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Screen Mirror
The Magazine from Hollywood

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Hobnobbing in Hollywood with Shelly Ford

• ONE OUT of a hundred visitors to Hollywood ever hears of the Assistance League. Not more than one out of five hundred ever visits the place. Thus four hundred and ninety-nine sight-seers and star-gazers miss a thrilling experience.

The Assistance League is the soft spot in Hollywood’s reputedly hard heart. It is the film colony’s pet charity and to be active in its affairs is a mark of social distinction.

The Assistance League, housed in three rather disreputable old residences facing the back wall of the Fox Studios, operates a dining room, a thrift shop, a woman’s exchange, a day nursery, and a parking lot.

The whole affair is conducted by the wives of famous stars, directors, and film executives. They cook, wait table, mend old clothes, and make a lot of money at it. The money all goes to help Hollywood’s unfortunate. The receipts, incidentally, are paid in by the stars, directors, and executives who patronize the place. The luncheon hour at the Assistance League resembles a Who’s Who convention of Hollywood.

One of its worthiest works is the operation of the day nursery. Film mothers who work in the studios as extras, seamstresses, etc., leave their youngsters there, assured that they will receive the finest care any child ever had.

• JOHN MEDBURY, the well known columnist, officiated as master of ceremonies at the opening of “Morocco,” at the famous Chinese Theater in Hollywood—and the result was plenty of nifties.

For instance—John noticed all the stars arriving in their big cars and remarked that there was an abundance of Rolls Royces. He said that he couldn’t afford such an expensive automobile—but he had his Chevrolet trained so that it back-fired with an English accent.

• WILLIAM POWELL, now at work in “Ladies Man” after a long rest and a European trip, was visited on the set by an old school mate who is now pastor of a small midwestern church. The reverend friend was mildly complaining about his lack of attendance at the morning services, whereas on Sunday evening, when a motion picture was shown, the church was filled.

“Your problem is easy,” Powell declared. “Advertise your morning services as ‘All talking—All singing,’ and you’ll get a crowd.”

• METRO - COLDWYN - MAYER studios used the premier of “Min and Bill” at the Carthay Circle Theater to good purpose. Realizing the interest of such an event to the outside world—they made a sound picture of the gala occasion. Frank Reicher, well known actor and director, supervised the filming, and the finished picture will be released as “Remote Control from Hollywood.”

• SPEAKING OF “Min and Bill,” the premier was a grand night for Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. Scores of world famous celebrities attended the showing as a tribute to this popular pair. Each visiting personage autographed a sentiment to Marie and Wally in a beautiful tribute book that was placed in the forecourt of the theater. All in all it was a swell affair for a swell pair.

• GET THIS! The Ohio censor board the other day barred a Mickey Mouse cartoon because it showed a cow reading a copy of Elinor Glyn’s “Three Weeks.” Imagine what they would do if the screen displayed a close-up of “The Specialist.”

• RADIO’S GREATEST need, according to Jack Oakie, is a trap-door in front of every microphone. Oakie said he heard an El Brendel—who has made an accent pay. With the coming of talkies, many of our acclaimed stars had to pack-up and catch the first boat back home. But El, with his Swedish dialect—is making his funny talk carry him to stardom.

Obviously Miss Bow believes in the presents—what with all these packages—and Clara is some prize package herself, believe you us. The "It" girl’s next picture is titled "No Limit," and, oddly enough, it has a gambling theme. We, along with Clara’s many other fans, hope that the ensuing year will be a banner one for the tifian-haired beauty. May "No Limit" clean up for Clara and win her scores of new followers—personally we’ve betting on her. Nobody can hold a candle to Clara—except Miss Bow herself—as this photo illustrates.

Photo by English
love and bess wishes

- Cute Bessie Love's number is one nine three—In case you want to know! Bessie is wishing each and every one of you a happy and prosperous New Year. If everyone had her winning smile, old man D. Pression would just naturally run for cover. We in turn hope the coming months will bring more fame and fortune to Bessie, whose cheery personality and peppy antics have long been a boon to pictures.
A Stranger in Hollywood

who has captured and conquered the heart
of the motion picture industry and is
designed to become a sensation of the cinema . . .

She is all women in one

. . . Mysterious . . .

Alluring...Inscrutable

. . . Marlene Dietrich

is a flaming Meteor

on a starlit Hollywood

horizon.

by

don byron

been Hollywood's beautiful mysterious
stranger not because of any voluntary
aloofness, but because Hollywood itself
delights in casting an aura of romance
about itself and those things which interest
and concern it. It likes to pretend it does
not understand. It likes to feel that there
are hidden meanings in bold glances, that
there are secrets to be discovered between
spoken or written lines.

Marlene Dietrich is a stranger because
she fails to understand Hollywood. That she
says, frankly and calmly. Hollywood twists
this around to mean that Miss Dietrich
knows all, sees all, and Hollywood fairly
aches to know her real opinion.

"Many of the women of Hollywood are
aware of the fact that they are well-
gowned," she explains. "The town is dis-
tinctly clothes-conscious. As for jewels, I
never saw so many in my life. Half the peo-

wide set and unwavering. Her voice is
magnetic; a warm, mellow note which
she uses as a flutist uses his reed.
Without seeing her, one could tell that
hers is the voice of a beautiful woman.

Sound recorders at the studio have
remarked that this voice lends itself
almost perfectly to their purpose.
First of all Miss Dietrich has long
been accustomed to the micro-
phone; not in a motion picture
studio, but in the phonograph
laboratories. She has sung many
songs for phonograph records and
these discs have achieved tre-
mendous popularity throughout
Europe.

It is understood that an
American company already
has made a flattering offer
for her recording of songs in
English.

Marlene Dietrich has

* Gary Cooper as the
Legionnaire and Mar-
lene Dietrich as the
dancer are the two
principal characters in
"Morocco," a story of
life and love in a
country of flaring pas-
sions and smouldering
hates. The pic-
ture was directed by
Josef Von Stern-
berg, who is the
discoverer of Miss
Dietrich.

* A STRANGER is the talk of Hollywood.

A stranger who has given the thrill-lov-
ing motion picture colony more to admire
and more to envy than any personality since
Rudolph Valentino crashed through to be-
come a one-day sensation.

She—for this stranger is a woman—is
the exotic, glamorous, mysterious, talented,
and surprisingly beautiful Marlene Dietrich.

Such adjectives need explanation. Ordi-
narily they might require an apology. But
not when they are used to describe this girl
of the Continental background and the Con-
tinental up-bringing.

Pick up any motion picture magazine as
you have this one. The chance is nine to ten
that Marlene Dietrich's lovely features will
grace its cover. No actress who has come to
Hollywood within the last five years has
created such a stir among editors, critics,
artists and the general initiate as she.

It has taken Marlene Dietrich but one
picture to reach her present commanding
place. She was an actress on the Berlin
stage when "discovered" there by Josef von
Sternberg, an American director who had
gone there to direct Emil Jannings' first
all-talking picture, "The Blue Angel." Von
Sternberg, under contract to Paramount in
Hollywood, urged that his company retain
her when he returned.

