as his picture wife. You may have noted that he always calls her Mary on the screen. Mary is the name of his own wife.

Rogers is like that.
WILL is fifty-one. His birthday is November 4. He has a daughter and two sons, Will, Jr., and Jimmy.

He was proclaimed mayor of Beverly Hills without an election. Beverly Hills is too small to rate a mayor, but Will put it on the world map with his by-line.

Will's idea of a home is the log cabin in which he and Mrs. Rogers started housekeeping. He is one of Hollywood's cowboys who was a cow hand and still is, in sympathy. He occupies a mansion in Beverly and has a ranch in the Santa Monica hills, but he refuses to admit a telephone. Ropin' and polo are his pastimes.

He writes for more than six hundred newspapers, including several in foreign lands, and his copy is always on time. He scribbles his comments and articles on backs of envelopes or whatever is at hand when he happens to think of them. He has written seven books, innumerable magazine articles. His income is said to be well over a million a year from writing, acting, public speaking.

Acting made him a writer. When he was working in silent pictures on the Goldwyn lot the publicity men used to quote him in copy. His observations on the set were so good that smart Sam Goldwyn engaged a stenographer to follow him around taking them down for sub-titles. Eventually an agent wised Will up to the profit of writing his own stuff.

Will's dramatic career started in the pastures of Oklahoma. From there he twirled his rope into a street carnival. Harry Weber, theatrical agent, saw him and signed him for vaudeville. It was Mrs. Rogers who advised him to accompany his rope-twirling with some of the comments he made around home.

Fif Dorsay's critique of his appearance is correct. At home he is the same nobby dresser he is on the screen. He has never worn a dress suit except for comedy. His pants are without creases and his shoes without shine. Being Indian, he feels he is compromising enough by wearing them at all.

As a silent actor Will was a loss. The talkies have advanced him to premier position: "They Had To See Paris," "So This Is London," "Lightnin'" . . .

The Fox company pays him better than half a million a year.

In my opinion he is the best talkie comedian. "So This Is London" clocked more laughs with me than "City Lights" or "Feet First."

Will has wit along with humor and a shrewd satire. His humor springs from character as much as from line. You see and hear him even when reading him.

Will's old home is Claremore, Oklahoma, as everyone knows. And as everyone knows he raised two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the drought sufferers when he toured that section without pay.

Today Will Rogers is the loftiest character of the Hollywood Olympus.

A skyscraper among bungalows, he casts his shadow so much farther than the rest that it is hardly fair to compute him with them.

"Marion Davies' name is a beacon of charity. Her hobby is to help in ending capital punishment. That's what won me to her army," says Herb Howe. "One never knows!"

Philosopher, critic, actor, friend to man, he is an international favorite. The earth is his fan.

It is no pun to say that the greatest ambassador of good will is Good Will.

LAST month I said Doug Fairbanks, Sr., is the typical American. He is. But Will is a heap more American. He's part Injun . . . Cherookee. If we take him as typical of the race we have to admit we have the wrong people on the reservations. They should be in Washington.

The Governor of Texas thinks Will should be elected to the great White Tepee. The magazine, Life, once conducted a humorous campaign to elect Will president. It wasn't nearly as humorous as some that have been conducted seriously.

Will Rogers holds a paradoxical distinction: A funny man, he is the one person we take seriously. It's his honesty. If honesty were the best political policy now-a-days Will would be the logical successor to cherry-chopping George and honest Abe.

He has such an enormous following that newspapers dare not drop his comments. One paper omitted his remarks for a day when they disagreed with the editor's viewpoint. Since then they have appeared regularly. It is said that Mr. Rogers offered the ultimatum of dropping them regularly or running them regularly.

Will is polite as well as honest. He said of the Governor of Texas: "He is a very (Continued on page 116)
The Anti-Movie Month

If You Were Born Under the Influence of Gemini You Naturally Avoid the Limelight. Wit Rather Than Emotion Governs Children of This Astrological Sign

Clive Brook, born in London on June 1, 1891, had his Sun in conjunction with Neptune when he was born. Neptune is the planet ruling the motion picture industry. The combination of the Sun and Neptune not only gives him great magnetism, but the Sun is also squared to Saturn, giving him caution as well. Brook is well armed for success on the screen.

JUNE people just don’t seek the limelight. Of course, some of them get into it. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a June person—at least, he was born under what is generally known as the June sign, Gemini, although in reality it governs everybody born between May 22nd and June 21st. So were Dante and Walt Whitman and Richard Wagner and Conan Doyle and Queen Victoria. Gene Tunney, too, if you prefer a modern and pugilistic example! But generally speaking, in the great world of affairs, men and women born under Gemini have either been content to hide their lights under a bushel or to be the powers behind the throne.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the typically limelight professions: politics, the stage and the screen. The late Robert M. LaFollette is about the only nationally known politician who was born under Gemini; the late Richard Mansfield, the only well-known stage actor whom I recall. And when it comes to the screen, the list, though slightly longer, is short enough in comparison to the Aries and Taurus lists which we have been considering the last two months.

The very notable screen successes, Al Jolson and Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, were born on what we call the "cusp" between the signs Taurus and Gemini, and because of that fact may be said to partake of the qualities of both signs. But of those who have named strongly under Gemini alone, about the only names which occur to me are Clive Brook, Virginia Valli, Jeanette MacDonald, Ernest Torrance, Ralph Graves, Blanche Sweet, Louise Fazenda and Barry Norton.

Not a bad list by any means. Some of these artists are certainly among the picture elect. But there aren’t many of them; and the degree of fame which some of them have achieved would seem to be considerably less than their undoubted talents deserve. This is no new experience, for me. In my broadcasting work, I have found it very difficult to select well-known Gemini people to use as conspicuous examples of the really fine qualities of this versatile, highly mental sign. I have in my list of clients hundreds of sterling people whom I know to be successful in their own modest way, but whose names are not so well known to the general public as are those of many less talented people born, for example, under Aries, the sign of leadership.

All of which leads me to the conclusion that people born between May 22nd and June 21st must work especially hard if they hope to win a wide popular success.

Another thing: you may have noticed that a good many of the famous people I mentioned in the beginning of this story were writers. I might have named others: Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom’s Cabin"; Julia Ward Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Lord Bulwer-Lytton, who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii". For Gemini is essentially a writer’s sign, a literary sign. Even Gene Tunney seems to have felt its influence! And it would not be surprising to me if some of the well-known actors and actresses now performing on the screen found the greatest opportunity for the display of their Gemini talents in writing for the studios instead of acting in them.

The reason for Gemini people’s turning to writing instead of acting is simple. Gemini is ruled by Mercury,
the God of the Intellect, who presides especially over
all those engaged in the production of literature: not
only writers, but editors, publishers, proof-readers—
even printers and book-sellers. Of course, the fact that
you are born under Gemini doesn't mean that you
must occupy yourself in any of these professions; but
it does indicate that you are likely to win your greatest
success by your wits rather than by any such highly
emotional activity as acting. Even Richard Mansfield,
believed by some to have been the greatest American
actor, was of the distinctly intellectual type.

I would not say that the picture heroes and heroines
I have named are wholly devoid of emotional appeal.
Nobody could watch Clive Brook in some of his love
scenes and believe that! And although I am not such
a good a judge of the girls, I daresay that Jeanette Mac-
Donald stirs feelings in the masculine part of her audi-
ence which could hardly be described as purely inteli-
tural. What I do say, however, is that even these
physically attractive and emotionally appealing artists
do stand out as the general run of movie actors and
actresses because of the appeal they make not only to our hearts but to
our brains.

Take Clive Brook. The
reason for his strong,
physical magnetism is
obvious the moment you
look at his chart, and it
has very little to do
with the fact that the
Sun was in Gemini when he was born. Mr.
Brook has Venus in
the magnetic, physical,
earthly sign Taurus;
and in this respect
his horoscope is similar
to that of Mayor Jimmy
Walker of New York. Need
I say more? In real life,
however, I daresay that the
woman who is successful in hold-
ing Mr. Brook's affection must be
chummy with him on the mental side as well as the
emotional, because his Venus, though in the physical
sign Taurus, is also in conjunction with Mercury, the
ruling planet of his own sign Gemini. He also has the
Moon, which rules his relations both with the public
and with women, in another mental sign, Aries—a con-
dition, by the way, which should make him very care-
ful about leaning too far out of alight windows! He has
never known anybody with the Moon in Aries who wasn't susceptible to dizziness on looking down from
high altitudes.

The outstanding reason for Mr. Brook's success in
pictures, as revealed by his horoscope, is the fact that
the Sun was in conjunction with Neptune when he
was born. Neptune, as you know by this time if you
have been reading these pages from month to month,
is the planet ruling the moving-picture industry. The
combination of the Sun and Neptune not only gives
him a great magnetism, but since the Sun is also squared
to Saturn, it gives him caution as well. He should be
careful not to become too cautious. Mr. Brook's Jupiter,
the planet which rules money and success, is in Nep-
tune's own sign, Pisces, so he is doubly armed for

Why So Few Gemini Folk Become
Actors on Stage or Screen

Jeanette MacDonald, born in Philadelphia
on June 18, 1907, is a distinct Gemini
person. Her luck is mercurial. It rises and
falls like the mercury in a thermometer
instead of keeping an even course, as is
the case with less volatile types. Miss
MacDonald says that extraordinarily good con-
ditions surround her during the year of 1931.

triumphs on the screen. His Jupiter, also, is
afflicted by Saturn, which probably means that his
expenses increase along with his income. Isn't that
true, Mr. Brook?

If this actor has come through the past few months
without illness or without trouble of some sort with
women, he is lucky. On the health side, he should
look out for colds; they might easily develop into
pneumonia. He is the type to whom fresh air is almost
as essential as daily bread. As for his relations with
women, Jupiter is going to be very friendly with the
Moon beginning this Summer, a condition which should
also have a most beneficial effect on his relations with
the public. The years 1931 and 1932 should be impor-
tant for Mr. Brook, either personally or professionally.
What he gets out of them for good or evil depends on
the direction in which he turns his energies.

Miss MacDonald is under wonderful conditions right
now. If she isn't already signed up to a long-time con-
tract, this would be a prime time to negotiate one.
Her Sun is in conjunction with Mercury, which rules
all writings, including contracts and all other papers
having to do with the law. I put this fact first in
talking about Miss MacDonald because she is primarily
a Gemini person, which is another way of saying that
her "luck" is mercurial. It rises and falls like the
mercury in a thermometer (Continued on page 84)
Remember Charlie Ray's many charming performances of the old silent films. This—in "The Pinch Hitter" of 1917—was one of his best. No one could play appealing boyishness so charmingly.

"Paris," made in 1927, was one of the last of Charles Ray's silent films. He was trying to turn to more sophisticated roles—and the plan didn't work out. In "Paris," by the way, Joan Crawford gave an interesting performance. That was long before stardom came to her.

So I said to the Boss, lissen, I'm through. I've stood enough outta you for the last six months and now I'm through. And then I told him a few things he oughta know about himself. Did he burn up?

Of course, the only trouble with this declaration of independence is that the Boss doesn't really burn to a crisp. And the next day, when you press your face against the windowpane from the outside looking in, there is another young man sitting at your desk or start-

BY SALLY BENSON
Photographs from Albert Davis Collection

What, No Comeback?

Sir James M. Barrie pointed to the horrible consequences in "The Little White Bird." If you remember, Peter Pan, good and fed up with petting and pampering, flew out the window one night to get away from it all. But when he decided to come back home after his brief fling, he found another little boy in his crib, a little boy who took what was handed him and who seemed to be doing pretty well by himself.

We all remember Peter Pan. And the little boy who stayed in the crib? Well, his name escapes me. Everyone has his troubles and what's worrying me right now is how to get away from all this whimsy and back to an interview with Charles Ray. Charles Ray is out of pictures. He has been out of pictures for several years and yet, so far, it hasn't occurred to him to try to stage a comeback. There is something about the words, "Bill Hart Plans to Stage Comeback" or "Charles Ray Plans to Stage Comeback" that he doesn't seem to care about. He left moving pictures for very good reasons and he still has those reasons.

"People come to me," he said, "and say, 'Listen, Ray, here's how you made your mistake.' Only, you see, I don't think I made a mistake."
Charlie Ray Doesn’t Like the Word. Besides, He Has Been Studying Singing for a Brand New Musical Career on the Stage

“Sometimes I think that a person who doesn’t succeed has more to congratulate himself on than one who does. But now the general opinion is that a man who is a great success must be a great guy. No matter what you do or how you go against what you really believe, if you click with the public and your bank account is big enough, you get by. Men like Legs Diamond and Al Capone are shamefacedly admired by many people. They admit that those two men are thugs and deserve to be shot, but then they will add, ‘Well, it’s all right if you can get away with it.’”

“That’s been my trouble. I don’t want to get away with anything.”

“Several years ago I worked my way to the top in pictures. I suppose I could have stayed there if I’d really wanted to. Instead I got the idea that I could produce better pictures for myself than anyone could produce for me. You know the answer. I lost what money I had—and my shirt besides.”

“That’s another funny thing. Why is it considered a disgrace to lose money? Almost every actor or actress who has tried to break away from the big companies and produce pictures independently has lost money. And most people blame them for it. Maybe the pictures weren’t good. What of it? We thought they were and we were the ones to pay for our mistakes, if you want to call them that.”

“Suppose, for instance, that I had salted away all my money and bought a lot of bonds with it, or stock.

The Hollywood home that once belonged to Charles Ray. It was Ray who imported the first English butler to the then pioneer town of Hollywood and thereby startled the natives. According to legend, they used to ring the door bell just to catch the butler’s annoyed expression.
REVIEW

"The Front Page" is a Newspaper Play Hit—Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

It is difficult to make newspaper folk interesting to the public at large, but I think that young Howard Hughes' United Artists production of "The Front Page" turns the trick.

Strangely enough, just as the film version of "The Front Page" was launched, came news of the death of the real "Hildy" Johnson in Chicago.

Rowdy Newspaper Drama

When Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote the rowdy stage play of this title, they not only built their drama around Johnson, but they borrowed his name as well.

The Hildy Johnson of "The Front Page" is a bright young newspaper man who is just on the verge of ditching his job, migrating to New York where an advertising agency position awaits him and, of course, marrying the girl. Since the biggest story of his career breaks just then, Hildy has difficulty in wrenching loose. "The Front Page" points the idea that, if you are once a newspaper man, you always will be a newspaper man.

The real Hildy Johnson seemed to encounter none of the temptations fabricated by the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur. He went right on covering the Cook County Criminal Court Building for his paper, The Herald and Examiner.

When he died the inside men of the office—who hardly knew him—talked in whispers of his newspaper prowess and the powers-that-be closed the Criminal Courts Building for the afternoon of the funeral.

But I digress. "The Front Page" is a corking picture. It is alive all the way, swiftly, racy and riotously adapted (by Bartlett Cormack) and directed (by Lewis Milestone). This hard-boiled newspaper play turns out to be a breathless film adventure. I hand chief honors to Mr. Milestone, who, you know, directed "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Adolphe Menjou Scores

A particularly fine performance is contributed by Adolphe Menjou as the dynamic, sardonic managing editor, who tries to save Hildy from wasting his talents on love and self-advancement. There is the same dapper, boutonniere exterior, but beneath is a hard-boiled editor who stops at nothing. Menjou makes you believe him.

I am afraid I have not said enough about the story of "The Front Page." Most of the events take place in the press room of

Adolphe Menjou scores a real hit in "The Front Page," playing a different sort of role, that of a hard-boiled managing editor. Pat O'Brien is the reporter and Mary Brian the girl.
Interesting scenes of "Unfaithful," "My Past" and "Tabu."

the Criminal Courts Building, where the boys have gathered for a game of poker while they await the hanging of a little anarchist. It is Hildy's last watch. Then the killer escapes—and hell breaks loose. Hildy just can't walk out on the fun, even with his bride waiting at the train.

The newspaper men are racy written and acted. A fine profane scorn runs through their observation of men and events. They have seen the magnificent machinery of a great city's political life in all its tragic sordidness.

Pat O'Brien, a newcomer, is excellent as Hildy and George E. Stone, the unforgettable young Jew of "Cimarron," is great again in another character rôle, that of the humble killer who escapes for a few dramatic minutes. Mae Clark is touching as a cynical street-walker who tries to help the pathetic little murderer.

The Modern Woman

The movies certainly have broadened their views upon womanhood. Take Metro-Goldwyn's "Strangers May Kiss," based on the yarn by Ursula Parrot, which stars the personable Norma Shearer. The girl of this story gives her love without question to a newspaper chap. When he rides on to another adventure, she moves to Paris and proceeds to furnish that city with something to talk about. Wine, men and song! It's all very modern. In the end, the war correspondent comes back, settles down to radio broadcasting and takes the girl for better or for worse. Such is screen life in 1931.

Miss Shearer is quite fascinating as Lisbeth, while Robert Montgomery, as one of those self-sacrificing young chaps who hides his love behind a quip and a cocktail, does very well, indeed. Neil Hamilton is the newspaper chap.

There's another of these modern young women who dances with tears in her eyes in "Unfaithful," Ruth Chatterton's new film. She is the American wife of a philandering peer and she hides her broken heart under a mask of gayety. She even sings a little song, "Mama's in the Dog House Now," for her roystering guests. I found "Unfaithful" to be slow and dull—and Miss Chatterton to be far from her best. Still, it isn't her fault.

Shot at Dawn

I must report my disappointment, too, at Marlene Dietrich's second Hollywood-made film, "Dishonored" (Paramount). This is a thick and turgid spy yarn that starts with another close-up of those superb Dietrich legs and ends with a firing squad. Miss Dietrich plays No. X-27, who lets a Russian spy get away and, despite her record of vamping spy after spy before a firing squad, is shot for treason. "Dishonored," to me, is slow and rather uninteresting. Even the German star is not up to her previous work as the cynical, world-weary widow who stops at nothing for dear old Austria.

Barbara Stanwyck has genuine screen possibilities. There is a fine and honest directness about her work. In Columbia's "Ten Cents a Dance" (which derives its name and theme from the (Continued on page 79)

Scenes from current motion pictures: "Body and Soul," "Honor Among Lovers" and "The Great Meadow."
Walter Huston, Toronto Boy, Gained His First Stage Training in Small Touring Theatrical Shows

He has played stock, has been featured in numerous Broadway productions, is known as one of the greatest character actors on the American stage, and in addition to a whole string of motion picture successes, has achieved the crowning glory of having played Abraham Lincoln, the part many an actor would have given his soul to portray. He is the favorite actor of Eugene O'Neill, George M. Cohan and Arthur Hopkins.

Toronto, the birthplace of Mary Pickford, is also Huston's birthplace. He is of pioneer Canadian stock, his family having resided in the vicinity of the small town of Orangeville, a short distance from Toronto, for generations.

Robert Huston, his father, was well known in the city years ago as a building contractor. He was the son of one Alexander Huston, who, in 1826, hewed a home out of the wilderness at a spot known as Hog's Hollow. His mother, formerly Elizabeth McGibbon, was the daughter of a pioneer school-teacher and was a woman of considerable refinement. Both parents died several years ago.

Walter was the kid of the family. He had two sisters, Nan and Margaret, and one older brother, Alex. Margaret was prominent in Toronto and New York as a singer. She married W. T. Carrington, wealthy Gothamite, and since her marriage has practically given up her professional career in order to coach talkie stars. Nan, the eldest sister, resides with Margaret. Alex, the big brother, is a successful commercial artist in Toronto. It was from Alex that I obtained the intimate details of Walter's home town life.

