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ONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD WIFE

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHILD A MOVIE STAR

EVELYN VENABLE by MARYLAND STONE
The easy way to stop a headache... and the quickest

Headaches can come from so many things... something you ate, stuffy rooms, sometimes sheer nervousness.

And that's why you need a balanced preparation for relief. Look what happens when you take Bromo-Seltzer!

Drink it as it fizzes in the glass. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. Gas on the stomach is promptly relieved.

Then Bromo-Seltzer quickly attacks the pain. Before you know it your headache is relieved. It works so fast because you take it as a liquid.

At the same time your nerves are soothed and calmed... you are gently steadied, refreshed. And your alkali reserve (so necessary for freshness and well-being) is being built up by citric salts which are rapidly absorbed by the blood.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take and so dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach.

Keep the large family-size bottle of Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet. Always ready to bring quick, dependable relief from headaches, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. Simply follow directions on the bottle. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer at any soda fountain.

Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced remedy

No mere pain-killer can give the same prompt results as Bromo-Seltzer. It is a balanced compound of five medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose... each of which has a special benefit. That's why Bromo-Seltzer is so much more effective.

Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are not the same... are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for over 40 years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable
Isn't It A Shame!

SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Emily's house is a show-place— the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!

When Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!

Emily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .

YOU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble.

To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking— do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

He'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

By the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for clean teeth.

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934
If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera...

Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!

WALLACE BEERY as Long John Silver
JACKIE COOPER as Jim Hawkins
LIONEL BARRYMORE as Billy Bones
OTTO KRUGER as Dr. Livesey
LEWIS STONE as Captain Smollett
"CHIC" SALE as Ben Gunn
WILLIAM V. MONG as Old Pew
DOROTHY PETERSON as Mrs. Hawkins

Directed by Victor Fleming • Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
FEATURES

Confessions of a Hollywood Wife ............................ Jerry Lane 27
How to Make Your Child a Movie Star ....................... Gertrude Hill 30
Movie Acting—That's Society's Newest Thrill! ................. Maude LaThem 32
The Sphinx Is a Mystery—and So Is George Arliss .............................. Edwin Schallert 34
Who Else Is a Man of Mystery? Lionel Barrymore! ......................... Eliza Schallert 35
Evelyn Venable Finds a New Way to Fame .......................... Elisabeth Goldbeck 39
Meet Louella Parsons—She Knows Them All! ......................... Gladys Hall 40
What Every Girl Should Know about Miriam Hopkins ........................ Faith Service 42

"I Know What It's Like to Be in Human Bondage"—Leslie Howard ................. Gladys Hall 45
Paid to Leave Hollywood! ........................................ William F. French 48
Any Man Would Like Clark Gable's House! ........................ Dorothy Calhoun 52
She Plays Any Nationality ........................................... Winifred Aydelotte 59
The Secrets of the Dressing Table ................................... Ginger Rogers 60
Why Movie Stars Are Safe from Kidnappers ......................... Eric L. Ergenbright 62
Stealing the Spotlight from Stars—Everybody's Doing It! ................ Dorothy Donnell 66
John Lodge Sheds His Ancestors ..................................... Sonia Lee 68

DEPARTMENTS

Inside News Flashes from Filmland ................................. Glen Dale 6
Letters from Our Readers .................................................. 11
You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out! ................... L. R. R. 12
Tip-Offs on the Talkies ...................................................... 14
Movie Gossip Test ............................................................. 16
Intimate News and Gossip from Hollywood ......................... 36
Latest Hollywood Beach Fashions .......................................... 54
Hollywood Patterns ............................................................ 58
The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures .................. 64

Cover Design of Evelyn Venable Painted by Marland Stone

EVELYN VENABLE
Has Found a New Way to Fame!

That is the news about the girl on the cover—and it is the title of a story you will read about her a few pages farther on.

No girl ever got her start in the movies as Evelyn did. She hired a chaperon to help her dodge romance rumors—which most newcomers seek. (She still has the chaperon.) She carried and still carries—a small revolver in her handbag, for protection. She didn't try to dazzle the world with her sex appeal; she concentrated on doing some fine acting. And she was called "The Kissless Girl."

To-day, she is the closest to stardom of any girl her age. And it's time you knew her better!
By Glen Dale

Mae Keeps Them Guessing!

Mae West is smart; there is no getting around that. She insisted, against studio advice, on making "She Done Him Wrong" as her first starring picture—and it made $3,000,000 for the studio. Then, sensing that the public wanted to be shown that she could be amusing in modern dress, too, she next made "I'm No Angel." After which she realized that audiences preferred her in the Naughty Nineties sort of thing—so she made "It Ain't No Sin." And now, before anyone has a chance to tire of her comedy style, she is going in for some straight drama of the daring kind in "The Queen of Sheba." Keeping up public interest, in other words.

And because Mae is smart, some people are now wondering about the new romance rumors that are toying with her name. For a long time, she was rumored married to James Timony, her ever-present lawyer-manager; she denied the rumors insistently. But since Hollywood denials have come to mean very little (thanks to the truth-dodging of other stars), maybe the impression that she was married did gain something headway. Anyway, you are now hearing rumors that she and her manager have tiffed, and you are reading of romance rumors about her. The most persistent one links her with a boxer (not Maxie Baer). Those maybe-she's-married rumors are dying a natural death.

Star Meets Tragic Death

All Hollywood is mourning the tragic death of Dorothy Dell, the beautiful blonde star, whose life and career were cut short on the night of June 7th in an automobile accident. Dorothy, who was nineteen years old and destined for the screen's highest honors, had attended a party in Pasadena and was returning with Dr. Carl Wagner in the latter's car. He lost control while rounding a sharp turn and the car struck a telephone pole, killing Miss Dell instantly. Dr. Wagner, physician and socialite of Pasadena, suffered a fractured skull. As we go to press, little hope is held for his recovery.

Dorothy Dell had a meteoric career. At fifteen, she introduced the famous ballad, "Louisiana Moon." At fifteen, she was crowned "Miss America" and "Miss Universe" Vaudeville, Starmod in Ziegfeld's "Follies" and Broadway musical shows followed—until the movies claimed her. She had been in Hollywood only six months, had already played several leading roles (her last was in "Shoot the Works"), and had been chosen by Earl Carroll as one of the "sixteen prettiest girls in films." Sad Paramount officials say: "She had made the fastest progress of any young girl who ever came to Hollywood.

Will Lee Follow Isabel?

Hollywood can't figure out whether Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell are on the outs or not. When M-G-M exiled Lee after the famous and much-exaggerated Mexican incident, Isabel asked for release from her M-G-M contract. Lee went to Universal for "I'll Tell the World"; so did Isabel, for "Let's Be Ritz." M-G-M wooed her back long enough to play in "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man." Then she went to Paramount, where (Continued on page 8)
Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-ear spectacle. Thousands of extras, 500 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn processional...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG
If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!
it must be nice to lead a dog's life sometimes. Sammy, for example, has a girl like Mary Carlisle to look out for his welfare. And thanks to her rapid rise in films, Sammy now has a soft berth—and a wall rack to hold his combs, brushes and the other necessities of a dapper companion of a movie starlet.

(Continued from page 6)

Lee had just signed, for "Here Comes the Groom." But Lee had hardly started rehearsals for "Fifty-Two Weeks for Florette" (giving him a chance to play a vaudeville song-and-dance man, instead of a reporter) when Isabel signed a contract with M-G-M. Some say that this presages Lee's return to the same studio; others, that the long-inseparable duo have finally split. Certainly, they haven't been seen together so often.

Welcome Home, Charlie!

CHARLES RAY, who has been missing from the screen for five years, gets his chance for a comeback in a supporting role in "Ladies Should Listen"—and Hollywood is giving Charlie a great big hand. The movie town still talks about the way he took his tough break, and Hollywood has never since seen a party to touch the one that Charlie gave on the night before he announced that he was a bankrupt. Of recent years, he has been in vaudeville. Also you'll notice, two other former favorites get comeback chances in "It Ain't No Sin"—namely, Jack Mulhall and George Walsh, a brace of Irishmen who haven't had "the luck of the Irish" since the advent of talkies. And another well-remembered Irishman who is coming back is Thomas Meighan—in support of Jackie Cooper in "Peck's Bad Boy."

Mary Notifies Doug

HOLLYWOOD got its biggest surprise of the month when Mary Pickford started pushing her divorce suit against Douglas Fairbanks, obtaining a court order to serve him by publication, since he was abroad and beyond the reach of California process-servers. Hollywood had been believing all that it had read in the newspapers about an imminent reconciliation. Doug, meanwhile, having finished "The Private Life of Don Juan," was entering a defense against the charges of Lord Ashley, who had named him as co-respondent in his divorce suit against Lady Sylvia Ashley. Newspaper dispatches recently have told of both Doug and Lady Ashley being guests at week-end house parties of British nobility. Mary, parenthetically, denies rumors from Washington that she has Congressional ambitions.

Elissa Calls It Off

ELISSA LANDI'S divorce suit against John Lawrence, London barrister (whom she married in 1928), was less of a surprise. There have been no romance rumors about Elissa, who has led an almost cloistered life in Hollywood, but the move town is no believer in the "absence-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder" theory.

Elissa—whose fourth novel, "The Ancestor," is just off the presses—explains thus: "Although my husband at first did everything possible to insure the continuation of my acting and writing, he now refuses to submit to any situation that he says might entail his being called 'Mr. Elissa Landi.' This, no doubt, is pardonable masculine pride. Contrary to reports, I have continually urged him to make his home here, but my requests met with refusal. It is apparent we are temperamentally unsuited... I have no intention of marrying again and earnestly desire to devote my life to acting and writing."

"Yessed" Her Way to Freedom

VIRGINIA BRUCE, fourth ex-wife of John Gilbert, had to say only one word to divorce him. She just had to say "Yes" when asked if each item in her complaint was true, and it was all over in three minutes. By the terms of the property settlement, she receives $42,500 outright, $150 a month for the support of their baby daughter, Susan Ann (whom Gilbert still sees often, since the divorce is a "friendly" one), and $9,31 a week for herself for three years. (The odd sum was not explained.) Virginia, who was given what may be called a "leave of absence" two years ago when she married Gilbert, is now resuming her screen career. For her "comeback," she is playing the title role in "Jane Eyre."

(Continued on page 10)
HATES STOCKING RUNS!

"So I always insist on LUX," she says... "Lux is simply marvelous for stockings. Why, when they're washed in Lux, they not only fit better, but actually they don't go into runs nearly so often!"

STOCKING RUNS used to be June's pet peeve before she began using Lux. For this popular young blonde knows that dowdy stockings make even the loveliest legs look ugly.

But while she was dancing her way to stardom, she discovered for herself an important stocking secret. Like so many other Hollywood stars, she found that stockings whisked through Lux after every wearing not only fit better—but don't go into runs nearly so often!

YOU, TOO, can cut down runs in stockings the way Hollywood does. Lux helps stockings give instead of snapping under everyday strains, because it saves elasticity.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali, because these things weaken elasticity. Of course, Lux has no harmful alkali. Stockings wear ever so much longer cared for the Lux way!

"I won't let my maid use anything but Lux for my stockings or any of my personal things," says this star of Universal's Romance in the Rain. "It keeps them lovely as new!"

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck! TRUST TO LUX

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

Vera West, wardrobe supervisor for Universal Pictures, says, "Some of the costumes used on the sets are returned to my department in rather bad condition. But if they're washable at all, I know Lux will make them like new. It cleans them like magic, and it's so safe! Materials and colors come out of Lux as lovely as ever. I wouldn't be without it!"

TRUST TO LUX
Helen Hurries West

HOLLYWOOD has at last demanded that Broadway give back Helen Hayes. To live up to her film contract, she had to withdraw from her stage hit, "Mary of Scotland," and hurry West—with a busy Summer ahead of her. One of the pictures she is scheduled to make is "What Every Woman Knows," the Barrie comedy in which she scored a great stage success a few seasons ago. Helen craves something light after her life of screen tragedy and her tragic rôle as Mary, Queen of Scots.

And, once again, she and hubby Charles MacArthur are separated by three thousand miles. Most of the time when she was in New York, he was in Hollywood, writing scenarios. Now, the situation is reversed. He is in New York, where he and Ben Hecht (with whom he wrote "30th Century") are turning movie producers. They are filming their first effort—"Crime Without Passion," starring Claude (The Invisible Man) Raines—at an Eastern studio.

In Memoriam: Lew Cody

THE "old-timers" of Hollywood feel lost and lonely, with Lew Cody gone. It was in character for him to give a party the night before he died. (He passed peacefully, in his sleep.) He enjoyed life and his friends, laughter and gaiety. One of the movie colony’s favorite guests, he was also one of its favorite hosts. And, lately, he had received so many acting offers that he could not take them all.

Some of the fondest memories that Hollywood has of him are of the days when he was the husband of the late Mabel Normand, whom he married after she was barred from films.

Eddie Invokes the NRA

THE Screen Actors’ Guild, formed last year to combat proposed salary slashes, recently celebrated its first birthday by re-electing Eddie Cantor as President. And Eddie, in accepting the honor, made a speech in which he served notice on producers that the Guild was out to do some collective bargaining under the NRA motion picture code, to arrive at some agreement with producers about a fair minimum compensation for actors and actresses.

Vice-presidents of the Guild are Robert Montgomery, Ann Harding and James Cagney; Kenneth Thomson is secretary; and Lucille Gleason is treasurer. The board of directors includes such famous names as George Arliss, Mary Astor, Arthur Byron, James Cagney, Bertie Churchill, Dudley Digges, Leon Errol, C. Henry Gordon, Jean Hersholt, Miriam Hopkins, Boris Karloff, Jeanette MacDonald, Noel Madison, Ralph Morgan, Alan Mowbray, Edward G. Robinson, Ivan Simpson, Spencer Tracy, Richard Tucker, Arthur Vinton and Warren William. The membership of the Guild numbered 3,372 when noses were last counted and includes practically every player of note in Hollywood.

(More News of Players? Turn to page 36!)

Ruby Keeler shows Philip Regan, "the Singing Cop" of radio fame, how Hollywood girls will take to him. He's in her new picture, "Dames!

(Continued from page 6)

Joan Is the Win-nah!

FLASHES: Joan Blondell won the Wampas 1934 award for being the Baby Star who had made the most progress in the last three years (since election, in other words). Runners-up were: Ginger Rogers, Constance Cummings, Gloria Stuart and Mary Carlisle . . . Brian Aherne has been re-discovered by Hollywood since making "The Constant Nymph" abroad. He will be Ann Harding’s hero in "The Fountain". . . Part of Hollywood is emigrating to England for the summer. George Arliss is already Over There, about to play Wellington, Leslie Howard is Blighty-bound after "British Agent" to make a picture; Maurice Chevalier has a picture date in England; John Barrymore is going over to face the British cameras; Charles Farrell and Gregory Ratoff are to be in the same English picture . . . Charles Bickford, on the other hand, is going to Russia to make a picture for the Soviet film company, Sovkino . . .

Explaining the Delay

WHAT’S holding up Gloria Swanson’s divorce from Michael Farmer—now that Michael has shown his willingness to let Gloria have her freedom without a fight? Her plans can hardly be news to him, but according to good old legal custom he must be notified by publication. And that takes three months.

The screen stars are sold on the idea of having a big Frolic every year—the first one, just held, was that successful. Practically everybody in town was there—including (left to right) Jimmy Durante, James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Ann Harding (who reigned as queen), Adolphe Menjou and Robert Woolsey.
You Can't Judge Anna Sten by "Nana," Says Coast Reader

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
Anna Sten Given All Kinds of Opportunities to Make Good

I have just seen "Nana." I went to discover what a Russian girl had that was superior to an American girl's talent and personality. To such a degree that a producer was willing, nay eager, to bestow an enormous salary upon her, for two years before she even faced a camera—years spent solely, in eradicating her foreign accent. My passion in vain, I could not discern that magic something that evidently revealed itself to said producer.

Perhaps Anna Sten is a superlative beauty and actress, but the cinematic cotton batting, in which she was wrapped in "Nana," will have to be removed if we are to judge fairly. She was supported by two of our lesser beauties whose negligible charms were further obscured by a previously instructed make-up man and costumer. The first director distorted and curtailed their acting ability until they gave an impression of two grinning, chattering monkeys. Beside them, a solicitously posed and photographed Sten provided a dazzling pre-arranged contrast, uttering man- tises that dripped solemnly from a perpetually half-opened mouth.

The passion flower of Russia turned out to be an ordinary garden variety of dandelion.—FRED RACKER, Los Angeles, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE
Hepburn's Acting Is Good. So Why Worry About Her Off-Screen Acts?

Why all the severe censuring of Katharine Hepburn? Isn't she our reigning star—Lady of the Hour? Hasn't she already accomplished more than the average star accomplishes in a year? Wasn't "Little Women" the leading picture of 1933? Why because of Hepburn's poignant Jo and nothing else.

And who but Hepburn could have played the difficult role of the mountain belle in "Spitfire"? No one.

So who cares about her off-screen acts as long as we can thrill to "Morning Glory," sit enthralled through "Little Women," and marvel at "Spitfire"? As long as she continues to give us what we want in pictures, why meddle in her private affairs?

—LOUISE WILLIAMS, Richmond, Va.

THIRD PRIZE
"Viva Villa" Is Wallace Beery's Greatest Triumph

A little extra bass drum beating and brass trumpet tootin' for Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa.

His Pancho is nothing if not fascinating, a character with whom noble virtue mingles oddly with villainy. He is a slow-witted animal, yet Beery invests him with a certain dignity that impresses; he is a creature of the soil and a true man of the people. If he is not the perfect vaquero, he is at least a truer vaquero than we have seen since the days of John Wayne, and for that reason alone he is admirable.

The sidelines upon life in troubled Mexico, from peasant hovel to president's palace, are all very good. And to my mind, one of the most amusing scenes is where Villa's self-appointed press-agent (Stuart Erwin) talks him into capturing a town to show that he will not have to retrace a story already put on the wire.

It's a grand picture with a grand cast, but it's Wallace Beery's triumph. As some one has remarked: "Beery is Villa and Villa is Beery."—MARY F. DONER, Seattle, Wash.

Honorable Mention
This Reader Wants More Historical Gems, Starring George Arliss

Socko! Right between the eyes! But instead of becoming black, said optics were opened wider! I was just a little "fed up" on sex, crooners and musicals in the movies—then I saw "The House of Rothschild." In my opinion, it is by far the greatest in a long line of George Arliss successes. It is a different type of story and a welcome change from the usual film-fare.

Though I'm not a Jew, Heaven knows we can all profit by the lessons taught in this picture. Our own national set-up included, and a step has been taken in the right direction when we are spending to maintain peace rather than to further war.

Hollywood! Put another flower in your buttonhole and hold your head high! Bring us some more historical gems such as this one—and "Disraeli" if you can find them.

It's a foregone conclusion you'll find no better star to make them live again than Arliss.—H. D. VAN TASSELL, Newark, O.
You Know Your Movies?
Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

HORIZONTAL

1. Stephen in "We're Not Dressing"
5. Her real name is Natalie Bierl
9. He plays Bulldog Drummond
11. Colored child actor
13. Henrietta in "Hollywood Party"
14. First name of a movieland orchestra leader
16. Polish star long absent from Hollywood
18. "This Day and ——"
19. The taxi driver in "The Cat and the Fiddle"
22. "Go W—— young man"
23. Movie contracts are usually signed on one of these
25. Lubricator
26. Entreaty
27. See illustration above
28. She was once Harry Thaw's protegee
30. East Indian Office (abbr.)
32. National League (abbr.)
33. A coarse hair
35. See illustration above
37. "—— Side of Heaven"
39. This means a drawing-room in Antonio Momo's language
40. Former Mrs. Adolphe Menjou
41. Belonging to Keith
44. "——This Is Africa"
45. Yes
46. Oil from rose petals used to make perfume for the stars
48. He has a marionette show (init.)
50. Ripped
52. Lorin is his first name
54. "——Hazard"
56. The murderer in "Murders in the Rue Morgue"
57. Her first name is Effie
59. To deny a romance rumor and not mean it
60. "—— the Twain Shall Meet"
62. Atlantic (abbr.)
63. Mrs. Thorne in "The Witching Hour"
65. A Dorothy with o m heroes always revere
67. She is Mrs. Wesley Ruggles
69. She just married director Hal Hall
70. To apportion

SOLUTION TO LAST PUZZLE

1. A poor movie does this to you
2. One of John Gilbert's ex's
3. Sten's first American picture
4. Director La Cava's initials
5. Tad's initials
6. Her first name is Lissa
7. The white kind is very popular
8. Joan Cassell in "Murder in Trinidad"
9. See illustration above
10. Sparkling French star
11. Feast
12. "—— Lupin"
13. "—— on Broadway"
15. Dr. Verdegast in "The Black Cat"
17. Italics (abbr.)
20. King (Fr.)
21. Helen's last name sounds like a dozen of these
24. Miss Sergova's first name
26. Victor in "Stingaree"
29. What an ingenu is supposed to be
31. Biblical name
34. Gr—— is
35. "the woman who walks alone"
36. He plays Octavian in "Cleopatra"
38. The traitor in "No Greater Glory"
40. See illustration above
41. Remember "—— Dallas"?
43. Ambitious players —— for perfection
44. Oliver's partner
46. He's a song writer and his first name is Harry
47. Claire —or
49. Luis Trenker used two of these in "The Doomed Battalion"
51. Montgomery's rôle in "The Mystery of Mr. X"
53. Wing-like
55. Her first starring picture was "Heat Lightning"
57. Maureen O'Sullivan came from this island
58. Claudette Colbert plays the —— of "Cleopatra"
61. A character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
64. Illuminated
66. Chato in "The Trumpet Blows" (init.)
68. Tommy in "Riptide" (init.)

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

12
B. V. D. Swim Suits are neither sweet, bold, dressmaker nor Victorian. They are as strictly and as beautifully amphibian as a dolphin. They flash through the water in a blue as exotic as any of Mr. Will Beebe's little Galapagos wonders. Or in rich shades of brown—so handsome against white sand—or in the new deep-sea shades of gray greens, ghostly pinks and moss yellows. The colors are glorious—the rich-ribbed materials are warm, practical and an eyeful to behold. But it is their anatomic perfection, their forthright, stream-line, beauty-giving contours that puts them on high—higher than the highest diving-board! The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City. Also made and sold in Canada.

(left to right)
A perfect example of the anatomic perfection of B. V. D. suits. Note two-toned braided straps and moulding effect of the contrasting wrap-a-round belt.
Don't miss brown in your Swim Suit wardrobe! It has a natural affinity for white decks and all the bright outdoor shades. B. V. D.'s backless Swim Suit with that yoke of chic—a harness neck.
B. V. D.'s new "short" story—Shorts are longer and more slenderizing, immaculately tailored and vastly becoming. Made of Perl-knit and worn with B. V. D.'s famous mesh sports shirt and braided belt.
A handsome new amphibian model—diagonally striped in a pattern exclusively B. V. D. and with a back that reaches a new classic low.
TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

Dolores Del Rio is plenty happy about getting a chance to be dramatic in "Madame Du Barry!"

**Temple**, scores another triumph with (**Travels With My Aunt**), another movie adapted by a racetrack banjo player named Bix Beiderbecke and has her belief in knights sustained by the same lean and hungry Crowes. It's colorful, real, ambient and not to be missed (Par.).

**Madame Du Barry**—Dolores Del Rio brings to life the intriguing little nullifier who ruled Louis XV and France—and makes her more fragile, more wistful, more tragic than Du Barry herself, probably was. And Dolores proves her right to be allowed to dress up (W. B.).

**The Man with Two Faces**—Fredric March, in a dual role, keeps you guessing about how a blackmail plot and a murder mystery are going to turn out (F. N.).

**Many Happy Returns**—Gloria Allen, George Burns, Guy Lombardo and the dancers, Veko and Valzana, present a dizzy, laugh-provoking salute of Hollywood—particularly its night life (Par.).

**Men in White**—What hospital life is really like, told with force and power and frankness. And Clark Gable as a young doctor who has to choose between love and profession, does the best work of his career—with supernumerary assistance from Jean Her- shell, as a surgeon who has been through the mill (M-G-M).

**The Most Precious Thing in Life**—Jean Arthur, robbed of happiness and her baby son, helps him find happiness twenty years later, when she's a scrub woman in his college dormitory. An old-fashioned tear-jerker (Col.).

**No Greater Glory**—Two gangs of boys battle over a vacant lot, playing at war—and GloriBn BreaKston, a great boy actor, delivers a performance that all young boys should catch war fever from their elders. This is a charming, unusual picture (Col.).

**Now I'll Tell**—Using fictitious names, Mrs. Arnold Rothstein, widow of the mysteriously murdered gambler, paints a pale portrait of the man and gives a surprising explanation of his end. Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees and Alice Faye do well enough by the principal roles (Fox).

**Registered Nurse**—Bebe Daniels, who has an unhappy life, weeps over the woes of her patients. It's pretty sad, in more ways than one, except for some really funny slapstick comedy in a couple of spots (F. N.).

**Scarlet Empress**—Marlene Dietrich gives her version of what Catherine the Great was like, but both the story and the cast are overshadowed by the fantastic, exotic settings, the sound effects and the photography. It's different, but faint, from anything you have ever seen before (Par.).

**Sidestreets**—A simple, intensely real little story of "a woman in her thirties" who finds love after youth has gone and then loves a man who has sea fever. Aline MacMahon and Paul Kelly are both superb (F. N.).

**Sisters Under the Skin**—Frank Morgan, a married millionaire in search of his future, takes a room in the Grand Hotel in Landi, who later can't resist young Joseph Schild- krout. It's an honest, probing probe into the workings of human nature (Col.).

**Smartly**—Joan Blondell, a telling little minx, teases herself out of house and home—first with Warren William, then with Edward Ellis, and then has the virtue of being heartbreakingly hilarious (W. B.).

Affairs of a Gentleman—Paul Lukas, as a novelist studying Life and Love with about eight different girls has to face them all at a surprise party. His dilemma, though not a new one, is surprisingly amusing (Univ.).

The Affairs of Cellini—A hilarious and naughtyish bedroom farce, which reveals Fredric March as the medi- eval Great Lover and Con- stance Bennett as a Duchessa who appreciates him. But Fredric and Constance are just stooges to Frank Morgan, as the sublimely funny Duke (20th Century).

All Men Are Enemies—War and Another Woman again part two sweltering arts, and it's all a bit dull, despite some swell settings. Hugh Brian, just over from England, is the hero; Helen Twelvetrees, his true love; and Mona Barrie the picture-steler (Fox).

As the Earth Turns—Glads Hasty Carraclough, affecting to be about like a man in a Maine countryside becomes a queer, affecting picture, refreshing in its lack of holism. Jean Muir, as the heroine, has stardom within her grasp (W. B.).

Beyond Bengal—Intended as a travelogue-thriller, but it looks too much like many another travelogue to agitate the skin on your scalp. For those with a jungle complex (Showmen's Pictures).

The Black Cat—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi get together in an old, dark house, plots against each other, and make horrific faces. The net result, however, provides too many stinks (Univ.).

Born to Be Bad—it's a puzzle why this one was ever made. Loretta Young, of all girls, is cast as an un- weeded, but basically black-eyed cover girl (Cary Grant as a likely-looking victim (20th Century).

Catherine the Great—History undergoes another change in the movies, with Russia's ruthless Emp- esses made a wistful figure who breaks her heart over the neglect of her half-mad husband. But Elizabeth Allan, as Dora Fairbanks, Jr., makes it both plausible and dramatic (U. A.).

Change of Heart—After two years of separation, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell team up again—in a comedy that is disappointingly flimsy. It concerns the adventures of two young couples just out of college. Ginger Rogers, as a gold-digger, and James Dunn, as an admirer of Janet's, help considerably (Fox).

The Circus Clown—Joe E. Brown tries a dual role, playing a father who loves the circus, but wants to keep his son away from the showbiz, and playing the truant son. Joe pulls some new slapstick stunts—such as only he could get away with (F. N.).

The Constant Nymph—Glorifying the love of a young girl in a wilted, absorbing manner, with Victoria Hopper, a new face, as the girl, and Brian Aherne as the object of her love (Fox).

The Crime Doctor—Otto Kruger, whose business is solving crimes, plots a "perfect" one and makes his wife love him even more guilty. With the help of4 Korey Morley, they make it gripping, suspenseful (RKO).

Double Door—Here's what you've been waiting for—a horror tale (and a good one!) with a woman as the villainess. Mary Morris, as a wealthy old maid with a grudge to exact, tries to frighten Evelyn Venable out of her wits. And that goes for you, too (Par.).

Finishing School—Frances Dee attends a strict girl's school and tries to elope with Roger Ewing her gagging on her, plays hooky and gets "in trouble." The plot is a strong one, the eight Girls in a Boat—a dreary side-sitter (RKO).

Glouram—Paul Lukas loves Constance Cummings enough to make her famous, and then gets left, whereupon Connie loves Philip Reed to excess and success and gets left in turn. A back-stage story that is ironic—which is a welcome change (Univ.).

Half a Sinner—"Alias the Deacon," that old favorite, comes back in disguise—with Bertin Churchill sweeney as the gambler who pretends to be pious and then lives up to the new title (Univ.).

The Hell Cat—Ann Sothern, spoiled society girl, has a feud with reservoir Robert Armstrong, who slaps her and eventually makes her like it. Nothing new in this one (Col.).

He Was Her Man—James Cagney and Joan Blondell join forces in a melodrama that starts out well, but goes down toward the end. He's an ex-agnister who is "on the spot"; she's a salaciously of love who has to choose between Jimmy and honest Victor Jory (W. B.).

Hitler's Reign of Terror—The sensational title is a come-on for a hodgepodge of newsreel-like shots that don't look any too exciting or convincing (Jewel).

Hollywood Party—A variety show with a thread of plot, a cast full of comics, a chorus full of cuties, and a microphone full of music. It's fast, but not very funny—despite the efforts of Jimmy Durante, Polly Moran, Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy and others (M-G-M).

The House of Rothschild—This drama of Napo- leonic times, glorifying the rise of a persecuted race, is one of the great pictures of all time. And George Arliss, in a dual role—playing the two self-hating men who lead the way—the performances the movies have ever seen (20th Century).

I'll Tell the World—Lee Tracy is a foreign corres- pondent this time—one who gets tangled up with an innocent princess (Gloria Stuart). It's constantly entertaining, with Lee контiguously chipper (Univ.).

Laughing Boy—Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez turn Navajo to pictureize Oliver La Farge's novel of a young Indian who is cheated of love and happiness by the white man. But the picture has more sex and less depth than the novel, with Lupe a better Navajo than Ramon (M-G-M).

Little Miss Marker—The wonder child, Shirley
Adolphe Menjou makes a big hit with Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker"— and both make a hit with everyone else eloping couples to test their love for each other. Clive Brook, Dzinu Wynter, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray see it to its being amusing (RKO).

Wild Cargo—No one can make a jungle picture more educational or more exciting than Frank Buck, who brings some tough specimens back alive this time. A python, in particular, causes him plenty of trouble (RKO).

The Witching Hour—Perhaps you remember the story about the 1920s. It’s about a boy who commits a murder while hypnotized and is defended by a hypnotic lawyer, Sir Guy Standing, as the lawyer, almost breathes life into its out-dated drama (Par.).

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell! There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won’t have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write to me today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it stays.

Mail Coupon
One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.
Who is the man shaking hands with Edward G. Robinson?

And How Many Of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By Marion Martone

2. Can you name two silent-day screen favorites who are about to stage a return to films?

3. The recent death of what well-known screen villain saddened Hollywood?

4. What is proof that Clara Bow, the red-headed film flapper, is serious about settling down?

5. Who has been playing the rôle of gallant escort to Joan Marsh of late?

6. Do you know the popular movie star about whom reports were published that she would run for Congress?

7. Which well-known screen and radio favorite expects to become the father of twins?

8. What change has come over the screen star who was often referred to as "the coldest woman on the screen"?

9. When a certain motion picture player filed a petition in bankruptcy, recently, whom did she blame for her financial state?

10. Can you name the two motion picture personalities who look so much alike above?

11. What Hollywood couple lost their infant son ten days after his birth?

12. Who is the Elsa Lanchester who will make her American screen début in "Marie Antoinette," the Norma Shearer picture?

13. Why did Earl Carroll, well-known authority on feminine pulchritude, wait until he had left Hollywood to announce his choice of the sixteen most beautiful movie girls?

14. Can you name the famous writer and humorist who has signed a motion picture contract to make two-reel comedies?

15. Do you know the film actress and the director who recently eloped by plane to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be married?

16. Why does the recent bridegroom of one of the motion picture players carry two guns?

17. William Seiter, Laura La Plante's ex-husband, is showing what screen player a lot of attention?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 92)
YESTERDAY... the privilege of one woman in 65
TODAY..... the beauty right of every woman...

"The Skin you love to touch"

No man can resist the glamour of a woman's lovely skin!

THE same 25-cent quality you have always known in Woodbury's Facial Soap is now yours...for just 10 cents. Woodbury's has not changed its world-famous beauty formula by one single detail. Today, for 10 cents, you get the same high quality, the same fine ingredients, the identical precious oils and unguents as the 25c size contained.

Today, for 10 cents, you may expect the same definite and visible improvement within 30 days, as Woodbury's recently gave to hundreds of women in beauty clinics conducted by leading dermatologists in nine great nations.

The big, new, long-lasting 10c cake of Woodbury's is ready for you now...at your druggist's, your department store or your grocer's...the proved formula for "The Skin You Love to Touch."

Woodbury's

FACIAL SOAP • NOW

Costume, Courtesy of Jay Thorpe

BARONESS IDA LEGAN
participant in Vienna Half-face Beauty Test—one of many conducted in 9 nations by leading dermatologists. For 30 days, the subjects used Woodbury's Facial Soap on the right half of their faces. Other cleansers on the left half. In every test Woodbury's produced a volume of proof for its scientific care of the skin unmatched by any other method.
Before any social engagements use LISTERINE to end halitosis (unpleasant breath)

A pretty girl, a charming girl, well-dressed, witty and sympathetic—but she never gets asked anywhere. What's the trouble? She'd give a lot to know ... and so would thousands of other girls like her ... yet even her best friend wouldn't tell her ... After all, the subject is rather delicate.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The tricky thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, you are more likely to have it than not, for the reason that many cases are caused by the fermentation of tiny bits of food the tooth brush has failed to remove.

Therefore, don't assume that your breath is okay. Don't take foolish chances on offending others needlessly. It is so easy to render your breath wholesome and agreeable with Listerine.

This safe antiseptic and quick deodorant quickly halts fermentation, the cause of odors, and then attacks the odors themselves. Deodorizes hours longer, too.

If you wish to be welcome to others, keep your breath agreeable. Use Listerine morning and night, and between times before social or business engagements. It's an investment in personal attractiveness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

She: "Our first date in six weeks. I thought you had ditched me."

He: "I very nearly did—but you've got rid of a fault I used to hate."
Hurrell

Sten Faces
The Future

You saw her magnificent artistry in "Nana"—a story that didn't do justice to her talents. You saw her beauty, her emotional depth, her vividly expressive face; you heard her vibrant voice. And you raved. But the Soviet sensation has clear eyes—eyes that see the future as more important than the past. And Anna Sten is intent on being even more real in "Resurrection"!
When Marlene dons mannish suits and shirts and hats, it is no longer news. But it is news that in them she still is as piquant and provocative as ever. And when you think it over—as Marlene, herself, no doubt has—they do accentuate how super-feminine she is in dresses on the screen. As in "Scarlet Empress," for example, giving glamour to Catherine the Great. But what's this we hear of differences between Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg? Is the screen's most famous star-director combination breaking up?

Dietrich—May She Always Be "Different"!
They've Never Found "Another Gable"!

Studios have looked high, low, near and far—but there is, apparently, just one Clark Gable. And he's still taking his success with a puzzled smile—still claiming he can't explain it. But the fact remains that he IS the Great American Lover. Joan Crawford wouldn't have anyone else for her co-star in "Sacred and Profane Love." Next he's scheduled to go voyaging with Jean Harlow in "China Seas"
**Now Norma Will Play Some Famous Ladies**

Norma Shearer can look more like an emancipated "young modern" than any other star on the screen—and can act the part a little better than anyone else. But Norma is too clever to let herself be "typed." She is delving into the last century and bringing you one of history's great romances in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—the romance of invalid Elizabeth Barrett and poet Robert Browning (Fredric March). And next she will be "Marie Antoinette"—a queen, no less!
THE DRAMATIC DVORAK—
SEEN FROM A NEW ANGLE

It doesn't matter how you look at Ann—she's unusual. And her unusualness is more than surface-deep—deeper than her new coiffure, with a ribbon interlaced in a coronet braid and tight curls on her forehead. When she married Leslie Fenton, she proved she was unusual by leaving Hollywood for a year's honeymoon with him. Ever since she has been back, she has been proving her versatility by her variety of rôles. She just finished "Midnight Alibi." Now she is in the title rôle of "Housewife."
Reginald Denny was a star once—in light comedies. Now he's on the rise again—as a dramatic actor. "The Last Patrol" started it. "The World Moves On" will boost his stock.

Men of the Hour Again.

Ricardo Cortez (above) has had ups and downs—but he's clicking these days, either as a hero or as a "heavy." Right now, he's in "The Lost Lady." Joel McCrea (left), too often submerged in leading-man roles, gets a big chance in "Green Mansions."
Attracting New Kinds of Attention...

Ann Sothern made her first screen hit in a musical comedy—"Let's Fall in Love." But now she's springing surprises. She isn't remaining "the musical comedy type." She's going in for drama. Having proved in "The Hell Cat" that she could be a spitfire, she thinks maybe it's safe for her to go back to musical comedy for just one picture—Eddie Cantor's "Treasure Hunt." Next she'll make "Blind Date" with Paul Kelly!

Only a few months ago, Helen Twelvetrees (above) seemed to be fading from films. But she has changed all that with her performances in "All Men Are Enemies" and "Now I'll Tell." She's headed for new stardom in "She Was a Lady." Mary Carlisle (right) used to supply flip-pant cuteness to films. Now she's making young love look real—and she scores another hit in "Handy Andy."
"Rosita, Darling of Spain"

That's how Rosita Moreno used to be billed as a child dancer on the stage. And the phrase is probably even truer to-day than it was then. For the beauty from Madrid—who is no relation to Antonio of the same name—has been so popular in Spanish versions of films that she is scheduled for rôles in pictures that America will see!
This is a true story—an eye-opening story—a heart-breaking story, told by the wife of a famous screen lover. The names that she uses are fictitious—for obvious reasons. But what she reveals is only too real!

As Told to Jerry Lane

Illustrations by

G. Patrick Nelson

Ten million women are in love with my husband. To them, he stands for Romance, dreams shot through with star dust. To me he stands for—a world lost. Heart-stabbing pain. The end of the dream. In theatres, I have heard rapturous sighs around me when he took his screen love in his arms. And I've whispered: "Dear God, let me forget!" Those arms encircled me once...

I've heard the ecstatic words so often: "Isn't he too divine? Imagine having a husband like that!"

Well, I have a husband like that—and our marriage has been reduced to a business proposition, a cold legal contract by which I have become only the buffer between Tod Freeland and Rumor.

It wasn't always like that. Five and a half years ago, when we came to Hollywood, we were very gay, almost wildly in love. Our hopes were high and our purses empty. He had had a small amount of success on the stage and was confident he could make good in the movies. Strangely enough, considering the overwhelming odds in film work, he did—within six months.

It is my duty to stand in the doorway, clinging to him until everyone has seen us, smiling that set "happy wife" smile, stifling gossip... Then I go home alone.
He came home one night and caught me to him jubilantly. "Angel, do you realize you're talking to a big shot? Look at me, honey. See that hand? That hand signed a contract this afternoon that is going to put us on top of the world! About time, too! No more teaching dancing so that Papa can get a shave. No, sir! It's all cream for you from now on."

Tod "caught on," as they say out here, like fire in a dry forest. At the end of four pictures, they tore up the old contract and gave him a starring one. Letters by the thousands poured in from women everywhere. Love letters. Letters that made my face burn with their passionate outbursts. I know about them because I acted as his secretary until the baby was coming. It never occurred to me to be jealous of those unknown women. The Tod I shared with them was, after all, merely a shadow on a silver sheet.

**Was Envied—and Frightened**

_BUT_ it was different at the luncheons and teas I attended. It didn't exalt me to read that only faintly veiled envy in the eyes of other women. It terrified me a little.

"Oh, Mrs. Freeland, I think your husband is utterly charming! Tell me—is he that fascinating at home? You know—when you're alone?" Intimate questions, things they wouldn't think of asking another wife, were poured at me. I had to bite back a sharp retort that it really was none of their business; I had to answer civilly.

And then one night at the Coconut Grove, Sylvia Serat came floating up. She knew the couple we were with only slightly, but she gushed until they introduced her to Tod. Then she turned to him and her eyes seemed to devour him.

In fairness to Tod, I must say that Sylvia was the most beautiful creature I've ever seen. She had a dramatically lovely face and a voice that flowed and rippled and reminded you of the soft, thrilling notes of a carillon. On the other hand, I was at the most uncomfortable, most unflattering state in a woman's life.

"But how wonderful—meeting you," she murmured. "I have something to confess, Mr. Freeland. I saw you four times in 'Paris Nights.' I—have adored you . . . on the screen! . . . since you started. . . ." Her tone was a caress. I could feel my heart turn cold as I saw the light in Tod's eyes. There was good reason for it, of course. A compliment like that coming from a star of Sylvia's rating meant much.

They danced. She melted against him, her forehead touching his chin. They danced for two hours together.

I wouldn't leave. Vanity, I suppose. I couldn't let this woman get the best of me altogether. But I was not surprised a few days later to learn that she had arranged for Tod to appear in her next picture.

**Tried to Forget Other Woman**

_I DIDN'T_ go near the set. I went about making our home—and myself, too—as attractive as possible. As much as I could under the circumstances. I had facials twice a week and dressed as becomingly as I knew how—and tried to forget Sylvia's man-eating reputation.
At night when Tod returned, tired and nervous from a difficult shooting schedule, he would hold me close and Hollywood—so fast encroaching upon our happiness—was swept away.

But one day I had a desperate need to talk to him. I couldn't reach him on the telephone, so I went to the studio and walked across to his dressing-room to wait for him. I didn't even think of knocking as I entered.

He was there—with Sylvia.

They had not heard me come in, but I couldn't move, couldn't escape. I seemed riveted to the spot by what I saw. Even as I watched them, with everything I had held sacred crumbling and dying, the force of her glamour swept over me. She was all in white velvet. Her slender hands pressed his head to hers, her lips to his...

They saw me finally and drew apart. Tod looked stunned, but Sylvia said easily, "Do come in, Mrs. Freeland. We're rehearsing the action of the next scene. The public demands warmth, you know!" and she laughed that flutey laugh of hers. In that moment, I could have killed her...

My baby was born that night. Tod remained with me through most of it, but he had to leave for location in the morning. It was two weeks before I saw him again.

Those were two weeks in which I saw nothing but bleak, bare hospital walls decorated only with my imaginings of Tod in Del Monte—with Sylvia. Pictures of the two of them walking along the picturesque shore, standing with moonlight sprayed on them...

And I wished feverishly, with all my soul, that my husband was just an average man, coming home from an ordinary office in ordinary man fashion, telling me the little trivial things of the day's work, helping me decide, with much counting of money, on a new dress. Or a new rug...

Tod gave me a ten-thousand-dollar star sapphire and diamond bracelet when he returned. I took out my old seventy-five-dollar engagement ring and cried over it all night.

But, of course, he didn't know. I felt that if I could keep our life running smoothly, maybe things would adjust themselves. I wonder how many wives have deluded themselves that way!

(Continued on page 74)
Every child star you see on the screen makes you think of some child you know—perhaps your own. You could imagine THAT child in pictures, too. But how would you go about getting him "discovered" by the movies? The mothers of Jackie Cooper, Shirley Temple, Cora Sue Collins and Baby LeRoy tell how their children broke into films!

By Gertrude Hill

HOLLYWOOD turned the leaves of a child's story book, and found itself on every page. Wizard, witch with an evil leer, Cinderella, Prince—Hollywood had played every part but one. Now she wanted the children, themselves, so she turned Pied Piper. To the tune of promised wealth and fame, she piped the children into pictures. Hundreds and hundreds of little pink boys and girls, with now and then a chocolate one, followed her call. Every studio gate felt the soft, insistent pounding of chubby fists. But of all the children who heeded her tune, only a big armful have succeeded. Only three can rightfully qualify as stars—Jackie Cooper, Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy—though Cora Sue Collins is not far behind them. (And a new child star is on the rise in the person of Edith Fellowes in "Family Man.")

LeRoy is not an actor—he is a baby bewitched. He got into pictures through a contest, and was sublimely unconscious of the fate that was tossing him starward. But what is the secret of the others—of Shirley, Jackie, and Cora Sue (who has played in fifteen major pictures during the past two years)? Why were these youngsters selected out of the hundreds of little ones offered up to Hollywood? I went to their mamas to learn the ropes of baby-starring.

Mrs. Temple, who did not deliberately seek film fame for her little girl (now four years old), told me, "I have always believed in Shirley's talent. She has shown unusual ability from the time she was a tiny baby. She was quick to observe, to imitate, to improvise. When she grew a little older, she showed a remarkable knack of yielding to direction. She does anything you tell her, just as you want her to do it. I was able to judge Shirley's ability fairly. I have two sons, one of whom is now a young man. Both of them were bright youngsters, but they lacked their sister's mental agility. "I wanted a little girl so many years before Shirley came to me that maybe I wished a lot of her grace and beauty into her. Long before she was born, I tried to influence her future life by association with music, art, and natural beauty. Perhaps this preparation helped make Shirley what she is today. Also, she may have been aided by the fact that she was born so long after my first child. They say that children of older parents have more initiative.

Dancing Gave Shirley Her Start

WHEN Shirley was three years old, I sent her to dancing school. She developed so rapidly and so perfectly that she attracted the attention of a scout from Educational Studios. He asked that a film test be made of her. Her father and I were terribly surprised, as we had done nothing to make Hollywood Shirley-conscious. We didn't think studios would be any too good for her, but we agreed to the test. It won a contract for Shirley to appear in a series of shorts, 'Baby Burlesks.'

'When Fox needed a little girl to be Jimmy Dunn's child in 'Stand Up and Cheer,' Shirley tried out with other children. She was the type they wanted, and had so much rhythm in her toes that she won the part. After the first day's rushes were released, she was signed on a long-term contract. Since then she has appeared in 'Change of Heart' and 'Now I'll Tell,' has been
Your Child a Movie Star

borrowed by Paramount for the title rôle in 'Little Miss Marker,' and has just finished 'Baby, Take a Bow,' a picture named for her hit song in 'Stand Up and Cheer.'

"I have found that picture work for a child is mostly play. Children love to dress up and act, anyway, and doing it in front of a camera is practically the same as doing it in front of a mirror at home. My baby is allowed to work four hours a day. I am constantly on the set with her, and Mrs. Geddes, of the State Board of Education, supervises her schedules. The greatest danger for a child star is the unaccustomed petting and flattery, which may spoil her. So far, I think I have protected Shirley from that.

"She will attend school at the studio when she is old enough. I don't want the public grade-school children pointing Shirley out and whispering, 'She's in pictures!' I want her to develop as naturally as possible. She will continue to study dancing, of course, as that is the thing she does best."

"Why didn't you ask me the questions?" Shirley suddenly demanded in a surprisingly deep voice. "I'm the star."

Jackie's Mother Toured Studios

There was no one for him to rely upon but me, and I didn't make much. I hoped desperately that the studios would like Jackie and he would like them. I knew he had talent, but it was a long, hard pull to get Hollywood to see it.

"When I knew Jackie was coming, I wanted him to be somebody. With every bit of will I had, I focused my hope on his future. I wasn't disappointed.

When he was a little bit of a thing, Jackie took notice of everything around him. He never

(Continued on page 91)

Mrs. George Temple did not have screen ambitions for Shirley. She was "discovered" at a dancing school.

Mrs. Clyde Collins planned a definite campaign to get Cora Sue into films. And Cora Sue is almost a star to-day!
Movie Acting—That’s Society’s Newest Thrill!

“What’s a million dollars? We want to be movie stars!” That seems to be the cry of Janet Snowden, Merry Fahrney and other “children of the rich.” They’re giving up their easy lives for Hollywood’s excitement!

GUESS who is “going Hollywood” now! The movie town is being invaded by some entirely new types of newcomers. They are not the average, unsophisticated, inexperienced seekers of fame or fortune—awed by the formidable “front” that the studios present to newcomers, or afraid they won’t meet the Right People. All of the customary tricks for impressing Hollywood mean nothing to these new arrivals, for they come from a different world. Wealth, adulation and social supremacy have been their birthright. They are the “children of the rich” seeking a new thrill!

Time was when the Social Register-ites of America looked upon the picture colony as a hodge-podge group of ham actors—though they could tolerate stage actors. The Barrymores and Ben nettks knew their forks and were socially passable! But if any of the Four Hundred invited a movie star to dinner, it was as a part of the entertainment for their guests, like exhibiting a trained chimpanzee.

That’s all changed now—how changed! John Hay Whitney, millionaire sportsman and one of THE Whitemays, has come to Hollywood to spend some of his fortune—and maybe add to it—by turning movie producer. James Blakeley, who calls Park Avenue “home,” is now in Hollywood, under contract to a studio that considers him a natural-born rival of Robert Montgomery.

And Hollywood now has such feminine “blue bloods” in its midst as Merry Fahrney, Mrs. John D. Spreckles, III,
Virginia Peine Lehnmann, Winifred Flint, Lillian Moore, Rosamond Pinchot, Elizabeth Young, Hazel Forbes, Barbara Fritchie and others. Most of these girls have now, or will inherit, millions! They have been to exclusive finishing schools, have had costly débuts, have been presented at Court. But their money is not enough for their restless, modern minds. They want new thrills. They want to be in the movies! And if Katharine Hepburn, of the"their disposal, have discovered that Hollywood has more excitement, more thrills to the minute for them than any spot in the world. And they have been all over the world. There have been schools abroad and trips abroad; there have been friendships, flirtations, and even marriages with royalty; there have been beaux of wealth and position, as well as indolent young men of charm and grace dancing attendance upon them. There is no form of amusement that they have not been able to participate in, if it suited them. Even so, they have found that Hollywood still has something new to offer bored heiresses.

Take Merry Fahrney, for example. If there is any sensation she has not experienced (outside of Hollywood), I wouldn’t know where to look for it. Now only twenty-three years old, she has already had travel, luxury, airplanes of her own, love, marriage, motherhood, and divorce! She has lived through all the usual emotions of the average life already. Merry has blue eyes and a round face, slightly suggestive of Helen Hayes and a little like Mary Pickford. While not a raving beauty, she has individuality and poise.

She has more money than she knows what to do with and, while she may not have acquired fame, she has certainly had newspaper headlines. All the sensational details of her efforts to escape from the bonds of matrimony have been blazoned across the Sunday supplements. She was first married to Hugh Pickering and has one child, Peter, by him. Divorcing him last fall, she expected to marry his friend, Count Giorgio di Giorgio. Her parents prevented this match. She married a childhood friend, Frank van Ebsen—and the car bearing the wedding party was wrecked, killing the groom’s brother and injuring Merry slightly. She has just won an annulment of this marriage.

Merry Wants to Be “On Her Own”

She “had no thought of pictures”? when she came to Hollywood, but, living at the Ambassador Hotel, with her money, hectic headline history and good looks, she inevitably met the picture people socially, and it was not surprising that Cecil B. DeMille persuaded her to play a small part as a Roman lady in “Cleopatra.”

This daughter of the Chicago “patent-medicine king,” Elmer H. Fahrney, admits that she is without a single inferiority complex. And we know she is fearless, for she has been in

(Continued on page 82)
The Sphinx Is a Mystery—and So Is George Arliss

In private life, George Arliss is the silent star of a great mystery, entitled, "What Is He Really Like?" And we're out to solve the mystery right now!

By Edwin Schallert

The hills of Hollywood may some day be shaken loose from their foundations, but nothing in the world will ever twist George Arliss out of plumb as a pillar of the noble, the upright and the honorable profession of acting. Not only is Arliss a pillar, but the very rock upon which rests the tradition that acting can be dignified, righteous and distinguished. He is as solid as the Sphinx—and almost as quiet about himself. Few people really know him. Let's look into this "mystery"!

Arliss, born in 1868, has been able to prove that it is not necessary for an actor to be young to be smart, sophisticated and bedeviling; he, himself, in many of the scenes of his pictures, is as sly, as worldly-wise and as diabolical as it is possible to be; and with it all he is cheeringly and ironically humorous. What is he like in real life?

Arliss now seems to be a fixture in Hollywood, though it looked for a while as if his career had abruptly ended when he and Warner Brothers did not get together upon the expiration of his contract last Spring. Warners wanted to renew his contract at a lower figure (somewhere between $40,000 and $50,000 a picture), but as Arliss had taken one cut already, he didn't see the idea, especially with inflation on the horizon. So he went to England to vacation, and shortly the news was spread that he had signed up to make two pictures a year for Darryl Zanuck, erstwhile Warner production executive, who had resigned and started a rival company (20th Century Pictures) with Joseph Schenck. And this showed that Arliss had a keen belief in the value of stubbornness, of watchful waiting.

For he took no cut; in fact, he gained by the deal. And this business acumen—acumen that has served him well through the years—is attributable in part to Mrs. Arliss. It has made him surmisedly very rich from earnings in the show game—in which few artists know how to handle finances, and few business men are artists.

(Continued on page 88)
Who Else Is a Man of Mystery?

LIONEL BARRYMORE!

On the screen, Lionel Barrymore can be many different men. Off the screen, he can be only one—and what is that one like? This story ends the mystery!

By Elza Schallert

I

NEVER see or think of Lionel Barrymore without suffering the memory of one of the most embarrassing moments of my life—a moment that gave me an inkling about what he is really like. And I want to tell you about this Lionel Barrymore whom few people know, whom many regard, off the screen, as a Sphinx.

Sometime about a year ago, I was undergoing one of those days that every household occasionally experiences—when the 'phone rings fiendishly every few minutes. Finally, as it rang again, I answered with curt abruptness. With painstaking courtesy, yet with unmistakable self-consciousness, a man's voice exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so sorry to trouble you... I really shouldn't be doing it... As a matter of fact, I haven't any right to bother you... I have hesitated to call you, knowing that you are a busy woman, but..."

My unknown caller's manner was so extraordinarily polite that I decided some clever real estate or insurance agent was putting on an act to enlist my sympathy. I blustered in bullying fashion:

"You haven't bothered me yet, but you certainly will, if you don't state your name and business pronto!"

I have never recovered from the shock of hearing that gentle, almost bashful voice say:

"I'm ever so sorry, really. Please pardon the intrusion. This is Lionel Barrymore speaking. I wanted to ask a big favor of you."

The "big favor" that Mr. Barrymore wanted was a copy of a photograph of ships in a harbor that had appeared in a rotogravure section of a Los Angeles newspaper. He thought that through some of my contacts I might be able to get it for him.

"I'd like to have it," he continued gently, "if it wouldn't be putting you to worlds of trouble. I want to make an etching of it."

He's Many Men in One

ANY other actor as famous as Lionel Barrymore would have had his valet or butler or secretary or one of the boys from the studio press department request the picture. But, of course, Lionel Barrymore is not like every other famous actor. He is a fine, simple, unaffected human being first, and a celebrated actor next.

(Continued on page 86)
Jean’s Friends Mad at Maxie

It appears that the break-up of the marriage of Jean Harlow and cameraman Hal Rosson “wasn’t anybody’s fault; it just wasn’t meant to succeed.” Sports writers are asking: Will it be Maxie Baer now? The big fighter is reported as willing, but Jean says “No!” and her intimates say harsh things about the Baer press-agent, claiming that the rumors are just a publicity stunt for Maxie, the big sex-appeal man.

Hal Rosson just grins and asks, “Did you see Jean’s ad in the paper?”—referring to the divorce announcement. (By the way, whatever became of the San Francisco girl to whom he was supposed to be engaged before his sudden marriage to the Platinum Blonde?) Jean wept when giving her divorce interviews to the reporters, and they went away with a sort of “there, there, little girl” look. Perhaps her supporters are right in insisting that “Jean is one girl divorce can’t hurt.”

Gloria Gains Another Friend

Michael Farmer, sailing from Europe for a six months’ yacht cruise around the world with a Baronfriend, left the way open for Gloria Swanson to get a divorce without a battle and promised to see her when the yacht reached California in the Fall. At first, he was reported as planning a fight to the bitter end for custody of their baby daughter, who is now in the care of a nurse in Europe (far from kidnap threats).

Meanwhile, there is no stilling the rumors of romance between Gloria and Herbert Marshall, who were seen together constantly in New York during his recent vacation and her “personal appearance” engagement there. But Hollywood’s own personal resentment about the rumored romance apparently has not permeated to the rest of the country. Gloria’s tour (her first experience at stage acting) has been a hit, and Herbert’s screen career advances apace; he is now playing opposite Constance Bennett in “The Green Hat” and is scheduled to be Norma Shearer’s hero in “Marie Antoinette.” Gloria parries all queries by asking, “How can I be going to marry Mr. Marshall since he is at present the husband of Edna Best?” Edna, who has gone back to England, is “trying” a separation.

Just “Fighting” for Fun?

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller, after their “elopement,” kept reporters guessing for three weeks about whether or not they had actually eluded the press posse and committed marriage. Now, they are getting great gobs of publicity, making the reporters guess whether or not they are on the verge of separation. One week they are together (Lupe is making a personal appearance tour, and Johnny is vacationing); the next week, Johnny is back in Hollywood alone. Lupe promised early in her matrimonial career that this would be Hollywood’s fightingest marriage—and it has been so far. But, at that, it might last longer than some of the town’s “perfect” matches.

Lupe’s former dolling, Gary Cooper, is one of Hollywood’s most inconspicuous bridegrooms. (He and Sandra Shaw and Johnny and Lupe, by the way, are close friends these days.) Sandra has evidently persuaded Gary to give up week-ending at his beloved ranch and, although she was courted on horseback, she and Gary are never seen on the bridal paths these days. Hollywood is looking for “the inevitable conflict between Park Avenue and Montana.” Hollywood would be looking for such a thing!

Katie Doing a Dietrich

Katharine Hepburn has joined the ranks of trousered ladies of Hollywood. Accompanied always by curly-haired Laura Harding, her constant and wealthy “side-kick,” she is striding about town in the footsteps of Garbo, Dietrich and Sullivan. (She has discarded her famous overalls in favor of slacks.) Katie is going to do Galsworthy’s “Forsyte Saga,” playing the modern, restless Irene. The family of the late novelist said she could. She has gained a little weight and, while looking less hungry, also looks a trifle less exotic.
Meet the newest newlyweds—Andy Devine and Dorothy House. The gravel-throated comedian must have a soothing voice in real life. They eloped.

Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are back from their two-months' vacation in Europe—where, the proud papa claims, Dick the 2nd attracted more attention than they did. "A Son Comes Home," appropriately enough, is Dick's next picture.

go to Europe on his vacation, as he originally planned, was because she couldn't go, too. Meanwhile, his divorce plans seem to have struck a snag of some sort. Virginia won't discuss their "engagement." She says that she has done all the talking so far and she'll let George talk now—but insists that they will be married within three months.

Merry Got Her Own Taxi

ANOTHER Chicago heiress who has been twice married and who has entered movies is Merry Fahrney. (She plays a "bit" as a Roman lady in "Cleopatra.") She just shed her second husband, Frank van Eiszner, by the annulment route, testifying that she didn't know when she married him because a cocktail had made her numb.

They tell an amusing story about Merry's first day at the studio. (She had to report at six-thirty a.m., like everyone else.) It seems that when work was finished, she swept into the office of a studio executive and asked him to call a cab for her.

That gentleman gazed at the lady who is heiress to patent-medicine millions. "The cab stand, Miss Fahrney," he said.

VIRGINIA PINE, the wealthy and attractive young Chicago divorcée who has entered films, returned from the East without George Raft in tow and went to the hospital for a breakdown. But she still insists that she is "happier than she has ever been in her life." She says that the reason why George didn't
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Stardom

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 roles intended for Gloria Swanson, whose "comeback" seems to be held up temporarily—perhaps to await public reaction to her fourth divorce.

Some Drive 'Em;
Some Don't

L L I A N  H A R -
V E Y  h a s

taken

so much rib-

bising about her "ice cream wagon"—her white automobile—

that she has put it in storage and has bought a small, in-

expensive (and inconspicuous) car. Carl Brisson still

drives his block-long, dazzling-white import. Jean Harlow

still drives her big platinum-colored coupé. And Mae West

is driving around these days in a bullet-proof steel car.

(Those threats, you know.)

If Connie and Henri de la Falaise do part, there will be a title on the market again. Remembering how Gloria Swanson's face flamed crimson and remained so for hours when she met her ex-husband at a dinner party this Spring and he kissed her affectionately, some people wonder . . .

All Better, Thank You

M R I A M  H O P K I N S '  often-broken ankle (which she sprained again in making "She Loves Me Not") has mended. Claudette Colbert is resting from the long strain of "Cleopatra," made under the stress of illness. Fredric March has emerged from his near-breakdown. Mrs. Wallace Beery, who has been desperately ill with heart trouble, is back at home, gaining. And reassuring news comes from Marie Dressler that she is really on the mend.

While Mrs. Beery was so ill, Wally went to the hospital every morning to see her, flew to location at Catalina (for "Treasure Island"), rushed off the set to his plane, flew back to the mainland and raced to the hospital, staying at his wife's bedside until they put him out.

Clark Warns the Animals

C L A R K  G A B L E  h a s
been hunting again—

with that gr-r-r-nd new rifle of his, which has gold sights and mountings that catch the sunlight and warn any animal within range that he is on its trail. The plan to have his débu-
tante step-daughter, Georgia, screen-tested seems to be in abey-
ance for the moment. We understand that Clark is wholly in favor of the idea, but wants to take the tests with her and have her gowned by Adrian first.

Ruth Pondering Divorce

R U T H  C H A T T E R T O N ,  they do
tell, is visiting soothsayers and fortune-tellers these days—perhaps try-
ing to discover whether or not to divorce George Brent. She is very pally with Grace Moore, who is back in pictures in "One Night of Love." Meanwhile, Brent goes about singing to himself. If his heart is broken, he is concealing the fact nobly. Completely on his own now, he is drawing some rôles at Warners that are intended to zoom him up to stardom fast. Ruth has signed with M-G-M, and whisperers are wondering if she is going
gently, "is just outside. I'm sure you can't miss it."

Louise Fazenda, who just won a new contract, is off for a vacation in Europe with hubby Hal Wallis, film ex-
cutive. They'll be looking for a big story for Louise.