She came to Hollywood. Von Sternberg
directed her in "Morocco" with Gary Coop-
er, and she became an immediate sensation.
So great, in fact, that "Morocco," largely
because of her beauty and inspired talents
as an actress, has been chosen to play an
unlimited run in the world's most exciting
motion picture theater: the famous Grau-
man's Chinese in Hollywood. Only those
pictures that are really great are shown at
this exclusive house.

Marlene Dietrich is the daughter of a
German army officer; a girl who has had
every advantage of position and training.
She learned English and French when she
was a child. She is a talented musician, her
works as an author have been printed, her
ability as an artist is more than ordinarily
good.

By nature she is friendly. She also is
amazingly frank. Outwardly calm, at
the same time she gives the impression of a
consuming energy held in check; an inward
fire that manifests itself only in the sudden-
ness of a gesture, a direct and rapid stride
across a room.

Her eyes reveal nothing. They are the
most striking feature of her perfect face—
ple I meet, away from the studios, appear to be on display. It is not their fault. Rather it is the fault of the attitude held toward Hollywood. I have the feeling that the people of Hollywood themselves, within themselves, resent the glass-house atmosphere of the place. Goldfish must despise their bowl."

Marlene Dietrich revealed herself to Hollywood when she went on location for filming of certain scenes in "Morocco," her first American picture. The company went to Guadalupe, California—a bleak, wind-swept stretch of coastal desert where the constant chilly gale from the sea has piled up huge dunes of fine, white sand.

It is a region dodged by settlers. Nothing will grow there. Even small animals and the ordinary desert reptiles avoid it. The days are cold, even in summer time, and the nights are colder. The wind is relentless.

Yet Marlene Dietrich loved the place; loved the feeling of combat with nature that it inspired in her; was reluctant to leave it when the scenes were completed and she and Gary Cooper, with their company of workers and players, were forced to return.

Hollywood cannot understand anyone who likes to go out on location. Generally such trips are looked upon as the last word in hardship. But Marlene Dietrich, the stranger, was happier there than she is in her Beverly Hills home.

Perhaps it was the novelty of the desert that intrigued her. As a reigning favorite of the European stage, with audiences acclaiming her in Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, everywhere she appeared with the Reinhardt company, she knew the cities only. Such holidays as she had were brief weeks snatched at some fashionable watering place, or days spent in some Alpine resort. She loved it, for she saw not desolation, not wastes of sand, not jagged expanses of volcanic rock, but the beauty of nature unadorned, primitive and cruel.

Marlene Dietrich's attitude toward Hollywood is far from being her attitude toward its work. She has a tremendous interest in all phases of motion picture making. This interest takes her beyond the artistic side and into the great complication of technical details.

She has far more than a layman's knowledge of the camera, of studio lighting, of set design, and story construction. She is one of those extraordinary women who have almost a masculine bent for acquiring facts about all phases of the mechanics that enter into work in which she is concerned.

Studio workmen recall one instance when von Sternberg was called from the set during filming of "Dishonored," her second picture following "Morocco." Von Sternberg, as he left for the short time his business would take to transact, instructed Miss Dietrich to supervise rehearsal of the scene that was being prepared. When von Sternberg returned the cameras, players, and lights were all ready for the action to be photographed and recorded. Each phase of the rehearsal had been carried out to perfection under Miss Dietrich's expert guidance.

This remarkable woman is really remarkable only before the cameras. Away from them she is so quiet, so unassuming, so exquisitely dressed in modest good taste, that she would go unnoticed except for the very definite magnetism of her personality and her calm, alluring beauty.

Her clothes-choice has made her the envy of every woman in Hollywood. She designs and superintends the making of every piece of her private wardrobe and her suggestions are respected in the design of her clothes for her pictures. Simplicity is her keynote. Dark colors are her passion, particularly black.

Her humanness is strikingly revealed by her collection of good luck dolls—strange little cloth things with shoe-button eyes, dangling arms and legs, and golliwog ancestry.

She has had this collection of dolls ever since she started her professional career, and has added to it gradually. She wastes no affection on them. She just keeps them; some in her home, some in her dressing room at the studios, and occasionally some with her on the set, where they are in full view of the cameras.

The favorite dolls have been photographed with Marlene Dietrich in some one or more scenes of every motion picture she has ever made. She will continue to have them appear with her, she says. To forget them would be to invite all sorts of misfortunes. And she smiles that enigmatic smile; the smile that Hollywood fails to understand.

Here is a woman who has caught Hollywood's fancy, piqued its curiosity, aroused its interest, stirred its imagination, filled to the brim its Pandora's box of the strange and the new. The syllogism follows: that Hollywood, the world's most difficult proving ground for tests of this sort, proves by its unprecedented interest in this stranger in its midst that she will literally take the outer world by storm.

If Hollywood turns its head as Marlene Dietrich passes by, the country at large will simply stand agape in her fascinating presence.
Keep your eye on this young fellow. He's going right ahead and one of these days will find him at the top of the heap. Frederic March has given top-notch performances in every picture in which he has appeared. His happy-go-lucky composer in "Laughter" was a superb piece of acting and "The Royal Family" will reveal him as the younger member of a famous acting trio. The latter picture is an adaptation of the famous stage play, and Ina Claire and Mary Brian appear in the cast.
Charming Marguerite Churchill is the type of girl whom we all know. She may be your sweetheart or she may be your sister. Her rise in pictures has been steady rather than phenomenal. Her sweet and sincere performance in "The Big Trail" has added new names to her growing list of fans. Raoul Walsh gave her the coveted role of the pioneer girl after he had searched the entire industry and given tests to hundreds of aspirants. But her performance rewarded his faith, and now Fox Pictures have nice plans for Marguerite, who is a nice girl and deserves them.

beauty of "the big trail"
unusual announcement come over the air a few nights ago. It seems that there was a man wandering around Hollywood with the mind of a child of five. The police were requested to apprehend him as the child's parents wanted the mind back.

- SHE IS beautiful ... she is mysterious ... her eyes tell you that she has lived ... she is the talk of Hollywood ... her first picture will be sensational ... she is all women in one ... at times she resembles at least ten different stars ... she is not temperamental ... she is an accomplished musician ... she has written short stories ... her name is Marlene Dietrich and her first American appearance will be in "Morocco."

- GEORGE BANCROFT has turned reporter. As his next picture is "Scandal Sheet," a tale of newspaperdom, George decided he had better brush up on some newspaper work. So he hied himself down to the editorial rooms of the Los Angeles Examiner to absorb some printers' ink. He went on several news beats with the boys — and even attempted a news story.

It was pretty bad — but the editor said he had seen worse. He didn't say where.

- ONE BATTERED old klieg light; a hissing, sputtering veteran of many motion pictures, has become somewhat of a Hollywood personality. At least it has an identity.