A city boy, fond of spending his Summer holidays on the farm of his uncle, another Alex Huston, at Orangeville, Walter evinced his passion for the stage early in life.

"Margaret was perhaps the best known singer in Toronto at that time," Alex related to me. "Some of the best musicians and singers in town used to visit our house often. Walter would entertain the guests without hesitation, he would give imitations, sing coon songs, or dance, just to be entertaining.

"Walter wasn't a bashful boy by any means," Alex said. "He had plenty of friends and, of course, some of them were girl friends. He was a genial sort.

Walter Huston at the age of nineteen. Note the natty man-about-town attire. At this time Mr. Huston was something of an actor, although Broadway knew little of him.

Walter Huston was born in Toronto. His father was a building contractor and his grandfather was a Canadian pioneer. Huston boarded a train out of Toronto twenty-five years ago to join a small touring troupe. He received $15 a week for his first services as an actor.

WHEN Walter Huston of the stage and screen was a little boy he was known for his ability to make friends and to keep them. I have been talking to folks "who knew him then" and I am convinced that it is this genial quality that has helped him to get to the top in show business.

Twenty-five years ago he boarded a train out of Toronto to go with a traveling show. He was to receive the princely salary of $15 a week. The other day I met him when he stepped off an incoming train at Toronto. He carried in his pocket, two neat little papers which require that he make four motion pictures a year for five years at $50,000 a picture.

Attracted to the world of amusements by a visit to the circus when a lad, he has worked probably as hard as any actor on the American stage to get to the top. He started with a small time traveling show. He was eleven years in vaudeville.
of a kid. He never came home with any black eyes; I usually attended to that. But, mind you, he wasn’t backward about scrapping if there was any just cause for it.”

Old Winchester Street School, visited by Walter when in Toronto last Fall, was where he got the first urge to enter the amusement field. While playing hooky from studies to attend a circus, he fell in love with show business. His ambition at the time was either to swing lazily from a high trapeze or to be the brave fellow who fearlessly put his head into the fierce lion’s mouth.

At school he took an intense interest in sports. He played rugby, baseball and hockey. At hockey he excelled. He played with the St. Simon’s hockey team. If the puck game had in those days just a fraction of the big time popularity that it has today, he might even have followed sport instead of the stage.

After he left school he got a job in the hardware department of Simpson’s store. He worked there for nearly two years. Meantime he had enrolled in the Shaw School of Acting, conducted by John Shaw, who had large classes. Periodically dramatic performances were presented at the opera house.

“I shall never forget one incident that occurred when he was playing the part of a villainous henchman who was abducting the beautiful heroine,” Alex said. “With the assistance of another young actor, he was carrying a dummy down a ladder. The lights were dimmed and the audience was in great suspense. Suddenly the dummy caught in the lattice work and the two thespians fell to the stage. The audience nearly went wild with laughter.”

Walter Huston at seventeen. This picture was taken of him in a bucolic rôle he played in melodrama at the old Toronto Opera House.

Rose Coghlan passed through Toronto with a company. Supers were needed and young Huston left his duties at the store and made his professional debut. That settled the fate of Walter Huston.

With fuel thus added to the histronic fires, he left home with a repertoire company booked to play small towns. He left with parental consent, but he was warned by mother and father that the adventure would end disastrously. He was also warned not to write home for money.

He surprised parents and everyone else by sticking to it. The tour took him through Canada and the United States. It was rough going at times, but he kept writing glorious letters home. When he and the show parted company he would not admit defeat. The show finally went broke in Lyons, N. Y., after a busy period of trouping. Pride would not allow him to write home for funds so he hopped aboard a freight train for New York. The city always has been severe with children who dare to pass its portals, seeking fame and fortune. It was no less severe with Huston.

Work on the stage was not to be had. He finally managed to get a job as a waiter and eventually fortune smiled. It was a relief when after a long period he got a place in a stock company, playing “Convict Stripes,” a melodrama by Hal Reid, father of the late Wallace Reid. He played the part of the convict, and was in the company the year after Mary Pickford, then a child actress from Toronto, had played in it. Lillian Gish made her stage debut in the same play and the same company, taking the place of her life-long friend, Miss Pickford.

Walter later found a place in Richard Mansfield’s company. However, he spoke his lines so nervously that he retired ignominiously to a stock berth in Bridgeport. He even held his spear in honor of Shakespeare’s art in those early days, and he declared that he has since played every rôle in the repertoire of American stock companies except the cake of ice in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

Huston left the theatrical business flat (Continued on page 101)
Lilyan Toshman demonstrates her favorite facial massage. Upper left, knead the under jaw lines with the fists. Use a pressing and lifting movement from the center of the chin to a point just below the ears. Always work upwards, never downwards. Top center, relax the muscles around the eyes. Using the third and fourth fingers of both hands, start at the inner corner of the upper lid, running the finger lightly to the outer corner, around and beneath to the inner corner.

T HACKERAY once said, "I peer into the bonnets of women I meet to see over how wide a kingdom rouge reigns."

Today milady's bonnet has become merely a twist of cloth or a wisp of felt and straw which perches, rather miraculously, on the back of her head, so that her whole physiognomy is open to the most searching gaze. If there be any mid-Victorians about who are still bemoaning the fact that fashion has made Jezebel surrender her monopoly of the rouge pot, let them saunter forth and look into the uncovered faces of girls hurrying to offices or of matrons flitting from shop to shop. Behold—exclamations and rejoicings will come from their lips when they notice with surprise that the majority of women this summer look so healthy and yet so unrouged!

What fun to delude our gentlemen friends, husbands and sweethearts. Of course, women are still making up, only it takes about twice as long to apply it as it did formerly, for it must be done with delicacy and artistry. Until recently one frequently noticed women using such combinations as Rachel powder with red cheek rouge and raspberry lipstick, or some other combination as utterly lacking in harmony. For several years Parisian designers have stressed the tout ensemble in costumes, and at last color harmony has been brought into the realm of cosmetics.

A RE you capable of being honest with yourselves? If you are you will take a magnifying mirror under a strong north light. For those of you who have been lazy and neglectful in the care of your skins during the winter months, this experience will not be a pleasant one. Even if you have taken care of your skin assiduously, take another look to determine whether the present treatment is agreeing with it. There are really only two types of skin—oily and dry. Some people, however, may have mixed skin. The skin may be dry on certain parts of the face and oily on others, as for instance, dry on the cheeks and chin and oily on the nose and forehead. If this be the case the treatment must be a little more subtle, in order to strike a balance for the whole. A person's skin is constantly changing. The treatment that suited your skin last year may be totally wrong, even harmful this year. One must be constantly on guard.

The Proper Care of the Face (Continued on page 97)
Will Rogers' favorite attire is blue denim trousers, cowboy boots and an old battered hat. His favorite pastime is—telling stories.

Betty Compson's name is printed on the new packages of matches she has designed for friends. ... Greta Garbo's new Spring outfit was a navy blue suit tailored in smart, plain lines. ... Loretta Young has given up the house she and Grant Withers occupied during their brief married life and gone back to home and mother. ... Johnnie Mack Brown is building a Colonial cottage high in Beverly Hills. It has lots of bathrooms, lots of view but no swimming pool. ... Joe E. Brown would rather be a professional ball player than a stage or screen comedian. He has his own baseball team at the Warner Brothers-First National studio and plays every Sunday.

Wallace Beery received as a gift, the other day, a print of the first "Swelle" comedy he made for the old Essanay company in Chicago twenty-one years ago. Wallace played the part of a Swedish servant girl with Ben Turpin as his heavy lover. He was paid $75 a week for producing, directing and acting in the comedies. He still thinks they are funny.

Antoinette Morales, Spanish dancer, accidentally kicked El Brendel, Swedish comedian, in the eye the other day and he wound up in a hospital. Brendel was leaning over when Toinette kicked backward. He did not duck in time.

Charles B. Butterworth, the "dead-pan" comedian, never laughs on the screen—nor off. ... Dorothy Mackaill has had the same hair dresser for five years. ... Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, the comedians, are each building handsome homes in Hollywood although they are on the road in vaudeville eight months out of the year. ... Jack Reclou, the character man, is testing two electric light bulbs and chewed up four safety razor blades for the "Strange as it Seems" series at Universal. ... Ramon Novarro studied French from phonograph records to perfect his speech in that tongue. ... The stork is expected to make a visit to the home of Shirley Mason this Summer. Shirley is the wife of Sidney Lanfield, a director.

With her troubles at Pathe all ironed out, Ann Harding is happy again. Ann will make four pictures a year and will not be loaned. Her husband, Harry Bannister, also has been re-signed. ... Mabel Coleman, who was forced by ill health to retire from the screen, is back again, working in Cecil De Mille's "The Squawman." ... A bandit forced his way into William Haines' home, blindfolded Beulah Brown, the maid, tied her hands with telephone cord, gagged her with adhesive tape, bound her to a chair then ripped a hundred $1 bills from the wall. Each bill was autographed by some member of the motion picture colony. But Beulah managed to free herself—and what a squawk she made!

On the fiftieth anniversary of his father and mother's wedding day, Douglas MacLean was quietly married to Lorraine Eddy, in the drawing room of his father's apartment in Los Angeles.

It had been Dr. MacLean's wish that the wedding should take place upon that day and that he himself—Dr. MacLean spent many years in the ministry—should perform the ceremony. All plans had been made. A few days before the date set, the father was taken ill, and a stroke of paralysis rendered him helpless. The last conscious thought he had was to protect the romance of his son.

"No matter what happens, the children must be married on that day," he said. "It will bring them luck and perhaps as much happiness as mother and I have known in our fifty-eight years together."

So Douglas and his beautiful bride followed his wishes. Only his mother and four or five intimate friends were present when Judge Edwin T. Bishop, an old friend of the family, read the marriage service.

The honeymoon trip, which will be made on Douglas' yacht, has been postponed until Dr. MacLean is better.

MacLean, for years a comedy star, is now producing pictures at RKO. The new Mrs. MacLean was a musical comedy actress and has made a number of motion pictures in Hollywood.

Barney Glazer, writer, walked into a room where three tables of bridge had been playing for several hours. "Lord," he said, "there's enough smoke in here to cure a ham." William Boyd, actor, jumped to his feet. "I resent that," he said, "and besides once a ham always a ham. You can't cure them."

Greta Garbo's favorite sport is walking. She spends much of her "between pictures" time at one of our nearby mountain resorts and indulges in this pastime of hiking.

What would you do, little girl, if you were given a contract that would earn you a lot of money, and make you Jack Gilbert's leading lady? Gilbert and John Robertson, the director, were on the set one morning ready to start shooting the first scenes of "Cheri-Bebi," Jack's next picture. But Edna Best, English actress who was to play opposite Jack, failed to show up at the starting hour. The company waited. Finally came a messenger.
Two mighty important things happened to Kay Francis in a single week. She married Kenneth MacKenna and sailed away on his yacht for a honeymoon. And she was signed by the Warner Brothers under a special contract which will eventually make her a star. All within seven days, too! So Miss Francis gets congratulations on two counts.
Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 77)

boy with a telegram. It was from Edna Best, who was on the train going east.

"Please forgive me," it said, "I am on my way back to my husband in Lon-
don. I am really homesick and besides I am just afraid I wouldn't be any good in the picture."

Edna Best.

And that was that. She is a new leading lady. But 'tis said in Holly-
wood that Miss Best will be back—with her husband.

Marion Davies wouldn't think of sit-
ting at a table with thirteen. She has
been known to hold off a dinner for an hour, while she would try to get some-
one to occupy the place made vacant by a last-minute disappointment from the fourteenth guest.

PRETTY DOROTHY LEE, the blonde favorite of RKO, is the latest Malibu
convert. She bought Johnny Farrow's house. And Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wheeler
(somehow her husband has also moved down, after rebuilding a char-
ming house. The day they moved in was a great occasion, as Bert Wool-
ley is on the go to assist. We suggest that RKO make a picture with the Wheeler-Woolley combination on settling in a new house. It was very
funny.

POLA NEGRI is reported to be signed by RKO. The star of former years
may come to Hollywood and make sev-
eral pictures. If she does, Hollywood can be prepared for some lively scenes.
Nothing stagnates with Pola around, and they have rather missed her:

"Sixty thousand dollars for eight
weeks work!"

That's the little plume Jackie Coogan
draws down from Paramount under a recently signed contract. Twelve hun-
dred and fifty dollars a day! Which, for a boy of 16, is just trying to get along, isn't so bad.

 Paramount also signed Mitzi Green,
aged 10, for 40 weeks at a salary of $825 a week, with a provision for a longer
term at the rate of $1560 a week.

The contracts, together with others to Carmen De Barwis, 18; Jackie Searl,
10, and Sylvia Sidney, 20, were sub-
mited to the Los Angeles superior courts for approval, as provided by the California law affecting minors.

Reviews

(Continued from page 78)

recent song hit) she plays a dance-
hall hostess who marries the wrong fellow. Hubby turns out to be a dis-
contented weakling and scoundrel but-
Barbara does everything she can to
save him, even to going back to the
dance-hall and having her slippers trampled as of yore.

Love in the South Seas

Frederick W. Murnau, the German who
made "The Last Laugh," and Rob-
ert Flaherty, the American who filmed
"Naook" and "Moana," went to the
Society Islands in the South Pacific and
filmed "Tabu." They quarreled before the picture was completed and Murnau
finished it alone. Murnau then came
back with the completed "Tabu"—and
was killed in an automobile accident
near Los Angeles.

"Tabu" is frequently beautiful but
more often dull. It has synchronized
music but no dialogue. And very few
subtitles. The story—of two young
and loving Polynesians who flee before
the edict of their priests that pretty
Kari must serve the gods as a virgin
priestess—is told pictorially. The back-
ground of coral atolls and fleecy clouds is lovely, the native girl who plays
Kari is utterly charming and there are
breath-taking moments of a native
hula-hula. The average movie-goer, I
am afraid, will be bored by "Tabu." Body and Soul" enters in the race for stellar
popularity. The entry is Elissa Landi,
who has possibilities. "Body and Soul"

is too weak to indicate just what Miss
Landi may do.

I refuse to say much about Mary
Pickford and her adventures with
"Kiki!" (United Artists). Suffice it
to remark that her playing of the little
French gamin (done on the stage by Lenore Ulric) is something that will
not add to her laurels.

By LYENDE DENIG

The Hot Heiress—First National:
Perhaps you did not know that Ben
Lyon is something of a singer. Well he
is. In this merry farce Ben crosses
notes with the musical comedy boys
that have found their way to the screen
and stands a comparison without loss
of prestige. He plays a riveter who
sings while he rivets the iron girders of
high buildings. The morning slumbers of with- out the heiress are disturbed by the rapid fire of Ben and his fellow riveters. A red hot bolt eludes Ben's catching bucket and
enters the bedroom of the heiress, sett-
ing it on fire. Ben follows the bolt
and ignites the heiress, emotionally.
But you don't have to credit the story.
Ona Munson is pretty.

River's End—Warner's:—Words don't
mean much when the thermometer hits zero and you are trudging through the
bleak forests of the Northwest. This
tale is a carryover from the days of the
silent screen when James Oliver
Curwood frequently pulled the puppet
strings that the Canadian mounted pol-
ice might ride in the cause of justice.
The plot adheres to a familiar formu-
la, the rugged Charles Bickford playing a
dual role, that of a fugitive from
justice and the officer who captures him.
J. Farrell McDonald, Zasu Pitts and
Evelyn Knapp are in the cast of a
clean-cut picture. It is refreshing to
smell the pines after a sequence of per-
fumed boudoirs.

Hell Bound—Tiffany:—Soon they
will erect monuments to gallant gan-
geras gone soft over their cuties. Nick,
the bold, bad man in "Hell Bound," makes a strong and, it should be added, a
successful bid for sympathy, as
played by Leo Carrillo. He is as hard as
they come! This down-town-don, an uncom-
scious girl in his apartment and kidnap a doctor to care for her.
After a hasty examination, the doctor
diagnoses the young woman's ailment
as pneumonia and orders her not to
be moved. From that time on, Nick
hangs around a florist's shop buying
roses and neglecting his business shame-
fully. In the end, a rival gangster
takes him for a ride and the doctor
gets the girl.

Father's Son—First National:—A
sincere picture adapted from a story
by Booth Tarkington, an author who
knows boys from the inside out. The
trouble seems to be that the material
supplied by this particular plot runs
dry before the picture is complete.
Even such competent players as Lewis
Stone, Leon Janney and Irene Rich fail
to cover the bald spots, or to suggest
any uncertainty about the ultimate out-
come. The methodical father is an-
noyed by the irregularities of his
spirited son. The mother sides with
the boy. They leave home and estab-
lish themselves in a cottage, whereupon
the father takes his fill of silence ac-
companied by loneliness. What hap-
ens? One guess: Yes, of course, just
that, and Dad is going to be a boy
again.

Ingagi—Congo Pictures:—In case
you don't know what the title indicates
(we didn't), Ingagi means gorilla, the
most deadly animal in all of Darkest
Africa—or so we are told. This wild-
game picture has aroused a deal of
discussion and litigation. Some folk
that know their African jungles say
it is faked. At all events, you will see
a lot of animals not generally met out-
side of a zoo. As for the authenticity
of the gorilla that takes a native girl
out for a ride, we can't say. It may be
Joe Frisco on his day off.

The Gorilla—Warner's:—"The Go-
rilla" is beginning to show his age. In
the vital years of his youth his mere
shadow thrown on the stage was enough
to create an audience. Now, in his
second incarnation in a silent picture
brought a number of creepy moments,
along with laughs, whereas this, his third
manifestation is appreciably less ef-
fective, despite the antics of Joe Frisco.
Perhaps the difference is in the re-
sponsiveness of an audience grown aung-
(Continued on page 90)
gish on a steady diet of comedy-melodramas. The best part of the picture comes near the close when there is confusion concerning the identity of the true gorilla and the imitation contrived by Frisco. Harry Gibson plays a good second to Joe.

**It Pays to Advertise—Paramount:**- Somehow a story setting forth the advantages of advertising seems out of date. Everybody conceded as much, thereby removing any basis for argument. The play from which this comedy was taken did very well, but that was a number of years ago and the picture lacks the spontaneity of the stage piece. A wealthy soap manufacturer, having amassed a fortune in a quiet manner, is unwilling to change his ways. His son, an up-an'at'em lad, is all for aggressive methods and his girl is right there to cheer him on. In a remarkably short period, the son conquers the market. You will see Skeets Gallagher, Norma Foster, Carole Lombard and Eugene Pallette doing their best to grow laughs in dry soil.

**Men Call It Love—Metro-Goldwyn:**- The keynote of this picture is sounded in one of the early scenes when Adolphe Menjou, playing Tony, a debonnaire man-about-town, announces that he is about to live up to his reputation as a menace to loosely tied couples. Not content with easy conquests he focuses his insinuating eye on Connie (Helia Hyams) notoriously faithful to her husband, who happens to be something of a scamp. Tony wins her woman but, poliely declining to consummate his conquest, he returns Connie to her lawful mate as good as new. The picture is in accord with the current style in society comedies in which the old-time villain is whitewashed.

**Honor Among Lovers—Paramount:**- An expertly acted comedy in which there are several delightful scenes, developed by Claudette Colbert and Frank Craven. It should be a drawing-room lovers as one needs desire. The rather familiar tale of a Wall Street broker and his all-too-bewitching secretary is given a coating of sophistication. Almost everybody is politely emotional, save the swaggering, staggering husband who is always mixing his drinks at the wrong time, thereby serving a purpose, that of arousing sympathy for the loyal wife and the honorable broker. When the action gets home dull another round of drinks is served.