With them (at right) is his sister, Minna Wallis

Did you ever picture Ann Harding as a cow-
girl? That's the part she played to perfection in the recent Film Stars' Frolic in Hollywood!
This fine young actress got her start in Hollywood as "The Kissless Girl"... a title no other newcomer has ever sought. And this story-interview tells you how and why she has been dodging romance!

Evelyn Venable Finds a New Way to Fame

It seems that, in spite of all the printed and whispered hints to the contrary Evelyn Venable is still different from the crowd. Evelyn, you remember, is the young actress who was introduced to Hollywood by zealous press-agents as "The Kissless Girl," and whose impeccable conduct has sent the gossips into frenzies of doubt, disbelief and dismay ever since.

How and why would any healthy, attractive girl—free, white and almost twenty-one—remain kissless in Hollywood? That's what Hollywood wanted to know. And yet there was Evelyn to confound the cynics. That is, she confounded them until the day she finally looked at a man—in the person of Hal Mohr, Fox cameraman. On that day, the gossip columnists (who don't believe what anybody else says) asserted that Evelyn and Hal were playing post-office. Nay, more— they were planning to marry as soon as Evelyn's father arrived to give his blessing. About that point, Evelyn waxed indignant.

But this is getting ahead of the story. First, it must be explained how and why Evelyn became known as the "Kissless Girl."

Evelyn is the only newcomer to Hollywood who could conceivably qualify for that immaculate title. Most of them are sexy little numbers who will never, never be mistaken for home girls, and who are seen to the best advantage in their lingerie. "A young Mae West" is the favorite slogan for any of these kiddies, but nobody seems to realize that it takes rare talent, as well as a rare figure, to make a Mae West. And to give these girls a real chance, every picture must be a strip act.

That leaves Evelyn Venable as the sole heir to such refined roles as she has played in "Cradle Song," "Death Takes a Holiday," "David Harum" and "Double Door." Imagine Toby Wing or Grace Bradley impersonating the delicate convent orphan in "Cradle Song." Or Joan Marsh or Ida Lupino reflecting the spiritual mood (Continued on page 76)

Hollywood gossips keep insisting that there is a romance on between Evelyn and cameraman Hal Mohr (left). Evelyn calls the rumors "embarrassing"
Meet Louella Parsons — She Knows Them All!

Don't miss this story of the newspaper woman who is "Hollywood's secret ruler." She's always the first person to whom the stars tell their breaks and heart-breaks. A combination confessor, friend, booster, critic and star reporter—she's greatly loved and secretly feared!

By Gladys Hall

This is a story of a newspaper woman who knows all the stars by their first names. It is the whole, intimate, inside story of Louella Parsons—who has not only met them all, but has discovered many of them, and is the confidante of practically all of them. It tells you how she has become the star reporter of the stars, and she tells you, herself, what her life is like and how she gets those stories of Hollywood that make newspaper headlines.—Editor.

This is Louella Parsons—the newspaper woman who knows all that’s worth knowing about the stars, because they tell her all, themselves. Left, arm in arm on a cruise to Hawaii left to right, Warner Baxter, Dr. Harry Martin (Louella’s husband), Louella, herself, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon (she first reported their romance), Dorothy Mackaill and director John McCormick

HER intimate friends call her Lolly. The world of print knows her as Louella O. Parsons. In all the movie kingdom, no by-line is so significant, so eagerly, hopefully, fearfully read... "Louella Parsons says..." and "Have you read Louella Parsons this morning?" are sentences broken over Hollywood's daily bread. They call her the Castrina of the Cinema, Hollywood's Secret Ruler, the Power Behind the Thrones.

By an inky and indefatigable trail, Louella has arrived at the place where the Mary Pickfords, the Charlie Chaplins, the great, the near-great and the would-be-great of Hollywood open their hearts to her, give her the breaks on their engagements, marriages and divorces. All of the major events of their eventful, stellar lives fall like ripe plums into the altar-like inkwell of Louella. Never a party is given, never a picture premiered, never a microphone handy but what Louella is begged, entreated to be there.

Every head-waiter in town waits most assiduously upon Louella. Every "extra" and "bit" player in town dreams of the day when his or her name may be mentioned in Louella’s Sunday column, "Hollywood Movie-Go-Round." From stand-in girl to producer, she is welcomed with open arms and more than a modicum of secret awe. She dares to say what she thinks—about pictures, about the work of producers, stars and directors, and about their private lives. She dares to print what she knows. She is the recipient of hundreds of stories that are not printed and she is the friend of hundreds because these stories are unprinted.

She was the first to tell the world about the Pickford-Fairbanks separation (said to be the greatest scoop ever to
come out of Hollywood); first reporter to interview George Bernard Shaw when he reached America; first to predict Gary Cooper's marriage to Sandra Shaw; first to publish the contents of Valentine's will; first to tell of Sally Eilers' elopement with Harry Joe Brown, Virginia Bruce's engagement to John Gilbert, Gloria Swanson's plans to divorce Michael Farmer; and she has scored enough other scoops to stuff any reporter's typewriter with stars.

When Louella Parsons returned from a trip to Europe a few years ago, Marion Davies gave her a "welcome home" party—and these were the guests. Front row, left to right, Mona Maris, Gertrude Olmstead Leonard, Virginia Bushman Conway, Eleanor Boardman, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Marion Davies, Louella Parsons, Diana Kane Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Herman Mankiewicz, Kathryn Carver, Aileen Pringle and Hedda Hopper. Back row, left to right, Clarence Brown, Robert Z. Leonard, Jack Conway, Irving Thalberg, Adolphe Menjou, King Vidor, Samuel Goldwyn, George Fitzmaurice, Herman Mankiewicz, Dr. Martin, John Gilbert and Lloyd Pantages.

She says that in all her years of experience only one star who has promised to tell her first has ever broken faith with her—namely, Ruth Chatterton, on the occasions of her parting from Ralph Forbes and her more recent parting from George Brent. On both of these occasions, however, Louella was saved the ignominy of being scooped, thanks to the cooperation of the husbands before the bar. They gave Louella her stories.

Louella has conquered all obstacles that have ever threatened to interfere with her picture-pilgrim's progress. But underneath the suave enamel of the crack reporter is still the eager and interested girl who cared about what Mrs. Tewksbury served for supper...

Which takes us back to the beginning of Louella—as a dark, eager and very young girl living in Dixon, Illinois, with her parents. She was a girl more than normally interested in her neighbors and what they were doing and where they were going and what parties they were giving and what "the refreshments" were going to be. Some.

(Continued on page 40)
What Every Girl Should Know about Miriam Hopkins

Are you up-to-date about Miriam? Do you know what she has been getting out of life? Plenty that other people just dream about! She has found a design for living that gets her what she wants. And she tells you about it here!

It seemed to me, as I sat sunning with Miriam Hopkins in the patio of her Monterey-Colonial home in Bel Aire, that Miriam has everything that a human being might reasonably desire. She has beauty and the talent of self-expression and fame and fortune and health. She has this charming home with its walled-in garden, bordered fromdy pepper trees, vivid with flowers, gay with laughter. She has bought her long-desired home in New York, in Sutton Place. She has always wanted to live in New York for a part of each year, wanted to do a play there each season. Now, at last, she can. She wants to be in California for the balance of the year and make pictures—and money—and she will.

Marriage with writer Austin Parker didn't work out for her, but out of divorce has grown a firm and rare friendship. He spends a considerable part of his time with Miriam. Where, how and with whom he spends the rest of it is no concern of Miriam's. And vice versa. She wanted a son and she found one for adoption who seems, just from living in her environment, to be forming in her image. Miriam seems able to make time and tide do her bidding. But HOW! By what means?

Can we really take Life and mold it, like pliable clay, as we want it to be? Is it possible to take the stuff of life and cut it to our own measurement, wear it as we want to wear it, dye it with the colors we love the best? Does Miriam hold the promise that we are not puppets to be pulled about on strings that we resent and resist—but are, ourselves, the Puppeteers who can make the marionettes of life dance at our will? Is Miriam a Puppeteer?

I asked her, as she sat opposite me, with her bandaged ankle—broken in the window-jumping scene of "She Loves Me Not"—reposing on a foot-rest. She laughed. "I—have everything? Oh, but have I . . .?"

"Well, haven't you?" I parried, indicating the sunny garden and all it stood for, all it held. (At the moment, it also held Austin Parker, who had just finished a book and wanted Miriam to be the first to read it. And it also held two-and-a-half-year-old Michael, who was occupied with sand-boxes, slides, kiddie-kars, balls and scooters.)

"It is peaceful here," Miriam said, "and peace is what I want . . ."

Austin laughed pleasantly. "Miriam would run like a racer if she saw peace anywhere near her," he said.

"No, that's not true, Billy." (She calls him Billy.) "I do want peace—but not the drab, gray thing that most people mean by the word. I mean a peace softly, brightly colored, filled with the music of content and quietness within. Peace can be as fulfilling as passion; the side-lines can be as thrilling as the arena, if we know how to use our hearts and our minds. There is, of course, a very great deal in being satisfied with what we have, instead of thinking we'll be satisfied with what we want. I think I do make the best of what I have. Which is why I have been horridly dubbed 'Happy Hopkins'—horridly because I loathe the type of person who goes about saying blithely, 'Isn't everything lovely?'

What She Asks Herself

"But to get down to cases—my case. You think I have everything. You ask me if I believe it possible to get what we want from life, to mold it into the shape we would have it? I think we can get all of the little things, yes. I think we can get a measure of success, houses, money, good times, the environments we want—if we have a bull's-eye to aim at. I have got all the little things, granted. But the big ones? I'm not so sure.

"While Austin is in the pool, I'll say this: It isn't good to live alone. I think that if I had it to do over again, if I had known then what I know now, perhaps Austin and I would be together now, as hus-

(Continued on page 94)
When Pat Paterson brought her sparkle over from England, she thought she was leaving a sure thing for a gamble. Back in Blighty, she was a triple hit—on the stage, on the screen and on the radio—but in America she was unknown. When she clicked in her first picture, "Bottoms Up," she said, "Call It Luck." And that, said her bosses, was a good title for her second picture—in which she clicks again. We'd have you know. But Pat, with a smile that rivals Jeanette MacDonald's, still insists she's lucky. Didn't she meet and marry Charles Boyer in Hollywood?
Recognize the little girl in the big bow? It's Sidney Fox, back in films, making a new name for herself in "Down to Their Last Yacht." And you'll be hearing from Irene Harvey (far left)—a real beauty who can do some real acting. And does in "Let's Try Again!"

Girls Making Themselves Heard...

Pert Kelton (in circle) has a chirp and a sense of humor that are practically devastating; that's why she's being starred in "Bachelor Bait." Steffi Duna (right) is new, exotic. Francis Lederer, the boy-friend, predicts a great film future for her.
“I Know What It’s Like to Be in Human Bondage”

—Leslie Howard

“We are in bondage to those who have the potential ability to make us suffer,” says the hero of the picture, “Of Human Bondage.” His two children have Leslie in bondage. He tells you about it here—and reveals himself as the world has never seen him before!

"Yes, I am in human bondage,” Leslie Howard told me, lounging, pipe in mouth, on the chintzy davenport before the fireplace in his Beverly Hills home. “And not to a lady with a greenish pallor, either.” That little reference to “a lady with a greenish pallor” was to the girl in Somerset Maugham’s great story of super-sensitive youth, “Of Human Bondage,” which Leslie has just filmed.

“I have been in bondage ever since my son was born. I have never, from that moment to this, drawn one completely free and all-for-myself breath. I am in bondage to my love for my children, my concern for them and for their concerns, my nostalgia when we are separated, my anxiety for the way their lives shall go when we are not together. There is no human bondage unless the chains are riveted on by love. If love does not exist, then, naturally, one does not care—and where one does not care, bondage is impossible.

“We are in bondage to those who have the potential ability to make us suffer. And there is no one in the world with such potentialities where I am concerned as my own children. The bondage is not physical. I don’t mean that. The world can be between parents and children as it is between my children and me right now, and we grown-ups can be as footloose as gypsies if we want to be. But we don’t want to be—and that is where the ties bind. Because if we stay put, we are inactive; and if we go, we are unhappy and our abilities are undermined.

“I am, of course, speaking only for myself. Mrs. Howard doesn’t take it as I do, at all. She’s more sensible. She says that we have our lives to live and they have theirs, and that it’s only for a part of each year, anyhow, and then we’ll all be together again. She believes in taking things as they come, without any agonizing. She’s right and I’m wrong, but it’s a wrong I can’t right in myself. I can feel them in my nerves and brain and heart. I am never without consciousness of them.

Never Free from Worries Now

"No, it is not physical bondage. It’s a matter of mental and spiritual bondage. Never again, after the birth of children, is one free for one moment from worry about what they are doing, wondering if they are safe, happy, in the right environment, getting what they should be getting from life, and

By Gladys Hall

(Continued on page 78)
Douglas Fairbanks is returning from England—not only in person, but in "The Private Life of Don Juan." And this rôle of early Spain's Great Lover is the most ambitious of his career!

Don Juan, like Henry the VIIIth, was not miserly with his love—but, unlike Henry, he had his love returned with interest. Doug, playing the rôle, has six leading ladies—the chief one being Benita Hume (left).

Remember Merle Oberon as Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth"? Now she's exotic in a XIVth Century manner in "The Private Life of Don Juan!"

**DON JUAN FAIRBANKS AND TWO LADIES HE COURTS**
How come Veloz and Yolanda haven’t been in the movies until now? Don’t tell us Hollywood never heard of them!—for they are one of the world’s greatest dance teams. But they’re finally here—better late than never. You’ll see them DANCE (they have rhythm) in “Many Happy Returns”
Tom Keene was a big star in Westerns, but he passed it all up—"disappeared" for a year, forgetting Hollywood and letting Hollywood forget him. WHY? Because he was willing to take a gamble on his future. And he has won. He's back now—as a dramatic actor! Watch him!
to Leave Hollywood!

WITH twice as much fan mail as Constance Bennett's, a starring contract with a major studio, and a record of making pictures that earned more money for RKO than Katharine Hepburn's or Ann Harding's, Tom Keene deliberately left Hollywood cold a year ago. Buying up his contract from RKO, refusing other offers totaling sixty thousand dollars, this young Western star hied himself East, to disappear for a year, forget pictures, and take the risk of pictures forgetting him.

"Because," to use his own words, "that was our agreement, and because I couldn't afford to kid myself that I was getting anywhere on a horse."

Behind that phrase, "our agreement," lies one of Hollywood's most amazing untold stories, the story of a contract that had no legal form to bind it except a handshake between two men, a most un-Hollywood contract, a contract based on faith.

King Vidor, the director who made "The Crowd," "Hallelujah," "Street Scene" and "The Champ" (to mention only a few of his pictures), had been nursing an idea in his head for a year—an idea of a picture dealing with the problems of fighting Old Man Depression. But to make this picture, he had to have two things—free rein and just the right star. The free rein he secured by resigning his post with one of the biggest studios so that he could make the picture on his own—and the star he found by paying a young, ambitious picture actor to leave Hollywood!

"The man I needed," explains Vidor, "might or might not be in Hollywood. He might or might not be under long-term contract to someone else. He might or might not be within reach of what I could afford to pay. But there was such a man—and I had to have him.

"I spent months hunting for him. I had exact specifications that he must fit; for this was not a part that could be whittled down or rewritten to suit the conveniences and limitations of a star. The boy who was my hero must not only look the part; he must be the part. He must wear overalls as if they 'fitted' him, work as though he was used to work, and fight as if he had battled his way all through his life."

Tom Filled the Bill

As my struggling young American, he must look as though he had struggled, had learned to lose, and had gone on struggling. His face must show youth—and experience; his manner must hint of memories, of disappointments and bitter battles; and his bearing must reflect the courage to keep on fighting. Just acting wouldn't do here. I had to have someone who could re-live my story and who 'belonged' with the common people with whom he would be cast.

"I had almost given up on him—or, at least, I was becoming mighty discouraged; when I happened to see Tom Keene. From appearances, he was made for the part. When I learned how he had been orphaned at the age of six, and how he had battled for existence through his childhood, I knew I had found the main character for my new picture."

And now comes the inside story of Tom Keene's disappearance from Hollywood, a story without parallel even in this town of strange happenings.

"Tom, I'm planning to make a picture," Vidor told him, and gave him a brief outline of the script. "I have a very definite idea regarding the man I want to play the lead. I haven't found anyone who comes closer to filling the bill than you. So I have a proposition to make to you: If you'll gamble with me, I'll gamble with you ... If you would like to start your picture career over again, here is your chance. If you will buy up your contract at the studio, I'll guarantee you the lead in my new picture. Further, I'll pay you a reasonable salary until I'm ready to go into production."

"How long will that be?" asked Tom.

"Perhaps a year. But I don't mean to have you just sign up with me and then go on as you have been doing. I want you to go away—get completely out of Hollywood—disappear."

Why He Wanted Him to "Forget" Movies

I DON'T care what you do while you are away—so long as you live among real men and women and get the taste of Hollywood out of your mouth and the ideas of Hollywood out of your brain. Forget Western pictures. Forget contracts and money-making. Don't worry for fear people will forget you—I want them to. Brush up a bit on your acting. Get on the stage a while—study—relax—have a good time—but keep away from Hollywood. Then, when I'm ready to go ahead, I'll call you—and I'll start you."

Most young Hollywood actors with a safe niche in the picture business, a sure future, a splendid salary, with prospects of an even larger pay-check, would have hesitated at the prospect that King Vidor offered. A year on a small income, the possibility of being forgotten by the fickle fans, and a part (Continued on page 93)
Leo Carrillo—
Big-Role Hunter

Leo is ready for action when a nice, juicy rôle comes ambling along. He’ll go gunning for it or else lasso it. And Leo knows his firearms and his lariats—having an eleven-acre rancho where he can practise. This caballero also knows his acting. He could be a killer in "Viva Villa"—and then be a priest in "Manhattan Melodrama." In any rôle, he can be vivid!
"Oooo! The pretty birdie bites!" says Shirley Temple—just as if she means it. The whole world has fallen in love with this four-year-old wonder child who can register any emotion in the whole long list. As in "Little Miss Marker," she plays the title role in "Baby Take a Bow."
Any Man Would Like CLARK GABLE’S House!

By Dorothy Calhoun

This is the story of the house that a million women have dreamed about and have wanted to know about—Clark Gable’s new home. And when men read about Clark’s surroundings, he will rate even higher with them as a he-man than he already does. Don’t miss this vivid pen-picture of the interior of his home, which will give you new ideas for your own!—Editor.

CLARK GABLE’S new home is distinctly a compromise house—a compromise between the California landscape with its mimosas and eucalyptus trees and the Colonial background of its occupants; a compromise between a masculine house, with its wood-paneling and mounted deer heads, its sporting prints and heavy, comfortable furniture—and a feminine home for the two charming women who live in it...his wife and step-daughter.

Monterey in type—long, low, solid and unpretentious—it nestles into its landscape as though it had been there for years, instead of a few months. Since Clark spends much of his time on horseback when away from the studio, his home is situated near the foothills with their bridle paths, and he and his step-sons—one of them only four years younger than himself—hunt, fish, ride and hike to their hearts’ content.

There is nothing of the “I’m-a-movie-star-and-must-show-off” flavor about Clark’s home, with its plain white walls, red roof and prim balcony across the front. Too many Monterey houses have a tea-roomy, gift-shopppe look, overdressed as they are with ollas, window boxes, pottery and strings of peppers. And the first glimpse of the interior as

No wonder Clark is a "home" man! Read about the attractiveness of his new house—and its solid comfort! Clark and Mrs. Gable both had ideas about the interior decorating, and the ideas harmonized. How would some of them go in your own home?
you step into the hall is as unpretentious and honest as the outside.

What You See First

Bare oak floors, beautifully polished and darkened, contrast with the plain ivory paneling. Your eye catches an uncarpeted spiral stairway, which curves upward with sturdy spindles and rails. The huge grandfather's clock recalls Clark's odd phobia for looking at the time every few minutes. Every room in his home is amply decorated with timepieces.

The curtains, except in the living-room and dining-room, are all bright and cheery glazed chintzes, without fussy valances or stiff draping. In the living-room, however, the curtains are green brocade. Plain ivory wall surfaces give rest to the eye, and the light tan carpet running from wall to wall is, obviously, the choice of a man. Masculine, too, are the deep, heavy, easy chairs upholstered in the brocade of the windows, and the big wine-red davenport, not too elaborately to lounge on, not too dainty to be spoiled by riding breeches, not too "period" to be comfortable.

This color scheme, by the way—tan carpet, ivory walls, red brick fireplace, and wine-red davenport—offers suggestions to anyone looking for decorative hints for a home. The plain rug admits color notes in the upholstery, and may be brightened by one gorgeous throw rug, as in the Gable living-room. Instead of the green drapes, a simpler and less expensive curtain material would be a brown glazed chintz decorated with dahlias in all of their winey, rusty colors.

A painting of Georgiana, the daughter of the house, hangs above the lounge. (She is planning a screen career, and we understand Clark has offered her the use of his last name if she chooses, to give her the publicity so necessary for beginners.) There are antique gold-framed mirrors, inlaid low-boy's bearing white lamps, and several delicate antique chairs to show that a woman has had a voice in the room's furnishings. Mrs. Gable, Clark's wife, has the reputation of being a charming hostess and was once a social leader in her native Texas town.

Clark's Own Special Room

If Clark should find the living-room a trifle elegant for his outdoor tastes, he has a game room and study close by, where he can scatter ashes from his pipe to his heart's content—and loaf on a man-size, built-in davenport. Heads of animals, which have

(Continued on page 92)
Hollywood—By-the-Sea

For her ocean plunge, Lillian Bond sheds her finery for a brassiere-top, two-piece suit of white rubber, piped with blue. But the bather pictured with her doesn't shed his fine feathers for his dips and confines his water-sports to a small pan in his cage.

Apparently, Carole Lombard teases Old Man Sun to do his stuff by wearing the daring black silk bathing suit (above) and then seeks the shelter of a beach umbrella. Very fair blondes can get severe cases of sunburn and she takes no chances. Alice Faye, not quite as fair, managed to get a nice suntan and the contrast of her skin with her white beach outfit is striking. Her rubber suit and terry-cloth cape are trimmed in green to match her straw hat.
With streamline effects having made their appearance in swim suits, Gloria Stuart (left) is now curious about their floating power. Her suit is white rubber, banded in red and blue. Pleasing piracy is committed by Carole Lombard (right) in her white crépe hat. Carole liked the lines of the suit on the opposite page well enough to have several made in different colors. Here she is wearing the attractive white one.

If this were a bathing beauty contest, we would expect to see Jean Parker wearing a sash across her bathing suit inscribed “Miss Simplicity.” There’s really nothing to her white wool swim suit, it being a simple little one-piece affair—but a youthful figure like Jean’s needs nothing more.
The Mexican influence invades the beaches in the form of millinery. Carole Lombard’s straw sombrero (above) has a yellow cord around the crown and continuing under the chin. A saucily-tied yellow and red kerchief adds more Mexican flavor. Virginia Pine’s white pull-over terry-cloth coat (left), with notched collar and slit sides, is popular with the girls.

Mary Carlisle’s white knitted shorts, with the drawstring, resemble “baby pants” and they are that cute. The striped jersey top, with anchor trimming, is cut somewhat like a triangle kerchief. Mary thinks her beach clogs go well with this outfit.

Carole Lombard goes Mexican (above) in the newest resort fashion—a swanky version of the Mexican serape, which is an ideal cover for the one-piece swim suit. The serape may also be spread out and used on the beach as a blanket. Carole chose one of brown linen, lined and belted with green terry-cloth. The hat is the same as in the circle picture.
When It's High Tide At The Seashore--
It's High Time For Hollywood Togs!

Esther Ralston (above) introduces a beach version of the sailor suit made up of soft, fine, white linen. The sailor collar of the tuck-in blouse is trimmed with navy blue braid and there is a navy star embroidered in the two corners of the collar in back. The slacks are fitted and buttoned in real sailor fashion on both hips. Only the sandals are non-nautical.

Ia Lupino wears this brown and white jersey jumper with a pair of brown flannel slacks when she plays beach ball.

This is the beach suit and hat that Genevieve Tobin (left) dons after her swim. The colors are turquoise and yellow. Perching above, she is sunning without the jacket.
Please find enclosed cents for Hollywood Patterns.

Name
Address

Hollywood Pattern Book, 10c, if purchased with a Pattern, 15c if ordered alone.

Hollywood 691

Hollywood 683
Joan Blondell (one of the cutest tomboys in California) wears shorts and shirts. These have optional Tyrolian suspenders and are cut in sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Pattern costs 15c.

Hollywood 668
It's hard to find a dress that is simple, thrifty of fabric, and pretty to boot. Here it is! In 14 to 20; 32 to 38—
ond size 18 takes only 3 3/4 yds. of 35-inch fabric and belt and tie. Pattern, 15c.

Hollywood 564
What's hot? The whole movie world and all points East have "gone" for the middy. You get an extra blouse in the pattern! Make one of voile, one of linen. Designed in sizes 32 to 40. Pattern, 15c.
She Plays Any Nationality

Dolores is Mexican by birth, American by preference, French in "Madame Du Barry," and will be Oriental in her next picture. She would be at home in any country on earth!

By Winifred Aydelotte

ILL ROGERS' studio bungalow is an old Western ranch house; Janet Gaynor's is thatched English; Marlene Dietrich eats German food; Lupe Velez' house has one room that is entirely Mexican; Maurice Chevalier thinks in French; Madge Evans is the typical American girl; Carl Brisson is the pride of Denmark; once there was a man without a country; Hollywood is the melting pot of the world, and... Dolores Del Rio is a woman with two countries who can play any nationality.

Technically, she is a Mexican citizen. By preference, she is an American; but intellectually and emotionally (and artistically) she belongs to the world. The limits of nationality cannot apply to her, for she can understand the people, and adapt herself to the customs, of any country in the world. She is a true internationale—this darkly beautiful star who has just played a tempestuous French charmer of the late XVIIIth Century in "Madame Du Barry."

I went to see her the day after she finished the picture. And she looked—in a simple blue silk dress—as if she had just returned from a nice, restful vacation, instead of indulging in the terrific mental contortions necessary to project herself, for long, exhausting weeks, into a difficult, foreign character and into an old, strange century.

She kept me waiting for a half-hour. Rather, the mean old studio portrait department did. But any time they can find Del Rio relaxing in a spare moment, they jump at the chance for stills, for her pictures just naturally come out perfect. Even a camera will turn to look at her.

"I am sorry I have kept you waiting," she said, and it is a matter of deep disappointment on my part that my typewriter cannot capture her charming accent. She led me into her very modern, very white, and very attractive studio bungalow. With her black hair parted in the center, her perfect features, and that lovely golden color of her skin, Dolores Del Rio is one of the few real beauties in Hollywood. Add to all that her charm, her graciousness and her intense, definite honesty, and anyone can understand why even film writers gladly stand patiently in line to see her.

"How I loved playing Du Barry!" she said. "I felt I knew her so well. I understood exactly how her mind worked. I knew what she was thinking and feeling when, aroused to a magnificent rage by the trickery of those horrible people who stole her clothes to prevent her attending an important ball, she arrived impressively late, and, standing at the head of the marble staircase, threw back her cloak and revealed the fact that she was dressed in nothing but her best

(Continued on page 74)
By Ginger Rogers

Her Helpful Hints to Beauty

Ginger Rogers told us, "This is something new for me—writing about beauty." In other words, she has never before revealed the beauty secrets that she shares with you here—as the second star to write intimately and frankly of "aids to beauty" for MOTION PICTURE. Last month, Lilian Harvey began the series. Next month—and each month—another star will write of her "Secrets of the Dressing-Table." No feminine reader can afford to miss these revelations. They will pay dividends in added attractiveness. And—remember—they will be found only in MOTION PICTURE!—Editor.

When anyone asks me to talk about beauty I have to take a quick look at my mirror—for as a child I was an ugly duckling, and sometimes it is hard to believe that I am not one still. Those childish impressions stick. I was gawky and lanky, with red-gold hair, a mess of freckles and a bit of an inferiority complex. Can you blame me for feeling inferior—especially when my family were always reminding themselves (and me) that I had been a pretty baby, at least? Well, what mother or father doesn't take it hard when "the baby" starts growing up and changing?

Fortunately, my mother wasn't one to blame it on Nature and just let it go at that. Before I was fifteen, she had begun

As a child, Ginger Rogers claims, she was "an ugly duckling." That's hard to believe today. But Ginger says she learned how to improve on Nature—without being artificial. She tells you all about it here
to teach me how to care for my appearance, to make the most of what I had—and enjoy doing it. She gave me a facial every ten days, a good oil treatment with my shampoo, and daily exercises for poise and grace. Her treatments weren't all nicely dished up out of some expensive beauty kit, either; you can be sure of that.

My dressing-table was stocked with good old home-made beauty aids, many of them cooked on my mother's stove, and the raw materials for these were gathered from the beehive and the pasture that were all a part of our Texas home. Well, it's hard for me to believe it, myself—when I look at the lovely jar on my studio dressing-table to-day. But though I daily use these cleansing and astrigent creams, I still find time and use for those beauty aids that mother discovered for me long before I ever thought of going into the movies. Let me tell you about them.

A "Lotion" YOU Can Make

FIRST, there is nothing like mutton tallow for keeping the skin soft and smooth. I use it on my hands, alternating it with a good hand cream or lotion—and also on my lips. You know, a lot of you have written me to ask why it is that my lips always look so shiny and moist and soft on the screen. Lipstick will go on evenly and smoothly (as it should) only if your lips are soft and smooth, and without a crack or bit of dry chafing. And a little bit of the mutton tallow smoothed on every night is a wonderful softener! Here's how you make it:

Take two pounds of mutton fat and boil it in water for two hours. Then pour off all the liquid and allow the residue to cool. When it's cold, you'll find a

nice layer of the pure, white fat, congealed on top. Skim it off, and you will have one of the best toilet preparations I've ever known. Keep it in a jar in the ice-box, and a little of it will last for ages. You can use it for hands and lips as I suggested before, and also for elbows (probably the most neglected part of our anatomies!)

I don't have to tell you how important cleansing is for the face, and you can imagine how much more vital it is to actresses, since we are simply loaded with make-up from morning to night—when we're working, that is. So, in addition to a thorough cleansing with soap and water and a good cleansing cream, I also use honey about once a week for a complete "clean-up." (That is another of Mother's discoveries, and now I find that many beauty authorities recommend it!)

Yes, just pure liquid honey—rubbed well into your face and allowed to stay there for fifteen or twenty minutes and then washed off with warm water—is one of the greatest cleansing agents in the world. Don't ask me why, because I don't know... except that it is! They tell me, too, that if you have blackheads, it's almost sure death for them.

A "Rub-Down" in the Bath

ANOTHER of my own personal beauty aids is unique and may be a discovery for you. All smart women use depilatories and epilators these days, of course—under the arms and on the legs, if necessary. But sometimes, when you have just a light downy fuzz on your arms, you hate to attack it too strenuously.

(Continued on page 72)
Why MOVIE STARS Are Safe from Kidnapers

Buron Fitts, hard-hitting District Attorney of Los Angeles County, whose office solved the recent Gettle kidnapping, tells how stars are protected from the "snatch racket." He serves notice on gangsters that THEY won't find Southern California a healthy climate!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

"HOLLYWOOD has little to fear from the kidnaper! Timely realization of the danger, a definite, common-sense plan of defense, and relentless, unceasing vigilance have combined to checkmate effectively a very grave menace!" Such was the reassurance offered to a panicky movie colony by Buron Fitts, the hard-hitting District Attorney of Los Angeles County, as the curtain rang down on the recent six-day drama of the Beverly Hills kidnapping of William F. Gettle, oil millionaire. Hollywood—the wealthiest town in the world—is the "white spot" in the new terrorism from the kidnapping gangs; movie stars are the safest people in America from the snatch racket.

Fitts' voice carried the ring of triumph. His war-without-quarter against organized gangsterism has been crowned by another signal victory. The fate of the Kirk kidnap gang—caught, convicted and entombed for life behind the walls of San Quentin Prison, all within less than one week after the snatching of the unguarded Beverly Hills millionaire—again serves notice on the underworld.

Bing Crosby (left) recently received kidnap threats against both himself and his baby son, Gary. They are guarded twenty-four hours of the day.

Marlene Dietrich (right) received extortion letters two years ago, threatening kidnapping of her daughter, Maria (in circle). Both have been guarded ever since.
Below, an architect's drawing of Warner Baxter's new home, which is burglar-proof and protected by flood lights, which are turned on automatically by approaching cars.

that Los Angeles will not tolerate a kidnapers. On their way North, breathless from the swiftness of California justice, one of the convicted kidnapers said ruefully to a reporter: "Say, believe me, Los Angeles is a bad spot for the snatch racket!"

And Hollywood breathes more easily. The Gettle case struck close to home, for Bill Gettle is the friend and neighbor of many of the screen's most famous stars. Every celebrity in the picture colony watched the development of the case with breathless interest and genuine fear. If the kidnapers succeeded in reaping a rich ransom—if they managed to escape capture and punishment—who would be next? Had gangland at last grown desperate enough to challenge the impregnable defenses which have been building around the stars of Hollywood ever since the Lindbergh tragedy?

Stars Welcomed Gettle Home

WHEN Gettle was rescued, unharmed, without the payment of one cent of ransom and returned to his home, the movie colony surged en masse, to stand in front of his house and cheer. Edmund Lowe, John Barrymore and Dolores Costello (his next-door neighbors), Winnie Lightner, Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery, Johnny Weissmuller, Joseph Cavethorn and many others were there. The lawn of the Gettle mansion, for more than an hour, was crowded by world-famous stars—and each one of them was more wildly excited than the most frantic fan who ever elbowed his way through the mob at a great premiere. They demanded that Gettle should appear in his doorway and speak to them; they cheered at every appearance of Buron Fitts, Chief-of-Police James E. Davis and Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz.

"And Hollywood had reason to cheer," declared Buron Fitts, grimly. "Undoubtedly, its leading stars and executives, at one time or another, have been marked down for kidnaping by every big gang in the country. Fortunately, the stars, themselves, as well as every law enforcement agency in Southern California, realized the danger soon enough to combat it. Otherwise, kidnaping would have been rampant here.

"Hollywood was a natural target for the snatch racket. The reasons are obvious. The fabulous salaries earned by many stars had been publicized to the ends of the earth—and gangsters reasoned that anyone who draws a five-thousand-dollar-a-week pay-check must be in a position to raise a huge ransom on short notice. Also, since stars are all recognized wherever they go, and gangsters are undoubtedly movie fans, a kidnap gang would not need to depend on a 'finger man'—a person to point out the victim.

"Furthermore, the professional racketeer, whose cunning cannot be safely underestimated, must quickly have grasped another of Hollywood's most vulnerable points. During the production of a picture costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, the star's im-

(Continued on page 84)
We’ve Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

Clicks All the Way—Smooth Acting

Ronald Colman has a swell time kidding his own picture. It involves the mystery of a foggy night in London, a ship from the East almost ready to dock, and an amateur detective who has planned to retire from trouble and excitement to raise hollyhocks in a country garden until a beautiful girl knocks at his door and fainted in his arms. Thrills and surprises fill the scenes.

Colman is debonair, jaunty, poised under the most trying situations. Loretta Young is charming as the heroine, but Charles Butterworth as Bulldog’s friend, just about steals the honors. This picture has everything.

Highlights: The clever acting. The scene at the East India Hotel where Room 34 disappears. The center is filled with Bulldog Drummond ringing all the house telephones. Butterworth’s comforting assurance to his dejected bride that they will be quite happy in their platonic way.” (20th Century)

THE LAST GENTLEMAN

Charming Picture—Arliss Shines

A leisurely and well-plotted story is revealed here. It revolves around the whimsical character of a wilful, puckish and overbearing old gentleman who is the last of his illustrious line—the last, that is, except for a girl, his granddaughter, whom he has never forgiven for not being a boy to carry on the name. George Arliss is full of tricks and eccentricities which his worthless son records in a little black book in order to prove that he is of unsound mind.

The patriarch gathers his family together on two occasions to please his own cynical sense of humor—and what a collection of types they are, from his weeping sister Augustus (Edna May Oliver) to his temperamental granddaughter (Charlotte Henry). It’s thoroughly delightful and charming.

Highlights: The scene at the memorial service where the old eccentric’s hundred and thirty clocks all strike at the same time. The final sequences in which the dead man speaks from the screen and bids the world farewell. (20th Century)

THE KEY

Has Its Moments—Watch Edna Best

The background is the best thing about this tale of Dublin in the thirties of the Irish Revolution of fifteen years ago. The scenario writer made the hero (William Powell) an impossible and insufferable swaggerer and the director allowed Powell to exaggerate the part far beyond the bounds of reality. Colin Clive, as the plain-clothes officer who risks his life indifferently—and loves his wife even more indifferently—is strong and sincere. Edna Best is natural as the girl who dreams of a month of romance under country apple blossoms with a dashing story-book hero who explains that he must be free and so cannot marry.

It is when this fanciful, debonair adventurer comes again into the quiet of her married life that the expected complications arise. Powell is too reckless to ring true.

Highlights: The suspense in the search for the revolutionary leader, Donald Crisp. The mourning of crowds before the prison waiting to hear that their idol is hung. Edna Best’s performance. (Warner Brothers)

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS

Harding Triumphs—Worth Seeing

At last Ann Harding has a story in which she can really act. And she makes the most of the part of Vergie Winters, the outcast little dressmaker of the small town, who must make her togs for the soiled ladies of below-the-tracks, because honest matrons know that she has had “an affair” with the town politician. What they do not know is that she has also had a baby by him, a baby whom he has adopted. From her window Vergie watches her daughter grow up.

The director, somehow, has managed to make this tender and tragic little story hold its interest to the melodramatic ending. The small town life and characters are done faultlessly, and Ann Harding has lost herself, her mannerisms and affections completely in the role of the humble outcast.

An intelligent picture.

Highlights: Ann Harding’s beauty in her old-fashioned clothes. Helen Vinson’s big scene as the wife who finishes a lifetime of bitter resentment by killing the husband she adores. (RKO-Radio)
PARADE

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

GRAND PICTURE, HUMAN AND SINCERE—DON’T MISS IT!

HERE is a picture so real that it hurts, so human that you become the boy or the girl, so simple that you forget you are watching a screen, but instead are looking at life. It is life as it’s lived by all the little people of the world, with their dread of losing a job, their piteous yearnings, their hunger and bravery.

The boy is anyone, whom Nature has burdened with responsibility. The girl is every woman who is made strong by love. In shabby attics and city squares, they work out their destiny—a destiny almost wrecked by the romantic purchase of a dressing table, but who are saved from utter disaster by a tender old junk-dealer. Into their humble, unimportant lives come a woman with a social business, and her gigolo (gorgeously done by Alan Hale), a sympathetic clerk, a hungry soap-box orator, wolfs with hate of vague oppressors, and—a baby, with frail hands and a heart-shaped yawn. Margaret Sullivan is sincere and tender, Douglas Montgomery is bewildered and heroic.

Highlights: The wild remorse of the girl as she sobs out her confession that she has eaten the supper. The scene in the gaudy bedroom of the doubtful house of mirth where the two young lovers peer down from their mountainous bed at their befuddled benefactor. The lyrical ending. The human touches in the direction. (UNIVERSAL.)

PERFORMANCES

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

MARGARET SULLIVAN, DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY, ALAN HALE in "Little Man, What Now?"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON and LOUIS CALHERN in "The Man With Two Faces"

WILLIAM POWELL in "The Thin Man"

ANN HARDING in "The Life of Vagie Winters"

GEORGE ARLISS in "The Last Gentleman"

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"

EDNA MAE OLIVER in "MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD"

DR. MONICA

Rather Spotty and Lulls Suspense

THE going-to-have-a-baby theme, not much disguised by making the characters involved such as a novelist, his physician wife and an amateur aviatix, furnishes the plot for this picture. Even Kay Francis' beauty and popularity cannot survive such dull and dreary stories long. Except for the scene where she is told that she will never be able to realize her passion for motherhood, all of the sympathy and emotional values are given to Jean Muir. The latter plays the terrified girl who has to pay the piper in her stolen love of a friend's husband.

Warren William is anything but inspired in the role of a cheat. The direction is thorough enough, but lacks imagination. At no time is there any suspense. An unnecessary and far-fetched suicide paves the way for what is evidently intended for a happy ending, but which only leaves a bad taste.

Highlights: There aren't any. But Verve Teasdale makes the routine part of friend and confidante vital and interesting. (WARNER BROTHERS)

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES

What a Wow—Great Acting

THIS is an Edward G. Robinson picture, but Louis Calhern comes near to stealing it. Seldom has the screen seen a more adroit villain than the Sidney Lanier of Calhern, who lives off women, has a hypnotic power over his wife (Mary Astor) and lavishes affection on two white rats. A great deal of footage is necessary to get the audience into a hateful frame of mind toward this arch adventurer. By that time Edward Robinson's familiar pan has disappeared, hidden under the goatee and putty nose of one "Dr. Chautard." The murder is plausibly planned, diabolically—almost cheerfully carried out, and discovered through the slip, only an actor could have made. Interesting throughout, not a dull moment.

Highlights: The by-play between Robinson and Mae Clarke. Mary Astor's automaton behavior as the wife held by an evil spell. The well timed, and played dialogue between the detective and Robinson at the end. (WARNER BROTHERS)

MAKE THESE REVIEWS

YOUR GUIDE WHEN YOU GO MOVIE-SHOPPING

OPERATOR 13

Old Story Has Spirit and Charm

WITH all its gorgeous production and the glamour of the old romantic days of the South in the Civil War this story is an ancient plot dressed up in crinolines and blue and grey uniforms. The dangers encountered by Operator 13 (Marion Davies), the Northern girl spy, fail to thrill because the audience knows well that the heroine will escape unscathed. Gary Cooper is stiff, and has no acting opportunities as the dash- ing officer (also a spy) whose destiny is bound up with the capture of Operator 13.

The war scenes are the make-war-hidious propaganda of the editorial writers, put into sight and sound. The screams of dying horses and agonized writhings of bayonetted soldiers are needlessly gruesome. Marion Davies is spirited and makes a gallant figure in masculine disguise and a gorgeously beautiful one in her feminine costumes.

Highlights: Davies' disguise parrying the advances of the white soldiers. The incidental music. The atmosphere and settings. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

THE THIN MAN

Grand Murder Mystery, With Laughs

A GRAND murder mystery with William Powell as the detective (he makes a delightful drunk), who complains that these murders are getting him behind with his drinking. The whole thing has an air of impromptu fun, combined with masterly timing that makes the action fairly crackle with excitement. A "The detective solves the disappearance of the Thin Man with the aid of an ornamental scatter-brained wife, a pet pup who thinks he is a police dog, and a couple of parties to which he invites all the suspects and everyone connected with the case. Everyone in the cast is apparently having as good a time as the audience. Result: excitement, humor and prolonged suspense.

Highlights: Mimi Gombel as the really insane member of a slightly insane family. The flawless direction. The fight between Powell and a midnight visitor. The speech by Ed Brophy, as the suspect. It nearly stops the show. The dinner party with its assorted guests. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Note! You will find more Reviews on page 95
Stealing the Spotlight from the Stars—

Who Did You Think Was the Real Star of the Following Films?
What player did you talk about most?

"The Affairs of Cellini"
"Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
"Sadie McKee"
"Dr. Monica"
"Little Man, What Now?"
"Scarlet Empress"
"Stand Up and Cheer"

Everybody’s Doing It!

The battle is on. The Big Names of Hollywood are getting panicky. In picture after picture, minor players are making "stooges" out of stars—stealing both the pictures and the glory!

By Dorothy Donnell

The stars are faring badly in pictures these days. They are playing "stooges" to character actors, comedians and secondary players, who are given the colorful lines and vivid action and calmly walk away with the audience applause. It is an amazing situation in an industry dedicated to star-worship. Even the critics are brushing aside headliners to praise "bit" players. And how are the stars taking it?

Recently, Kay Francis was the victim of rumors that she had taken it hard. The rumors started in this way: Kay, late at night, heard her dog scratching at the back door of her house, begging to get in. Rather than wake her maid, who had been ill, Kay went down, herself. The wind blew the door shut, with Kay outside. Still trying to keep from disturbing her maid, she broke a small pane in the door, reached in and turned the key. As she withdrew her arm, a jagged point of glass slashed her wrist, cutting an artery, and Kay went to the hospital where it took twenty-three stitches to repair the damage. But commenting on the occurrence, a radio gossiper remarked, "Out in Hollywood they’re calling Kay Francis’ cut wrist an accident—"

Instantly, the inflammable movie capital was buzzing with rumors that Kay had attempted suicide, although it would seem difficult to find a motive for such a thing on the part of a girl who was beautiful, famous, wealthy and being courted at the moment by one of Hollywood’s most debonair and eligible...
Joan Crawford must have known in advance that Edward Arnold (with her, right) would steal "Sadie McKee"—but she thought of the picture, not herself. Kay Francis was more unhappy when Jean Muir (with her, at lower right) stole the sympathy in "Dr. Monica."

"It was the preview of 'Dr. Monica,'" the whisper went around. "She was there with Chevalier. She came out deathly pale and hurried through the crowd to her car. She has been on the verge of a breakdown over the picture..."

Hooey, of course. But, though her cut wrist WAS an accident, there is no doubt that Kay Francis' last two pictures have been galling to the pride of one who has every right to consider herself an established star. In "Wonder Bar," her part was little more than a "bit"; her few scenes gave her no opportunity to do anything except look smolderingly beautiful. (Almost every review singled out Louise Fazenda, who played a small comedy rôle, for more enthusiastic comment than Kay received.) In "Dr. Monica," Jean Muir stole audience sympathy away from Kay, who had a morbidly unhappy rôle. A bored preview audience, embarrassed by the theme of the woman doctor who had to play obstetrician to her husband's mistress, stirred restlessly whenever Kay appeared on the screen and openly laughed at Warren William in a rubber-stamp part.

"I am convinced that Darryl Zanuck is a genius," someone remarked the other day, "because only a genius could have persuaded such stars as Constance Bennett and Fredric March to support Frank Morgan in 'The Affairs of Cellini.'"

Connie looked beautiful in the ruffs and velvets of a medieval Duchess, and Freddie was dashing as the Great Philanderer, but Frank Morgan, as the querulous, lady-killing Duke, helped himself to the picture with his first fretful "Oh dear, oh dear," and thereafter it was his appearances that the audience watched for and hailed with delight. In the earlier days of the movies, the scenario writer would have kept the character of the amorous Duke down to "bit" proportions; and if in spite of that, his part threatened to distract attention from the co-stars, the director would have squelched him—and, finally, the cutter would have removed his best scenes. But evidently those "give-the-stars-all-the-breaks" days are past and perhaps gone forever.

(Continued on page 98)
John Lodge Sheds His Ancestors
(He Doesn’t Need Them in the Movies)

Marlene Dietrich’s new leading man was born to the purple, with a flock of famous ancestors—but he couldn’t get anybody to overlook the fact until he hit Hollywood. In the movies, it’s what you can do, and not who you are, that counts—and John, of the Boston Lodges, is proving he can do plenty!

By Sonia Lee

OTHER actors have had to shed memories of past bitterness and ugliness and squalor and cruelty—of frantic efforts to rise, rung by rung, above the clamoring mass. John Lodge has had the more difficult task of shedding famous ancestors and an awesome background. In the world outside, that had been difficult. But because Hollywood is what it is, here he has found it possible to emerge as an individual—FREE!

For years, John Lodge has been the symbol of his ancestry. His life from childhood has been shadowed by the greatness and the accomplishments of his forebears—men who have sat in the councils of the nation; men who have defined the ideals and the hopes of this Republic; men who were Presidents and statesmen and writers and Admirals. But in Hollywood, John Lodge has shed his ancestors successfully. For the first time in his life, men have looked at him and asked, “What can you do?” His ancestry has earned him no favor; it has not made the road easier.

This cinema capital is a town where lives begin, where men and women are born again—where all the yesterdays are blank and biographies date from the moment of achievement and recognition. Pastas are tailored to the occasion, and only selected and censored incidents are spotlighted. Tales of distinguished ancestry become an excellent publicity gag to make the name of a newcomer familiar to audiences. But it cannot substitute for talent.

The screen does not register family. It records only

(Continued on page 69)

John Lodge Found These Ancestors Hard to Shed

Henry Cabot Lodge—late U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

John Adams—second President of the United States.

John Quincy Adams—sixth President of the United States.


Charles Francis Adams—one-time Ambassador to the Court of St. James’s.

Brooks Adams—author of “Civilization in Decay.”

Admiral Charles Henry Davis of Civil War fame.

Charles Henry Davis, Admiral in Spanish-American War.

And, on the Frelinghuysen side of his family, five U. S. Senators and one Secretary of State.
"My models sold me on
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE"
—DAN CANTOR of New York, whose
illustrations appear in Cosmopolitan,
Good Housekeeping, American and
other leading magazines.

Women... among them many artist
models... were first to discover that
Listerine Tooth Paste brings unusual
whiteness and beauty to teeth. More
than two million of them have
changed from other brands to this.

And now more than a million men
are users of this modern dentifrice—
made by the makers of Listerine.
These men, too, have learned that
Listerine Tooth Paste gets teeth
cleaner, brighter, in less time.

They have found—as you will—
that film and discoloring stains dis-
appear "like magic" under its gentle
polishing agent. In just a few days,
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Teeth become whiter, more sparkling.
Gums look and feel better. And
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oughly clean—that is most enticing!

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See why, in just a few years, this
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more expensive brands in literally
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In addition to our popular money-
saving, regular-size tube at 25¢, we
now offer a new Double Size—twice
as much—40¢—saves 20% more!
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When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way, you guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

POWDER and rouge every day? Skin delicate? Even then there's no need to worry about getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Even though you may already have detected warning signals—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores, blackheads, perhaps—you can guard against this modern complexion trouble the Hollywood way.

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Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many women who think they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are all unconsciously leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores day after day.

When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up thoroughly the modern Lux Toilet Soap way.

In this simple way you can protect your skin—keep it lovely.
You can use cosmetics as freely as you wish, if you guard your skin as I do—with gentle Lux Toilet Soap

Elissa Landi
STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "THE GREAT FLIRTATION"
The Secrets of the Dressing Table

(Continued from page 67)

Yet there it is, and what to do about it? Here’s the surprise, if you’ve a piece of old pumice stone on it... gently rub over the surface of your arm... and while taking your bath is a good time to do it. In fact, I always have a piece of pumice stone in the soap dish, and using it has just become a habit with me. It takes only a few minutes a day, and it does keep my arms smooth and free from hair. However, if you are able, I advise you to use only an old piece, of pumice stone, for it is softer and less gritty than a new one.

I often look back and think of how many times I have heard girls complaining about their “crowning glory”—what a nuisance their hair is—it never looks right—it’s such trouble! I remember that I used to say the same thing, too. But my troubles then were nothing compared to what they are today. For if you think your hair is a nuisance, think of us poor stars, who have to allow about one hour a day for our hair! If we’re due on the set at nine in the morning, that means we must be in our dressing-rooms at seven-thirty at the latest, for make-up, and the better part of an hour and a half is devoted to washing, waving and arranging coiffures. So it would be unduly untidy hairdress is bad enough in every-day life, but on the screen it simply isn’t tolerated.

Naturally, all this fussing with the hair makes demands on it. Too-frequent shampooing aren’t good for it, and too many waves, even fine new ones, take the life out of it. To counteract this effect, I use pure coconut oil rubbed well into my scalp once a week, the night before my shampoo. Then, somehow, or otherwise, manage to steal fifteen minutes a day, to air my hair in the sun, for I have great faith in the sun, especially where hair is concerned. It not only gives life to your hair; it strengthens the scalp. It gives the scalp a tingling, warm feeling... and wakes up your mind, too. You can bask in the sun and think beauty. But don’t overdo it, for too much sun is as bad as none at all.

“Warm-Weather” Facial

Another beauty treatment that you may know about is the white of an egg, used for make-up. After cleaning my face, I often use one of those cooling, fragrant prepared astringents—but when the weather is especially warm, or hot, or both, and I have been in the sun, I use the white of an egg smoothed over my face and then allowed to dry and harden. You can feel it actually draw your skin tighter together, and it’s very stimulating to the circulation. Just wash it off with cool water—and you’ll feel “like a million.”

As for make-up, I don’t believe I wear any more make-up than other girls, or wear it any differently. I use very little rouge, but don’t feel dressed without lipstick and a bit of mascara on my eyelashes. However, here is a trick that may interest you. When I go onto the beach or in the sun anywhere, I wear just the thinnest layer of grease paint under my powder. It actually prevents sunburn and windburn, and if you apply it carefully—a shade that matches your skin exactly—it will be the wiser for it. I’m making an “appearance” anywhere in the evening, I often use the same thin coating of greasepaint as I do in the morning. It gives a satiny finish to the skin, and holds the make-up for hours. However, there are several good powder foundations that I believe. Too many of us have a passion for grease paint—it’s part of our lives!

Since I have one of the smallest waistlines in Hollywood—twenty-three and a half inches to be exact—someone has been asking me how I keep so thin. I never even think about it or do anything about it, except that I keep up my dancing and tennis-playing. The grandest things in the world for the figure—and if you really keep at it, even five or ten minutes added to your dancing period every day are bound to work wonders for your figure.

Hints about Clothes

The clothes you wear are so much a part of your good looks that I’ve just got to say a word or two about them. You know how often it is said that women dress for other women, and not for men at all? Well, let me go on record right now as saying that I don’t believe it, and if any women do, they shouldn’t. You may want to show off to other girls and women in your selection of clothes—that would be all right, but on your own life says he doesn’t like a certain red dress that you have? Do you go on wearing it when he’s around? You don’t! Then on the other hand, if this same nain raves about how well you look in another dress, I suppose you give it to one of your country cousins—just to get rid of it! Of course, you don’t!

I think men are much more responsive to clothes than most women realize—and respond to the colors of the things they wear. They seldom comment on sport dresses because sport dresses are too masculine, too much all of the same straight lines. But blossoms forth in a fancy flouncy evening dress that is made to fit your figure perfectly and that shows off to perfection—and your evening will be a success!

I believe in clothes that reveal the figure—if you have a nice one, of course. I don’t name modest clothes, or clothes, for that matter, that fit closely and conform to your own lines. Then I think that there are certain colors that men, in general, like better than others. For instance, I have noticed that men are not fond of blue; they prefer reds and shades. Other plain shades also appeal to them. You see, it’s my theory that they respond to the fundamental colors more so than the fancy, mixed ones!

Since I am neither the slinky, siren type nor the tailored, boyish type, I stick to rather feminine clothes—big hats, which I can wear because I am tall, light colors, and flattering lines. I select my perfumes to go with these things, too—flower odors, and perfumes, and not those being true to your type in all these things—in make-up, clothes, perfumes and accessories!

And now I think you have heard enough from me... This is my first venture in writing on this subject of Beauty, so I shall now turn over what I have written to the Motion Picture’s beauty editor, to see what she has to say about it, and to see if she has any blue penciling to do. I hope I have been of some help to you!

P.S.: The beauty editor says it’s all okay—and am I surprised! Maybe I should have taken this up as a business. If I had, I would stress the idea of thinking health and beauty as more important than anything else
He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of the girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

*The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY*
Confessions of a Hollywood Wife

(Continued from page 29)

We moved into an eighteen-room mansion with swimming pool, tennis court and formal gardens. It was like a prison to me.

"Only once in a while did Tod remember to play the sweetheart. He was preoccupied for the most part. But he adored the baby. That was something.

At Christmas parties, when coming down the stairs when we heard people below us say: "How is Freeland's wife taking his affair with Serat?" Then they looked up and saw us and there was no way of escaping gossip.

I leaned over the banister and chuckled in my best manner, "She's taking it big! I'm so jealous I eat little boys like you for breakfast!" My little scheme went over, and eyebrows were raised in surprised speculation. The atmosphere cleared. But my hives were reek.

Going home that night, Tod put an arm around me and kissed the tip of my ear. "You're a brick," he said. Just that. But I was happier than I had been for months.

Suddenly Felt Tired

THEN the Chief wanted him to make a personal appearance in the Middle West and the East. We started out on a more pleasant note than we had had since he became a star. But it was shatterted before the train reached San Bernardino.

He was reading a newspaper item to me when four girls burst into our compartment—young, rosebud girls. Their idolatry was in their eyes, on their red young lips. I don't think they knew I was there. Tod autographed their books for them, patted one on the hand for something she had said, and showered them out. It was impossible to recapture our mood after that. Suddenly, I felt inexpresesibly tired. I could fight one woman, maybe even my man. But I couldn't fight them all.

And it seemed as if I had to do just that. Clamoring crowds of women hurled themselves at him. There was a stampede in one city. He tried to help me off the train and someone clutched his arm. That was the last I saw of him for two hours. When he arrived at the hotel, he grinned at me: "I'm a 'souvenir' scarecrow!"

And he looked it, with his tie gone, his collar torn, every coat button missing.

In the last city, it was even worse. An escort of policemen had to bring him from the theatre every night. Tod was calm and

She Plays Any Nationality

(Continued from page 50)

nightie. How I love a woman with a spirit like that!"

"Considering the fact that you are a Mexican, and that you were working through the medium of American film technique, what difficulty did you have,"

I asked her, "in reaching through the centuries into the culture and essence of an old era and recapturing the strong, foreign personality?"

"Why, none at all," she said. "I was perfectly at home in the elaborate wigs and gowns of the court and in those exciting, vivid old days in France. I felt as if I really were living there—or perhaps I had lived there in your country.

"You can feel it then, of being purely Mexican? Would you say that you are more or less of an expatriate?"

More American Than Mexican

"Well, yes," she admitted, "I suppose I am. Of course, I love Mexico, but I can even eat Mexican food any more. American food is so simple and so good—just like the country. But sometimes I feel complicated and I just have to have an enchilada. So I say to my mother, 'Mother, I MUST have an enchilada.' And she drops everything she is doing and goes into the kitchen and cooks a big Mexican dinner. And I eat it. And ooohhh! what faces has my dreams that night! I am in agony!!"

"I am ex—how do you say it?—patruated in other ways, too. I even think in English. I used to think in Spanish but after I married Cedric (Cedric Gibbons, art director at M-G-M), we speak nothing but English in our home, and I think that way, too. Oh, I love America. It's its speed and its tolerance and its unconventionality. Mexico is slow and intolerant, and there I would shock everybody. My looks, my manners, my way of thinking. The Mexicans. Look..." and she pointed to her slippers, which concealed practically nothing but the soles of her feet... "those sandals, the polished toenails, or what the Mexican people would say about them!"

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City State
"Do you find that you have much in common with your mother?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I am a modern, that is true. But so is my mother. You see, she spends six months out of every year with me, and she is so tolerant, so broad-minded. She is my pal—my friend. She understands me. And she almost dies laughing in Mexico when she comes up to her and they say, 'Can't you do something with your daughter? Can't you control her? Have you no power over her?' And Mother, she just looks at them and says she likes me the way I am.

Can Obey Her Impulses Here

In Mexico, they have the old patriarchal system. It is no good for me. The houses are big and they wind all around the patio. When a son or daughter marries, a portion of the house is given to the married couple, and the house finally becomes a unit, a little settlement. But over all is the Old Man, the Boss, the Grandfather. Everybody minds him. He is like a Dictator. What he says, that is law. And everyone is—oh, so scared of him. That is no good, I think.

In that way, I am completely American. I do what I like, when I like and how I like. I go out here at night in a very exotic, extremely-cut evening gown. I like it so. I go out without a chaperon. Both of those things would cause the Mexicans to turn pale. But please," she said, "I do love my country and my people. You understand. I just do not belong there any more.

Miss Del Rio prefers Mexican music, especially tangos, but she loves jazz, and thinks that American swing is "swell." She likes English prose, with the accent on Somerset Maugham, but takes her poetry in Spanish because it is more musical. She had one good Mexican friend in Hollywood, and that is José Mojica, the singer. Her other friends are Americans.

She goes in for Parisian styles, but named her pet terrier "Michael," a good old Irish name. She adores Wagnerian operas; worships Greta Garbo, the Swedeheart of the world, on the screen; lives in an extremely modern home designed by her husband; has been presented at the court of Spain, and has a pet ambition to go to the Orient. Rudolph Valentino (Italian) has always been her favorite actor and always will be. That covers the globe pretty well.

She's Roosevelt-Conscious

She is extremely interested in American politics and will go to the bat for President Roosevelt any time. She swims, plays tennis—and dances, as you don't have to be told if you saw "Flying Down to Rio" and "Wonder Bar." But she can't write a letter, the ideas come too fast and the words too slowly. A pen in her hand renders her practically inarticulate. She likes to be interviewed if the interviewer doesn't aim at her with a pad and pencil and say "Well?"

But nobody needs to make notes on Del Rio. You can't forget what she says. She will never lie. If she is asked a question that she doesn't want to answer, she will not evade. She simply says that she does not want to answer it—and tells WHY.

Miss Del Rio has traveled all over the world, with the exception of the Orient. However, in her next picture at Warners, she will take a trip—atmospherically, anyway—to the Far East, for she will make "Farewell to Shanghai," in which she will appear as a half-Chinese and half-English girl.

And I'll venture to wager that even in the double-nationality part she will manage to be comfortably and thoroughly at home, half of her being the perfect Chinese girl and the other half being pure English.

"And why not?" I can hear her say. "I can FEEL them both. I can understand...

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PEPSODENT
of Grazie in "Death Takes a Holiday." No, the picture industry needs Evelyn Venable. There is a certain homespun honesty in her roundish face, which is such a departure from the movie tradition of beauty. Yet you can't blame cutie-ridden Hollywood for being skeptical about the Venable legend, right from the first. She's such a novelty.

How She Dodges Romance

EVELYN is going on twenty-one. She won't deny that she has never been kissed. And Hollywood has never seen anything like the elaborate way in which she has armed herself against the possibility of such an occurrence. For one thing, she has revived the chaperon—not the kind who is sent discreetly to her room when the favorite boy-friend arrives, but a real one who is present at all times, giving Evelyn—to use her own words—"the protection of a married woman." (Hollywood thought that phrase had gone out with the 1909's.)

When she first actually gave her a gun to carry in her handbag and to use in self-defense. Girls who are manic make her uncomfortable and she avoids them. Paramount announced that her contract provided that she could not be kissed on the mouth in any picture. Soon the news was allowed to get around that this was also true of her private life. And Evelyn's conduct certainly made it sound plausible.

She took the precaution not to mingle much with the picture crowd. Her social life is centered in South Pasadena, where she has three cousins, who have introduced her to their friends, including many college boys. (The c. b. are presumably aved by her kissless reputation. As who wouldn't?) She behaves with great dignity and reticence on all occasions. And people don't get fresh with her. Even studio workmen cut out their informal language when she's around.

You can see how such a blameless record would frustrate the natives. In Hollywood, they don't believe in Innocent Ingénues. If one doesn't come from a town, some ardent adviser says, "Little girl, you must live, or you will never be a great actress"—and bang start the rumors, bang goes another reputation.