It is light No. 159 at the Paramount studios. All studio lights are numbered for purposes of inventory. Light No. 159 all but blinded Ruth Chatterton when she had her first screen test made; the test that gave her her part with Emil Jannings in "The Sins of the Fathers," and ultimately her studio contract.

Now, No. 159 is used on all Ruth Chatterton sets — at her request. With it goes Frank Johnson, the electrician who has always attended it.

- HOLLYWOOD IMPRESSION: Light corned trousers ... a white sweat shirt ... bedroom slippers and white woolen socks ... hair plastered down and glistening wetly ... who is it? Jack Oakie — of course.

- WILL ROGERS observes that many men who think they are in the public eye — are really only cinders. Speaking of Will — the Fox Company is predicting that "A Connecticut Yankee," which stars Will, will be one of the greatest comedies ever made.

- EL BRENDEN tells the one about the vaudeville actor who became stranded in Chicago and finally decided to go to work for a gangster.

His first assignment was to go out and bump off three members of the opposition gang. When he came back his chief inquired as to how he had fared.

"Boy! I slayed 'em," the hoofer replied.

- NUPTIAL NOTES and Court Chatter:

John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband, is going to try double harness again. This time it's with Mae Clark, that clever little actress who is under contract to Fox Films. It is rumored that the Virginia Valli - Charlie Farrell romance has cooled off. Clara Bow told the district attorney some things regarding her ex-secretary, Daisy Devoe. The result was a warrant and a possible felony charge. Thelma Todd and Ivan Lebedeff are rumored slightly ga-ga about each other, Polly Moran denies that she and Bill Haines are secretly engaged. John Whiting is keeping company with June McClay. Gloria Swanson has been seen publicly several times with the same man — he's a Detroit millionaire. Lloyd Hamilton has been working steady and consequently is up on his alimony.

- ARTHUR (The Great) SHIERES, baseball player and embryo pugilist, has decided to drop "The Great!" from his name while he is in the cinema capital.

"Here in Hollywood it sounds very ordinary," he said.

- THIS IS positively the last time we will mention miniature golf courses. It seems that a picture man spent twenty thousand dollars on an elaborate course and opened with a big splash.

Along came three days of unusually brisk California weather and not a soul came to his links.

The fourth day he closed up and posted a sign in front, "Opened by Mistake."

- THE CARICATURE on this page doesn't resemble a dashing sky-rider — yet it is.

For Wallace Beery is a licensed transport pilot. The holder of this type of license is required to have over 500 hours in the air — and Wally has many more than that amount.

Wally has a Travelair cabin-job, Wasp powered. He is constantly making long trips, taking friends along with himself as pilot. He has never had a crack-up. His brother Noah made a special landing field for Wally at their famous mountain resort.

- Oftimes motion picture executives are the objects of much ridicule at the hands of newspaper columnists. The writer has the whip-hand as the producer cannot afford to fight back. Yet one of the larger studios is planning to get even in a novel way.

They are going to make a picture in which a newspaper columnist is one of the chief characters — and in the last reel they have him murdered.

Alas, poor Winchell, we knew him well.

- THEY'RE TELLING the one about the actor who went to a preview of his first picture — and came out so puff-ed up that he couldn't get into his Austin.

- SUCCESSFUL CAREERS have always produced books and autobiographies regarding them. Many of our famous stars have had books depicting their early struggles and whatnot, written about them.

With the coming of talkies and their attendant test of abilities, the situation has somewhat changed. Many of the old timers have been supplanted. At any time now we may expect to see the book market flooded with such tomes as "Ex-Director," "Ex-Star," and "Ex-Yes-Man."

- Here's old 'Bill,' hismelf, of "Min and Bill," as portrayed by Wallace Beery. This jovial looking cuss is one of the prime reasons for all the trouble in that highly diverting picture. Maybe 'Bill' has 'It.'
Kay in Drab Gingham Versus an Alluring Velvet Gowned Kay

Blonde Kay Johnson and Brunette Kay Francis Fight for Red-Headed Charles Bickford

by Eleanor Parker

either dreamed of being in Hollywood. They played together in the same plays on Broadway.

But it was "The Passion Flower" which brought them together for the first time in Hollywood. One Kay, as the loyal wife, and the other, Kay, as the home-wrecking siren, fought a battle royal over a mere man—if you can safely call Charles Bickford a mere man—and renewed a friendship.

They are very much alike, these two girls, although one is a pale gold blonde and the other a deep, dark brunette. Both are tall and slim and poised and very, very charming.

"We leave our jealousies and enmities on the set," Kay Johnson smiled as the two girls lounged together. "When we leave the stage, we forget that we're fighting for the love of a red-headed man and just enjoy each other. It's so much fun to be working together again after all these years."

"And we don't try to steal each other's scenes," Kay Francis laughed. "That's the real test of our friendship."

"I know better than to try to steal any scenes from that young lady," Kay Johnson ate a hearty bite of fruit salad smothered in whipped cream. No matter how many calories the slender Kay eats, she gains not one extra pound. "There is no use in attempting the impossible."

"Thanks for those kind words, lady," Kay Francis waved a piece of buttered Melba toast in the other Kay's direction. "Those are my sentiments, too."

"You'll have to admit it's pretty tough to work in competition with someone like Kay," Kay Johnson said, looking from the plain gingham of her dainty, little house dress to the exotic luxury of Kay Francis' black velvet evening gown. "The only advantage which I have is that I wear the wedding ring."

They were speaking of their screen problems, of course. Kay Johnson's husband, otherwise known as Charlie Bickford, having left her and his little ranch home that morning to adventure in Paris with Kay Francis that afternoon.

"But the funny thing is that the gingham-and-wedding ring combination usually wins out in the end," Kay Francis admitted, wise with the wisdom of many screen black velvets. "There is something lasting about gingham. It can be kept so fresh and dainty. While black velvet crumples and musses so terribly easy."

"A steady diet of either one would grow very monotonous," Kay Johnson added. "The wise woman is the one who wears gingham and velvet with equal ease."

"Yes, but they're so rare," Kay Francis sighed, "and, after all, if you were forced to choose between three meals a day of ham and eggs and the same three meals each day of caviar and champagne, you'd pick the former."

"But once in a while, when you were eating your steenth hundred meal of the ham and eggs, with strong, black coffee on the side, you'd find yourself wishing for just a taste of the caviar. That's only human." As Kay Johnson spoke, you knew that, with her, the eggs would become an omelette with mushrooms and the ham would be baked in sherry.

The two Kays finished their salads and looked at the commissary clock. They walked out together, school-girl-wise, black velvet and cool, green gingham.

Of course, Charlie came back to the ranch and the gingham. But not until after he had had his fling with Paris and the velvet.