**Don't Bet On Women—Fox:**- Una Merkel, as an alarmingly outspoken girl, comes pretty close to walking away with the picture, despite the presence of such able performers as Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Roland Young. Miss Merkel is consistently amusing, in a frothy story expressing the thought that it is unwise to rely upon the emotional stability of a woman. As a disillusionized man of the world, Lowe accepts the comfortable assurance that all women are vulnerable. Young, playing a trusting husband, contends otherwise. There is no example, his wife. He is ready to bet on her loyalty. Yes, he has confidence—a bit too much, in fact.

**Crashing Hollywood—Educational:**- Better than the average short comedy in both idea and treatment. An attractive young miss, "fresh from the farm," is given the opportunity to crash Hollywood with the assistance of a couple of experienced flappers who have been in Hollywood long enough to know the ins and outs of the business, and each one has his picture. The sweet child from the country wants excitement and plenty of it, so her friends throw a wild party at which she is supposed to meet celebrated picture stars. The impersonations of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and several others are diverting.

**The Great Meadow—Metro-Goldwyn:**- An aggravating picture in that it suggests something far more impressive than is revealed on the screen. Taking its cue from Robert Louis Stevenson's spirited story of pioneers on their heroic trek from Virginia to the new lands of Kentucky, Director Charles Brabin has fashioned a picture that grasps at reality without capturing it for more than fleeting periods. The narrative is as episodic as an illustrated magazine. One feels that the actors are merely impersonating the intrepid Virginians undergoing hardships. The long trail winds through too many extraneous episodes. The young Indians are ludicrous. By way of compensation, there are many beautiful backgrounds.

**June Moon—Paramount:**- By all means see this adaptation of a renowned stage comedy. As a sap from Schenectady, who writes the most terrible letters he knows, Tony (Herbert Marshall) is a genius, Jack Oakie is quite at his best. In situation, dialogue and characterization, the tone of the original plays through. Typical is a humorous combination of hardness and sentiment in this presentation of Tin Pan Alley. The types in "June Moon" are particularly fortunate, including the hardboiled wives and sweethearts, who grow impatient while waiting for their composer-companions to turn out a song hit. A talented husband is capably supported by Frances Dee, June Mccloy and Wynne Gibson.

**A Fowl Affair—Educational:**- A really clever novelty produced by Al Christie. The cast of characters is a humorous combination of feathered farmyard residents: ducks, chickens, turkeys, bedecked in various costumes. They act out their story scene to scene supplied by human voices. It is all very ingenious and entertaining. Children will love it: so will their parents.

**My Past—Warner:**- Nothing to get excited about, even with Ben Lyon, Lewis Stone and the attractive Bebe Daniels seeking emotional ease on a sumptuous yacht. Miss Daniels plays a girl who is suffering the consequences of a speckled past during which she had developed a taste for champagne and Mediterranean cruises. Because of this past and her indebtedness to a kindly though elderly lover, she stays away from the love of her life. It happens that her two admirers are business partners and the best of friends. With a gallant gesture, the older partner presents the young folk in each other's arms just as nature intended.

**Honeymoon Land—Educational:**- A series of camera journeys into the garden spots of the world, with Claude Flemming. As a starter, Mr. Flemming selected the Hawaiian Islands, showing rarely beautiful scenes in colored film. The trip is accompanied by a running narrative, informal in tone, yet sufficiently explanatory. Looks like a popular short-subject number.

**Dance, Fools, Dance—Metro-Goldwyn:**- Almost a spot news picture in that the story is obviously suggested by recent happenings in the smother circuit. Chicago police are overthrown by the murder of a police reporter and the massacre of a group of racketeers are the incidents on which the plot revolves. A society girl (Joan Crawford) and her young brother (William Bake-well) take a head dive from high into low society after the family fortune is wiped out in a stock market crash. As a reporter, Joan is commissioned to locate the murderer of her fellow worker. It's pretty tough to find the evidence leading straight to the aged brother, but such is life. An exciting melodrama with Joan working at wide-eyed tension.

**Man of the World—Paramount:**- The less you know newspapers and the mental machinery of those who make them, the more you are likely to be impressed by this exposé of a blackmailing sheik. Almost too close questioning as to probabilities, the picture is a diverting bit of fiction, in which William Powell is a very smooth lawyer who finds that the wealthy American girl he had set out to blackmail. Carole Lombard is the beautiful and trusting creature responsible for the blackmailers' reformation. Looking pensively over the rail of a steamer bound for South Africa he tears a $10,000 check into bits, drops them into the sea, and that's that.

**Charlie Chan Carries On—Fox:**- Charlie Chan, as impersonated by Warner Oland, is one of the most winning screen sleuths. His urbanity is charming rather than sinister and his cunning is nicely tempered with Oriental philosophy. In the latest and third of his escapades, Chan is directed by Brook as a new一套 of murders. When the pride of Scotland Yard is laid low, his friend Charlie carries on. Naturally, he gets his man. There is suspense right up to the close of this well made picture.
Is “Pink Tooth Brush” really serious?

A Conversation between you and your Dentist!

**YOU:** Is “pink tooth brush” really serious?

**DENTIST:** It can be. But its seriousness largely depends on how long you have had it.

**YOU:** I’ve had it quite a long time—for years, I suppose. I remember I was rather worried when I first noticed that my gums were tender and bled easily. Why should I have “pink tooth brush”? I take such awfully good care of my teeth!“

**DENTIST:** Anybody may have “pink tooth brush”, you see. Modern diet, soft foods. The gums need exercise to keep them healthy, just as one’s muscles need work. Without exercise—work, if you please—your gums grow flabby and dull. They get soft—a bit flabby—and in time they begin to bleed.

**YOU:** And after that?

**DENTIST:** Well, “pink tooth brush” makes it easy for any one of an entire group of gum troubles to get a start. Vincent’s disease, for instance, gingivitis. Sometimes, even pyorrhea, though that particular one is rather rare.

**YOU:** I haven’t any of these terrible things, have I?

**DENTIST:** You’d probably know it if you did! But there’s another reason to stop “pink tooth brush” quickly! An unhealthy condition of the gums is likely to spoil the natural polish of your teeth. Neglect it and the roots of some may even become infected. And that may threaten some of your sound teeth.

**YOU:** Oh, thanks. I’ll get rid of the “pink tooth brush” instead of my teeth! What’s this about massaging Ipana Tooth Paste into the gums, to stop “pink tooth brush”?

**DENTIST:** Ipana has ziratol in it. Ziratol is what we dentists use for toning and stimulating the gums back to health. You see, Ipana plus massage speeds up circulation and firms the gum walls. Try it. Just clean your teeth with Ipana. Then massage some more Ipana lightly into your gums. Once or twice a day. In a month or so your gums should be considerably harder and healthier than they are right at this minute.

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**Ipana tooth paste**

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*BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-61*

73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

*Name............................................................
Street............................................................
City............................................................. State...........*
world that loved them in pictures visioned a great romance, in which they should continue to live the story they filmed in their private lives. Far-rell and Gaynor became the modern-synonym for Romeo and Juliet.

No one, least of all the four principals involved in the story, would ever deny that there were times when Charlie and Janet were in love with each other. They had brief flutters of romance.

Between them existed—and still exists—one of the most unusual friendships I have ever seen. They love each other devotedly. They fight for and with each other. I don't think there is anything Charlie could ask of Janet that she wouldn't do. I don't think Janet could get into any situation where Charlie wouldn't help her out at any cost.

But they were not in love with each other, except for those brief flirtations. The truth is that each, for real love, desired someone entirely different.

LITTLE Gaynor, with her red hair and blue eyes, her quick mind, her facile emotions, wanted a big love story; she wanted to be idolized, courted, dramatized. Every girl does. This is not the love story of Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, but that story cannot be entirely separated from the love story of Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli.

For, while the millions of movie fans expected, hoped, for the marriage of Janet and Charlie, something quite different was going on. Without sacrificing one jot of their loyalty and affection for each other, Charlie and Janet were each seeking the thing necessary to their own happiness, the thing they didn't find in each other.

Janet wanted romance, drama, out of a story book. She found it in the dashing young San Franciscan who flew to Hollywood by airplane to meet her, who showered her with flowers, presents, attentions, compliments. Who glided life for her, as Charlie, whom she knew so well, whom she saw every day on the set, could never do.

Charlie wanted—peace, contentment, comfort and security.

Very, very often, boys take on the color of their homes, their mothers, when they look ahead and decide what they want from this side of life.

Charlie Farrell had been brought up on good, solid, Cape Cod common sense. He didn't in the least romantic in Janet Gaynor's definition of the word. To him romance is safety. He is, in reality, rather shy, and a great deal modest. He had the idea he saw enacted before him for years, the quiet devotion, companionship, and fidelity of his father and mother. He isn't very sure of himself even yet. He wants to be bolstered, to be reassured.

But he was romantic enough never to lose that first picture of Virginia Valli.

SUCCESS flooded in upon him after "Seventh Heaven." Money came, too. He hadn't had any money until then, had scraped along as best he could, sharing a room at the Holly-wood Athletic Club with Dick Arlen, continuing to drive a Ford. With the turn of his fortunes, he remained calm and unextravagant.

But he was happy, at last, to ask Virginia out to dinner.

Love didn't come to him, nor to her, in any blazing and sudden fashion.

Charlie went home from that first date feeling that he had found the greatest thing in the world—a woman who understood him. He hadn't felt self-conscious with her, nor inadequate, nor nervous. He had told her things about himself and she had been interested and his boyish humor had amused her so that her dark eyes lighted with real pleasure.

It seemed to him that life was fuller, more wonderful, now that he could look forward to other days and evenings with Virginia.

The girl went home stirred with a sweet and pleasant sense of having found a man who didn't make demands, who wasn't hectic and violent. He was a sweet kid and she liked him.

The thing grew, day by day. Janet married Lydell Peck, and the newspapers and the fans pictured Charlie as heart broken, as deserted. As a matter of fact, he and Virginia, chap-eroned by Colleen Moore, were on a trip on Charlie's beloved boat.

Two years ago, Charlie asked Vir-ginia to marry him. She didn't say no, but she wouldn't say yes.

She said, "Let's be sure. If it's right, if we really love each other enough for marriage, enough to go through the rest of our lives together, it won't change anything to wait. You have heavy responsibilities. So have I. I don't want to make a mistake, for your sake as much as mine."

So they waited. It wasn't Charlie's fault. He grew more and more impatient as time went by. Virginia went to New York with her best friend, Colleen Moore. She wanted to apply to the furthering of late her heart had grown very light. They played together like kids, she and Charlie. The wise eyes grew merry. Love grew surer and surer. Hours spent together proved she had found a real companion. She knew what she could do for Charlie, who had a splendid home she could make him, how she could guide and protect his

(Continued from page 39)
This offer may never be repeated

10 Exquisite Toiletries
that would cost you at least $8.50 if sold separately

Here is one of the most amazing offers ever made to American women. An offer so remarkable that no retail merchant, large or small, could hope to duplicate it. Just think! These are not sample packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same quality as our regular store packages. But instead of costing you $8.50 as they would if sold thru stores, the Coupon brings them to you for only 99 cents and a few cents postage.

We are making a tremendous sacrifice in selling these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages to you for 99 cents, as you can easily see from the suggested retail prices for these identical Milaire Beauty Preparations. We are doing this only because we know that once you try them—you once see for yourself what marvelous values they are—you will come back to us again and again for Milaire Toiletries.

Coupon brings these 10 Preparations for 99¢ and postage

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream—a beautiful, non-oily white cream, which literally melts into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Delightfully perfumed with Jasmine odor.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge—a special blushing of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, is not affected by moisture and is very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener—in addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

$1.00 Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for tough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

$1.00 Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

$1.00 Milaire Cocoa Nut Oil Shampoo—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from exces oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalies—neutral and harmless to the hair.

$1.00 Milaire Bath Crystals—make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

$1.00 Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel—Imports beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

99¢
plus postage

Send No Money
Merely Mail Coupon

Coupon
For One Milaire Make-up Set
Good Only Until June 30, 1931

MILAIRE COMPANY
1944 Irma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

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

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instead of keeping an even course as is the case with less volatile types. She
should, therefore, seize the moments when conditions are especially favors
able to fortify herself for the future. By the same token, people with horo
scopes like Miss MacDonald's should save in the periods of prosperity against that rainy day which may come to any of us.

I DON'T mean all this to sound pessimistic. It is not. But I was struck
right away by the extraordinarily good conditions which surround Miss Mac
Donald during 1931. It is the best year she has had for a long time, astrologi
cally speaking; and although she is coming into a much better period than
the one which she had just passed through—especially in 1927 and 1929—she is not likely to have such a wonderfully good year as 1931 until 1935. On the other hand, I will say for Miss MacDonald's peace of mind, she
is not likely to have any really very hectic times until at least 1957, during
which year she should be careful lest she share a temporary setback through
some friend or associate whom she has herself befriended. Incidentally, Miss
MacDonald should never gamble and should never let her fire insurance lapse. These last warnings are parti
icularly applicable right now.

As for Virginia Valli, since she has just carried off Hollywood's shiniest
matrimonial prize, I could hardly expec
you to believe that she was under anythng but the most favorable stars. And fortunately such is the case. She is coming under excellent financial con
ditions this Summer which should last through 1932. The latter year, how
ever, may not be so favorable for her in a personal way unless she diverts its
vibrations into energy to be used in her

work. There is a real danger of scan
dal in 1932; and I advise her to be on
the lookout for a woman who may be inclined to make trouble. I suppose
that is good advice for any girl mar
ried to a man as handsome as Charlie
Farrell; but, as it happens, it is so

![The horoscope of Virginia Valli, as drawn by Evangeline Adams. The famous astrologer makes some interesting predictions for the bride of Charles Farrell.](image)

Next Month in NEW MOVIE
Evangeline Adams will discuss the
month of July and the influences of the planets upon people born in
that month. She will tell you
about a number of the notable
July movie folk.

If you were born between May 22nd and June 21st,
you too are strongly under the influence of

GEMINI, the sign of the Zodiac whose symbol is

the Twins. And twin-like, you are the kind that

should have more than one line of work to keep you busy. Gemini people actually accomplish more by having two occupations and changing from one

to another as the mood dictates. If possible, the
two lines should be confined to the same business

and should contribute to the same end. But one

ing thing is certain: Gemini people must have variety;

otherwise they become mentally dead.

If you are a true Gemini type, you have a sensi

tive nature, very susceptible to impressions; you

gain knowledge through experience quite as much

as through books. Your great versatility, combined

with a tendency to lack decision, may cause you to
scatter your forces. You must guard against thus

dissipating your strength. You require much ex

ercise and much sleep. You should practice concen

tration, and learn to finish one thing before

beginning another.

You should have a good deal of artistic ability.

You do things for the joy of doing them rather

than for the results. You are very observing and

have a retentive memory. These traits are very

useful in any kind of literary work. In fact, people

born in your sign, which is ruled by Mercury, the

God of the Mind, do well in literary pursuits, as

writers, editors, publishers, printers, proofreaders

or booksellers. They also make good bankers, dip

lomats, lawyers, public speakers—in fact, they have

an aptitude for most professional or artistic callings.

Versatile people are usually nervous people; so

sons and daughters of Gemini would do well to

check the first symptoms in neuritis. They are also

sometimes susceptible to rheumatism in the hands,

arms, shoulders and nerve centers. As I told Mr.

Brook, they should get plenty of exercise in the

fresh air and try to sleep more than most people.

Gemini people find congenial mates among the

natives of Libra or Aquarius.

The main thing for you to do, if you are a true

child of Gemini, is to cultivate concentration—and,

incidentally, look out for your nerves!
You can buy a dozen pairs as easily as one

THE FAMILY counts on you ... keep them neat with EMPRI shoe laces!

A minute or two in a convenient store, a small package to carry home ... and a big service rendered the family.

A family supply of shoe laces will save time, irritation, untidiness. Buy them a dozen at a time. You will find the famous EMPRI shoe laces in your Woolworth store. Good-looking laces for men, long laces for the children’s school shoes, smart rayon laces with tasseled tips for yourself. And ”The VICTORY TIP is part of the lace ... it can’t come off.”

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO.
New York Providence St. Louis

LOOK FOR THE LABEL
EMPRI
WHEN BUYING SHOELACES

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES
Chaplin Goes Home
(Continued from page 59)

bathroom in Beverly Hills. 'This was my first tub,' he told me and related how every Saturday night when he was a kid he used to steal up to this water trough and take a quick bath.

"From the water trough we walked on up the street, the car following us at a distance. We passed a pub, a police station, some shabby looking shops and then came to a tenement. When I saw it I thought of the one in which Sentimental Tommy was born and raised. The stairs and the halls seemed to be the very ones Barrie has immortalized. We climbed about four flights and then Charlie rapped on a door."

"A TALL, middle-aged woman answered our knock. As she opened the door, I saw she was wearing a plain black shirtwaist and skirt. When she saw who was standing there, she let out a cry and rushed forward.

"'Chollie, Chollie, yer back,' she shouted. And then suddenly she seemed conscious of her poverty and his air of wealth. And her face fell a little, and she turned, as if half ashamed. Charlie asked if we might come in. The woman smiled a little wanly and then asked us to wait a minute."

"While we stood in the dimly-lit hall, I could hear her straightening up the room, but it was some change in her own bearing I noticed most when she again opened the door. Her shoulders were straighter. Her head was held high. There was a proud light in her eyes. And then I saw what had brought back her spirits. Pinned now to the black shirtwaist, which had been bare of any ornament when she first greeted us, were two medals, decorations, we learned later, bestowed upon a husband and a son who had been among the hero-dead of the war."

"This is where I lived for many years as a boy,' Charlie told me as we entered the apartment. While the woman watched us quietly, with a show of friendly understanding, Charlie led me around the room, pointing out patches on the walls, breaks in the woodwork, or the angle of a window he had known so well when the room was his home.

"And then suddenly he turned to the woman and made what, as I heard it, seemed an astonishing request.

"'Would you mind if we lay down on the floor a minute?' Charlie asked her. The woman shook her head and Charlie walked over to the center of the room and bade me lie flat on my back. He took a place beside me and then I began to understand."

"Do you see those cracks in the ceiling?" he asked me, pointing with his cane to a hundred lines that ran every which way in the plaster. 'They used to be my school books and my story books, too, those cracks. When I was a boy, living close at home to nurse my mother when she was sick, I used to lie on my back on this floor this way for hours and look at those cracks."

"'That line there was the Thames finding its way through England to the sea. And those crazy-quilt patches were fairyland in whose confines my imagination wandered through a thousand wonderful adventures!'"

"We left the flat a few minutes later and as we went downstairs again it seemed word had spread through the whole neighborhood whose fine car it was drawn up at the curb. 'Gathered on the sidewalk were fifty or more men, women and children. The adults all seemed to know Charlie. He remembered them all. And the welcome they gave him touched my heart more than all the impressive ceremonies with bands and wreaths and committees of celebrities I've ever seen. Those simple folk of that impoverished district who had always looked upon Charlie as a little boy, were his 'home town' to which he came back in honor."

"The inspector of police asked Charlie one more that evening to step out on the balcony at the Ritz and show himself to thousands of fans gathered to acclaim him. Charlie did. But this time his wave was a little perfunctory, his smile a little forced. And I knew his eyes were going over the heads of the crowd, over the roofs of the tall buildings on the square, over the towers of the rich—that other square where the water trough still stood and poor people lived shabbily... where he, as a little boy, had run to the police station to ask help for his mother."