So, naturally, Evelyn and her hundred-per-cent purity just invited the gossip's slings and arrows. The more careful she was the less they believed her. It was all an act, they insisted. Kissless, my eye! She was already having a decisive affair with that Fox cameraman. The chaperon was a gag, and there wasn't any gun.

But Evelyn, in person, is awfully convincing—perhaps because she's such a far cry from the professional sweet young thing. She has neither the showiness of the actress, nor the studied, starry-eyed innocence of the "nice girls" of the screen. Brown hair drawn straight back in a knot, and vivid blue eyes in a healthy skin characterizes her face, which is more wholesome than pretty. Far from being sily and prudish in manner, she is robust, definite, keen-minded, with a clear knowledge of herself, her abilities, her ambitions, and also her principles. She might well be aw-inspiring to a male on the hunt.

Career Isn't Kissless Now

I KNOW you can't expect to be in the movies and keep your private life private," she said. "But it makes you feel sort of sick when you read things about yourself. I hated having that story about my new boy-friend. It happened to be true, but that was my business. And there's no clause in my contract forbidding kisses. How can you possibly expect me to act and look that way if Paramount has had to retract that now, since I've been kissed unmistakably in my last two pictures.

"But I have a clause in my contract that allows me to refuse to do anything that is distasteful to me, or any picture that I don't like, and that's the type of thing I should do. That must be how that particular rumor started."

So far, Kent Taylor has been the bestower of all Evelyn's screen kisses. He was even sent over to Fox for "David Harum" to keep her record clean, and it has just been announced that they will be teamed in the future. So apparently Kent, long a happily married man, is sufficiently tasteful to suit Evelyn, her father, and anyone else involved.

"We've had nice parts so far," she continued, "and fortunately I'm a girl who can't very well be cast in anything sexy or cheap, and I mean that type, and haven't the appearance or ability to play those things. So I don't think I have that to worry about."

"For now," she went on plausibly, "that it's very unusual for a girl of twenty to lead such a sheltered life. But it's what Daddy wanted. You see, Mother died when I was seven, and since then Daddy has tried to be both mother and father to me, so he took the utmost pains to protect me, and has always watched me so carefully, and I've stayed at home, in Cincinnati, because Daddy knew them, and it's different from Hollywood. Here I have a chaperon who lives with me. He's a young widow whom I like very much. She's a good companion, and her being with me also gives me the protection of a married man."

And the bosses have never go out without her, and I very seldom even lunch with a man unless she is there. We have four-somes, and have an awful good time together."

Why She Carries a Gun

AT the next item in the inquisition, Evelyn broke into her engaging giggle. "Daddy did give me a gun when I came out here," she laughed, "but not with the idea of shooting whoever tried to kiss me. It was more to protect me when driving, or coming home late from the studio.

Evelyn's childhood and her plans for the future have a lot to do with her present reputation. She was born in Cincinnati, where her father is a professor in the Walnut Hills School. The fact is that he is an authority on Shakespeare, and has for years lectured and written books on his subject, has been the greatest influence in the shaping of Evelyn's life, and is entirely to blame for the kisses she may have missed and the guns she has packed.

Her knowledge of Shakespeare backwards from her infancy, and loved it. In her Junior and Senior years at the Walnut Hills School she played Juliet and Rosalind. During the summer, between, she played the Helen Hayes rôle in Barrie's "Dear Brutus," at the invitation of the Cincinnati Civic Theatre. The next summer, her father took her to New York to Hampden, who is Shakespeare's greatest stronghold in modern America. In fact, Professor Emerson Venable and his budding daughter visited
Hampden at his country home in Ridgefield, Conn., where the young girl read the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for the noted actor.

Evelyn had won a scholarship to Vassar. But meeting Hampden changed her ambitions—or, rather, crystallized them into a form that had no place for Vassar and tedious required courses. She stayed there only a year. At high school her favorite subject was Greek. At Vassar it was fencing. You know that Greek and kissing don’t mix, and it’s difficult to think of anything that might be more dampening to the ardent male than a lady fencer.

The next year she enrolled as a special student at the University of Cincinnati. She was working now not for a degree, but to train herself for a future as a Shakespearean actress. It was then that a letter came from Hampden, saying he had a place for her in his company. The first season, it was just a tiny bit—the role of the Flower Girl in "Cyrano de Bergerac." The second season, she played Ophelia to Hampden’s Hamlet from coast to coast. In Los Angeles, a movie scout saw her and signed her for Paramount since her film test was excellent.

In ninety-nine careers out of a hundred that would have been the end of Shakespeare. But with Evelyn Venable it’s different.

Her Future Plans—at Present

"I WENT into pictures for the purpose of making money so that I can have a special Shakespearean company of my own," she said. "This is the only way I could possibly make the money, and I don’t feel ready yet to undertake the Shakespeare, anyway. Of course it’s a big undertaking, but I want to find out if people can’t be made to love the poetry and drama Shakespeare as much as I love it." This is no vague dream for the sweet bye-and-bye, either.

"I give myself five years in pictures," said Evelyn with decision. "I’ll be twenty-five then. You see, I want to avoid the mistake most actresses make, and have my Shakespearean company before I’m too old to play the parts."

Her future is very vividly imagined, and everything she does must conform to that ideal.

"That’s why I’m so careful," she said, "I don’t want to have any sort of shoddy, unpleasant gossip about myself—anything that won’t fit in with my plans for my future and the sort of person I want to be.

"I was terribly embarrassed by those reports about Hal Mohr and me. He helped me with my make-up in ‘David Harum,’ and I was grateful to him and liked him, so my chaperon and I went out with him several times. Then the rumors started. I felt like a fool the next time I saw him, and so did he. We were both awfully embarrassed. I thought maybe he’d think I had started the gossip, and I afterwards found he was thinking the same thing. It’s very mortifying, when a man has no romantic intentions, to have them advertised and thrust upon him that way."

Now Summer has come, school is over, and Evelyn’s father has arrived on the scene, to give an eye to his daughter’s prospects. And as of a late hour last night, Evelyn was again denying indignantly that she plans to marry Hal Mohr or anyone else, for that matter.

To the delicately attuned instincts of Hollywood gossips, that means that in all likelihood the hoped-for fatherly blessing was not forthcoming. But Evelyn and her cameraman are still seeing each other constantly, and Hollywood bets that, in spite of filial piety, Shakespeare, and all that sort of thing, Romance will win. We’ll see!
I Know What It’s Like to Be in Human Bondage

—Leslie Howard

(Continued from page 45)

“Children are very gregarious. They make many friends during their childhood and youth, and the friends they make become the preserve of their lives. They absorb and they assimilate; they become what they are by being where they are during their early years. So, what to do? I gave a great deal of thought to this question than I did, actually, to my parts or plays or contracts. And Mrs. Howard and I tried both ways.

Why Children Stayed in England

I DON’T particularly like the Hollywood atmosphere for them. They are not so well here. And I feel that there is a certain aridity about it and that children—grownup, child—prefer their own tradition—remains, background, a sense of seasons and periodicity—these are what they need. I have figured that as we are English, after all, and I intend to spend my life there some day, not very far off, I had better bring them up where they, and I, belong. They are at school, and there is adventure and life there. We span the distance between us by frequent telephone calls and cables; each of us knows what the other is doing every day and every night. We have always lived together as a family of four adults and not at all as two adults and two children. We have always discussed everything together; dinner together, walks and play and read together. So, now, they understand the situation and accept it as a necessity. Nevertheless...

No, they are not interested in me as a picture actor. They give it very little thought. That, too, is a necessary evil (which I am not). Bette didn’t care. And I thought more to be talked about, than if I were in trade.

Actually, my work is and always has been the hand-maiden of personal life. It serves my personal life and is not served by it. I am not artist enough to consider that I have any right, as I certainly have no desire, to go about subordinating people, family and home to my work—

I murmured. ‘You mean you are not egotist enough,’ Bette didn’t hear. Because he didn’t want to hear. I asked him, ‘But this manner of human bondage—how else does it affect your life, your work?”

The Thought That “Gets” Him

THIS way,” Leslie said. “I may be on the set, to make one of the big scenes of a picture—an emotional or dramatic scene requiring all I have to give to it, then thinking about it all the way into the proper ‘feel’ of the scene. Suddenly, and as I am about to begin, I am gripped around the throat by the preposterous thought: What am I doing here? And do I mean by being here, making silly motions in front of a camera, while the children are over there and their precious, fleeting years are passing by—what?”

The sickening conviction smites me then that I shall live to regret this separa-
To Really Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

NO MORE "RAZOR STUBBLE" OR COARSENED GROWTH

Solves the Hair Problem as Women Have Always Hoped It Would be Solved

Now one can actually get rid of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

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It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resem-
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Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

Neet

CREAM HAIR REMOVER
John Lodge Sheds His Ancestors

(Continued from page 68)

ability. The cash customers go to the movies to see a fine performance—rather than the antics of a limb of a family tree. John Lodge’s casting in the most important male rôle in Marlene Dietrich’s “Scarlet Empress” testifies that he has made the transition to a life as an individual. His performance bears out that testimony.

What His Life Used to Be Like

“WHEN I was a boy in school,” explains John, “I was always introduced as the grandson of Henry Cabot Lodge, the Senator from Massachusetts. I was never simply John Lodge. I never had a chance to be considered objectively; I was considered only as a member of a distinguished family.

“After graduating from Harvard, I went to New York to practise law because I knew that in Boston, where the Lodges had lived for generations, I would have an easy, monotonous life. I wouldn’t have to prove my abilities. They would be taken for granted. And I would be given a certain amount of routine legislative work because of family connections. But I didn’t want to get things without working for them. I wanted to discount advantages I hadn’t acquired by my own efforts.

“Fortunately, this was the New York of 1929 and 1930. All human values were being re-adjusted. All the men of my generation were getting down to fundamentals. A person’s resourcefulness and character counted far more than lineage. Those years and these subsequent ones have made a man consider the trappings of life in their true perspective. I began to shed my ancestors then. Here, in Hollywood, I completed the job.

“This town didn’t take family seriously and I was glad. Shortly after my arrival for my first picture, I was introduced to a famous producer, ‘John Davis Lodge of Boston’ he repeated. ‘That’s a good name— it’s a swell gag—it’ll tie you up to the famous Lodges of Massachusetts.’ My hostess hastened to assure him that I was really a member of that family. ‘Well, it’s still a good gag,’ he insisted.

“But I was losing no trade on my family name or on its traditions or its history. That was farthest from my thoughts. I wanted to stand on my own two feet— I was just a man trying to make a living for my wife and child in a new profession. I was eager to change my name—but studio officials insisted that it was an easy one to remember and therefore suitable for pictures. I did drop the Davis.

First Actor in the Family

“I VIOLATED family tradition when I went on the stage, only so far as the choice of my profession went. I did not violate the family tradition that counts—the tradition that every man must lead a decent, constructive life, a life of accomplishment, of work and activity. I am firm in my belief that it is the only tradition worth maintaining.

“The external symbols of family—the old gardens, the old silvers, a certain social consciousness and an observance of form—are in themselves unimportant. They are symbols of solidity and grandeur. We clothe only the things within you—basic decency, an aptitude for hard work and honesty and integrity—that are really important.

“Acting is an old and established art—an honorable profession. It happens that there has never been an actor in my family, but this is a new era. Men strike out for themselves—they follow their interests. I have followed mine.”

He Has Changed

“BUT not only is my schedule different in Hollywood; I have become different, too. It is inevitable that a new profession establishes new values. The changes that have been so gradual that, until I sit down and analyze them, I can hardly realize them. I’ve absorbed my new environment.

“I know that I am more observant of people’s idiosyncrasies, their habits, their moods and their purposes. That’s because I live a fundamental translation of people and their motives. I believe I am more tolerant, less opinionated; more philosophical and less rational than I was when I came here.

“Hard and fast rules don’t apply to Hollywood. This is a community of talented, serious-minded men and women, with a tremendous, driving ambition behind them. The test of a man’s or a woman’s importance is achievement. Nothing else matters. I’ll grant you that some sensational personality—someone whose name might be box-office—will be sought out by producers. But after the first picture, when they are lucky enough to find an actor, insist on seeing an actor and not a front-page name. Even the Prince of Wales, I venture to say, wouldn’t be wanted for more than two or three pictures unless he proved himself a talented actor.

“Ancestors may help in every other place in the world. They may open the doors to certain professions—to the private offices of important men—to the ‘at-homes’ of social leaders. But they will not keep the doors of fame open in Hollywood.

“Mind you. I am not under-estimating the value of good ancestry. As a matter of fact, I believe that one’s reaction to human relationships, a certain definite recognition of responsibility, is frequently determined by the blood in our veins. For my heritage of blood I am grateful. The problem lies in dissociating yourself from the deeds of your ancestors, so that you won’t be accepted for what your father or your grandfather has done before you—rather than because of personal merit.”

Hollywood Misunderstood Him

As a matter of fact, the John Lodge ancestry made things a bit difficult for him in Hollywood during the first few months. There was a certain sentiment against him because he entertained with formality; because he wore a cutaway at Sunday teas; because he and Mrs. Lodge...
took proper pride in the recipes that have been in the family for generations. Hollywood didn’t know that their doors were open in full and gracious hospitality to electricians and prop men; to assistant directors and carpenters because they met the only test that counts—the test of genuineness.

"Why?" asks John Lodge, "should my cutaway create more comment than Jack Oakie’s sweat-shirt? We are all creatures of habit. I have formed a habit that has followed me to Hollywood—but that proves nothing about my acting ability—whether I am good, bad or indifferent."

"That I’ve had to prove, fortunately. The Senators, the Admirals, the Ambassadors and the dimly-related Presidents on the family tree had no influence on my career—except that I may have inherited from them certain predispositions that gave me courage to stick when everything looked pretty hopeless."

This motion picture career hasn’t been a Marathon to Fame for John Lodge. He visited in Hollywood in 1932, and, as an adventure, made a movie test. Nothing happened. He went back to his law practice in New York, and on his first morning at his desk, a telephone call summoned him to his first job in Hollywood.

He played three relatively unimportant roles in "The Woman Accused," "Murders in the Zoo," and "Under the Tonto Rim." He was good copy for newspapers and magazines and studio blurbs. A Lodge of Boston as a movie actor! He didn’t want such publicity—he fought it. His ancestors had followed him all his years. Now he wanted to shed them.

Eventually, he had his will and his wish. When the novelty of his ancestry wore off, the only vital query—whether he was an actor or not—remained to be answered. The studio did not renew his contract. It seemed as if his ambitions would have a short-lived destiny. Then he was given the rôle of Laurie’s tutor in "Little Women." He acquitted himself admirably. Yet nothing happened.

How He Landed his Big Rôle

Then one day he was host to visiting friends at luncheon in the Paramount Studio restaurant. At an adjoining table sat the eccentric, black-shirted Josef Sternberg. He was in search of a leading man for the tale of Russia’s bloody empress, Catherine the Great. And he was at odds with the world. He had tested many of Hollywood’s most competent players. All of them lacked a certain vitality, a certain intangible quality. He looked at John Lodge, who was far from being at peace, himself. Von Sternberg glared. Lodge glared back. He didn’t care how important Von Sternberg was. He returned angry look for angry look.

Within the hour the director who made Dietrich a star was pounding his fist on executive desks, demanding that John Lodge be given him for the rôle of Count Alexei in "Scarlet Empress."

The evolution of John Lodge—actor—was complete. He had experienced a promising beginning, a quick despair, and finally through one of those miracles common in Hollywood, he had achieved success. His history of progress was in nowise different from a dozen others.

The salient fact remains that in Hollywood you stand on your own two feet. You rise or fall by what’s in—you by your capacity and your abilities. To John Lodge, who had been dodging ancestors ever since he can remember, whose ancestry was a potent, compelling force in his life—that is a very desirable and pleasant situation. In Hollywood, at last, he has been able to shed his ancestors!

ROMANCE BEGINS WITH A LOVELY SMILE

But your smile can be no brighter than your teeth

Are the 7 Stains Hiding the Beauty of your Smile?

You’ve seen plain girls become pretty—pretty girls become beautiful—when they flashed a "heavenly smile."

And isn’t this true? The most important part of that "heavenly smile" is always... white, sparkling teeth.

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Colgate’s Dental Cream completely removes all stains—makes teeth whiter and smiles brighter—because it has TWO cleansing actions.

First, Colgate’s penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate’s gentle polishing action removes all the more stubborn stains, and, in addition, polishes your teeth to a brilliant lustre.

Get a tube of Colgate’s today! Glory in whiter teeth... a brighter smile!

five airplane accidents, having cracked up three planes, herself. Three years ago, attempting to save her husband, she pulled the cord too soon and the chute became entangled in the plane, with Merry suspended in mid-air for two hours until rescued. Her fate was lost on her.

She said to me: "This work is going to be the greatest fun yet. Hollywood has the most interesting people I have found anywhere. I always thought I'd rather live in Paris than any place else in the world, but I'm changing my mind. I adore it here. Besides, it isn't just the glamour of the movies. I want to succeed in pictures. I'm in earnest about it—more in earnest than I've been about anything in my life. I want to be financially independent. Now my father can—and does—cut off my allowance when he doesn't like something I do. It would be grand feeling to be earning one's own money!"

I don't know if she will stick or not. I could imagine her deserting her "career" when she sees how little she does. But she does have love getting her knowledge first-hand. She is not a college graduate, but thinks she went to school long enough. "I can get more from them with people than I ever got out of school," she explains. It is easy enough to see how Hollywood would appeal to her.

Janet "Preparing" to Work

ENTIRELY different from Merry is Janet Snowden, the beautiful brunette who photos as Joan Bennett at times. Besides being the daughter of the late financier, James H. Snowden, she is an ex-Princess—having just obtained a Mexican divorce from Prince Caravita di Sirignano of Italy, whom she left after four days of marriage. She is only twenty years old and has as fine a social background and perhaps as much wealth as any one of this group of women. A close friend of Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton M'divani, she attended an exclusive girls' school at Aiken, S. C., with them, and later the three went to Florence, Italy, to school. While born in Paris, she is full-American and maintains a home in both Newport and New York City. Her one sister is Princess Rospigliosi of Italy.

On a trip around the world, she stopped in Hollywood and Winifred Sheehan, who was a good friend of her father's, asked her to take a movie test. Then Warners offered her a contract. But she refused all offers. "If I am going into this business, I shall at least be prepared for it. I don't want to go in on a splurge of forced publicity and then discover that I photograph badly and cannot act," she says.

She is studying with the well-known teacher, Samuel Kayser. She lives simply in a modest bungalow, with two servants, and drives a small car. She speaks French, Italian and Spanish fluently, will not be interviewed for publicity, but she does not want any publicity until she is ready; but when that time comes, her agent already has offers for work awaiting her. Incidentally, her agent is William S. Gill, divorced husband of the late Renee Adoree. The rumor is current that Janet may become Mrs. Gill.

Wanted "Something" to Do

MRS. JOHN D. SPRECKLES, III, who was herself, when her husband recently came into his inheritance of several millions, is making her picture début in a small part in Jack Haley's "Here Comes the Groom." She has always been the center of great social activity and it is interesting to learn why she does not feel the strain of her ex-eligible, yet is not the enviable social life suffice. Her explanation is: "Every woman should have something to do."

Mr. Spreckles is courageous—for three of these wealthy children who are entering pictures are either just divorced or are in the act of divesting themselves of their husbands.

Then there is Winifred Flint, daughter of Amos P. Flint, millionaire Chicago manufacturer, who was not satisfied with being listed as "a lady." Equally interesting is the fact that her husband, Gil Barry, former Illinois football star, was not willing to trade on her family connections in making his way. He was one of the young men who was brought to Hollywood in the "Search for Beauty" contest conducted by Paramount. He had a small part in "Come On Marines," later. His wife applied to Le Roy Prinz, Paramount dance director, for a job—and was given work in "Mardi Gras at the Vaherites" and as one of the slave girls in "Cleopatra." Her identity was discovered later. It would seem that they are both seriously determined to win a place for themselves in this world.

There then is Lillian Moore, débutante daughter of a wealthy Fort Worth insurance man. Supposed to receive from her father a monthly income of $1,000 (which is small compared to the wealth that some of these girls have), she never rested until she was signed to a picture contract by Paramount.

Elizabeth Young, whom you have already seen on the screen in "Big Executive," "Queen Christina" and "Come On Marines," is the intelligent and prosperous Judge William Young of the New York Children's Court. Her mother is one of New York's social leaders, and Elizabeth might have had an enviable social career, but she turned to the stage and later to Hollywood. And her recent marriage is not likely to take her away from the screen. For the bridegroom—Joseph L. Mankiewicz—is a well-known young scenario writer.

Barbara Fritchie is a blue-eyed debutante from Kansas City, where she was a member of the Junior League. She had come to Hollywood for a visit and, on the eve of returning East, was dining in a Hollywood night-club—when a talent scout discovered her. Anyway, that's the story. And Barbara has been getting some roles, too.

Ex-Schoolmate of Tone's Arrives

FORGETTING the girls for a moment, let's consider the case of James Blakeley, 24, newly signed by Columbia. He, of all the society entrants in the race for film fame, has some theatrical background. His father, the late James Blakeley, was an English actor. Young Blakeley, himself, has acted on the New York stage, and is a graduate of the Hill School, the prep school that was also attended by another scion of society who has made a film factor—Francho Tone. And Blakeley has still another claim to distinction in the fact that he was the former fiancé of the beautiful and wealthy Elizabeth Wodworth-heiress, who is now the Princess M'divani.

But none of these newcomers piques Hollywood's curiosity more than Rosamond Pinchot, niece of Pennsylvania's famous Governor. Not only because Hollywood recalls her as "the Nina in the Miracle," but because she was a prominent Washington socialite, the wife of the late President of the Court of St. James's, but because last year she divorced William Gaston, the Boston lawyer, one of Kay Francis' ex-husbands. A tall girl, she took some persuading before
she autographed an M-G-M contract.

Hazel Forbes, widow of the "tooth-powder king," is seen frequently on the arm of Jack Oakie and is being groomed for pictures at RKO. It is generally understood that she has millions. Even her wealth and the homage that her beauty demands wherever she goes, have not satisfied her. Incidentally, she is answering the criticism of Hollywood that society folk are taking money that deserving acting folk might get; she gives away her weekly salary to players who need help.

Last, but not least, one of the most interesting of these women of wealth and social position will be known on the screen as Virginia Pine. She was formerly Mrs. Edward Lehmann, wife of the millionaire owner of the chain of Fair stores in Chicago. But it is not her wealth or social position (she has a millionaire father, herself) that Hollywood women envy; it is the fact that at the moment she is the recipient of George Raft's undivided attention. In addition to this, she has been signed by Warners on a long-term contract, and is she elated!

Will Work Even if She's Mrs. Raft

SHE may be married to George Raft before you read this, as she already has his divorce and he may have his before this can be printed. I asked her how such a marriage would affect her career. She doesn't agree with Joan Crawford, who has said that two in the same profession cannot be happily married.

"If I marry George, I shall go right ahead with my work in pictures—that is, if I am making good in pictures, as I hope to. I think there is greater chance for happiness when both are working, when both have a fresh viewpoint to bring home at the end of the day. And certainly there would be greater chance for happiness when both were in the profession, than with one in and the other out. Georgie feels as I do about it."

She is twenty-one years old, has a lovely little daughter, Joan, about two and a half years old, is widely travelled, beautifully educated, thoroughly poised. She is being coached by Josephine Dillon (the first Mrs. Clark Gable), and we think she will have much to offer the screen.

To these women, going to Hollywood must be like going humming, in the highest sense of the word. Where else on earth could they rub elbows at dinners and dances with stalwart butchers, bakers, chauffeurs who have risen to social prominence by becoming famous directors? Where else could they find alluring women who have formerly been waitresses,stenographers,models and hairdressers, and who have, by virtue of their charm, become social leaders in the movie world? Where else could they find men who know both the smooth and the seamy side of life, so that they can portray with equal ease the suave man of the drawing-room or the lurid gangster type?

If these women are successful, they, too, will soon have dresses designed to suit their personalities, and little girls all over the country clamoring to secure copies. There will be perfumes, polishes and patterns named for them!

Of course, Hollywood is not fooled by any of the reasons these bored and petted girls give for entering pictures. Hollywood knows it is the emotional outlet they crave, the opportunity of self-expression, and a new type of status for those who have tried most other experiences and tired of them.

We saw Doris Duke, "the richest girl in the world," who is "publicity-shy," lunching with Bing Crosby the other day—and getting more kick out of it than if Bing had been a King or a Grand Duke. And there have been rumors of a romance between her and a studio worker. To girls like Doris and Merry and Janet and the rest, Hollywood is the Ultimate Thrill!
Why Movie Stars Are Safe from Kidnappers

(Continued from page 63)

portance is so great that the studio would be forced, in the event of a kidnapping, to pay almost any price for his return. To refuse would be to lose everything invested in the picture.

Guarded by Thousands of Eyes

But according to Fitts, there are many other reasons why a movie star makes an unattrative prospect for professional kidnappers. In the first place, stars are recognized by everyone who sees them; in addition to having paid guards, they have a million unpaid detectives watching them at every moment. The kidnapper runs his greatest risk during the time of transporting his victim from the scene of the snatch to the hideout where he is to be imprisoned. In a couple of hours, he might have sufficient time to accomplish this before the alarm is raised. And, with a movie star, this would be difficult.

In the case of the average business man who is able to drive along the street unrecognized by the crowds, several hours might elapse before a snatch; several more hours might pass before a snatch was suspected. But in the case of the stars, every minute of their time can be accounted for by a thousand eyes; their whereabouts are noted long enough for their appointments. If they were missing for ten minutes, somebody would want to know why. These detriments alone would make Los Angeles safer balance than Chicago and other large cities, in professional criminals minds against the princely ransoms that could be successfully demanded if a great star were snatched.

"Even before kidnapping assumed racket proportions," Fitts points out, "the various law enforcement groups in the Hollywood district realized that the promotion of screen stars would be their most difficult problem—difficult because a star's work is not governed by routine. It isn't enough to protect their homes. Locations, personal appearances and the exercises of their profession take them everywhere on a moment's notice. Ordinary police methods would not serve our purpose."

Hollywood's "Secret Police"

"At that time, I appointed a number of exceptionally able officers, chosen for their intimate knowledge of Hollywood, to act under command of Blaney Matthews, my chief of detectives, to protect all Hollywood stars. Their sole duty has been to protect the movie colony from kidnapping, extortion, blackmail and libel. Their identities have never been published, for their effectiveness depends largely on the secrecy of their operations. During the last three years, they have handled hundreds of cases, and, in almost every case, they actually have anticipated and prevented the crime."

Numerous attempts have been made to kidnap Hollywood stars, the most serious being the Mary Pickford plot five or six years ago. Not one has succeeded, despite wild rumors that crop up every now and then. Immerseable efforts of both snatchers and plots have been directed against movie celebrities. Almost all of them have been discovered and defeated.

On several occasions, members of my Hollywood "Secret Police" were assigned to twenty-four-hours-a-day guards to certain stars who have been threatened. During Mau's recent court case, when she was gallantly defended by her publicist, threat letters and against gangsters who had robbed her, one of my investigators lived in her home, was guarded by him, was on the set, itself, for weeks. Again, when Constance Bennett was threatened not so long ago another investigator assumed a similar watch over her, and spent two weeks in the character of a guest in her home.

Blaney Matthews and his squad have acted on the theory that the greatest prevention is worth a pound of cure—and their record has made them feared.

Meanwhile, the Los Angeles police, the Sheriff's squad and the gangster detail have joined forces in a relentless campaign to prevent organized gangsterism from spreading to the Golden State of California. Our investigators have placed every suspicious arrival under surveillance. Such notorious characters as 'Spike' O'Donnell, the Chicago gang lord, have been arrested on vagrancy charges and run out of town a day or two after their arrival. The word has gone out in every underworld that Los Angeles is not to be trifled with, and gangland, as a result, avoids Southern California—the spot with the most 'tempting' ransom money!

No Kidnappers Have Got Away

"We have a clean record as far as kidnapping is concerned. Without a single exception, every snatch plot among the stars has resulted in the abductors receiving the maximum punishment allowed by law. Such a reputation is a tremendous protection for the nation picture industry, with which the Gette kidnapers were brought to justice is enough to make any snatch gang think twice before trying to operate."

In Los Angeles, the district where Hollywood is located, the only anti-kidnapping campaign doubly effective.

Cooperation is a mild word. Hollywood, ever since its first kidnapping scare, has been saturated. The city, and its surrounding counties, are haunted by the specter of their gangster. Private guards have been employed by almost every prominent personality. No longer do stars ride about the streets, alone, at all hours of the night. And those men sitting beside their chauffeurs are heavily armed.

Warner Baxter's new home is an electrical marvel. Approaching the bottle is to be flood with light. It is burglar-proof throughout. Other homes are wired with intricate systems of alarms, which can be turned on and off by the homeowner. Guard Carbo, and iron bars cover the windows of famous homes.

Harold Lloyd has employed as many as nine guards, at one time, on his Beverly Hills estate since the safety of his children was threatened in a series of extortion letters. The Lloyd children, even at their play, are never beyond the sight of four armed men. Ann Harding, Marlene Dietrich, Bing Crosby and at least a dozen other celebrities maintain small armies for the protection of their families. An armed guard occupies the Robert Montgomery nursery day and night.

Studios Furnish Guards, Too

Certain studios, notably Paramount, have demanded recently that all of their players be assigned a twenty-four-hours-a-day guard. The studio has assured them that they will continue to work in a picture. Even contract players whose salaries would hardly excite the greed of a kidnap gang. Players do not pay producers, but the guards are paid during the course of a production.

Hollywood, frankly, has been terrified. Three million dollars' worth of kidnaping loot has been placed with Lloyd's while working in a picture. Even contract players whose salaries would hardly excite the greed of a kidnap gang. Players do not pay producers, but the guards are paid during the course of a production.
a few of the stars have not soothed the fears of the rest.

Only a few weeks ago, for instance, Marion Davies’ car was forced to the curb, last night, by a car loaded with armed men. Luckily, Marion was not in her car at the time, and the gangsters—if they were gangsters—slew away when they discovered her absence.

There have been many other incidents equally frightening. Bing Crosby and Spencer Tracy have recently received extortion letters. Anonymous, threatening telephone calls have been received by at least a score of stars (whose telephone numbers are not listed in the directory).

According to Blaney Matthews, who has investigated all such cases, the threats are usually authored by cranks who have no other object than to terrify the star. The professional kidnaper is seldom courteous enough to warn his victim before he strikes.

The Marlene Dietrich kidnap scare—with its warning note of printed words pasted together—proved traceable to a personal plot, hatched for private reasons by an acquaintance. Most of the kidnap rumors that seeth through Hollywood are due to hysteria. Charlie Chaplin has repeatedly denied that he was kidnapped last summer and paid twenty-five thousand dollars for his freedom, yet the story still persists.

They Take No Chances

“Nevertheless,” declares Buron Fitts, “we have made it a rule to investigate every threatening letter, no matter how absurd it may seem. And we have protected every star who has reported the receipt of such a threat. Frequently, our investigators have guarded some threatened celebrity for weeks.

“A great blow to the kidnaping racket in California was struck with the enactment of our new kidnap laws. If an abductor harms his victim, his punishment is the gallows; if he returns his victim unharmed, the penalty is life imprisonment. Such a stringent law—plus our record of capture and conviction in every kidnaping case to date, plus the knowledge of how thoroughly every film star is guarded—is enough to make the most reckless of the gangsters hesitate before plotting a kidnaping in Hollywood.

“I repeat—the movie colony has little to fear from the professional kidnaper. The chief danger to Hollywood is from the amateur criminal, who is sometimes tempted by insane egoism to defy all odds. And he Hollywood an almost impregnable fortress.”

P.S.—And gangsters are not forgetting that there are Federal operatives stationed in Los Angeles—constantly ready to spring into action on threatening-letter cases or on kidnapings. It was a Federal operative who hastened the solution of the Gettle case by mailing a ransom demand to his family that asked a lesser sum than the actual kidnappers had. The kidnappers learning that rival racketeers were trying to chisel in on the ransom, speeded up the negotiations—and were speedily caught.

The Federal men never give up a case until it is solved. They never give up until they ‘get their man.’

Kidnappers, in gang formation, might penetrate the wall of guards surrounding a star. They might collect ransom and elude the local police. (They have not been able to do so yet.) But they can’t escape the Federal men, who can spread a countrywide net to catch racketeer-rats, who can reach into foreign countries and drag them back, who never relent in their searching, and who have solved every single kidnaping case they have entered. They were called into the Lindbergh case only after every other agency had been balked; the clues and the trail were cold; but slowly, surely, they are tracking down the kidnappers. And the kidnappers know it.

Women Are Quitting

Old Time Make-Up Shades...
for an Utterly New Creation

These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up

There is now a new and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A totally new idea in color that often changes a woman’s whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That “Cheap”, “Hard” Look

This new creation forever banishes the “cheap”, “hard” effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely natural and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It’s Called

It is called Angelus Rouge Incarnat. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on both the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, sneakily of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a jeune fille—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipstick. You’ll be amazed at what it does for you.

Angelus Rouge Incarnat

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

85
Comfort WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST

Silhouette belt by Hickory—Style 1300

By a patented process Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You’ll find it delightfully soft, lightweight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Laxtex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed and ironed.....65c.

**STYLE 1377**
(at right)
A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination safety and belt-proof Laxtex. 50c.

**STYLE 1318**
(at left)
The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow belt-proof Laxtex; Pyralin clasps, no pins—perfectly secure. 35c.

Sanitary Belts by
HICKORY
Made in a wide variety of styles, 25c to 75c.

If your dealer hasn’t the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
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You’ll Like Hickory Dress Shields, too

Try My Way to Reduce Your Form—FREE!

Is your figure spoiled by a heavy, sagging bust? Are you embarrassed by this unsightly fat? Then let me tell you how to reduce an oversize bust. I’ll gladly send you my easy directions, with a container of “Prescription—36.”

SEND ME YOUR NAME and address and your pleasant home treatment will come to you by return mail in plain wrapper. Please enclose 10c for forwarding charge.

DORIS KENT, B-8
80 East 11th Street.
New York, N. Y.

Who Else Is a Man of Mystery? Lionel Barrymore!

(Continued from page 35)

His humanness and simplicity are the in- 
factory marks of a rich, philosophical mind, and of the true artist—one whose gifts and accomplishments extend beyond acting and directing, into the realms of music, painting, etching and writing. A rare array of talent and achievement in any single individual.

His humanness and simplicity, which seem to reach under and over the screen and cloak his shadow characterizations with flesh and blood, are the result of a lifetime of ups and downs—struggles, failure, heart- 
ache, sickness, glowing success, and, withal, an absolute devotion to the expression of beauty in various forms. He is a multi-

farious person, this Lionel Barrymore. And there is no greater proof of it than in the way he slips out of one character into another.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, to 
which he is under contract, he has a dressing-
room entirely isolated from all others. It is a lofty high in one of the huge sound stages, which the studio allowed him to have converted into combination dressing quar-
ters and workshop. And it is this romantic attic room that Barrymore, the actor, Barrymore, the etcher, and Barrymore, the musician meet as separate identities and blend into one on many a working day or night. A make-up table, a grand piano and a printing press for making copies of his copper-plate dry points—these are the fur-
nishings of his private studio quarters.

Dosen’t Know How To Waste Time

From this sanctum sanctorum he may 
emerge in the guise of a district attorney, or a Russian, or a country doctor, or a 
shipping magnate (he plays the pirate, 
Billy Bones, in “Treasure Island”), and report to a set for duty as an actor; but sometime during the day he returns to it and assumes his individuality as pianist, composer, etcher. It is here that he spends the occa-
sional hour waiting to be called, or be-tween scenes, in reading or study, or, in solitary enjoyment of his “hobbies,” not rarely or intimately, of those “hobbies”—reflections of his varied talents and interests.

Edmund Lowe and George Cukor, the director, are among the few persons in Holly-
wood who enjoy a close friendship with Lionel Barrymore and his wife, the for-
mer Irene Fenwick, stage actress, whose delicate health has not kept her from becoming famous as a hostess—particu-
larly at the small, intimate gatherings that host the American scene.

The late Lilian Tashman, just before her fatal trip to New York, made a keen observa-
tion of the private life of Lionel Barry-
more. She said: “Lionel is so much a modern Leonardo da Vinci. We’ve never known anyone who could do so many things as well. Like da Vinci, he is that rare combination of artist and artisan. And his vast variety of interests, ranging from prize-fighting to painting, make him a wonderfully fascinating person. You never speak of his loneliness out of humor: ”When he and Irene” (pronounced Irenée) “built their home just a block away from us ten years ago, we became very neigh-
neighborly. We used to exchange visits, in-
specting our respective places and offering suggestions and ideas to each other. That was the beginning of our friendship with them. And that experience definitely con-vinced me that, if it were necessary, Lionel could build a house single-handed. He’s unbelievably practical and ingenious.”

Edmund Lowe recently said: “There are some impressions I have of Lionel that are unforgettable. One is of his playing the piano for nearly an hour one evening while he and Irene waited for Lil and myself to get dressed for a party we were attending together. Both of us had worked late at the studios and had scarcely got into the house when the Barrymores arrived to pick us up. Lionel smoothed away any nervousness we might have suf-
f ered in keeping him and Irene waiting by playing Chopin and Brahms and many of his own compositions divinely.

“Another remembrance of him is of the night we had gone places together, to the fights or a neighborhood movie, I forget which, and returned home and played nearly all of the complete sets of symphonic and operatic records until almost dawn. It wasn’t until Lilian finally appeared at the top of the stairs and yelled to us to stop that the party broke up; otherwise we would probably still be there.”

How Co-Workers See Him

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Barrymore is very well-liked by all who contact him through work. When he is making a picture and the shooting is fast, he works along and has little to say to any-
one. If, however, there are the usual lapses and the company is congenial, or a reminis-
cent mood strikes him, he will regale members with anecdotes of the celebrated whom he has known in all walks of life, from John L. Sullivan, once heavyweight champion of the world, to Igor Stravinsky, tone poet.

Lionel, like his brother, John, and his father, the renowned Maurice Blythe Barrymore, was once an amateur wrestler and boxer. It was during a practice bout with Zbyszko, many years ago, before the heavyweight Pole captured a championship, that Barrymore hurt his knee and was left with a permanent injury. He has never boxed or wrestled since, although he remains an ardent devotee of the ring. Now his prime physical exercise, if it can be called such, is driving his small coupé to and from work, or over the highways, at the next little speed of seventy miles per hour.

It’s an extraordinary career that this eldest member of America’s royal family of the theatre and, in part, of the cinema has had. At fifteen, he made his first stage appearance with his distinguished grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. A few seasons later he played with his equally distinguished uncle, John Drew. And all through the history of the theatre, on and off for the past thirty-five years, his name has illuminated the pages with records of singular achievements.

And so it has been with his film career, too, which started 'way back in the early days of the old Biograph Company nearly twenty-five years ago! Forming a striking pattern, his name threads its way through the annals of film history beginning with the early silents. It breaks off for a number of years, during which time the theatre occupied his talents, and it picks up the design again with the beginning of the talkies in 1928 and 1929, which period claimed him as both actor and director.

Lionel as a Brother

The golden harvest of his film career was reached two years ago when his dramatic characterization of the district attorney in "A Free Soul," with Norma Shearer, won him the Academy award for the finest acting performance of the year. He was then fifty-three years of age. Since then his film career has struck the steady, consistent stride that alone can be effected through permanency as an actor and his embracing humanness, fine intelligence and total lack of professional jealousy. Even in his appearances with his brother John (the brothers appeared together in "Rasputin") there has been no hint of artistic rivalry, no temperamental fireworks. To them, the play is the thing—rather than the individual roles.

There is a picture of Lionel Barrymore in my memory which I cherish. It reveals him in a role that the general public rarely sees—that of a devoted brother. Two years ago, when Ethel Barrymore toured the country with a revival of Sheridan’s "School for Scandal," she was on one of the longest break-downs by the time she reached Los Angeles, and she was forced to shorten her appearances for that reason. During those four nights of physical exhaustion, when she seemed almost too ill to carry on, it was a touching and inspiring sight to witness Lionel Barrymore sitting in the front row toward one side of the theatre, with his face uplifted, intently watching the wonderfully magnetic actress, his complete mood and attitude indicating that if something should happen to her, he would be the first at her side.

But, of course, such a thing did not happen. And it wouldn’t, to a Barrymore! Lionel Barrymore might have been watching only Ethel Barrymore, the actress, on those nights. But, somehow, I am inclined to think that he is a devoted brother, watching his sister, whom he loved very much and who might be needing him.

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**How to Relieve Periodic Pain:**

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.

Take one tablet then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you’re easy in ten minutes.

Periodic pain is out. So is discomfort at this time. That’s a fact, and it’s just too bad for the girl who doesn’t know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don’t be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain in seven to ten minutes. That’s how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meanwhile, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it’s folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You’ll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.
Will Never "Go Hollywood"

ONE thing can be said emphatically about Arliss—he will never "go Hollywood." Even the veterans, you know, aren't immune; they have been known to cut up on occasion. But Arliss lives in the movie town as one always apart from its influences. He never stays long enough to take to make his pictures. He arrives from England a few weeks before, in order to allow leeway to settle down comfortably and methodically, and leave affairs as soon as he is assured that there will be no more retakes. He has maintained this schedule as a routine.

Other stars of his age and time are enticed to remain by the comfort and the climate. But he always puts forth to London or to St. Margaret's-by-the-Sea in Kent and stays there reading, writing letters, entertaining a few friends, and for outdoor recreation—gardening and walking.

"My home is here," he told me once simply. This is my present workshop. I can enjoy loafing perhaps better than anybody in the world, but I want to do it in my own way, and according to my own pleasure. It has been my custom for forty years to take a trip each year. He it at home in England, and I enjoy it. I consider myself fortunate in being able to spend the Winter months in California, and the Summer abroad, but I have never regarded weather as a hardship."

Consequently, Arliss will continue to be a commuter to Hollywood seasonally, even though he has had sea trips each time, and the attendant mal-de-mer to which he is very much subject. So subject, in fact, that he generally goes to his home via Paris, where there is a masseur who can help him recover from the kinks and aches that he suffers during and after his voyage.

Arliss's place on the screen is peculiar, and surprisingly secure. His films manage consistently to get into the list of box-office hits. Two or three, like "The King's Conviction" and "White Shadows of God," are not considered among his best at the studio, were unexpectedly accorded popular honor. He seems to have a large aggregation of most loyal admirers. They are among the maturer followers of movie entertainment, lovers of fine acting—who, according to box-office reports, have gone into raptures of his 'Ice House' or "Dancing with the Dervishes," wherein he plays a dual rôle, that of the founder of the house and his eldest son. This picture unquestionably, afforded Arliss his greatest opportunity to project his acting art—an opportunity of which he took the fullest advantage. Only those very human efforts like "The Millionaire" and "The Working Girl," regarded as aping youth. Maybe, though, that isn't an adequate estimate of his vogue.

His Favorite Leading Lady

NATURALLY, he doesn't receive the flood of fan mail that goes to the sex-attracting hero and his polished paleness isn't designed to entice adoring and worshiping missives, let alone mash notes. By way of imagination, could he be finding her as ideal, and even in his pictures he has been romantically encumbered only once or twice, and then most discreetly. I think that Arliss would ordinarily prefer to have his wife, rather than any other woman, appear in his pictures. And I believe that he likes best the pictures in which he is seen, his fancy-free, as a widower or bachelor. That is, if this makes any difference at all, if one accepts the same complacency of the man. I know that there are certain of Arliss's appearances unless she is suited to the rôle she enacts, and he is very particular that she should be seen to the greatest advantage. One day he takes me on an inspection of her costume for "The King's Vacation," and it was conducted like a tour of the tapestry. Each detail had to be perfect. The dress had to have a print: a bow had to be adjusted with meticulous care; each ribbon, ornament and ruffle was so worked as to be complimentary to the rôle of a sartorial critic, and what a critic! Incidentally, both he and Mrs. Arliss are vegetarians, and have been for twenty years—even since seeing some animals led to slaughter in the Middle West.

The punctiliousness of Arliss has been often recounted, and it isn't a myth. I would like to be late for an Hollywood party with him. Even in Hollywood, where nothing ever happens according to schedule, he is irked when an engagement is not kept on time. Once when I met him, he was fuming or near as fuming as he allows himself to be, over the fact that a certain scenarist had suggested in his script that Arliss had been courteous under duress, but had made the fact that she was late, understood. When I talked with him, he deferred, upon the subject of punctuality and, I think, enjoyed doing it. I think he considers it an exceedingly impudent thing for anybody to be late, it is the height of unfairness to the other person to rob him or her of time. In the twenty minutes that a person might keep me waiting, I could be writing several important letters, which I am prevented from doing by being kept expectant of another's arrival. I can kill time as well as anybody, but I always try to choose the proper occasion for doing it, and I certainly would consider myself very, not to say criminally, at fault if I held someone else up in his plans or work when I was doing my own. Arliss is exceedingly difficult in this respect, but that does not excuse the fault, nor the proper laying out of one's day to avoid such an infraction on someone else."

He Can't Work Overtime

ARLISS'S own management of the day's work is better than ever on the fugitive tempo. He works only from ten in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon, and he accomplishes just as much as those who dawdle and struggle along on froayed nerves. His man, Jenner, gets him off the set at four-thirty, come what will, and it is an old story of how, when Arliss made "The Great Goddess," he bet Jenner off Arliss's turf so that he couldn't work any longer than the appointed time. This devotion of servant to master is something to Americans of our tradition. "I'd almost fire him," Jenner said, "but it's the only English book. It proves that Arliss is still English, above all things."

I saw Jenner once, and it's no joke about the easy-like rule he exerts over his master's affairs. It was one of two or three occasions when Arliss had done any overwork in years, and he kept away from the set that day until 4:30 instead of 4:30. And a near-riot quickly developed!

Jenner was on hand at closing time. Arliss was in the midst of a scene where he had to use a cigarette lighter. And of course, true to tradition, the cigarette-lighter would be kept on, and was kept on with it, determined to win out. He didn't give his valet any cooperation, and
Jenner was at fever heat. He stood on one foot and then the other, fidgeted back and forth, tapped the toe of his shoe on the floor, and did everything but a buck-and-wing dance. "If he had a wig on, I'd snatch it from him," he said, and blushed in the still stage whisper. He made several ineffective dashes to the set, but the late John G. Adolfi—who died on vacation following Arliss' production of "Voltaire," and whose direction always pleased the star—was too quick for him. Adolfi and his assistants had been so busy getting things moving before Jenner could argue Arliss into leaving.

Finally, the cigarette-lighter worked, and Arliss was through. Then with a great sigh of relief, Jenner took charge of his chief, and hustled him off to a dressing-room, probably hurling imprecations under his breath at all cigarette-lighters and their capricious inclination never to operate when they should. The next day Jenner brought along several lighters that worked, so that if one failed, the other would be sure to fire up. He wasn't taking any chances.

Much the Same Off the Screen

ARLISS never has much to say about his personal life, which he considers strictly his own business, nor is he very different off the screen from the man you see on. The Arliss character is a type, and Arliss, himself, is that type, monochromatic, and all, though he does not wear this in all his pictures. In private, he is never seen without it.

Some people have said that he continually assumes a pose, but personally, I do not credit this. Perhaps, his air of precision, of a kind of superior jauntiness, of great poise and security of mind, which is perpetual with him, was at one time a pose, but it is all himself now. Even those who have been most closely associated with him in public life have never known another Arliss than this. And if his wife has, she will never tell.

His father before him was a figure in the circle in which he moved, for he, too, wore a monocle, and, as is well known, was referred to as the Duke of Bloombury—that picture of London in which he had a bookshop. Arliss' autobiography, "Up the Years from Bloombury," reveals no other Arliss than the one whom his associates and friends know—an Arliss who never "lets down," an Arliss who is very much the same one time as another, sharp and sure in his opinions, poised as a conversationalist, a believer in the high place of the theatre in life, a gentleman of the old school, but one thoroughly up-to-date in his understanding of the innumerable human natures. It is a man who would never, consciously, concede one thing to bad taste, nor would he ever be identified with anything that was offensive to an audience in a picture or a play. His characters are sometimes daring, different, and occasionally a "Old English"—even a bit pagan, but they are always schooled in the refinements of life. He could probably never play—or wish to play—any other kind.

His customs in dress are said to be distinctly old-fashioned. He wears long underwear even in California, the home of shorts and of undershirts divorced from shorts. He even has shirts that are slipped on over the head in the manner of years ago—the kind that unbutton only part-way down the front. And, according to a statement he once made to somebody, he hasn't bought a new hat in ten years, preferring vintage headwear. In all of this, he may or may not seek to retain, personally, something of that rare Victorian atmosphere that he brings to the screen.

Not Partial to Cupids

NEW manners, new customs, new codes of living do not appeal to him; but he can see the humor in some of the super-salesmanship of to-day. He was sardonically amused, I know, over the fact that furniture in a house that he had occupied for a few months was subsequently sold at auction as being his personal choice. He endured great-afraid in one particular, namely, that the collection had included some lamps, which were adorned with his fat cupids. "The Cupids," he averred, "were a horrible reflection upon my taste." But he was far from amused a year or two ago when an English writer represented him as overjoyed by the rumored prospect of his returning to England to be knighted. Englishmen of breeding aren't in the habit of revealing private emotions publicly—especially upon so delicate a subject.

Though he has centered all his activities in the movies of late years, Arliss still believes in the stage. To me, he has expressed faith in its future, but declared that it would only renew itself through the work of dramaticists who were schooled in playwriting, like those of a generation or two ago.

"While there are many interesting plays to-day, a great number of them are not technically well-founded," he said. "They do not reflect the expert's hand in dealing with character, plot and situation. They enjoy a vogue of the moment, and many of them even succeed in the decade of the 'Twenties, because of the prosperity and accompanying interest in entertainment, but their appeal was not securely grounded. People to-day are once again demanding more of the theatre; they want to be soundly amused, and to have their minds appealed to by what they see. Pictures have a broader horizon, but they, too, are beginning to feel the same influences. The public is more careful in its choice of entertainment, and far more difficult to please."

"The star's problem to-day in pictures is to keep his material always fresh and interesting. Where I might appear on the stage in the same play for two or three years, and not have to worry about the succeeding one, I am, in pictures, constantly faced with the necessity for having another and equally interesting story ready to produce for my audience. It isn't easy after a year or two, because you pretty well use up the subjects that you have on hand, or that can be adapted from plays in which you have appeared. Hence it will be necessary in the future to proceed much more carefully in selection."

"Yet I am amazed at the extent of the audience to which one can appeal on the screen. I thought that I had a pretty good idea of it before I came into pictures, but it has surpassed even my own expectations and beliefs."

And Arliss has had it brought home to him in an unmistakable manner, for even in quiet London, where he could always submerge his own identity peaceably, people now follow him on the street. And I think that he is a trifle aghast at this result, even though he may secretly warm to it.
**Don’t be an “Airedale”**

*That’s why all Hollywood uses X-BAZIN Cream to remove superfuzzled hair. It is essential for legs, arms and underarms that you are building that new home, sacrifice some space somewhere to give the men of the family a place of their own!* Clark is especially rich in private rooms. A small up-stairs sitting-room, adorning his bedroom, has a huge carved oak desk and a plain bookcase for the overflow volumes which he likes to read in bed.

The dining-room has an elaborate wall-paper with water lilies in silver, gray and white. The simplicity of the mahogany chairs, table and buffet harmonizes well with this background, and an Oriental rug gives life to the room. The substantial chairs with thick seat and heavy table (Duncan Phyfe style) suit a man far better than a suite of rose-velvet dining-room chairs. An exquisite crystal-and-silver chandelier over the table lightens the heaviness of so much mahogany. You can learn balance and good taste in following the setting of Clark Gable’s dining-room!

**Where He Rests in Comfort**

The master bedroom in the Gable house repeats the color scheme of the living-room, with the all-over tan carpet, ivory walls, tan chintz with old rose figures, and— oh, gorgeous innovations! Deep rose, built for solid comfort and genuine lounging. It’s unorthodox perhaps, but what a livable idea! So is the huge lounge chair covered with the same material, and the very practical writing desk by the window. The rose taffeta covers on the twin beds reveal the feminine touch; the massive walnut furniture, the masculine. Rose-quartz figures hold up two dresser lamps which stand on jade bases. Clark’s picture adorns the desk—as it probably adorns the bedrooms of a half-million women all over the United States.

There are bed lights, for reading, and a clock beside Clark’s bed. (Why does he continually consult the time? Does he fear his moments of glory are fleeting?). Plenty of tables with ash trays and cigarette boxes and pillows on the couches all aid in lending a homey and charming touch. If a tired movie star couldn’t rest in such a room, he had better give up acting!

Across the hall is the bedroom of the two step-sons, very sturdy with redwood chests and four-posters, and white quilts monogrammed in red. Mahogany-colored walls, deep brown monks’-cloth draperies and tan rug complete a practical color scheme. A radio by the bed is a hint to any woman who has boys around the house.

Georgia Gable’s bedroom is the one unrompishing room in the whole house. It is utterly, unmistakably, the room of a woman, and a young and pretty woman, too. All white, it has a rose rug and white antiqued furniture. Almost any girl could have such a room without a famous stepfather. The bedspread is white satin, corded with rose, and the hangings of the dressing-table repeat the same material. The white chintz curtains are ruffled with rose. Miniatures break the plain surfaces of the ivory walls. White lamps, and white Wedgwood vases and porcelains keep the air of fragility. A cabinet of this dainty bric-a-brac hangs on the wall above Georgiana’s writing desk.

This is a charming idea for a young girl’s room. The articles and ornaments collected need not be museum pieces. There are hundreds of fragile china and blown-glass pieces for sale in the shops at small prices. One can even find curiously fantastic glass animals in the five-and-ten-cent store. One girl I know has a collection of a hundred china dogs scattered around on painted shelves that are bracketsed to the wall.

**Even Sun Room Is Masculine**

EXCEPT for this little oasis of femininity (and, of course, the kitchen), the comfort and tastes of a very masculine, outdoor type of man have been considered in the purchase of almost every piece of furniture in Clark Gable’s home. Even the sun room has particularly sturdy cane furnishings, with cushions of heavy red leather, instead of the usual usual of coverings.

There isn’t a chair in the house that would quiver or groan if a tired hundred-and-eighty-pound man flung himself into it; there isn’t a couch that can’t be sprawled on, or a table that doesn’t carry smoking equipment. There isn’t a rug that dusty riding-boots or muddy hunting-boots will ruin. A normal man’s predilection for red, in color, has been humorized. There is none of the fragile, easily-tipped-over, useless side tables, ferneries, statues-on-pillars, ottomans, smoking-stands, and mended antiques that fill any he-man with the fervent desire to kick them across the room.

The fact that Clark Gable spends most of his time in his own home (when he isn’t working at the studio or off hunting or shooting) must prove that it suits him! If you are planning a house that men will live in, and want to make it popular with them, you will get many hints from the Gable menage.

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Any Man Would Like Clark Gable’s House!

(Continued from page 55)

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![Image of the Hotel Piccadilly](https://example.com/hotel-piccadilly-image)
missed a trick. Almost before he could talk, he could carry tunes and imitate everybody and was said to have 'tenor uncanny.' He was a good little youngster, and when I played for him to sing, he faithfully followed the music and the words. It was the same with his dancing. I taught him a few steps at home, and he practised until they were perfect. He added speed and rhythm and invented a few leaps of his own. He was a very happy little child, but even I, without much experience with perfect little ones, could tell that Jackie had something.

When he was five, I took him to the Hal Roach Studios for a tryout. The director watched him dance, and gave him a dime, but no work. When Fox Studios were testing children for a part in 'The Movitone Follies,' I had my mother bring Jackie down. I played piano in the music department, but Son and I pretended we didn't know each other, so no one would guess he was my little boy.

Out of five hundred children, mine won the role, but still no contract. Roach, the director saw the picture and finally signed Jackie with 'Our Gang.' Later, when Paramount was casting for 'Skippy,' I asked an agent to suggest Jackie for the part, but the agent turned us down cold. I went to everyone I knew, and finally a friend who worked at Paramount arranged a screen test.

"After months of bickering between Paramount and Roach, the boy was allowed to make 'Skippy.' The boy, Jackie in the star class. After it was over, I refused to accept the fifty dollars a week that he was then receiving. I knew he was worth much more, and took those weekly checks on a gamble for something better. Finally, Roach sold Jackie's contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who sent for me to arrange for a deal. M-G-M have been more than generous with Jackie. They could have offered him practically nothing, but he has not received thirteen hundred dollars every week.

"What he will do when he outgrows boy parts, I don't know. His education is getting under way, and he has a private tutor at the studio, and every six months goes down to the Board of Education for an examination. He is eleven now and has at least the mental age of seven. He has been far above that of the average child, and his powers of concentration are developed to a very high degree. His performances are a joy for us, and Jackie has more than come up to my hope and expectations for him."

Mrs. Collins Planned a Campaign

Cora Sue Collins, who plays with Jackie in "Treasure Island," is another child whose pre-natal care included beautiful thoughts on mama's part. But Mrs. Collins—who has a second daughter eight years old, Cora Sue (who is now seven)—did not make a play imperative plan to get her younger child in films. "Cora Sue has always been very receptive to the idea of acting. His memory was uncommonly quick, and his powers of concentration are developed to a very high degree. I have been a lot for us, and Jackie has more than come up to my hope and expectations for him."

How to Make Your Child a Movie Star

(Continued from page 31)

screen. As soon as I arrived, I engaged an agent, who got a part for the baby in Universal's "Unexpected Father." After she had played in several pictures, I secured a manager to get her more work and to arrange her salaries. Later I hired a press agent to give her publicity. I have done everything possible to advance Cora Sue's picture career, until now she is making hundreds every week.

While her mother answered a call requesting Cora Sue's services in a new film, I asked the child if she wanted to be a great star like Garbo, with whom she played in "Queen Christina." She told me, hesitatingly, "Greta Garbo is beautiful and nice, but I wouldn't want to be her. I don't want to be a big star. It's too scary." And then, with a quick, shy smile, "I guess I'm silly."

Mrs. Collins' campaign for Cora Sue also included taking the little girl to places where directors and producers would be likely to see her, such as the residential districts and the beaches, boulevards, and restaurants. Cora Sue appeared in many, many benefits without pay so that she would attract attention.

Luck With Baby LeRoy Most

Each of these three children showed signs of unusual talent at a very early age. Each of them has that talent developed. All of them are sharper mentally than other children the same age. Mrs. Cooper courted opportunity faithfully, Mrs. Temple won it by sheer accident, and Mrs. Collins achieved it through the regulation methods. But all of them had luck with them. Without that phantom element, there would be no child stars at all. But luck was even more with Baby Le Roy—who was only a few months old when director Norman Taurog (who gave Jackie Cooper her big start in "Skippy") picked him out of two hundred babies for the role in the moulding in the Maurice Chevalier picture, "A Bedtime Story." Le Roy's mother—a widow still in her teens—was receiving aid from a welfare organization, which was requested by Paramount to send infants to be tested for the part. Because of his robust health and his brightness, Le Roy was sent.

Now two years old, and walking and talking as other two year olds, but he is still under contract. He has proved himself such a natural "picture-stealer" that the studio doesn't want to lose him. His young mother, Mrs. Gwenneth Weinbreuer, says:

"As far as Le Roy's picture career is concerned, I am deeply grateful for the opportunity that Paramount has given him. My own experience at the studio has been helpful, not only to me, but in my training of Le Roy. I have had an opportunity to meet so many helpful people, which I never would have been able to do if Le Roy hadn't gone into pictures."

"But Le Roy has to stay to stay to stay in pictures after he is five, even if the studio should want him, because I am dreadfully afraid he will become small when he gets a little bit older. It is very hard to discipline a child, after he has reached the age of understanding, when everyone is making a big fuss over him, as they do most children in motion pictures."

She doesn't want Le Roy to be a movie star as long as possible? (Jackie Cooper was just getting his start at five.) "More than anything else," she says, "I want Le Roy to be a doctor when he grows up. I have already started saving his money toward that end."

Unguentine

A Product of The Norwich Pharmacal Co.
Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(Continued from page 16)

1. Edward G. Robinson is shaking hands with his best pal and severest critic in the picture on page 16. In other words, Robinson is shaking hands with himself. That's how Robinson looks up for his dual role in "The Man With Two Faces." He even looks taller and heavier in one make-up than he actually is, to act out a stunt to shake hands with yourself. Double exposure and tricky photography make it possible.

2. When "Ladies Should Listen" comes to the screen, the cast of characters will list, among other players, the name of Charlie Ray. Charlie, as you recall if you're old enough to remember that far back, always played the role of the bashful country boy in the old silent days, but up until the offer to play in "Ladies Should Listen" came along, he had been unable to obtain talkie work. Another old-time favorite the fans will be happy to have back on the screen is Thomas Meighan. Meighan, who hasn't been absent from the screen so long as Ray, will have a role in "Peck's Bad Boy" in which Jackie Cooper plays the lead. Welcome back, Charlie and Tom!

3. Lew Cody, a screen star for almost twenty years, was found dead in bed by his butler on May 31. Whenever there was a need for a suave villain for a picture, Cody was always cast in the role because there was no better screen villain than Lew. Dorothy Dalton was once Cody's wife, as was the late Mabel Normand, motion picture comedienne. There are a great number of people in Hollywood who mourned his death because Cody had many friends in the movie industry.

4. In the past, the news that Clara Bow had become domesticated and was ready to settle down on her desert ranch with her husband, Rex Bell, was always taken lightly. But now that Clara and Rex have announced that they are expecting a heir in their family, there can doubt in that she is serious about settling down. Business let us hope that Clara doesn't mean to retire permanently and that once in a while she will come back and make a picture for us after her Blessed Event, as no one has ever taken Clara's place with her fans.

5. Joan Marsh has many beaus and admirers, but the one who seems to be making the most headway is Antonio Moreno, with whom she has frequently been seen. Antonio, who is Spanish and who was, before the talkies, a very popular movie hero, has been making foreign versions. The wealthy and socially prominent Daisy Canefield Danziger, who was killed when her car fell off a cliff last year, was Moreno's wife.

6. There was quite a little excitement at the Capitol at Washington, and in Hollywood, when rumors were circulated that Mary Pickford would run for Congress. No one has any doubt as to Miss Pickford's vote-getting power, but no one knows if Mary seriously wants to run. While she has always been somewhat interested in politics, it is not certain there will be a Pickford-for-Congress boom since she has been quoted as saying, "I feel that my place is in the amusement world."...