While he ate the caviar, he probably remembered the dash of sherry in the brown crisp-ness of the ham. Most men do.
a derisive derelict

That virile man of the powerful laugh seems to be giving someone the well-known horse-snicker. And well he might—for George Bancroft is powerful enough to back up his guffaws. He practically ruins a gross or more of men in every picture. George's current picture is "Derelict," a gripping tale of the sea, with George even combating the elements. In a one-man battle with a typhoon we'd be inclined to place our money on Bancroft, who has had such excellent training in scores of encounters with gangsters and gatling guns. A slap from George's mighty mitt would knock a tidal wave silly.
a pretty xmas carroll

• Nancy's on top of the house—and the world too, for that matter. Because Miss Carroll is rapidly becoming one of our foremost screen stars—in drama, comedy, or musical comedy. They're all the same to versatile Nancy—she fills a role as well as her shapely limbs fill a pair of silk stockings—and what we mean—that's being well filled. The past year has disclosed Nancy as a foremost dramatic actress. "Devils Holiday" revealed in her a histrionic depth not previously sounded in her screen appearances. "Laughter" again brought forth a dynamic dramatic force that the casual observer would never dream that this beautiful possessed. All of which proves that Miss Carroll is beautiful—most assuredly not dumb. Her next production is "Stolen Heaven" and it's a foregone conclusion that it will be a heavenly picture—with Nancy stealing the honors. Nancy, by the way, is a former chorus girl who has made good in a big way. As for that matter she can still step with them, as musical pictures have proven. But Nancy yearned to do dramatics—so she started pestering producers to give her a chance in legitimate roles. She finally succeeded and it was in the title role of "Chicago" that she attracted the attention of motion picture executives. She started her upward climb in silent pictures. With the advent of sound Nancy went-a-zooming—right up to the top.
"Oh For a Man" reveals the strange ways of a woman in Love
by beverly blackford

Love Comes to an Opera Star and Imagine!
It's For a Burglar

- WHAT IS personal magnetism?
-In other words, what is "IT"?
Just suppose you were a beautiful and brilliant opera singer. Suppose you had been courted by some of the world's most eligible bachelors. Suppose you had put love out of your life, sacrificing everything and anything that might interfere with your career.
And—then——
One night after you had triumphed in a Wagner opera, you went home at once to avoid the crowds teeming about the stage entrance and had retired—when——

A burglar comes in through your windows to steal your jewels—and——
You fall in love with him!
Do you think your reaction would be due to his personal magnetism?
The burglar, we will say, was rough and ready—egotistical. He was good looking, of athletic build, and had an idea he, too, could be an opera singer, if given the opportunity.
The opera singer gives the burglar the opportunity he seeks but he does not "click." He becomes disgusted and declares he is going back to the ancient trade of burglary.
Right then and there, Jeanette MacDonald—Eve—the opera singer, does a first-class job of tempting Adam—Reginald Denny, the burglar.

"No, you can't do this thing to me—you can't," she says.
"Why not?" asks the burglar.
"Because I can't live without you," says the prima donna.
"What're you driving at?"
And here is where the eternal Eve says—
"I love you and I want you. Don't leave me, darling."

And Adam takes her in his arms, looks at her intently, and queries: "Well, kid, where do we go from here?"

"I want you to marry me—I want to be yours—all yours—and I want you to be mine!"

There is no accounting for tastes, especially from the feminine angle and love is a strange thing. No one knows any more about it now, than they did in the time of Adam and Eve.

"In the play the opera singer and the burglar are married," said Jeanette MacDonald. "She simply cannot resist him. She even gives up her career for him to spend a honeymoon in Italy. He is rude to her, he treats her rough, he humiliates her and yet she is simply wild about him. Isn't that just like a woman?"

"I enjoyed playing Carlotta Manson—that is the singer's name—more than any other role I have done for the screen. She is so human—so very much the willful, temperamental artist and then she becomes so meek when she falls in love. The squabbles, the mental tempests the two of them have in adjusting themselves to married life—all that sort of thing was intensely amusing to all of us on the set."

"Mr. Denny, whose character name is Barney McGann, speaks with a brogue—he's hard boiled—and when he called me 'kid' and 'baby' in the scenes, we all had a hard time of it to keep from laughing. It is all so foreign to the real Reginald Denny. Incidentally, he gives a splendid performance."

And Reginald Denny, who was standing nearby—it was at Fox Movietone Studio, and they had just looked at the last "rushes"—said, with deep conviction:

"And, just wait until you see and hear Miss MacDonald. The role she plays gives her her greatest opportunity to date to reveal and emphasize her beauty, her allure and her versatile talents. She sings two golden numbers.

"I want to say, too, that we had a jolly time making the picture. Just fancy such a situation as a prima donna, who is an idol and an ideal, too, forcing her manager and the opera impresario to give an audition to a rough-neck burglar! It is satirical in its treatment and sophisticated—very much so. Hamilton MacFadden, our director, has done such a fine job that we are certain he has hung up a new record."

So—it looks as though "Oh for a Man" is destined to revive the perennial questions:

"What type of man does the average woman like best?"

"What is personal magnetism?"
Who knows?
THREE VOICES... three faces... three personalities—Ruth Chatterton, in "The Right to Love."

For a most exacting task has been given this "first lady of the screen" in her latest picture. It is to portray a triple characterization, the first essayed by an actress since the arrival of talking pictures.

Miss Chatterton has long been noted for the variety of her characterizations. Even in her legitimate theater days it was considered an unusual jump from the cote heroine of "Come Out of the Kitchen," to the dramatic 'Iris March' of "The Green Hat."

Her picture debut was in the silent pictures "The Sins of the Fathers," which starred Emil Jannings. Her role in this was a most difficult one — a bawdy woman of the streets, without character or soul.

This type of character was a long jump from her recent role of 'Kathryn Miles' in "Charming Sinners," one of her first talking pictures. In this production Miss Chatterton appeared as a loving wife, impeccable in both appearance and character.

In "Madame X" and "Sarah and Son" Miss Chatterton gave two widely different and superb delineations of mother love. For genuine appeal these two portrayals have not been surpassed.

Again, in "Anybody's Woman," she impersonated a woman of doubtful past—but who, nevertheless, possessed fine underlying qualities and emotions. Her portrayal of this woman's regeneration was both beautiful and convincing.

Now, in "The Right to Love," she will offer not one new characterization—but three. Three separate and distinct personalities—with their individual hates and loves—with their different mannerisms and characteristics.

It is a task that many actresses would not relish— and some would not even attempt. But not so with Ruth Chatterton. She relishes the opportunity of doing something new— of accomplishing something new in the realm of acting.

Ruth Chatterton believes that "The Right to Love" is the severest test of her dramatic skill of all the pictures and plays in which she has appeared. It also offers her a remarkable opportunity to add to her laurels. It seems to us that three Ruth Chattertons in one picture would be trebly entertaining.

The early sequences bring Miss Chatterton to the screen as a young girl. The scene shifts to a period nineteen years later when the same character has reached middle age, and has an eighteen-year-old daughter.

The dramatic climax of the picture, in which both mother and daughter appear, is managed single-handed by versatile Miss Chatterton.