"Charlie came back to the table looking a little sad. We sat a moment, thinking of the crowded events of the day."

"'It's been a marvelous day,' Charlie said. 'It's been a thrilling day. I've always wanted to come back to London this way. But I'd always hoped I'd be able to bring my mother back with me. It seems different than I'd pictured it... different without her!'"

Are You Using NEW MOVIE'S Service Departments?
First Aids to Beauty
Expert Advice on Charm and Attractiveness.
These departments are designed to help you. Be sure to follow them each month in NEW MOVIE.
Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 8)

partnership with Winnie Lightner. The best moments of the picture are toward the close when Joe is tossed about on a wrestling mat having been tricked into a match with a professional wrestler. Warner. Class B.

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood succeed in being hilariously funny in this adaptation of a popular stage comedy. Exceptionally good entertainment of the lighter sort. Metro-Goldwyn. Class B.

Fighting Caravans. Plenty of wide-open spaces without much dramatic filling. Somehow the director failed to catch the spark of life. Paramount. Class C.

Cimarron. The Oklahoma land rush of 1889 provides the setting of this Edna Ferber story which is fairly well handled. Richard Dix and other capable players are in the cast. Radio. Class A.

Inspiration. Greta Garbo as seductive as ever. The story is rather obviously contrived to present the star in an exotic setting giving full play to her emotional suggestiveness. Metro-Goldwyn. Class A.

The Easiest Way. An up-to-date version of a drama that caused a deal of tea-table discussion some twenty-five years ago. Constance Bennett makes a glamorous girl and Adolphe Menjou a tactful tempter. Metro-Goldwyn. Class A.

Little Caesar. One of the best of the gangster-bootlegger melodramas. Edward G. Robinson is a convincing gangster in a yarn replete with action. First National. Class A.

The Right to Love. A character study in the minor key with Ruth Chatterton portraying both mother and daughter leading frustrated lives on a barren farm. Paramount. Class C.

Paid. An old stage favorite, "Within the Law," provided the basic material for this drama starring Joan Crawford in a congenial role. Metro-Goldwyn. Class B.

No Limit. Not much of a picture for Clara Bow who deserves better material. Paramount. Class D.

One Heavens Night. Evelyn Laye and John Boles may be seen in this uninspired adaptation of an English musical comedy. United Artists. Class D.

Kiss Me Again ("Mademoiselle Modiste"), a Victor He bert operetta, traveling under the name of its most famous song. Bernice Claire essays the role made famous by Fritzi Scheff. First National. Class C.

The Bat Whispers. If the bat whispered less audibly, the spookiness of this mystery melodrama might be increased. The picture suffers from a too obvious over-emphasis. Chester Morris works hard. Paramount. Class B.

Illicit. Barbara Stanwyck, a direct and honest actress, will be well liked in this study of modern marriage and its problems. Warners. Class B.

The Painted Desert. William Farnum in slow moving story of the picturesque West. Not a bad picture of its type save that it moves too slowly and is wanting in suspense. Pathé. Class D.

(Continued on page 89)

Buy a bandana with that $3 you save

Compared with dentifrices in the 50 cent class, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents saves you 33 cents a year. Let your fancy dictate what you buy with the money. The bandana is merely a suggestion.

Critical women prefer this tooth paste—and for a very definite reason

WOMEN who try Listerine Tooth Paste invariably refuse to use any other. They will not run the risk of affecting their teeth with an inferior dentifrice.

This tooth paste, they find, keeps teeth whiter—more sparkling—absolutely free from discoloration. It cleanses gently and smoothly, with a really amazing quickness.

The secret of Listerine Tooth Paste's popularity lies in the cleansing agents. They are hard enough to remove tartar, and dislodge even the tiniest food particles between the teeth. And yet they are too soft to work mischief on the enamel.

A lifetime of preparation was necessary to produce a dentifrice embodying all the virtues of Listerine Tooth Paste. That's why, once we offered it to the public, it was acclaimed by ever-growing numbers. Now millions of people, in all walks of life, have discarded more expensive brands in favor of this new one at about half the price.

Don't take anyone's word for it. Make it a matter strictly between you and us. Try a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste. Then study the improvement in the looks of your teeth. Watch for the added lustre. The purer white color. The new feeling of health and aliveness in your mouth.

Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ a tube saves you about 33 cents a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Buy things you need with that saving.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores

The New Movie Magazine
A memory pillow is easy to make from patches of your favorite dresses.

JU34. This circular gives directions for making the square cushion, and the round one shown above.

JU35. Directions for making three striking bags, including the one shown here, are given in this circular.

JU32. The petal rug, made from bits of old and new material, shown above dates from Colonial days but it is appropriate for any bedroom.

Magic From Your Remnant Box
...Bright Things For Your Home

You can make any of the smart accessories shown on this page with the help of our New Method Circulars.

JU33. Appliqué designs of flowers and animals may be cut out from scraps of gingham or figured print to decorate children’s aprons, bibs and dresses. Patterns for four new designs are contained in this circular.

JU36. Patterns for the patchwork quilt shown above and the piece-work cover on the bed at the left (above) are given in this circular.

JU37. With the help of this circular you can make the calico dog below; also the rag doll (lower left corner) whose body is made from an old stocking.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.
Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 87)

Reducing, Marie Dressler carries most of this comedy on her own broad shoulders. She is assisted by Polly Moran, Anita Page and Sally Eilers. Metro-Goldwyn. Class B.

The Command Performance. Another mythical kingdom along with its decorative royal family. Neal Hamilton should be well liked by the matinee girls who enjoy seeing their heroes bedecked in colorful uniforms. Tiffany. Class B.

The Gang Buster. You will see Jack Oakie having fun with the racketeers and making them like it. Paramount. Class B.

Resurrection. Lupe Velez as the sorrowful Katusha. A sombre story but an interesting one. Universal. Class B.

The Blue Angel. The picture that made Marlene Dietrich famous. Emil Jannings is there too. Among the must films of the year. Paramount. Class AA.

Tom Sawyer. Just right for the youngsters. Also good for their escorts. Jackie Cooper as the immortal Tom Sawyer. Paramount. Class A.

The Man Who Came Back. Based on an old stage favorite, it brings Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together. Fox. Class AA.


The Devil to Pay. Ronald Colman in a tea-sipping comedy. All very English; you know, and refined. United Artists. Class A.


Romance. Greta Garbo looking quite entrancing as a mid-Victorian heroine. Metro-Goldwyn. Class AA.

Holiday. Combining an able actress, Ann Harding, and a worth while play, this production registers well. Pathe. Class AA.

Journey's End. Renowned war drama from the viewpoint of an English officer. Tiffany. Class AA.

All Quiet on the Western Front. Will live as long as people are interested in the horrors of war. Universal. Class AA.

Song o' My Heart. If you want to see and hear John McCormack this is your picture. Fox. Class AA.

Lummox. Winifred Westover scores in this intelligent treatment of a Fanny Hurst story. United Artists. Class B.

The Love Parade. Admire's of Maurice Chevalier must not miss this happy combination of story and acting. Paramount. Class AA.

Sin Takes a Holiday. Constance Bennett again. This busy actress is quite at her best in a sophisticated story. Pathe. Class AA.

Abraham Lincoln. A worthy production in all respects, presenting Walter Huston as Lincoln. United Artists. Class AA.

Free Love. For a time there is neither freedom nor love in this story, but Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin get things smoothed out very comfortably. Universal. Class C.

Shooting up fast— but thin as a rail

... until we discovered this easy way to make him gain

When Johnny was four years old, he began to grow so fast we couldn't keep him in clothes. No sooner did we buy him some new things to wear than he'd shoot up a little more... and there would be his arms and legs poking out like little sticks.

"That's what worried us, the child didn't fill out. He couldn't gain an ounce. We asked our doctor about it, and he said Johnny was so lively, he burned up his food in energy before it could do him much good. He suggested Cocomalt, at meals and between meals—for extra body building nourishment.

"We've been giving Cocomalt to Johnny for two months, and you ought to see him now! He has gained seven pounds and that lanky look is gone."

Promotes sturdy growth

This mother's letter is typical of thousands received from all over the country. Underweight and lack of proper development are often the result of insufficient nourishment—even in cases where the child is virtually stuffed with food. For the young growing body, busy and active all day, demands extra tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals.

Cocomalt, the delicious chocolate flavor food drink, gives the child all the varied nourishment of a well-balanced meal... without strain upon the digestion. It adds 70% more nourishment to milk, almost doubling the food value of every glass your child drinks.

Contains Vitamin D

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D, the same element produced by summer sunshine. This vitamin helps to ward off rickets, to build sound bones and teeth.

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New! 99 14/100 Pure

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

The Men Who Make the Movies
(Continued from page 65)

One more story: Putting it politely, it may be remarked that Goldwyn is outspoken in his business relations. If he disapproves he is apt to erupt with devastating intensity: there is no checking him until he has had his say. A visit to a hospital to have his tonsils removed coincided with a trade paper announcement of the company’s list of pictures for the coming season, something of importance in a business way. The producer had not been out of the ether for many hours when a phone message came from the hospital: "Mr. Goldwyn wants to speak with Mr. —" Then a faint voice barely audible: "Why didn’t we get a better break? I think the publicity is terrible." A moment of silence and: "I can’t talk yet, I’ll see you later." This is the one instance on record when the producer was unable to give forceful expression to what was on his mind. As promised, a few days later he talked fluently.

At the time he lost control of the company which bore his name and which he and the Selwyns had founded, Goldwyn showed himself to be a game loser. Instead of retiring placidly into some less competitive activity, he immediately set about organizing a new producing organization. Before long, he was back in the center of things with pictures challenging the best. Particularly, he displayed rare judgment in picking players. He brought Vilma Banky from Hungary when she was entirely unknown in this country; he staked thousands of dollars on his faith in Ronald Colman and Lois Moran; he gave his directors plenty of leeway in the matter of expenditures and again made himself a vital factor in the motion picture world.

In 1927, Goldwyn was elected an owner-member of the United Artists Corporation and since then has contributed such conspicuous successes as "Stella Dallas," "Bulldog Drummond," and "The Awakening." By reason of definite artistic accomplishments, he has won the respect of his associates and thousands of men and women throughout the country, who are genuinely interested in the development of motion pictures into entertainment for intelligent adults.

Physically, Goldwyn always keeps in superb condition. He rides horseback regularly, walks at high speed with long, swinging strides and presumably eats an apple a day. His hands are an indication of the artistically sensitive side of his nature. They are finely shaped and expressive. When Goldwyn, Sr., wants to take a rest, which seemingly won’t be for many years to come, Samuel, Jr. should be ready to team up with his energetic dad; or, perhaps, he will want to become an actor, like his mother, known on the stage as Frances Howard.
The New Movie Magazine

Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

(Reviews appear on page 72)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Gay Kilkerly and Gay Holmes. Ruth Chatterton; Carl Hayden; Paul Lukas; Ronald Kilkerly, Paul Cavanagh; Emma Houston, Juliet Compton; Terry, Donald Cook; aunt Jane; Eric Fitzmey; Jeffrey; Leslie Palmer.

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Michael Trevor, William Powell; Maude Adams; George Lam- bard; Irene, Wynne Gibson; Harold Taylor, Guy Kibbee; Frank Thompson, Lawrence Gray; Victor, Andre Chenon; Fred, George Chandler; Spade, Tom Costello.

DANCE, POOLS, DANCE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: Bonita Joan Crawford; Bob, Lester Vail; Bert Scranton, Cliff Edwars; Rodney, William Bake-well; Stanley Jordan, William Holden; Jake Lusca, Clark Gable; Wally, Carl Foxer; Parker, Furnell B. Pratt; Selby, Hale Hamilton; Delta, Natalie Moorhead; Sylvia, Joan Marsh; Whitey, Russell Hattie.

KI-KI—United Artists. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: Kiki, Mary Pickford; Victor Randoll; Reginal Denny; Alfred Rott, Joseph Caw-thorne; Paulette Vaile, Margaret Livingston; Eddie, Phil Tead; Besson, Fred Walton; Dr. Smiley, Edwin Maxwell.

HELL BOUND—Tiffany Prod. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Nicol Cottei, Leo Carillo; Platinum Reed, Lola Lane; Dr. Robert Sanders, Lloyd Hughes; Dorgon, Ralph Ince; Sanford’s sister, Heclene Chadwick; Gil ber, Richard Tucker; Rosie, Gertrude Astor; Gaspipe, Harry Strange; Ham, William Lawrence; Omaha, Marty Faust; Bat, Jack Gray; Blitney, Phil O’Ryan.

FATHER’S SON—First National. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Bill Emory, Leon Janney; Will iam Emory, his mother, Irene Rich; Dr. Franklin, John Halliday; Vestibule Johnson, Robert Dandridge; His father, George Reed; The bad boy, Mickey Bennett; Dinah, Gertrude Howard; Mrs. Stewart, Bertha Mann; Chauffeur, Grover Lligon.

THE HEIR—First National. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: Juliette Hunter, Una Munson, Har Harrigan, Ben Lyon; Bill Dugan, Tom Dugan; Oliy, Walter Pigdon; Margie, Inez Courtney; Lola, Thelma Todd; Irene, Elsie Bartlett; Mr. Hunter, Holmes Herbert; Mrs. Hunter, N. B. Walker; The Doctor, George Irving.

THE GORILLA—First National. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: Gayley, Jon Halliday; Harry Gribb on; Arthur Maraden, Walter Pidgeon; Alice Denby, Lila Lee; The Stranger, Furnell Pratt; Cyrus Stevens, Edwin Maxwell; Sapper, Roscoe Karns; Jeff, Will Philbrick.

MY PAST—Warner Brothers. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Davie Ncey, Ben Daniels; Bob Byrne, Ben Lyon; John Thornley, Lewis Stone; Marian Moore, Joan Blondell; Consuelo Byrne, Natalie Moorhead; Lionel Reish, Albert Gran; Mac Taff, Virginia Sale; Mrs. Bennett, Daisy Bellmore.

THE FRONT PAGE—United Artists. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: Walter Burns, Adolphe Menjou; Hilda Johnson, Pat O’Brien; Peggy, Mary Brian; Benanger, Edward Everett Horton; Murphy, Walter Catlett; Earl Williams, George E. Stone; Molly, Mae Clarke; Kruger, Matt Moore; Pin cus, Slim Summerville; McCue, Frank McHugh; Sheriff Hartman, Clarence H. Wilson; Schwartz, Fred Howard; Wilson, Phil Tead; Endicott, Eugene Strong; Woodenshoes, Spencer Charter; Diamond Louis, Maurice Black; Mrs. Grant, Ethel Eiler; Jenny, Dor orthea Wolkert; The Mayor, James Gor don; Jacques, Dick Alexander.

DON’T BET ON WOMEN—Fox. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Roger Fallow, Edmund Lowe; Jeanne Drake, Jeanette MacDonald; Herbert Drake, Roland Young; Tallulah Hope, Una Merkell; Chipley Duff, J. M. Kerrigan; Doris Brent, Helene Millard; Butterfield, Henry Kolker.

EAST LYNNE—Fox. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Lady Isabel, Ann Harding; Robert Carlyle, Conrad Nagel; Gertie Levisa, Irene Breuk; Cornelius Carlyle, Cecilia Loftus; Lord Mount Severn, O. P. Heggie; Sir Richard Hale, David Torrence; Barbara, Flora Robbe; Joyce, Bette Hannon; Mercer, Dodson; J. Gunnis Davis; William as a baby, Ronald Cossey; William, later, Wally Albright.

THE GREAT MEADOW—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: Berk Jarvis, John Mack Brown; Diony Hall, Eleanor Boardman; Lucille La Verne, Betty Hall, Anita Louise; Evan Muir, Gavin Gordon; Reuben Hall, Guinn Williams; Thomas Hall, Russell Simpson; Lise, Alice Calleen; Se Plays, Sally Tolliver, Helen Jerome Eddy.

STRANGERS MAY KISS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Edith, Norma Shearer; Stere, Robert Montgomery; Alan, Nell Hamilton; Geneve, Marjorie Rambeau; Celia, Irene Rich; Andrew, Hale Hamilton; Spanish Dancer, Con chita Montenegro; Harry, Jed Prouty; De Bazon, Albert Conti; Walter, Henry Armetta; Waiter, George Davis.

MEN CALL IT LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Edgar Sel wyn. The cast: Tony, Adolph Menjou; Carrie, Leila Hyams; Jack, Norma Foster; Helen, Mary Duncan; Callie, Hedda Hopper; Joe, Robert Emmett Keane; Brownt, Harry Northrup.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Param ount. Directed by Frank Littile. The cast: Roddy Martin, Norman Foster; Mary Grayson, Carole Lombard; Andrew Peake, Glacier; Cyrus Martin, Eugene Pallette; Adams, Lucien Littlefield; Comtesse de Beauriv, Helen Johnson; Thelma Temple, Louise Brooks; Donald McQueen, Morgan Wallace; Miss Burke, Mariët Manners; Perkins, Tom Kennedy, Office Boy, Junior Cophlan; Johnson, John Howell.

(Continued on page 92)
Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 82)

life from the many devastating forces of Hollywood. And suddenly she knew that was what she wanted to do.

Her own career had never particularly held her. She wasn’t the sort of woman who cared about the spotlight for herself, nor did she crave self-expression particularly. The business of being an actress had been a business with her. Her beauty and her talent, a fine, competent talent though never a great one, had naturally suggested pictures to her. She liked her work, didn’t it didn’t fill her life. Normally, though she would always shine, she was a wife, a home maker. That, after all, was primarily what Charlie needed.

Before them, she saw fine, intelligent, happy, decent years of love growing daily stronger because its roots were sound and planted deeply in mutual understanding and respect, in ideas and ambitions shared. They would love each other better when they had come to their Golden Wedding than they loved in the first kiss. Life was a long affair, and perhaps Browning was right when he said, “The best is yet to be.”

It was sorrow that finally brought about their decision to marry at once.

Charlie’s mother died, and the shock was very great. He had loved her with a closeness and a devotion not seen every day. His home had been hers and she had been active always in his life. In his grief, he turned to the woman with whom he had always found peace and real consolation. He knew it was what his mother would have desired.

So, after seven years, Virginia Vaill and Charlie Farrell were married.

To me, it is a real romance. Built not upon the sands of a shifting passion, but upon a rock. And I’m pretty sure the winds of time, change and temptation will beat upon it in vain.
Hollywoood's Own Cooking Page
(Continued from page 10)

vegetables. But pot au feu made from beef and bone is the best known. It is indeed the national dish of France. It is the sort that Mr. Cody prefers. Here are some of the facts that Mr. Cody's cook brings out in his discourse on soup.

One may add the onion chopped as in Mr. Cody's recipe, or one may put in the soup pot one or two whole onions stuck with two whole cloves. There should also be a single clove of garlic, though one need not mention that to prejudiced Americans.

Remember that the soup should be cooked slowly for several hours, but never once should the gentle bubbling cease until it is finally taken from the fire.

If you wish you may serve the soup directly after it is done, without waiting for it to cool. A good way to remove grease while still hot is to dip a large soup ladle into the soup where it is bubbling in the center. The grease is in this way forced to the sides of the pot, and the bouillon taken up in the ladle will be as free from fat as one could desire.

Many French cooks omit tomatoes from the soup pot. They use carrots, a little turnip, parsnips, leeks—never enough of any one vegetable to permit its flavor to dominate.