7. With the aid of science, Bing Crosby, for many years known to have loved both playing and his wife, Dixie Lee, formerly of the screen, is about to present him with twins. The Crosbys already have a son, Gary Evans. Don't feel sorry for Bing as he is quite elated over the fact that he is going to be the father of twins. The only thing about this double Blessed Event, due in September, is that in order to furnish the kids, the young parents, which means he will have to triple the number of guards now watching his family.

8. Elisa Landi, who has always been considered a frigid personality, on and off the screen, has made a sensational announcement to give Jean Harlow and the other screen sirens some stiff competition. Because she was married to John Cecil Lawrence, a London actor and movie star, Elisa threatened not to allow scandal to touch her name by never giving rumors a chance to get a start. In order to do this, Elisa had to live a very quiet, unhappy and lonely existence and her screen work suffered by it. However, now that Miss Landi is divorcing her husband, it will be easier for her to lead the cloistered life she has been living in the past and, no doubt, it will be reflected in her work. You will see the change it has already wrought in her picture "The Great Dictator." She gives a real hot performance in this picture.

9. Evelyn Brent, who has been playing in vaudeville between pictures, placed the entire blame for her bankrupt state on her love for her husband, Edward. After Evelyn told the court she was broke and had debts amounting to more than $30,000, and her only assets consisted of a few pieces of wearing apparel, the court issued a bankruptcy order wiping out all her debts. Miss Brent also told the court that most of these debts came about because her husband, who was used to luxurious living and lavish spending, had worked only about five weeks in their five years of wedded life.

10. No, the picture of the two girls on page 16 is not another one of those double exposure pictures like the one of Edward G. Robinson, but it is a picture of Elissa Landi, shown placing a mask, with dark glasses in it, over the eyes of her stand-in, Jean Roth, to lessen Jean's task of standing for hours under the Klieg lights. The two masks on the screen are to guide the cameramen in focusing their camera.

11. The George O'Brien's are very sad because their son, Brian, who contracted pneumonia, died ten days after birth. Blood transfusions donated to save him. For days the news was kept from Mrs. O'Brien (Marguerite Churchill) because of illness.

12. Elsa Lanchester, who has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to play the role of Gondola Gabrielle de Palgrave in the Norma Shearer picture, "Marie Antoinette," is in real life the wife of Charles Laughton. Miss Lanchester plays the role of Ann of Cleeves, the Dutch queen, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," in which Laughton played the title role.

13. Earl Carroll, stage and screen producer of Vanities, fame, who is well-versed in the art of picking actresses, waited until he was miles out of Hollywood before announcing his choice of the sixteen prettiest film girls in the movie city. He was afraid of the consequences. The actresses are: Greta Garbo, Mae West, Norma Shearer, etc., would learn he hadn't picked their favorites. Carroll chose: Marion Davies, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Barbara Stanwyck, Pat Paterson, Kay Francis, Gloria Stuart, Frances Dee, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Dell, (who was killed in an automobile accident
in a picture that might never be made? Phooey! Stay away from Hollywood where one is a "room picher" star and bury oneself in a small town without night-clubs, and, worst of all, without cameras? Hokey!

But Tom didn't take long to decide. Within a month he had bought up his contract, had turned a deaf ear to all offers from other studios, and had headed East. "I had planned to cut loose from all my connections before Mr. Vidor approached me. "He offered me $1,000 a week. I believe that when a fellow finds he is on the wrong track, he should make a change at any cost. Of course, that usually means giving up one's location."

I won't say that leaving a soft berth at RKO—cutting loose from everything and sitting tight till I could get a new start—wasn't like pulling teeth; but it was a case of betting the present against the future.

"Even though my Western pictures were making a lot of money for the studio, I felt that there was a future in them. I could sense it in the attitude of every motion picture company toward the stars of Western pictures. They regard them as a necessary evil, and merely a means of turning a little ready cash.

Which, in the main, is true. Practically no Western star ever pictured himself as "a nobody" or to promote his pictures at RKO."

Big Mail Didn't Mean Big Future

HIs terrific fan mail of six thousand letters a month—double that of his closest competitor, Constance Bennett, who received three thousand letters a month—was the direct result of his pictures, not because of advertising or publicity that he, himself, received. But by the time Tom had left Hollywood for the West, he had definitely decided that he was on the wrong track and that it was up to him to do something about it.

And something about it is this lad's specialty, as evidenced by the fact that he started out to conquer the West at the age of seventeen, leaving some of his aunts and uncles in the East, to earn his living as a ranch hand in the Dakotas, in Wyoming, in Oklahoma, in Nevada and, eventually, to drive a team of a hundred mules and kill rattlesnakes for the government in Colorado. When Hollywood first knew him, he was George Duruy.

When George Duruy accepted Vidor's offer, he starred in one more picture, Paramount's "Sunset Trail," which was acclaimed by critics as the hit picture of the year. "I didn't know just what I was going to do," explains Tom, "but I had definitely made up my mind to get out of Westerns. Why, I could no more change my type of role in Hollywood than if I had been a total stranger to the town! Even the comparatively small dependence that I have is my own bit—in a dramatic role—though they would pay me five thousand dollars a week as a cowboy star! Then, too, I became certain that Westerns were over."

How He Spent His Year Away

"I WENT as far away from Hollywood as the map would let me, to a little town called Skowhegan, Maine, eighty miles north of Portland. This town has a very fine Summer stock company and I had decided to stay up there and do the last play they appeared in. Skowhegan gets practically all the famous stars at one time or another. Everybody draws the same salary—fifty dollars a week. The thing is not run on a commercial basis, but as a sort of clearing house for actors who want to brush up on their work."

"My play there was 'Whispering Friends.' I worked hard during the months that I was there. After I left Skowhegan I took an auto tour there and through New England and the South, talking to everybody—farmers, gas station boys, loggers, hotel men, and then I dug into an inexpensive New York apartment for the rest of the year. As an unemployed Hollywood actor, life is as possible to imagine."

"Hiding out cost me a lot of money and I admit that I spent a good many sleepless nights, worrying about the future. It was the only way I could forget me even more completely than I wanted to. I trusted King Vidor as if I have never trusted a man before. But knowing Hollywood, I knew that something might happen to block his plans or Vidor might step in the path of an auto, and there I'd be, knowing myself to think of what I had given up!"

"That wire from Vidor, telling me to report for work, was the best news I ever had! And Hollywood looked mighty good and home-like, with a new point of view, and new ambitions to work for. Now that I'm back, I can't help but take the chance of losing all this—" With a wave of his arm, Tom Keene included the half-hundred "extras" in a scene of "Our Daily Bread," sound trucks and all the turmoil of a location scene. "It gets under your skin, somehow. You don't realize how much till you've been away from Hollywood, and now that I'm back, I'm part of it again, I'm not so certain I'd have the courage to do again what I did—run away from Hollywood, though I thought it was the best thing I could have done for myself."

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What Every Girl Should Know About Miriam Hopkins
(Continued from page 42)

hand and wife. Perhaps the separation would never have happened. The trouble was, I tried to keep my one pair of eyes on the bull's-eye and aim at him both. I couldn't do it. My judgment was awry. The marriage should come only after her career is established. Once she can hit the bull's-eye of her work that I did her time and attention to it, then she can erect another bull's-eye and aim at that, too. But not until,

"I have watched a marksman shoot and hit the bull's-eye. People around him will say, 'My, what luck!' It isn't luck. The man hit the bull's-eye because he aimed to hit it. He hit it because he had spent hours of practice to perfect his aim. The unpracticed person who hits the bull's-eye by luck seldom hits it again . . . ."

"Miriam, try to milk Austin, rejoining us, "has earned everything she has. She has worked hard for it, I know. . . ."

"I must have the same bull's-eye to aim at," Miriam continued. "It doesn't matter what it is, so long as it is there. If it is the stage, or the screen, then there may have to be singing lessons, or dancing lessons, or voice lessons to take the Southern drawn out of my voice. Whatever it is, one must perfect one's aim."

"Wasn't Born Talented"

"I've often heard people say that there are those among us who are, fortuitously, blessed, who are to have, do, or to be—some lucky individuals who are born with an objective, or a marked talent, I wasn't born and I grew up without any fixed objective at all. I had to find one.

"I had a dozen bull's-eyes before I grew up. I always wanted to do and to be exactly like the person I happened to admire at the moment. I once had a teacher of geography whom I admired intensely. For months, I tried to imitate him believing that I would teach geography when I grew up. I imagined myself Discoursing entertainingly on the Llamas of Tibet. At another time I read a book about trainees—how Mary Roberts Rinehart, I think. It appeared that all nurses married stonking doctors, but nothing about any planning to enter hospital training. But it is so true that each time I had one of these bull's-eyes in mind I began to aim for it. I read instruction manuals to find out my learning stage, or supposed novice as a teacher. I talked to trained nurses when I felt that I was destined for a Florence Nightingale career.

"I think we must look for an objective, and keep our eyes on it—and then, apart from that, we can be as crazy as we choose. For instance, I have to have a hundred thousand dollars between now and next September. I know that I have to have it, for taxes, for my New York property, for insurance on one of my horses and I never lose track of it. I have to plan, to add, multiply, subtract and divide in order to get it arranged for. I have to make so many pictures in order to do that . . . I simply have to have it, and I have figured it out so that I will. Once I have arranged for that, I can go off on as many tangents as I please."

Believes in Obeying Instinct

"And we should never take advice. That is the only way to get what you want from life—what YOU want and not what your friends or family or lawyers or bankers think that you want, or what you think they do not want you to have. I won't take advice. I won't have it, either from friends or from family, and certainly not from bankers. If I ever had taken advice, I would not have one thing I have now."

"I was advised to keep on in musical comedy, as I had begun. I was advised that it was the only safe course, but it would be suicidal for me to try to break in. No one would take me seriously. Couldn't see my bull's-eye. My instinct showed me—another reason. Later on, everyone advised me against Hollywood. Why court failure that would brand the rest of my career?"

"I was advised, strongly and on all sides, against buying my house in Sutton Place. Was I crazy, my well-meaning counselors wanted to know? Didn't I realize what taxes would be, and the upkeep, the furnishing, and everything else? I bought a place not the Matissel, unfortunately, for moans that I must be crazy—to buy a house like that, to take on all the expenses, and the such."

"I had to tell them, not have it burdened with the liens of other people. I was advised against adopting Michael. Didn't I know the risk I ran in adopting a child? How did I know what I would turn out to be, what I might expect of him? Which all goes to prove my contention that if I had taken advice I would have nothing, but the thing that I have today."

"Do you realize that? I would be minus my career, my house, my son, my Matissel, and more. I would not be the person you see here now."

Method in Her "Madness"

"I CAN also prove that through all of these advised-against insanities, I have had my bull's-eye in front of me. I knew that I wouldn't last in musical comedy. I knew that, they had to do to me, but not for me, perhaps, I was the type outside—the sweet young thing with fair hair and blue eyes. Candyish. But I knew my inners! I knew that the house on Sutton Place was my's, and is, a marvelous investment. And I knew that I could always sell a Matissel for what I could buy a Matissel, if not before, but all about Michael's people before I took him—and believing, as I do, that heredity is fifty per cent important and environment the other fifty, I made my decisions cunningly.

"Aim at a bull's-eye—or whatever you want to call a design for living—then, after that, do what you want to do without benefit of counsel. Buy a house in Slim, adopt ten children . . . do things for no good reason if your instinct tells you to."

Austin remarked that he was thinking of buying a house on the desert, at La Quinta. Miriam suggested that he loan her his house there for a month each year and she would stay there for a month each year. They bargained amably. Austin said he didn't think he would have any shallow part to the pool because he thought that "everyone can swim," Miriam said that she thought there should be a shallow part because Michael cannot swim . . . .

"She told me, "There is only one rule we must obey in our effort to get what we want from life . . . we must not do so at the expense of our happiness. . . . I've been wanting Elizabeth Marbury's house there on Sutton Place for years. I had to wait until she died to get it and I'll have to pay a fortune. I don't know. But I did have my bull's-eye; I waited, I aimed, and I hit the mark."
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Why are there so many Charming Women today?

NEVER BEFORE have there been so many charming women. Wherever you go, you find them. Vivacious, happy, beautiful, delightfully dressed in the most exquisite tastes.

Clear, pink-and-white Complexions, luxurious, well-kept hair, gleaming teeth, trim athletic carriage—these are almost universal characteristics of American women today.

Who? At first thought it may sound absurd, but one of the most powerful teachers has been advertising. Advertising has helped to teach us all that the real basis of beauty is health and cleanliness. We are the greatest users of soap and water in the world.

Advertising has taught us how to care for our teeth, our hair, our feet, our hands and our Complexions. Advertising has taught us how to dress—how to choose colors and fabrics and becoming styles. Advertising has taught us how to be delightful hostesses.

One reason why so many women are charming is because so many women are reading advertising. From advertising women are learning the secrets of great beauty specialties. They are getting health information of inestimable value. They are learning the secrets of becoming dress from the famous designers of Paris and New York.

Advertising is one of the biggest reasons why so many women are so charming. Read Advertising regularly

The Picture Parade

(Continued from page 65)

THE RETURN OF THE TERROR
A Thrilling Hour in Store For You

WITH an insane asylum as the locale of sinister happenings, a lavish amount of murder loose in the night, and a wild storm raging, how could a picture fail to be thrilling? This one doesn't fail. The doctor in charge of a psychiatric unit is tried for the "pity killing" of several of his incurable patients, after admitting that he did end the sufferings of one of them. To save him from the chair he is forced by his lawyer to plead insanity and is himself committed to a state asylum. He escapes.

The plot of this picture is taken up with the search for him, with figures stealing through shrubbery, faces peering through windows, bodies tumbling out of closets. Herbert Mundin plays a comedy detective. Lyle Talbot and Irving Pichel are plausible. It's swell fun, though you will forget it five minutes after leaving the theatre.

Highlights: The dinner with the inmates of the asylum displaying their vagaries. Fine camera work in lights and shadows. (Universal)

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA

Holds Interest and Carries a Kick

THE title apologizes for the plot which spains the long arm of coincidence, painfully. Two boys, orphaned by the General—well, an excursion train disaster become foster brothers. Almost in the first scene it is planted that one is reckless in temperament, the other studious and ambitious. The end of the story, when one becomes the Governor of the state, and the other a criminal, is, as is evident from the beginning, but Gable and Powell endow the characters with humaness.

Myrna Loy, at first the gangster's girl, later the lawyer's wife, merely emphasizes the fact that each man's attitude toward life, an attitude which inevitably leads them along their destined way to two tragic ends. That of Clark Gable, who strids to his death with a rough wise-crack and a grin, is, if anything, less tragic than that of Powell whose exaggerated sense of duty and honor force him to resign his great office, because, for a moment, human affection swept duty aside and he offered his boyhood companion a commutation of a deserved sentence.

Highlights: The scene in the death cell when the gangster tries to comfort and rally his foster-brother. The speech Powell makes to the Senate, confessing his human weakness. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD

Excitement and Thrills

A NOVEL background sets off this story of violent emotions—greed, jealousy and hate. Who would expect to discover a school teacher murdered on the chalk dusty floor of the schoolroom where she has just been conducting a music class? And Edna May Oliver as a fellow teacher, makes an unusual detective, with her sniffs and her old maid contempt for Mere Man, as exemplified by the slangy "chick" played by Jimmy Cagney.

The unfolding of the mystery is told with well spaced spasms and thrills. The solution is a happy one that may well carry away because trying to fit together the clues which failed, as usual, to point to the real murderer out of five people with better reasons for killing the schoolmistress.

Highlights: Edna May Oliver's verbal tilts with the professional detective in which she always emerges vicar. Her whirling of the tell-tale notes of music on the blackboard. (RKO-Radio)
Meet Louella Parson—She Knows Them All!

(Continued from page 11)

what to the amused dismay of her parents, this investigation miss took notebook in hand and went from house to house, jotting down “chatter” — describing parties at which Mrs. Tewskbury had chicken aspic for her Sunday Night Supper Club and Mrs. Godtley had lobster patties at hers, collecting some of the town’s heart-throbs.

Just Naturally a Reporter

* * *

THESE little notes were snapped up, greedily and gratefully, by the local newspaper. Circulation increased. “That Louella,” folks said, “gave you the news like for it was news.” There was something warm and sympathetic in the girl’s approach to people. They wanted to talk to her. They wanted to tell her about their problems, love affairs and social activities. Thus in the young Louella was the spirit of the reporter fired. Not of necessity, mark you; not because of the need for money then, either — only because she was interested in others.

Then she married — and had a baby, a very-much-wanted baby named Harriet. And then the year or two over there — and didn’t come back alive. After that, Necessity stepped in. Louella wanted to Do Something, in the days when women didn’t go out and do anything, necessity notwithstanding; they “permitted” some kind relation to do things for them. But Louella had red blood in her veins. She had, also, ink. And animating both vital fluids was the desire for money and for power, to be used, primarily, for the educating and advancing of the small girl on her way to go to college, to school, to Europe; she wanted her to have things that other girls had. These were the things Louella wanted for Harriet, and went out to get for Harriet herself.

She went to Chicago. She got herself a job. She became a reader in the scenario department of the old Essanay Company, where Bryant Washburn and Wallace Beery and Gloria Swanson and Beverly Bayne and Frances X. Bushman and others were stars-in-the-making. Louella bought all their stories for them, including one from Rupert Hughes for which she paid the munificent sum of $100. A few years later when Louella thanked him for mentioning her in a book, the eminent author replied, “Thank you for saving my life one time.”

Saw the Movies Get Their Start

THERE, in that cluttery little office of the old Essanay studio, Louella was in the delivery room of the infant movies. In other words, she “knew them when.” She knew Wally Beery, in the days when he was Starlite, the Servant Girl, directing, acting in his own comedies. And looking down from her dusty window one day, Louella’s eyes were the first to behold Gloria Swanson emerging out of the mists of anonymity.

Louella told me, “She wore the funniest-looking clothes you ever saw in your life. And she was crazy about Wally right away. She played in his comedies and her great ambition was to star opposite him in George Ade’s “Fables in Slang.” Once Wally had her jump from a roof into a net. He miscalculated his step and took a terrible tumble. Gloria wept and put on a heavy emotional scene, one of her last few days. One day — the green-salad days — when they were fresh and spontaneous and glamorous and had never met up with the Bogie Man of the Pink Slip. Those were days of love, of laughter.

It would take a book to tell fully about the beginning-days of Louella. She rose to be chief of the scenario department. She made funny mistakes. The directors told her that she bought the worst stories they had ever bought. She was asked to come to the head office and see Mr. Murchison, chief executive. She once bought a tale from a respectable-looking, elderly lady — and was praised. The story was filmed and — the company was sued. The story was a plagiarism.

Louella Told Them How

O

VER these successes and stumbling blocks Louella heard. She turned out a book entitled “How to Write for the Movies.” It was the first opus of its kind ever to be printed. The Chicago Herald serialized it. Then Louella left Fessanay and went to work for the Herald. Now she was where she wanted to be — cleaning printers’ ink again.

On the Herald, she began and authored the first movie column ever printed. It contained chatter and reviews of pictures. She reviewed Douglas Fairbanks’ very first picture, “The Lamb,” and she says that she broke the hearts of the old Triangle Company; Thomas Ince, David Wark Grifith and her other heart-throbs.

She was director of the international department, with a staff of 50. She produced uncounted columns — and the columns were sold to the Hearst papers, in Japan, in South America, in Mexico and Honolulu, as well as the Hearst morning papers here and many others supplied by the Hearst syndicate. She learned early the art of steering between breaking a story and breaking a heart. She grew to know the “feel” of people wondering what she might or might not say.

When Interviews Were Dramatic

IN those early days, too, Louella did her first interviews. “Those were the days,” she told me, “when interviews were interviews — when they were staged, dramatized, put on by the studio. They were set up with musical effects and atmosphere. They were the days when La Negra descended upon you clad in ceremonial robes; when the first time they met the great Raoul in the innocent kind of vegetable——” She learned the art of steering between breaking a story and breaking a heart. She grew to know the “feel” of people wondering what she might or might not say.

Blondes Use Marchand’s to Keep

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Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail

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M A C H A N D ’ S C O .
251 W. 109th Street, N. Y. C.

This blotted towel of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash.

C. MARCHAND CO., MP 834

45¢ for ten coins or stamps. Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash.

Your Name

Address

[96]

[190]
Weary, Theda and I had laughed our heads off over the idea of evoking a few syllables from the Oldalique, the Arab Death! How many times, since then, Theda and I have laughed our heads off over this amusing and much fun, those days, than sitting, as we do now, genteelly lounging at the Vendome or the Brown Derby drinking our 'done' drawing-room of one of the stars!

How She Gets Her Stories

At any rate, that is how I began, very sketchily told. I have been asked frequently, what my 'policy' is when I go after stories. It is now what it was then, only I didn't recognize it as a policy. I was after my story first of all, of course. But if I sensed that someone was about to tell me a story, I would say, as then when one gets to work, I would say, 'Don't tell me about it.' I know that in the battle between the reporters and the stars and the woman who cares something for the human heart, the reporter might win out. I have found this method to be successful. It is as sure a high-wire, as the tight-rope, many times. But if it is a case of a star or any other professional person, it is wiser to say the truth than to lose your friendship. If you don't, you never get another confidence from that person. For instance, I knew that the Pickford-Fairbanks situation, pending for four months before I broke the story. If I had hinted at the situation before Mary, herself, gave me permission to use it, I would never have had that first interview, when the break really came.

"People ask me how I go about getting my stories. This is one way—by trying to preserve a fine line between the reporter and the friend; by trying never to sacrifice a friend or a confidence for the sake of one scoop. I try to hold my stories with both hands—scoops later on. Then, too, being a reporter, I get tips, of course. Friends will tell me that they know a divorce is imminent in this family or that, but they don't want to go to the parties concerned and ask them, point-blank. They usually tell me.

I try to hold the story in question for a while because of some circumstance or some other person involved. They almost always make good. I knew all about the Lita Grey-Charlie Chaplin situation long before it broke. I 'broke' the recent Gloria Swanson-Michael Farmer divorce story. I could have broken it days before I did. That's all there is to it, really—fifty per cent friendship with the stars, twenty-five per cent good luck, and twenty-five per cent editing.

Her Biggest—and Saddest—Scoop

People have asked me what story of Theda's could possibly be the biggest scoop. I should say the story of the Pickford-Fairbanks separation. People have also asked me what I consider the most pathetic story of all, and then said that same one. Because it was, really, the story of the great love of Mary's life and the announcement of the death of that love. I have a little 'tish' about that. Theda is, of course, English, and that, in England, that instance, too, it was partly a case of friendship and partly an accidental circumstance that Theda and Mary and Frances Marion and I were lunching together, here at the Vendome. Mary told me that she had made up her mind to separate from Douglas and that I could go ahead and print it. Later that same afternoon, I telephoned to her to make sure she had not changed her mind. I didn't want her to regret a hasty decision. She had not changed her mind. The story broke... .

But we are getting ahead of ourselves with this highly regarded, line-by-line story that is the history of Louella. After the Chicago Herald days came New York and the New York Telegraph and Louella's by-line on the society page, and the story was pyramid ing themselves with it, it seemed every edition. It was then that the stars began to say among themselves, 'Has you read Louella Parsons to-day?'

And then came the Hearst papers—and Hollywood. Louella was not too well. The climate of the Pacific Coast, so Mr. Hearst thought, would suit her better. Harriet was in college. Louella's plan was nearly perfected; her purpose was nearly accomplished. She came to Hollywood—and originated the first syndicated column about the movies. Two years ago, she married Dr. Harry Martin, a genial and eminent surgeon, prominent politically as well medically, socially as well as professionally. They have a charming home in Beverly Hills that is a home. Both she and her husband have been to Europe, is doing some brilliant and successful writing and some extremely clever directing of short screen subjects, Louella says, 'She writes better than I do. She has more background, more education. It is as it should be.' And I was reminded of the days, a few years back, when Louella used to take me to her suite in the Hotel Algonquin in New York and read me the little-girl letters of Harriet, with her eyes prouder than they ever are over scoops of her own reporting.

Says Hollywood Isn't to Blame

And Louella, who knows, believes that Hollywood is a perfectly sound and sane place for a young girl to live and work, in pictures or out of them. 'It isn't the "place,"' Louella says. "Marriage can be perfectly sound and stable here, too. I can mention a half-dozen marriages I know to be successful now and believe will continue to be—the Harold Lloyds, Ben and Bebe Lyon, Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, of course, the Jefts, the Hershots, the Olive Brooks, others—"

Louella smiled as she rose to leave the restaurant, nodded to Virginia Bruce Gilmore, went to Sally Eders, to Mrs. Billy Wilkerson, to this one and that. She was on her way to rehearse for her radio broadcast. She was on her way to 'catch' a new preview. She was on her way to bed.

She said, 'I have no 'secret of work—unless it is work. Day-time and night-time and all-the-time work. My' phone rings at all hours of the night. Someone calls to tell me he has been in an automobile accident; someone else calls to say she is shopping for a divorce in the morning; someone else reports that he has just been cast in such and such a picture and he did want me to know. I never go to a party and have a merely social time. Someone is there to whisper or hint at something that should go to press at once—and does. Even at the fights I have to return to the office upstairs and turn in copy on something I have seen, heard or been told. I sleep work. I breathe it. I eat it—I'm eating it now... Goodbye, I see you very soon.'

And Louella rushed out, tailored, dark, vivid, silver foxes flying, nodding here, nodding there, her smile kindly and sympathetic, her eyes intense, her personality that of a very gentle and luxurious lady in a most breathless and perpetual flurry. And echoing as she sped on her way, her laughter for the moment at this table or that, her voice came trailing back to me, saying:

'Any news—know any news—any news—NEWS?????'}
How did Constance Bennett and Fredric March feel about having a character actor "steal" their co-starring picture? Well, Connie, as the first of a good businesswoman turned into a movie star, has been a good owner of her productions. The better part of the picture, the greater her profits. The fact that the plots of the films remained uncut, and that the Dede's situation with the man was not tampered with proves a triumph of the Bennett prudence over the Bennett pride.

With a certain reason probably prevailed on him to take second place gracefully. Except for the "Death Takes a Holiday," the last two or three March pictures were such a flop, he would have the blame. The answer—Frank Morgan as the Duke of Florence.

Joan Didn't Start a Riot

It is a real feat to show Joan Crawford into a supporting role, but Edward Arnold as the type husband in "Swing, McKee," undoubtedly did so. "Even rabid fans," one critic wrote, "will be conscious that Edward Arnold wraps the picture up and carries it out the front door. Joan must have known that the eccentric part of the rounder was star-proof. The important thing Joan was—a good picture."

"A Violet color, she is blank-faced, into it, inserted into the story to lighten the melodrama of the picture. Since it seems obvious that Butler always intended to attract more attention than that of a million-dollar star, it is obvious that Colman must have seen that the comedian could be cut out of the picture completely and given the footage and lines necessary. The picture was adequate for Colman. It was a sensation for Butterworth. When he and Mrs. Colman appeared at the premiere, they were intended to star Warner Baxter with Madge Evans, James Dunn and John Boles featured. Among the names of a long cast appeared in small type that of Shirley Temple. As the picture progressed, it was evident to those who watched from the sidelines that the hit of the picture would be made by this same Shirley, a tiny miss of four years, with a roguish smile. Little by little, her name grew bigger and bigger on the cast sheets. And after the picture's release, the critics rave about her. Shirley's name was displayed on the posters in type as large as that of the star.

Dough Overshadowed Peggy

UNIVERSAL, faced with the problem of making a second picture for their new star, were faced with a difficult situation. They discovered "SHAMPOO-KOLOR," a few minutes, leaves hair gray, natural. Female pageant page and curl, Free Booklet, Massow 3, L.P. Tallingay, Dec. 21, 254 W. 35th St., New York
PHOTOGRAPHED IN NATURAL COLOR ABOARD THE "SANTA PAULA"

CRUISES TO THE THREE AMERICAS

NEW YORK—CALIFORNIA—17 Days, thru the American tropics, where only GRACE Line stops. Leisurably inland visits to the capitals of El Salvador and Guatemala; trips ashore into Havana; Puerto Colombia, Barranquilla, Cartagena (Colombia, South America); Cristobal, Colon, Balboa, Panama City (Panama); Mazatlan (Mexico); Los Angeles, San Francisco; continuing on to Victoria, B. C. and Seattle.

ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHS. Dining room on Top Deck which opens to the sky—so that you may dine under the stars; Club; Bar; the largest outdoor permanently built-in tiled pool; spacious sports decks; gymnasium; smart shop; Dorothy Gray Beauty Salon; pre-release “talkies”; a telephone in every room.

The Rail-Water Cruise Tour: from your hometown to either coast by rail, thru the Canal on a new GRACE “Santa” Liner to the opposite coast (visiting the foreign ports as above), and by rail right to your hometown again, with stopover privileges anywhere en route.

For further information about this cruise, or all expense tours from New York to Panama, or Peru or Chile, see your Travel Agent or write GRACE Line, Dept.MP25, 10 Hanover Square, New York; 230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 2 Pine St., San Francisco; 525 West 6th St., Los Angeles; Boston, Seattle, Victoria, B. C.
JOIN THE BIG PARADE

Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, "I want Beech-Nut." Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, "Beech-Nut please."

Beech-Nut GUM and CANDIES

When you choose Beech Nut — you choose quality.

Use Beech-Nut Gum after every smoke — it makes the next smoke taste better.
JOIN THE BIG PARADE

Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, “I want Beech-Nut.” Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, “Beech-Nut please.”

Beech-Nut
GUM and CANDIES

When you choose Beech-Nut — you choose quality.

Use Beech-Nut Gum after every smoke — it makes the next smoke taste better.
Isn't It A Shame!

Swell Girl . . . Grand Little Mother . . . But Oh, Her Terrible Teeth!

Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!

When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!

Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had a "wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.

Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.

He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.

It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

Young mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but endanger sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the tooth-paste in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

Tune in the "Hour of Smiles" and hear the Ipana Troubadours Wednesday evenings—WEEAF and Associated N. B. C. Stations.

IpA NA
TOOTH PASTE

See Ipana Made from Start to Finish
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Ex-
hibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—
October, 1934.
...AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to "Dancing Lady"... they're together again!

M.G.M. Studio
Hollywood, Cal.

May we please see Joan Crawford and Clark Gable co-starred again, like they were in "Dancing Lady"?

They were glorious please let us see them together again!

Mary Lou Hart
Cherokee, Ohio

JOAN CRAWFORD

CLARK GABLE

CHAINED

with

OTTO KRUGER • STUART ERWIN

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

• Produced by Hunt Stromberg •
HOLLYWOOD FIGHTS
THE NEW ATTACKS
AGAINST MOVIES!

Are the movies guilty of "immorality" and "indecency"—as charged by religious leaders and others, who urge a boycott of ALL pictures? Cecil B. De Mille, speaking for the defense, says "No!" De Mille is the man to answer such charges. He has been a movie producer and director for more than twenty-five years; it was De Mille who made the first picture in Hollywood; it was De Mille who gave the world the religious spectacles, "The King of Kings," "The Ten Commandments" and "Ben-Hur."

And he says, a few pages farther on, that the charges are unjust—that a whole great industry is being indicted for the sins of a few. He asks: "How can this be fair?"

FEAT URES

Why Hollywood Romances Go Smash... Joan Standish 28
Are the Movies Guilty? Cecil B. De Mille Speaks for the Defense... Jack Grant 30
Blessed-Eventing in Hollywood... Eric Ergenbright and Jack Smalley 32
Tour the Studios—and See the World... Winifred Aydelotte 34
Honest With Herself—and You!... Gladys Hall 39
Would Valentino Be a Star To-day?... Boris Nicholai 40
Frank Morgan’s Million-Dollar Secret... Dorothy Spensley 42
The M’erriest Widow—Jeanette MacDonald... Dorothy Calhoun 43
My Design for Living... Irene Dunne 49
Adrienne Ames’ Home Is a Real Show-Place... Dorothy Calhoun 52
"Acting Has Changed Me, Even in Looks"—Carole Lombard... Elisabeth Goldbeck 59
The Secrets of the Dressing-Table... Jean Harlow 60
"Making Love to Mae West Is Like a Football Game"—John Mack Brown... Jack Smalley 61
Who’s Who in Popularity—1934... Richard English 66

DEPARTMENTS

Inside News Flashes from Filmland... Glen Dale 8
You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out!... L. R. R. 12
Tip-Offs on the Talkies... James Edwin Reid 14
Movie Gossip Test... Marion Martone 16
Intimate News and Gossip from Hollywood... 36
Latest Hollywood Fashions... 56
Hollywood Patterns... 58
The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures... 64
Letters from Our Readers... 78

Cover Design of Glenda Farrell Painted by MARLAND STONE

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LAURENCE REID, Editor

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood and New York

SEPTEMBER / 1934

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVIII, No 1

MOTION PICTURE

Herman Schoppel, Art Director

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, Hollywood Editor

**BING CROSBY**
**MIRIAM HOPKINS**

"She Loves Me Not"

with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbić
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent

"It is, so help me, just about the funniest farce I have ever seen." — New York American

"The most gloriously cock-eyed farce comedy the season is apt to reveal." — New York Post

"A wild farce... a riotous tale... they shouted in glee at the 46th Street Theatre last night." — News

**Biggest Broadway Stage Smash in Years!** In New York alone, "She Loves Me Not" has already played 250 performances, and every one of them capacity. In addition to this, road companies have been doing land-office business everywhere.

**You Ain't Heard Nothing Yet!** With Bing Crosby singing love-duets with Kitty Carlisle—with Miriam Hopkins as Curley Flagg—with gorgeous music* by those sensational Paramount song-writing teams—Rainger & Robin, and Gordon & Revel—we are certain that the picture will be as big a hit as the play.

* P.S. We predict that "Love in Bloom" will be the song hit of the year!

---

If it’s a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it’s the best show in town!
WHAT CAN words say when a
Marie Dressler lies fatally ill?
Sorrow has no vocabulary, except in
tears, in drawn faces ... Hollywood
has prayed that she would get well;
the world has prayed; President Roo-
sevelt has written his hope of her re-
covery ... But slowly the last days
dawn—days in which she fights, even
in unconsciousness, to hold fast to life,
which she has loved—and Hollywood
bows its head, eyes misted ... She
has been ill a long time (almost two
years), but it doesn't seem possible
that she won't get well. Won't be her
robust self again in pictures, won't
make "Living in a Big Way" ... She
has such a great heart, such spirit,
such will power ... Half-forgotten,
unable to get work on the stage,
where she was once a star, she was
planning to invest her small savings
in a rooming-house in Paris and end
her days as a faded, obscure landlady.
Then, through one of the friends she
had kept from the days of plenty
(when she, herself, helped countless
others), she had a chance to take a
film test, to do a "bit" in "The Holly-
wood Revue of 1929." Then came
other "bits" in "One Romantic Night"
and "The Vagabond Lover," followed
by a small part in Garbo's first talkie,
"Anna Christie" ... What she did in
that small role is now history. In the
few short years since, she has become
the greatest favorite of them all—No.
1 star at the box-office, where popu-
laritv meets its cruelest test ... Last
November 9, on her sixty-second
birthday (she was born in Coburg,
Ontario, in 1871), all Hollywood gave
her a party; every governor of every
state sent her a tribute; and tens of
thousands of birthday greetings came
to her from all over the world. No
other actress in history, on either
stage or screen, has ever received
such an ovation ... And now she is
going, and the world will have to live
on memories of her—in "Let Us Be
Gay," "Min and Bill" (in which she
won the Academy award for the best
acting of 1931), "Emma," "Pros-
pertv," "Dinner at Eight," "Tug-
boat Annie" and "Her Sweetheart,
Christopher Bean" ...

Marlene Dietrich and Josef
von Sternberg may have their
differences, but they apparently can't
get along without each other—in a
screen way, that is ... Marlene was
reported to be very, very upset be-
cause of the way Von's gargoyles
dwarfed all the players, including the
star, in "Scarlet Empress," and was
seen frequently with Rouben Ma-
moulian, who directed her in "The
(Continued on page 10)
Relief every woman should know about

One of the most comforting times to have Bromo-Seltzer handy is around the trying time of the month. Not only is it helpful in relieving cramps and pains of nerve origin, but it likewise brings additional benefits which every woman will appreciate.

Thanks to its effervescence, Bromo-Seltzer promptly relieves gas on the stomach. If your head is dull or achey... that, too, is quickly relieved. At the same time, you are steadied and soothed. And your alkaline reserve, so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up by the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self... comfortable and relaxed.

Only a balanced preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could be so prompt and effective. Mere pain-killers do not bring the same results. Bromo-Seltzer contains 5 medicinal ingredients carefully compounded to bring the most effective results. Each ingredient has a special purpose. Moreover you take it as a liquid—hence it works much faster.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by for headaches, neuralgia, and pain of nerve origin. Always pleasant... ever reliable... it contains no narcotics and doesn’t upset the stomach.

It is easy to mix a Bromo-Seltzer at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet... ready to relieve pain at a moment’s notice. Or get it by the dose at soda-fountains.

There is only one "Bromo-Seltzer" so look for the full name. Imitations are not the same balanced preparation... are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. A product of The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.
INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

(Continued from page 8)

Song of Songs." ... Hollywood, the mathematical wizard, put two and two together and said that the exotic director and his exotic "discovery" were through ... And now comes the announcement that the next Dietrich picture will also be a von Sternberg picture! What will it be? "Red Pawn," a modern Russian story.

WILL George Raft marry Virginia Pine, or won't he? She's the Chicago heiress, you remember, who entered films a few months ago and looks like the most promising of all the million-dollar girls who are trying to be movie actresses. When Operative 345 last reported, George and his wife of eleven years, the former Grayce Mulrooney, had not yet been to see a judge ... And George, who left Hollywood for a few weeks' rest (personal appearances, to you), hasn't been leading exactly a hermit's life ... In Minneapolis, for example, he had two débutantes to keep him company—one blonde and one brunette. Maybe he was just testing his love for Virginia, what? Or hers for him? He's back now, squirting her around.

WHILE Bing Crosby has bought a forty-acre ranch, and plans to lead the life formerly favored by Gary Cooper, for whom Bing named his first-born son, Gary and his bride (Sandra Shaw) have moved from their ranch into Beverly Hills ... Hollywood, suspicious, wonders: "Is the honeymoon over?" ... Gary and Sandra, leading a quiet life, deny it—and are planning a long trip away somewhere, just to prove it. Gary may have a bit of vacation, with Samuel Goldwyn deciding not to go ahead now with production of "Barbary Coast," in which Gary was to be Anna Sten's co-star. Sam's explanation: "The theme and dramatic possibilities of the story are too great to sacrifice in a clamor for the so-called clean pictures, suitable for children. It is not a child's story. It will be just as great a year from now or ten years from now. So we will hold it until it can be done full justice, without having to suffer and be penalized by the sins of other pictures and other producers." ... Meanwhile, Sam is planning a picture for children—namely, "The Wizard of Oz." It may be Eddie Cantor's next.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, Irene Castle McLaughlin's candidate for the title of "Hollywood's best-dressed woman," arriving in New York from a vacation in Europe, was the first star to say a mouthful about the "clean pictures" agitation ... Said Genevieve: "I went to England because I'm sick of playing a vamp. I'm not a vamp off the screen, so I managed to have a good rest. If the churches can reform the movies, they're doing something that actors and actresses have been trying to do. No actress wants to play in an indecent picture. You may be able to hold out twice against such a picture, but usually, owing to contracts, you find you're in a picture you don't want to play." ... She named no names.

CAN you guess what picture, with what star, really started the present drive to "clean up" films? She has been in Hollywood several years, highly respected all that time. When even she appeared in a picture that made infidelity glamorous—well, it was time to do something ... And that "something" has reached such proportions that Hollywood is
having chills, nightmares, dark premonitions. The storm isn't blowing over, as Hollywood, keeping very still, hoped it would. This time, the cleaner-uppers mean business; and they may also mean Federal censorship, not censorship in just five states and scattered municipalities... Hollywood has tried self-regulation, but rebel producers have stepped out of bounds, with the result that now all producers must suffer. For a few pieces of silver, a handful of producers have brought a cloud over a whole great industry and art.

Two big stars get together in "Now and Forever"—Gary Cooper and Shirley Temple. And Shirley will sing again.

When Richard Dix recently completed "His Greatest Gamble," and headed East, Hollywood thought he was going on a long world cruise in the bachelor style of Ronald Coleman... But when he got as far as New York, it seems, he was lonesome—lonesome, in particular, for Virginia Webster, his secretary. He asked her to marry him, doing his pleading by telephone and telegraph. And she finally broke down and accepted him, rushing East for a quiet little ceremony at the home of a justice of the peace in Jersey City. They honeymooned by sailing back... She became his secretary only six months ago, winning over six hundred other applicants for the job. Here's a cue for you girls who would like to marry your boss: Richard says he was first attracted to her because "she took her job so seriously." Meanwhile, his former wife, Winifred Coe, announced her engagement to Dr. Harley J. Gunderson, noted surgeon.

(More News of Players? Turn to Page 36)

I Thought I was Different, I know Better now!

This is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then."

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'"

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years. That a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think you are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

Watch Out for Imitations!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled EX-LA-X. At all drug stores, in 10c and 25c boxes.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX
The Chocolate Laxative

It Will Not Form a Habit
You Know Your Movies?
Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

No. 68

H O R I Z O N T A L

1. See illustration above.
9. Tullio Carminati’s rôle in “Gallant Lady”
10. “None But the—”
12. Smiley in “Murder on the Blackboard”
14. “This Day and ——”
16. Remember — ina, the dusky child comic?
18. Dr. Collender in “The Love Captive” (init.)
19. “We’re Not Dressing” was once “— and Female”
21. Movies put Hollywood on the —
23. The movies are paging this girl again
25. Lilian Harvey’s nickname
26. Alice O’Toole in “Let’s Try Again”
28. All stage roads lead — the movies
30. A cowboy star
31. Movies will revive some of — Harte’s stories
32. Roland’s initials
33. Edna Best’s character in “The Key” (poss.)
37. Irvin S. Cobb, the humor— is now a movie actor
38. The original “Boop-a-doop” girl
39. Nicky in “Shoot the Works”
42. No movie actor has this name
44. Bebe’s last name minus one letter
46. Ricardo Cortez’ late wife (init.)
47. Laughton’s rôle in “Sign of the Cross”
49. Unit of energy
50. “— and Make-Up”
52. O’Malley in “24th Century”
54. “Journey’s ——”
55. Saint (Sp.)
56. An annoying eye affliction
57. Otherwise
59. MacFarland in “Finishing School” (init.)
60. Cook’s nickname
61. Sally in “Of Human Bondage”
62. Another term for reel
65. Her first name is Margaret
67. “One Year ——”
68. See illustration above

V E R T I C A L

1. “Wonder ——”
2. Place where Cantor fought the bull in “The Kid from Spain”
3. Where Laura La Plante was recently divorced
4. King (Fr.)
5. The heavyweight champ, who will return to pictures (init.)
6. By word of mouth
7. Stormed
8. “Ever Since ——”
11. His first picture was “Melody in Spring”
13. The Songbird of the South
15. Belonging to Lola
16. See illustration above
17. Finding love is a movie —— ul
20. Mother Bright of “Wharf Angel”
22. See illustration above
24. Richard in

Solution to Last Puzzle

There’ll Be Another Puzzle Next Month—Watch For It!

12
WARNER BROS. "GOLD Diggers" FOR 1934!

"DAMES"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS
GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by BUSBY BERKELEY

Five New Song Successes by WARREN & DUBIN • KAHAL & FAI • WRUBEL & DIXON
Tip-Offs On The Talkies
What They’re About—And How Good They Are
By James Edwin Reid

Many Happy Returns—George Burns marries Gracie Allen, and her parents are willing to pay him ten dollars for every father away he takes her. So they go to Hollywood—and have a rib-tickling time, with Hollywood taking a kicking (Par.).

The Merry Frinks—An alleged comedy about a quarrelsome family, visited by a rich double-dealer. The fun runs droll flat, despite the presence of Stewart and Pat Healy. (Par.)

The Most Precious Thing In Life—Jean Arthur, robbed of happiness and her son for twenty years, helps him find happiness when he goes to college and she is struck down in her dormitory. An unabashed sob-story (Col.).

Muster at the Vanities—Combining a murder mystery and romantic comedy, and doing an entertaining job of it. It stars Brinna and Earl Carroll’s dancing damsel are featured (Par.).

Will Rogers will have audiences in hysterics, when they get a look at him as the small-time druggist who gives up his store to please his wife (Peggy Wood), who has big-time social ambitions.

The Old-Fashioned Way—This is “by and with” W. C. Fields, who plays a headstrong, exasperating and weird type, and gets the laughs against Gary Cooper, Confederate officer. You know what is going to happen, but it is a colorfully mounted (M-G-M).

The Party’s Over—Down-to-earth drama about a family you might know— who all make a sucker out of the one decent member of the clan. Stuart Erwin expert at playing worms who turn, heads an excellent cast (Col.).

Sadie McKee—Joan Crawford, who makes life a struggle by being too spunky, finally listens to Frances Tabor’s reasoning. The story hasn’t much to it; the acting is what gets it across. Edward Arnold, Esther Ralph and Gene Raymond are also present (M-G-M).

Scarlet Empress—Marlene Dietrich’s version of Catherine, the Great: in which both the story and the cast are overshadowed by the fantastic, exotic settings, the sound effects and the photography. At least, you’ve never seen anything like it before (Par.).

Shoot The Works—Good, clean fun about a super-egotist (Jack Oakie) who has ideas for shows, has his talent (including Jean Bernay) walk out on him, but still is loved by his girl (Dorothy Dell). It’s full of what it takes to keep an audience interested and amused (Par.).

Stingaree—Richard Dix, as an Australian bandit of yesteryear, loves a singer, Irene Dunne, and makes her an opera singer by the name of RKO. It’s a glorified Western in a new setting, with music added (RKO).

The Thin Man—Dashiell Hammett’s thriller becomes an entertaining movie mystery, with William Powell never better than as the detective who is always slightly tipsey (M-G-M).

Viva Villa—Wallace Beery makes the Mexican Robin Hood a vivid Villa, both sentimental and brutal, amusing and pathetic. And the canvas on which he paints his portrait is spectacular (M-G-M).

The Affairs of Cellini—Fredric March and Constance Bennett are killed as the stars of this hilarious bedroom farce. But while Freddie, as the medieval genius of art, is a laughing stock, Connie, as the Duchesse, Frank Morgan—who plays the sublime ridiculous Duke—steals the show. (20th Century.)

Affairs of a Gentleman—Paul Lukas, a novelist who kisses and tells, is found slain—and then the story traces his past to let you guess which one of his lights o’ love did away with him. It’s amusing, with a surprise ending (Univ.).

Black Moon—Weird, old-style melodrama about a dodgy dooism on a tropical island— with Jack Holt, Dorothy Burgess and Fay Wray struggling against great odds to be convincing (Col.).

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—Ronald Colman revives his famous character of an amateur detective, in a brand-new, clever and constantly entertaining mystery. Charles Butterworth, as his helper, does some droll scene-stealing (20th Century).

Call It Luck—A slick and sophisticated musical comedy about a London cabbby who wins the Sweepstakes. He drags and takes up horse-racing. Herbert Mundin, Pat Paterson and Charles Starrett keep things moving (Fox).

Charlie Chan’s Courage—Warner Oland, the villain in Colman’s picture, is the hero in this. In his familiar role of the Oriental detective, he does some surprising evidence of the trail of a valuable necklace, with the Mojave Desert as a setting (Fox).

The Circus Clown—Joe E. Brown goes in for a dual role, playing an old circus man and his son, who cast off his permanent away from the sawdust. It’s funnlest comedy, but Joe’s antics will give the young’uns something to laugh about (Col.).

Dr. Monica—Kay Francis, playing a woman doctor for the second time, has to play obstetrical this time—she has a husband and mistress. It’s heavy and dreary, though well-acted (W.B.).

Fog Over Frisco—Bette Davis is murdered, and Donald Woods finds out why in a fast-action thriller about the stolen bomb jacket. The story isn’t new, but its speed is (F. N.).

The Great Flirtation—A lesser, but laughable “20th Century”—with Adolphe Menjou as a great actor who marries Elissa Landi, and then sees her become more famous than he is and fall in love with David Manners. Elissa shows him she never revealed before (Par.).

Handy Andy—Will Rogers has less character-acting, but more comedy antics to perform in this side-shaking tale of a corner druggist who finally listens to his wife (Peggy Wood) and sells the store, and tries to be a social light (Fox).

The Hell Cat—Ann Sothern, the latest screen heroine to get slapped by a hus-man, learns to like it. She’s a spoiled society girl, Robert Armstrong is a reporter; and the story isn’t much (Col.).

Here Comes the Groom—A mad farce starring that straight-faced comedian, Jack Haley, aided and abetted by Mary Boland, who hasn’t failed us yet. It’s full of all the old-time ambitions is shanghaied by a determined bride, whose husband has deserted her (Par.).

He Was Her Man—A strangely sombre story for James Cagney and Joan Blondell. He’s an ex-gangster who is “on the spot:” she’s a saloon girl in love who has to choose between a good-hearted cowboy and honky-Victor Jory. It starts out briskly, then drugs (W. B.).

The Hollywood Party—A variety show featuring comedy, singing and dancing. But despite the cast full of stars—headed by Jimmy Durante, Laurel and Hardy, Lupe Velez and Mickey Mouse—the party doesn’t keep you amused (M-G-M).
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in

Jannie Hurst's

Imitation of Life

Directed by

JOHN M. STAHN

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION Ê IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Produced by-

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
Who Is the Pretty Girl Pictured with Richard Dix?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? Give Yourself This Movie Gossip Test

By Marion Martone

2. Can you name the present wife and ex-wife of the same man who are having a feud?

3. What is the name of the blonde film player who was recently killed in an auto crash?

4. The father of which screen star smashed a news photographer's camera because he dislikes publicity?

5. Who has been picked to portray the rôle of Moon Mullins on the screen?

6. Laura La Plante became the bride of what motion picture executive?

7. Do you know the two film personalities who were victims of the recent infantile paralysis epidemic?

8. Do you know the famous movie star who was recently rumored concealing the fact that she is the mother of a three-year-old child?

9. Do you know the name of the "grand old lady" of the screen who has been very ill?

10. Russ Columbo is in love with what blonde screen beauty?

11. Why did Grace Moore's husband kiss Harry Cohn, President of Columbia Pictures?

12. What famous screen lover, who thought his career was at an end, has been given another opportunity to make a comeback in pictures?

13. Who is the screen's "tough guy" who was once a chorus boy?

14. Which Hollywood couple will be the next to part amicably?

15. Why has Joan Crawford's interest in the handsome Franchot Tone waned?

16. What kind of an agreement did Rudy Vallee come to with his estranged wife, before he would go to Hollywood again?

17. Why is Gloria Swanson's motion picture work being held up?

(Answers to these questions on page 97)
Here's your Entertainment map for the new season

They all look swell to me!
The World Moves On with Madeleine Carroll Franchot Tone

Harold Lloyd "The Cats-Paw"

Say, pop, let's all see "The Cats-Paw."

Zane Grey's The Dude Ranger with George O'Brien

Charlie Chan in London with Warner Oland

Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres in Servants' Entrance with Ned Sparks and Walter Connolly

Serenade with Pat Peterson, Nils Asther, Herbert Mundin and Harry Green

Will Rogers in "Judge Priest"

Life Begins at Forty

Marie Galante with Spencer Tracy, Katti Gallian, Ned Sparks and Stephen Patch

Caravan with Charles B. Piker, Loretta Young and Jean Parker

The State versus Elinor Norton with Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel

For real good times... real good movies... just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories... such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again... watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner... pictures no movie fan wants to miss.
HER life is outdoors ... the wind ... the sun ... the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined ... the home ... the school room ... the factory ... the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours ... well, you really don't know ... you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)
MARY BRIAN RUNS OFF TO BROADWAY

It's the new Hollywood custom—running off to the stage between pictures. Mary is starring in a Summer revue, in which she can dance and sing and glorify gaiety. Hollywood hasn't discovered that side of Mary yet—but it will, it will. And she'll be back in the Fall with big, new offers. Meanwhile, Dick Powell will croon to her over the long-distance telephone!
THE SCREEN RECLAIMS JOAN BENNETT

Right after her hit in "Little Women," Joan turned her back on the cameras—to present Gene Markey with a daughter, Melinda, and to take a long holiday abroad with her writer-hubby. But, now, once more, she is lending an ear to movie offers and is turning to acting again—in "The Pursuit of Happiness," the "bundling" farce, with Francis Lederer
VACATION? MYRNA LOY HAS TO SMILE!

When Myrna was just a leading lady and went from one picture right into another, she thought stars never led that crowded a life. But now she's a star, herself—one of the most sparkling of them all—and she's still too busy to take vacations. She just finished "Stamboul Quest." Now she is occupied as Warner Baxter's co-star in "Broadway Bill"
Guy Kibbee, Zasu Pitts and Hugh Herbert—who all have a way of blissfully stumbling into trouble—stumble together as a worried trio in "Dames." "Dames" looks like the cure for those midsummer blues. It is the newest musical comedy on the scale of "42nd Street," "Gold-Diggers of 1933" and "Footlight Parade." It is filled with music, girls and laughter—with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell young lovers for the fourth time, and Joan Blondell their co-star for the third time. The title is a tip-off that the setting is show business, and the story is based on some of the amusing experiences of Busby Berkeley, the young genius who creates the dances.

Nancy Lyons is a typical Busby Berkeley chorus girl. She has beauty, a cute figure, pep and personality. And how she can step!

Diane Bourget (left) is happy about being one of the showgirls who give "Dames" its name. So are a hundred others!
Is everybody happy? Joan Blondell is—having a chance to dance in "Dames," as well as sing and clown. It brings back those days when she was a Broadway showgirl.

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, who climbed to stardom with their arms about each other, are cuddling close again in "Dames"—as only they can.
HOW ESTHER RALSTON HAS CHANGED!

Now that she has returned to Hollywood, by way of vaudeville and British pictures, Esther feels, looks and acts like a new person. She's through playing sweet, helpless heroines. She's sweetly helping herself to some vivid rôles. She had one in "Sadie McKee." Now she has another in "Romance in the Rain"—as Roger Pryor's singing co-star
MARIAN NIXON LEADS A GAYER LIFE

Marian has lost that wistful look; she has changed it for a carefree air. And the reasons can be found in both her new screen life and in her private life. On the screen, director William Seiter has just directed her in a light, amusing rôle in "We're Rich Again"—and, between scenes, they have found romance. She's planning a trip abroad. A honeymoon?
Bruce and Adrienne were married last October—and there hasn't been a single rumor of a break-up yet. In fact, they're still holding hands and don't mind a bit being photographed as Mr. and Mrs. They're not trying to make the public forget they are married, as so many stars do. And that has given RKO the idea that maybe they could be persuaded to make a picture together. Bruce is just finishing "Afterwards"; Adrienne has been vacationing since "You're Telling Me"
Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a pure soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

**PROTECT** your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.

"**THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D** give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins.

"THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!..." Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

"**GO ON, GRIN,** Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

**FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES**
**Why Hollywood Romances Go Smash**

By Joan Standish

What is to be done about Hollywood's divorce situation? It is a situation that cannot be denied any longer, even by Hollywood's loudest defenders. Recent weeks have seen thirty divorces in the movie colony. Among them were couples who had been married for many years. Most of these husbands and wives had tried honestly to make a success of their marriages, and seemed honestly bewildered by their failure. "In any other place except Hollywood," they said, "we might have been happy."

Few Hollywood divorce complaints name any specific grievance. The vague charge of "incompatibility" is an attempt to put into words the self-evident fact that domesticity does not flourish in this high-tension town, and that even real love has only a ten-per-cent chance of lasting under the glare of the Kliegs.

The question confronting Hollywood is not only "What makes movie marriages go smash?" but "What is to be done?" We have asked some of the most prominent stars what solutions they would suggest. Hereewith are their answers—unusual cures for highly individualized people, living under abnormal conditions in the strangest town on earth.

Few actors would agree with the opinion of the gentleman from Wisconsin who exhorted the recent Congress to "legislate morals into the picture industry." Said Representative Cannon, "The whole atmosphere of Hollywood seeps with immorality. The actors and actresses become so hardened that they consider their suggestive and immoral actions on the screen as a matter of course and in harmony with their own lives."

If the earnest Congressman is able to force marriage to succeed by enacting laws, his solution of Hollywood's problem will be of immense value elsewhere as well!
Top to bottom: Claudette Colbert, who has a successful "part-time" marriage; Gary Cooper, a new bridegroom; Kay Francis, recently divorced; Neil Hamilton, married sixteen years; and Minna Gombell, who wanted a "secret" marriage.

Too Many "Young" Marriages

"We should recognize once and for all that marriage is hopelessly handicapped from the beginning in this business," Warner Baxter says, frankly. (He has been married to Winifred Bryson for sixteen years.) "Actors and actresses should not marry while they are engaging in screen careers. Winnie and I were married when we were both on the stage. That is a different matter. Our marriage had had so much of a start before we came to Hollywood that it was able to survive, but if I were beginning my career in the movies to-day, I would not marry. Everywhere a young man looks in Hollywood, his eyes fall on temptation. The players in the movies are chosen for their sex-appeal, as well as for their talents; and, after all, actors and actresses are men and women, too. Young love hasn't a chance in such a situation."

Gary Cooper, on the other hand, believes that a happy marriage is possible for a screen star if he can keep the spotlight out of his home. He and Sandra Shaw (née Veronica Balfe), his wife, refuse to discuss their marriage, keep to a few close friends, and are planning to travel whenever Gary can get away from pictures, in order to retain a normal perspective on Hollywood.

"I think that I have found the right solution—at least for myself," says Irene Dunne, the wife of Dr. Francis Griffin, New York dentist. "I keep my personal and my professional life separate. I have arranged it with the studio so that I may live in New York and fly out to the Coast whenever they are ready to begin a picture with me. In that way I'm not torn with the effort to mix domesticity with my work. Of course, this solution has its disadvantages of loneliness and the continual temporary breaking up of my home, but it is working successfully."

Marriage Matters Most to Joan

Joan Blondell, who is married to cameraman George Barnes and is now an expectant mother, is certain that Hollywood can't hurt her marriage or any marriage based on her point of view. "No girl in this business should marry unless she first makes up her mind which is more important to her—her work or her man. If she is more ambitious for a career than anything else, she may be (Continued on page 80)
Are the Movies Guilty?

Cecil B. De Mille Speaks for the Defense!

The movies are being flayed, excoriated, bitterly attacked, boycotted—as "indecent," "immoral," "vicious." And how just are the charges? With the exception of the agitation against liquor that led to the adoption of Prohibition, no attack in American history has been so widespread, so far-reaching, so strenuous. But there are two sides to every question. If there is plenty to be said against movies, there is also something to be said for them. And Cecil B. De Mille, famous director and producer and one of Hollywood's guiding geniuses, says it forcefully. He deserves to be heard.

Hollywood has been indicted—not part, but all of Hollywood. Stars, directors, writers and producers are all included. It is a sweeping indictment almost unbelievably bitter and vicious, for the professional reformers, thrown out of jobs by the failure of Prohibition, have hopped aboard the anti-movie bandwagon. Obviously, they hope to make another good thing for themselves out of joining the moral crusade against Hollywood. Already many honest-minded leaders in their fields, notably the clergy, have had their honest minds poisoned by the propaganda of these professional agitators.

The whole thing started when the Catholic Church launched a campaign to eliminate what it termed "filth in motion pictures," a campaign designed to clean up films, to benefit the movies, to benefit everyone. A "Legion of Decency" was organized and members signed cards pledging themselves to a boycott of films judged to offend "decent and Christian morality." At the end of the first month, the Legion had a reported membership of one million, eight hundred thousand. In Cleveland, a mass meeting of more than fifty thousand Catholics took the pledge.

The movement has gathered terrific momentum, for the Presbyterian General Assembly, a national convention of Baptists, another national convention of Methodists, the Federation of Churches in America and other Protestant organizations have endorsed the stand of the Catholics. A conference of Rabbis welcomed the campaign because "it offers a ground upon which Protestants, Catholics and Jews will be able to unite wholeheartedly for the first time."
The movies have been attacked before—but never like this. They are on trial now for their very life—accused of indecency, indicted for immorality. And you are the jury. You will have to decide the fate of films. How just are the charges? The famous director rises up to answer the attacks!

With practically all religious bodies united, other groups entered the fight. At the current writing, the lists have been swelled by the National Federation of Women’s Clubs, boasting a membership of more than two millions, the Parent-Teachers Association, Daughters of the American Revolution and countless smaller organizations, with more being added every day.

Cardinal Mundelein’s Charges

NOW, there is no question but that the motion picture industry has invited this trouble. Some four years ago, there was a lesser agitation against censorable films. At that time, a moral code was drawn and subscribed to by the picture producers. Violations of the code by a few selfish insurgents within the producers’ ranks are what have led to charges such as the one recently issued by Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago. The Cardinal says in part:

"Our code was unanimously accepted immediately and we felt a great step forward had been taken to make the motion picture safe and enjoyable to all classes of people. We thought we were dealing with intelligent gentlemen. We were mistaken; to most of the producers, it was just another scrap of paper. . . . No other medium or agency has exercised so debasing an effect on public morals as the pictures and the publicity that have come forth from Hollywood. . . . Sin is made to appear attractive and rampant vice is presented as an acceptable thing. The criminal spirit is developed and encouraged and the virtues of chastity and modesty are scoffed at as outmoded practices belonging to a past and forgotten era. . . . Only too often is a picture, that is otherwise acceptable, marred by the injection of a suggestive scene or incident or double-meaning expression, inserted by some stupid director with a view of swelling the receipts of the box-office. . . ."

"Some restraining influence, some censorship of morals must be brought to hold the picture industry from running wild and creating untold harm on the future life and character of our people. . . . A very large portion of the audience is made up of young children, with tender consciences, impressionable minds, dormant passions, characters still in formation. . . . Our people would accuse us, their spiritual leaders, of cowardice if we supinely stood by and allowed any influence, such as that exercised by the salacious moving pictures of to-day, to menace and destroy in the souls of the little children that which we and they have built up in our schools. . . ."

"They (a committee of bishops, headed by the arch-

(Continued on page 84)
Blessed

Mr. Stork's Tally Sheet
(Subject to Change Without Notice)

July
Jack Dempsey, Hannah Williams
The Kurt Neumann (he's a director)

August
Bing Crosby, Dixie Lee (twins)

September
Sally Eilers, Harry Joe Brown
Frances Dee, Joel McCrea

October
The John Waynes
Joan Blondell, George Barnes

November
Andy Devine, Dorothy House
Florence Lake, Jack Good

December
Clara Bow, Rex Bell

By Eric Ergenbright
And Jack Smalley

Continental kings and queens started the custom of announcing to their subjects the coming birth of an heir, but Hollywood does it better. There may still be spots in this broad land where such matters are spoken of with lowered voices but if Hollywood parents-to-be manage to get to the microphone, ahead of Walter Winchell (who made America Blessed Event-conscious) they would broadcast the glad tidings to their fans through a million loud-speakers.