"The mother and daughter of the story resemble one another in features only," asserts Miss Chatterton. "The mother's voice and gait will convey the tragedy of a drab life. In this character my voice will be dull, pitched at a monotone, because this woman has lost the very incentive that keeps the high notes of enthusiasm in our words. In complete vocal contrast, the lines of the daughter will range high, at times, tremulous, because youth always has or should have a hint of laughter in its voice."

The details of movement and posture are difficult problems, according to Miss Chatterton. She holds the movements of the daughter to a rapid rhythm, played against the background of the mother's dragging steps.

The mother is permitted no mannerisms in Miss Chatterton's interpretation. The daughter is endowed with a few gestures of coyness, for Miss Chatterton contends that coquetry is instinctive to feminine youth.

Youth is also portrayed in the opening sequences, but Miss Chatterton draws a fine shade of tempo between youth in the year 1890, and youth of the modern day.

"The first characterization, although one of youth, only slightly resembles that of the daughter," declares Miss Chatterton. "This girl is slower to smile and laugh than her modern descendant. She is very sincere and serious, and I allow her to be quite sentiment, a becoming trait in young people of that generation. Her gait is rather studied and lacking in freedom. She is coy, but not with the sophisticated success of the young person in the latter scenes of the production."

There is a triple background for the three characterizations of this picture. The first role is portrayed against the setting of the middle-western wheat belt, the second is enacted in the ranch-country of Colorado and the dramatic climax of the third character is reached in the sensuous color of a Chinese garden.

Another unusual feature of "The Right to Love," is the fact that Miss Chatterton uses three different leading men.

As the young belle of 1890 she is courted by David Manners, that pleasant young chap who scored so heavily in "Journey's End."

Their's is a beautiful love—set amid the romantic surroundings of that period. A baby daughter is born—and then tragedy enters to blot out two happy lives. Tragedy—that denies them "The Right to Love."

Ruth Chatterton Describes
The Way to Portray
Three Different Ages

by Wesley Hale

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all
dolled up

And with some place to go — for little Marjorie White is headed for film fame and fortune. Marjorie is that little blonde vixen who romps through “Just Imagine” and other Fox Pictures. She can sing and dance — and what’s more — she can act. All of which means that Marjorie is going to get somewhere — and we don’t mean perhaps. She is waving the White flag with great gusto and movie fans are snapping to attention. And if you want a lot of fun — don’t fail to hear Marjorie warble that priceless ditty, “Never Swat a Fly.”
Ramon Novarro is a star of silent days who has successfully bridged the gap of talking motion pictures. By concentrating on stories with Spanish themes, Ramon has proven his versatility by making both English and Spanish versions of his pictures. Furthermore Ramon has complete charge of his foreign film translations; he adapts, directs, and stars in them—which is some job for a young foreigner who was an extra some years ago. It is rumored that the young Mexican's ambition is to turn himself wholly to directing in the near future, but his tremendous following will hardly let this come to pass—that is for at least some years to come.

Photo by Hurrell
Marlene Dietrich brings an utterly new, different emotional genius to the screen in her characterization of the woman of mystery, a strange, intriguing cosmopolite in a city peopled by “citizens of the world” in “Morocco” which introduces her to a waiting world. Hollywood is getting its first charming revelation of her superb artistry at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre.

There is an elusive feminine charm about Dietrich which immediately captivates all who have reveled in her exceptional work in this, her first American production.

Gary Cooper, as the soldier of fortune for whom this heroine forsakes all, has one of the most fascinating roles of his entire career. His sophistication of his Legionnaire Tom Brown, makes him an instant favorite.

The suave Cooper proves his skill in adapting himself to the role, which is well suited to his position of success.
That Paramount Pictures have a star of the first magnitude in Marlene Dietrich has been conceded by all those who have witnessed her initial American performance in "Morocco." Here is another study which reveals the amazing range of personality with which this actress is gifted. Hollywood has acclaimed her as a new, charming, favorite of rare emotional genius!

Dietrich has already become known as the composite of the Great in feminine beauty and artistry. Every mood of her gorgeous personality reflects a different beauty.

The unfathomable workings of a woman's heart may be set down as the theme of the story which reveals not only the artistry of Dietrich but also that of her director and discoverer, Josef von Sternberg, who discovered her on the German stage.

Adolphe Menjou as an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all means, was an actor by all mean
FITZGERALD'S invites you to come and "listen in" on the radio of the future . . . the new 1931 Brunswick now here!

You will see and hear an instrument so far ahead of the times that it clearly forecasts the greatest development to be expected for many months to come.

A choice of handsome cabinets, built with the same care and craft as the finest furniture, and each definitely designed to harmonize with any home setting. Easily available to you on Fitzgerald's low terms.

CALL NOW, OR PHONE US FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR HOME.
bard of beverly

Humorist — Movie Star — Cowboy — and America's Ambassador without portfolio—in other words, none other than our old friend, Will Rogers, intimate of royalty and idol of screen fans. Will's latest is "Lightnin," a talkie version of the famous stage play. It is a role that fits the genial Rogers personality like a glove. His next will be a picturization of Mark Twain's immortal "A Connecticut Yankee," another choice entertainment morsel that will be looked forward to eagerly by a world of Rogers fans. Between writing, acting, flying, playing polo, and making lecture tours, Will finds time to enjoy his beautiful Beverly Hills home and his marvelous family.
Eddie Quillan—Pathe's pet punster—whose laugh provoking antics have disclosed him as one of the most popular of our younger screen comics. Eddie's latest picture is called "Big Money," and the cast includes two other excellent comedians, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Eddie's long training in vaudeville—with other members of the large and talented Quillan family—has stood him in good stead since the arrival of talkies and Pathe plans great things for the able youngster. Eddie, by the way, hails from Philadelphia, though he calls Hollywood home now.
what hoe!
mary

What a cute gardener Mary Brian would be — particularly in this charming outfit. Mary is cleaning up the yard and in pictures as well. Her latest role is in "The Royal Family," in which she troupes with two of the best, Ina Claire and Fredric March. Mary is one of Paramount's Prettiest Peaches and is one of the chief reasons for a lot of bad grades in our colleges. The rah-rah boys have declared that Mary is their favorite and she is the unofficial mascot of thirty-six football teams. Imagine how the boys would fight for dear old Siwash — with Mary on the sidelines.

Photo by Bredall
the man in
"the new moon"

Lawrence Tibbett, who scored a sensational success in "The Rogue Song," will next be seen in "The New Moon." Grace Moore, another recruit from the operatic world, will be seen opposite him in this swashbuckling romance of princes and peasants. Jack Conway directs the picturization of the famous stage hit. The production is declared to be of the same high caliber as "The Rogue Song," and will further establish Tibbett as a talkie favorite.
Sad Story of the
Fungus and William Haines

by

eleanor packer

Now I've got to tear out my whole living room and build it all over again." The gang was sympathetic. Everyone knew what that living room and that house meant to Bill.

You see, there are really two Bill Haines, the gay, wise-cracking Bill of the studio and parties, and the quiet, home-loving Bill of the big, white house in Hollywood.