Mr. Cody's French cook reminds us that while the thrifty French women add many things to the soup pot to add to the flavor without increasing the cost, she always does it with discretion. Vegetables are always well trimmed and thoroughly scrubbed. Possibly she will use scraps of cooked meat if she must be very thrifty, but she does not add meat that has been burned or browned deeply in previous cooking and she never adds meat that is corned, smoked or pickled. That would spoil the delicacy of the flavor.

Not the least important part of the French pot au feu is the beef bouilli or boiled beef, that remains after the bouillon and vegetables have been taken off. It may be served, surrounded by the vegetables, as the meat course, following the soup, or the next day. To give flavor one passes gherkins, pickled onions, grated horseradish or tomato sauce. If you like you may serve the boiled beef cold, cut into thin slices, strewn with chopped parsley and seasoned with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Here is a choice recipe for boiled beef that remains from pot au feu as given by Mr. Cody's cook.

BOEUF BOUILLI EN MIROTON

Peel and slice some onions into a skillet containing a little melted butter and cook them until they are nearly done. Add a tablespoon of flour and let it brown slightly. Then stir in enough of the bouillon to make a smooth brown sauce. Season with salt and pepper and let cook four or five minutes. As soon as the onions are thoroughly cooked, add slices of the beef. Let simmer until the beef has taken up the onion flavor and the sauce has been reduced to the desired thickness. Serve with mustard for those who like it.

*have discovered how the soft highlights, lovely finger-wave and satiny sheen of your hair enhances the beauty of your face? Millions of women know this secret. They know how lovely hair brings out the depth of the eyes, the texture of the skin, the delicate contour of every feature. That's why so many women depend upon Jo-cur' Beauty Aids to keep their hair always looking its best. These famous preparations are so easy to use, so delightful (and inexpensive, too) that they have a permanent place on the modern dressing table. There are just four Jo-cur' Beauty Aids.

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What, No Comeback?
(Continued from page 71)

Everyone would simply say I'd had a tough break. As it is, I've just been several kinds of a fool."

"It's nice to have a lot of money, though," I said.

"Why would you like to have money?" Mr. Ray asked.

"Oh, so I could do whatever I wanted and go wherever I wanted."

"That's just it. Suppose you had a lot of money and couldn't do whatever you wanted? Then you might just as well be where you are now. When I had money, I did what I wanted. I lost the money but I'm still doing what I want."

"I've been studying singing for three years. It's hard work and something that can't be neglected for a minute. My singing teacher, who is a fine man, by the way, tells me that he doesn't believe that there will be any great artists of any kind in a few years. No one wants to take the time to perfect himself or herself in anything any more."

"I haven't a great voice. It's a light opera voice and I'd like nothing better than to produce and sing in something like 'The Student Prince.' Of course, that's not Metropolitan Opera material, but it's every bit as good in its own way."

"I have the book and music for an operetta of that sort. An American one. It's a farm story and the scene is laid in Indiana. When I produce it, which should be very soon now, I want to take it to London, after we finish playing the United States, and then..."

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Buy a supply of Modess individuals. You'll find they come in very handy for emergency use—for packing in your traveling bag—for guest use.

Marlene Dietrich had a sensational reception upon her return to Germany. Among other things she posed for a bust by the sculptor, Ernesto de Fiori. NEW MOVIE offers a remarkable study of Miss Dietrich by a well-known German writer this month. This tells the whole story of the famous star's life, for the first time. Turn to page 32.
Startling style news for smart women!

Any dainty dress that can stand water can be renewed and restored to its original finish with Linit. This applies to all these fabrics: chiffon, silk, rayon, all artificial silks, crepe de chine, pongee, tub silks and satins, georgettes, lace, embroidery and net, lawn, dimity, dotted Swiss, batiste, voile, gingham, prints, sateen, cotton brocades, linen, etc.

The charm of any fabric depends largely upon the dressing that is in the original fabric. This usually washes out after one laundering. But whatever the fabric, if you use Linit, you put back that original charm and freshness.

It means that one's pretty things continue to look new and feel smooth and luxurious as long as they last—if they are properly Linit-ed.

Go through your wardrobe and renew your dresses and slips the Linit way. Liniting will practically renew every washable dress you now have.

Have a clear mental picture of the way the frock looked when new. You can duplicate it the Linit way.

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1. Chiffon, Georgette, Crepe de Chine, etc.—Dissolve 1 teaspoon Linit in 1 cup water and add 31/2 cups warm water.
2. Net, Rayon and Artificial Silk—Follow preceding directions, using 1 teaspoon Linit.
3. Lawn, Dimity, Voile, etc.—Dissolve 3/4 tablespoon Linit in 1 cup water, add 3 cups warm water and cook clear. For Organdy use 1/2 tablespoon Linit and follow above directions.
4. Gingham, Prints and Mercerized Fabrics—Dissolve 1 tablespoon Linit in 1 cup water, add 31/2 cups hot water and cook clear.
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How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 48)

Here is how Mr. and Mrs. Arlen kept their guests amused before supper was served. Walter Huston couldn't finish the puzzle—not could any one else. Mrs. Arlen hopes to get it solved in the next few months. Left to right: Mr. Huston, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Mrs. and Mr. Arlen and Patricia Meighan.

MacLean as close seconds.

At the Arlen's little party the men didn't “dress” and the girls wore soft afternoon frocks. Joby Arlen's was of beige romaine crepe, with a little cape of heavy lace. Sue Carol wore a simple dress of emerald green crepe and Miss Meighan a dark print.

The supper was just right for such a party.

First, avocado and crab meat cocktails, served with Thousand Island dressing and little hot cheese sandwiches. Then chicken en casserole, with hot biscuits, peas, spinach, and a simple salad of fresh lettuce with French dressing. For dessert, fresh pineapple, which had been sliced, sugared and set in the ice box for a few hours. To this, Jobyna adds a few teaspoons of grenadine syrup and before serving some sprigs of fresh mint

MRS. ARLEN'S recipe for the chicken en casserole is a particularly good one. The chicken is fried a delicate brown first. Then make the gravy in the iron skillet in which it was fried. Put the chicken in the casserole, pour over the gravy and allow to simmer in a slow oven for two hours. This particular hostess insists that the flavor of the chicken is spoiled by adding a lot of other things, and once you've eaten her masterpiece, you would probably agree.

Also, she makes a French dressing so delicious that her friends are always asking for the recipe. Half a teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of sugar, cayenne pepper, mustard to taste, two tablespoons of vinegar, four of olive oil—added slowly while beating—a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Beat for two minutes with a rotary egg beater.

If you like small parties better than big ones, or are too busy for things social, try one of these puzzle evenings and just such a dinner and you'll find it a perfect way to entertain and be entertained.

Two Striking Features in Next Month's NEW MOVIE

MAURICE CHEVALIER
A brilliant story about the popular French star by Ted Cook

MARIE DRESSLER
Superbly described and analyzed by Jim Tully
First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 76)

shoulders or any other part of your body—how smooth it is. Why? Because the skin has been protected. Even on an elderly person the skin of the body remains smooth while the skin of the face is most often wrinkled. Therefore, it behooves all of us to protect and nourish our skins. With the dozen or more excellent brands of creams on the market, it is up to each individual woman to experiment—to find the creams which agree with her own particular type of skin. The skin must radiate health—the only perfect background for the new delicate coloring.

A. Dumas of New York and Paris, sculptor and painter and an authority on the art of make-up, considers the face as a picture, a composition in which there are two high spots, the eyes and the lips. These two features create the impression of the face because they are the most vivid, the eyes in brilliancy and the lips in color. Science reveals to us that the color of our blood, not our hair, should determine the shade of rouge we should wear.

WHEN applying cleansing cream pat firmly but gently the muscles on each cheek that lie over the jaw bone, near the chin. Do this three or four times again when applying skin tonic. This causes the blood to rush up into the cheeks and prevents the muscles from sagging. After the face is thoroughly cleansed place a tiny dab of finishing cream on the chin, the tip of the nose and the forehead. Then massage this over the face. The international specialist recommends cream rouge because of its lasting quality and because it can be blended more perfectly than either liquid or powder rouge. First moisten the finger tip with cleansing cream then apply the cream rouge. For the full round face rouge should be applied by starting under the center of the eye and working gradually towards the temple. The long face usually has a slender nose, therefore rouge should be applied on the cheek somewhat away from it, so as not to exaggerate the nose. Remember—the cheeks must be more pale than colorful! Powder should be as near the natural color of your skin as possible. The vogue for suntan powder has passed. Rumors from across the Atlantic are to the effect that white powder will be worn this season, but certainly not for day make-up. In the evening, if a bizarre effect is desired, white powder might be permissible. But it is so aging, and shows up every blemish and wrinkle in a woman's face. Lipstick should be the same shade as cheek rouge. If the lips are too large, apply the lip rouge in sharp outline, making the cupid's bow just inside of the lip. If the lips are too thin, enlarge them by making the bow slightly above the edge of the upper lip.

What causes ingrown toe nails and what can I do to get rid of them?—J. B., Madison, Wisconsin.

(Continued on page 99)
Sensational New Discovery!
A Fluffy-dry Face Powder with an Olive Oil Base!

Has instant power to protect the skin and keep it soft and youthful!

A face powder made with a base of pure Olive Oil! . . . You've never heard of that before! A powder that not only is fluffy-dry and caressing in texture, but actually clings longer than any you have used.

OUTDOOR GIRL! . . . An utterly different kind of face powder for the typical "out-of-doors" American girl. A powder that gives your complexion double protection . . . not only while it is exposed to the merciless sun and wind, but afterwards.

At the first feeling of dryness or discomfort, apply a bit of OUTDOOR GIRL to your face. You have an instant sensation of relief as the parched tissues relax. The smooth, cool, softness of your skin returns like magic. That taut, drawn feeling gives way to one of exquisite pliancy!

Try this unusual face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades, including Lido, Boulevard and Everglades—the lustrous new tone that goes so well with this year's complexities.

Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and 81c, together with other OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful make up, Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

The Romance of Marlene Dietrich
(Continued from page 34)

The New Movie Magazine

intention to win her over for the talking pictures. Trying to persuade her I said, 'People will say that you resemble Greta Garbo, but do not let that irritate you.' At last I engaged her for a small part in the picture, "Prinzessin Olala," and her debut encouraged him to select her for the principal female part of his next picture, 'Ich Kusse Ihre Hand, Madame' ('I Kiss Your Hand, Madame'), opposite Harry Liedtke, one of the most famous German movie stars.'

"It was only gradually, after everything went well, and she scored a big hit in 'I Kiss Your Hand, Madame,' that she gained her assurance and self-confidence.

"Marlene Dietrich is a dear and grateful person; we are still great friends. She is very charitable and kind hearted. I have known her to be a friend poor fellow-actors, who were in need; pick them up from the street to take them home with her, feed them and give them money. Incidents like that which emphasize the kindness of her heart are far from being exceptions."

OTHER film engagements followed. Her first vamping part was in "Die Frau, Nach Der Man Sich Sehnt" ('The Woman One Longs For') and the fact that such a celebrated director as Kurt Bernhardt selected her for the part is direct proof of her ability.

Soon after that she was offered a leading part by Maurice Tourneur, when he produced "Schiffe der Verlorenen Menschen" ('Ships of Lost Men') a big production, similar to "Die Insel der Verlorenen Schiffe," ('The Isle of Lost Ships'). A picture from it, reproduced in New Movie, shows Marlene Dietrich from an altogether different angle.

Then came another small film and while between times she appeared again on the stage, her film career would not progress enough to satisfy her unbelievable ambition. That was the time of the things, of which her future husband Berthold Held was telling, until in September, 1929, Ufa selected her to play the principal part in "The Blue Angel," opposite the great Emil Jannings.

How, after that, Jesse L. Lasky engaged her for Paramount and how her world fame spread, is well known.

Less known, however, than her film career is her private life; her motherhood is not less important to her, perhaps even more so than her career, and her mother loves a still stronger feeling than her ambition.

For seven years Marlene has been happily married to Rudolf Sieber whom she met at the Efa Studio when she was still an obscure super and I think we can safely say that all rumors of divorce intentions are groundless. They have a daughter, now five years old, by the name of Marlies, but whom every one knows by the name of Heidede, a pet name which her mother gave her.

Outside of her work, Marlene Dietrich knows that her child holds her whole interest. She does not indulge in sports of any kind and has no particular hobbies. Her "one and all" is her Heidede. When the baby arrived, she refused to take engagements and even her activity. There was a pause of about a year and a half between her last engagement in Vienna and the taking up of her stage career—and this interlude was given over whole-heartedly to motherhood. And just as herself received a careful education through the efforts of her parents, so does she see to it that her own child receives a thorough education, and the child already speaks French and English, as well as German.

The Romance of the Comet Girl
(Continued from page 64)

and all that sort of thing. The stage itself has never had any attraction for me and the fascination of a back stage make up and the glamour of an empty auditorium is all a lot of hooey as far as I'm concerned. I much prefer pictures."

FOR those of you who must have FACTS: she is five feet four inches tall, usually weighs around ninety-eight pounds, has dark hair, blue eyes. She was a Cadillac 16 roadster which she drove herself and rented a closed car when she wanted to go out at night. Recently she traded in the roadster on a convertible cabriolet so she could drive herself in the daytime and have her own chauffeur drive her at night.

She goes from one picture to another with hardly an interim between them and, since her return to the screen, has been successively: "Rich People," "This Thing Called Love," "Son of the Gods," "Three Faces East," "Common Clay," "Sin Takes a Holiday" and "The Easiest Way."

She goes her way, apparently untouched by and unconcerned over the rumors which fly about her. If something uncomplimentary reaches her and is untrue, she lets it pass. For it, she studies it out. If she thinks it is prompted by jealousy or envy, she ignores it.

Her closest friends are, for the most part, people not directly concerned with the motion picture industry.

And those who really know her cannot talk about her without raving. Don't I know? I'm one of them!
First Aids to Beauty
(Continued from page 97)

Ingrowing toe nails are usually caused by short, tight shoes. If one has a tendency to this condition, the toe nails should never be cut round but always straight across, and then the back of the nail should be scraped, so as to produce an inclination to curl upward or backward, away from the edges. After this, any cuticle accumulated under the ingrowing edges of the nail should be removed. When the nail is completely ingrown, the soft part surrounding the nail is inflamed and swollen, and extremely painful. In such cases soap and water baths must be taken and continued for a long time, the softened nail lifted and between it and the flesh a small piece of carbonized cotton should be placed. Renew this daily.

Is brilliant nail polish in good taste? So many women are wearing it, but I feel a little self-conscious when I put it on.—Mrs. C. C. F., Denver, Colorado.

The fad for violently carmined nails, I hope, will be short-lived. They should only be so carmined when you are going to be under the electric lights and when you are wearing an evening dress or a dinner gown.

My eyes are so small. What would you suggest to make them appear larger and more beautiful? — Helen from Nashville, Tenn.

To give more expression to eyes that are small and have not much depth, apply eyeliner evenly and lightly over the eyelid. Do the same but more lightly under the eye. Use the index finger, which should always be covered with fine linen or cleansing tissue, in applying the eyeliner.

I am sixteen years of age, have blond hair and light blue eyes. What perfume do you think would be the most suitable for me? I would be so happy if you could help me in this matter.—D. G., Portland, Oregon.

There is a tradition that blondes and light brunettes should use the flower odors such as violet and rose and lily; brunettes the richer and more musky odors. Blondes can really be just as intense in temperament as brunettes and just as vivid in coloring. Perfume should really suit your personality and temperament. If you are vital and intense, the rich Oriental perfumes would be just as suitable for you as for a brunette. Many women today are choosing a variety of perfumes for different occasions. For example, one perfume for sports wear and another one for evening wear. And there are some women who vary their perfumes with the seasons of the year.

Milk is used to prepare KRE-MEL—a pleasant way to have children consume more milk

What Mothers have discovered about KRE-MEL

...the Dessert most children prefer

KRE-MEL is quickly prepared and easily served in many ways.

Not only is KRE-MEL a delicious dessert—but it’s actually a health food that children thrive on.

The reason is that there’s plenty of Dextrose in KRE-MEL—and Dextrose is the vital food element that provides energy to growing children.

Serve KRE-MEL to all the family—but particularly to your youngsters.

All grocers sell KRE-MEL. Why not try all four flavors, Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel, Coffee?

KRE-MEL is made by the makers of Mazola Salad Oil and Karo Syrup

Send Your Beauty Problems to
Ann Boyd, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York

4 SERVINGS PER PACKAGE
Their Good Luck Tokens

(Continued from page 37)

has hardly an illusion left, is the most sentimental of them all. He still cherishes the gogolj and helmet he wore in “Wings.” And I don’t in the least doubt that he also has the teddy bear he carried as a luck piece in the picture, although he vehemently denies it.

Mary Brian and sentiment, naturally, walk hand in hand. Well, in “Peter Pan” Peter gave Mary, who was playing Wendy an acorn which she wore on a chain around her neck. When the picture was finished Mary kept the acorn—and still has it.

Gary Cooper, silent and grim, almost the last person one would suspect of having a soft side, has a robe his father gave him when he left home to enter pictures. Not being able to wear it himself in his first big picture, “The Winning of Barbara Worth,” he loaned it to one of the other actors to use in the film. He still has the robe and also the western hat which he himself wore in the same picture. Later, when “Children of Divorce” established him, he kept the riding boots, top coat and dress suit he wore in that opus.

Clara Bow’s harum-scarum disposition leaves one the impression she never gives a thought to anything other than the fleeting moment in which she lives. Yet, she has a picture of Glenn Hunter who was the star of “Grit,” the first picture in which she appeared as a leading lady. She probably was happier in that film than any she has ever made since. The world hadn’t heard of her and she was free to do as she pleased without fear of the consequences.

Edmund Lowe, the hardboiled Sergeant Quirt of “What Price Glory” and “The Cock-eyed World,” has a cap he wore while attending Santa Clara University. When he went on the stage he used it for a make-up cap to hold his hair in place while he put on his grease paint and he has used it for that purpose ever since.

Beautiful Mary Astor’s sentimentality is tempered with a streak of Scotch thrift. When she was working on “Beau Brummel” with John Barrymore, he gave her a ring to wear during the production. And Mary, assuming that his good wishes extended beyond the five or six weeks they were engaged on the picture, has kept right on wearing the ring—right down to this very day.

Richard Dix, who seems so completely practical, has kept—of all things!—the Bible he used in “The Christian.” How many of you can recall that picture?

Bebe Daniels was playing the leading opposite Harold Lloyd in his old one and two reel comedies. In one of them he was supposed to lose her a rose—and did. It was a red velvet rose and Bebe still has it. Now, when her script calls for the use of a rose Bebe hauls out this faded old relic of the days to which people refer when they say, “I knew her when—”

Lew Ayres’ success has been meteoric—so swift and amazing one wonders how he finds time to adjust himself to his changed position. Though he finds it all confusing the little German in “All Quiet.” Where one sees other actors in Hollywood sailing down the Boulevard in berets, Lew wears the same cap.

Norma Shearer, cold and self-contained as she may appear on the surface, guards the glasses she wore in “His Secretary,” which marked her first big success. She also has the ballet skirt she wore in “He Who Gets Slapped.”

Ramon Novarro, in his study at home, has the hand-sewn leather reins he used in the chariot race in “Ben-Hur,” as well as the helmet.

Marion Davies, one of the wealthiest women in pictures or out, for that matter, keeps the little silk hat she used in “Little Old New York.” It is put away in a satin-lined box and she counts it her one of her dearest treasures.

Adolphe Menjou, svelte and suave, has the waistcoat he wore in one of the restaurant scenes of “A Woman of Paris” and he tries to wear it in at least one scene of every production he’s in—just for luck.