If you have ever been to a Hollywood première, you'll have some idea of how it's done. At premières, there are roped-off streets, milling throngs, million candle-power search-lights and colossal excitement. With similar ballyhoo, Hollywood features its Blessed Events. The proud prospective mama and papa give interviews to the press about their parental feelings, their plans for the upbringing of their heir, and their preparations for its coming. The layette is photographed; likewise, the new nursery. Friends give stock showers to the happy expectant star, with cocktails in nursing bottles and napkins folded like didies. The entire town discusses the coming event at the Brown Derby, the Vendome, at the fights and on the sets.

The jealousy of lady stars who are not anticipating a Blessed Event is terrific. Indeed, babies have become such a source of publicity in the last few years that stars who are unmarried, about to be married or between marriages try to get their share of it by confiding to interviewers their plans to have babies "within two years" — an announcement that is unique with Hollywood.

Compare Hollywood's way with that of European royalty. Look at King Leopold and Queen Astrid of.
Eventing Hollywood

Ol' Doc Stork doesn't stand a chance of springing any surprises out Hollywood way. Long before he can flutter his wings over a movie star's home, the whole world knows just when he is due. Stars just can't keep their happy secrets from their fans!

Belgium—the way they muffed the whole affair! They didn't even announce their plans until a few weeks before the birth of an heir, if you can imagine such a thing! Unless seven or eight months of suspense and interest can be allowed a breathless public, your Hollywood couple would consider the whole thing a fiasco and hardly worth going through with.

Yes! Rex and Clara Notified the World

DID Rex Bell and Clara Bow moon off by themselves, keeping their blessed-eventing from their Public? Of course not! It was in the month of May that Rex proudly dispatched dozens of telegrams to the waiting press associations, announcing that Clara and he were anticipating blessed-eventing next December. This allowed a good eight months during which the many thankful writers, publicity agents, and the syndicates could make hey-ho before the son shines.

Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee (top) thought they had a secret—until they heard it broadcast. And the secret was twins, too, Karen Morley, wife of Charles Vidor (above), was in a spot when the blessed event was rumored before her secret marriage had been revealed. Dorothy Jordan and Merian Cooper (left) helped to popularize Hawai as a birthplace.

True, Rex skipped some important preliminaries, because he got a little rattled and excited. Properly, he should have allowed the coming event to cast its shadow in the gossip columns, and then deny it several times before breaking down and confessing the truth. This technique is favored in the best circles because it prolongs the excitement and it gives the columnists a chance to squabble over who first got the inside story.

No forthcoming accouche-ment is properly launched without giving some columnist a scoop on the world. If he can scoop the baby's own daddy, so much the better. Naturally, Rex came in for some criticism for so precipitously ringing the bell. However, the Bells were able to plead extenuating circumstances, as they were 'way out on the royal ranch, and hadn't seen a chatter writer for days. The cowhands, all in the pay of newspaper prophets, were away rounding up a cow, and (Continued on page 18)
You don't have to leave Hollywood to get a good idea of what foreign countries are like. You can girdle the whole globe in one morning, just by taking a trip around the studios. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen—the bus is leaving right away!

STEP right up, ladies and gentlemen! Shoot a quarter and go around the world! In the space of one morning, we guarantee to take you to any country on this round globe of ours, simply by touring the motion picture studios. Hollywood has the whole world in its backyard! Don't crowd! There's plenty of room for all, and the bus starts in exactly five minutes. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen!

We will show you where Greta Garbo crossed the Tarzan jungles of darkest Africa to get to her Sweden of "Queen Christina"; where Wallace Beery plowed his way through the London fog of Norma Shearer's "Riptide," after fighting one of "Viva Villa's" battles in Mexico, to say "Hello" to Marion Davies in Georgia on the "Operator 13" set, where Marlene Dietrich crossed Claudette Colbert's Egypt to get to her palace in Russia, and where Katharine Hepburn traveled through Francis Lederer's Arctic ice on her way to the mountains of Tennessee in "Spitfire."

All aboard! Join the movies and see the world! Do all your traveling in Hollywood. That's what Lee Tracy says: "After this, I shall do my foreign travel right here in Hollywood." And you won't get into trouble. No need for a star to leave home—except to get one of those Mexican or Latvian divorces.

That's right, folks, just sit down and take it easy. The bus leaves in exactly five minutes, and you'll see a cross-section of the world. Move over, you, and let the little lady sit down. Madame, will you be kind enough to make your little boy give me my megaphone? He's a nice little chap, isn't he? Thanks, sonny.

Now, all set? Here we go! The first studio we will visit will be the Warners-First National. And while we are on the way, let me tell you why Hollywood has built the world in its own backyard so as to keep its stars at home.

On your left, folks, you see the Arctic. Sorta chilly, eh? But just look to the right and you're on an island in the South Seas.
You Can Even Smell Shanghai

At this one studio we can not only visit several countries, but we can wander through an old century. We can stroll down a Chinese street that you’ll see in “Farewell to Shanghai”—a street that is constructed with such faithfulness to detail and atmosphere that it would fool a Chinaman, and “atmosphere” even covers the smells. And we can also go to the France of the Eighteenth Century, where Dolores Del Rio, in an elaborate white wig and a heavy brocaded gown, recently walked through the courts of Louis XV. And from there—presto—the artificial hill lined with houses that is a bit of old San Francisco.

How do they do it, you ask? Madame, will you be kind enough to make your little boy give me my cap? Thanks, my lad. The answer is simple, folks. The research departments, where files of thousands and thousands of photographs of all parts of the world are kept—photographs of entire cities and of street corner details, of country districts and of railroad stations, of palaces and hovels, of gardens and slums. And from these small photographs, they build huge, elaborate, authentic sets—so accurate, so atmospherically correct, that a native of any country would feel perfectly at home.

Hey, you, no smoking on this bus! That French Cathedral we’re passing is made of lath and canvas! What? Oh, all right, get out, then. Now! Where was I, folks? Oh, yes. Well, anyway, here we are at Warners—

How’d you like it, folks? Ain’t—isn’t it wonderful to conjure up a past century and walk through the decadent, colorful Paris of Madame Du Barry and then step across to another stage and take a stroll through Shanghai, complete even to fleas? Not to mention Mandalay, so natural that you can almost hear the dawn coming up like thunder!

Paris and the Wild West

Everybody in? Right over those hills, folks, is Universal City, where Lee Tracy had to walk around Notre Dame Cathedral, cross Monte Carlo, and watch out for cowboys and Indians as he leaped over a part of the old West on his way to the “I’ll Tell the World” set. . . . first

(Continued on page 74)
INTIMATE

Kay Gets Away

IS Kay Francis getting temperament-ral? When she flew East to sail abroad for a holiday, after finishing “British Agent” with Leslie Howard, she also flew into a minor rage as a news cameraman snapped her picture at Newark Airport. She chased him, didn’t catch him, and then, perhaps realizing that she was revealing shattered nerves in public, she managed a smile for a publicity photographer... Part of her holiday in Europe will be spent in Rome, with the Count and Countess di Frasso, who first got into the Hollywood news as friends of Gary Cooper. And while abroad she may have a romantic rendezvous with Maurice Chevalier, who is to do a picture in England after “The Merry Widow” is ready for delivery to you and you and you. Friends say that she has ached to Get* Away From It All ever since her divorce from Kenneth MacKenna—and say that she wasn’t the one who wanted the divorce.

Jeanette Denies It

THEY’RE varying that rumor that Jeanette MacDonald (who lives up to the title role in “The Merry Widow”) and her manager, Robert Ritchie, are secretly married. They’re saying now that they are not only married, but secretly separated. But Jeanette says that her one-time offer of big money to anyone who could produce any marriage records with her name inscribed on them still stands. In other words, she continues to insist that she and Bob are only engaged. They’re now in their sixth year of being affianced. Who says that Hollywood couples can’t be faithful?

Raquel Torres, new bride of millionaire Stephen Ames, is forgetting work at Malibu, with Nancy Carroll

Are Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell testing their love? It’s a rumor. Anyway, Isabel got a laugh out of the nose Lee wears in “You Belong to Me,” and he looks sad.

36
Glenda Farrell is another star who is perpetually denying rumors that she is secretly wed to a Robert—Robert Riskin, author of the screen plays of "Lady for a Day," "I happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill" (Warner Baxter's newest). But Glenda gives a novel explanation along with her denial. She admits that she loves Bob, but says that both of them have had unfortunate experiences in marriage and believe themselves temperamentally unsuited to the wedded state. So they have decided that they will not marry. Bob has been vacationing in Europe (and sending cables to Glenda every morning and every evening), and the blonde Warner star has been plenty lonesome. So she up and packed her bags for a month's vacation on Broadway, her old stamping ground.

Exodus to the East

Other stars have been taking East-bound trains,

Those "Merry Widow" melodies call for some graceful dancing—and the Albertina Rasch girls (below, and at left) answer the call. They'll make up for the fact that the famous staircase waltz is missing in the new MacDonald version

No, Buck Jones isn't turning a dog dance. He's just "carying on" with June Knight. But it's not serious. He's married, and June is interested in Russ Columbo.

Remember William Farnum, he-man star of silent pictures? This is how he looks today—in "Happy Landing!"
Will Ethelreda Leopold (left) break the jinx that seems to hang over gown models who enter films? The Chicago girl is off to a promising start in "Madame Du Barry" and "Dames" due back at Paramount any day now. And, of course, that well-known Californian, Max Adelbert Baer, has been looking over the night spots, while considering those movie offers. They're now calling him "the Performing Baer." Otto Kruger is planning a New Jersey vacation.

So They're Enemies, Eh?

These Hollywood feuds are a laugh. Ben Bernie and Jack Oakie were reported to be sending optical daggers at each other after "Shoot the Works," on the grounds of scene-grabbing. And now comes the announcement that Bernie will be back in the Fall to do "One-Night Stand," a murder mystery-comedy and Oakie will do it with him.

Ronnie Faces Freedom

Ronald Colman's wife, the former Thelma Raye, is reported to have filed suit for divorce (after all these years of separation)—in London. Ronnie, asked by newshawks to comment on the report, shook his head from left to right and departed on a yacht cruise of indefinite duration. His next picture, "Clive of India," isn't scheduled to get under way for some time. The notoriety of a divorce action is unpleasant business to him, but his friends say he is happier since foregoing the prospect of freedom.

Greta Cool to Carl Now

Carl Brisson is disappointed. His former Continental friends haven't given him a tumble. There is Garbo, for one instance. In spite of the stories that preceded him to Hollywood, calling him ("the first man in Garbo's life"), Greta hasn't so much as invited Carl in to have a snack of Danish pastry.

Business Is Booming

The film companies have announced their plans for the season of 1934-35 and they're more ambitious than ever—despite all the agitation going on against films. Paramount has 64 on its list; Warner Brothers, 60; Fox, 58; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 52; RKO, 50; Columbia, 48; Universal, 42; United Artists, 23. The grand total is thirty more than this year. Thirty-four musicals are planned. More historical dramas are planned. (The censors can't complain about what is in the history books.) Practically no gangster films are in the offing, and there will be fewer "action dramas"—which allegedly excite the younger generation.

You knew that Loretta Young has one sister on the screen—Sally Blane. But did you know that her younger sister, Georgiana, is now an actress, too. She plays Loretta as a child in "Caravan".

back to Gotham—to arrange some future stage engagements between pictures, it is said. Margaret Sullavan, back from her walking tour of England (during which she went secretive and registered at hotels under false names), has been commuting between Norfolk, Virginia, (her home-town) and New York, arranging the same sort of thing. Helen Hayes' contract, which allows plays between pictures, has given all the girls ideas. Helen, by the way, is going on tour with her Broadway hit, "Mary of Scotland," after doing a couple of pictures. Walter Huston looks due for a long stay in the East, thanks to his hit in the title role of "Dodsworth." He took time out to appear for a few weeks in repertory in Central City, Colorado, but now is resuming. His wife, Nan Sunderland, is also in the cast of "Dodsworth." Lyda Roberti is still holding forth in Jerome Kern's hit, "Roberta," but is Douglas Fairbanks shows an English star, Binnie Barnes, how a Hollywood star makes love—in "The Private Life of Don Juan."
HONEST with Herself—and YOU!

JEAN MUIR has discovered that the way to get ahead in the movies is to be different. She says, "To be a 'good girl' in this age of freedom is one way. Another way is to tell the truth." And Jean stands out from the crowd!

I AM what is technically known as 'a good girl,'" Jean Muir told me. "And, what is more, I intend to remain one." Jean, guiltless of make-up, clad in blue sweater and skirt, not too voguish, with a pair of once-white sneakers on her feet and her Scottie curled up on same, planted her white elbows on the table and looked as firm as her words. (Ironically, she had just been playing the title rôle in "A Lady Surrenders.")

"I made this momentous decision," she said, "about six hours after I arrived in Hollywood. Before I was in the town six hours, I was tired of that...anecdote gossip; the stress laid on sex-appeal and the number of Lotharios interested in a girl—with her acting ability never entering into consideration. I'm not really 'old-fashioned.' I have no prissy, Puritan views of morals. But I am conceited. And I am fastidious. I don't like marked-down goods—of any kind. I have no predilection for second-hand articles.

"I may be," she laughed, "the only one of my kind in Hollywood. And that's all the more reason for my remaining as I am, though, I don't for one minute imagine that my immaculate state is going to protect me from gossip and rumor. I know that I shall be tarred with the same brush as others have been before me. I have heard that at a party not very long ago four or five of the men-about-town had their heads together and were engaged in discussing very earnestly whether I really was a—well, really was a 'good girl' or not. They had quite an argument. The 'No's' had it, so I hear. I was amused.

"It doesn't much matter to me what is said about me so long as I know the truth. I'll be able to live with myself and that is what primarily concerns me. And I don't really object to that sort of gossip. The rumors I do object to are concerned with more important matters. Such as the one where I was said to be a cold and heartless person because I went to the theatre, in New York, the day after my father died. That sort of thing does get me. It is nobody's business and I resent comment.

Just Trying to Get Along

"ANOTHER thing I have discovered since I've been in Hollywood—which is just about a year—is that the way to get along out here is to be different. To be a 'good girl' in this age of freedom is one way. Another way is to tell the truth. At all times. Under all circumstances. About all things. That's what I have done, that's what I'm doing now and that's what I intend to keep on doing.

"If, for any reason, I prefer not to discuss a matter at all, I shall say so. But if I do discuss it, I shall speak my mind without fear or favor. Truth-telling has two advantages. One is that it IS being different. The other is that no one believes you are telling the truth, anyway. You may not be believing me when I tell you of my state of purity. Nevertheless, there it is. I know it is the truth.

"Some of the girls who have come to Hollywood have tried to be 'different' by taking to the cloister, dodging publicity, not talking at all, not being interviewed, or being very vague and remote when they are interviewed. That's not to be my way. I like publicity. I consider that it's extremely important. I need it. And I'm not going to make the mistake the

(Continued on page 72)
Would Valentino Be a Star Today?

BY BORIS NICHOLAI

Rudolph Valentino died eight years ago this August, mourned by millions—and no one has ever been found to take his place. But if he were alive today, playing in talkies, would he still rank at the top? His brother, Alberto, and director Sidney Olcott, say "Yes"—and tell why!

Valentino's brother, Alberto (left), tells of the plans Rudy had be great to-day if he had lived. "It is my opinion that Rudy had not even reached the zenith of his career when death came. He was always studying, always preparing. Rudy was not merely a handsome fellow with melting eyes and an unusual amount of sex-appeal. He had a whimsical flair for comedy and a depth of understanding for emotional drama that no one on the screen except, perhaps, Leslie Howard possesses to-day.

"Valentino was well aware that the public would tire of a star in time. And so he thought of the picture, rather than of his own part, 'Monsieur Beaucaire' was splendid with the great names of the moment—Lowell Sherman, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Lois Wilson. When Valentino sailed for Paris to have his costumes made, there was one rôle still unfilled, that of Beaucaire's brother. Abroad, Rudy met a young journalist whose striking resemblance to the famous star had made him the talk of Paris. He imported this youngster to play his brother. Was he afraid of such com-

I WISH one thing understood—distinctly. The talkie version of 'Monsieur Beaucaire' is not to be a 'Valentino picture.' I want every part to be filled by a capable actor, and if I can't uphold the star's rôle with a fine supporting cast, I'll give it up. And that," says Sidney Olcott, the director, who has made many memorable contributions to the screen (including the silent version of "Monsieur Beaucaire"), "is why I know that Rudolph Valentino would still

Valentino playing the bull-fighter in "Blood and Sand," had no rivals

George Raft, years later, played a matador in "The Trumpet Blows"
petition? Never! It would have added zest to life. "Valentino loved life, itself, too much to fear the loss of his screen career. He loved Nature with all the fervor of an Italian peasant; he loved beauty and art, the feeling of priceless old fabrics, the sheen of armor and jewels. It's ironic, isn't it, that the fame which he was willing to hazard for the sake of making a splendid production is immortal, while life, which was so precious to him because he was one of the few rare spirits with a talent for joy was snatched away so early?"

**Was a Star Only Four Years**

EIGHT years ago this August, the most idolized star that the new art of the cinema has yet produced died at the age of thirty-two. His fame had been short and meteoric—he had been before the public only four years in all, counting the time between "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in which he made his first hit, and the "Black Eagle," his last picture. Apparently, he had a long career before him. What would that career have been? Would Rudolph Valentino have weathered the perilous transition from the silent screen to the talking picture, or would he have suffered the fate of beautiful Vilma Banky and other foreign stars whose accents barred them from the talkies?

Would Valentino have been a great screen idol in the day of Clark Gable, George Raft, Leslie Howard and Fredric March?

The other day an audience at the Filmmarte Theatre on Vine Street in Hollywood shrieked with hysterical mirth at the revival of "The Sheik," the Valentino picture that made Rudy the Great Lover of fifty million women, and added a new word to modern vocabularies. The melodramatic gestures and caveman love-making were ridiculous to a sophisticated movie audience twelve years later. Was Rudolph Valentino capable of growing with the changing technique of the screen? Could he have adapted his famous Latin lovemaking to the new vogue for restraint and under-emphasis, as Ramon Novarro has during his twelve years in films? What did he, himself, think about his chances for the future?

"I hope to work in Hollywood many years," Valentino once told me. "It is the place in which to make great pictures, but it is no place for happiness. You do not know how to find joy, you Americans—how to be gay! You must rush and roar across miles of countryside every Sunday, or dance all the night, or be deafened by orchestras, to feel that you are on a holiday. In my country, we make play of toil. We sing as we gather the grapes, we make a fiesta of having. You work too hard for your pleasures here. I shall live in America till I am through working, but I shall die on the Riviera. There, everywhere you glance, is beauty and just living is joy."

At another time Valentino said, "I do not want to go on in these Great-Lover roles. People will soon get tired of them. Perhaps they are tiring already. I must make a decided change. I have had tests (Continued on page 82)
FRANK MORGAN'S MILLION-DOLLAR SECRET

The famous actor's family controls a secret that is worth a fortune—yet not one of them knows what the secret is. Only three men in the world do know it, and they aren't telling. What is this mysterious herb that has brought his family wealth and made Frank a Big Business Man?

By DOROTHY SPENSLY

T o genial, jovial Frank Morgan (born Wuppermann), with his amazing shrimp-gold hair, his family secret is great sport. It gives him a chance to play Big Business Man in real life. And an amazing, unprecedented family secret it is.

Somewhere in the dank jungles of the tropical island of Trinidad, mountainous, green, with its famous Pitch Lake oozing pure asphalt, grows a mysterious, little-known herb. That herb is the important ingredient in the pungent, dark-brown fluid known as Angostura Bitters, which puts zip into man's friend, the humble cocktail, and is sold in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba, by the Wuppermann family.

Frank Morgan doesn't know what the herb is from which his family's fortune is derived, nor does his actor-brother, the talented Ralph, nor do any of the other four Wuppermann children, nor did Frank's wealthy father, the late George Wuppermann, nor does his widow, eighty-two-year-old Josephine Wuppermann, who has managed the Angostura-Wuppermann Company since her husband's death in 1915. But they have thrived on it.

In other words, here is an entire family supported on the proceeds derived from the sale of a quantity as mysterious as the Lost Continent, as the unknown x of algebra. It makes as fascinating a story as any that the acting brothers of Hollywood's House of Morgan will ever delineate on the screen or stage. It becomes doubly fascinating because there are three men in the world who do know the herb, know where it grows, how it is to be used. And these three are not related in any way to the Wuppermanns. These men are the blenders of the bitters, famous since the Napoleonic Wars. Further, to protect the secret and to preserve the formula, should all three men die at the same time, there are two copies of the recipe, each in a guarded bank vault, one in London, the other in Trinidad.

How Valuable the Secret Is

I t makes as stimulating and zesty a family secret as has ever been revealed in Hollywood. Most family secrets, we know, rattle around in unused, well-bolted closets. The Morgans' emits a gurgle and a pungent odor, to say nothing of yielding near profits, which during 1912 were $2,52 on each of the thousands of cases sold in the United States. And that was during our late Great American Drought. Not all family secrets pay so well.

"Aren't you anxious to go down to Trinidad and see

(Continued on page 70)
ANN HARDING—THE QUEEN OF QUEENS

There have been Queen Anns before—but never one more lovely. In a town of queens, she was chosen to reign over the Film Stars' Frolic, a charity carnival recently held in Hollywood. Yet the star who was voted the most queenly of them all isn't planning to be regal on the screen. In "The Fountain," she is an English girl who is torn between two great loves.
HERBERT MARSHALL—KING OF HEARTS

Herbert is the new Great Lover, and he's bad news to the cavemen. He doesn't break hearts with a bludgeon; he breaks them with a caressing smile—and the women are going wild over him. He loves Constance Bennett in "The Green Hat," next he will love Garbo in "The Painted Veil," and then he will smile upon Norma Shearer again in "Marie Antoinette."
The Merriest Widow

For thirty years, the world has thrilled to the operetta, "The Merry Widow." But JEANETTE MacDONALD — latest and gayest of all the Sonias — will give you a brand-new version. Here's how!

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

"WHY shouldn't I be merry?" sings Jeanette MacDonald.
"I've got everything I want — Lubitsch, the darling, for director, Chevalier opposite me, and the most wonderful part in the most charming play in the world. Why shouldn't I be merry when I'm having my own way?"

The difficulties that once arose over making a talkie version of "The Merry Widow" have vanished, at least to the naked eye. There is no clashing of temperaments now. All is light-hearted gaiety and musical comedy joy. Chevalier smiles, Lubitsch beams and Jeanette laughs — silver laughter up and down the scale, the merriest Sonia ever to tantalize a Danilo.

"Why not?" she says again. "The sets are gorgeous. One is done entirely in different whites — dull white, shiny white, soft plushy white; you'd never believe there were so many whites! My costumes are lovely — a white organdy with a red bodice, a blue chiffon with silver sequins and aigrettes, and the most frivolous widow's-weeds you ever saw. I have some beautiful songs written in for me. I've always wanted to sing 'The Merry Widow.' They asked me to do it in Paris last Fall. They play 'The Merry Widow' in Paris every year as faithfully as the chestnuts.

blossom. It's not a play to them — it's a ritual!"

They have rewritten the thirty-year-old Lehar operetta to fit Jeanette; they have added new lines to harmonize with Jeanette's arch and sparkling personality; they have cut over the part to be becoming to Jeanette. They have given her two bedrooms in which to wear devastating nighties.

They have made the simple, somewhat silly Widow of earlier days a ravishing, gorgeously gowned sophisticate with a provocative sense of humor. They have, in short, remodeled her in Jeanette's image.

How Times Have Changed!

IF you were a girl when "The Merry Widow" first came to the Opera House in your town, you were wearing your hair puffed out over a wire rat. You went to see it (Continued on page 94)
Now, Jean Harlow does have a worry—and Marion Davies, too. She’s blonde, vivacious, and no relation to Charlotte Henry, of "Alice in Wonderland" fame. She hails from New York, where she was an honor pupil in three of the movies’ best schools—stock companies, vaudeville and night-clubs. And she comes by her talent naturally, being the daughter of Louise Henry, one-time vaudeville favorite. Her father is the famous New York physician, Dr. Jesse Straus Heiman. She starts in Robert Montgomery’s "Hideout"
VIRGINIA PINE-NEW, TOO

Virginia is the pretty newcomer to films who will be the next Mrs. George Raft. And thereby hangs a romantic tale. It is the love story of a daughter of wealth, who grew up on Chicago’s Lake Shore Drive, and a son of the tenements, who grew up in the Hell’s Kitchen of New York. In any other town except Hollywood—which measures you by your ability, not your background—they might never have met. Virginia—happy in her new career (which started in “Dr. Monica”)—won’t abandon it for marriage.
CHARLES FARRELL GOES FAR AFIELD

"Gosh, I never thought of that! I went and signed up for a picture in England—and that means I'll get all out of practice at polo!" And "horseback hockey" happens to be one of Charlie's favorite sports. But maybe he has found a meadow or two over there, between scenes of "Beauty Ball." When he gets back, he and Janet Gaynor may co-star again.
My Design for Living

How do stars live? What do they get out of life—or want from the future? Irene is the first of several stars to tell you—vividly and frankly!

By Irene Dunne

What is the design for living of a screen star? Where does the life of the star end and the life of the private individual begin? What are his chief interests, his favorite activities, his most cherished possessions, his greatest ambitions and hopes and fears?

Motion Picture has persuaded a number of representative stars to tell you. Irene Dunne is the first—and she is refreshingly frank and honest. After you read what she says, you will feel that you know her as you never have before. Next month, Kay Francis will give you a new idea of what it is like to live in the spotlight.—Editor.

The present framework of my design for living is a square. It is bounded on one side by my career, on the other side (also of the Continent!) by my husband, on the third by my mother, and on the fourth by my music. That is not the order of their importance, of course.

In the foreground and background of the design are all of the other vital and necessary things—travel; ships and planes and trains and cars and everything that goes; books and friends; golf; clothes and good talk; religion; New York—the skyline of New York is very much in the design. And hovering over the perspective always is my hope of altering the design a trifle nearer to my heart's desire, of working in details that are now lacking.

For my design for living is not yet completed. Perhaps it never will be. One keeps adding to an original design, hoping for perfection. Part of it lies, vaguely sketched, in the future. Part of the present design is compulsory—with lines drawn in by craftsmen other than myself. That is true of all of us on the screen, I think. Other hands draw some of the lines and we are forced to abide by them.

Leads Two Separate Lives

I didn't start out to have any conscious design for living. There was nothing planned about any of it. For example: I am not happy unless I am working. I could never be happy as just a housewife and mother. And at first my husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, who is a New York dentist, couldn't bear theatrical people. He was interested in my career—proud of it, proud of me—but he wasn't happy with the people of the stage. He has his own work, his own friends, his own roots in New York. In the beginning, it simply seemed the expedient thing for me to work here and for him to work there and for us to be married people between jobs. But I feel, now, that it is a design and if I do say so, I am rather proud of the way it has worked out.

You see, I believe that no woman can have two major interests under one roof—two interests, that is, at which she must work. She can have them, but is she successful at both of them? I think the answer is pointedly "No." The reason why my design is successful is that when I am working, here in Hollywood, I am working. All of my time, thought, attention, heart, mind and soul are given to that work. When I am not working, I am in New York—a married woman—giving all of my time and thought and attention to my marriage. If there must be a division of interests—and some designs, undoubtedly, do work out that way—then it is better to have the divisions clean-cut and separate, not all tangled together and blurry.

It simply means that neither of the major interests of my life ever gets a half-portion of me. Because they do not.

(Continued on page 86)
CAROLE AND GARY ARE IN LOVE AGAIN

Of course, they're only pretending. Carole Lombard is still interested in her ex-husband, William Powell; and Gary Cooper is the contented husband of Sandra Shaw. But Carole and Gary haven't had a chance to be sweet to each other since "I Take This Woman." So I wonder they have an affectionate reunion, acting out "Now and Forever!"
Oculists aren’t the only ones who examine eyes. Lovers do it, too—as Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone illustrate in “The World Moves On.” Their love is idealistic, and lasts and lasts...
Adrienne Ames' Home
Is A Real Show-Place

By Dorothy Calhoun

The domed room directly below, believe it or not, is the master bathroom complete even to built-in dressing-table. At the bottom left is the luxurious Italian drawing-room. At the bottom right are the pool and patio, "done" entirely in red and white...
Adrienne's home is the kind that you might expect a movie star to have—spacious, luxurious, setting off her brunette beauty. But there are details that might be copied for more modest homes. Read about them!

now that she is married to young Bruce Cabot. "We have got to live on our salaries," she says seriously, "and that's impossible with a home like this. Besides, people think we are putting on swank."

There is another, sadder reason. When Adrienne first lived in the house, she often pictured a bride coming slowly down the beautiful, curving stairway, and the bride—she imagined—would be her pretty college-girl sister Linda Marsh. A year ago, Linda was killed in an automobile accident, and now Adrienne can never look at that noble, sweeping staircase without a subconscious pang.

Adrienne Knows Her Colors

THE house was already built when Adrienne first saw it, but the decorations and furnishings have all been done by herself and her elder sister, Jane Llewellyn, who is a New York decorator. "She ought to be here to tell you the names of things," Adrienne says. "She knows the language. I only know what I love. Some of my furniture came from my New York apartment, but all of the drapes and carpets and rugs were fitted in the East to my floors and windows in Beverly Hills."

When you enter Adrienne's home, what you see first is the beautiful curving stairway above, with its domed ceiling. Left, the Venetian breakfast-room, which has metal furniture. Bottom left, the stately dining-room. Below, the new playroom. The writer describes these rooms in detail.
A HOLLYWOOD CREW BOARDS THE "TREASURE ISLAND" SHIP

Twelve miles out at sea, the adventure ship, Hispaniola, fitted out for a voyage to "Treasure Island," is boarded by a camera crew, under the leadership of Director Victor Fleming, who gives strange orders to the masters of the vessel. When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote about the adventures that befell the Hispaniola, he mentioned...
a pirate crew, but said nothing of a camera crew. He never dreamed that some day such a ship would sail the Spanish Main again and all the men on board would once more live and talk; he never dreamed of the movies. At the left, Squire Trelawney (Nigel Bruce), Captain Smollett (Lewis Stone) and Dr. Livesey (Otto Kruger) are put through their paces by director Fleming. Meanwhile, a microphone stretches its long arm toward them and cameras and reflectors point at them. Below decks are Long John Silver (Wallace Beery) and Jim Hawkins (Jackie Cooper).
Bette Davis suggests an outfit like this one (left below) for those in-between days, when Summer has not quite gone and Fall is just around the corner. The sports dress is red-and-white-stripped crêpe and the red flannel coat, with kimono sleeves, is bound with the dress material.

Bette Davis, who has one of the smallest waistlines in Hollywood, says it is as important to have a trim figure as it is to have pretty clothes. So the first thing for you to do, if you want your share of party invitations, is to start doing those bending-over exercises. Miss Davis is known for her trimness of figure, so she knows whereof she speaks. The picture above shows Bette wearing a white bagheera crêpe gown, with a row of deep fringe trimming the molded skirt and suggesting a long tunic. Right, Bette has on a cute frock of brown and white waffle-checked print, with embroidered lingerie trimming the neckline and cuffs.

The spectator sports suit, which Bette is modelling (right), is of lightweight wool. It has Summer colors and the warmth of wool, making it ideal for the cool days of late Summer. Green and red plaid on a white background makes the skirt and coat lining, while the slip-on sweater and jacket are of white diagonal weave. When you are invited to watch the games, you'll be happy to own a suit like this one.
Late Summer and Early Fall
Surely Tax One’s Wardrobe

Bette Davis Suggests Styles
To Finish Up The Summer

A very chic linen ensemble is the one Bette Davis is pictured wearing at the right. The frock has a black skirt and a black-and-white-checked bodice, with a separate tailored jacket of the checked material. With the black accessories, this linen outfit may be worn in very late Summer.
Don't envy the girl who goes places and does things—learn a lesson from her! Make yourself some pretty clothes—and you'll go, too. New dresses, new beaux!

Gay Playtimes Come To The Girl Who Dresses The Hollywood Way

Hollywood 725—Just eight easy pieces make this cute dress—it buttons high or low in front and back, depending on where you want to sun tan. How about combining peach and blue in a washable silk? In 14 to 42. 18: 3½ yards of “39” and ¾ yd. contrast...15c

Hollywood 729—A “Sew Simple” dress, again using the cute square neck and shoulder cape sleeves that remind us of Bette Davis! Five pieces. 3½ (for age 18) yards of printed sheer material, a little sewing—and the dress is yours. 14 to 42...15c

Hollywood 751—Everyone in camera-land is mad over square necks! Here is one done in a devastatingly simple fashion—and do get cute buttons! Easy to make? Decidedly! Perfect for white with bright buttons. It is for sizes 14 to 20; 32-38. Yardage on envelope...15c

Printed in U.S.A.
“Acting Has Changed Me, Even In Looks” —

CAROLE LOMBARD

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

SOMETHING strange, something radical has been happening to Carole Lombard's face. It isn't the same face she started out with seven years ago, in Mack Sennett comedies. It isn't the face she had four years ago as a Paramount featured player. It's not just a matter of a different hair-dress or a new make-up. All her contour is changed. You can scarcely recognize in the lustrous, hungry-looking femme fatale of to-day that bright-faced, heedless, slightly dizzy hey-hey girl of 1927.

There's a popular belief that the change can be traced back to the automobile accident that tore her lip and left a scar across her cheek. Carole offers a much more enlightening theory.

People who "knew her when" will tell you that Carole doesn't look like the same girl to-day—her face has changed so much. She says so herself. Make-up hasn't done it. Life and movie-acting have. And Carole reveals just how!

“I have pictures taken before and after the accident," she said, "which prove that had absolutely nothing to do with it. They were almost identical. The accident happened six years ago, and it's only in the last three or four years that my face has changed. But it HAS changed completely.

'I think it changed as I changed mentally. Age changes you, and experience. It hollows your face and alters the mold. Your face can't help reflecting all that goes on in your mind. All the emotions you feel, all the troubles and heartaches and grief you experience, leave their mark if you're an actress.

"Many different things have done it to me. Marriage, struggles and disappointments in my career, heartaches, divorce. The same things happen to everybody, really. It's just a question of what you do with them, what use you make of them.

"Some people go through those experiences and never let them mark their faces. They show no change. But actresses always let these things change them. They aren't stoical by temperament. They take everything big, nourish (Continued on page 95)

Seven years ago, Carole Lombard was just another pretty girl. Today, she has one of the most dramatic faces on the screen. Being an actress has made the difference
Jean, looking across her dressing-table at you, above, tells how she cares for her famous hair. Right, she presses powder lightly around her eyes, nose and mouth—to assure a completely powdered surface.

Jean, looking across her dressing-table at you, above, tells how she cares for her famous hair. Right, she presses powder lightly around her eyes, nose and mouth—to assure a completely powdered surface.
Jean Harlow is the third star to write intimately and frankly of her own "aids to beauty" for MOTION PICTURE. And if you have read the articles previously contributed by Lilian Harvey and Ginger Rogers, you have our guarantee that Jean is every bit as revealing and confidential and helpful as they were. Next month—and each month—another star will write of her "Secrets of the Dressing-Table," exclusively for MOTION PICTURE. No feminine reader can afford to miss these articles, if she is seeking added attractiveness.—Editor.

STRICTLY speaking, some of my beauty secrets are secrets more of the refrigerator than of the dressing-table, for I am the greatest little ice-user, probably, in this part of the country. You see, I believe in good circulation as the greatest beauty help. I use ice-water on my face after cleansing, about three or four times a day; I rub ice all over my body after my morning and evening shower; and my masseuse uses it on my body, after she finishes with me at night. And there you have the routine to which I am most devoted. It may sound trivial, foolish and unimportant, but you may be certain that there is a very decided reason for it.

Beauty experts have explained to you and me that the millions of tiny pores all over our bodies, and our scalps, too, were created for the sole purpose of elimination of poisonous wastes. They do not "take in." By using cleansing cream, you help the pores to function—removing the outer grime that is apt to clog the pores and stop them up.

But a good healthy blood-stream is all-important as a skin vitalizer. When your blood moves sluggishly, when it carries little or no nourishment to the outer skin, the skin begins to look sluggish and under-nourished. But keep up a good circulation, and you really give your skin a chance at beauty. Exercise helps, and massage, and general activity—and for my type of skin, ice is one of the greatest boons.

You've heard, I suppose, that in California, where the weather is mild all the year around, our blood is apt to thin out and grow lazy. Perhaps that is why the use of ice is so much more important to us here. We really need it to bring the blood to the surface, and to give the face color and freshness.

A Tonic for Muscles, Too

THINK how much lovelier your skin looks on a brisk Autumn or Winter day, when you come in from the cold tang of the out-of-doors! Well, to get the same effect, we Californians have to manufacture our cold in the ice-box. I understand that some skins, with the veins very

(Continued on page 90)

DRESSING TABLE

"I really believe in health as the most important factor in beauty," says Jean, who believes in cat-naps as an excellent beauty treatment—particularly for the eyes. "Tired, drooping, brown-circled eyes cannot be beautiful," she writes. "And no expert make-up can overcome these things. A little care and attention can, however"—and she tells of the special care that she gives her eyes.
"Making Love to MAE WEST is Like a Football Game"

— JOHN MACK BROWN

And John ought to know. He got plenty of thrills as an All-American halfback at Alabama—and he plays opposite Mae in her new picture, "That St. Louis Woman"!

Moviegoers the world over have tried to find words to describe Mae West. John Mack Brown, once a football star at Alabama, finds a vivid way of describing her by talking football language. But don't take this story too seriously. It's all done in a spirit of good, clean fun — Editor.

TAKE it from John Mack Brown, making love to Mae West is like playing football. But the most exciting game of his college career had no thrill like receiving one pass from Mae. You can talk about the tingle of a touchdown; but he would rather be thrown for a loss by West, any day of the week. That's what it feels like to make love to the glamorous gal who made herself the most spontaneous sensation in movie history.

John ought to know what he's talking about when he compares thrills, for he's the famous All-American halfback who won the Southern Conference championship for Alabama with a play that sent fifty-thousand onlookers into tremors of excitement. Now he has just finished making love to Mae in his best tackle form in "That St. Louis Woman" (formerly "It Ain't No Sin").

"It's a tingle that goes up your spine and down again, for all the world like the moment you're crouched on the one-yard line, waiting for the ball to be snapped," Brown said, searching for a way to explain Mae's effect on the blood pressure of a healthy male specimen like himself.

John Mack Brown is glad Mae West didn't keep him warming a bench on the side-lines, as in this composite photograph.
By Jack Smalley

"And after finishing a scene with her, you feel as if you had made a touchdown against the entire field. The only difference is that you have no kick coming! After a couple of hours in a huddle before the camera with Mae West, there have been so many little shivers of excitement romping over the gridiron of your emotions that you feel positively limp!"

"You should have been penalized for holding," I told him.

Johnny Brown grinned—that white-toothed smile you used to see in newsreels when "the Alabama Flash" came like a streak across the goal line.

"And I was! You see, we had a censor on the set. John Hammill was our referee, and if our close-ups got too close for Primville, Kansas, or Priscilla, Massachusetts, he’d blow the whistle and slap on a penalty. You know they penalize you five yards for crawling."

No Football Thrill Like It

THERE’S one scene in "That St. Louis Woman" that, to Brown’s way of thinking, has more thrill than a fifty-yard field goal. It’s where he bends over her downy couch, enraptured by her beauty, to murmur in her ear how much he’d like to be her friend. Mae gives him that up-and-down look, slow-like, with tongue in cheek.

"What kind of friend?" she asks, sighing a little.

"A close friend," says Johnny—and does he mean it! And Miss West, with that effective, soft, significant drawl, scores the winning point with: "How close?"

It’s the way she signals, the sound of her voice calling your number, that reminds a football player of the old game, thinks Johnny.

"When was the first time you went into a huddle with Miss West?" I asked.

"I heard that she was looking for a man to take George Raft’s place, so I went to see her. She was in her dressing-room on the Paramount lot. I was introduced, and my knees almost knocked together as she gave me that West once-over with her big eyes. I’d rather have faced a coach for a football try-out. She smiled and nodded—and I knew she’d send me into the game."

"Then she didn’t keep you warming a bench on the side-lines?"

"Not much! Every scene I had in that picture was a love scene; four hours over one kiss! I was the object of more envy than if I had beaten one of the late Knute Rockne’s teams single-handed."

That Mae West has power to thrill exceeding a football game is proved by simple arithmetic, Brown declares. Fifty to eighty thousand people go to a grid tussle—thirty-three million went to see "I’m No Angel!" Where a few thousand dollars’ profit is made from one game that may have a dozen gridiron stars, Mae West alone can ring up a net profit of about six millions with one picture.

She Knows Her Coaching

As a matter of fact, Mae would get by fine as a football coach. She knows how to get teamwork out of the boys. She plans plays that will romp through opposition. (Continued on page 88)
TREASURE ISLAND
The Old Pirate Story With New Charm

The screen's answer to the present mor-...
Parade
Of Human Bondage

A SINCERE and noble effort to translate into screen terms the secret drama of a human soul, this is a pioneer in psychology as translated into photography. The quivering traces of emotion in Leslie Howard's sensitive face, the slight trembling of his hands, these tell us of the sick misery, the wrenching humiliation of a proud nature bound by some inexplicable fascination to a cheap and common one.

As the thwarted medical student agonizingly aware of his clubfoot, who dreams of being like other men, Howard gives a performance that makes one ache with sympathy. As Mildred, the little anemic, grasping waitress, Bette Davis is devastatingly perfect. With few comedy moments to lighten the pity and pain of Phillip's long enslavement the effect may be too depressing for the average amusement seeker, and yet any movie fan owes it to himself to see this tenderly directed, superbly photographed and faithfully performed classic. It is very touching—a picture you'll remember.

Highlights: Bette Davis' emotional outburst when she pours out the venom of a repellant mind. Reginald Owen as the earthy and cheery benefactor. The womanliness of Frances Dee and Kay Johnson. The ravaged face of Leslie Howard.

(©—RKO-Radio)

PERFORMANCES
You Should Not Miss This Month


Murder in the Private Car
Laughts Echo Steepants—Fun for All

MURDER at sixty miles an hour! Danger by the time table! A wild car, cut loose from its train, hurtling downward with a millionaire, his newly discovered daughter, her girl friend and a Crime Detective aboard! The director hasn't omitted a tried and true thrill, besides including several brand-new ones. For motives never made clear an unknown fender is interested in destroying Rubs Carlton (Mary Carlisle). When other means fail, he decoys her aboard a private car which, too late, is discovered to be an infernal machine with secret panels, hidden TNT, steel shutters at the windows and a disembodied voice which keeps things lively. Struggling with his helpers, these tell us of the sick known is Charles Ruggles at his goofiest. Laughs elbow screams. It's great fun.

Dancing in the deposed circus. Una Merkel's funny voice wiser cracking. The most hair-raising railroad sequence ever filmed, whether tricked or real. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Baby, Take a Bow
"Little Miss Marker" Makes Another Hit

The moral of this picture is that ex-con victs have a hard time steering clear of the Law. As one of the most detestable and disagreeable dicks ever to sleuth on the screen, Alan Dinehart hounds James Dunn and Ray Walker because they have once done time. A fifty-thousand dollar pearl necklace is stolen from the employer of the two ex-cons. Around this necklace the plot rages and roars with all the appurtenances of melodrama, including a thrill chase over rooftops. More important than the plot is the appearance of little five-year-old Shirley Temple as the innocent dea ex machina of the story. Thinking that the pearls are the pretty beads and that she is having a glorious game of hide and seek with the desperate characters hunting for them, Shirley romps through danger with capers that are never distressingly precarious.

Highlights: Shirley's song about the Copy Cat. The clammy suspense when the escaping thief takes the child as a shield. The father and daughter scenes. (Fox)

Kiss and Make Up
Genevieve Tobin At A Beauty Factory

In the expensive and modernistic Paris beauty factory of handsome Dr. Maurice Lumin (Cary Grant) miracles are performed. The doctor has become surfeited with beauty and has merely a scientific interest in the success of his greatest experiment (Genevieve Tobin) but looking in her mirror at her new face and figure the lady cannot believe that. An infuriated husband who liked his wife better before she was beautified, and a plain little secretary furnish the reasons for the love skirmishes of a light and silly plot. The background of beautiful girls in Grecian robes (the first appearance on the screen of the Thirteen Baby Stars) makes up for the rather spiritless dialogue. Intimate glimpses of the modern torture devices to which women gladly submit themselves cause the onlooker to shudder.

Highlights: Edward Everett Horton's protests at finding himself suddenly the husband of a Beauty. Genevieve Tobin's dilemma when she discovers that her new face will not stand tantrums. (Paramount)

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

The World Moves On
Sincere, Commandable, But Lash Bigness

This one may be a disappointment to you. It is a serious and sincere undertaking—one worthy of high praise for the effort put into it. But the plot ramifications and time lapses make it loosely joined. The result is one's attention wavers. There are suggestions of "Cavalcade"—without that picture's sweep; there are also suggestions of "Berkeley Square."

It presents a story similar to "The House of Rothschild"—and before its finish the spectator is in for war scenes, family disension, misunderstandings, etc.

It has moments of great appeal, particularly in the beauty of Madeleine Carroll and the simplicity and sincerity of her acting.

Highlights: The romantic moments of Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll. The war scenes. The moment when liner is torpedoed—done in miniature. The scenes in the home of the German heir. The wedding ceremony in Germany. The acting of Dudley Digges and Siegfried Rummann. (Fox)

(©—Pathé)

(Note! You will find more reviews on page 98!)
Who's Who in Popularity—1934

By Richard English

Did you know that no less than sixty-one picture players have recently had their expensive coiffures or manly brows adorned with new garlands, new honors and new titles? Well, neither did Motion Picture Magazine until we finished checking the results of contests in the great 1934 Popularity Poll!

Are you aware that Mae West is the favorite actress of the eighth-grade boys of California? 'S the truth! Did you know that Ginger Rogers—recently named as one of Hollywood's sixteen prettiest girls—might still blush unseen if her voluptuous charms, entered in a contest, had not brought her a chance for a picture career? Did you know that Clark Gable is the champion garland-gainer of Hollywood, with no less than four important titles conferred on him? And so it goes—with everyone from the United States Navy to the Boy Scouts of Springfield, Illinois, choosing their own film favorites.

The contest that was perhaps the Grand Prix of all contests was won by one David Horsley, who was acclaimed "The Most Desirable Man in America," after twenty-four thousand fans had written their requirements of "desirability" to Radio Pictures Studios. The RKO executives picked young Horsley out of eight hundred candidates as the likeliest lad to wear the laurel wreath.

Of major importance to players and picture-goers alike were the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best acting of the past year. The "best actor's" histrionic plums were awarded to pudgy Charles Laughton for his sterling performance in "The Private Life of Henry the VIII"—the first time that an English player, starring in a foreign picture, has usurped the crown.

To make the upset complete, Katharine Hepburn is wearing the Academy's diadem for the best performance of an actress—an honor bestowed upon her for her work in "Morning Glory." Hollywood sportingly discarded its apathy for La Hepburn and disregarded the fact that she was a newcomer with no great stage achievements and little picture background on which to stand.

But the English fans paid no attention to Hollywood's decision and selected Clive Brook as giving the best performance for the past year in "Cavalcade." A gold medal commemorates Brook's victory, so his laurels are of material, as well as artistic, value.

Navy Still Anchored to Clara

Clara Bow has retained her perennial title as the favorite of the United States Navy. While the battleships were anchored on the Pacific Coast, the gobs descended en masse on the sightseeing tours that pass Clara's home. Ever since she made "The Fleet's In" Clara has
Do you know what players are winning the popularity polls this year? What stars are the favorites at the box-office? We investigated—and here are the answers!

Gable Bowls Them Over

RETURNING to Clark Gable, his success was all the more astounding because such a complete victory by any one star was so unexpected. The exhibitors of America (theatre owners or operators), in revealing the ten greatest money-drawing stars in pictures, ranked him to one and one-half per cent, and is now ranked with Buster Crabbe and Jackie Cooper! Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery retained their laurels as the champion team of stellar names.

Richard Dix has long been a favorite of young boys and won first honors in contests sponsored by Hi-Y clubs, Red Triangle society, Chicago Boys’ Club and the Springfield, Illinois, branch of the Boy Scouts of America. And is he proud of that popularity! Spencer Tracy, however, was named by the Catholic Youths’ Organization as their favorite thespian, while the Rangers of America were equally divided between Buck Jones and Ken Maynard.

Scouts Are Faithful to Janet

JANET GAYNOR, for the second consecutive year, was elected by the Girl Scouts of America as their ideal of womanhood and, naturally, is their favorite actress. Men (Continued on page 80)
Blessed Event in Hollywood

(Continued from page 33)

there was nothing for Rex to do but send out word by telegraph.

Clara will come into Hollywood this month to oversee the re-decorating of the old manse, and we'll all troop downtown to help her pack out the Clayton. Fortunately, the former queen of Flapperdom is no reactionary, and she has obliged with the customary interviews, beginning with: "The best things in life, I realize now, are obtained around the family fireside. I've always wanted a baby...

Was Bing Crosby Surprised!

It was radio, too, that the last-mentioned of the blessed events was foretold for Bing and Dixie. Did you remember that last week, when Dixie and her friends were sitting about the radio with their close friends and relations not long ago, when the honeyed voice of the speaker pleasantly announced that the expected baby work by Stork turned to Dixie. But spoke accusingly at the same moment: "Whom did you think we were fooling?"

So it came out that Bing, in an expansive moment, had told a newspaperman. Of course, the fellow couldn't betray the nation by keeping silent, but he had been through the parade and pranks before, and was inclined to take this affair more quietly. But a few days later, when he showed up at Farburn's for his baths, he was surrounded by happy friends eager to break the news to him that it would be twins.

"Twins?" gasped Bing. "You must be stutting!"

Not at all. Hollywood, up on its toes, had just received word that Mrs. Bing Crosby had visited the X-ray specialist not more than an hour or so, and the plates contained the incontrovertible facts of the entire matter.

Presumably, of course, more time is allowed before the first portraits, but Dixie had suspected something unusual and her doctor wished to verify it. As for poor Bing, he was quite satisfied that everything around face Oakie, who was practising up on his finger exercises.

"Say, I'll bet that it's going to be twins," Bing offered.

"No, you don't," said Oakie, "a little bird just told me."

"What little bird?"

"The stork!"

Selecting harvest time as an appropriate season, Joan Blondell Barnes will blessedly sleep.

She made the happy announcement at a gathering of friends, and a week later, amid joyful festivities at the annual Wilson dinner, with a thousand celebrities cheering loudly, she was presented with a cup for the best performance of the year by a former Baby Star.

For her part, Mrs. Wilson, who was president, made a very tender speech, while Daddy-to-be Barnes smiled encouragement at her pretty blonde wife, Joan, who has taken marriage healthily in her stride. George, one of Hollywood's most popular cameramen. She declares that babies are the best marriage insurance that has ever been invented; she's going to have batches, George doesn't say much.

How the Secrets Leak Out

The well-known court jester, Jimmy Fidler, is responsible for many of the Blessed Events that keep Hollywood pot boiling. That sounds a bit ambiguous. We should say that he is one of the most efficient news channels, especially over radio, and was chosen by Jimmy to run his program. It was Jimmy who announced the latest interesting fact, adding the name of Florence Lake to those blessed ones. The new star figures in the RKO comédienne, married to Jack Good.

As a rule, Hollywood does not fully approve of the announcement coming directly from her hearers, preferring to ferret out such matters in its own way. Praying into Mr. Stork's private calling list is accompanied by a variety of tricks—bringing a servant, spying on one of the several more popular maternity doctors, and so on.

But now we'll tip off to one method of getting the inside information. Even the stars don't suspect this stunt.

Picture for yourself a sound stage, where the star and her closest friend, her leading man, are rehearsing a scene where she's among the cameras, the big lights, the microphone dangling at the end of its long boom. A tedious wait occurs. The star falls into conversation with the stage hand, a white-haired old fellow.

And hanging right over their heads, unnoticed and forgotten, is an ear that hears all—"the mike!" Being no respecter of persons, it picks up the smallest rustle of a whisper and carries it to the men "way off in the glass boxed "sound mixing" room. Of course, but now even you would tell what he hears, except maybe to his wife. And all wives belong to the Tell-It-To-Someone League.

Remember, every chatter-writer is gifted with sharp eyes and strong suspicions. Most of them have learned to count as far as nine. But just to make sure that they aren't going to be scooped on any vital statistics, some of them get into the habit of making Blessed Event predictions as soon as the heroine hatches the startled multitudes.

This isn't exactly cricket, but at least you get in on the ground floor with your news.

Karen's Embarrassing Moment

Those chatter-writers were to blame for the strange predicament in which Karen, a young star, is regarded as footloose and heart-free, was playing in a picture when some news sheet drew certain startling conclusions. Being a reporter with a Hollywood training, he wasted no time in flashing the news that Karen was expecting an interesting event!

Karen, whose secret marriage to director Charles Vidor is barely suspected, realized, of course, that with one secret out, the other had to be exposed, and Hollywood crowed triumphantly over a coup-d'état that not only revealed her marriage, but an heir apparent!

Because of the pressing requirements of the gossip writer, nobody was allowed to interfere with purely biological events, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, whose marriage broke the heart of young Barry Norton, are expected to be married within a few weeks. Frances Dee has picture contracts that required her presence, and she has gamely gone through with them.

Hedy (or rather Hedy) Haye had a dreadful time when she informed the holders of her stage contract a few years ago that she was going to marry, and, as a baby of thirty in a little argument, such paching of office floors! She couldn't tear up the contract; they couldn't tear up the Blessed Event—it was an increase. Words failed them, but words didn't fail Helen. She found in her contract that "an act of God or an act of law" would release her. Well, wasn't an act of God?

Pick a Romantic Setting

As the blessed event 10th of the month is fast becoming the thing to do. Thus the baby will arrive on American soil, yet far from Hollywood, on a maddening crowd. Mary Astor, wife of Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, started the fad.

Dorothy Jordan and Marian Cooper hied to Hawaii, where their daughter was born. Daddy Cooper found it a bit inconvenient to commute between his office and the hospital in Honolulu, but he managed it.

Sally Elters, who has announced marriage to the 29- year-old baritone, who favors far-away Hawaii, but at this writing she is inclined to return to Hollywood before the stork arrives. She is married to Harry Joe, and the director. As a showman, he works on a new contract with Universal on December 5, the studio has tentatively set September 20 as the birthday for the heir.

And in the news for the little group of refinement to select suitable birthdays for the little intruders. Upon approaching within two weeks of the expected event, any interfering date can be chosen. On the day selected a nasal injection of petrolatum is administered. Thus, if you see Friday the 13th looming up on the calendar, and happen for that lucky date, you merely trip down to the hospital for a whiff of petrolatum.

Or, perchance, you'd like the infant to observe the sabbath, on which occasion, be不多 of little planning, and you have your wish.

This will be a big improvement over the old days when the great kings and queens of Hollywood were content to follow the ordinary routine of fanfares and twenty-one gun salutes, such as the celebrations preceding and following the wedding of, for example, Lillian Gish, Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, and Charlie Chaplin.

Looking back, one must admit that they did themselves pretty proud, but modern court etiquette has a lot of little extra touches to these grand occasions.

They're Peeved at Connie

Connie BENNETT, however, has never been forgiven for stealing a march on Hollywood and avoiding all publicity about her son. She refuses, first, last and always, to talk about him. Not so with Stuart Erwin and June Collyer, whose triumphal progress toward parenthood won the active attention of a nation.

Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmar were the foci of world attention when they were expecting parenthesis, with Gloria, herself, telling how thrilled she was to be expectant again.

And, naturally, the blessed-event of November and December is hardly said to have been overlooked by the world at large. When Harold Lloyd's son was born, daily bulletins from the hospital, where the child was to see, were issued in order to keep the frenzied populace from breaking in the doors.

Occasionally, complications arise when colleagues become involved, like Connie Bennett's choice to be regarded as "a blessed event." In the case of Joan Bennett, wife of Cese Markay, she thought that it meant a divorce, and announced it as such. Joan's displeasure.
So much of their Loveliness depends on the tooth paste they use

"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks BETTY DOUGLAS. Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.

GAY HAYDEN wears this beige antelope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).

The country over, more than 2 million women have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste...it cleans so much better...gives teeth such high lustre.

Why not try a tube?

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics...for whom no beauty aid is too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.

PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe—Elizabeth with pleated ruffling of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller).

The regular size 25¢

Listerine Tooth Paste Lambert Pharmacal Company

LARGE DOUBLE SIZE 40¢
Jane dreams of romance.

BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks

Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics Hollywood's way, she'd guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

Jane dreams of romance — every girl does! But like Jane, many a girl is taking foolish chances with her beauty. She thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she is leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores to choke them day after day.

“What can be the matter with my skin!” Soon to her dismay she discovers enlarged pores — tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps. The distressing signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin, a widespread modern complexion trouble.

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. For cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care. Then you protect it—keep it beautiful.

The Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally worth millions, have used this pure, mild soap for years.
Naturally I use cosmetics, but with my regular Lux Toilet Soap care there's no danger of my getting Cosmetic Skin.
It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . . It soaks up the sun's brilliance . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade . . . works on days when ordinary films fail.

Honest With Herself--and You!

(Continued from page 39)

Doesn't Want to Wed an Actor

*I WANT to marry. This is not an omen that I am about to be trounced by love. I was in love; I haven't, at the moment, so much as a crush. But despite this unfallow condition of affairs, I'd like to marry even before the end of my seven-year contract with Warner Brothers. I'm twenty-three now. I'll be thirty then. And I want to have children. Which reminds me of what my mother told me, some years ago, after she had sent me to the family doctor for my facts-of-life instruction. She said that now I knew what it was all about and was to go ahead and live my life as I saw fit, bearing in mind only this—that it is stupid to do a thing unless it is worth-while.

"But if I do marry, it will not be in Hollywood, in this atmosphere. I'd want to be sure that it was love and companionship, not just biological attraction that was motivating us. And to choose between love and its counterfeit out here would require a diviner, at least.

"I don't want to marry an actor. I'm as human as the next one and for all my fine talk I may fall head over heels in love with an actor tomorrow. But I think not. I hope not. On the other hand, I should certainly prefer to marry someone in the theatrical profession—an art director, a producer, a playwright, a cameraman! Someone who would know the world I live in, its values, both false and true. A man of sufficient importance in his own work and his own right to consider my work on the screen as amusing—but amusingly unimportant.

So many of the movie marriages, I think, go on the rocks because the husbands do not want to be tagged as 'Mr. Ann Harding' or 'Mr. Gloria Swanson' or whoever the person may be. The kind of man I hope to marry could never be anything but amused at the various concomitants of movie fame—the fanfare of premieres, the publicity, the crowds whispering, 'There goes Clark Gable!' or '(if ever) 'There goes Jean Muir,'"

Don't Want to Look Worldly

"AND speaking of my screen work reminds me of another reason why I intend to remain 'good.' The lives that people live show in their faces. There are alwaysMOOF for me to play 'The Miracle.' Max Reinhardt may come over to direct it. I could not play that part if I had a worldly look or if my features had become hard and worn like the faces of some actresses.

Outside of which I am a normal, everyday girl, I should say. I adore buying books and phonograph records. I dote on the five-and-ten-cent stores. I haven't any 'beauty secrets' except sun and rain on the naked face. I dress in my own clothes. I don't sell much store by my looks, but do hope that I am not 'Gishy.'"

I don't go to Hollywood parties and never shall. I have never been to a night-club in my life. I like small groups of people sitting around a fire, talking. I'm mad about Leonardo da Vinci and the busts of William Shakespeare. I'm calling my mother out here to live with me because I want her and because I hate this New York. I am not in Dad's gone. I detest lima beans and cigarette ashes in used coffee cups. You can deduce that there is nothing 'odd' about me here or the facts that I tell the truth and haven't even a suppressed desire for a love-life.

others have made. I am watching one case of this sort of thing and the girl in question is taking an awful beating, the hands, or the pens, of the press because of her whimsical evasions. If I make any errors at all, they will be the honest ones of speaking my mind, if asked.

"But to get back to my virtues! I'm not going to be good because I am old-fashioned or cutesy about morals. The habits or inclinations of other people don't bother me. But I'm going to have to be in love before I unleash my emotions anywhere except on the screen. I haven't yet been in love. Not once. Not anywhere near it. I've had a number of crushes, but I've always known them for just that, even while they were very much 'on' and I was in the throes. I always thought, 'This is very pleasant—thrilling, really—and I'll get all the fun out of it I can because in a week or two it will be over.' It always was. But every attractive young girl has the same experiences.

Not Interested in "Great Lovers"

MY chief reason for being good, however, is the number of Benvenuto Cellinis who are around. If you resist their advances, as I do, they never show up again! In one or two cases, they may go platonic on you and that is about as bad. One of those two results is inevitable and usually you just never see them again. They all say the same things, make the same gestures, have the same rules. One of the most popular is to say, 'Little girl, I only want to kiss you.' Stupid things like that. Well, they don't kiss me and that's an end to 'em. And they're no great loss.

"The question of love is one of these would-be great lovers, is never involved. It is reduced to its most unromantic essence—striped bare of moonlight, lace, orchid mists and zither music. And I'm not interested. I'm probably too conceited, too absorbed with what I am trying to achieve, even to fall in love. I'm certainly too conceited to be in the market for bargain-counter purchasers.

"I've always had very definite ideas about myself and what I wanted to do with my life. As a youngster, I wanted to be a doctor. I planned to be one. The thing that prevented me was an unfortunate inability to stand the sight of blood or any sort of accident.

"I had a brief fling at acting when I was going to the Dwight School in Englewood, New Jersey. I was president of the school Dramatic Club for two years—but, somehow, it didn't take,' then. I decided to become a teacher of French. I had had ten years' study and I went to Paris with the object of taking my degree at the Conservatoire. I was called home before I had 'degree'd' by illness in the family. On board ship, coming home, I met John Drinkwater at his English Country House, 'The Hand.' They liked my accent—English—and had me read a part for them. And before we docked, it was arranged that I tour the country in a feature film with a road company. And that was that.

"I'm still wrapped up in the theatre, even though I may seem to have turned my back on it for a time. One of the chief compensations is that I know financial ease and security for about the first time in my life. I can do pleasant things for my mother and I can do some of the extra things I want to do myself. But, really, it is because the screen is allied to the theatre I love. All of the arts are—music, books, painting, languages, designing, every one of them is interlaced with the others.
The day takes on a new glow—here’s a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl... How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man’s heart tremble and pound... So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They’ve become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.
picture since his ill-fated trip to Mexico. No, my little man, he wasn't sick on the trip. He just—oh, skip it.