The latter is the real Bill. The former was a personality, built for showmanship purposes and developed into pseudo-reality.

A few months ago Bill moved out of the home he owned in a quiet Hollywood street and redecorated and rebuilt the house from top to bottom. He made it into a veritable treasure house for his collection of antiques and rare pieces of art.

There, in this house, he entertains his friends with the hospitality of the old South which is born and bred within him. There he lays aside the wise-cracking Bill of the studio and becomes a young man with one all-consuming hobby, the collection of antiques to be placed in the spacious rooms of his home.

Bill is no embryo collector, either. He is particularly an authority on Early American. His period furniture is the envy of many fanciers. Being from an old family of Virginians, Bill is an expert on the history and authenticity of Colonial furniture.

Polly and Mary and John and the others left him there in his chair in the corner. Left him to speculate upon the weakness of all man-made things, such as rosewood panelings, when faced with devastating forces, such as fungi.

So the young man with the handkerchief around his neck sat, quiet and undisturbed, until it was time to remove the linen square and become the glib-tongued young announcer of "Remote Control."

But when you see him in the picture you will never think that Bill was worrying about a fungus. He's still the same self-assured, wise-cracking Bill, presiding over a radio station. He won't seem sad—but still there's the fungus.

He was probably making you laugh—with tears in his eyes.

* "Remote Control" presents our favorite cut-up—William Haines—as a laugh-provoking radio announcer. Assisting in the fun-fest of static and sweetness, are Polly Moran, Bonny Robin, Mary Doran, and Roscoe Ates. Boy! Don't fail to tune in on that program—you'll die laughing.
"The Princess and the Plumber" features Charles Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan as the two principal characters in an intriguing love story laid in a romantic Balkan Kingdom. As you might guess, Charlie is the plumber, and Maureen is the beautiful princess. Of course we are not allowed to tell you how everything comes out—but such a situation cannot help but be most interesting and amusing, you will agree.

His "best girl," as nearly all of his friends know, is his mother, Mrs. David Farrell. She was the first to visit the home he built in Hollywood and she stands first with him in all his affairs. She arrived in Hollywood last year just before Christmas, with Mr. Farrell, from their home in Onset, Mass., and she is still enjoying her son's hospitality. He wanted her to remain with him and take charge of the home.

"The girl in 'The Princess and the Plumber,' " as played by Maureen O'Sullivan, is a charming type," said Charlie. "She has spirit and a love of romantic adventure. When we first meet in the picture, I think she is a peasant girl and she thinks I am a duke.

"When she finds out I am not a duke, she shows quite a bit of temperament, but that makes her all the more interesting, because she has already shown a marked fondness for the duke. We thoroughly enjoyed our work together in the picture, which has a number of clever situations."

Yachting is Charlie's favorite pastime. He owns a forty-foot yawl which he named "Flying Cloud," after the famous old Flying Cloud of Cape Cod history. He spends practically every week-end on the boat cruising mostly around Catalina Island, and is generally accompanied by Kenneth McKenna, also a New Englander, and quite as fond of ocean-sailing as Farrell.

Conversation returned again to "The Princess and the Plumber."

"Oh, yes, we get married at the finale," said Charlie in reply to the inevitable question—"Did you get the girl?"

"But I'm not going to tell you how it happens that an American boy marries a foreign princess and lives happily ever after— even though her father thinks she is marrying another chap. Right before his very eyes, too. That's romance, isn't it?"

Asked the type of girl he would care to marry in real life, Charlie said:

"To be perfectly frank about it, I don't know. My ideas have not assumed definite form... yet."

"But—the type I would NOT care to marry is the girl who endeavors on any and all occasions to impress one with her superior education and her advanced thought and culture. She is the type of girl with the superiority complex, who makes a fellow feel mighty uncomfortable with her smugness—no matter what his own education, training and culture might be. She is a new type of girl, I believe.

"When love comes to me—and I trust it will some day—I will be better qualified to give my views on the subject. I am not and never have been a boy with a dream-girl complex. I know when I like a girl. It is always the personality that impresses me first. She may not even be good-looking, but if she is sweet—not sickly sweet—and wholesome and clean-thinking and clean living... then I know I like her... but I have not yet fallen in love."

---

Charlie's Impression of the Right Kind and Wrong Kind of Girl

WHAT TYPE of girl do I admire?" echoed the popular Charles Farrell in response to the question.

"Mostly one with a sense of humor. One who has an agreeable disposition. One who talks intelligently and is interesting. One who has that quality of character we call a pal," he said, after giving the query some thought.

"I like a girl who can play golf or tennis with a fellow, or go sailing with him, and be ready to read and talk over a current book or a play—one who understands and enters in to the spirit of recreation and also of social activities, but does not become sentimental.

"If a man can find all these qualities rolled up in just one girl, he's lucky. And received exactly 6041 letters from admiring fans. And that is just one week in the year. He has many such encores in the run of the calendar.

---

By Frances Deane
the precious prodigal

It's good news to the fans of the world that Janet Gaynor and the Fox Company have patched up their differences and the little star will return to the fold of the company that discovered and raised her to stardom. Her first picture since her return will be "The Man Who Came Back," in which she will be teamed with her former partner, Charles Farrell. The pair have the added good fortune to be under the direction of Raoul Walsh, creator of "The Big Trail" and numerous other successes. Little Janet looks pleased about the whole affair—and so are we.
sweet
swedish smile

Yes! We agree—that this is a most unusual picture of glamorous Greta Garbo. The mysterious Garbo seems very happy over something. Maybe it's because she has scored so heavily in her first two talking pictures, "Anna Christie" and "Romance." Or—maybe it's because "Inspiration," her next release, is an excellent production. Anyway—whatever it is it's nice to see Greta smile. Personally, we think that she looks doubly charming. Clarence Brown directed her first two talkies and also wielded the megaphone on "Inspiration," which insure the production the finest directorial efforts.
Wherein one finds that Dumbness Pays... as Related by one who Knows
by troy orn

• GO TO college and learn to be dumb! That—believe it or sue us—is the proverb preached by Stuart Erwin, that puzzling looking young fellow that amuses you so much in Paramount Pictures.

Imagine! Going to school to become backward. The idea was preposterous—and we hinted as much.

Didn't everyone go to college to become brilliant and all that? Or at least they went to join a fraternity and get a raccoon coat. But to go to college to learn to be dumb—it was ridiculous.

Why, such theories would shake the very foundation of this nation's scholastic structure. It might cause the obliteration of universities—and then where would Wall Street get its bond salesmen.

It was downright mutiny and we told young Mr. Erwin so.

Then Stuart began to enlighten us, and we sat there wearing a superior smile as he unfolded the following amazing tale:

It seems that Stuart has not always been dumb!

On the contrary, as a youngster he was considered most brilliant. In fact at the age of five he, single handed, pulled over a whole library case on himself.

His parents immediately took this act as an indication of a latent literary ability, and for several years hence you would usually find a writing manual clutched in his chubby little hand—as he sat through three shows at the movie.