(Continued on page 102)
Here's How Anne Barclay Saved the Price of a New Pair of White Kid Shoes

These white kid shoes aren't a bit worn, said Anne Barclay, as she took them down from the cupboard shelf, "but still they're not fit to wear—I guess it means buying a new pair!"

Then someone told her about ColorShine, the perfect cleaner and polish for all white kid and calf shoes.

"Just what I need!"—so that every day she stopped in the 10c store and bought a bottle of ColorShine White Kid Cleaner.

"I've learned something," said Miss Barclay, after ColorShine had made her shoes smart and clean again. "Just think! I've saved the price of a pair of new shoes, and now I know how to keep my shoes looking clean with ColorShine."

It's a real economy to use ColorShine—a 10c bottle will clean your white shoes many times. Shoes that are kept clean and smart not only look much better, but actually wear longer. There is a ColorShine Polish for every smooth leather shoe, Neutral Creme for brown, tan or light colored shoes, and with Black Dye you can make your summer shoes suitable for fall wear.

You'll find ColorShine Shoe Polishes in 10c stores everywhere; 15c in far west and Canada. Be sure to get a supply of ColorShine on your next trip to the 10c store. It is sold at the hardware counter. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

Let ColorShine Polishes Make Your Shoes Look New

10c 15c in Far West and Canada
Their Good Luck Tokens

(Continued from page 100)

Polly Moran has a revolver she used in the old "Sheriff Nell" pictures. She says she wouldn't take a million dollars for it and that it helped her through some tight places in the old days. Well, and why not?

Conrad Nagel, the good boy of Hollywood, has, believe it or not, the tiger skin from Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," in which he appeared. He has it on the floor of his study at home.

A NITA PAGE always has kept the make-up brush which the late Lon Chaney gave her to use when they were making "While the City Sleeps." This was the second picture she made after her arrival in this land of the lotus enters. Lon taught her a great deal about make-up during that picture which she has never forgotten. Among other things, he told her never to be afraid to experiment. And she never has been. Look at her hair. It was a lovely soft brown when she got here!

Billy Bakewell's laughs are only interrupted when he can't keep his chatter bottled up any longer, but underneath this boyish effervescence is a halowed memory of "The Iron Mask," in which he appeared as a dramatic actor for the first time—and under the auspices of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. He still has the mask he used in that film. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has a number of pictures in which he has gotten good notices but it was his work in "The Dawn Patrol" which won him his starring contract. He keeps a broken pro-

peller from one of the airplane sequences of that picture as a souvenir.

Once upon a time, when Marilyn Miller was a tiny little girl, her mother made her a tiny ballet costume to wear in an entertainment in which she appeared. Marilyn still has that same little costume.

Marie Prevost is as soft-hearted as they come. When she and Phyllis Haver graduated from Dr. Mack Sennett's Finishing School, they had their bathing suits for diplomas. Phyllis gaily burned hers and made quite an occasion of the event. But not Marie. She kept her suit and now, when things look black, she pulls it out, gazes at it and says to herself, "You're better off even now than you were then, child."

Evelyn Brent, popularly supposed to be as cold and unconcerned as they come, has a lace shawl and a petticoat from "The Jade God," a picture she made in England and which really established her as an actress long, long before "Underworld" shot her upward in popular interest.

And Bessie Love kept the top hat made of brilliants which she wore in "Broadway Melody," the picture which marked her return to the screen in a big way. She also has pressed—and put away—the little nosegay of flowers which she carried in "Lovey Mary."

Hand-bolted "Caloused drip!" Nox! These Hollywood filmites positively drool sentiment. There's only one word that fittingly describes them. They're SOFT-boiled. That's what they are!

Gary Cooper with the bathrobe he had when he scored his hit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Gary has saved it carefully, because he thinks it's lucky.

HURRY here, there, everywhere! That's the way we seem to work and play nowadays. But watch out for your digestion when you eat in a hurry.

Finish off your meal with Beeman's. It's the pepsi gum — perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago as an easy, pleasant way to aid digestion.

Healthful, smooth and flavorful, Beeman's is praised by millions. Just see how good and good for you the pepsi gum can be. When you stop for cigarettes, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

On the jump?

When you bolt your breakfast to catch the 8:15 chew for digestion

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM aids digestion
Behind the Screen Dramas
(Continued from page 51)

herself. I could tell by the tone of her voice she was slightly bitter toward him because her beauty apparently made no impression.

"And he's never been married?" I said, hoping for more information concerning my movie idol.

"No. He's too high-hat for any woman. Thinks he's a little God whom no one can approach."

MARY ordered her big car for that evening and her uniformed chauffeur to drive us. We had to go only a short distance, but we surely went in style. The car pulled into a winding gravel path studded on either side with huge palm trees and bordered with lanes of wonderfully colorful flowers over which spotlights played.

The house was a massive Spanish affair, set down in the center of a beautiful garden. At the door, two uniformed butlers stood to direct the parking of the cars. Inside, in the flower-decked foyer of this spacious home, our hostess waited to greet her guests. This society woman was giving the party in honor of the famous movie idol whom she'd met on the steamer coming back from Europe.

There was a luxurious buffet supper—everyone helped himself to the dainty bits of food spread out on a huge, lace-covered table in the alcove off the ballroom. Hawaiian string orchestras, in various parts of the house, sent forth their seductive, melancholy music as the guests jolly about on silver cushions strewn about the floor. Low lights and soft music! Beauty everywhere, and perfumes so exquisitely blended the air became almost anesthetic to the susceptible.

And then I saw him! He was standing against the little bar in the buffet room, chatting with an older man. I knew him instantly. He was even more handsome than he seemed on the screen, his hair was so black and his profile so perfectly chiseled. Against the immaculate whiteness of his evening shirt, his skin looked very bronze. I stood breathless for a long minute, studying his face, his build, his every movement while he was quite unconscious of being watched.

Suddenly I saw Mary approach him. She wound her way through the crowd, got a place at the bar next to him and lifted her glass to his face in a toast which I could not hear. He bowed politely and lifted his glass to hers.

(Continued on page 104)

Next Month—Another True Life Story of Hollywood

"The Adventures of a Professional Escort"

The real story of a college boy in the midst of the most glamorous town in the world.

Only this Nail Make-up gives fingertips enduring charm

Costs less—wears longer. Chosen by Smart Women and great Beauty Editors in 8 capitals of the world

BEAUTY-WISE women all over the world enhance the allure of their most graceful gestures with Cutex Liquid Polish.

"The Italian woman... adored for her seductive Latin charm... quite naturally avails herself of this romantic new nail make-up," says Maria Carelli Mastrigli, of the Roman fashion journal, "Carnet Mondain."

"We brush it on smoothly, quickly... and in 30 seconds it has dried. Then for days it keeps our nails sheathed in crystal brilliance, without cracking, peeling or discoloring.

"And my countrywomen are glad to find that Cutex Liquid Polish contains no perfume. For we choose our perfumes as we select our gowns... to suit our personalities. But we choose our polish for its lustre. And the high brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish endures long after perfumed polishes are dull and lifeless."

Alluring fingers the world around are groomed by the simple Cutex method. A little booklet enclosed in every Cutex package describes the treatment in detail.

Give yourself this quick manicure once a week... then a few minutes' care each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely.

Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips, and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Only Cutex Liquid Polish has ALL these advantages:

1. Dries in 30 seconds. 2. Never cracks, peels, turns yellow or white. 3. Lasts a whole week. 4. Sparkles always with smart lustre. 5. Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK—LONDON—PARIS

Cutex Liquid Polish
Tips the fingers with romance

103
Behind the Screen Dramas

(Continued from page 103)

I FINALLY got over to them without seeming to rush things. Mary saw me and drew me to her in an effusive embrace. (That was also to show her beauty by contrast—ha, ha?)

When she introduced us, I couldn't utter a word. The handsome one looked at me from those wonderful eyes and suddenly extended his hand. I found myself grasping his hand and only wanted to know if some one had lived through it could understand the thrill that ran through me when my fingers touched his. Maybe I did hold on to his hand extra-long—I've heard so since—though I didn't realize it then.

No, you'd scarcely believe it, but he actually asked me to dance. Mary told me later he did it only to make her jealous. I felt myself in paradise as we stepped into the lighted room; his graceful body close to mine so that I could almost hear the beating of his heart against my own.

The music stopped, all too soon. He looked down at me and said, "Well, shall we have something to drink?"

I nodded, afraid to trust my own voice. "I brought you some punch," he smiled, displaying his beautiful white teeth, "for I'm taking only vichy with a dash of lemon. Working, you know, on the new picture, and my close-up shots are scheduled for tomorrow."

We chatted a while about the studio, and it was then I believed Mary was wrong in her opinion of this matinee idol. He didn't seem the least bit conceited. I thought he was marvelous.

In another moment, a slender brunette with eyes like turquoise gems had taken my movie idol by the arm and led him away to another group. He nodded to me as he left and lifted my hand in a little gesture of farewell.

I couldn't find Mary so I wandered out to the moonlit patio which descended upon a garden of shadowy palms and flowers. It was a glorious night, typical of southern California nights—a gentle mellowness in the air like the evenings of early Spring back home, a soft sky overhead cupped like a huge blue bowl above the earth. Myriads of stars twinkled golden in the sky and in the distance a waxy moon cast its enchanting spell over everything. Not a sound to break the lovely silence of the garden. I stepped down and began walking across the lawn to the arrow path near the swimming pool. From the house I could hear the soft, lilting strains of the Hawaiian music and I felt myself almost in another world.

I found a little two-some seat and sat there looking up at the glorious sky, content to be alone now because I had many thoughts—a few of a memorable night which would never come again.

I don't know how long I sat there dreaming, humming the words of the little song of romance to which the exquisite movie couples were dancing back there in the house. All I know is that from somewhere I heard a familiar voice, a voice which suddenly broke the spell when it whispered: "Why are you sitting out here all alone?"

Quickly I turned and my hand went to my throat to stifle the sudden joy and surprise which threatened to make me scream. For there, before me, in this gloriousspot of all places, stood the man of my dreams.

"Why, it's you," I breathed, getting up from my seat.

He laughed mirthfully. "Of course, did you think it was my double? I use him, now and then—but only in pictures."

He sat down and motioned me to take my seat again. I did so at once. "You haven't told me yet what you're doing out here all by yourself," he insisted.

"I wanted to get away from it," I told him, nodding toward the house, "just to roam around the garden and breathe in this glorious atmosphere. I love to sit all alone and think. Sometimes I believe I never was meant to be very sociable. I've always been that way. I like to read and to take long walks alone and try to think out things about life."

He turned and regarded me quizically for a moment. "You don't really mean that you prefer to be alone most

Here you have Greta Garbo done according to the principles of dynamic symmetry. This bust portrait was executed by Julian Bowes, New York sculptor. The bust is based on the proportions actually existing in the physical make-up of the famous actress. Because they are of such high order and coincide with the proportions used by Phidias, the famous sculptor of ancient Athens, in his statue, "Athena," Mr. Bowes believes that the proportions actually existing in the head of Miss Garbo are the most beautiful in the world.
of the time—that you honestly enjoy solitude and quiet contentment?"

I nodded, realising suddenly I was perhaps making myself out to be just a small town nobody who had never been many places nor had many thrills.

"I enjoy life, understand," I corrected myself quickly, "and I love to have friends. But I mean that this sort of thing, sitting out here alone and thinking, also gives me the biggest sort of thrill. I prefer it to that madcap whoopee back there at the house. Maybe I am just a misfit, I don't know."

He leaned over and his hand brushed mine for a minute as he picked up my chiffon handkerchief. Then I was sure he meant it, for his hand actually touched mine and in the next moment I found my arms being pressed tenderly close to my body as his gorgeous eyes swept my face searchingly.

"Dearest child," he begged, "tell me once again that you really mean that—tell me so I'll know it is true that there is one girl in Hollywood who doesn't thrive on thrills alone."

I looked at him intently and nodded my head. Slowly then, his lips touched mine as he took me in his arms, smoothing my hair back from my forehead and whispering the tenderest words any girl could hope to hear.

"I know, my darling, that I've found at last the girl I've been searching for," he whispered, "the girl who will honestly enjoy living far out with me on my lonely ranch—a girl whose eyes reflect more than shallow vanity. I didn't think I could ever find her in Hollywood. I've been looking a long while—looking for a girl who sees life with my own sense of understanding. I want you to marry me, darling before I lose you to some one else."

"But—but you don't even know my name!" I said, slightly dazed at this proposal.

"Right—but what's in a name? It's what's in your soul that I found—the sort of thing I've always been in love with but could never realize. Tell me then, what is your name?"

I told him they always called me Ellie, although I was baptized Helen.

Of course, I knew his name! The whole world knew it. That is why I couldn't reveal it here because you, too, would surely know who he is. And he wouldn't like that, for my handsome movie idol husband is really quite a sensitive soul with a personal hatred of all the glitter which goes to make a movie idol's life. Like me, he loves our house, our beautiful garden, which he had built almost in duplicate of the spot where we found each other's inner voice that memorable night.

Folks have often asked me since when my husband and I travel, just what a Hollywood party is like. I can only smile to myself when I think of what I learned at one Hollywood party—it was the age-old truth that men, though they be movie stars, adored by millions of women, are always looking for their ideal woman. That woman is usually as near as like the man's mother as he can find. Maybe the two generations of women can't be reconciled on looks, but the mothers of men have those qualities which are revered by little boys and which, quite instinctively, men look for when they mean to marry.
of throat and bosom, the high cheekbones that lent a suggestion of the Far East and—but no, the Up mouth was less generous and her eyes, instead of being brown, were a treacherous grey.

The suave noblewoman gurgled her way through the scene with one of these provocative accents that get a woman either choked or cherished. The very quaintness of her diction made it sound all the more attractive to American ears, and it was easy to see why she exerted more appeal than those obvious sirens as might be found in New Orleans or Nantucket.

"She certainly is voluptuous," sighed Chester as the action ended, and the Baroness posed sullenly for a few stills.

"She always gets the men," observed Lorna tartly. "One look, and they're off to tell the girl friends how to step up their lure. Well, thanks for showing me that necklace, but I don't care for diamonds this afternoon.

"Here, wait a second," said Mr. Dorset anxiously. "What about my invitation? I'm staying at the Beverly-Wilshire, and...

"For supper? Well—, all right, I'll take you up. You're new to Hollywood and you'll forget me after today, but I was going to dine at your hotel tonight, anyhow. Better run after your prospect, but don't breathe up to her like you did to me."

"Why not?"

Our dispositions aren't twins, that's why. Unless you've got a letter from the Department of State your cue is to be humble. I've heard it whispered that blood wasn't the only thing that was blue around her palace when the weather was flitting with zero, but she's right there with theritziness now. So easy go, and good luck Mr. Dorset." 

"Chester Dorset. Humble? Why, I'm from Bombardier and Co! On the Avenue since 1840, Miss Lorna Wedgewood. Yes, I know, but age doesn't mean a thing in Hollywood, unless you're selling some of those Vancouver vintages. Don't rile Yvonne, that's all. Au revoir until seven.

The mystified Chester advanced toward the suiple beauty who, figuring him still another interviewer, favored him with a scowl and backed away. For answer the jeweler snapped open the purple case, and in the midst of the 'ohs!' and 'ahs!' from the multitude, Baroness Up's eyes narrowed shrewdly. She beckoned imperiously, and Mr. Dorset trudged out of Stage G and over to her Elizabethan bungalow, where she oozed onto a day bed. Once in the proper pose she stretched out her hand.

"Give em to me," she commanded, rather than asked, and Chester silently passed over the glittering chain. The Baroness clasped it around her ivory throat and uttered little cooling sounds of rapture over an affinity that was more durable than mere flesh and blood.

"Part of the Russian crown jewels," whispered Mr. Dorset, reciting the routine that had been prepared for his firm by a writer of time tables in his spare moments. "Gaze into their depths—surely an artiste like yourself can see the frosted Mor.

"Pipe down!" snapped Yvonne, who had soaked up quite a stock of Americanisms. "Sacri cochon! You intrude my thoughts, so spik when you are spoken to, wise guy."

The emissary from Fifth Avenue subsided, raging inwardly.

"You, who are a tradesman," continued the star, "it is a privilege for you to be in my presence. Am I not ze Quin of Hollywood?"

"Look here, Baroness," gritted Chester. "This is America. I represent Bombardier and Company, and I'd like you to know that our gems are bounti-

The modern Du Barry struggled upward to a more dramatic posture. "Ah, you take me for ze sapphire! A fortune for a string of beads, says you, but no, not for zis baebe."

"But you are known to possess some very fine sapphires and rubies, worth even more," countered Mr. Dorset. "Otherwise I'd have approached someone else, but Mr. Klink, the president, told me—"

THE bungalow door opened gently and a publicity man inserted a curious head. Due to his pinkish-white complexion and beady eyes Mr. Wimple resembled a highly bred guinea pig, and now he seemed to nibble at an invisible lettuce leaf as he inquired; "Anything doing in here? Somebody told me you had a handful of diamonds big as olives."

Yvonne's pale grey eyes smoked with sudden aversion. "I'll give you a story in a minute," she told him, then turned back to her caller. "And do you think a beautiful woman wants her own jewelry?" she demanded. "Tell me, my little cabbage, do I look like a cripple?"

"Far from it; you're perfectly prepared for his

"Then pairhaps even you can understand how a count or a marquis might be happy to please my fancy with a

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The New Movie Magazine

The Morals of Hollywood

(Continued from page 35)

She presented my momentary smile. "Would you," she inquired tartly, "have young America return to the uncouthness of the hay-rack and bob-sleigh rides? Finesse in love-making" and her smile returned—"is what every woman needs."

Now, of course, I am not going to join the hue and cry against these changes in the artifices of life. They do not alarm me. As I see it, it would be hard to prove that these fluctuations in folk ways are against the social welfare—which, after all, is suppose, is one of the important tests of the unsoundness of any morality.

So far as "improving the technique of love-making" is concerned, may I say that I see no particular menace in that? The screen, through its Valentines and their feminine counterparts, is probably quickening the urge toward sex relationships. Perhaps romance is being forced to some extent. But there need be no serious social consequences in a sanely and justly organized society in which youth is guaranteed an adequate earning power and in which the institution of marriage is liberalized.

UNDER right conditions, the normal effect of the screen's elaboration of romance would be earlier mating and marriage and more children. I think the weight of opinion among eugensists is that the best time for married couples to have and rear children is in their twenties, and not in their thirties or forties as is becoming increasingly the case in our ruthless, inhuman machine age.

Even a casual observer cannot fail to note the greater comradery existing between young parents and their children. There is on the whole more patience on the part of the parents in such a relationship and a better understanding, due in large part, I think, to the fact that the standards of these parents and their children are not so widely at variance as are the standards of the middle-aged and their young. And, of course, if we are thinking of effects upon the family as a social unit the screen is not to be condemned at all if its influence is toward earlier mating. For earlier mating makes for longer and stronger relationships between parent and child, for an inter-weaving of interests that in the old days involved three generations.

(Continued on page 108)

Put New CLOPAY Shades all through your house and...

buy a lamp with the saving!

CLOPAY Shades cost only 10c each

Figure it out yourself

SUPPOSE you need twenty new window shades. At fifty cents each—the least for which even passable old-fashioned window shades can be bought—they make a $10.00 hole in your budget.

Then see the wonderful new Clopay Shades in your favorite five and ten-cent store. Good looking, Sun-proof, Fray-proof. Crack-proof. Put them at your windows. Cost $2.00. And you have $8.00 left for a gay new lamp or framed prints, or cushions, or whatever your home needs to give it more comfort and color.