Our next stop is Radio. This studio de-
cided against the risk for “Man of Two Worlds” that M-G-M took to get
“Eskimo.” The “Eskimo” company spent nine months in the Arctic under the most severe hardships, suffering extremely from exposure and disasters that appalled the Eskimos, themselves, and came back with a stunning,\
Madame would you be kind enough to make your little boy stop breathing down the back of my neck? He’s kinda active, isn’t he?
Well, here ma lady. Go good Edna RKO-Radio studios on the right. And here you will see how the studios, on a huge sound stage, brought the Arctic to California; constructed its own gyspum ice-diles and igloos, its own blizzards and toppling ice-bergs, and turned out a scene so cold that the audience right under this Southern sun of ours. No, my little man, gypsy is not arithmetic. It is what they use to make snows for the picture. No, gypsy is the act of wandering musicians with a dancing beard. It’s something they use. . . And right over here, everybody, is a South Sea Island—you can tell by the girls are wearing. It’s part of the scenery in “Down to Their Last Yacht.” How’d you like it, folks? Sorta made you go hot and cold, eh? Now, how about going to ancient Egypt? On the left are the Para-
mount Studios, where Cleopatra is sailing down the Nile in her famed barque. It took Cheops twenty years to build the Py-
mids; it took DeMille just twenty-four hours to get the same effect. Cleopatra is wonderful. Walls and reclining on the couch that lured Marc Antony and Caesar into changing the his-
tory of the world.

Four Countries on One Lot

How’d you like it, folks? Are you get-
ing your quarter’s worth? I’ll say you are! You traveled through four foreign countries at Paramount—ancient Egypt; the South Sea Islands on the “We’re Not Dressing” trip; the “Times of Catherine the Great, the Scarlett Empress” set; and Mexico, where George Raft made “The Trumpet Blows,” whereLatitude Zero is being shot; a tropical moon, and where guitars twanged—twanged—twanged—well played under an old bal-
cony made and four ago in a dungeon.
It is with music, the groups room and spider webs blown with a squirt-gun better than the spider could do it. And you saw Mae West in the colorful New Orleans of the 1890’s in “It Ain’t No Sin.”

Five minutes from here you will be in Siberia on the set of “We Live Again” in the Century Studios. And there, too, you will find yourself back in medieval Italy alongside that genius-rake, Cellini, who so successfully hoodwinked the poor, bewild-
ered Duke Alessandro and who, between his sporadic fashionings of great golden vases and urns, managed his financial and varying love affairs with magnificent indifference. Madame, would you be kind enough to answer your little boy’s questions? He doesn’t belong to me. I beg your pardon, I did NOT add, “it” to them, handker-
chief, laundered. Try Kleenex— at drug, dry goods, department stores.

Tour the Studios—and See the World!

(Continued from page 35)

Transplanted China Here

MORE and more, Hollywood is building countries in its own backyard, rather than undertaking the costly, exhausting location
trips of the old days. M-G-M planned
The Goddess. The things made up the company’s mind against it—one, the cost of carrying a large number of technicians, with all the attendant mechanical paraphernalia, was prohibitive; and, second, China refused per-
mision with porcelain chill.

And how’d you like it, folks? M-G-M’s Mexico wasn’t so bad, was it? You see, the studio wasn’t satisfied with most of the Viva Villa’s film that they made in the real country, and so they proceeded to build their own Mexico on its back lot and re-shoot the entire picture. The mesquite and Joshua trees were manufactured in the prop de-
partment; only Go through the sets and look at the prop boys make pretty fair copies; the Mexican sunsets were painted on canvas, and the dust that rose in the battle scenes was the same dust that clung to the shoes of Shearer, Crawford and Garbo. No,
sonny, you can’t meet Garbo. Aw, lady, will you tell him why he can’t meet Garbo and how’d you like it, Africa right next to Norma Shearer’s Lon-
don, where he fights crocodiles in glass tanks and goes to the top of the world’s tallest church spires, and how he guided a herd of savage elephants through a papier-mâché graveyard. And his jungles are as dangerous and as greenly mysterious as any the most intrepid explorer ever cut his perilous way through.

Yes, Hollywood, a great and wonderful place. It can reconstruct the icebergs of the Arctic and the jungles of the tropics; it can build in a few days the palace at Versailles and the luxurious Fontainebleau. It can bring Nathan Rothschild and his days before your eyes; it can rebuild the New England era of Louisa M. Alcott and her “Little Women;” it can bring you the roughest and crudest of Biblical miracles on tiny strips of celluloid.

No, my little man, it isn’t Sunday, but . . .
I know they didn’t REALLY divine the picture. It just looks like they did. Did you saw the sea—I mean see the Saw? I mean . . . Say, listen, buddy, if I give you a great, big lollipop, will you promise to keep it in your month until we get back to

Hollywood?
KEEP YOUR LOVELINESS Germ·free

with Woodbury's two beauty creams

THEY STAY GERM-FREE AS LONG AS THEY LAST!

Germ-free beauty creams! The latest discovery of science. Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams have the unique power to remain pure, germ-free, throughout their use! Germs cannot live in them. They're safe as long as they last. Even if you carelessly leave the lid of the jar off—you run no risk in their lavish use.

They give your skin protection—and what is more, hasten its beauty. Skin specialists who've tested them agree that they're safe for sensitive skins. And that by raising its resistance, they cause every skin to bloom with finer texture, fresher radiance, more alluring, more youthful tone.

Woodbury's Cold Cream not only protects the skin from blemish, but overcomes dryness. It contains another unique element known as 576. This stimulates the oil glands which feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young. Woodbury's Facial Cream protects against wind, sun and dust, forms a velvety powder base—and guards from blemish, too.

Woodbury's cost no more than ordinary, unprotected creams—only 50c, 30c, 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.

PROOF OF WOODBURY'S GERM-DESTROYING POWER

Agar plates seeded with poisonous germs, shown by grey surface. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The clear, dark ring shows this has destroyed all germs in its vicinity. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cream, has no clear ring, showing this cream cannot destroy germs.

Dermatologists advise Woodbury's of them tested, approved and are recommending them to their patients. 95.5% of them report these creams to be free of the risks of spreading infection. A typical report: "They are the best creams on the market."

FREE Woodbury's new germ-proof creams! Send for a free tube of each of Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams! Also six samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six shades! John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6345 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

If the lady takes the proper care of her complexion, the game may end in a Love Set!
what it's all about," we asked excitedly. "I'm always planning to," answered Frank Morgan with an easy laugh, "but I never seem to find the time."

The story, itself, weaves a pattern like a novel, interlacing a North American family with a South American, for Trinidad is just off the Northern coastline of the lower America, and is rocky, just battered by the dark, muddy waters of South America's Orinoco River. The story properly begins, however, at Waterloo, in old Europe, during the last fighting days of France’s Napoleon. Under Field-Marshall von Blücher was an army surgeon whose name was Johann Gott- lieb Benjamin Siegert. His descendant, Al-fredo Galo Siegert of Trinidad, together with a brother and a brother-in-law, are the mystery men with the mystery herbs in the lives of Frank and Ralph Morgan, and their family. The first Siegert, emigrating to South America for good reasons, no doubt, at the close of the Wars, settled in Venecue- la, where he soon concocted a potent fluid guaranteed to restore appetites to visitors from the North who lost their food tastes in the tropics.

It soon became the favorite panacea for sea-faring folks. As a cure-all for anything from anemia to seasickness, North-bound sea captains shook their medicine chests with it. Thus it reached the United States and Europe. Soon someone put a dash in his Old-Fashioned Cocktail, another in his Brandy Champagne. The Bitters crossed the bar into the social world.

The History of the Mystery

WHETHER or not the fact that its chief liquid ingredient was rum, in which gentian root was steeped, has anything to do with it, legend doesn’t say. Maybe it was loved for itself alone. Maybe it was Dr. Siegert’s unknown herb, in addition to the gentian root, that won its consumers. Gentian and rum, plus the unknown x, brought success to Angostura Bitters. In the late 1860’s it brought the Wuppermanns into the scene.

One day after the end of the States’ Civil War, one Captain Hancox sailed into a Venezuelan harbor, dropped anchor, helped his young daughter Josephine to the wharf, and made a call on his friends, the Siegerts. Over a stiff brew, flavored with the host’s product, an employee of the exporter’s was introduced. It was George Wuppermann, young merchant.

The result of Captain Hancox’ call with Josephine in the equatorial city was that soon the captain gave his daughter in marriage to the thrifty young merchant, and, for a wedding present, the Siegerts gave the bridegroom a distributing contract for Angos- tura. He had the sales rights for the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. In 1878 the Wuppermanns sailed for New York City to establish a residence; the Siegerts packed their belongings and their precious formula, and sailed across the Gulf of Paria to make their home in Britain’s Trinidad.

Here the two families did not end. One, being the complement of the other, engaged in the mysteries of production, while the other took up the activities of selling. Eleven children were born to George and Josephine Wuppermann. Three died in childhood, another died later, the fifth during World War I, and Edward, the eldest, became general manager of his father’s concern.

The "baby" of the family, Francis Philip Wuppermann, following footsteps of his brother Ralph, who had taken the name of "Morgan" in admiration for A. E. Morgan, and was prospering on the stage. The price request of the two of the Wuppermanns, Francis Philip, had al- ways considered his family’s business pretty boring. He had tried peddling bitters for a time, then gave it up and became, successively, brush salesman, reporter, realtor, New Mexican coproducer, actor. His father thought he would come to no good end. It was bad enough having Ralph Morgan, ac- tor, in the family without having another son follow the path of performance.

Successful in Two Worlds Now

CONTRARY to Father Wuppermann’s predictions, Ralph and Frank Morgan have enjoyed at least two decades of suc- cessful stage and screen work. Ralph has been associated with Warner Brothers’ "Stronger than In- terlude," as the Czar in "Rasputin and the Empress" and as the secretary in "The Power and the Glory." Frank has done a score of excellent screen roles, particularly the husband in "Reunion in Vienna" and the Duke in "The Affairs of Cellini." His latest efforts are Universal’s "There’s Al- ways Tomorrow" and Warner Brothers’ "A Lost Lady" with Barbara Stanwyck.

It was a big laugh, then, to Frank, after his father’s idle speculations, when in March of this year he was given the chance, in real life, to play the part of a dignified, impres- sive captain of industry, successful, sleek. It was the second of four times during his twenty-year theatrical career, and a part his father never expected Frank to play in actual life. Frank Morgan was elected vice-president of the An- gostura-Wuppermann company. If this was retribution for deserting his father and the bitters business in the flower of his youth, it was sweet retribution indeed.

He’d Like to Solve the Mystery

ALTHOUGH he is constantly busy under his screen contract and hasn’t much time for dreaming, still his family secret, the mystery of the unknown herb, plagues his mind.

Every year, if he is in New York, Morgan meets Angostura’s Siegert, "a great, broad man," as he describes him, who comes up from Trinidad and three months of the year to blend the bitters in a locked warehouse in Jersey City. Although they now blend it in the temperate America, the mystery remains as bewildering in the hands of Spanish-German Senor Alfredo Galo Siegert as it did in the early nineteenth century. And every year Morgan thinks that perhaps next year he will be able to journey down to the West Indies and see what it’s all about.

He probably will never get there, unless it is by proxy. And that proxy will be young Geo- rge, his eighteen-year-old son, just graduated from the California Preparatory School, and his papa’s fond indulgence.

"He’s really the white hope of the Angos- tura company," says Morgan, with his easy, suggestive smile. "When his sons started growing up and marrying, offered five thousand dollars to his first grandson. Well, believe me, I yelled at that. The first son, only first-born of my brothers to marry had an eighteen-year edge on me. But they all had daughters, every one of them. I brought in the sweepstakes with my sons.

Besides George, Frank Morgan has two other interests, dear to his heart. The first, and deepest, is the ship that he has been married for twenty years. The second is his motor sailboat, closely moored to his life’s affection by its name, "Alma M." Bunt, energetic, successful, Frank Morgan seems to be one of the most contented men in Hollywood. Now, as vice-president of a budding corporation, he must look around him and realize that few men have had life made sweet for them by Bitters.
MADE BETTER AND BETTER
—Yet Reduced 58% in Price

When you insist upon seeing the famous monogram on every lamp you buy, you are receiving the benefits of more than 100 improvements which research and development have been constantly adding to General Electric MAZDA lamps since 1906!

The improvements made in the past ten years alone, have resulted in a truly startling increase in the amount of light given for the current consumed. In dollars, the value of this increased efficiency was more than one billion dollars.

But users of General Electric MAZDA lamps have not been compelled to pay a premium for a constantly improved product. On the contrary, General Electric MAZDA lamps of today are approximately 58 per cent lower in price than they were in 1921.

No wonder people who want the most for their money insist upon General Electric MAZDA lamps. They know that good light at low cost is no mere glib phrase. Naturally they refuse inferior substitutes. They refuse to take a chance when it is so easy to be sure. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
Favors the Return of the
Evenly Balanced Programs

I WISH to launch a complaint against the plan adopted by many of the smaller theatres, that of showing two feature-length pictures on the same bill. Under this double-feature plan, it is necessary to remain in most neighborhood houses from two and a half to three hours and sometimes longer. Many of us have neither the time nor the patience that this policy requires. Besides, it often happens that we have already seen one of the features and in order to see the new picture we are interested in, we must sit through the other one a second time. This condition, of course, lessens our enjoyment of the show. We often find that some theatres have been coupling one really good picture with one that is third-rate, which means that we must endure one to enjoy the other.

No doubt, this plan was fostered by the depression, and it was only a gesture to make customers feel they were getting a lot for their money. But now that the depression is almost over, we want this policy discontinued and the well-rounded, evenly balanced programs we once enjoyed returned to us.—Jay Crackle, Indianapolis, Ind.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
Loaning Stars to Other Studios Is Excellent Idea

I N viewing recent pictures, we find new faces, new stars, new combinations and better stories. Producers are beginning to realize that loaning stars to other studios spells box-office receipts. Thus actors are given a chance to prove their versatility and they are kept from being typed and out of the public. "Happened One Night" was a good example of this. Although he was still a great box-office draw, Clark Gable was just about ready to be typed a dressing-room ornament and a rugged, hardboiled type. Then he was loaned to play opposite Claudette Colbert as the whimsical reporter and was "rediscovered," and Gable proved his versatility and won a host of new admirers.

Everywhere one hears favorable comments on his portrayal. It’s the talk of the town. The cast was also great, the acting superb, and the photography and direction of the picture was handled with finesse. And so the theory remains a call for newer combinations and a break of the avalanche of pictures in cycles. The public is tired of seeing the same sort of gangster pictures, the backstage struggles of musical comedies. They would rather hear: "Balcony Seats Only" and see something novel and original such as "Cavalcade," "Little Women," "Lady for a Day," and "Only Yesterday."—Mary Adams, Muskegon Hts., Mich.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
Hollywood Scores Another Success with "Viva Villa"

THE smoky highbrows, who call Hollywood films "infantile" and "moronic," and tell us that only the foreign flickermakers, especially those in Soviet Russia, know how to make artistic pictures, had better look at "Viva Villa!" It is one of the best films of the year—and I mean "best" in any man’s country.

"Viva Villa" makes "Thunder Over Mexico" look sick, even though it is supposed to represent the Soviet Director, Sergei Eisenstein, at his best, which means that Hollywood scores another success on the same field where the high-brows flopped miserably.

Wally Berry, as Pancho Villa, turns in a performance that nobody is going to forget in a hurry. It’s perfect. The film has everything—a swell story, rapid-fire action, real human characterization, fine photography, sardonic humor, realism, expert montage, social depth—what more do the carpers want?

I’m glad, however, that they didn’t ring in a sappy love story to spoil "Viva Villa" and I could go on raving like this for pages, but I have overrun the word limit already.—Elizabeth Miller, West Haven, Conn.

HONORABLE MENTION
Asks Reformers Not to Be Too Hard on Movie Industry

NOW that the clergy has threatened Hollywood producers with anathema and boycott for making "salacious, lascivious, and corrupt" films, the reform element has joyously joined in the concerted attack. One would think that Hollywood was a mixture of Sodom and Gomorrah suddenly made infamous by the discovery that youth once more was on the road to ruin. Reformers forget that the Public is the deciding factor in making pictures. What patrons want, they usually get. If they scream for La Harlow’s appeal, for boudoir scenes, for off-color "cracks," they get it.

If reform is to be accomplished (and some is needed, admittedly!), it should start with a re-education of public taste. As things are, the producers—who are in business for their health—are merely keeping faith with a public which demands the type of film the gentlemen of the cloth so loudly decry.

But please do not forget to keep a tyrannical bigoted censorship.

J. Stanley, Kansas City, Mo.
Jean Harlow's Beauty
Is Always Fascinating
Would YOU Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?

In Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars, and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

Imagine color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick so wonderful as to enhance the beauty of your favorite star. Think of the beauty they will bring to you.

Imagine make-up so lasting, so perfect as to withstand every test in Hollywood's motion picture and social life. Think how your make-up will be solved.

Now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret. You will find Max Factor's face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, at all stores.

Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10c for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book "The New Art of Society Make-Up".... Free. 2-9-32

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Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... in Color Harmony
A Lesson in Comfort
How Smart Women Escape Periodic Pain

BAD LUCK! THE TIME OF MONTH WILL KEEP ME FROM ENTERING THE CONTEST

"NONSENSE RUTH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO."

Ruth takes Midol in time and avoids the expected menstrual pain entirely.

"I FEEL JUST FINE!"

Midol saves the day! Even for the girl whose menstruating periods have always meant agony. Not a narcotic.

Why Hollywood Romances Go Smash

(Continued from page 29)

Won't Try to Lead Two Lives

JEANETTE MacDONALD, whose five-year engagement to actor Herbert Ritchie, sets a record, says, "I am filled with apprehension whenever I think of marriage. I’ve seen so many friends, happy in their careers; then they married and life became a muddle. My love for Robert is as strong a love as I possess, but I don’t want any obstacles to mar my married life. That is why I’ll give up my career (opera, stage and screen) when I’ve decided to marry. Only one thing can be done successfully at a time, and that is how I’ve planned it."

(Oddly enough, the temporary state of an engagement seems to last more successfully in Hollywood than marriage itself. Look at Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell, Jeanette and Robert, and Alice White and Sidney Bartlett—who were engaged for several years before they recently married.)

“So many people are watching a Hollywood marriage, expecting it to go on the rocks, that it is handicapped from the start,” says Minna Gombell, wife of banker Joseph Selznick. “I feel that a secret marriage might solve the problem—if that’s a thing were possible. It would relieve the strain of the continual gossip and rumors, which so many screen marriages are not designed to weather. But in a town that has the spotlight turned on night and day, a secret marriage is all but impossible, as I discovered last year.”

Perhaps Minna’s solution explains the epidemic of elopements in Hollywood lately. It may be possible that some couples have actually got away with it, and are laughing at the Hollywood marriage problem behind their friends’ backs.

A secret divorce is another solution of the problem. And persistent rumor has it that there are at least five famous Hollywood couples who have managed to free themselves from their marriage bonds during the last two years without newspaper headlines.

CANTOR RECOMMENDS CHILDREN

EDDIE CANTOR believes that children solve most domestic problems, keeping the husband and wife so busy that they don’t have time to wonder whether they are incompatible or not. “It’s the fault of the woman if a marriage is unhappy these days,” cracks Eddie. For instance—it has taken Eddie and his wife twenty years to give me five daughters, and up in Canada a woman does it just like that—"

Obviously, one child doesn’t solve the problem—which may be why Jean Blondell announces that she is going to have “heaps and heaps” of babies.

“Polygamy and polyandry,” grins Jack Oakie, the wisecracker who must have his little joke. "Why, we Hollywooders have problems—a husband for every mood, a wife for every occasion. If I were king, I’d have a thousand of each as slaves."

The trail of broken homes, tears, lawsuits, and alimony that seem the inevitable aftermath to love in Hollywood has discouraged Youth. Evelyn Venable still believes that a happy marriage is possible even in the Capital of Incompatibility. “The first thing I would do would be to make sure that I’d do whatever was good for my business,” says Evelyn. “I would make certain that he had a complete knowledge of what an actress may do and may not do while working. Once married, I think one of the most important things is not to..."
Pert new Hair Styles from Hollywood Hits

Easy to copy if your hair is not TOO DRY or TOO Oily

To correct OILY hair:
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands. It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help for DRY hair:
Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.
Would Valentino Be a Star Today?
(Continued from page 41)

made in cowboy costume—after all, there are Latin cowboys in the Argentine! I want to do an outdoor picture—"

Perhaps, if he were still with us, he would be Hollywood's greatest cowboy star to-day! Or would he find his Big Chance in the presence of the heart-strings? High up among the Beverly hills, I recently talked with Rudy's brother, Alberto, in the garden of Falcon Lair, the sky-line house that Rudolph Valentino built for his love, Natacha Rambova—and lived in alone. Above us were only the clouds; far below a golden pomegranate sun shone; behind us a fountain dripped into a dark pool where goldfish flashed; and giant cacti served as silent sentinels to Rudy's famous hideaway.

"I wonder why some of Valentino's great pictures have not been remade?" I said.

"Perhaps," Rudy's brother answered after a pause, "because they cannot find anyone to duplicate his personality. In my opinion, Rudolph would be a far superior actor than he was eight years ago—for two reasons. First, my brother was not merely a romantic personality, like so many movie idols who had their day and disappeared; he was a sincere artist—a great actor. Second, Rudolph had a born gift for learning languages.

"Without visioning that he might ever need to speak on the screen, he toiled endlessly to perfect his enunciation and to lose any trace of foreign accent. He had practically accomplished this when he died. He could imitate any speech. When we were in Paris, he passed as a Frenchman. In London, he sounded like a native Briton. He had a thrilling, deep voice, which would have recorded splendidly to-day. Indeed, only the talkies could have given his great dramatic ability its full expression."

A young boy, he was Jean Valentino, Alberto's son. The resemblance to his famous uncle was startling. I wondered why, at a time when every studio seems to be looking for a second Valentino, no one had seen fit to give the boy a test.

The Plans He Had

RUDOLFO had many plans for the future, Alberto went on. "He had just signed a new contract, which never had a chance to go into effect. Under its terms, his pictures were to be made for United Artists; Rudy was to have been a full partner with Joseph Schenck, entitled to fifty per cent of the profits. This in itself would have assured me a long screen life. Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and others who produce for themselves are still popular favorites after twenty years."

"A picture based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini was bought for my brother. Recently, Fredric March has played this same historical character in The Affairs of Cellini. Natacha Ramboulov was written The Hooded Falcon for him. Rudy gave the story to Rafael Sabatini for revision, meanwhile taking tests for which I believe have never been shown until now. His office shelves were filled with scripts bought for future use. Never had he greater plans for the future. You know what interrupted him—that sudden, strange illness and, then, the grave."

"I had left him in perfect health. At the first word of his illness I hurried to him, but he died at the moment I was crossing the border between Italy and France. He was even hurried by the time I reached America." He sighed heavily.

"They have never found a successor for my brother; they will never find one. The studios have searched for eight years for someone with a physical appearance like Rudolph's. They are on the wrong track. His face was handsome, his body splendidly could be copied, but as he used to say himself, there are many of our race who look like him. It was not with his appearance that my brother swayed his audiences. To discover a successor, the studios must find a soul like his, not a body."

Immediately after the death of Rudolph Valentino every studio made a frantic search for someone to step into his shoes. Several Latinos—one or two having an uncanny resemblance to the dead star—came to Hollywood, and one remained to struggle along in pictures for several years. But the public was in mourning for its lost idol. It indicated unmistakably that it would not brook a substitute.

Actors Afraid to Play His Roles

FROM these early reverses of pseudo-Valentinos probably came the legend that has haunted Valentino's pictures ever since. Whenever there has been a suggestion of reviving "Blood and Sand," "The Four Horsemen," "The Sheik," "Monsieur Beaucarie" or any of the rest of the romantic and dashing array, not an actor could be found of the pulchritude of the hero, not a director who would make the picture.

"They are haunted!" one stalwart star said. "The ghost of Valentino would walk at the side of any man who would dare to enact one of his roles. It would be the ruin of a star's career. No man can hope to compete with a memory."

"Blood and Sand" has been the most-discussed picture for revival, and George Raft, Cary Grant and Jack LaRue have all been mentioned to play Valentino's favorite role.

"I hope they don't insist," Cary has told a writer-friend. "It would be my finish. I know very well I couldn't stand the inevitable comparison, even if I could play the role satisfactorily."

Jack LaRue, who at first begged for the chance to do "Blood and Sand," which he had played on the New York stage for several years, suddenly changed his mind when a test was to be made. George Raft and Clark Gable both steadfastly refused to have tests taken of them in "Sheik" costumes, when they were first beginning to be referred to as "second Valentinos."

But without challenging Valentino worshipers, the studios are indirectly making a bid for the applause of his admirers to-day.
Paramount cast George Raft in "Bolero," in which he danced in a costume suggestive of Rudy in the tango scene in "The Four Horsemen," and then in "The Trumpet Blows" in which, like Rudy in "Blood and Sand," he played a bull-fighter. The costumes of the two were similar, and at moments in the picture the slim, tigerish, dark grace of Raft brought back the memory of Valentino poignantly. In "Wonder Bar," Warner Brothers put Ricardo Cortez, definitely developed in his early days to be a rival of Valentino, into a Gaucho costume exactly like that which Rudy wore in one of his best-known parts.

Could He Stand the Competition?

If Rudolph Valentino were living to-day, he would be overshadowed by newer idols such as Clark Gable, with his greater inches and his more American appeal; George Raft, who once knew Rudy when the two of them were tap dancers in New York; Russ Columbo, who adds to a dark handsomeness a vibrant singing voice? Would he be able to hold his own in his fiery, temperamentally Latin love-making against the idealistic Leslie Howard, the cryptic Herbert Marshall, the devastatingly charming Otto Kruger, as Ramon Novarro has managed to do?

How much the hero of "Berkeley Square" reminded us of Valentino's Monstre Beauteur of the satin and lace ruffles and periwigs! How glamorous Rudy would have been in the doublet and hose and beard of Celini! Without being tall, Valentino had such a splendid physique that he could have played undressed heroes like Tarzan. His sense of humor was so sly that he would have shone in one of Montgometry's devil-may-care roles.

What could have kept Rudolph Valentino from remaining the most idolized of all stars? Age? Valentino would have been forty years old. Leslie Howard is forty-one; George Raft is said to be nearing forty; Clark Gable is thirty-six; John Barrymore over fifty; Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper—none of these stars is any longer in his twenties. Rudolph's hair was already getting thin when he was a boy. But several stars to-day are losing toupees. His love tragedy might have made the naturally melancholy Italian a recluse in Hollywood Heights. Falcon Lair, but Ronald Colman's popularity does not suffer from his being a recluse.

The fate that has almost driven John Gilbert from the screen—that of having a voice that has not matched his personality—could not have touched Rudolph Valentino. No one who ever talked to him will forget his low, deep, musical tones of voice. The money success which they say, took Rod Lan Rocque away from Hollywood would not have lost us Rudy. With all his tremendous salary, he was incurably spendthrift, loving to buy beautiful and useless things, so that at his death his estate was reported to be in debt. The strong foreign accent, which has held back a few Continental stars from great success in the talkies would not have stood in Valentino's way. For he had already lost almost all trace of accent by the time he died.

Why ask what would happen "if Rudolph Valentino were alive to-day?" The very fact that this August 2nd, millions of people will be attending memorial services for him, proves that Valentino is alive to-day! The fact that Motion Picture, each year since his death, has published a memorial story about Valentino proves that Valentino is still a great star. The fans who loved him, love his memory. They have not let Valentino die. That vitality of adoration, which has kept at fever heat for a man who left us eight years ago, would certainly have been strong enough to keep him a popular favorite if he were still making romance live for us on the screen.

7 Stains Dim Many a Gorgeous Smile

...Are They Spoiling Yours?

DID you ever notice this about the girls that men admire? They aren't always beautiful. Their features may be plain. But the minute they turn on a glorious smile—they're simply fascinating!

The secret of those million-dollar smiles? This one is very important—sparkling, white teeth! This is the secret that counts most.

Remember this—ill-lit, discolored teeth are only stained teeth...

That's why it's so important to remove, completely, all the seven kinds of stains that everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves on our teeth.

These stains which dull and discolor teeth require two cleansing actions to remove them completely. Most toothpastes have only one.

Colgate's Dental Cream completely removes all stains—makes teeth whiter and smiles brighter—because it has two cleansing actions.

First, Colgate's penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate's gentle polishing action removes all the more stubborn stains, and in addition, polishes your teeth to a brilliant lustre.

So all you have to do to have whiter teeth and enjoy a brighter smile, is to get a tube of Colgate's today—use it regularly.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results...sells at the same low prices.

Double Your Money Back

If one tube of Colgate's doesn't make your teeth whiter...

Send empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N.J., and twice what you spent for Colgate's has made your teeth whiter. Plus postage, will be returned to you.

Science classifies the hundreds of food stains into these 7 major groups—1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke.
bishops of Cincinnati) have mapped out a national campaign, some of the smaller dioceses have already taken action. . . . A permanent organization, coming together, will require constant vigilance and systematic, persistent and concerted action on our part which will demonstrate its effectiveness in refusal to patronize theatres which continue to exhibit indecent and deflating pictures."

**Enemies of the Movies**

**THERE is no denying the sincerity behind Cardinal Spellman's statement. But there is likewise no denying the glee with which professional reformers seized upon his words, elaborating them to suit their own reform manias. And therein lies the danger of this current drive against the movies. It is not the honest Churchmen whom Hollywood fears. It is the fanatical reformers, the blue-noses who are "again" everything—just on general principles. Look at the harm their activities have so far wrought. One can count the days by the hour. In Boston, in Philadelphia and in other large cities, they have fostered boycotts of all pictures—not just those considered indecent, but every single picture, good or bad. "We will stay away from the theatres," they say, "until Hollywood turns out a uniformly satisfactory product." And don't think the effect of this rapidly mounting sentiment is not playing havoc with the box-office. Everywhere theatres report decreasing grosses, regardless of the attraction. The editor and publisher of The Hollywood Reporter, a highly regarded movie trade paper, reports, after talking with dignitaries of Catholic Church from Coast to Coast, that the Church is surprised at the lengths to which some of the movies' moral critics have gone. The Church is so concerned about the elimination of dirt in pictures. It does not subscribe to a destruction of Hollywood. It demands merely a clean-up.

The destructive element is made up of the professional reformers who have hitched their wagons to a righteous movement. Minor reform bodies and bus bodies have been active for some time. But the reformers have been allied with such honest support.

**THinks There Ought to Be a Law**

F.N Congress, Representative Cannon of Wisconsin, recently introduced a bill to legislate morals of the film industry, to make a misdemeanor not only the exhibition of pictures judged immoral, but movies in which appear players who have been involved in scandals. In Mr. Cannon's opinion, "The whole attitude of Hollywood is reeking with immorality. Actors and actresses consider their suggestive and immoral actions on the screen a matter of course, in perfect harmony with their off-screen lives."

Other equally absurd charges have been hurled—charges such as "The movies are written by degenerate people. Hollywood writer is known to lead a life of sin" and "Dillinger, the terror of the United States, was probably a product of the movies." These are only a few of the all-embracing diatribes with which reformers are bombarding Hollywood.

And what is Hollywood doing to combat this growing evil of public condemnation? Unfortunately, Hollywood has chosen to adopt the attitude of the ostrich. It buries its head in the sand and says nothing.

During the last talkies the talkies of the industry leaders. I found them unanimous in their decision henceforth to ban all material that might offend the churches. I found the majority unwilling to be quoted in rebuttal of the indictment of Hollywood. Then I called upon Cecil B. DeMille. He was willing to talk.

And who in the entire industry is better qualified to answer the critics of Hollywood? DeMille has produced the religious epics of the age with his pictures, such as "The King of Kings" and "Ben-Hur," and has graphically presented Biblical pageantry and Biblical teachings to the universal audience. Yet this is the same DeMille who has long been identified with the finer things for which the movies have stood and now steps forward to defend it.

**Condemns the Condemners**

I HOLD no brief for the sins of Hollywood. If I could read a book of it I would have found it terrible indeed. Hollywood, purely to gratify a desire for destruction. Do you chop down a tree because one of its branches is decayed?" I go on the screen, in books or in your morning newspaper, is absolutely unnecessary, utterly inexplicable. Vulgarity is the product of lazy minds incapable of creating anything but vulgarity, or arrest the attention of the public. I have encountered vulgarity in the theatre, in books. Each morning I am certain that my newspaper will provide me with a few horror stories. Yet I cannot hold myself a sensible person if I say I will never again attend a play, and I am being challenged. I have found vulgarity in some of them."

"I have said that I hold no brief for the sins of Hollywood. Yet I ask you to remember that Hollywood, or the motion picture industry, is not a single unit, but the combination of many units operated under different heads. All of Hollywood is under indictment for the sins of a few. How can this be fair?"

"It is inevitable that Hollywood will be constantly attacked by one force or another. Not one person is in favour of vulgarity in literature, and a large portion of humanity's thoughts and attention. Six hundred millions is a conservative estimate of Hollywood's world audience. Because Hollywood sways the thoughts of so many, it has power. Because it has power, it is constantly attacked."

"Let it be recognized that any power is great enough to put ideas into the minds of six hundred million people will find some conservative objectors."

As the movies are the ideals advanced by Hollywood brings rise to one of the reformers' most violent indictments against pictures. To hear them talk, Hollywood is entirely responsible for America's crime wave. England plays exactly the same movies as does America. Has England a crime wave?"

"I should think not. They would hesitate to mention crime. If they want the answer to the wave of lawlessness, they should look to their own account. It was the reformers who engineered Prohibition, and it is Prohibition that is responsible for the terrific growth of criminal activity. Virtue financed vice and it will be a generation before America can dig out the horrible effects of a 'noble experiment.'"

**It Didn't Invent Human Nature**

REFORMERS in the past have had other strange notions. The automobile was once attacked as a sin against human nature. To walk anywhere but to church on Sunday was once a vicious sin, I
cannot believe that the motion picture is guilty of promulgating half of the sins with which it is charged. I cannot believe that young minds are made wayward or criminal because of what they see on the screen. Hollywood did not invent human nature.

"No one is a more ardent advocate against smut and obscenity than I. Yet legislation, as proposed by reform bodies, is not the answer. Nor is censorship. We have had censorship and have discovered that it fails to agree. What is judged immoral in Ohio is passed in Pennsylvania and the reverse. Why should morals be sectional?" If the reformers need a movement to keep them employed, let them move against murder, kidnapping, robbery and other crimes. This is a more important civic duty than activity against the motion picture.

"To a certain extent, Hollywood is to blame for inviting the meddling of reformers. A few insurgents within its ranks have invited trouble by dealing in unnecessary obscenity. This unfortunate condition is rapidly being righted—by Hollywood itself."

That elusive quality called glamour is a tremendous factor in the supremacy of the motion picture as entertainment. The better minds in the business are long known that there is no glamour in filth. They are teaching the handful of insurgents that you can't sit on a manure pile and be glamorous. All motion pictures can't be wrong. The largest audience in the world is commanded by religious pictures. It is a matter of record that dirty pictures seldom pay.

A Check-Up Proves He Is Right

We took occasion to check the box-office returns of last year and found definite confirmation of De Mille's statement. Among the real financial successes of 1933, only two dealt with unabashed sex. They were Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong" and "Hold Your Man," co-starring Jean Harlow and Clark Gable.

Listed as only "fair" at the box-office were such sex-conscious pictures as "Baby Face" (Barbara Stanwyck), "The Story of Temple Drake" (Miriam Hopkins), "Lilly Turner" (Ruth Chatterton), "Blonde Venus" (Marlene Dietrich), "A Bed of Roses" (Constance Bennett), "Skyscraper Souls" (all-star), "Christopher Strong" (Katharine Hepburn), "Hot Pepper" (Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen). Certainly, no lack of star box-office names is responsible for the merely "fair" showing of these pictures. The films listed as "poor" are too numerous to mention.

On the other hand, the outstanding hits of 1933 were such pictures as "Little Women," "Cavalcade," and "Lady for a Day." The returns for the first half of 1934 have not yet been tabulated upon a competitive basis.

It is our opinion that you have seen the end of screen obscenities. The movies had instituted a form of self-censorship long before the reformers brought such a tremendous force to bear against Hollywood. Most of the pictures now listed for production were listed before the agitation ever began. Such pictures as: "The Count of Monte Cristo," "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Great Expectations," "Anne of Green Gables," "The Wizard of Oz," "Girl of the Limberlost," "The Little Minister," "Keeper of the Bees," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Joan of Arc," "Green Mansions," "Anthony Adverse"—all stories known and loved by millions.

The only danger is that the reform elements will claim as a personal victory the cleaning up of films and, flushed with what they believe their triumph, will institute still more drastic demands. You know that old axiom about giving people an inch and having them take a mile. And this, as De Mille points out, would stifle both art and honesty on the screen, and might even destroy movies. Think this over.
Old as ANCIENT EGYPT
New as MODERN PARIS

Alluring Eye Make-up

History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes...eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials...how she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline...the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case...in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75 at all leading toilet goods dealers.

My Design for Living

(Continued from page 39)

One at a time I give my energies wholly to each one of them. I don't say that this is the perfect design or even the one I have in mind to perfect. But I do say that if we happen to be born the kind of person who must have two lives, then the thing to do is to have two lives and not try to snarl them.

Her Great Determination

A GREAT part of my fundamental design for living is my determination not to be bored. I am bored only when I am ill. If I tried to be a housekeeping wife and a screen player at one and the same time, I would certainly be tired and I would as certainly be bored—and boring. I would be giving nothing of any value to anything or to anyone. The instant a thing or an individual ceases to interest me, I am through. And when the day comes—and it will—when I can say "I am tired of pictures," I shall be finished. I shall then go back to New York and make my home there, with my husband and—my music.

I study music all of the time. I practise daily. I know that here is the one interest I shall never lose, never weary of, never tiresome to think and pleasure in. I could live without a good many things that other women find necessary, but never, never without music.

Home is only incidentally a part of my design. I am a restless person, though I may not look restless. I have been told many times that I should never admit to this because the self-characterization doesn't fit me. I'm told that I am not the "gypsy type" either in appearance or in personality. Nevertheless, and at risk of censure, I have a gypsy heart. It beats tumultuously and erratically. It will not let me be. It will not let me take root in one place.

I want to keep moving, to keep going on, to keep traveling. I want to be up and off, by 'plane, by ship, by train, by car, by any and every means of locomotion. I can never bear friends say, "You're going to 'Biarritz This Summer," without feeling an aching longing to go too. I am the type of person who can toss a toothbrush and an extra sweater into a knapsack and be off. I would prefer taking several stepper trunks, but rather than not go at all, I would fly.

A Home For Her Mother

WHAT I should really like to include in my design for living—and doubtless shall—is the buying or building of a home for my mother. Which draws in the fourth vital line of my design—my mother. She is with me here. She is necessary to me. If she had her own home, then I'd know that if I wanted to go to Rome, to Constantinople, I could go, with none of the homesteader's responsibilities to keep me back. For responsibility is not an integral part of my design for living. I don't like responsibility. I don't want it. I wouldn't want to know what to do with it if I had it. But I should like my mother to have a home so that if I should ever have the flu or want to go into retreat, I'd know that I would have a safe refuge—a place that would be home, not just a house. And she would like nothing better.

Golf is a very vital part of my design for living—golf as exercise. Because, without exercise, I am only half a person. I need its stimulus. I do not like golf. I believe that there would be no design. Exercise does something to my brain, to my emotions, to my very abilities.

Clothes are, of course, a part of my design. They have to be. But I would not like to be known as "The Best-Dressed Woman in Hollywood" or the Best-Dressed Woman anywhere. There, again, would be a heavy responsibility. I would never dare to appear unless I were ultra-modish from tip to toe.

Finances are a part of my design—a part that has been forced on me. When I was last in New York, I spent far more time than I wanted to in talking to bankers and brokers and studying trust funds and stocks and bonds and investments of all kinds. My husband insisted that I ought to know what I am doing. He takes care of the great bulk of my business and financial affairs for me, but he wants me to know and to understand what is being done, and why.

Not Keeping Up with Joneses

MONEY, as money, is not a part of my design. I am not extravagant. Mostly, I suppose, because I do not care for things. I believe that we can sleep in only one bed at a time, wear one gown, eat one dinner, live in one house; and if the bed, the gown, the dinner and the house are adequate—that's enough for me.

On the other hand, I do like the feeling that I am doing something that will matter to others; that I am creating something substantial for the eventual benefit of others.

And I think that to work as hard as we in pictures have to work and then have nothing to show for it is worse than church. And so, I do a good deal of my own banking, checking, income tax details and that sort of thing.

Fame is part of my design for living, in so far as I believe I owe something to those who have helped me to "fame," if that is the name you choose to apply to it. My fan letters have decidedly a part of my design for living. They matter enormously to me. I get the most amazing and, above all, the most amazingly sincere and worth-while letters imaginable. They are my friends, these many people who write to me. We do owe our friends a part of ourselves, certainly. But certainly, that is not the part of our design for living, if living is to be good.

When I was in San Francisco recently on a personal appearance trip, I was preparing to say that when the theater and solicitous publicity man warned me that there were several hundred people milling about in front of the theatre and suggested that I escape by a window, I would do that; I wouldn't do that. I felt that those people out there had made me, were directly responsible for my being there, in that theatre, with my name in electric lights over the marquee. Their hands had lighted those lights. And their hands wanted to shake mine; that was why they were out there. They had bought their share in me, first with their interest and then with their money. I owed myself to them. I went out the front door.

What Religion Means to Her

RELIGION is an integral part of my design for living. I am not given to flights of fantasy or to introspection. But I do know that if I did not feel that there is something beyond—a sphere inside of all of this, I would not have the stimulus to go on. There would be no reason for going on. I go to church regularly. I should say that this strong and binding faith is what holds my design for living together.

Fear has no part in my design for living, because faith is the reverse side of fear—and I have faith. I have no fear of age, no fear of death. I think a woman fears age
only when she is married to a man who might cease to be kind to her when age begins to mark her. I am not married to such a man. I think we fear death only when our faith is insufficient. I cannot exalt my own faith—for all of us are weak—but it is profound enough to rule out fear. It is a constant support in my daily life.

Books are a part of my design for living. They take me into other lives. They are mental travel. I have just finished reading "Anthony Adverse." I read every night; I read when I am on the set and not working, at every free and available moment—when I am not near a piano.

Bridge is not a part of my design for living. I can't play, I don't want to play. I am too restless to play well. Parties are not a part of my design, either. I like to have a few friends in for dinner and for the evening—people I know well, can talk freely with, am interested in. Social contacts for the sake of being social bore me.

I like actors, my own kind. My husband has learned to like them, too, because he has learned to know them. Now, whenever he is in Hollywood and is playing golf and meets some of the men of the stage or screen, he comes home simply alive with enthusiasm over this "splendid chap" or the other. He is always suggesting that I have this one or that in my next picture. He is tremendously interested in my work.

Her Plans for the Future

THE design I hope to work out, to perfect, and am working on now is one in which, first of all, I shall do fewer pictures. I have been making too many. I should like to make my home in New York, to do only two or three pictures a year and to come to Hollywood only when I am in production. For New York, as I said before, is very much a part of my design for living.

The essential background of my design is the skyline of New York. We love Hollywood, both my husband and I, but our home is, always has been and always will be in New York.

Nor is the stage a part of my design—not the Broadway stage, at any rate. I have a theory that for an actor or actress in pictures to go to the stage is bad, whether the venture is a success or a failure. If a screen player does a New York play and it flops—well, that speaks for itself. It is definitely and absolutely bad for the other hand, the play and the player are successful, it means a long New York run, it should mean staying with the play while it is on tour, and his result is some two years away from pictures and—a forgotten star! It means practically a new start all over again in pictures, for they change so rapidly.

I do believe in getting away from the screen, brushing up, getting a new perspective. But I should like to do so by getting into some good stock company, never reaching New York, or Broadway, at all. This, too, is part of my design.

I want a child of my own—when and if I work out this design I hope to do. I would not, I think, adopt a child, much as I admire those who do. A child of one's own is a biological and natural heritage belonging to every woman. It is an experience and an inspiration that every woman should have, especially an actress who must run the gamut of every emotion. To adopt a child is to reach out for responsibility, to ask for it.

The pattern shifts from day to day, of course. Time makes changes in the threads we are to use. But the outline of mine to-day is as I've told you: my husband, my mother, my work, my music—golf and travel and friends and books and the people who have helped me to such success as I have had—clothes and finance and a home where my mother lives to make it home—and faith in that something we cannot see with our eyes or touch with our hands.

HIDDEN DIRT
CAUSES "PARALYZED PORES"

"I Challenge the Most Fastidious Woman in America to Make This 'Hidden Dirt' Test"

• Lady Esther

Shocking, but Enlightening
If you think your skin is really clean; if you think that your present cleansing methods, whatever they are, are getting all the dirt out of your skin, just make this experiment.

It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleansing it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

Now Look at the Cloth!
Now that you think your skin is as clean as can be, take some Lady Esther Face Cream. Smooth or pat it lightly on the skin. Never mind rubbing—it isn't necessary. Leave the cream on a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth. That skin you thought perfectly clean has blackened the cloth.

This shows how Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses as compared to old-fashioned methods. It brings out unsuspected dirt and grime because it reaches that "second layer" of dirt that defies ordinary cleansing methods. It's the pore-deep dirt that causes most skin troubles. It continues filling the pores with wax-like grime until they become actually paralyzed, which brings on enlarged pores, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin, Mudliness and Sallowness.

At My Expense
So far as the Lady Esther Face Cream is concerned, you can make the "hidden dirt" test at my expense. I will send you more than enough cream to make the test. Just your name and address will bring a 7-day tube free and without obligation.

Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

You can paste this on a penny postcard
FREE

LADY ESTHER
204 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois
Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name
Address
City
State
This offer is not good in Canada
“Making Love to Mae West Is Like a Football Game”

—John Mack Brown

Brown fumbles, and there’s a mad mix-up. Referee Hammill blows his whistle. Yeh, West made her gain! She’s got the ball and plenty on the ball. Let’s see if the field mike can pick her up this time. Brown: “West: Keep your eye on the ball, big boy, not on the sidelines.” Brown: “Oh, do I bother you?” West: “Do I bother you?” Referee: “Time out!”

Referee Takes Time Out

ZOOKIE! Whadda tackle! That Brown boy is good. It’s a wild mix-up. Referee Hammill bounds into the fray, signaling for the linemen to bring up the chain. They’re measuring the distance now. The referee shakes his head. Too close—this will never get by in Philadelphia. Let’s listen: Referee: “Gotta penalize you both for holding. Brown, take that lipstick off your neck.” Brown: “She bit me.” West: “Well, he was out of bounds.” Referee: “We gotta draw the line somewhere. Take your places!”

There’s the whistle again. Now the play is resumed. Brown makes a grab for the gain. West springs a trick play. They clinch. The referee has his watch out. One minute, two minutes—that’s the limit for a clinch in Wapple Falls, New York. Brown blows the whistle. He shoves them apart. Score: Nothing against nothing. Whatta game! Now West has the ball. It looks like a fake pass! Wow, she fooled him—didn’t throw the ball at all. She has it tucked in her blouse! She’s heading for the goal poste... Brown puts the pressure on. The crowd is going crazy. It’s a touchdown! West is going to try for that extra point now. Brown is determined to hold her at all costs. West: “Well, big boy, ain’t you gonna come up ‘n’ see me?” Brown: “Sorry, I gotta go home.” West: “Well, she failed to make her point. Now it’s Brown’s turn to kick.” Brown: “That was a mean trick, hiding the football in your blouse!” West: “Say, didn’t you ever hear of a fake end play, big boy?”

There’s the whistle again, folks. Coach McCarey is yelling for action. It looks like it’s going to be a close-up! West makes a pass at Brown; but it’s incomplete. There’s the referee; maybe he’s going to penalize West five yards for being in the white! The referee is calling the penalty. West: “Cut it out, big boy, cut it out.” Brown: “What did you do with that football this time?” West: “Wouldn’t you like to know?” It’s almost time for the referee to end the game. Now we’ll listen to the Ben Bernie Band as it parades down the field. Hey, Ber- nie—say a few words, will you? Bernie: “Is this a game? Yowzah, yowzah. If it’s the Winchell’s bad boy Walter, we here, I’d send him in to sub for Brown. How that Walter can block and tackle! Yowzah, one snort and he’ll go around the block to be a fine form!”

Well, they’re taking time out down there. The referee has his gun ready. Only one minute more to play, but West is going to make one final effort. The referee is waving. He waves his gun. Bang! Bang! West and Brown stagger off the field, and the game’s over! This broadcast came to you through the courtesy of Motion Picture Magazine. Your announcer, Jack Smalley. We will now return you to the studio, where Bing Crosby is saying: “What Is This Thing Called Love?”
at Idaho University and at Oregon State College, Iredell named Janet as one of the ten best smiles in captivity! Joan Blondell won the vote of the largest fraternal order, B.P.O.E. (Elks to you). Joan had hardly recovered from her elation when she visited Fresno, California, where, as an anti-climax, she became an honorary captain of the Fresno Police Department! So if you hear a strident siren on Hollywood Boulevard, it may only be Joan, revealing in her new official status. Jack Oakie is smirking at Hollywood High School when he drives past it these days. After serious deliberation over all the actors in the city, Hollywood High named him as its favorite!

Gloria Shea, new contract player at RKO, and a very orchidaceous young lady, is apparently following in the contest-to-cinema-contrast footsteps of Ginger Rogers. At the Radio ball given at the Hotel Astor, New York, she was voted the most beautiful non-professional present and an alert studio scout signed her, then and there, for delivery in Hollywood. Ginger Rogers might still reside in Corsicana, Texas, the home of one Jack Pepper, if there hadn’t been that Charleston craze. Ginger tossed her torrid locks, outstamped all her competitors, and emerged as the Charleston queen of all Texas. That led to a vaudeville contract, a divorce, and ultimately, to Hollywood.

A “charm expert,” naming the five most charming women and the five most charming men in America, named only two movie stars—Mary Pickford and Will Rogers, respectively. Shirley Temple, four years old, has won the titles of “Wonder Child” and “Baby Bertha.” And “Little Miss Winner”—and, from appearances, has won everyone’s heart, as well.

Mary, Voted Queen of Hearts

HOLLYWOOD has sadly neglected Mary Brian, but the students at the University of Texas haven’t! She was elected the O.F.R. brief with before the junior, polling such a staggering majority that it exceeded the combined vote of others vying for that honor. Ann Harding was recently chosen by the stars, then she and she reigned over the Film Stars’ Frolic, a charity festa. To add to unusual honors, gravel-throated Andy Devine was recently chosen “King Cotton” at the Cotton Festival in Little Rock, Arkansas. Apprised of his honor, Andy flew to Little Rock, where army planes escorted him to a triumphal landing!

The League Against War, largest pacifistic organization in the country, duly registered Eudora Ledder as its favorite film star. Ledder is the screen’s most articulate war-hater and so merited the victory. Kay Francis, along with her clothes-horse crown, was accorded by Willy Pogany, the artist who holds the title for possessing the “most beautiful back on the screen.”

Madge Evans, who has made such amazing strides in popularity the last year, won two coveted crowns. Twenty-seven schools and colleges chose her as their ideal girl. This was a brief month before the judging of the Atlantic City Beauty Contest named her as being the screen’s best representative of the average American girl.

Of great importance to young girls seeking a career screen are the annual Wampas

(Continued on page 93)

The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart... but in your head!

Dr. Helene Stouzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

“Doctor... it’s heart trouble... these were her first grim words as she walked in.

“And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I’ve ever heard. It was all imagined; a neurosis brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!”

“The trouble, madame,” I said, “is not with your heart but in your head.”

“Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

“The best and simplest technique of marriage hygiene is the “Lysol” method.”

“Lysol” is indeed the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene. It destroys germs, even in the presence of organic matter, pursues them into hidden folds of the feminine membranes. Yet it is gentle, soothing—never irritating in effect. That it is used as an antiseptic in childbirth proves it safe and mild enough for even the most sensitive feminine membranes.

“Lysol” kills germs. No other antiseptic has such universal acceptance. Leading physicians all over the world have preferred it for forty years. Whenever they must be sure they turn to “Lysol.”

To married women, the use of “Lysol” assures perfect cleanliness, a refreshing sense of well-being.

Lysol Disinfectant

Let “Lysol!” guard the family health. It’s safe protects your home from disease germs. Doctors order “Lysol” in cases of mumps, measles, diphtheria and other ills. Disinfect clothing (especially handkerchiefs) and rooms with “Lysol” after every illness.

“HALL OF FAME” on the air Sunday nights—10 o’clock E. D. S. T., WEAJ and N. B. C. coast-to-coast book-up
The Secrets of the Dressing-Table
(Continued from page 61)

near the surface, should not have ice applied directly, as it is likely to break down the tiny tissues. But, at least, you can use warm water, or you can wrap the ice in a heavy piece of cotton or linen. It's particularly grand for keeping the body muscles firm and resilient.

Am I sounding too technical for a movie star on this subject of beauty? Well, don't forget that we stars pay more attention to beauty, probably, than any of you, because it's part of our business. But it is part of every girl’s business, I should think—only some people are too impatient to give the proper attention. Fortunately, my mother early taught me to give the proper attention to beauty and good grooming. I think, if anything, she stressed that part far too much.

An interviewer once wrote that I always looked as though I had just stepped out of a bandbox—that, for example, I never wore the same pair of gloves twice, that I always wore brand-new ones. It's not true, for even a picture star cannot afford that kind of extravagance; but I appreciated it as a compliment. I do believe that I pay a great deal of attention to details. I wouldn't think of wearing a pair of gloves that looked as though they had been in the least bit soiled— or stockings with a "catch" in them. My household spends hours on keeping everything in apple-pie order, because it's the little things that make the big impressions!

Too many people expect to get by on the perfection of just one quality alone. I know one girl, who has received so many compliments on it that she has come to believe that she is beautiful. But what she doesn't know is that, when coming in from her lovely skin, her friends are dying to add, "But why don't you take just as much care of your hair and hands as you do of your face?" A girl in similar garb, though she has exquisite skin, allows her hair to become scraggly and her hands always look red and chapped.

Those Important Little Details

If people always sing out only one of your hair characteristics and forget the others, then beware—for when people start to pick you apart, and say that you have nice eyes, they are very likely thinking, 'But you wear your make-up badly and you're a little too much like your aunt in the way you dress.' I don't want to go into the other details you'll have to live up to that nature's loveliness. If a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, why isn't it true that you are no more beautiful than your poorest point?

When people tell me that my hair is beautiful, I take a hasty look at the nearest mirror to find out what it is about me that day that isn't looking up to par. I try to keep my face and figure as radiant and colorful as my hair, so that my hair doesn't stand out in a freakish manner above the rest of me! I may have a bit more to live up to than the rest of you, for it just happens that I was born with this strange, unique head of hair. But you get my point, don't you? Don't be satisfied because you have one lovely feature—whether it is eyes, mouth, teeth, skin, hair, hands or figure. Try to make the rest of you live up to that most predominant loveliness.

And speaking of my hair, here are some points that may interest all you blondes, and who regard "brown" as an inferior shade. And I say the way, if any of you doubt that I am a "natural," let me tell you that when I was a youngster, and had pinkeye, no doctor would believe that I would just look at my almost-white hair, and say, "It's the alhino in her coming out!" Anyway, seriously, I'm very grateful for this strange head of hair, because it certainly was the thing that first attracted fame my way. But it also has its disadvantages. . . .

You see, when Dame Nature gave me this hair, she forgot to make it dust-proof or sun-proof or color-fast. Consequently, I have to shampoo my hair every other day to keep it its light, natural color. Goodness knows, I have tried to use other colors, but they were never as soft and fine as the shades of blonde, and the hair-dyer upstairs at my house keep up a regular duet.

Her Shampoo Secret

As you all probably know, a shampoo is the very on-every-day thing to do for the hair, as it is very drying. So, whenever I shampoo, I have to have a good oil treatment beforehand. I use castor oil for this, you see—(I think if you can call the odor that castor oil usually has a "scent"). It's heated and rubbed well into the scalp, and then washed out as long as possible, and then washed out. The oil not only prevents dryness, but it gives a beautiful lustre to the hair. Anyone who has hair will agree that it just makes my hair really does have a sheen. Then the oil treatment also helps me to keep my natural wave. If your hair, once naturally cury, begins to lose its oil, you can be sure that's because it's drying out, and something should be done about it.

I feel my hair is attractive is no c niche, I can tell you, it takes me hours every week, and it costs me a lot of money. If your hair is not blonde, and you want to make it so, you can really afford the time and money that bleached hair requires—for you will have even more expenses than I have, with the bleaching every week. Nobody has any real objection to bleached hair to-day, providing it is kept bleached right to the roots. But I don't think there is anything more beautiful than blonde hair that shows even a quarter-inch of dark hair at the scalp. Most heads of hair look much better and natural, if you hair seems drab and colorless to you, perhaps it is because it is not in perfectly healthy condition. Brush it often, treat it for oiliness or dryness, and you'll soon see your hair will brighten it up without changing the color at all.

I really believe in health as the most important factor of beauty—healthy hair, healthy, strong eyes, and a healthy, lithe body. Eyes, almost more than anything else, are beautiful or not, depending on their state of health. Tired, drooping, brown- or circled eyes cannot be beautiful, regardless of any extraordinary size or color. Strained eyes, red and swollen from overwork, never shine with the light of beauty. And no expert make-up can overcome these things. A little care and attention can, however.

How to Care for Your Eyes

YOU may think that we Hollywood people wear our hair so perfectly as an affectionation, or to hide from inquisitive star-gazers. But the real truth of the matter is that we wear them to protect our eyes, not only from the glare of studio lights, but from the wind. As if the glare of Klieg lights was not enough hardship for eyes, I read a lot—almost a book a week— and work one in. This means more care for my eyes. I find that my eyes should be washed as
The girl who captivates them all is generally very good looking... If beauty wise she enjoys double mint gum to help keep her loveliness. It relaxes any hard lines there might be in her face. (Try it yourself and see.)

Keeps Her Skin on Same "Diet"

I LOVE trying all the new shades of lipstick and rouge and other preparations that come out, but I always stick to the same creams, which I know are right for my particular type of skin. (Incidentally, I think that, if anything, is the secret of a good skin. Keep it on the same rations—providing they are right, of course. Your body would suffer if you tried a different diet every few weeks, and so must your skin, when you are constantly changing creams and lotions.) One of the new lipsticks that have intrigued me lately is one shaped to your lips, so that you don't have to have a mirror handy, and you don't have to go fussing around with the tip of your little finger, getting it lipstick-stained, too. Then, there are the smart new iridescent eye-shadows, with specks of silver and gold in them, for evening, which are very lovely.

But just one more practical, scientific hint for you, before I call this article finished. Here's something that I think has been overlooked by many beauty experts—and it's an important factor. We have all heard that any kind of strenuous exercise or sport that makes the body perspire is good for it. It is, because the excess perspiration is waste material. But what few people realize is that that perspiration is also full of poisonous acids, and for that reason, you should never allow perspiration to dry on the skin. Always duck into a warm tub or shower immediately after a session in the sun, or a brisk game of tennis.

Beauty takes time and care! I should say so! In fact, if there is any one all-inclusive rule for beauty, it might be summed up as "The greatest aid in beauty is devoting plenty of time to the pursuit of it." Business girls—and that means us, too—have a harder time at it than most other people, because we've got to make time for beauty treatments. But we usually find time for the things we want to do, people we want to see, and places we want to go. And if we want people to ask us to go places and do things, well, then, we've got to attend to the beauty first. It's a career in itself—and there is no telling where it may lead!
carried the colors of the tiles, mosaics, ceiling decorations and mural paintings back to New York in my mind and matched them there.

As you enter through tall iron gates and a great front door that might be admitting one into the presence of a Medici, you find yourself in a circular hall, which rises to the full height of the house, and this is certainly proportioned. On the tiled floor (of light tiles) is a dark Isaphan rug, glowing like a jewel in violets. Outside, the railing of the staircase is of hand-wrought iron. A domed ceiling, painted with copies of Rubens' fat cherubs, lets in subdued light through colored glass. A heavy credenza (carved oaken chest, to you) and a tall clock are the only furnishings. On the bare stone wall of the stairway, a faintly lighter square indicates that something has been recently removed.

There was a big tapestry, there, of Italian birds by Mr. Andre. Adrienne says with a short laugh, "But it belonged to my—former husband. I must replace it if I stay here.

The stair runner is a gorgeous Oriental, which must have taken some worker a lifetime to weave. Marble pillars in the upper hall show a glimpse of a sun-washed foyer, which is brighter to the eyes outside by grass-green chintz on chairs and couches.

Her Cathedral-Like Living-Room

If you have recovered from the first shock of such castle-like magnificence, you turn to the right and descend two steps into a long, low living room, which is appropriately with leaded glass, which dims the glare of the California sun and gives the room a cathedral-like gloom.

Adrienne's men's room is amazing. The great Eastern carpet on the dark, oaken floors repeats the dim blues and faded rose tints of the ceiling perfectly. The hand-carved chairs and deep chairs are of rose-red velvets and damasks; a lamp of crimson porcelain stands on a carved side-table; and a great jade-green bowl on the tall cabinet or credenza (remember the word and try it on your friends!) holds dullest pink gladiosas. On the long table behind the fire is a candelabrum, Adrienne's chief treasures—tall vases of fiamace (a ten-dollar term for porceain), made into lamps with gold shades.

"These are the most expensive pieces," Adrienne tells you, glowing with pride. "I don't know their names, but as soon as I saw them in the auction room where they were selling a steel magnate's collection, I knew that I must have them." Bright birds and strange foliage seem to take on added beauty as her dark fingers caress them.

On small tables and side cabinets is to stand other treasures, of rose-quartz and jade and amethyst. "Bruce gave me this on the day we married," she says. "I didn't expect to find in a bathroom. It's rare to get so much lavender in the quartz. These semi-precious stones are Adrienne's "to have or to hold," she says. "They touch the living-room from looking like a museum.

In the living-room is another blank square on the wall, the one where the family portrait hung there," she says, "but that belonged to Mr. Ames, too." She rearranges the embroidered priest's robe on the piano with nervous fingers, the piano, "his just rented . . ."

There is drama in Adrienne Ames' home! And Adrienne, her husky little white Concordian in her little-girl skirt and sweater, looks like the heroine of a play.

The dining-room, behind high iron gates from an Italian garden wall, is another huge apartment. In any room less spacious, the dark, massive, carved oak furnishings would indeed seem crowded, but here they catch the eye in the great Oriental rug, and at first glance it is difficult to name the shade of the dull damask curtains. The walls are two-toned and they curtained to lighten the gloom of wood and tapestries.

The bench before the windows is an authenti- cation: the railing of the balcony.