When he was ten Stuart and some of his cohorts practically wrecked a nearby building that was in the course of construction. His folks-trusting souls that they were—saw in this an omen of their offspring becoming a brilliant architect. Thereafter one would notice young Erwin diligently studying architecture—of backstage theater doors.

By the time he had finished high school Stuart was an authority on everything—pertaining to stage and screen. Still his dating parents were insistent on his becoming a successful professional man, and prepared to ship the pride of the family off to college.

Stuart pleaded with them—but they were adamant. They knew their son was brilliant, hadn't he displayed it at various times throughout his life?

True, they didn't know exactly what he was best fitted for—but he had showed a tendency towards so many different things that college was bound to bring his chief underlying ability to the surface.

Stuart was desperate. He had his back to the wall. He decided to risk all. He confided to them that his one consuming ambition was to become an actor—and then things started-a-poppin'.

His mother swooned and his father swore. And the result was that Stuart was soon on his way to college.

It was then and there, Stuart said, that he decided to go to college and learn to be dumb. He knew that he wanted to be an actor—and he also knew that his chances of becoming one were slight if he showed progress in the higher halls of learning. Consequently—Stuart started playing dumb.

And from then on, according to Stuart, the University of California never had a dumber student. He became a campus tradition—and there was some talk of matching him with the inept collegiates of other colleges.

His grades resembled a poet's bank balance and with fiendish glee Stuart forwarded them home to the folks. This lasted for a year, and when Stuart went home at vacation time he meekly asked the folks if they would consent to his becoming an actor. With a resigned air they assented.

Then Stuart went on the stage and essayed to portray dashing juveniles. But his collegiate training played him dirty tricks—and he was soon constantly cast in the dumb roles.

But he was a wow in them and along came the talkies and grabbed him. Now Stuart practically steals every picture he is in, and his salary is twice that of a bank president.

He may not be the dashing hero and invariably win the girl—but he wins the laughs and the movies always hold a cherished place for anyone who can make the audiences chuckle. Just Stuart's appearance on the screen is the cue for smiles of anticipation of the situations they know his dumbness will lead into.

His next picture is "Along Came Youth," in which he shares honors with Charles Rogers—and everything points to eventual stardom for Stuart.

In "Along Came Youth" Stuart is not only dumb—he's also nearsighted. It's easy to imagine the hilarious happenings that take place when Stuart loses his glasses.

He and Charles Rogers portray two young Americans who are stranded in England. They hire themselves out as chef and butcher on a large estate. Of course, there would be two beautiful girls there—Frances Dee and Betty Boyd—and the resultant amusing mix-ups are fast and funny.

Go to college and learn to be dumb! It sounds silly.

But maybe we're wrong.

Anyway Stuart's not so dumb!
A ROMANCE which was born and bloomed and never died in the dirt and filth and welter of waterfronts and fishing boats.

That's the romance of Min and Bill. Min was fifty and more. Her uncombed hair straggled across her weather-beaten face. A dingy black skirt and a checked flannel waist covered the broad girth of her figure. But she was Bill's woman.

And Bill. He, too, was fifty and more. He reeked of fish and wharves. His sparse hair knew scratching fingers rather than combs. His trousers were forever threatening to escape their restraining rope and to depart from the dingy graveness of his uncollared shirt. But he was Min's man.

Their romance was real romance, lasting through thirty years until Min was led away beyond prison gates.

Marie Dressler is Min, Wallace Beery is Bill. For many weeks they lived their romance in the dinginess of the wharves and of Min's sailors' hotel.

And like all true love, their romance did not run smoothly. Another woman came into Bill's life. This woman was slimmer than Min. Her hair was curled and brightly golden. She wore cheap, bright silks and cheap, soft furs and long strands of cheap, glittering beads. She caught Bill's eye and Min's wrath descended upon them.

Marjorie Rambeau is this woman, Bella.

The eternal triangle came to life on the waterfront. It was just as stark and real a triangle as if it had been lived in a perfumed boudoir instead of in a rat-infested, shipping-village hotel. And it ended with a smoking pistol in the shaking hand of a middle-aged woman, Min's hand.

"Well, you can say what you please," Bill said one day in Wallace Beery's best manner of emphasis, "I wouldn't be a star for any amount of money. All the boys who were real stars in the old days have drifted into oblivion. While the lesser lights are still carrying on and earning a damned sight more money than the stars, themselves, used to earn."

Both Min and Bella agreed with him, Min nodding her head wisely over a white sweater as she was knitting, Bella agreeing over a book.

"Being a star is too much responsibility," Bill went on, whistling a stick of wood he picked up from the floor.

"You're just plain lazy, Wally," Marie remarked, remembering to count her stitches as she talked. "That's all that's the matter with you, laziness."

"Maybe you're right, Marie," Bill was in a very amiable mood, whistling and whistling under his breath. "I'll play any kind of a part they give me, as long as it's a decent part, but I'll be darned if I ever want to carry the weight of a whole picture on my shoulders."

"Neither do I," Marie was emphatic, too.

"You two can talk all you please," the other woman spoke, in Marjorie Rambeau's deep, throaty voice, "but you're stars in spite of yourselves. You're stars in this picture, aren't you?"

"Not on your life, we aren't," Bill threw away his stick, having whistled it to almost nothing, and looked for another piece of wood in the clutter of cables and things on the sound stage floor. "We're just Min and Bill acting in a picture. Besides, Marjorie, nobody else could be a star when you're in the picture."

"Oh, this Bill is a gallant fellow. That's why Min was so crazy about him." Marjorie smiled.

"Cut out the joshing." She retired into the pages of her novel.

"Well, what chance has any mere man got in a picture with two gals like you?" Bill continued, finding another scrap of wood. "They don't make 'em any finer than you and Marie."

"What you doin', Wally, fishing?" Marie finished one rapid row and started on another. "If we don't watch out we'll settle down into a regular admiration society and get soft. Remember, we've got a grand fight coming this afternoon, Bill. I don't let any blondined hussy get her hands on my man."

Then the cameras were ready and the three laid down their knitting and their stick and their book and walked back onto the set to become the eternal triangle.

Who says that romance can't come after fifty?

Love Comes to 'Min and Bill'—Two Battling Love Birds

by hall wood

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Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery as "Min and Bill," in the delightful picturization of a romance that was ageless. The production was suggested by "Dark Star," the novel of the late Lorna Moon, and was directed by George Hill.
The trials and tribulations of stardom seem to be weighing heavy on our good friend William Powell—or perhaps he is just philosophizing a bit. Anyway Bill is everybody's favorite—and whether he is portraying outlaw or attorney they still cheer for him to win. So buck up Bill old boy—we're still with you and when your new picture, "New Morals," comes to town we'll prove it by dashing madly to the theater to sit breathlessly through your suave performance. So take heart Bill, and when things look darkest remember the sunshine—or a cop—is just around the corner. Ah! Me! What Price Fame?

aw—what's'a trouble bill?