Look up these Clopay Shades now.

They're wonderful. Thick, light-proof fibre fabric, they contain no filling to crack or drop out. Beautiful creped texture. Dull mat finish.

Smart colors. Green, tan, or tan faced with chintz patterns. Nice enough for any home. Indispensable for bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, sunroom and summer cottages. And so inexpensive you can have fresh shades, new color schemes whenever you want!

Not even any rollers to buy. Clopay Shades attach to your old rollers in a jiffy, without tools or tools. Remember the name—CLOPAY.

Every shade perfect and full size—36 inches wide, 6 feet long. Easily cut to fit smaller windows. On sale at leading department stores and 5 and 10-cent stores everywhere. If you can't find them, write us direct, specifying color wanted and enclosing 10 cents for each shade.

CLOPAY SHADE CORPORATION, Division Seinsheimer Paper Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Remember that you bought this magazine WOOLWORTHS You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month
Incidentally, I may say that the passing of the grand-parent, forced upon us by modern industry, appears to me to be a distinct social loss.

In none of the aspects of life that I have discussed do I regard the screen as a menace to morals. I do not, however, regard the "morals of Hollywood" as unassailable. They are assailable, in my opinion, and on quite fundamental grounds.

My quarrel with the screen is that it is so intent upon building up the "gros-samer fabric of unreality." It is guilty of false pictures of life—or, at least, of mere half-truths. Take the familiar example of the rich man’s mistress, for instance. A sincere study of this type, without the glamour with which the movies envelop her, could hardly hurt either adolescent youths or grown-ups.

For the truth would disclose the difficulties of her status. I am not thinking, in this connection, of the externals of wealth or economic security but of poignant inner realities, of the poverty of human relations founded solely on sex lure, of the ultimate failure of such lure and the total bankruptcy of spirit that often follows.

Why should the screen be afraid of Truth? The great art of literature and the stage is not. The spoken drama and the printed novel have made glorious contributions to general enlightenment, through which alone a better race can come.

I know that one of the answers is that the screen play must make its appeal to the "least common denominator" of social intelligence if it is to "pay." I do not believe it. And, besides, it is my belief that the average output of the films strikes below the intelligence of average audiences. Isn’t it at least indicative that one of the greatest box office successes of recent years "All Quiet On the Western Front," is by acclaim of the best critics one of the artistic triumphs of the movies?

I deplore the constant recurrence of the old platitudes—or rather, the shallow materialistic application of those platitudes to modern life. "Honesty is the best policy," therefore the "honest" youth in the pictures always winds up handsomely rewarded in wealth and social position. Things just don’t happen that way. Perhaps they ought to, but the movies have no right to misrepresent and tell people that they do.

"The wages of sin is death." They may be, but the movies’ illustration of the theme is infantile. The girl who "goes wrong" may not end a social outcast. On the contrary, she may ride to worldly pomp and power as the acknowledged wife of a dominant political boss or corporation magnate.

Why lie about these things? Honesty and chaste are standing on slippery ground if they have to be bolstered up with the cheap props of dollar success.

I HAVE to register my protest against this whole success propaganda of the movies—the never-ending dangling of the bait of wealth and social prestige before aspiring youth. As the movies see it, the full life is the life of entanglement with limousines, costly establishments running over with servants, gorgeous raiment, dazzling banquets, affairs with mistresses. It is the life of an inatitable thirst for what the late Thorstein Veblen called "conspicuous consumption." It is the life of speed, the physical sense of that word—it is utterly devoid of pose. It is the life of a "superior" caste affecting disdain of, or amusement at, the "herd." Its humor is the humor of snobbery that finds the hod-carrier and the brick-layer "funny" per se.

The full life of the movies is a life of childish boasts—it is proud of the "big-
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Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your complexion soft, clear and beautiful.
A Ringer for Royalty
(Continued from page 106)

"I'd never have recognized him with that makeup," murmured Chester. "No fashionable pallor left at all. Why, Miss Wedgewood, you look more like her than her own self, and yet your eyes and mouth are so much more human."

"Do you really think so?" smiled Lorna, feeling her heart give an unfamiliar skip.

"More than that, I think—" Lorna grew rosy with confusion. "Remember that people are watching me, and that we're expected to be aloof. Just be formal for now, but—I'd like to hear the rest tomorrow. Oh, I wonder what Yvonne's telling Vandy."

Across the room the unfortunate Mr. Klink resembled a prisoner at the stake as he listened to his biggest box office asset.

"But baby," he reproached, "you mean to say you wouldn't renew your contract when it expires in September just because I wouldn't pay a handsome ransom for a new one? You're too much of a lady to do a trick like that."

"That's justit," hissed Yvonne. "You make me be a lady by contract—no! You must afford me the same respect that lady's show in the beelteccusus or Vienna or Monte Carlo. Ahh, but you Yankee men are dumb!"

"You're not very cut up yourself," said the president, "seeing that when you first came over here you thought the subway was the underworld."

The Baroness waved an impatient hand. "True, I have one invisible nut who says I am his goddess over ze telephone in his letters, but he says he is no double pool for you! All you give me is money, but I need more zan zat." A sheen of tears overlaid the glittering eyes. "Oh, Vandy, don't you love me pairhaps a leettle?"

"Commercially, yes," stated Mr. Klink, "but sentimentally speaking, your hopes are a bit hazy, sweety."

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"But you are getting reech from my pictures, isn't it so? And I, Baroness Up, am ze only foreign girl who talks good American. Ah, you bluch—you cannot deny it! Zen what is a string of diamonds compared to publicity?"

"That's all you highbinders think about," groaned the president. "What good does it do a man like me to get rich, I'd like to know? Here I am being thwarted by the dames just like when I was trying to make the Bronx brasseier-conscious back in 1913—the shame of it!"

"Some publicity for me," admitted Yvonne, sensing victory, "but more, maybe. You think I'm not ze distin-guish-ed, ze generous—"

"You're crazy! If I should weaken enough to slip you the necklace, no—no! I'd have to know about it but you'd mean that Fifth Avenue gouger. Leave me alone with these celery hearts, now, or I'll give the newspapers your pass-port photograph."

"But no," cooed the Baroness, "you do not comprehend, Vandy darling. Zis
will be unique. For the first time in history a picture company will bestow upon a star outstanding services and excellent presentation. The pale grey orbs narrowed viciously. "Oszar, sope, peeg, I quit, and I bet you Galazy Pictures will be glad to get it.

A leer of relief spread over the Klink physiognomy. "I may wear spots, he confided, "but at heart I'm a gypsy—a sport, see? I'm not promising anything, remember, but suppose our directors agree, it wouldn't be good business to make the purchase too quickly. First we'll have publicity pictures of you and the necklace just as an apparatus. Then comes the announcement that Prismatic is going to reward you for your swell work, which'll make us look pretty magnanimous. We can drag that out over a week, and finally I'll hang it on you in front of the City Hall, providing you'll practice up on looking embarrassed. Come on, sweetheart, smile for Uncle Vandy!"

But Yvonne, knowing her males, preferred not to exhibit too much gratitude, and merely gazed somewhat wistful at the throng of dancers.

"Ah, zere is my stand-in," she trilled. "Almost, but not quite so beautiful as myself, and viz zee snotty person from New York. Peeg, lalala!" When he chooses to escort her because she is my very close double. I wonder what he says to her?

"You're so much lovelier," Mr. Dorset was insisting, "and you don't have to look like her in the least. Dye your hair red or yellow, forget that silly foreign way of dressing it, and you're the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen. Your eyes, your mouth... no, I don't care who's looking.

An hour later, after Mr. Klink and his slipshod companion had left the hotel, to be followed by a young lady whose manner of indifference seemed to have slipped, the word flew across that Up the exotic, the mysterious, at last had bent a well turned knee to Cupid.

SUPERVISED by the imaginative Mr. Wimple, the process of acquiring the frosted Moscow sunshine became as delightfully uncertain as the area of next season's bathing suits. With the flick of a pencil the publicity man multiplied their value, and an interested public awoke one morning to read "KLINK'S PALATIAL GESTURE TO COST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND," followed by a not too veracious account of the principals involved. The contemplated gift was, it seemed, only another example of Prismatic's beneficence, and the Fifth Avenue custodian called nightly upon the individuals concerned, and in the meantime that she might gloat over the bauble that had once chafed the neck of an empress.

The jubilant Chester Dorset sent enthusiastic telegrams to his firm and succeeded in selling numerous rings and brooches to other females whose envy had been aroused. Most of his spare time was spent with Lorna, and that unfortunate twin began to realize that the happiness denied her by Hollywood might well be found in a Long Island bungalow. She could overlook the weird names of some of the villages.

The week drifted by, and as "ROYAL JESTER, SUBSIDED ONLY BY YVONNE ULP'S BEAUTY" gave way to "ALL HOLLYWOOD AWAITS CEREMONY," the covetous Yvonne condescended to treat Chester as almost (Continued on page 112)
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A Ringer for Royalty

(Continued from page 111)

an equal. All went smoothly until the dynamic Wimple, desiring to interpolate a little suspense, came to bat with "WILL CURSE OF CENTURIES OVERAWE PRISMATIC?" and went into artistically perjured details concerning the tears of Yvonne at the chance of losing the necklace because of its newly discovered historical background luck. Then came "SALE HANGS BY A THREAD!"

Mr. Klink chucked approvingly at this master touch as in company with Mr. Dorset he watched his epatrate fondle the chain of mellow light at dinner that evening.

"Oh, Vandy, I kees you!" she declared. "Not only are you noble, but oo, so liberal just like Rockefeller.

"Lay off," grinned the president, his economical scruples having vanished at the outspun irritation of other studios. "You'll own this ice by Tuesday night, and in return maybe you won't blow up in the middle of any more pictures."

"Nevair," promised the Baroness, and after returning the diamonds to their guardian she entertained her guests with wisps of an autobiography that needed fire bricks for bookends. Then the gentlemen, hatless and preferring to walk home like true Bohemians, stepped into the fragrant darkness of Canyon Drive, and shortly after Mr. Dorset separated from Prismatic's president he became aware of a change in the weather.

The sudden surge and sway of a Japanese pine seemed to forecast a windstorm, then a vivid flash of lightning seared his brain, and the pride of Bombardier and Company found himself gulping on the concrete, held there, not by the vengeance of the heavens, but by a large and sinewy hand, while another pawed through his Tuxedo. There was a laugh. 

"Mr. Dorset squirmed in frenzy as he felt the leather case depart, then all went blank until he lifted back to consciousness in the hotel.

The gasping visage of Vandeveer Klink made him realize the worst. "Is it?" he faltered. "It is!" yelled Mr. Klink. "But I'm not wasting any sympathy on you because I'm the guy who needs it. A little throttling is good for you, at that. Say, I left Yvonne chowing the furniture and raving about it being a fake. She thinks I never meant to buy your beads at all, and now she says she'll walk out on me next month. She's coming in to see you, though, and maybe those bruises will convince her."

Mr. Dorset forgot his Fifth Avenue aplomb. "You're responsible," he rasped. "Why didn't you buy it at once instead of steaming up the publicity? And I'm not Exhibit A, so keep that gagger out of here. I want to see Lorna Wedgewood, so ring her up.

"He could have his pick of Hollywood, and he chums with stand-ins," said Mr. Klink wonderingly, as he made the call, and later, when he witnessed the meeting, he made a mental note to describe it to his favorite romantic director. Then annoyance replaced politeness.

"Never mind the mush," he grumbled. "Listen, can't you remember how this hold-up bird looked? Was he tall with red hair or short with a blue sedan? For the love of Yvonne's contract, be helpful."

"I NEVER even got a peek at him," snapped Chester. "He must have come from behind, for all I remember is a voice of garlic—why, what's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing, dear," said Miss Wedgewood breathlessly, but her brown eyes were kindling as she turned to the now-begone Vandy. "Do the papers know about this?" she asked.

A fat chance. D'you think I'm crazy to kill all that ballyhoo without a little private detective work? Say, I'd slip Yvonne a string of rhinestones before I'd let the other studios give me the laugh."

"You'd have a wonderful chance of getting her to go through with it. She thinks repression is something you do to a suit of clothes, so you'd better listen to me."

"I should take orders from a stand-in, hey? Well, I'm not that far gone and And I'm not, a stand-in any longer," flashed the girl. "You're listening to the future Mrs. Dorset, who has the full rights of her father's job, and incidentally, your face. You get Yvonne down here, give her a suite and lots of barneys, but don't let her go back to the bank in if necessary, until you hear from me. And please call Wimple at once and tell him what I say goes. Hurry, if you still want your dignity to pay dividends."

"Well, why not?" said Mr. Klink, lurching hopelessly to the phone and bumping his nose against the French receiver. "The whole colony is nuts, anyhow, except me. But what—oh, these women!"

The door had closed on a scampering Lorna and a flock of historical males had finished asking each other questions she was chattering into the large and flappS ear of the appreciative Mr. Wimple.

LAGUNA BEACH, that remote and quiet hideaway, had surrendered to the night. For one last triumph that moment the Pacific had sparkled like a burnished shield, dazzling the amber eyes of Miss Wedgewood as she strolled along the cliffs, then darkness blotted out everything save the luminous fringe of surf. She walked slowly, carrying an evening paper that announced "BARONESS DEFIES EVIL AS PRISMATIC WAVERS," and smiling a queer little smile of hopefulness. In her imagination the glow was peopled with phantoms, and then, as she neared the deserted bulk of Dana Point, there came a sudden rush out of the stillness, and two muscular arms imprisoned hers.

"How dare you!" she tinkled, somehow failing to struggle.

The arms relaxed, and a shadowy form knelt at her feet. "Ah, my goddess," it said huskily. "Those dandies shall not trick you, nor make you weep. I am poor, but I can serve you—look! Something swung in a shimmy and are as the heron, forever sprang upright, surrounded by an aroma of garlic."

"My diamonds!" cried Miss Wedge-
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Vol. XVII, No. 113

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Pyle, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., as aforesaid...

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are as follows:

Name: Tower Magazine Co., Inc.
Address: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Tower Magazine Co., Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of all bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the sum of all bonds, mortgages, and other securities held by or for the benefit of the owner, other than those named in 3, and the holder thereof are: None.

LAURETTA E. GALNY,
Notary Public, City of New York.
(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

More Amusing Hollywood Yarns by Stewart Robertson in Future Issue of NEW MOVIE
sirens lured men to destruction by their voices. Remembering this, the good god Cinema struck them dumb when first they came upon the screen. (That's the reason, my lRELEASE, the screen was silent so long.) But they soon got wise and him by working their havoc optically, and so he yielded to old debil Talkie and we now have double-barreled sirens. As a warning angel, I issue this list of the most fatal ones:

Ann Harding has soul in the face and It in the voice—what a bedebiling combination!

Jeanette MacDonald, vice versa, evangelizees you with the voice and devilees you with the eyes. (She has me on the rocks, good yachtman though I be!)

Greta Garbo, the smoldering mystery, has a tragic timbre as deep as her feeling, she smolders. (And there's smoke you know there is fire.)

Marlene Dietrich decays you with her beauty and when you are gazing unaware stealthily entrances you with a mesmeric voice...

"Ah, there's danger in your eyes, chérie—and in your voice aussi!"

The Svengalis: The strong silent man of the old days may be a falsetto failure today. Old debil Talkie has played debilish tricks. Voice is an eloquent revelation of man. Here are the rating Svengalis:

Richard Dix was vanishing in memory as "The Vanishing American," but in "Cimarron" he returns with deep-chested resonance and mellifluous strength.

Wally Beery of the agile mug was always a feature but he now booms on the shores of stardom.

Chevalier is the skylark of screen drama, and I doubt if any actor can surpass him in skylarkiness, but muted he would be just as fitted in a gilded cage, despite his optical dexterity.

Vampire Wives: I should sell that title to some movie producer—Siren Wives. Huh, huh? My theme would be that vampires make the best wives and I'd try to lure Theda Bara and Louise Glauum out of domesticity. They were the fiercest vampires that ever spider-webbed mankind. Theda has been married to Director Charles Brabin uninterrupted for many years and is seen occasionally at Beverly Hills parties. Miss Glauum is the wife of a theater owner and lives near her old wolf woman haunts, though few in the colony know it. On the other hand, some of their angelic contemporaries have married and gone to vamping with such fertility that their homes have gone the way of the Hesperis. Villains on the screens, heroes at home; most movie players are Jekyll-Hydes.

The Unconventional Nagels: I was quietly lasoosing myself with spaghetti in the Paris-Rome the other night when Conrad Nagel and Ruth came in. There has been long a fraternal bond between Conrad and me. We grip hands silently on meeting and recall with suppressed emotion how we dropped our first millions together in a Hula-Hula movie production. I knew Con and Ruth when they first came to Hollywood some twelve years ago. They were married then, and though most of their friends have been divorced several times they go on boldly ignoring the Hollywood conventions. It takes fortitude to go on radiating marital bliss while being held up to the world as a happy home exhibit.

"You'd think they'd feel ashamed being the. . . " I cut short my friend whose husbands change almost as rapidly as the hue of her hair. "Do you suppose it is just a pose?"

Well, if it is, it's original.

Is Hollywood Heaven? All the world is suffering depression save Hollywood. Maybe this is heaven, and the good goddesses real. Anyhow they are immune from worldly woes.

Constance Bennett is receiving three hundred thousand dollars from Warner Bros. for two pictures. This gives her a weekly wage of thirty thousand.

I, the Cortort gets a million dollar contract giving her seventy-five dollars a week for household expenses.

Ann Harding was able to banish the wolf when Pathe hiked her wage from fifteen hundred to six thousand a week with a promise of eight thousand soon. Star values shift as erratically as other stocks. You never know what you are worth when you sign the contract. Producers gamble as well as stars. Sometimes they buy up the contracts they gave out for a chance to make a picture with a star who has stumbled. And then the same star may turn round and make a hit. Corinne Griffith was not considered a great talkie star. Warners offered her two hundred and fifty thousand dollars rather than go through with a contract that would have given her six hundred thousand. Being a shrewd orchid she grabbed it, as shrewd orchids always do. She retired, studied voice and recently was offered a fat contract by another company to return. But Corinne is rich and prefers to sun herself on the Malibu beach.

John Gilbert made a great contract at a lucky moment and will receive a

Are you reading Herb Howe's crisp and brilliant comments upon Hollywood and the motion picture folk in The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER each month in NEW MOVIE? Mr. Howe writes only for NEW MOVIE and he is movieland's foremost commentator.
million dollars for four more pictures, despite the animosity of the microphone.

Greta Garbo, on the other hand, signed before her value was known and so pinchers along at four thousand a week. Her contract is up in a year and then she probably can claim a wage that would make Andy Mellon shriek. Providing she doesn’t decide to go back and buy Sweden with her present savings.

Will Rogers was getting five hundred thousand a year and recently signed for a slight increase—probably a million.

Novarro’s Bad Business: When Novarro signed his first contract with M-G-M, he startled the officials by offering to work for less than they offered the first two years in order to make more the last two. The officials smiledly agreed to that. Novarro’s friends wept over his childish business judgment. Contracts are optional. If he didn’t make good in the first two years he would never be optioned for the last two. “Get the money while the getting is good” is the Hollywood business policy. But Novarro made good and received five thousand a week for the last two years. He re-signed at a salary that commenced with seventy-five hundred per.

The movie business is a gamble, but it beats poker: You can’t attack the cards.