These rooms have little that can be copied by home-makers with a limited pocket-book, but they are very perfect things of their type. Bare pale walls, the dark gleam of polished woods and rich faded colors make them truly restful and home-like in spite of their splendor.

The upstairs rooms of Adrienne's house all open off the foyer. At first glimpse, the master bathroom is a bit overpowering—two-mirror, domed, and with standing mirror more like the lobby of a picture palace than a bath. A white bear skin lies on the nude wall, and all that one expects to find in a bathroom are recessed and closeted separately. A great dressing-table stretches across one end, and a chase long and several sheets of mirrors suggest sociability during the toilette.

Some Wood Worth Noting

A WED and somewhat shaken, you pass into the master bedroom, a long dim apartment of pale shades—grays, beiges, ashes of roses. The beds are covered with fruitwood and inlaid natural woods for bedrooms for many years.

The plain monotone carpet running from wall to wall, the unbroken wall surfaces and faint neutral tints give a restful atmosphere, which is the one inexpensive feature of Adrienne's exquisite room. Otherwise, every bit of art, every detail, is worthy of a connoisseur and collector.

Across the hall is a room with modern furnishings, of mahogany and fruitwood with black inlays. "This was my bedroom in New York," Adrienne says, "but I dislike it now. It never pays to buy anything on a moment's impulse for a home, or with any house except one in a movie set. The bed covers are gold-colored

Adrienne Ames' Home
Is a Real Show-Place

(Continued from page 53)
DEVELOP YOUR FORM

by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 30 years. Build up Flat Screwy Beads, Neck Arms, Legs— ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost. I make no absurd claims but send the PROOF and the Cream FREE. Just enclose a dime, carefully written, to help pay for packing etc., and you will receive a Large Control of my PEERLESS WONDER CREAM and my Confidential up-to-the-minute information "How to Build a Beautiful Symmetrical Form by My Natural Home Method" sealed and prepared.

MADAME WILLIAMS, St. 61, Buffalo, N. Y.

and...
in a Princess dress, with a bunch of artificial violets on your coat and a long glittering hat-pin skewered through your pompadour, to hold on your picture hat with its Willow plume. Theodore Roosevelt was talking about the Strenuous Life. Crowds were jeering women suffragettes on Fifth Avenue. William S. Hart was the hero of the screen—and no one had ever heard of Hollywood.

If the strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz" awaken sentimental memories in you ("Stars are beacon-ing, Lights are gleam-ing"). It means being twenty, and wearing a ball dress and looking up into Somebody's eyes ("While we dance to-geth-er, let me whisper low, tender words of love, Sweetheart, for I love you so-o-o-o"). you are going to be shocked to hear that, although Metro is keeping the same tune, the words have been changed. New songs have been added to the score, songs to suit Jeanette's lifting voice, and Chevalier's naughtee personality.
The lyric, "Merry, merry horseman, ride upon your coursain, what a funny cav-al-ier!" has been left out. The Merry Widow, herself, who once wore frou-frous, bustles and long black gloves, now wears flinty black nighties and the briefest of lingerie, and the famous staircase Waltz, which brought gasps from you and you and you in the silent screen version, has finally been left out of the new picture, though at first the plan was to have fifty of the Albertina Rasch girls and their boy friends waltzing on the stairs.

And you will probably never recognize the tale of the dancing widow, Sonia, and the princely Danilo when you see the Lubitsch-Chevalier-MacDonald version.

How the Story Has Been Changed

I n the original story—the one that was first produced in Vienna in 1905—Sonia was a farmer's daughter. Danilo's parents, being of royal blood, force him to jilt her, so he goes to Paris to drown his sorrows and she marries a rich banker to forget her prince. Widowid a week, she takes her fortune and starts for Maxim's in Paris, where fun and frolic gleam. Naturally, she meets Danilo and waltzes with him on the stairs—remember? The ambassador of the little Balkan state hurried to Paris to make the prince marry Sonia and bring back her money. She tests his love by telling him that if she marries, she will lose her fortune. When he still insists, she murmurs that "she will lose it— to her husband.

When the operetta was first put on the screen in 1924, Von Stroheim made it over to suit his own taste for the risqué, and to fit the showy personalities of Mae Murray and John Gilbert. Von Stroheim made Sonia an American chorus girl traveling in the Balkans. He invented a new character to do the merry work—Vikki, willow and Danilo's brother (played by Roy D'Arcy of the flashing smile). To escape both Princes, Sonia marries a rich old roué of a banker, who dies on their wedding night. In that version, Clark Cable made his first screen appearance as one of the six-foot soldiers, and John Gilbert's father played a flunky, holding aside the heavy velvet curtains for his son to pass through!

That brings "The Merry Widow" down to date—to Lubitsch and Jeanette Mac-Donald and Chevalier. It was evident from the first that neither the naive, sentimental original nor the risqué Von Stroheim version would suit either the new director or the new stars. The first thing that Lubitsch did was to order three bedrooms into the plot and to arrange that a good deal of the action took place in them. Next, he in-vented a comedy king and queen so that Chevalier would have somebody's wife to kiss.

Then he had Sonia's rôle cut over for Jeanette, who certainly doesn't look like the daughter of a farmer (not even a musical comedy farmer), and is far too stately to play a chorus girl (can you imagine Jeanette chewing gum or putting her hands on her hips?). Now she is a wealthy widow who is cutting a swath in Paris (Jeanette can cut beautiful swaths). The king wants to get her fortune back into his borders, and, finding Danilo's parents are rich, he declares he must be good and sends him to Paris to woo Sonia. But it isn't until they are locked up together in the same jail cell that the Sonias philly are really in love—a typical Lubitsch touch.

Born to Play Such a Rôle

T HOUGH Jeanette MacDonald was not born when Franz Lehár's haunting waltz first swept Vienna by storm, the writers of the book must have planned their heroine for her. She is a musical heroine brought to life, the Great Lady who arrives in a barouche, or disguises herself as a milkmaid or a soldier to test her lover, or changes places with her French maid. One looks instinctively beyond her for a chorus of peasants, or Monte Carlo girls, or merry villagers throwing flowers whenever she appears. Her manner is arch and affectual, thus belying Jeanette's own native frankness. She seems always about to step to the footlights and burst into a song. Paper roses and canvas canvases are her natural background. She is one of the few actresses who is exactly what people expect and want an actress to be. With her is probably an accent the French so adore her. She has, they say, the manner. She is chic, gai, elegante—the great Vedette.

"I am merry," says Jeanette, "because I have arranged my life to please me. I do what I would like best. I live as I like to live. I see my wishes come true. At the moment I can think of nothing I wish to be different. It is that way in my life. I think of something I would like to do—and I know I can do it. That is the thing. If I wished, I could be the South America now on a concert tour, or in Paris singing as Sonia or even in grand opera."

Jeanette is the last of the Merry Widows and the merriest of them all—Sonia with flaxen braids and wide waists; dark, tall Sonias; vivacious, flirtatious Sonias; and the sly, seductive, stupid. The first of the Merry Widows was Mitzi Guenther. The next year Nora White introduced Sonia to New York in German. Ethel Jackson played the first English-speaking Sonia in the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York two years later. When the show went on the road, Lina Abakanewich sang the rôle, so if you first heard strains of "I'm Going to Maxim's" in Buffalo or Peoria, she was the Widow who wore the picture hat and carried the tall walking stick. Marie Wells was the first Sonia to reach the West Coast. Mabel Wilber sang in the revival of "The Merry Widow" some ten years later.

Stars Change, Cameraman Doesn't

N 1913 the operetta, then in its sixth year of popularity, went onto the screen as a two-reel drama with Wallace Reid as Danilo. Oliver Marsh was the cameraman who cranked a box camera on that production. In 1924, the Murray-Gilbert picture eleven years later, Oliver Marsh was still grinding the camera. Now, twenty years after the first screen production of "The Merry Widow," Oliver
is photographing the Lubitsch-Chevalier-MacDonald version!

Few operettas have had the amazing vi-
tality of this. It has made fame and fortune
for its players—and it has sometimes been
their ruin. The simple and sensuous mel-
dies of Franz Lehar have set people to
humming in Ringstrasse cafés, on the
Champs Elysées, in the restaurants of the
Strand, and the roof gardens of New York.
Once it almost caused international com-
lications when the Crown Prince of Monte-
negro decided that the mythical kingdom
of Monte Sano referred to his domain, and
that the mythical crown prince was a take-
on off him. To avoid any stepping on sensi-
tive operetta picture, the costumes and
scenery and soldiers’ uniforms of several
nations are blended together so that they
cannot be identified. For countries that
have kings and queens, a new version casting
the comedy couple as a dictator and his
wife has been made.

"Why shouldn't I be merry," asks Jean-
ette, "when I feel that this picture will do
more for me than any I have ever made? I
believe that it will start a whole train of
musical comedies adapted for the screen.
I am to do Victor Herbert's 'Naughty
Marietta' next, you know. Oh, Jeanette is
just coming into her own now! I want to
act. I adore this dress. I must sing. There
is a treasure trove in the operettas that
has delighted generations—charming stories,
romantic songs that belong naturally to the
story. Why shouldn't I be merry when there
are a hundred singing heroines waiting for me, if the fans like my
'Merry Widow'?

“Acting Has Changed
Me, Even in Looks”

—Carole Lombard
(Continued from page 59)

their emotions, and feel everything so ex-
travagantly that it's bound to mark them.
You notice that actresses always scream
louder, laugh harder, and have wilder hys-
terics than anybody else. They've trained
themselves to encourage their emotions and
let them out.

How She Heals Her Wounds

"I've been able to take a peculiar advan-
tage of everything that has happened to
me. Though I might be wretched and
heartbroken about something at the time,
still I throw it off just as soon as I can, put
it in its proper relation to my life, and use
the experience as a stepping stone, to give
me greater understanding of life and develop
my character.
I know that time heals everything. It's
a hard, nasty fact, but it's true. Nothing
matters to people except themselves—being
honest with themselves, and amounting to
something. If I were told that I would never
again see someone I'm terribly fond of, I
would suffer for a while, but not for long.
I'd throw it off, because I know there's no
body you can't get on without. And it's
ridiculous to carry on about something you
know is going to seem relatively unimport-
ant tomorrow.

"I think women in their middle twenties
—when they stop being ingénues and start
being women—are at a very dangerous age.
Either they're going to develop and become
more interesting, more intelligent and more
important each year; or else they're going
to stop growing, and become just girls who have
faded. It's a question of whether they're
going to grow up, or just grow old.

"That's why screen actresses have to
take care of their hands, for they are their
"ủngs. They must, or they are lost.

Charm!

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so glamorous
and others so drab?

It may be a matter of health.
Clear skin—sparkling eyes
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bling vitality—a
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awful tired feeling. My hus-
band says I am like my old
self."—Mrs. Barbara Speers,
54 Frances Avenue, Akron, Ohio.

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(Continued from page 16)

1. The girl, pictured with Richard Dix on page 16, is his wife. When Dix chose a secretary for himself from 600 applicants, he had no idea he was picking his future wife, but that was exactly what happened. After Virginia Weisler worked as his secretary for six months, Dix married her in Jersey City, N. J., on June 29, exactly one year to the day after his divorce from Wilfredoe, the mother of his small daughter.

2. They say that Adrienne Ames, who was divorced from Stephen Ames, and Raquel Torres, whom Ames married shortly after the divorce, are enemies. The girls have gotten to the stage where they say bitter words to each other in public, as happened at a benefit performance recently. Raquel was doing a Hawaiian dance number at the benefit and danced by the table occupied by Adrienne and her new husband, Bruce Cabot, which angered Adrienne into making some unpleasant remarks to Raquel.

3. Dorothy Dell, the twenty-year-old screen beauty, was killed instantly when the car in which she was returning from a party crashed into a ditch. Her escort, Dr. Carl Wagnor, who was driving the car, was also killed. In 1930, Dorothy won the title of “Baby Mae West.”

4. Katharine Hepburn’s father, Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn, believes that he and his family are entitled to some privacy regardless of the fact that his daughter happens to be a screen and stage celebrity. Therefore, when a photographer took the liberty of placing his camera on the grounds of Hepburn’s estate in Hartford, Conn., ready to take pictures, Dr. Hepburn smashed his camera and plates.

5. When the banjo-eyed comic character comes to the screen in the movie, “Moon Mullins,” Jack Oakie will play the role. No one can find fault with the choice of Oakie for the part, for he is a very popular newspaper comic. We think it fits him perfectly.

6. Laura La Plante, Hollywood movie actress, who recently divorced director William Seiter, in Latvia, and who has been living in London for some time, was married to another director, John Harlow, in France recently. James Walker, ex-Mayor of New York, and his wife, Betty Compton, attended the wedding.

7. When the infantile paralysis epidemic hit California, two members of the film colony were stricken. Ida Lupino contracted a slight case but, fortunately, she will have no ill effects from it. The other Hollywood member who came down with the disease was from whom Jack Harlow was recently separated. Rosson will also come through without serious results.

8. Janet Gaynor, who portrays sweet child-like roles on the screen, was reported to be the mother of a three-year-old daughter by her former husband, Lydell Peck. Janet denied that fact, conceding the facet that she has a child and branded the reports “absurd and untrue.”

9. Marie Dressler, who was often referred to as the “grand old lady” of the screen, has been very ill. For a time little hope was heard. At this writing she is still a very sick woman. Although Miss Dressler had been ailing for some time, she went right on working without com-
The Picture Parade

Speaking of Relations

Irving S. Cobb Adds To The Comedy

O

L

ly a two-reeler but worthy of review because it marks the appearance of the humorous Irving S. Cobb in a new venture. If popular writers are to become moor pitch actors to furnish the stage serious competition because they can ad lib their own lines. However, the film debut of the first eminent author need not cause Clark Gable to worry. Mr. Cobb's screen appeal is not to the eye but to the funny-bone. His countenance and figure fairly radiate benign cheer. A natural pantomimist, his slightest gesture and shift of expression among his odd disarranged features bring a laugh. This mild and unpretentious little comedy in which he portrays a fisherman afflicted with a practical joking relation augurs well for his screen future.

Highlights: Cap'n Cobb's efforts to spear a jumping pancake. The gloomy propen- sions of the dog. The culled gentleman.

(Hal Roach-M-G-M)

Here Comes the Navy

See The 'Cob' In Action

Uncle Sam turned movie actor and worked in front of the cameras for Warner Brothers to get this authentic and stirring inside story of navy life. It would err a trifle on the propaganda side if it were not for Cagney as the insurgent, insubordi- nate middy who joins the navy in order to lick a petty officer of the Alabama. With the feud of the tough little middy and the pompous officer to tie it together, and a basting thread of love interest (Gloria Stuart), the entire career of a gor is covered from training station to the various duties of shipboard, to a navy wedding. Cagney is in his element. Fresh, tough, nerdy. A pal (Frank McHugh) and the mama who needs a store of teeth to keep her choir job provide the laughs. Uncle Sam provides the thrills.

Highlights: The love making in the roller coaster. The scene where the scorn- ful gor with a sneer, presents his new medal to a friend. "Mama's" rendition of "Oh Promise Me," at the wedding. (Warner Brothers)

Cock-eye Cavaliers

They Carry On Bravely

Wherein we see Wheeler and Woolsey in the doublet and hose and curly prigwigs of the time of the cavaliers. Their adventures, evil and medieval, include a period in the village pillory, an evening at an inn where the guests all sing a grand hunting-song. "The Big Bad Wolf Was Dead," and finally bring them to a castle of a great lord, in the guise of the King's physician and his assistant. The Lady of the manor is chaperoned during the absence of her liege by an enormous hound, which doesn't deter the fake physician. The hound's affection betrays the interloper to the jealous husband, and a ludicrous bear hunt comes just in time to save the cavaliers. Noise and action make up for a certain lack of originality in story.

Highlights: The scene where Wheeler as a medieval kleptomaniac steals the horses from the coach. The "treatment" prescribed by the fake physicians. The lucky discovery by one of the cock-eyed cavaliers that the phrase "The King, God Bless Him" postposes merited punishment. (RKO-Radio)

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And you can give your complexion the matchless beauty care of a soap so marvelously pure that experts know it as the finest soap that can be made. You can use it daily for your bath. For today, at 10 cents a cake, Cashmere Bouquet actually costs you no more than many soaps of ordinary quality.

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Is'nt It A Shame!

SHE'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT AT THE BANK!—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

But Helen's—there's a "but" about Helen.

Ipana's teeth are brilliant—and her hair lies in soft, natural waves. She's charming to look at, and invaluable at the bank. But—there's a "but" about Helen.

"Pink tooth brush" could easily be the cause of that.

When Helen touches up her pretty lips with lipstick—can't she see that her teeth look dreadful? They're dingy. "Pink tooth brush" would be the cause of that!

IF YOU—like Helen—have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really cleans your teeth. Then—because Ipana contains ziratol, which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massages a little extra Ipana directly into your gums.

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may dull your teeth—but may endanger your teeth.

But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

And Helen's contract is so marvelous that she could go into tournaments if she didn't work in a bank! But—the "but" about Helen gives her many a bad moment.

Helen's dentist would soon explain that tender, bleeding gums need massage with Ipana. With Ipana and daily massage—her gums would soon improve.

Men like Helen—they like to play bridge with her. But they don't like to dance with her—and they never propose. For the "but" about Helen is her teeth!

Once Helen's teeth were bright and attractive again—there'd be plenty of young men asking her out to dinner and to dance! Romance would come running her way!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES!" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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**NORMA SHEARER**
**FREDRIC MARCH**
**CHARLES LAUGHTON**

**The BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET**

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER

From the play by...Rudolph Besier
Directed by...Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Marie Dressler
Loved One Man
Deeply—But
She Also Loved
Us All

A hitherto untold chapter in the life of Marie Dressler is revealed a few pages farther on. As she herself expressed it, the chapter was to be told after her death. We deem it an honor to present it as a memorial.

When she was denied the companionship of the man she loved—the man who loved her in return—the man whom she has now joined—her great heart took on an understanding which set her apart from the crowd. Hers became then a maternal love for everyone with whom she came in contact.

Those who did not know her intimately had a feeling of knowing her because what she registered in her emotions and what they felt had a common bond. And that's why millions mourn her. Such a nature as Marie Dressler's was human and understandable. No wonder she is the Marle of blessed memory!

Features

"Any Clever Woman Can Develop Glamour"
—Joan Crawford

Marie Dresser's One Great Love

Prisoners of Their Reputations

Confessions of a Falling Star

Have You What It Takes to Win a Movie Star?

Tiny Girl, What Now?

The Movies Clean Up

My Design for Living

Turning on the Charm—It's an Old French Custom. Elisabeth Goldbeck

Neil Hamilton's House Spells "Home"

Why I Like to be Alone—Clark Gable

The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

Smart Little Rich Girl—Hazel Forbes

I Don't Want a Hollywood Marriage—Maureen O'Sullivan

Mclaglen Takes Out His Papers

Departments

Inside News Flashes from Filmland

Tip-Offs on the Talkies

Movie Gossip Test

You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out!

Intimate News and Gossip from Hollywood

The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures

Cover Design of Mary Brian Painted by Marland Stone

Herman Schoppe, Art Director

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, Hollywood Editor

MARIE DRESSLER is gone, and there is a great emptiness in Hollywood—which never knew anyone else like her, and has no hopes of ever finding a successor to her. And all of Hollywood has paid tribute to her courage, to her "never-say-die" spirit. Weeks before the end came, in the white guest cottage on the Montecito estate of her life-long friend, C. K. G. Billings, her closest friends had said, "The end is only a matter of hours."

Hollywood will miss Marie Dressler even more than it has missed Valentino. To Hollywood, Valentino's hold on the multitude was a phenomenon; Marie Dressler's popularity—with both young and old, with both men and women—seemed the most natural thing in the world. She had lived a long, full life, had known triumph and despair, had laughed and had sorrowed, and through it all her art had grown immeasurably, as had her heart. She did not know the meaning of "selfishness." She went out of her way to share others' lives and thoughts and joys and tragedies, and her friends were, literally, beyond numbering. She was one star the whole world would have liked to know personally; and millions felt that they did know her—and loved her for her rich humanity.

She made the greatest comeback in dramatic history—or any other kind of history. In 1916, after thirty-three years behind the footlights, she was dropped from a new Broadway show during rehearsals because, the producers said, the public wanted new faces, new loves. (She was then forty-seven—having been born on November 9, 1869, in Coburg, Ontario.) She thought this was the mistaken judgment of two isolated producers. But for fourteen years she was to know the heart-break of not being particularly wanted.

She played occasionally in benefit performances, but never received any stage offers; wrote and serialized "The Life Story of an Ugly Duckling" in the hope of reviving interest in herself; tried to sell Florida real estate; announced several times that she was "retiring" from the stage (another pathetic effort to lure offers); and finally was planning to open a small hotel in Paris for Americans who would appreciate home cooking (which was her hobby). Then, in 1926, she played a part in a now-forgotten picture made in Florida; the next year, a casting director summoned her to California for a part with Polly Moran in "The Callahans and Murphys." She thought she was on Comeback Road at last. But she was to wait eighteen months for her next role.

When it came, it was a small one. Several other small ones followed (she was gradually becoming known as a reliable character-actress)—until she drew the role of Marthy, the waterfront derelict, in "Anna Christie." That one part made her a star (Continued on page 8)
• Coming events cast their shadows before You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture
against the Tarzan man ("This time, we have definitely come to the parting of the ways"), and (2) withdraw the suit a few days later... Of course, Lupe—being Lupe—may be as variable in her emotions as the headlines say. But how come the reporters always know the details of her emotions so soon?... Johnny, by the way, deserves a headline in his own right, because of the fact that he is, at least temporarily, escaping the Tarzan label. He's scheduled for "Three Came Alone"...

It's a rare (and un-superstitious) Hollywood couple who tell the world about their marital happiness. But Minna Gombell and Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., ain’t afraid... It seems that when they were secretly married last year, Sefton (a San Diego banker) drew up a legal document proclaiming that between the hours of 3 p.m. and 1 a.m., she would be free to go out with any unattached male of her choice, if business kept the newlyweds apart... On their first anniversary, he drew up a new document, a "declaration of trust," rescinding "all limitations as to time or persons" in the first document. He further swore before a notary "that the year ending this day has been one grand year, due solely, entirely and without the possibility of doubt, to the personality, understanding and affection of one Minna Gombel Sefton." Mr. Sefton is, apparently, something new in movie star's husbands.

And the bride of Peter Lorre, foreign star and new Hollywood arrival, is something new in actresses—wives. Three weeks before the young Hungarian actor who made such a sensation in the German picture "M," was to sail for America—where opportunity might be waiting for her, too—he married Cecile Lurosky, Viennese stage actress. She agreed to give up her career... He explained to curious reporters: "Both of us feel this will make for matrimonial happiness. It is not a case of possible jealousy. But a man does like to see his wife when he comes home at night." Los Angeles papers, please copy.

Maureen O'Sullivan went up to Vancouver to christen John Farrow's new yacht (or is it hers?) "Mavourneen," before they headed for Ireland to get the blessing of her parents on their matrimonial intentions. She didn't have the christening trouble that Gertrude Lawrence recently had, when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gave her a yacht, which she wanted to call (Continued on page 11)

Henry Hull (left), the popular stage star, who auspiciously embarks on a movie career with Dickens' "Great Expectations," stops to talk it all over with Phil Baker, whose radio experience embellishes "Gift of Gab," Edmund Lowe's new comedy
Headaches that come at the end of the day

You come home tired and depressed. Your headache with dull pain. Your alkaline reserve may be low. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer and before you know it, you feel like a different person. You feel more relaxed and have a better appetite for dinner.

Here's what happens. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it is promptly relieving gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache stops—your head clears. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And all the while the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed as alkali by the bloodstream. Your alkaline reserve is made more normal. In a short time you will experience marked relief.

The balanced relief

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients... each of which has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness. And it works faster, too, because you take it as a liquid.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by to relieve headaches. Prompt and reliable, it contains no narcotics, and doesn't upset the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda-fountain. Or mix one quickly and easily at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia, "morning-after," and pain of nerve origin. Always look for the full name "Bromo-Seltzer." Imitations are not the same balanced preparation... are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.
The Affairs of Cellini—Adult stuff—a hilarious bedroom farce in which Frederic March is the medieval Great Lover, Constance Bennett an attractive Duchess, and Frank Morgan a sufficiently ridiculous Duke (20th Century).

Baby, Take a Bow—Shirley Temple earns a big salary raise. She gets daddy James Dunn (he's an exciting, trying to go straight) into difficulties, then gets him out of them. You see more of them as a team—they're that good (Fox).

Bachelor Bait—Laughable light comedy, with Stuart Erwin seeming more like a younger Will Rogers than ever, the innocent, sentimental manager of a matrimonial bureau (RKO).

Blind Date—Human little triangle drama, about a poor boy (Paul Kelly), a poor girl (Ann Sothern) and a rich boy (Neil Hamilton). Kelly, with his sincerity, is coming up fast (Col.).

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—Richard Dix goes back to his famous character of an amateur detective to give you a clever, burlesqued mystery. Charles Butterworth, as his assistant, is invaluablc (20th Century).

Charlie Chan's Courage—The villain in Calypso's picture—Warner Oland—becomes the hero in this bit of mystification about a stolen necklace. It has suspense and a novel setting—the Mogave Desert (Fox).

The Circus Clown—Joe E. Brown tries his hand at a dual role—playing a father who is in the circus and a son who can't be kept out of it. It's slapstick fun—but fun (F. N.).

Cockeyed Cavaliers—Wheeler and Woolsey at two 15th Century lodges who crash royalty circles. Their gags and Noah Beery's hula singing keen things riding though the comedy gets rough at times (KDO).

The Defense Rests—Jack Holt, who has left Westerns behind him, is a criminal lawyer this time—one who invites trouble by taking the defense of a guilty hamsber. It's timely expose, with a punch (Col.).

Dr. Monica—Kay Francis, a woman in white again, has the choice of killing or helping her husband's mistress. Problem drama of the heavy, sordid sort (W. B.).

Grand Canyon—Warner Baxter, also a medium—but a disavowed one, saves the life of Madge Evans and stops a plague in the Canary Islands to redeem himself. The photography secures the low story (Fox).

The Great Flirtation—Elisa Landi lets herself go and reveals a new personality, as a fiery actress whose manager-husband (Adolphe Menjou) can't keep her under control. It's a lesser, but laughable "30th Century" (Par.).

Handy Andy—Will Rogers in a typical Rogers role—that of a corner druggist who sells the store and tries to be a social light to please his wife (Peggy Wood). He's less the character actor, more the comedian this time, and the result is side-shaking (Fox).

Here Comes the Groom—Baby-faced Jack Haley, with Mary Boland chattering in the background, delivers a mad farce about a timid thief who is shanghaied by a deserted bride (Par.).

Here Comes the Navy—The U. S. Fleet, James Cagney and Pat O'Brien get together in a he-man comedy, revolving around Cagney's grudge against O'Brien, who can give him orders. Another Irishman, Frank McHugh, also adds to the general mirth (W. B.).

His Greatest Gamble—Richard Dix escapes from prison long enough to try to rescue his daughter from her wife, who is running the girl's life. Dix rates better roles, but Eric Bohen-Moore, as the wife, is a child star (RKO).

I Give My Love—A second cousin to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet". Wynne Gibson, out of prison after twenty years, tries not to let her son know who he is. The acting is all right; the story, dreary (Univ.).

Jane Eyre—Charlotte Bronte's heroine comes to life in the person of Virginia Bruce, who makes her struggle for happiness absorbing. The closest thing to "Little Women" yet (Monogram).

Kiss and Make Up—A revealing, but silly comedy about plastic surgery, with Dr. Cary Grant change the face of Genevieve Tobin, who changes her personality to match and intoxicates her husband, Edward Everett Horton (Par.).

Let's Try Again—This is about still another doctor. Clive Brook is so busy that he neglects his wife (Diana Wynward), which brings on a triangle. Even the players don't seem particularly interested (RKO).

The Life of Vergie Winters—Anna Harding gives up her lover (John Boles) and her child, then lives twenty years of loneliness, ending in tragedy. It's moral is morbid, its moral obscure, its acting excellent (RKO).

Madame Du Barry—This time, Dolores Del Rio is the one who tells the tale of the tempestuous little milliner who became the uncrowned queen of France. It's still a good story—even when "purified" (W. B.).

The Man with Two Faces—Mystery melodrama, cleverly constructed with James Cagney doing all right by himself in a dual role. Half the time he's a child, the rest of the time, he's his slasher (F. N.).

Midnight Alibi—Richard Barthelmess, a master photographer finds refuge with an old lady, who tells him a love story and helps him find a happy ending to his own romance. The leads are Charles Durnon's screen stories, for one thing, Dick isn't the gangster type (RKO).

Murder in the Private Car—A mixture of mystery and nonsense, with an overdose of looking, featuring Charlie Ruggles as a dumb, but lucky detective (M-G-M).

Nell Gwyn—The life and loves of the favorite of King Charles II of England, played by attractive Anna Neagle. (Hollywood will get her one of these days). Made in England, it's a better, longer, and trasher than the current local product (U.A.).

The Notorious Sophie Lang—Police can't catch Cetrice May. Man sets a crook (Paul Cavanagh) on the trail. The chase is amusing, but the picture lacks point (Par.).

Of Human Bondage—The movies do right by Somerset Maugham's story of a super-sensitive boy who finds himself in bondage to a common, coarse little chit. Leslie Howard and Bette Davis do some of the best acting of the dual role, which is currently the country in the Naive Nineties (Par.).

One More River—John Galsworthy's novel of a faithful wife and an unfaithful husband becomes a quiet movie, with Diana Wynward as the wife, Colleen Moore as her husband, and Frank Lawton (watch this boy) as her platonick lover (Univ.).

One Night of Love—Grace Moore becomes the new screen sensation in this picture, which is worth raves. It tells simply, dramatically, the story of the rise of a singer, with Tulio Carmanu as her teacher. On and on the stage things as no one ever sang in films before (Col.).

The Personality Ede—Pat O'Brien, a boxer with a big personality and a weak punch, is engineered into a championship—and can't stand prosperity. An amusing joke at false egotism (W. B.).

Return of the Terror—A doctor who is a supposed fanatic escapes on a dark night— with mystery and horror the sequel. An effective spine-cetter, with John Halliday, Irving Pichel and Blyth Field (F. N.).

Scarlet Empress—She's Catherine, the Great, as interpreted by Marlene Dietrich. Along with the rest of the cast and the story, Marlene is overshadowed by the fantastic settings, the sound effects and the photography (Par.).

Side Streets—Alene MacMahan, "a woman in her thirties," finds love late and then falls in love with a young man (Paul Ketz). It's a story of earth study of human nature, sincerely acted (F. N.).

Stamboul Quest—A weak story that had dramatic possibilities, it's about the paid patriots who spy on another country's spies. Myrna Loy, as an adventurer, does George Fawcett in as a crook who's always ready for trouble, give it what strength it has (M-G-M).

Treasure Island—With Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins and Wallace Beery as the skipper, the Hispaniola sails again in search of buried treasure. With a climax set in a pirate crew, don't miss the picture. P. S. and take Junior with you (RKO).

We're Rich Again—Light farce, about a diary, once-rich-now-poor who have their difficulties, recovering their fortunes, Marlen Nixon, Bille Butte, Edna May Oliver and Reginald Denny lead the cast (RKO).
Inside News Flashes From Filmland
(Continued from page 8)

"Grateful." ... As per custom, Miss Lawrence swung the bottle of champagne against the boat's prow—and the bottle bounced back. Not once, not twice, but three times. Finally, someone donated a hatchet so that the sparkling fluid could be spilled—and a week-end cruise get under way.... Those rumors that once flew about his father's head—namely, that he was planning to become a British citizen—are now flying around young Doug's. His house in Beverly Hills is for sale, and other local investments of his have been converted into cash (pounds Sterling?); also, he recently turned down two big offers from Hollywood. It must be love... 

Some of the girls and boys, who have glorified ladies of the evening and gangsters on the screen, aren't talking much these days—but they're doing a powerful lot of wondering about their futures. Others are talking, however... Jean Parker is conscious that she "came along at just the right time"—with "clean films" the new war-cry. ... Jean Muir bluntly believes that audiences aren't going to respect "pure" heroines unless their private lives can stand inspection. ... Shirley Temple's father demanded a substantial salary increase for his wonder-child on the grounds that her innocence was earning plenty for his studio. (P.S. He got it.) ... Harold Lloyd—the screen's foremost exponent of good, clean fun—now announces intentions of making more than one picture per year. ... Will Rogers, back from his world tour faces a schedule of five pictures at a reported $125,000 each. ... Will pulled the wisest crack about Dillinger's meeting his end as he came out of a Chicago movie theatre. Will said that Public Enemy No. 1 hadn't heeded the warnings that he'd come to a bad end, going to the movies... 


Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit? 

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

There is a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolate laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

Watch out for imitations!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(More News of Players? Turn to Page 36)
What's the Good News About the Hollywood Couple Pictured at the Left?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? ... Give Yourself This Movie Gossip Test

By Marion Martone

2. The recent passing of which elderly screen character actress was universally mourned?

3. Who is the motion picture actress who prefers to be addressed by her ex-mate's name instead of her own?

4. Do you know the film star who may be reconciled to the husband she divorced not many months ago?

5. What stage and screen actress announced she may marry a Prince?

6. How did Ronald Colman feature in the news headlines recently?

7. Which motion picture villain is being sued for bigamy?

8. Can you give the names of the Bing Crosby twins?

9. What Hollywood couple's oft-times announcement of a divorce, usually followed up by a reconciliation, begins to smack of so much publicity?

10. Do you know the blonde beauty who became the bride of Arthur Sheekman, screen writer, on July 29?

11. Why has Dorothy Dunbar, divorced wife of Max Baer, asked the court to change her name?

12. Which well-known character actor died on July 6, following a three-day illness?

13. Which well-known screen star recently signed a contract to make six films at $50,000 each?

14. What does the fact that John Boles and Gloria Swanson appear together in "Music in the Air" recall to mind?

15. Can you name the movie star who has organized his own cavalry?

16. Who is the cute blonde Toby Wing's newest boy friend?

17. Do you know who gave Lila Lee that beautiful sapphire ring she is wearing?

18. For what purpose did Veree Teasdale, pictured above, make a trip to New York during the month of July?

(You will find the answers to these questions on Page 72)
Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe

The story of one man against a million—and of the woman who loved him, yet was his enemy to the death. Told by the man who lived this astounding romance.

Leslie Howard
Kay Francis
Appear together for the first time in "British Agent"

With William Gargan in Cast of Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz • • • A First National Picture • • •
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

**HORIZONTAL**

1. See illustration above
2. Steerway in "The Man with Two Faces"
3. What players do on a set between shots
4. Initials of a famous comedian
5. Dan Collins in "The Hell Cats" (init.)
6. "Murder — the Vanities"
7. What Charles Ruggles tried to do in "Melody in Spring"
8. "Blood and —"
9. "— of Paradise"
10. "— of Iron"
11. Snars or growls (Scot.)
12. Julie in "Paris Intercourse"
13. See illustration above
14. His first name is Vernon (poss.)
15. Abbreviation of Lubitsch's first name
16. Soap in "Return of the Terror"
17. Usually plays motherly roles
18. Late wife of Ricardo Cortez (init.)
19. Larry Scott in "Baby Take a Bow"
20. "Search — Beauty"
21. Anita's initials
22. Hjalmar Gnu in "Servants' Entrance"
23. First name of a movieland orchestra leader
24. Initials of a stuttering comedian
25. Both a Frances and a Sally
26. She's Mrs. Jules Brulatour
27. Deposited

**VERTICAL**

1. Lionel Barrymore's role in "Dinner at Eight" (poss.)
2. Her last name is Gale
3. Von Strua in "Stamboul Quest" (poss.)
4. The Grand Old Lady of the screen—recently deceased
5. "The World Moves —"
6. A girl's name
7. To be free of
8. "— of the Law"
9. Sally in "Of Human Bondage"
10. "— We Civilized"
11. Her first name is Dorothy
12. Lona in "Murder at the Vanities"
13. "Success — Any Price"
14. See illustration above
15. "— Comes the Navy"
16. She's a Bennett, but not related to Joan or Constance
17. "— of a Sailor"
18. First name of the author of "A Lady's Profession" and "Sitting Pretty"
19. Role played by Sally Blane in "Half a Sinner"
20. First name of a Western star
21. "— of a blackface comedian (poss.)
22. Decreased actor who made hit in "The Big Parade"
23. "Suffix"
24. Genevieve Tobin's role in "Kiss and Make Up"
25. Beulah in "Friends of Mr. Sweeney"
26. Rested
27. "The Barbarian" (init.)
28. Assistant Treasurer in "Murder at the Vanities" (init.)
29. Married Jill Esmond (init.)

**Solution to Last Puzzle**

No. 66

No. 2

No. 1

No. 47

**There'll Be Another Puzzle Next Month—Watch For It!**

Page 14
HEAR THESE SONG HITS—

"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."

CARL LAEMMLE presents

GIFT of GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment
SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen
and Radio
—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ Edmund Lowe
★ GLORIA STUART
★ PHIL BAKER
★ Paul Lukas
★ Ethel Waters
★ Chester Morris
★ Alexander Woolcott
★ Douglas Montgomery
★ Binnie Barnes
★ Roger Pryor
★ Karloff
★ Gene Austin
★ Graham McNamee
★ Bela Lugosi
★ Alice White
★ Ruth Etting
★ June Knight
★ Victor Moore
★ Andy Devine
★ Hugh O'Connell
★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
★ Sterling Holloway
★ Henry Armetta
★ Downey Sisters
★ Beal Street Boys
★ Douglas Fowley
★ Wini Shaw
★ Helen Vinson
★ Candy and Coco
★ Surprise Personality

Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
The love story of one woman and one man

THE WORLD MOVES ON

"THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY"

MADELEINE CARROLL
FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan • Directed by John Ford • Author: Reginald Berkeley
that mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today

Critics shout their praises

A deeply stirring tale... An exquisite mingling of humor and heartache... An important event in motion picture history. —New York American

This massive and spectacular film tells a beautiful love story. —New York Daily Mirror

It has plenty to offer as entertainment. Stirring moments... gay and charming ones as well. —New York Sun

A lavish production, made on a grand scale. —New York Daily News
What a social asset it is . . . the breath of youth, wholesomely fresh and delicately sweet. Isn't such an advantage worth trying for? Is there any reason why you should tolerate in yourself the faintest trace of halitosis (unpleasant breath), when it is so easy to overcome? Fastidious people realize that, due to modern habits, everybody is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—without knowing it. The safe, pleasant way to correct such a condition is to use Listerine, especially before social or business engagements. Its deodorant action is simply amazing, and its stimulating, freshening effect in the mouth will delight you. Why not begin using Listerine every day? It's better to be safe than sorry that you offended.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS . . . (BAD BREATH)
A New Gift From England

Binnie Barnes is English, but she got her stage start by playing a Texas cowgirl. Hollywood saw her as Katheryn Howard in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth," and wired, "We need you." Her first American picture will be: "There's Always Tomorrow"
Gloria Stuart gave up college to marry a young artist—and became an actress. Recently, she gave up the young artist, and became the bride of Arthur Sheekman, scenario writer. And this time, having married a writer, she may become a writer—which is her secret ambition. She didn't seek a film career; the films sought her—and now seem determined to star her (against her wishes—so she declares). She's chattering with Edmund Lowe in "Gift of Gab"
Ginger Rogers is always trying to sneak off for a real rest, but so far she hasn't succeeded. When her own studio isn't keeping her busy, other studios are clamoring for her—and off she goes on loan. But don't get the idea that the ginger-top feels oppressed; she doesn't. Else, she wouldn't have just signed a fifty-two-week contract, instead of one for the usual forty. Fred Astaire keeps her stepping in "The Gay Divorce." Next? "Roberta"?
"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," as a play, made Katharine Cornell undisputed queen of the American stage. What will the rôle of the invalid Elizabeth Barrett do for Norma Shearer in the screen version? Fredric March—who shared the fame of "Smilin' Through" with her—is the young poet, Robert Browning, in this famous story of a great, historic romance.

Charles Laughton, "best actor of 1933," came back from England to play the subtle madman who is head of the house of Barrett and who stands in the lovers' way.
Escaped By Sea

Those "ridiculous" romance rumors got in Janet Gaynor's auburn hair and she went to Europe to Forget Them All—after finishing "Servants' Entrance" with Lew Ayres. This was her going-away smile. When she and Will Rogers return from their respective travels, they will co-star in "One More Spring"
Edward G. Robinson, Roumania's gift to the movies, took up acting because he thought it was the world's easiest job, with plenty of vacations. And since "The Man with Two Faces," he has battled to act at other studios when he isn't busy at his own! Little Caesarino must need new shoes. Anyway, Eddie has won the disputed point and is taking a rest now—though his pipe isn't
Any Clever Woman Can Develop Glamour

Joan Crawford

Joan knows; she has been through the glamour mill. And she passes out some pointers!

By Eric L. Ergenbright

Beauty and glamour, glamour and beauty—in Hollywood's dictionary, those two expressions seem to be as everlastingly united as ham and eggs. They're inseparable, interchangeable and overworked. It's time to set things straight. Must a woman be a raving beauty in order to attract a man? Is glamour born in a woman or can it be imitated, developed, and acquired? I asked Joan Crawford, who ought to know.

A few years ago there came to Hollywood a girl calling herself Lucille La Sueur, a biggish girl who weighed, by her own confession, a hundred and fifty pounds. Pictures of that girl at that time show that she had frizzy dark hair and the conventional number of features. There was nothing about her eyes, mouth or general appearance to suggest the possibility of Joan Crawford's radiant and intriguing beauty.

If Lucille La Sueur could acquire Joan Crawford's glamour in a few short years, there is hope for you and You and YOU! Joan insists that any girl can learn to be attractive to men.

"As a matter of sober fact," Joan says decidedly (Joan is always decided), "the most extraordinarily beautiful women often are totally lacking in glamour, while very homely women sometimes possess uncanny power to attract men. Emotional force, poise and intelligence—those, rather than beauty, are the priceless ingredients that make women alluring. Any clever woman can develop glamour, and most women can counterfeit beauty."

(Continued on page 62)
Marie Dressler’s
One Great Love

This is the unpublished chapter of Marie’s life—her own sad story of her love for Jim Dalton. She herself, wanted it added to her life-story—at the end.

This is the untold chapter of Marie Dressler’s great life-story—the sad chapter that she, herself, wanted told at the end, to complete the story. To her, it was the most memorable, most tragic chapter of all. And it is told in her own words, as it should be told.

Two years and a half ago, she gave the details to Dorothy Spensley—a well-known Hollywood writer for years—asking only that the story be withheld until it could be transformed into one of her greatest memorials.—Editor.

Marie Dressler as she looked before age and illness lined her features—taken when she was thirty-five years of age—and a leading Broadway actress.

MARIE DRES-SLER died the heroine of a real-life romance far greater than any she ever played on the stage or screen. She was loved, honored, idolized, even worshiped, by kings and paupers, yet few of them knew that behind that warm, homely, kind face, with its broad mouth, its radiant smile and tolerant eyes, were memories of a love so vast that it filled the universe of this great-hearted, great-bodied woman.

One January day, two years ago, Marie Dressler said to me:

“Now is not the time to print the story, dear, but later it can be published. If it were printed now, it would only serve to remind me of a sorrow that was, when it happened, greater than I thought I could bear. It would only remind me of twenty years of the greatest happiness that one woman was ever to have. When I am dead, it can be printed, but they’re not going to kill me off yet. Not for a long time! I’ll fool them.”

As she said this, a trace of the old vitality, the overwhelming vigor that was Dressler’s, appeared. Marie was then, as she had been increasingly in recent years, tired, so tired, yet anxious to give her strength, her interest, to her friends, her charities, her film work. But she was already handicapped by the malignant disease that was then making inroads in her health. It was only a few months after the major operation which kept her a patient in Osteopathic Hospital during July, 1931. My notes, carefully preserved, record that on that January afternoon in 1932 she went on to say:

What He Meant to Her

EXCEPT for my mother, Jim Dalton meant more than anything in life to me. I loved him, I loved him for twenty years, and I still love the thoughts of those years. They were not easy years. They were hard years. We went through thick and thin—poverty and riches, sickness and success, happiness and heartache.
“Jim became my manager. For my sake, he entered the show business, and let himself in for all the grief of play-producing, but we were together. We took ‘Higgledy-Piggledy,’ a show that was a success on Broadway, to England, engaged a theatre, had costumes made up, hired the cast, all without a red cent of money, banking on the success of the thing to pay for itself. In less than a week we found ourselves absolutely broke, the play a flop, and the two of us on the Atlantic, bound for New York. But we took what was handed us, standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder.

“A woman in love always convinces herself that her man is perfect. Jim was perfect, except for one thing. Like all big fellows (he stood taller than I did, and I am five feet, eight inches), he had a corresponding appetite for life. He drank too much for his own good. He was a brilliant attorney at one time in his life. Under Taft he was a district attorney, and until he left the legal profession he had a record of never losing a case.

“But weakness in a man, no matter if it is little or big, always makes the woman who loves him love him all the more. It is to her that he turns if he needs help, and because she is the one person in the world who is able to stand up and fight for him, defend him against criticism, work for him. Maybe it’s largely maternal—the love that a mother usually has for her poor, weak, helpless child. But I think it’s the love of a woman for her man.

When She Knew Heartache

“THE last years of Jim Dalton’s life were filled with sadness. He died before I came to Los Angeles to make ‘Tillie’s Nightmare.’ That was before the World War. I was ill, myself. It was from the reaction that followed those long months—years, really—(Continued on page 76)
Prisoners of Their Reputations

Janet Gaynor mustn’t know life, and Garbo has to be a hermit—because of fixed ideas you have about them. They’re chained to their reputations.

And this goes double for some stars!

Rudolph Valentino once said to me, "I am a prisoner. I am a prisoner of a fixed idea. I am a prisoner of my reputation for being a constant Sheik. Wherever I go, whether with young women, middle-aged women, or elderly women, whether I am at a Mothers’ Meeting or a Bal Masque—the same thing is expected of me. I am expected to ogle, try to charm, and make overtures to every person of the opposite sex—without an exception. “It is exhausting. It is America’s Sweetheart—which “reputation” her studio is now industriously creating around the young and talented figure of Jean Parker. The web is in the weaving and once it is complete, young Jean will have made her last careless gesture, told her last funny joke, had her last impulsive romance. She will be a prisoner of her reputation and neither bolts nor bars are firmer or more inescapable.

Sometimes the reputation is determined by the first chance part a player plays, and if he or she is successful in this rôle, he or she must play the same rôle forever after. But whatever the origin of the fixed idea, the result is that a prison house is built for the player in question, within the limits of which he must run about like a mouse in a revolving trap, warily certain that if ever he steps out of the trap, the Cap-...

Alice White has tried to escape from the gold-digger rôle. In real life she is a practical, sensible young woman confining. No man wants to play one rôle his whole life long. No man wants to walk a treadmill of the same emotion. I should like, now and again, to be a man’s man, a man among men. But men look askance at a ‘sheik,’ at a man who has been labeled ‘Every Husband’s Phantom Rival.’ I should like, so much, to have a woman for a friend. It is impossible. I am deadly riled of it. I am trapped by it. I am afraid that I shall die a prisoner of my own Sheik.” He did.

Most of the screen stars are prisoners of one sort of reputation or another. Sometimes it is a reputation that has been wished on them by zealous publicity departments, who wish to create a new Perfect Lady or a new sultry siren or a new...

Mary Brian must live up to the perpetual ingenue—and realizes after several years that she’ll never escape tious and Critical Cats will get him! He must perform, forever more, the same antics, cut the same capers, squeak the same squeaks—jailed.

They Won’t Let Mary Grow Up

Mary Brian once said to me, “I am the Perpetual Ingenue. I shall never escape and, by this time, I know it. If I violated every decency of every morality code in the country, no one would believe it. So fast are the walls of this prison of a reputation that a jail-
that I was dramatic. Then people laughed at me once, and their laughter has raised walls around me from which I shall never escape. I am absolutely the prisoner of my own gestures and facial expressions. And this doesn’t affect just my professional life; it also affects my personal life.

"I never go to parties. I haven’t bought an evening gown for four years. That’s because of my reputation for not being good-looking or attractive. I just think, as I think on the screen, ‘Oh, well, what’s the use?’ If I ever do go to a party, I usually sneak in the back door and leave by the same route. One reason why I enjoy being with the children so much is because I know that they are not critical of my looks. They like my looks. They never laugh at me, but only with me. Oh, yes, people tell me not to be silly and that I’d be ‘nice and popular’ if I’d just go places. But I don’t knoooww; I don’t like to run such risks—"

Chevalier Has to Keep Smiling

CHEVALIER told me, only recently, "I am happy about the making of ‘The Merry Widow,’ but before I made this picture, which is my best, I wanted to get away from the limitations of ‘The Smiling Lieutenant’ and the la-la type of thing. I wanted to get away from the jailyard of the spotlight, of being the eternal vaudevillian. I wanted to create different characters, serious characters. But nooo! I am the prisoner of the spotlight and it mus’ turn on and on and I mus’ sing and dance..."

(Continued on page 82)
What happens to stars when they vanish from the screen? This is the answer—a true and tragic story told by a once-famous star. Between the lines, you may read her identity

CONFESSIONS of a FALLING STAR

AS TOLD TO JERRY LANE

Illustrations By G. Patrick Nelson

I DIDN’T believe him then. I thought Valentino was joking. How could it be otherwise? He was a king, an idol. But he looked so melancholy there on the set that I had slipped over to him and, with all the ingenuousness of worshipful eighteen, offered him an apple from the lunch box that Mother had fixed for me.

If I had given him gold, he could not have been more gracious. But his mood didn’t soften. And after all these years, his words have come to haunt me this last month like a minor chord from an instrument that has been muted too long.

He said: “You want to know the recipe for misery, child? A million-dollar house—filled with yesterday’s star-dust. Decayed glory for memories—and, for company, a telephone that has ceased to ring . . .”

I didn’t know what he meant. I do now. Only too painfully well.

A thousand hands seemed ready to boost me to stardom. Not one is lifted to help me to-day. None except that of old Emily, the hairdresser at the studio that first built up my name to the point where it was something of a household by-word. She sent me a rose with a little card attached, “I'm so glad you are back, dear.” Just that. I had to use every ounce of will power to fight back the tears . . . because she was the only one who had remembered—and because I wasn’t “back.”

A Victim of False Hope

THIS morning, I thought I was. They had sent for me. They told me it was a “big part”—one that was exactly what I had been looking for. I dressed with more care than I had in weeks. I even bought a gardenia to pin on my shoulder. One little ray of hope had appeared—and all the stings and worry (Continued on page 64)
Have You What It Takes

Suppose you happened to meet a movie star; do you think you have what it takes to win him? Or, to be perfectly frank, do you think you know what it would take to win him? Have you any idea what particular captivating quality would be most likely to lure your favorite male of the movies out of the comfortable and independent state of bachelorhood. And do you know what quality (perhaps equally admirable in the eyes of others) would send him scurrying out of your immediate vicinity?

Have you any notion, for instance, what it was that caused Warner Baxter to pace up and down in front of a theatre lobby, so intrigued by a girl he saw standing there that he couldn't leave without attempting to meet her—and that later inspired him to marry her? Or what it was that caused Lee Tracy to throw up his hands and retreat before the smile of one of the most beautiful and charming girls in pictures?

And while we have you on the stand, do you know what you could do that would win the instant approval of Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery, and what you would have to do to hold the love of Dick Powell? In other words, do you know what qualities the various stars admire most in a woman? If you did, can't you imagine what that knowledge would help you do with the boy friend?

So we thought we'd ask them; feeling that perhaps you'd like to know what qualities it would take to make the perfect wife, in the eyes of the male stars of Hollywood.

They don't all specify the same quality as being the most important in their eyes, though most of them do say that a sense of humor and femininity are greatly to be desired. According to them, the lass that is all girl and can see the funny side of life, rates absolute top. And, by the same token, the maid who runs to masculine notions, slacks and cynical remarks is about zero with the edges rubbed off.

Not far from the opinion of the boy friend in that respect, eh?

But to get down to cases. Whom would you like to be the first to tell you what quality he admires most in a woman? Clark Gable? O. K. Clark, take the stand.

"I think," began Clark, in his most serious manner, "that I admire above all else in a woman the ability to be a good sport—to take things as they come, and to share the bumps along with the pleasant happenings of life. To do this to the best advantage she must have a sense of humor. If a woman is a good sport, she is usually a perfect companion,—which is another quality I admire, and that I think makes for a happy marriage. Maybe I want too much," and he grinned, "but I'd like her to be a good manager, too. Especially, if she happened to be my wife."

Like Clark, Bob Montgomery holds out for the sense of humor.

Sense of Humor is Necessary

"She must have a sense of humor, first of all," explains Bob. "Also she must be a good sport and have home interests."

Seems like the two boy threats of the M-G-M lot have been talking things over, doesn't it?

Just for that we'll go over to Paramount, where Lee Tracy is making "You Belong To Me," and ask what feminine charm tempts him most. As a valuable hint, just in case you should meet Lee at your next dance, let us tip you off that you probably don't know the real Tracy at all. Because he's not a bit like what he appears to be in the average picture.

He is quiet, inclined to be serious, sincere and not the least bit of a helter-skelter talker. Sitting on a big, heavily upholstered davenport, just off the set where he

(Continued on page 88)
Tiny Girl, What Now?

The truth must come out—Shirley Temple has a love-life. And it isn't her money ($1,250 a week) that the men love her for, either!

By Helen Harrison

There just isn't any use in trying to conceal the goings-on in Hollywood! Let's reveal all the horrible details—make a clean breast of the Whole Thing! You're sure to hear about it later and, really, it's better to break down and tell the truth before another committee's appointed—don't you think so, Gracie? I think so.

It is my painful duty to report that before the completion of "Now and Forever" on the Paramount lot, Director Henry Hathaway (who, it must be said in all fairness, tried to shake off the lure of the star) finally tossed discretion to the winds and impetuously dashed out to buy a bowl of turtles for Shirley Temple as a reward for her difficult "crying scenes"!

And just as though that weren't enough, Gary Cooper—who used to be a cartoonist on a Montana newspaper—contrived in any number of ways to get her to sit for a picture; and, not being able to mince matters (with me, a spade is a spade and good for a trick), it must be admitted that the price of her compliance with his wishes was a teddy bear, by name Grumpy!

Of course, to you cynics the career of Shirley has been one of meteoric rise. But let's be fair to her. Her success, really, wasn't as sudden as Hepburn's. As a matter of exact fact, she has spent forty per cent of her life working herself up to her present triumph! Admit it—that's a long, hard pull. She has practically given her best years to her Art. (The first three don't amount to much anyway, what with bottles, naps and triangles—triangles, which, we hasten to add, have nothing to do with home-wrecking.) She deserves her mature victory. You know (Continued on page 80)
HOLLYWOOD has its back to the wall and is breathing hard. It is fighting for its very life; it is fighting oblivion. It has exposed itself to the greatest organized attack in motion picture history, and the only way it can save itself is by retreat from its former position. Headlines scream the progress of the attack: "Churches of Nation Join in Bitter War to Reform Motion Picture Industry," "12,000,000 Expected to Aid Movie Drive," "Churches Threaten Film Boycott."

As a picture-goer and a member of the public whose wishes are now law to Hollywood, it is your duty to know just what Hollywood is doing to avert calamity. The studios are making sincere—even frantic—efforts to obey your wishes, and if you aren’t satisfied with the results...

For years, there have been individual protests, and protests from individual groups, against suggestiveness and the glorification of crime in films. Hollywood was prone to dismiss them as the isolated spoutings of self-righteous cranks. But in 1930, the protests rose to such a pitch that the major producers banded together and adopted a Production Code, agreeing to adhere to its provisions (which were written by a liberal-minded priest, Father Lord of St. Louis), and appointing a group of producers as Hollywood’s own censors. If Hollywood had adhered to that Code, if producers had not been afraid to censor each other’s pictures, the present desperate situation would never have arisen.

Early this year, leaders of the Catholic Church organized a nation-wide Legion of Decency among its members, pledging them to stay away from indecent and immoral pictures. Quickly, the Federal Council of Churches (Protestant) cooperated, and the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis gave the movement their support. That made it suffi-
Joseph I. Breen, prime minister in Hollywood of Will H. Hays, now passes on all pictures—from stories to final scenes. Every picture he releases must have a “certificate of purity”

ciently unanimous to put Hollywood in a panic. In short order, the Legion of Decency had millions of members; millions more, of other denominations, were in sympathy with the movement. With people all over the nation straying away from the movies, Hollywood was hit in its most sensitive spot—the pocketbook nerve. All the protests it had read and heard for years had not accomplished what a silent, relentless boycott by determined moviegoers accomplished in a few days. Something had to be done—in a hurry.

Met Churchmen Half-Way

Millions were invested in pictures that were then in production; these pictures—some of which might be objectionable—could not be stopped, and these millions thrown away, without plunging all Hollywood into bankruptcy. Worried and frightened, representatives of producers asked to meet in Chicago with the heads of the reform movement—to find out what they wanted, what they expected the producers to do.

The upshot of that meeting was that producers agreed to go over pictures in production with a fine-tooth comb and extract any and all objectionable lines or scenes; they agreed to give theatre managers the right to cancel any picture on moral grounds (thus putting the responsibility for the pictures shown in any community directly on the shoulders of theatre managers); they further agreed that, beginning July 15, all pictures would rigidly follow a new Production Code.

This Code would be administered by Joseph I. Breen, prime minister in Hollywood of “Czar” Will H. Hays. Mr. Breen and his staff would pass on all pictures from the time stories were submitted to studios until the final scenes had been filmed. No picture would be released without a “certificate of purity.” And if Mr. Breen rejected any picture, the producer would have only one appeal from his decision—namely, to an August board in New York.

But let’s get down to specific examples of what Hollywood is doing to prove its good faith with the public and their spokesmen, of what it is doing to ward off disaster—and oblivion.

Mae West’s new picture was one of those in production when the battle began. When the finished product was criticized by the New York State censors, who suggested changes, Mae’s comment was, “Let’s get to work!” Questionable lines were ousted and objectionable bits were made over. A censor sat right on the set, during the re-taking, to make sure that nothing was wrong. The title has been changed, too, to “Belle of the Nineties,” for even

Will Rogers, above, has always been noted for his clean characterizations. Jean Muir has never spoken a blushful line of dialogue. She will play the Nun in “The Miracle”
though "It Ain't No Sin" had a lively ring, even though thousands of dollars had been spent in advertising this title, no one knew whether the "It" was censorable or not. And the situation is too serious to take chances.

**Signs of the New Trend**

JEAN HARLOW'S newest flicker also went under the microscope in the cutting-room, and the original title was changed from "One Hundred Per Cent Pure" to "Bare to Be Kissed" and then to "The Girl from Missouri." Bette Davis, as the girl who tastes the dregs of life in "Of Human Bondage," saw many of her most vivid scenes—which are to be found in the novel—sacrificed to the morality campaign. Constance Bennett's "Green Hat," adapted from another famous novel, went through a laundering process, and will also emerge with a new title. "Cleopatra," starring Claudette Colbert, has been pruned of several exotic touches, with the idea of meeting the censors more than half-way. "Madame Du Barry," starring Dolores Del Rio, has been cut here and there to eliminate the possibility of "objectionable" sex. These last two, like "Scarlet Empress," starring Marlene Dietrich, have been passed. All of these particular pictures were in production when the present agitation began.

Other pictures have been postponed—such as Samuel Goldwyn's "Barbary Coast." Goldwyn says he is losing one hundred thousand dollars, rather than bring out this "mature" picture at a time when there is "a clamor for the so-called clean pictures, suitable for children; it is not a child's story." Meanwhile, he is planning to film "The Wizard of Oz," which is a child's story. The studios are leaning over backward in frenzied efforts to follow the new slogan, "Sexless Cinemas for 1934!"

Outdoor stories, action tales, children's plays, and even good old Westerns are being rushed to Hollywood by the trainload, and spicy stories purchased months ago are gathering dust on studio shelves. This is Hollywood's answer to her critics—a complete about-face!

Stars known for their "clean" characterizations are being worked till they drop, and a whole new crop of star material is coming into favor. Grace Moore, once a me-
Carole Rates a Rest

The cigarette is for her nerves, and the pajamas are for relaxation. Carole Lombard can use a little vacation— to fool the breakdown-predicters. She put everything she had into "20th Century" and made herself a real reputation. Now she has to live up to it. That's enough of a mental hazard—but on top of it she has a tragic rôle in "Now and Forever," and Shirley Temple as her pint-size rival with Gary Cooper.
MY design for living is comparatively simple. It is based on the belief that I have to give as much to life as I expect, or hope to get, from it. My design has a Grecian contour; it is shaped like a sort of double T. The bar across the top is for happiness. Without happiness, no design for living is worth the living. One of the two perpendicular pillars is for work, and the other for love. These are the bare outlines, the framework. Within that framework must go all the figures, the symbols, the things that make for a complete design.

I'll begin with happiness and what I mean by the word. People mean so many different things. I believe that happiness lies within myself and cannot be altered, increased or abated, really, by any external influence or by any person. I may get excitement, pleasure and many other emotions from outside stimuli and persons, but happiness in its essence is within myself.

I have a motto that reads, "Never hurt anybody if you can help it." I add to that motto, "And you can help it?" It may sound smug, but I do sincerely believe that one way to be happy is never to hurt anyone else; and the reason it is a way to be happy is because it is retroactive. If you do not hurt others, you are very unlikely to be hurt, yourself. I also believe that if you make to-day a good day, to-morrow is apt not to be so bad!

Can't Get Along Without Music

By work, one of the perpendicular lines in my design. I mean, of course, my work on the screen. But if work is one of the supports of happiness, there are other things that are supports for work. Of these, the first is music. Music is definitely a part of my design. I am not an especially gifted musician, myself. That isn't what I mean. I mean—what I get from music. I am talking of music as something into which I can sink myself, my cares and problems and hurts and, somehow, be healed. Also, there is dancing, which is, essentially, another form of music, the music of one's own body.

Then there is Europe. To visit Europe once a year is—or I wish it were—a part of my design. I have tried to go for the past two years; this time, before you read this, I shall actually be there. And I want, most of all, to go to Italy. I certainly include Italy in my design for living. I sometimes feel that I must have some strange affinity with Italy—perhaps, long ago, one of my ancestors married a dark-haired Tuscan girl and her blood is still calling in mine. I have the strongest compulsion to go to Rome, to Venice, to Naples.

When I say that these two, music and Europe, are supports for my work, I mean just that. Both enrich me and rest me, both give me a new vision and a new perspective. Both make me feel my complete unimportance and yet, somehow, renew my faith in myself and in my potentialities.