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Photo by Richee
Hilda Fleming of Philadelphia is winner this month. You may be the next to receive $100.00 in Screen Mirror’s Talkie Plot Contest.

**Talkie Plot Winner**

*Is Married Woman and Helps Her Husband as His Secretary*

**Read Her Plot**

**WEEK END**

**HELEN ARNOLD**, a cold, calculating woman, marries John Bennett, fifteen years her senior, for his money. Thrown on her own when quite young, Helen has risen to great heights, and at twenty-four she is secretary of the Union Power and Light company. Sick of working, tired of men, she marries for ease and luxury and to be loved decently by one man.

Her former sweetheart, Lawrence Jowett, has thrown her over to marry Joan Scott, who is the daughter of Winslow Scott, president of the bank for which Jowett is merely a clerk. Through the influence of Joan's father, he obtains the vice-presidency. Soon tiring of Joan and the marriage of convenience he sets about to seduce Helen once more.

Helen and John Bennett have taken a house in the fashionable Chatham Park section, and, with great strategy, Lawrence persuades Joan to take one near them. By careful maneuvering, Jowett finally meets Helen one morning and gives her a lift into town. One meeting leads to another, and soon Helen realizes that her love for Lawrence is greater than before. She is torn between admiration for him, and respect for her kindly husband. Knowing that Lawrence is a philanderer, and that his desire for her is only because she belongs to another, she determines not to see him again. For a time she manages to evade him, but, finally, the longing to see him becomes too great, and she telephones him at his office. The next day John is called away on business and Helen goes into town to lunch with Lawrence. He tells her that he loves her, and always has, and begs her to give him just one week-end. He points out that she does not love her husband any more than he loves his wife, and with rare eloquence pleads for just a few hours from a lifetime. Helen finally agrees, and they arrange to meet on the following Saturday.

On Saturday Helen leaves word with her maid for Bennett that she has gone to visit a friend over the week-end, with instructions to tell this to her husband if he calls. Instead of calling, John returns home unexpectedly. The maid informs him of his wife's message and at the same time hands him a telegram. It is to inform him that some investments he has made have gone disastrously and his fortune is wiped out. He is pacing the floor with the telegram in his hand when the butler announces Mrs. Jowett. Mrs. Jowett immediately makes a scene and demands to see Mrs. Bennett. John, seeing that the woman is beside herself, asks her to leave. She tells him that Helen and her husband have gone away together. Bennett quickly grasps the situation and tells him that it is not so, that his wife is in her room dressing. The maid hearing the commotion from the bedroom, and desiring to shield her mistress, pretending to be Helen calls through the door that she'll be through in a few moments, can Mrs. Jowett wait. Joan never having seen or spoken with Helen, is instantly deceived, and, apologizing profusely, runs from the room. John calls the maid and thanks her for her quick action, and adds that if Mrs. Bennett has left with Jowett it is his own fault, as one so dull and commonplace as he should never have had the power to hold a woman so young and beautiful as his wife.

The next night Helen returns, but is struck with remorse when she sees the change in her husband. She, thinking that he knows all, is on the verge of confessing when he hands her the telegram. When she reads it she is overwhelmed with pity. Feeling that it is a judgment against her she makes a silent vow never to see Lawrence again. John turns to leave the house, but Helen, caught in a great tide of emotion makes a clean breast of her affair with Lawrence, and her husband, out of his great love for her, grants his forgiveness.

The next day Helen obtains her old position, and together she and John start out shoulder to shoulder to begin anew.
"War Nurse" is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picturization of the women's side of the war. The production was directed by Edwin Selwyn, noted New York stage director, and features Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, June Walker, Marie Prevost, Robert Ames, Zasu Pitts, and Helen Jerome Eddy. It is declared that the picture is the most authentic revelation of the heroic actions of the war nurses ever recorded. A beautiful love story is entwined throughout the stirring battlefield episodes. The superb cast that the picture offers insures it of possessing the highest entertainment value.

Photo by Harrell
Young Mr. Albertson is forging right ahead in the profession of motion picture acting. His sterling work in "Just Imagine" has brought forth several future roles of great merit from the Fox Company, to whom Frank is under contract. Frankie fairly grew up in the shadows of the studios. He attended Hollywood High School and in vacation times worked in the property department of the various film companies. After leaving school, Frankie decided to be an actor. His first contract was with the Fox Company, where he has been ever since. Keep your eye on Frankie—he's going to be one of our most popular players.
Screen Mirror
The Magazine from Hollywood

Presenting... a Short Story of Short-sightedness...
with a Moral

"Please don’t hesitate," we insisted, "we’ll do anything to alleviate hard times."

"Well then"—the face hesitated, but a look from us encouraged it. "Well then—would you—would you mind seeing that no one scratches my new car, while I go in to make a deposit. These are very bad times, you know, and I need it for my business." The face wrinkled up a little and, shedding a few quick tears, hurried into the bank.

We knew immediately that we had a clue. So we hit the trail for more information about these so-called hard times. If Screen Mirror was to know the situation, it had necessarily to get the dope from more than one angle.

We went into the bank and the President, who is always glad to see a friend, asked us into his sanctum. We talked of ships and sealing-wax, cabbages and kings—of Thanksgiving turkeys and Christmas cheer—and then we came around to the subject of hard times.

The President of the First National Bank is not the type of man to exaggerate. You know as well as we do that he is among the most conservative men in town. But what he told us made us open our eyes. It seems that there is more depositors’ money in savings banks than ever before in financial history. People just bring their shekels in piles and store them away.

"And what’s wrong with that?" we asked. "Is that what you call hard times?"

The President paused a minute, and then said "yes, siree," or something like that.

"But why?"

"Because money in the bank is idle money. And idle money doesn’t do anybody any good. Take a dollar, put it into circulation, and see the results for yourself. You buy some underwear; the storekeeper in turn buys some groceries; the grocer then buys some nice, new electric lamps for his window; the electrical supply man takes the same dollar bill and gets himself a new necktie which makes him more presentable to his customers; the haberdasher then gives—but why go on? You can see for yourself that one single dollar bill often gives employment to hundreds of people."

"What kind of a future can it be when the present is being neglected. A farmer who kept his seed in a safety deposit box instead of planting it in the ground would be called crazy. Yet the man who banks his money instead of sending it out to do some work is called provident."

We walked out of the First National Bank with a few new ideas about this hard-times business, and the first one we saw was the long-faced gentleman—the very one you met at the beginning of this story. Since he had just made a deposit, he was undoubtedly in the proper frame of mind to listen to some good, stiff reasoning. We collared him, escorted him to the President’s office, and with a "go on, President, do your stuff," left them together. As we walked up the street, we went over the conversation that was probably then going on at the bank. We had visions of that long, long face breaking into a smile—perish the thought! We saw that man going out and buying his wife a fur coat, and himself some of those shirts he had been afraid to invest in.

As we got to our office and sat down to write this story, we had a grand vision of wheels turning, machinery going, and people working, just because one dropping jaw of pessimism had been given a merry sock!
The Big

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