Young Boulevardier: I beached myself for a night with Adela Rogers St. Johns and husband Dick Hyland at their new Malibu place. They have a star in their home who is officially known as Dick Hyland, Jr., but generally called Boom Boom by his large following of fans. Boom Boom admits to the age of two. An athlete and modernist, Boom has embraced the nudist cult. We saw him romping the beach with a little neighboring siren his own age. Both were clad only in their coats of tan. Summoned, Boom was asked what he wore on the beach.

“My bathing suit,” said Boom stoutly, thereby proving he has inherited his parents’ gift for fiction.

“What did the little girl wear?” asked his mother.

Boom cogitated a moment and then replied: “Her stomach.”

The next time I go abroad Boom Boom will act as the Boulevardier.

Big-Hearted Hollywood: The charity of Hollywood is well known. A new example in generosity was set by a bride who on learning that the honeymoon was to be spent in Cuba, she decided that she had been to Cuba and so decided to send her girl friend in her place because her pal had never seen Cuba.

Hollywood Goes Mexican: California originally belonged to the Mexicans and it looks as though it would be re-claimed. The senoritas from below the line are doing much to re-establish the old charming customs in Hollywood. Gary Cooper, Mexicanized by Lupe, eschews the Hollywood drinks. He says the Mexican tequila leaves you without a head.

“Also without a stomach,” says I, a Mexican convert if there ever was one.

Foreign Menace: Mme. Chanel. Chanel has arrived from Paris and the headline read: FAMOUS COSTUMIER COMES TO L. A. TO DRESS THE STARS.

You leave Marlene alone, madam!
wealthy man, and knows enough politics not to think he can put in a lot of reform measures.” The same might be said of the sage columnist, Will. He doesn’t broadcast all his beliefs. At a dinner recently he suggested a surtax on big incomes to relieve the poor. If he had said the same in his column he might have been suspected of grandstand play. But the people who attended the dinner were pretty well-to-do, and yet none of them would have suffered more by a surtax than Will himself. “Suffered,” of course, is not the right word. Will doesn’t suffer that way. What touches him is the distress of the other fellow. You get the feeling about Will Rogers that he doesn’t love his neighbor as himself; he loves him more.

Over the radio Mr. Rogers said the government had done nothing to relieve drought sufferers. The twenty million dollar loan that was passed by Congress is mockery to a man who has no sense tricked to offer except his baby children. Some of our senators and representatives said as much. Will’s utterance was not a criticism of the government; it was a criticism of those who criticize and do nothing. If you listened to him you would feel more like digging into the sock, providing you had one unmortgaged.

In Europe they have long thought of Uncle Sam as Uncle Skylock, the money lender, a very important concept from their viewpoint, but now that our government is loasing the war their own bonus money we comprehend better. The pinched man is the one who squeals.

The mistake the Europeans make is in failing to distinguish between the people and the government. The American people are the most generous on earth—possibly because we are better fixed—but we are not as well represented by our government as by our individuals—for instance, Mr. Rogers. He made this clear in a good-humored comment at the time Mr. Hearst left. For a criticism of the German Govt. Will said, in effect, that the French individually have a fine sense of humor, as a whole we are a great people; that I11 feeling was created between peoples not by the people themselves but by their petty governments. His comment was printed in a Paris paper.

Will Rogers is our best representative abroad. The tolerance of his understanding has broken through bitter barriers. All great men reflect him and receive him. In a few bright lines he wrote the best interpretation of Mussolini I have read. It echoed the cry of Mussolini himself which I heard in Florence. The people were cheering “Viva Mussolini!” Mussolini raised his hand in the Fascisti salute and cried, “Not Viva Musolliio . . . Viva Italia!”

Will Rogers says he has never met a man he has not liked. That is hard for most of us to believe. It is easier to believe that never a man met Will without liking him.

Yet his disinterestedness lies the secret of compelling personality. No man is so persuasive as he who likes you. The gods are all-loving.

I INTENDED to write about several potentiates this month, but when I start thinking of Will I can’t seem to remember the others. Anyhow it would be unfair to drag out another male after Will Rogers. I don’t believe in closing a show with a dumb act. So I have looked over the ladies and decided that Marion Davies could stand up better with Will than any of the others.

It’s Marion’s liking for people that turns her trick. If I have never heard anyone express dislike for her.

I have the unhappy distinction of not knowing her intimately. I have attended only one of her parties. That’s almost a record. Most of Hollywood rooms and boards with her at one time or another. When she left for a vacation, a Los Angeles newspaper carried a line: “Marion Davies Leaves For New York—Thousands Homeless in Hollywood.”

She has an English brick residence in Beverly Hills and an enormous Georgian mansion on the Santa Monica beach. Both are usually filled to capacity. A flag floats from a pole in front of the beach palace. I am told she hauls it down when she doesn’t want to receive guests. It has been flying every time I have passed and looks pretty weather-beaten.

Charity seems the high-note of Miss Davies personality. You don’t have to know her to know about that. She appears to be a magnanimous person. By example and prestige she compels the others to think of others at Christmas time. This is quite a feat, and is as good for the stars as for the others. They are all required to do a turn in her benefits.

Her name has been made a beacon of charity. Last Christmas she entertained fifteen hundred children at dinner on her studio stage, which was converted into a wonderland of toys. She burdened them with gifts and provided an entertainment beyond the dreams of the poor little children of the rich.

She took over the entire Burlington Hotel to entertain the world war veterans. During the evening she went around meeting them personally.

Her public example is more valuable (Continued on page 118)
Turned Down by Griffith

(Continued from page 57)

hadn’t been released. Nobody in Hollywood had ever heard of him. United Artists was busy with Pickford, Fairbanks, Colman, Swanson—and they overlooked young Mr. Morris just out from New York.

The contract expired. The option wasn’t renewed. Still “Alibi” hadn’t been released.

Morris went to see Roland West.

“What do I do now?” he demanded.

“Sit tight,” said West. “I’ve got ideas, but it’s not time for them yet.”

So he sat some more. In the meantime, he was getting down to bed rock financially. One morning early he added up his bank balance—he’d been trying to ignore it—and discovered he had two hundred bucks. Just enough to take his wife and himself back to New York.

At nine the phone rang. They were going to preview “Alibi” at ten. Chester Morris went.

Fade out. Fade in on Chester Morris’s bedroom early that same afternoon. The afternoon of that “bad day” on which he almost left Hollywood forever. Action—young actor packing as fast as he can pack.

A telephone rang. Young Mr. Morris jammed another shirt into his suitcase.

LISTEN, Kid,” said the voice, “this is your old friend, Roland West. You take the extra pair of socks out of your pocket and put your toothbrush back in the bathroom. Prepare yourself to have dinner with Mrs. West and me.”

“No,” said Morris.

“Why? What in heaven’s name is the matter with you?”

“I saw that picture ‘Alibi’ this morning.”

“You did not. You only saw half of it. You walked out when it was half over. What kind of a way is that to act?”

“I couldn’t stand any more. It was terrible.”

“Maybe it was,” said West, “but a lot of folks don’t think so. You were all right. You gave a fine performance.”

“Then why didn’t they take up my option?” yelled Morris.

“They never do,” said West. “Not the first time. It’s a social error to take up an option the very first time.”

“Yeh?”

“I must talk to you,” protested West. “When?”

“Tonight.”

“I’ll be on my way to New York,” said Chester Morris.

“I’ll be right over,” said West.

He came, saw and finally conquered. He signed Chester Morris to a personal contract. Since then, this young stage actor has climbed by leaps and bounds into public favor.

Now he’s glad he stayed. He likes Hollywood. He and the wife, a pretty, devoted non-professional, have a lovely home in the foothills, two children—a boy two-and-a-half and a tiny new baby girl—and they think Hollywood is a great place.

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TOWER BOOKS INCORPORATED
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Hollywood's Hall of Fame
(Continued from page 116)

than the money she spends. But her charity is not all public by any means. A girl I know was suddenly taken ill. The doctor said she must go to the mountains for a long rest. The girl hadn't a penny. In desperation one of her friends told Marion's secretary. A few days later the girl was in the health resort the doctors advised.

A neighbor's boy home from military academy was telling of one of his buddies: "He's a swell kid—and do you know, they say Marion Davies is putting him through."

Thus one aspect of Miss Davies is a sort of legendary Lady Bountiful.

She has the Irish wit and sympathy that beguile you. Like Mabel Normand in this, as well as in reputation for kindness, she insinuates herself into your confidence and affection.

I lunched with her one day. Some one had persuaded me of the benefits of an orange juice diet. Anyhow, I was nobly abstaining from all other foods. Marion did not approve. She was almost maternal in her clucking over the probable effect upon my health. When I left I contained soup, salad and innumerable chops. She's a gentle mesmerist.

She ate rather well herself. Good food and laughter comprise her diet for a good disposition. She loves laughter, has the native Celtic genius for invoking it. "My stomach sticks out terribly after lunch," she sighed, patting herself comfortably. "The director complains. He can only take closeups of my face after lunch."

On our way to the stage Miss Davies was stopped by a feminine celebrity, who drew her aside.

"That woman causes me more trouble," said Marion on joining me. "She is always fighting the studio executives and getting fired, and I have to get her back again. This is the third time she has asked me to fix things up for her."

Marion herself thinks the executives are swell. Trust that colleen to get her own way without fighting.

It is the fashion now to extol Miss Davies. She's the queen of Hollywood. A few years ago it was considered smart to make cracks about her acting. True, she was far from being the comedienne she is today, but she didn't merit all the criticism. Certain phases of her temperament were against her as an actress. For one thing, she suffered from a feeling of inferiority.
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"I endured agonies of shyness," she told me. "I guess you would call it inferiority complex. Possibly that is why I forced myself to go on the stage. I was determined to overcome it."

Marion used to stutter. It was rather charming with her piquant beauty. She still stammers when embarrassed but she is not as self-conscious as formerly.

When Marion made her picture in New York she was almost a recluse.

"I never went to parties," she said. "I only felt comfortable with my sisters. When I came to Hollywood I made up my mind to get over my foolishness. I like people and I surrounded myself with them. Now I hate to be alone. I particularly like people that make me laugh." She finds plenty in Hollywood.

WHEN we returned to the set, Miss Davies excused herself to go into a scene.

"Now I have to stand up there and cry," she said. "I think there must be something the matter with a person who can weep for no reason."

I expected to see an assistant rush up with the glycerine. But to my astonishment the tears welled into her blue eyes and flowed as from a breaking heart.

"What's the matter with you?" I demanded when she came back. "What makes you cry so easily?"

Her reply was characteristic Irish. She said she was thinking of how much more money another star made than she did.

"How much does she make?" I asked.

"Eight thousand a week," said Marion."

"How much do you make?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I make fifty thousand a picture and fifty per cent of the profits."

"What's the matter with that?" I said.

"There aren't any profits," said Marion sadly.

Her comedy is as straight-faced as Buster Keaton's. There may not have been much profit on her pictures at that time. She was just past the turning point of "Little Old New York" on the way to her present popularity. Today the actress who she facetiously claimed was the cause for her weeping is out of the business, and Marion, I'm told, gets more per picture than any star on the lot. Well, she can't make too much to please us kiddies who attend her Christmas parties.

HER clowning conceals a sensitive nature. With her face still dewed with tears, allegedlly induced by thoughts of money, she told me it was the desire of her life to help others and avoid capital punishment. I believe she called this her "hobby."

There is no posture of saintliness in Marion's charity. She is not bribing heaven with her acts. These outward gestures are the reflex of an inner kindness.

Her personality is a warm radiation. Call it "sympathy," Tact and insight are its attributes. These combined with a sense of humor make her great company.

Marion is so generous with her ability to do favors, so appreciative of any conferred on her, that in paying her tribute a man is liable to suspect his own motive. I frankly admit that the thing that finally won me to join her army is her hobby to end capital punishment. One never knows!

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The New Movie Magazine

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what life held for me, I wouldn't have believed a word of it. I have had a great deal of luck."

"I'm sure it's not fair to call it luck," I said. "You've worked very hard. You've given the best of yourself to the things that came to you. You have exercised control and mentality and not allowed yourself to be messed up by this peculiar place we live in, which is more than most people can say. Sincere effort deserves reward." "Oh," she said, "as to that, so many people make a great effort, and honest effort, and don't get the reward. So much good work is done in the world and yet if luck is not present, it doesn't get anywhere. I have been lucky."

"THERE is a very general opinion," I said, "that none of it has been luck, or chance, with you. That you have ordered and directed your life and laid and carried out your plans with the greatest forethought and efficiency."

Norma Shearer flushed vividly. I liked that flush. It disturbed the almost classic perfection of her features, but it was a real and honest thing. It somehow opened a channel of communication between us.

"I wonder why people think that about me?" she asked, rather wistfully. "Perhaps it's the way you look," I said. "You always look so poised and self-possessed. I've never seen you when you didn't seem to be in charming command of any situation."

"But it isn't true," she said. "It isn't true at all. It is because I don't go leaping about, because I don't do funny things, or get into rough houses? I'm just not that kind of a person."

"But as to this—ordering my life, calculating my moves."

She leaned forward. "Shall I tell you the real truth? I didn't plan my film career. I wouldn't have gone into pictures if I hadn't been broke. I didn't marry Irving Thalberg because he was the big executive of the company for which I worked and because together we might do bigger things than either of us could do alone. I wouldn't have married if I hadn't been madly, deeply in love. Loving him as I did, I would have married him if he'd been out of a job altogether. I didn't plan to have a baby—between contracts. I had a baby because—it happened and I wanted one.

"That is the absolute truth."

"I try to control my own character. That is important to me, as a person. With the world the way it is nowadays, I feel we need to know ourselves, to build our resistance to life's essential madness."

"But I haven't all this poise people talk about. Naturally, I don't go around and tell everybody how I feel about everything. I am not violently temperamental outside, because working my way up I had to learn to control that emotional violence. Otherwise, I would have been dispensed with immediately."

"I SUFFER agonies of shyness. I face every new picture with fear and torment. When I go on the set with a new director, I am scared to death. "I don't like emotional scenes
in public, I resent them. When they were kind enough to give me the Academy award, maybe I didn’t look moved and excited. I tried to show my gratitude, my appreciation. Should I have said aloud what I was thinking—that I myself felt that Gloria Swanson in ‘The Trespasser’ and Ruth Chatterton in ‘Sarah and Son,’ both deserved it more than I did? Wouldn’t that have sounded silly and affected?”

“You deserved that award,” I said. “We all thought so. Your part in ‘The Divorcee’ was a new and very subtle one. It required great finesse. It was such a leap ahead for you as an actress.”

“I am torn between two alternatives in my work,” she said. “I want to be a fine actress. I want to do everything I do as well as I can. And I don’t know just which way to go. I suppose I could study more, work more, take lessons in enunciation and speaking lines. I am afraid to. Because I believe with all my soul that spontaneity, that flame which makes any work come alive, I believe an audience can feel sincerity. I am afraid if I study too much I will lose spontaneity and that seems to me more important than any amount of polish and technique. Do you know what I mean?”

I did. I told her about a long talk I once had with Charlie Chaplin about that. I had come to the point in my own fiction writing where I was conscious of what I was doing and how to do it, and I felt that my work was stale and dead in consequence. I asked Chaplin, the great artist, how he faced the problem of wedding technique and spontaneity.

“I do it mentally.” Chaplin said. “I always try to put myself back in the frame of mind, the emotional state, that I had when I made such early pictures. Always I try to think and work spontaneously, feel a little unsure, get a little upset, and let the technique take care of itself. When you drive an automobile, you think of that particular road, those other cars, the scenery, the possible motor cop—and let the actual shifting of the gears, the steering, putting on the gas, be automatic.”

I TOLD Norma that. She nodded. It struck me that she looked little and girlish as she sat there in gay green and black pajamas. I had forgotten that she is a little thing. Her superb carriage gives an illusion of height. In reality she is only a little over five feet.

“Yes, I see that,” she said. “But it’s difficult to do. I aim at it. But I want my work to be real, alive, sincere, even if there should be ragged edges.”

She was thoughtful, her eyes narrowed.

“Planned! Ordered!” she said. “Did anyone in the world ever live a more carefree life than Irving and I? We don’t own a house. We don’t own anything. We don’t want to. In Summer, we can take a house at the beach. In Winter, we move back when we feel like it and rent a place. When we go on a vacation, we don’t know until an hour before time to leave whether Irving can actually get away or not. We pack and dash.

“Our dinner hour is anywhere from six to ten. We may be alone or we may have two or four last minute guests. We both hate to stop hours. We never make engagements ahead if we can (Continued on page 122)
help it, because sometimes when those engagements arrive they are just the very thing you don’t want to do on that particular night.

“We try in every way we can to make our lives flexible and free.

“T’ve remember when I first came to M.G.M. to work—long before Irving and I were in love. I used to get home for dinner at eight or nine sometimes. My mother didn’t like it and she finally called the studio. She said, ‘Mr. Thalberg, couldn’t you please arrange that Norma gets home on time for dinner?’ Irving said, very politely, ‘Mrs. Shearer, won’t you please arrange that dinner time is when Norma gets home?’

“I understand Irving’s work and he understands mine. That is why we are happy. He can’t regulate his days. Neither can I. We don’t want to. It’s much more fun this way.”

We had finished lunch. Norma curled up on a window seat. She looked more like a deb than a mother. Motherhood has softened her. It seems to me often that the young unmarried girls look harder, older, than the young married women who have fulfilled their destiny.

We talked babies for a while. I have always admired Norma, as a person, as a beauty, as an actress. I never felt her lovable until then.

“Wasn’t I lucky to have a boy?” she said glowing.

Later, we went back to her work.

“You know how surprised everyone was when I made ‘The Divorcee’? It was so different from anything I had done. Everyone said I had deliberately planned to start a new line of pictures, to do a new type of rôle.

“Do you know how I got that part?”

I didn’t. I had wondered. I had given Norma a lot of credit for selecting just that, and for the daring it took to make so radical a change. I had wished that Mary Pickford and Clara Bow would have as much courage—or as much opportunity—to do new things.

“This is what happened,” she said.

“I made a sitting of pictures for a photographer named Hurrell. They were to illustrate a special magazine feature in which I was supposed to represent the different phases of woman—you know. The spiritual, the flesh, motherhood—all those things.

“In those that were to represent the flesh, I wore a metal negligee and had my hair dressed differently. We had some wild music playing and I did my best to look wicked and abandoned.

“The pictures came through and I was really startled. They looked so different. I took them to Irving. He studied them carefully. I said, ‘That looks like the girl in “Ex-Wife”—that was the book from which ‘The Divorcee’ was made. He said, ‘Maybe you could play that part.’ I was crazy to do it. It was something new dramatically, for me. So—I did it. If I hadn’t had those pictures taken it would never have occurred to me that I could do it and I know Irving would never have seen me in it.”

“Are you trying to prove to me that you aren’t smart?” I said. “You can’t do it.”

“I’m not trying to prove that,” she said, and laughed. “Most women are intelligent enough nowadays. I’m trying to prove that I haven’t just played chess with my life, that I’m not calculating and careful. I’m trying to show you that I know I’ve been lucky and that I’m grateful for the luck I’ve had. God has been very good to me. My work—my husband—my wonderful baby. I’ve been blessed and I—I hope I deserve it.”

As I went out an enormous, cream-colored town car was standing in the drive.

“My goodness,” said Norma Shearer Thalberg, with a funny little smile, “and I’ve got a Rolls-Royce, too. I forgot about that. Once, if you’d told me some day I would have a real Rolls-Royce I’d have been awfully thrilled and excited and incredulous. Now—it’s nice. But it doesn’t seem very important. Except that Irving gave it to me and it’s nice for the baby.”
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