(Continued on page 66)
It took one humorist—Irvin S. Cobb—to create the character of Judge Priest. And it takes another humorist—Will Rogers—to look and act the part of the sly Southern squire. (He finished the picture just before he became an Ambassador-at-Large again, on a world tour.) And Rochelle Hudson—who is from Claremore, Oklahoma, like Will—is acting with him for the third time of late
Merry Now—Naughty Next

When more jewelry is worn, Jeanette MacDonald or Mae West will wear it. But when more smiling singing is done, Jeanette will do it. It's that soprano "voice with a smile," not the jewelry, that dazzles in "The Merry Widow." And next time she will be musical Naughty Marietta.
Turning on the Charm
(It’s an Old French Custom)

The French, they are an amusing race—when they want to be. But Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer, pals from Paris, don't always want to be. It would be such a waste of energy!

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

CHARM, gaiety and vivacity are supposed, by us simple-minded laymen, to be God-given, not man-made qualities. Either you are blessed with them or you aren’t, and in the lucky ones they bubble up as naturally and irrepressibly as a good burp after a glass of beer, without effort or intention. Most movie stars bear out this belief. Lupe Velez, Al Jolson, Lili Damita, John Gilbert and other vibrant creatures are doing their stuff twenty-four hours a day, whether you like it or not. But a couple of Frenchmen have knocked the whole theory into a cocked hat.

Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer, the two wows from Paris, have proved that personality can be a commercial enterprise. With them, charm is just a business—like gaiety. (And truck farming and plumbing.) Radiant good nature can be turned on and off like an electric light. And spontaneity is an act of will. It must be an old French custom. Hollywood has been astounded for years by the contradictory off-stage-and-on personalities of Maurice Chevalier. To watch Maurice sit through a party, morose, bored, misanthropic; to see him get up to sing and, apparently by the mere act of pulling a cap over one eye, suddenly summon up all the sunshine, radiance, and sly humor that a human being is capable of; and at the end to see him lapse again into uncompromising gloom—that is one of life's more baffling miracles. From what storehouse he suddenly invokes such charm is his secret, and his alone. For all his attempts to explain just make it as clear as mud.

"It is exactly like a prize-fighter who is a very calm and peaceful fellow," he elucidates. "He doesn't want to fight—but when he enters the ring he becomes savage and brutal.”

As it is not in the least like a prize-fighter going into the ring, however, we can let that pass.

(Continued on page 73)
Neil Hamilton's House Spells "Home"

By Dorothy Calhoun

The place that Neil and Elsa Hamilton call "home" is a place that you, too, would find homelike. It is a house that you, yourself, might like to own—in preference to some of the show-places of Hollywood. Read this vivid description of the interior and see if you wouldn't; and be on the watch for details that might easily be adapted to your own home!—Editor.

When Neil and Elsa Hamilton at last were able to build the house they had dreamed of owning in the indefinite, far-off future, Neil turned from okaying the architect's plans and picked up his hat.

"Where are you going?" his wife asked.

"To buy the baby-grand piano for the end of the living-room!" said Neil, with deep satisfaction.

"But the house won't be finished for a year, at least, and we haven't any room for a piano like that here," wailed Elsa, but without avail. With the plan of his long, graciously proportioned living-room in his mind's eye, her impetuous husband dashed up on the Boulevard, and then and there, bought the grand piano that now graces the finished room.

They had been a long time dreaming every detail of their home, these two who had traveled together from shabby furnished rooms and one-arm restaurants. Perhaps that is why, by the time their dream was actually before them, materialized in white clapboards, long balconies and green shutters, it already looked like a home that had been lived in for many years.

When Neil Hamilton married Elsa Wittmer twelve years ago, he had exactly $13.19. Now he can afford a snug little place like this. At the right is the living-room (with blue walls) in the Hamiltons' new home; below, the playroom. The "soldier" over the mantel is Neil
Above, the Hamiltons' new home—unusual for its long balconies—from the outside. Right, the master bedroom, with curtains that give the effect of sliding stage curtains, with a balcony beyond. Bottom right, one of the two guest rooms. Below, the dining-room. Note the comfortable simplicity of the furniture throughout.

comfortable years. They had lived in it in imagination, had planned every detail, and had bullied the architect and decorator into getting their own way! They had even decided on color schemes for the individual rooms long before the house took actual shape.

WHY THE WALLS ARE BLUE

For example, the pale blue walls of the living-room are the faint sunny blue of a Spring sky. Elsa Hamilton explains her choice: "I had lived in so many dingy New York apartments, and opened my eyes on so much grime and grayness, that I used to think, 'Oh, if I could only see a blue wall when I wake up, it would make life look so different! Some day I'm going to have a beautiful blue wall!'"

(Continued on page 86)

Neil and his wife waited a long time for a house of their own, and when they built one, they didn't "go Hollywood"; they went comfortable. Maybe you'd like it, yourself. Look it over!
Ralph Bellamy (above) stands six feet one, and is a two-fisted type. When you see Ralph, you see action. Lately, he has been specializing in murder-mystery melodramas. The latest: "Girl in Danger."

Before Bruce Cabot (above) turned actor, he went adventure-hunting and found what he sought. That's why he convinces in adventure roles. But he springs a surprise by playing a wily villain in "Afterwards." Preston Foster (right) started out as a singer, but the movies haven't yet given him a chance to prove it; he's too valuable as a he-man character actor. M-G-M has big plans for him.
Why I Like to Be Alone

CLARK GABLE confesses—and denies he is "doing a Garbo"

By JERRY LANE

"HOLLYWOOD is over-civilized! A man could go soft in this place in a month. I had to fight like the devil during the first year or so to keep my perspective. Too much chatter. Too many parties. Too much bunk! That's why I took to going off to the backwoods by myself. I had to do that or go crazy..." This was Clark Gable—the last of Hollywood's Great Untamed—speaking.

There was a time when John Barrymore sizzled and flashed—until Filmtown got him. Even Lupe (Whooppee) Velez has turned as docile as a Spring lamb in clover. Margaret Sullavan has gone so far as to acquire a swimming pool and don dresses, instead of slacks. And even that white hope of the overall brigade, Katharine Hepburn, is learning to jump through Hollywood hoops. But Clark—

He looks you squarely in the eye and says: "The glamour of this town? Hooey! It's a racket..." And he says it in a tone that means you-can-leave-it-or-lump-it. As a matter of fact, you like it. You pray for more—and you get it! "It's cock-eyed, that's all. Sure, it got me—when I first came out. I didn't know how to relax on the set and I couldn't relax off it. It's like being Exhibit A in a glue factory. You're stuck! Only I wasn't going to stay stuck. So, every chance I had, I skipped out."

He skipped out to the wilds where even rumors couldn't penetrate: where the Old-Timers could spike a beetle with tobacco juice seven yards away and thought Baby LeRoy was a new menace to Babe Ruth.

Not long ago a famous feminine star, to whose romantic maneuverings Clark had been stone-blind and deaf, asked plaintively: "Would you call him a savage gentleman—or a gentle savage?" Hollywood didn't know the answer. It can't understand a chap who wants to be alone occasionally, away from the handclaps and hullabaloo.

Not "Doing a Garbo"

"BUT," he points out, "get me straight on this solitude stuff. Old Man Gable isn't doing a Garbo! If Hollywood mobs liked to get out and hunt, why I'd be the ringleader. But Hollywood mobs don't. They play bridge, they get steamed up over anagrams, they dance. I do a little of it because Mrs. Gable enjoys it, but if I was on my own I'd never show my face at a party. After all, I'm a Pennsylvania Dutchman—and did you ever see one who could go in for frills and this lah-dee-dah business?"

"I suppose it goes pretty deep with me, this wanting to get away from the crowds. Down to the roots, so to speak.

(Continued on page 69)
Do I like the pursuit of beauty? I should say so! I adore experimenting with every new shade of lipstick, every eyebrow gadget, every trick accomplice of Nature? I revel in it! I think that if women will give more attention to the stock on their dressing-tables than they do to what canned stuff is on hand in the kitchen, they’ll not only get their men sooner, but hold them longer. How’s that? Seriously, I’m all for "the secrets of the dressing-table."

I read every bit of advice about how to be more beautiful that I can lay my hands on—and even if I don’t do all I’m told, I’m always on the lookout for new tips. I can’t stay away from the toiletries counter in any store. I’m always borrowing my best friend’s new lipstick and then forgetting to give it back. (She does the same with my books, so we’re even.)

And I would like to get up on street corners, on top of a soap box, and speak on the subject of beauty. If I concentrated on any one theme (I’m so helter-skelter, it would probably be hodgepodge), I’d say, “Go in for any and every artificiality that makes you better-looking and that you can get away with—even a false bosom, if it’s necessary. But the main thing is to use only those things that you can get away with. Don’t ever let them be obvious.”

Now, for an example (because the editor says I must be practical in this article): On the screen I can wear artificial eyelashes, long curly ones, as luxuriant in growth
as the forest primeval, and get away with it. It doesn’t look too terribly affected to you, does it? No. Why? Because we all wear them on the screen and you’ve got used to them as a very definite part of the “close-up.” But imagine me—little, un-sensational, un-dramatic me—trying to get away with them in real life! It really would look too silly, for I am too tiny and my features are too small.

If anything, I am pert, and decidedly not the regal beauty who can wear great, long eyelashes as though she were born with them. But, because I do have to get along on everyday occasions with the eyelashes that Nature gave me, that doesn’t mean that I just let it go at that. I curl them up, with a gadget that’s made for the purpose, and I pile on plenty of mascara—but “not so you could notice it.”

You see, I’m so very blonde that my eyelashes and eyebrows look like corn-silk. And I’d be terribly foolish to try to make them look black, for then they would look faked. So I use a light brown mascara. And I heartily advise you other blondes who have light eyelashes and eyebrows to throw out the black mascara that you’ve been so fondly cherishing and get yourself some brown. You’ll be surprised how much more a part of you your eyelashes and eyebrows will seem when done a nice, crisp brown!

The use of the right colors is the most important thing of all in this beauty business. Few of us are trained to know the right color for us when we see it, whether in dresses, lipsticks or stockings. (And if you think I’m far-fetched on that stocking angle, I’ll explain it later.) So, if you haven’t an eye for which color will be best for what, there’s only one thing to do, and that’s to experiment.

Watch Your Powder Colors!

TAKE your skin, for example. I’ll bet you go on using the same shade of powder, year in and year out, except in the Summer, when you buy “sun-tan”—any old shade of sun-tan, just so that it is darker than the powder you have been using! You don’t stop to realize that your skin may have changed its color from one year to the next. You never think that each year, even the standard colors in clothes—blue, brown, green, red, yellow, orange—change and have different tinges and casts to them! And that means a little different powder! But even if you didn’t stop to think of all these things, how could you resist all the luscious new shades of powder that appear on the market every year? How could you? I tell you, they simply have me under their spell. I always get all the new shades.

If you don’t think that a shade of powder can make all the difference in the world in your looks, let me tell you something I used to do (still do, sometimes, with people who aren’t “on” to me). My great difficulty has always been in getting away from parties at an early hour, and I’ve simply got to have sleep while I’m work-

Miriam Hopkins believes that rouge and powder in the right amounts, and on the right places, is very necessary to most types. A woman should have her lipstick the same general shade as her rouge.
Smart Little Rich Girl

Hazel Forbes looks like a million dollars—and has several million. She runs eight big businesses, but they don't take all her time. That's why she's in the movies—and clicking!

By ROBERT FENDER

There is no one in Hollywood like Hazel Forbes. True, there are other rich girls in the movies. Also, there are other movie queens who conduct their own businesses on the side. But no other girl in Hollywood approaches Miss Forbes in the magnitude and scope of business activities, and no heiress in films approaches her in fragile blonde beauty.

In Hazel Forbes, we have the seemingly impossible combination—beauty plus brains. Business women, B.F. (Before Forbes), always looked the part. They had low-heeled "sensible" shoes, mannish garb, dour, "important" faces, no humor, no glamour, no humanity. Patterning themselves after male business giants, the feminine financial wizards took on a plainness and a formidable aspect that they thought becoming to industrial tycoons. They wore their stern poses as they wore their severe tweeds, and they were women whom your average man would walk miles to avoid. Then along came Hazel Forbes, looking for all the world like a giddy, happy-go-lucky, blonde honey, to upset the apple-cart and to write, single-handedly, a new code for ladies in business.

Hazel Forbes, if your newspapers haven't yet reached your vacation address, is the ex-"Follies" girl whose husband, Paul Owen Richmond, died nine months after their wedding, leaving her several millions and a drug products business. Stunned by her young husband's death, Miss Forbes awoke, in time, to the fact that she would have to continue his business where he left off. The wise ones snickered when she tossed back her yellow mop of hair, rolled up her sleeves and plunged in.

The boys who knew it all nudged one another in high glee and settled back to wait for the business to come plunging down upon her marcelled head. That was two years ago and the boys who knew it all are still rubbing their eyes in amazement. They couldn't see any deeper than that marcel. They didn't realize that underneath those blonde curls lay brains with a capital "B."

Inherited Two; Now Has Eight

"My husband," explained Hazel Forbes to me the other day, "left me two businesses. To-day I have eight. They include a tooth powder, cosmetics and shampoos, and I am now adding a food product. All of them are

(Continued on page 70)
“I Don’t Want a Hollywood Marriage” — Maureen O’Sullivan

By Dorothy Donnell

Maureen O’Sullivan is going home to Ireland with the hounds of Hollywood baying at her heels. Maureen was incalculative enough to make what is known as a “hit” in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street,” and it is against all the rules for an actress who has made a hit to leave town.

“What”—the studio cries, shocked, “go away for a visit to your father and mother when you could be following up your hit with another picture? Leave the fans to forget you just to take a trip back home? Give up, maybe, a million dollars in Box Office for a silly notion about being married among your own people? If you gotta get married, you can do it between shots at Las Vegas or Yuma, can’t you, like other Hollywood people? And if you’re homesick, you can send for your family and show ’em the studio lot, Grauman’s Chinese Theatre and the Colony Club, can’t you?”

But Maureen is Irish, and when the Irish get their dander up, nobody can stop them. So she’s going home to Ireland and let pictures go hang. “I hope,” she says somberly, “I’ll be through with the movies for good in two years more. It was fun, I wouldn’t have missed it. But it isn’t Life, not to me. I’ve always known it was just an adventure. I’ve always felt that I was here on a visit that must end soon. I’ve never settled down in Hollywood, never owned anything. I’ve lived in hotel rooms for four years.

“Hollywood,” said Maureen suddenly, her blue eyes on the barren hills sprinkled with real estate signs beyond the windows, “is a lonely place. It’s terribly lonely. And ugly. I thought at first when I came here straight from my green home country I had never seen such ugliness. I think so now. You go on a drive here, to get a change from Hollywood, and you ride through a dozen little Hollywoods, all with one business street with a drug store on the corner of every block, and gas stations and hot dog stands and a movie theatre. At home you can start out without plans, thinking you’ll find some quaint little inn where you can stop for the night. But in California the hotels are all alike, and none of them quaint. It’s not the place where I’ll be ending my life, nor spending many more years, I hope.

“Of course, it’s the money that gets you. When you make a good picture, they say, ‘Now you can’t go! You’re on top. We’ve got plans for you.’ And when you are a flop, your own pride won’t let you go back home just then.

(Continued on page 78)
BARRETT'S OF WIMPOL STREET

It's Your Duty to See This Grand Picture

Judged on its own merits without thankless and arid comparisons, this picturization of the famous stage play of family life and romantic love in the Victorian era is a splendid answer to critics of motion pictures. Despite the limited action of a story which must revolve about an invalid practically chained to her couch, there is a sense of warring personalities and overwhelming menace that maintains the suspense to the very end. With sure instinct Norma Shearer gives us an Elizabeth Barrett, poetess, true and sustained throughout her relations with her brothers, her unfortunate father, and her impetuous lover. She is brave and almost too beautiful for biographical accuracy. Fredric March as the ardent Browning is a lover to make any woman wistful, and Charles Laughton as the bestial father is indescribably sinister.

High Lights: Una O'Connor's Wilson, Flush, the dog. Norma's singing. The love scenes. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

GIRL FROM MISSOURI

Breezv And Bright And Nearly Acted

Just what this much re-titled, much reworked, and wrongly titled, will be like when it finally reaches the screen, it is difficult to guess. But at the present showing it is a breezy, highly amusing, somewhat cynical story of a small-town girl who goes to New York determined to exchange her beauty for nothing less than a wedding ring. Given such a premise and Jean Harlow's seductive blondeness, the picture cannot help being interesting. Eddie becomes a chorus girl as the first step toward meeting wealthy men, gets mixed up via a pair of ruby cuff links with a suicide and meets the son of a millionaire. She holds out for marriage; he offers her everything else. A grand cast, consisting of Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone and Lewis Stone.

High Lights: The act Eddie stages in an ocean liner's cabin. Dialogue from the pen of Anita Loos that fairly crackles with electricity. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

OUR DAILY BREAD

Sincere, But Not Always Convincing

Evidently intended as a serious solution to the present economic disturbances, and built on epic lines, this sincere and earnest story of two city walks, tossed by hard times onto an abandoned farm and their efforts to colonize it with other sufferers like themselves, somehow fails to achieve the conviction anticipated. Perhaps only lineal descendants of farmers would find flaws in the working out of their self-help experiment, and there is authentic drama in the scenes of desperate men harnessing themselves to plows, and in the Thanksgiving service above the corn. But the climax in which the little colony toils to dig a trench, so that a mountain stream could be brought across meadows, and mountains to save their parched crop, is at times close to the ridiculous. Tom Keene is boyish and Karen Morley is sincere.

High Lights: The bit players in humorous episodes. (Vidor-United Artists)

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN

Movie Cocktail Sprinkled With Laughs

An eavesdropping switchboard girl in a swank apartment house in Paris, a misanthropic porter, a near-sighted heiress, with a habit of stumbling over obstacles into the arms of handsome young men—and Edward Everett Horton. Shake these with a dash of naughtiness and a jigger of Cary Grant's impeccable tailoring, and you have a cocktail of a picture evanescent with laughter. A thunder-and-lightning machine invented by his valet and set off by pressing a button saves young Julia de Lusac from many an embarrassing situation. A good eavesdropper at the switchboard saves him from matrimony. When by dint of further listening she rescues him from an adventure, the telephone girl—see it yourself!

High Lights: The best man and the bridegroom mournfully accompanying each other to the nuptial dinner. The suicide over the telephone. Edward Everett Horton. The running gag of the spectacles. (Paramount)
Parade

Cleopatra

As Cleopatra pulled her tricks and surprises out of the Egyptian air of her silken-draped barge to entice the reluctant attention of Antony, so Cecil DeMille pulls a hundred startling effects and gorgeous incidents out of his bag to please his audience. This historical pageant is surely the ultimate in the way of spectacles, seducing the eye and ear alike without taxing the mind, although the modern vernacular in which Egyptians and Romans speak, startles at first. The beauty of Claudette Colbert, enhanced by such magnificence as canopies of ostrich plumes and robes which require twenty slaves to carry, fairly dazzles the onlooker and makes her successive conquests understandable. Warren William makes a handsome and scornful Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon, a virile and powerful Antony. But it is the director, C. B., himself, who is felt throughout the bewildering array of processions, battles and orgies. Whether "Cleopatra" is history or DeMille does not matter so long as it is entertainment plus.

High Lights: The seduction of a swooning Antony by scenes of fair beauty on the barge. The drama of the great oarslows as they begin to move, carrying the lovers away. Battle scenes of hitherto unimaginable fury. The death of Antony. The gorgeous settings and atmospheric backgrounds. The sweep and movement. The acting. (Paramount)

Performances
You Should Not Miss This Month

Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra"
Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
Charles Laughton in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance"
Otto Kruger in "Paris Interlude"
Tom Keene in "Our Daily Bread"
Edward Everett Horton in "Ladies Should Listen"
Henry Wilcoxon in "Cleopatra"

Charlie Chan's Courage

Old And Always Gives A Good Show

A nice tidy little mystery picture, without unnecessary blood or messiness. If there are no chilling screams, or bodies tumbling out of closets, there are a lot of laughs at the Oriental wise-cracks of Chan (Warner Oland) who, disguised as a Chinese house-boy in search of a position, wanders blandly into the nest of diamond thieves who have occupied a remote ranch house in a California valley. Enter the hero (Donald Woods) who, the gang believes, has a valuable necklace in his possession to be delivered to one of the criminals, posing as a purchaser. Here also comes pretty Drue Leyton, a location woman for a movie company. With a house full of actors and actresses, as well as gangsters, complications come thick and fast. In a desperate effort to locate the necklace, one man is murdered and others held prisoner.

High Lights: Warner Oland, more Oriental than the Forbidden City of Pekin. (Fox)

Servants' Entrance

Novel Cinderella Setting For Gaynor Charm

The novelty of this is that you see Cinderella backwards. An old, but always welcome theme for Janet Gaynor, she plays this time the wealthy girl who disguises herself as a servant to prepare for practical matrimony with a wealthy lad. In the course of a troubled career in which she dashes from employer to employer as cook, nursemaid and seamstress, she meets a young mechanic (Lew Ayres) and—well you guess whether she goes back to her rich boy friend or not! Without many complications or surprises, but with a novel background for the Gaynor charm and whimsy the picture should be sure of a good reception, especially in these finicky times. The dialogue is delicious, the comedy situations fresh and gay, and the rather obvious improbabilities in the story do not annoy.

High Lights: The dream cartoon sequence. The culinary catastrophes of the little adventurers. (Fox)

Hat, Coat And Glove

Good Murder Mystery—Well Acted

A murderer careless enough to leave his wearing apparel strewn about his victim's body is a new one in the long calendar of cinema crimes. In this case his predicament is complicated by the fact that he has merely dropped into a Greenwich Village studio in the nick of time to witness the suicide of the artist's discarded girl friend. Add to this the fact that the artist (John Beal) has been philandering with the wife of the owner of the damaging apparel and you have basis for real suspense. Ricardo Cortez is the lawyer who defends his wife's lover charged with a murder which he alone knows was a suicide. How he baffles the witnesses is cleverly worked out in one of the best trial scenes of the season.

High Lights: The testimony of the tailor, the tailor and the street urchin. Cortez wearing his own garments to prove to the jury that they might fit anybody! (RKO-Radio)

Make These Reviews
Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

Now And Forever

Shirley Temple Makes It Entertaining

Bound together with a thread of sentiment, this loosely constructed tale of a debonair confidence man and his beautiful wife takes the pair from China, to Connecticut, and the Riviera in search of easy money. The ardent romance between the two (Gary Cooper—Carole Lombard) and the introduction of the precocious Shirley Temple as a child of the hero by an early marriage, glazes over their sordid chicaneries with a frosting of sentiment that is a trifle sticky at times. Newly discovered father-love decides the hero to claim his baby instead of accepting the seventy-five thousand dollars the child's wealthy grandfather would have given for her. Thereafter, the youngster is an innocent accomplice in their schemes. Laughs and thrills are well distributed and if your tastes run to kiddie cuteness you will enjoy Shirley's tricks.

High Lights: Gary's impersonation of the hotel accountant which garners enough cash to pay his bill. (Paramount)
McLaglen Takes Out His Papers

Fighting Vic, a Briton-born, has fought his last battle for the Union Jack. He intends to stand by the country in which he makes his living. If there's fighting to be done, he'll pitch in and punch for Old Glory.

By William F. French

In Hollywood, the home of contrasts and likenesses, there is one star who stands out in delightful relief against a background of selfishness and insincerity. Victor McLaglen's viewpoint and activities should serve as a balm to the pain in a certain local region, caused by a recollection of the attitude and maneuvers of some of our most pampered and privileged favorite sons.

This man was not born in America; he did not get all the breaks and advantages the industry had to offer, pile up a fortune, and then hire himself to Europe to pursue British aristocracy because his own kind were too plebeian—or what have you.

Instead, he came over here, a stranger in a strange land, to show he could take all the buffeting and rough treatment that fate had to dispense; come up for more with a grin; and then stick to it until he hammered his way to success. And when that success was won, he did not decide that his children needed European atmosphere and European polish for the good of their souls.

On the contrary, he says, bluntly: "America has given my children everything they have—and they are not going to forget that. I tell them they should be glad of the chance to be Americans."

For Victor McLaglen is an American—one hundred per cent.

True, he was not born here, and there is still a trace of "John Bull" in his accent; but he didn't acquire that by studying the Oxford drawl on an Iowa farm, or by aping British visitors at his studio.

"I tell my boy and girl they should be good Americans not only because of what this country has done for me," continues Victor, "but because of what it can do for them. I tell them that being an American isn't a duty but a privilege. And they realize that is true, too.

"Before I came to America it was always pretty much double-duty and half-rations for me, with plenty of hard knocks and mighty few rewards to cheer me on. Not that I have any personal complaint against the old country, but if the world owed me a good living, I had to come to America to collect it. And that's why I tell my children this is a mighty fine country to live in, and work in and stand up and fight for."

"Stand up and fight" is a natural expression to Vic. All his life he has had to fight for what he got—and often fight long and hard for meagre rewards, just as he used to battle a dozen rounds in the prize-ring for less than he earns now for a single hour's appearance before the camera.

It is common knowledge how he ran away from home, in his early teens, to enlist in the Boer (Continued on page 79)
WHENEVER I THINK OVER THE HANDICAPS NATURE HANDED TO WOMEN, I JUST BOIL.

I WOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY, FRAN, ESPECIALLY NOT AROUND A YOUNG DAUGHTER

THAT'S JUST WHAT RILES ME. HERE GRACE IS JUST TWELVE, AND HAS TO GO THROUGH THIS MISERABLE UNCOMFORTABLE TIME—RUBBING...CHAFING...

WHY, FRAN DEAR. WHY DON'T YOU GET THAT CHILD A BOX OF THE NEW KOTEX. IT'S AS SOFT AS DOWN, AND...

OH, THAT'S JUST AN ADVERTISEMENT

ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A BOX FOR HER SHE'LL FIND IT'S A DIFFERENT WORLD!

GRACE GOING TO A DANCE TONIGHT?

YES THANKS TO YOUR ADVICE ABOUT KOTEX. — NEITHER GRACE NOR I WOULD EVER USE THE OTHER KIND

HERE'S NEW COMFORT...

NEW FREEDOM FROM EMBARRASSMENT FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

MOST women think chafing is inescapable. But with this new Wondersoft Kotex you forget about chafing entirely! Now sides are cushioned with fluffy cotton to keep them so gentle, so downy-soft, that even young girls, vigorous of motion and tender of skin, can find no fault. Sides remain dry and soft, yet top and bottom are free to absorb.

No twisting! No roping!

Many women wearing ordinary pads won't believe this possible! Maybe it is hard to realize that no other pad is like this one. This new Kotex, instead of twisting, roping and pulling, constantly readjusts itself to conform to the body. Activities formerly impossible become pleasant. Yet, with all this, the special center insures even greater protection, offers freedom from unthinkable accidents. This, of course, means security against soiled lingerie.

You wear it! Forget it!

Haven't you longed for just such a sanitary napkin as this? A Wondersoft pad? One that fits so snug that there are no telltale outlines under your clinging gowns? Wondersoft Kotex is made for you women who want "forget-about-it" protection!

Buy Wondersoft Kotex at any store. Even the box doesn't look like an ordinary sanitary napkin package. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

FREEMO TO WOMEN!

Choice of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene. Check your choice on coupon below.

KOTEX CO., Room 2124B
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

☑ I should like a copy of "Health Facts on Menstruation."
☑ Send me "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," for a child.

Signed
Address
City

59
Sally’s pretty and Sally’s smart!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way . . . guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood’s beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—blackheads, perhaps? No need to worry! Hollywood’s beauty care—Lux Toilet Soap—will help you!

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many a girl who thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—unable to function normally. Cosmetic Skin develops.

You needn’t run this risk. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up thoroughly the modern Lux Toilet Soap way. Then you protect your skin—keep it beautiful. You want the loveliness that makes a girl attractive to everyone who sees her!
Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with Lux Toilet Soap I guard against Cosmetic Skin

Miriam Hopkins
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"
"Any Clever Woman Can Develop Glamour"—Joan Crawford

(Continued from page 27)

"As an actress, I have met many men and I have decided that the average man, outside of office hours, is anything but a realist. He may pose as super-cynical 'man-of-the-world,' but, in reality, he is romantic, sentimental, and clings to his ideals about women. He is also born with the longing to adventure physically and mentally—and new experiences and conquests never fail to thrill him in anticipation.

It's 90 Per Cent Mental

"YOUTH may not believe this, but I've discovered that glamour is about ten per cent physical and ninety per cent mental. In spite of the growing prominence of women in the business world, men still cling to their conviction that their own sex holds a monopoly on brains. Consequently, they are not interested in the everyday woman, or even the 'different.' She becomes alluring because she is stimulating. And, being men, they are very much interested in the mental attitude for physical desire. I wonder if a psychologist might not discover in the average man's will to conquer a 'brainy' woman, the very essence of his manhood.

The clever woman, no matter how beautiful, directs her appeal primarily to a man's mind.

"Beauty has been the worst handicap of many women. I have often heard directors at the studios comment on the fact that extremely beautiful girls, who at first glance, seem the most promising for the screen, usually prove to be flat disappointments because they lack 'personality'—a term that is the key word to all kinds of glamour. They complain that pretty girls seldom have lovely voices or gracious manners and, finally, they fail back on that shop-worn description of 'manful, dastardly.' The reason is that many unattractive women are convinced that their faces are all-powerful weapons. Consequently, they want to cultivate other charms.

Second Impressions Count

"And second impressions—being what it is, it's the illusion, rather than the reality, that counts. But with the illusion there must always be those qualities of intelligence, responsiveness, and idealism that make you one of the characters in her day.

And the only key to beauty is poise. The world is shallow, and men and women are shallow, and poise is a quality that is often overlooked. A woman with poise can make a man understand her, and that's the beginning and end of all glamour.

"So, Hollywood, seek and find poise. That is the key to all beauty. No one else can control poise. It is something that is just there, and either you have it or you don't.

"The results are often startling—but, even so, Hollywood has learned that beauty, alone, is of very little importance. A merely beautiful woman has absolutely no chance on the screen to-day, whereas her un-beautiful sister, equipped with intelligence and native charm, has every chance of becoming a star.

"It is amusing to think that Hollywood's conception of glamour has changed with the years. Ten years ago, screen sirens were voluptuous vamps; to-day they are intelligent, poised women. Hollywood has learned that true glamour lies in intelligence, sincerity and charm, not in tiger-skin rugs and silver undulations.

"Definite rules for acquiring glamour? Well, it isn't exactly working out a mathematical problem, but I'll give you one hint: men are attracted to the woman they believe to be their equals. They want them to know that they are not, but there is a beauty in their nervousness. And if you know how to reveal it, it can be used to advantage. The result will be intriguing!"

Joan Crawford's eyes are enormous, sensual, sensational. The eyes of Lucille La Verne were used. (Crawford has whispered that Joan has had the corners of her eyes cut to make them larger. That is ridiculous! The only difference is that she has learned how to use them to achieve the utmost in allure."

"Emotional depth in a woman finds quick response in a man." Joan continues. "Most men, I think, instinctively dislike women whose emotions are static. They associate emotionalism with femininity and regard an emotionless woman as a traitor to her sex.

All actresses will tell you that emotional power can be developed."

"Poise—and by that I mean self-control, not nervousness and blank passiveness! This is of tremendous importance to glamour, and it, also, can be acquired. Teach yourself self-confidence. For, thenceforward, you will have half your battle won. Poise lends a woman glamour and a degree of mystery. It saves her from being obvious—the worst social crime she possibly could commit. It makes her elusive and, therefore, desirable. Poise is an indication of intelligence."

Practises What She Preaches

"Perhaps the most important attribute that any woman can have is mental adaptability. If she courts the fickle and academic fad of the moment, she is going to be a poor interested—in the subjects most vital to each man whom she contacts. I make a conscious effort to share the interests of everyone whose friendship I value. I encourage them to talk about the things in which they are absorbed, instead of confining the conversation to my own pet subjects."

"Naturally, the clever woman, no matter how plain, makes the most of whatever physical attractions she may possess. Every woman has some charming feature. Perhaps her eyes are beautiful, perhaps her teeth are even and white, perhaps she has shapely shoulders and arms. Then, by all means, she should develop a flavor to accentuate and call attention to her good points. By so doing, she can minimize her defects."

"Take, for instance, the case of a girl with beautiful eyes—anything but beautiful. She should make her eyes so outstanding that anyone, meeting her for the first time, will be unconscious of her unshapely mouth. She should use little lipstick and she should never wear a floppy, big-rimmed hat that would shade her eyes."

"And, of course, no girl can acquire glamour by dressing daringly. Simplicity and modesty are far more alluring."
There were gas jets and gas jets back in the days when father went about the house at dusk with a wax taper on a cherry wood handle. And poor jets wasted gas forty years ago just as inefficient lamps waste electricity today—by being spendthrifts at the meter and misers at the point of illumination.

The user of electricity, unlike the user of inefficient gas jets, cannot see how wastefully his lighting dollar is being spent. He must rely upon the integrity and reliability of the manufacturer whose lamp he buys. As a guide to those who want good light at low cost, the General Electric Company points to its monogram as a sure way to avoid the uncertainties, both in light output and length of life, of inferior lamps.

Lamps that bear this mark ‪do not waste current, blacken quickly or burn out prematurely...‬ Because their uniform high quality is rigidly guarded by 480 different inspections, tests and processes. Buy a carton of six NOW. Fill your empty sockets for the long winter evenings ahead. Remember, lamps are most often needed when stores are closed. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS
Confessions of a Falling Star

(Continued from page 32)

and hurts of many months had disappeared.
I sat there for forty minutes, waiting. Such a thing would have been impossible a year ago. His secretary and under-secretaries and office boy would have ushered me in a silence and of praise.

"You were simply marvelous in that last picture"... "My sister's so crazy about you. Won't you please autograph a photo for her?"

Now it was: "Oh, hello. Yeah, he'll see you after a while."

And when I finally saw him, he rubbed his hands and said with a touch in a smile meant to dazzle me. He added, "Old McCobb has always looked after you, isn't that right, honey? Yes, streee. And what do you think of doing 'Lost Melody'?"

My heart skipped a beat. It was the most talked-of play of the moment. The part of the girl in the woman to make— or remake— any actress who did the rôle. I came near to kissing McCobb's rusty face. And then...

"Wouldn't mind wearing a dark wig, no?"

"But why should I?" I protested. "The girl is described as a blonde.

"Ah, but you are to have a more mature, searing rôle. You are to be Arline, the mother!" Had it come to this? A mother rôle? At thirty!

Somehow, I managed to leave before I acted the fool. I stumbled blindly past my old dressing-room bungalow, which had been done over in white and gold for someone else. I had been soft blue and hyacinth and silver when I needed it. I could see myself now as I was then—so sure of my place, so triumphant. I had laughed when they put my "nenice" under contract.

Rival Now in Her Place

EVERY star has one. It is an old Hollywood custom. The studios hire young boys and girls who slightly resemble their big players in looks and mannerisms and threaten to give them the icy "breaks" if the stars don't keep in line. It's a perfectly legitimate way of cracking the whip over temperaments. But sometimes the "menaces" prove to be good material in their own right. Mine did. She has my bungalow now...

I had a dispute over salary and I walked out. They had been paying me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. That sounds as if it ought to be a very wealthy woman to-day. I'm not a pauper, trying to keep up a millionaire "front." That's the little irony of this business. You can ride around in all kinds and a second-hand flivver as long as you're on top. But the minute you start slipping, it's got to be emerises and limousines.

That's why I spent my last eight thousand dollars last week to keep them from moving the furniture out of my twenty-room house. Not one soul in Hollywood knows I live there with only one servant. "A million-dollar house—filled with yesterday's star dust..." Valentine's words seem to echo at me through these terrible, empty halls. Great closets, almost empty, and bare shoe cabinets. I had sixty pairs of shoes once.

And there is a wall safe—but my famous diamond went for the telephone long ago.

Recently, when an interviewee came to see me, I pulled the bell cord for tea and then pretended that there was some upset in the kitchen. I wonder if she knew...?

Yes, I've "consented" to give interviews now. I didn't for a long while, for the simple reason I had nothing to give. Twenty interviews a week had left me with nothing to say.

Now, it's so queer to be actually playing that someone will want to write me up. This interview would have been interest to me. She wanted to know about an actor who had once been my leading man, and of a tremendous box-office sensation. "I hope you'll be doing another picture soon," she was kind enough to add at the end. "I expect to," I said casually. "I can find the right part.

If I can find the right part..."

Offers She Has Turned Down

FOR nine months I've been searching, hopping, begging for it. I have turned down one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in ready cash—to play secondary rôles. It took courage—especially when I haven't had a decent piece of steak in my icebox for days. But once I accept smaller rôles, it means the downgrade for me. There's no turning back. How long can I hold out?

It's only natural that people consider you madly extravagant when they know you've made a fortune in films—and lost it. But very few know the other side of the picture.

My reputation was founded on glamour. That meant I had to have a background in private, and I played the character I appeared on the screen.

So I spent an average of thirty-five thousand dollars a year on clothes to keep up the ballyhoo of my Hollywood's "best-dressed women." I had to have a complete new wardrobe every season, in fashion of the day—and you pay double for the very dresses. Most women had to be "different"—striking and ultra-slim and obviously expensive. Very often I provided my own wardrobe for the picture so that I could get precisely the type of thing I wanted, and that never ran under four figures.

My house, with its swimming pool and lavish Japanese gardens, cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars—with the mortgage yet to be paid. Then there was the expense of maintaining a staff of twenty, the competent servants who could rise to any emergency, like having ten unexpected guests for dinner and arranging for my sudden location trips.

Where Else Her Money Went

MY manager received ten per cent of my salary, or fifteen thousand dollars. And later I discovered that he had been getting a bonus as well on all the bonds he purchased for me—bonds that were the first to default with the depression.

Charities, cosmetics—an actress has to go in for four times what a non-professional does. Massages mount to staggering figures. My hair had to be dressed every day. The handling of my fan mail cost around five thousand a year.

For insurance I had to pay one hundred per cent more than normal rates because picture people are considered greater risks. Oh, it's easy to see where the money went to. And now—

Mornings, I attempt to clean those soiled sheet satins around the house—and try not to listen for the telephone any longer. Afternoons, I go around trying not to look strained and tense and to give the impression that I'm wise to conserve my energy for tomorrow.

Where will it bring? Another chance? Or will I, too, become just another forgotten face...?
3 Discerning Women have found the way to whiter teeth

Listerine Tooth Paste has won popularity in every walk of life by doing a superlatively efficient job of cleansing the teeth—at the same time imparting high polish to the enamel. Teeth fairly gleam!

These vital qualities, together with its cool, refreshing taste and the pleasing assurance it leaves of a purer, sweeter breath, have made Listerine Tooth Paste the choice of thousands who never stop to think of price when they buy a dentifrice.

Try it—and if you don’t agree that it is better, speak your mind by going back to the costlier brand you’re using now.

But remember, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25¢ (Double Size 40¢); so if you do like it, you’ll save money by continuing to use it. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Left—“I wanted the best tooth paste at any price—and I found it for 25¢”

Right—“I like the idea of a tooth paste by the makers of Listerine and tried it. I’m very well pleased.”

Miss Marjorie Bushman is assistant in a doctor’s office, a kind of work which requires intelligence, energy and plenty of tact. She likes her occupation because, as she says, “you’re always learning something new.”

Lower Right—“Listerine Tooth Paste gets my teeth beautifully clean. Also, your advertising never insults my intelligence.”

Catherine McHenry was vice-president of the senior class at University of Michigan. “This dentifrice is very popular among students at the University,” Miss McHenry says. “Others like myself prefer it to costlier brands.”

Miss Elizabeth Brown is stylist and designer of decorative pottery for one of the world’s largest potteries. She is a graduate of West Virginia University and of New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. She also studied in London, Paris, and Italy.

“My pottery won’t sell unless it is good looking and smart. If you want to ‘sell yourself’ in this world today, you want to be as good looking as possible. Nothing helps quite so much as nice white teeth.”

REGULAR SIZE 25¢
NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

65
My Design for Living

(Continued from page 34)

Love, the second pillar supporting my horizontal line of happiness, means love of many things. It means love of friends and it means love of charity. I don’t mean the charity of giving,butsupportingorganiza-
tions or persons; I mean the charity of giv-
ing yourself to those who need you. I mean meeting with other people in tolerance and kindness; trying to give something of your-
self; trying to give something of which no
crater can ever deprive them.

Works Better with Men

FRIENDS are very much a part of my design for living. I am sometimes called a man’s woman! I think I am, always
have definitely helped me in my life far more
than women have. Whatever I have done,
whatever I have been or hope to be, I owe,
for the most part, to men. For the most part,
too, I prefer the company of men. I prefer
to talk to them, argue with them, work
with them, plan with them.

But I have four or five women-friends
without whom my design would be lament-
ably thin and insufficient. Out here in Hol-
lyood are Jessica Barthelmess, Frances
Goldwyn and Bee Stuart. I’ve known Bee
for years, but Frances and Jessica I’ve met
since I’ve been on the Coast. And if nothing
else in Hollywood had been happy or suc-
cessful for me, knowing Jessica and Frances,
would make it all worth while.

Beauty is a part of my design for living.
It should be a part of every one’s design.
Yet there are people, pleasant people, too,
who can live in depressing houses with
dreary views, who can wear shapeless
clothes, read very little, listen to the blare
of the radio and never raise their eyes to
the stars on a black night. I think I would
physically suffocate without beauty.

I am not domestic. I don’t want a home
of my own—not now. I don’t know yet
where I want to live or in what kind of
house. I know that I should prefer living in
New York if it were not for my work. But
when I say that I am mad about beauty, I
mean a charming house, of course. I mean
the beauty of the sky and the sea, the beauty
of flowers, the beauty found in books and
poems, in the faces and deeds of people, in
clothes and in all the things one can touch
and smell and see and think. All kinds of
little beauties are a part of my design; a sin-
gle perfect rose in a crystal holder; a table
perfectly appointed, birds on the wing, the
lace of a dead person who is known great
pain and is released . . . all of these things
. . . and others . . .

Friends That Never Fail

DOGS are part of my design for living.
They are beautiful, too, not only in
their shape and size, but in their faithfulness
and unassuming loyalty. They give themselves
as no human ever does.

Tennis is part of my design for living. I
play whenever I can. There are a part of
my design—planes for purposes of trans-
portation only, however. I am not air-
minged just for the sake of flying. I am air-
minged only because I am restless: I want
to get to the places where I am going with
as little delay as possible. On the other hand,
I love sail-boats and detest boats with
motors in them.

I would not say that religion is a part of
my design. Philosophy, I think, would be
the better word—the philosophy of finding
happiness in myself and of giving as much of
myself as possible to others.

Clothes—all kinds of clothes—are a part
of my design. They are a part of the decor-
ate scheme. But I especially like to wear
black and white. I adore snow. Ordering
my own meals is part of my design. I can’t
see to have anyone else plan my menus
for me.

And there you have it, I think. A double-
T-shaped design, with Happiness for the
horizontal bar and Love, Money, Power,
perpendicular pillars, and music and Europe
and friends and beaux and roller-coasters
and shoes sort of etched in here and there.
Every man adores it!—now every girl can have it!

Today, Woodbury’s Facial Soap invites millions of new users...
with its new and generous size 10c cake.
The 10c Woodbury’s brings you the very same quality you bought heretofore at a quarter. The same scientific beauty formula of a famous skin specialist. The identical soap that demonstrated its superiority over other leading soaps in the International Half-face Tests.
Other beauty products in these tests effected no noticeable improvement—Woodbury’s brought new radiant freshness and smooth texture to the skin within thirty days’ time.
It’s ready for you today! Nothing has been changed but the price. Now 10c! At druggists’, department stores, grocers’. The proved formula for “The Skin You Love To Touch.”

Woodbury’s Facial Soap 10¢

LADY CECIL DOUGLAS
...took part in London Half-face Test
Under the supervision of eminent dermatologists of nine nations, hundreds of the most notable and charming women of Europe and America took part in the International Half-face Tests which proved Woodbury’s superiority over every beauty aid and soap tested, in bringing new freshness and glamour to the skin.

SEND 10¢ FOR WOODBURY LOVELINESS KIT
Containing generous trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury’s Cold and Facial Creams, 6 dainty packets of Woodbury’s Facial Powder—one of each of the six flattering shades.

On the air—BING CROSBY, Tuesdays, 9:00 P.M., E. D. S. T., Columbia Network • • • DANGEROUS PARADISE”, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, N. B. C., 7:45 P. M., E. D. S. T.
When I Think of the Days I Lost

And my roots are right in the ground. Earthly. I was born on a farm. I've bummed around a lot—ridden the rails, been a lumberjack, known very little of home-life since I was a boy. But the two things that can give me the damnest homesick feeling are the warm, spicy smell of tomato ketchup cooking and a whiff of damp sagebrush... it must be the rural in me!

Whatever it is, it has kept Clark strangely unchanged, strangely sane, in a city that has worn many a strong man down.

To me, two pictures of this off-screen Gable stand out in revealing highlights. One is of a steaming hot day shortly after he had made his big hit in "Dance, Fools, Dance." The scene was the Griffith Park riding stables, where an old cowpuncher who had given Clark the work-out of his life. Perpiration was streaming down his face. And it was obvious enough that he had hit the ground nearly as much as the saddle. But he grinned widely as he eased himself into his saddle—"Y'old horse-feather, I'll ride the tail off your cayuse tomorrow!"

There was an answering grin on old Jim's face. He turned to me and rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Would ya believe it? He's one of them movin' picture folk. But, good gosh, he's—why, say, we could a made a real cowhand out of him there and guide beer

It was the highest tribute I think Clark Gable has ever been paid.

Clark and Pete Were Brothers

ANOTHER memory is of a cold, rainy night far up in the mountains. We had stopped at a little all-night stand for coffee—and seated on a high stool, with his legs wrapped around it, hat on the back of his head, was Mr. Gable. He was ceremoniously dunking a doughnut, knew he had been invited that evening to a swanky Hollywood function where a bevy of screen beauties would have swamped him—and yet, here he was. "Just an urge," he said, "to see what the desert looked like when it was wet."

There was humor in his face and something else—a baggy expression, the need to escape. "I've got to have some outlet from that buzz-works back there or go nuts," he said, as he drove alone into the dreaching night, headed for the Mojave...

Months later I met that same man, surprised one Sunday afternoon on the screen—in "It Happened One Night." When Pete was showing the heiress the art of dunking, I saw Clark again on that picturesque cowhand.

"Yep," he admitted when I charged him with it, "that's the first picture I didn't have to act in. Because Pete was me—or do I have to say Pete was I?.. He was a bit loafer. So am I. I take the path of least resistance every time. Neither of us is exactly what you'd call fastidious. I don't even bother about shaving any more than he did. In fact, when I'm up in the mountains, if I don't see a razor for a week, it's all right with me. They have different sets for the fancy-'dress parade' periods."

"And did you notice Pete's antique headgear? That's the hat I've worn, myself, for ten years. I can see old things wear out. They give you such a blamed comfortable feeling. I have my shoes half-soled so that I can keep them. Maybe that's a throwback. Though my little trousers are a kid, though. I had to do it then. I had to be thrifty in a lot of ways. My stepmother taught me to always turn out the lights in a room when I was through, for instance. And now I find myself going around the house and naturally doing the same darned thing...."

There isn't one Hollywood rule that Clark follows. He caters to no one, asks no favors. Big or small. To his way of thinking, free souls, he's a big softie at heart. For example: He dashed off the stage, while he was making "Chained" with Joan Crawford, as soon as the novel whistle blew, grabbed a sandwich, skirted the gate on two wheels and spent his entire lunch hour popping away with a gun at flying discs. It's called "sketch-bushing." Pete is no Petri to perfect your aim for bird-shooting. But does Mr. Gable intend to go after birds? He does not. "I don't think I could get a kick out of that," he says. And he's a sucker for any hard luck story that comes along.

But you couldn't call Clark a hand-kissing ladies' man. He's more likely to tell them where to get off than where to get on. One of the ga-ga girls got to him the other day. She was the kind who thought it would be just "too, too romantic to do Europe on a shoestring and hunt out the quaint old inns."

"Ever done it?" demanded Gable. "Why, me."

"Well, I have. I went to Holland on a ramfresher a short time before I came out here. I didn't have enough money to do anything but happen along with the natives. I just lived a day with the natives. It was about as romantic as a wet smack. ... And these 'quaint old inns.' Every one I've found had food as oldfash as the atmosphere!"

The ga-ga girl good herself away, trembling....

Keeping His Ego Deflated

I've heard it said that Clark Gable is the most relaxed man ever to pose for a camera. He is much more the unconscious actor. "It's funny to see this Clark Gable on the set, immaculately groomed and every inch the suave sophisticate, leave off making torrid love to some charmer and stroll over to a cameraman. Pretty soon you hear him say, "Check the dress, the star.""

The "trip" may be to the country in back of Reno. Or to that new spot Wally Beery told him about, a hundred miles from the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Or up in Wyoming. Sometimes his pal, Dr. Thorpe of Los Angeles, and his stepson, Al, accompany him. Mostly, though, he goes by himself. And he goes after each picture.

"It's a stabilizer, a contact with another world," he would say. "It's the way in which you can get away from the Hollywoodites as a red shirt from pink petals, it puts you on your mettle to compete with them. You can't get soft. It keeps your ego fairly well deflated when you climb a thousand feet and start puffing—and then see the old guide's face. They rate you as a human being. They treat you like one—not the star. It gives you a chance to see the two sides of that way."

Perhaps the most astonishing group of people on earth are those same ranchers in the back mountains. They size you up more carefully than the Navy before you can break in. "Bill" Gable and "Ad" Gable, who could be the lion of any social set in the world, is more proud of that fact than of anything else, even of stardom. And he comes down from there a little more unsubdued, with a little more of the punch that makes his pictures big-box-office.

That's why every good producer and every good director stay up nights. "Please, Heaven, make Clark Gable a lone wolf! Keep him untamed!"
Like Hollywood's Screen Stars, Discover How Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

Beauty's secret of attraction is color... for it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal.

This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up... Color Harmony Make-Up... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Face powder, rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by all the leading stores.

Mail this coupon to Max Factor. Hollywood
P.O. Box 845, Los Angeles, California. Please send me information on new Color Harmony Make-Up. I understand it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal.

NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE
COMPLEXION
EYE
HAIR
Very Light
Blue
Light
Blond
Light
Dirt-Dark
Brownette
Brown
Dirt:Dark
Brownette
Sallow
Dirt
Freckled
Dark
Black
Olive
Light
Dirt
Dark
Brownette
Med.
Heavy
Brown
Dirt
Brownette
Lipstick...

To give emphasis to the natural color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Voluminous Lipstick completes the color harmony ensemble. And its moisture-proof lip makeup... the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.

-face powder, rouge, lipstick in color harmony... for now you may share the luxury of the personal make-up for Carole Lombard and the host of other Hollywood's stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by all the leading stores.

Society Make-Up

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick... in color harmony
1. Anita Page and Nacio Herb Brown, popular song writer, are pictured on page 12, after their wedding in Ti Juanu, Mexico, on July 26. Anita met Brown about five years ago when she was playing in "Broadway Melody," for which Brown wrote the tunes. This is Anita's first marriage and Brown's third.

2. After a long and brave fight for life, Marie Dressler, beloved veteran character actress of stage and screen, died on July 28, at the age of sixty-five. Everybody in Holly- wood and fans over were made sad by her death, caused by an incurable ailment, which she learned she had three years ago. Marie Dressler, known as The Grand Old Lady of the screen, won the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her work in "Min and Bill" in 1931.

3. Virginia Bruce, who divorced John Gilbert not many months ago, wishes to be known and addressed by her ex-husband's name. Recently she went so far as to correct a story when she was addressed as Alias Bruce. However, despite what Virginia prefers to be called off the screen, the studios insist upon billing her as Virginia Bruce on the screen.

4. According to rumored reports, Katharine Hepburn, who divorced her husband, Ludlow Ogden Smith, in Merida, Yucatan, on May 8, may become reconciled to him. It is said that Smith is interested in his ex-wife's return to the legitimate stage and hopes that she will be able to live down the bad notices she got when she appeared on the stage last season in "The Lake." At the time of her divorce from Smith, there were rumors that Katherine was interested in her manager, Leland Hayward.

5. Ina Claire, upon her return from abroad, announced that she expected to marry Prince Ferdinand von Lichtenstein when he visits America again. Last March, when the Prince and Ina were fellow-passengers on the Vulcana, there were reports that they had eloped, but Miss Claire took pains to put this rumor at rest. Ina Claire was John Gilbert's third wife.

6. Ronald Colman made the headlines on July 31 because his wife, Thelma Raye, an English actress, whom he has been separated from for more than ten years, was granted a divorce. The Colmans were married in 1920 and separated four years later.

7. Belle Brothers, an actress who claims she is still the wife of George Bancroft, screen heavy, brought suit against the actor for separate maintenance. She states they were married in 1913 and separated in 1917, and never been divorced. However, Bancroft who, according to studio records, married Octavia Broske, in 1913, through his attorney announced that he was legally divorced from Belle Brothers before he married his present wife, who is the mother of his eighteen-year-old daughter.

8. The twins that were born to Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie Lee, on Friday, the 3rd of July, have been given their monikers. They have been named Philip Lang and the other Dennis Michael. There was some talk about calling one twin Bing and the other Dennis Michael. Some folks are still kidding Crosby and calling him Bing-Bing in honor of the double event.

9. The award for the stormiest marriage in Hollywood goes to Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. They have separated and announced their divorce so many times and have been reconciled so many times, that no one will believe it when it actually happens. It has been carried out to such an extent that everybody is expecting Lupe and Johnnie of making these announce-ments for the sake of publicity.

10. Gloria Stuart, who was recently divorced from Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor, married Arthur Sneekman, well-known screen writer, in Agua Caliente, Mexico, on July 19. This was their second marriage and they were both working on the Eddie Cantor picture, "Roman Scandals."

11. The divorced wife of the world's heavyweight champion, Max Baer, who is known in stage and screen circles as Dorothy Dunbar, has asked the court to permit her to change her name from Mrs. Max Baer to Mrs. Dorothy Wills. She gave as her reason for dropping the famous Baer name that she desires to free herself of the publicity attached to her ex-husband's name. The champ has signed a Paramount contract. His first picture will be "The Milky Way."

12. The death of Alec B. Francis, veteran character actor, on the set of "Holly- wood Hospital," came unexpectedly. The old-time actor had been sick only three days. Francis, who was sixty-five when he died, had been on the screen for nearly twenty-five years.

13. Katharine Hepburn isn't doing so badly for herself. The star has a two-year contact with KRO-Radio Pictures, calling for six films, for each of which she will receive $50,000. Some of the pictures scheduled for her are: "The Little Minister," "The Forayte Saga," and "Joan of Arc."

14. "Music in the Air" marks Gloria Swanson's return to the screen after a long absence and it reunites Gloria and John Boles. This is interesting because of the fact that Boles was introduced to the screen by Gloria Swanson, when she gave him a part opposite her in "Loves of Sonya." In 1927, Gloria saw a John Boles singing and dancing on the stage in "Kitty's Kisses" and prevailed upon him to try motion picture work.

15. Victor McLaglen has organized the California Light Horse Troop. Although his soldiers are often called upon to do extra work—that of playing soldiers in the movies, they are well trained and in an emergency, Uncle Sam could depend on the McLaglen Troop.

16. Toby Wing, the cute blonde film player who has had many boys crazy about her, seems to have centered all her interest on a particular young man—Jackie Coogan. It hardly seems possible that the Jackie Coogan you saw in the Chaplin picture, "The Kid," has already grown up and is old enough to have a steady girl.

17. The sapphire ring which Lila Lee is wearing was given to her by John McCormick, Colleen Moore, whose father is a Hollywood director and writer, and Lila says there is no romance between them.

18. The picture on page 12 shows Vere Teasdale at the train, ready for her return trip to Hollywood from New York. Vere had a wonderful trip to New York for the purpose of doing some trousseau shopping for her marriage to Adolph Menjou, star screen star.
Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to do these New Hollywood Curls?

The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peck over the crown like roses on a fence. Curls, mind you—no frizzles! If your hair is too dry and harsh to look lustrous in this style of a Hollywood star, use Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.

Help for DRY hair:
Don’t put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don’t—oh, don’t—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkalii . . . Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle “emollient” shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer’s Tar Soup. Get Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands. It’s quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer’s Fine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer’s Fine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER’S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair

PACKER’S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair
Gooy very around was public. But, won't necessary. It's going to be "B.O." and I'll see that she's swamped with invitations.

**NEXT WEEK**

THAT'S A REAL IDEA, SUE. IT'S SURE TO WORK. FOR ONCE PEOPLE TRY LIFEbuoY THEY NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE.

NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEbuoY AT ONCE.

**B.O.** GONE — appreciated at last!

**NEXT DAY — Sue gets the "lowdown"

ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU .... THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER .... IT IS ONLY THAT SHE'S CARELESS.

YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS.

A CONSPIRACY IT SHALL BE! I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT. WHEN I GO HOME NEXT WEEK, I'LL.......
A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

by Lady Esther

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin are signs of concealed dirt.

You may be the most fastidious woman in the world and still have blackheads. Why? Not through any carelessness on your part, but simply because you're an innocent victim of inadequate cleansing methods. You think you are reaching the dirt in your skin, but you are not. You are only reaching the outer and not the under layer of dirt.

Make This Test!

If you want to see how a real face cream works, make this test.

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Then take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smeared.

It Reaches Pore-deep Dirt

Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you get through cleansing your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you KNOW it is clean because your cloth will show no sign of soil.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleans your skin, it also lubricates it. It replenishes it with a fine oil that ends dryness and keeps your skin soft, smooth and supple.

There is no face cream you ever tried that is at once so thoroughly cleansing and delicately lubricating as Lady Esther Face Cream. One trial will show you an amazing difference in your skin.

At My Expense!

Free

Write today for the liberal 7-day trial tube I offer and see for yourself how thoroughly clean and how exquisitely soft Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin.

There is no cost for this 7-day tube. Your name and address on the coupon below or on a penny postcard bring it to you free and postpaid.

(... you can post this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER

204 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois (7)

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name __________________________

Address ________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________
Marie Dressler's One Great Love

(Continued from page 29)

when I nursed Jim like a baby, pushing him around in a wheel-chair, after he was crippled by a stroke of paralysis.

I didn't mind the noise and the dear, and you know that. It was the agony of seeing this once-strong man, with biceps like a Hercules, scarcely able to raise a spoon to his lips, and yet wanting to be back on the stage, to be in the exciting center of our theatrical life.

And then when he died, dear, that was hardest. His face was so dear, my dear, would not let me bury Jim. He had been sepa-rated from her for years; long before I met him. That's why Jim Dalton and I never married. But we shared our lives, our hopes, our thoughts.

Jim Dalton wanted to marry me. But his was a divorce, although Jim pleaded with her and begged her to free him. I don't blame her, dear. Not at all. Many times Jim wrote her, and told her what Marie would do, she lived with the children, and asked her, as long as their marriage was broken, to give him his freedom. She refused.

"Imagine what size he was, when he was alive, to think that I did not share his name. That didn't bother, so long as I had Jim, himself."

He didn't think of the possibility of his death because it seemed that Jim Dalton would always be in my life. It did hurt when Jim's wife, because she was his legal wife, was given the right to bury him..."You can see, dear," she said, smiling sadly across the living room of her Beverly Hills home, "why I don't want all this printed now. Later is time enough."

The Years of Her Youth

BIG-HEARTED, brave, Marie Dressler remains a Viking figure to those associated with her in the early days when, as "Sage" Dressler, she was working her way up in the world of the theatre. Few of her intimates of recent years, those who grieved at her bier, knew her when she was hailed as "Sage." Only her closest friends can tell you that Marie took her first stage name from the town of Saginaw, Michigan, where she lived in her teens after the Koerber family moved from Germany to the United States. Marie—who was born Leila Koerber—got the name of Marie Dressler from an aunt in Germany. Her father was a German cooper, Alex Koerber, and her mother was called Rudolph Koerber; the maiden name of her mother (who advised Marie to read newspapers to make up for her lack of schooling) was Anne Henderson. And Marie had one sister, Bonita, now the wife of England's Richard Ganthony, author of "The Message from Mars.

It was in Saginaw, where "Uncle" Koerber, as the town youngsters called him, gave music lessons for twenty-five cents a piece, and in Coburg, the small Canadian town that was Marie's birthplace on November 9, 1869, that the world-famous Dressler talents were first exhibited. Old friends can recall the untiring energy that caused the big, overgrown Koerber girl to give the artistic performances in the basement of her home, charging admission in the forms of pins and needles.

It has been told at fourteen she was earning eight dollars a week as leading lady in a stock company. It was also said that the New York Opera Company gave Marie her first show work. In 1892-3 she was drawing seventy-five dollars a week and this was her first success. She was established on Broadway in the gayest of gay theatrical decades. Dressler, then, as at the time of her death, was known as Lady Bountiful. Women, then in youthful bloom, now faded and gray, tell of the dozen hats that Dressler would have sent to the theatre and of the largesse with which she showered tips to her fellow showgirls. Her most intimate friends at that time were two actresses—May Duryea and May Howard. Miss Howard, burlesque comedienne of her day, would visit Marie, backstage, during some of Dressler's third acts and Marie would flounce out on the stage wearing famous costumes as if they were as fa-nous then as the Mae West diamonds are now. But the blue bloods of New York, whose wealth she had exploited Manhattan Island not too many years later when she was discovering the amusing talents, the ex-uberance of Broadway's Marie. Anne Marie, Miss Robinson, O. H. F. Bel-mont were her friends, too.

In the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, Marie paused in her busy life of making pennies. In supporting her own family (whom she had established at Bay-side, Long Island), of touring about the country in road shows, and married George H. Snyder, an American citizen, and went to Europe as an agent for road shows. The marriage—which made Marie an American citizen—took place in England's cupboard in a year they were divorced, and the child who was born of their union was dead.

Friends say that tall, broad-shouldered, red-haired James Dalton came into Marie's life on a train that was taking both of them, on separate errands, to Philadelphia. Marie claimed that it was a Boston train that was the beginning of the romance that was to bring her untold joy, abyssal sorrow, and heartache; that was to bring to old-timers from her, that was to make the last great masculine-man-claim whom she loved until the day of her death and beyond.

Had to Feign Illness Then

MARIE, at the time of her meeting with Dalton, was going through one of her famous career periods when she was invariably due to her generosity when she was "in the money"). She was so flat broke, at the moment of her meeting with Jim, that she had to keep her madam's house, her Madison Avenue apartment, she had no presentable dress in which to greet him. But Marie, rich or poor, was always the actual German lady, Marie the Bundler, and she took the so-called "Daddy" of theindy, nulato maid.

In no time Marie was bundled into bed, wearing a fluffy negligee, the only garment she had that was not napped, dyed or patched. She was powdered to look properly ashed and crowned with a be-ruffled boudoir cap, and Jim Dalton was ushered in by Jenny. Rather than create a bad impression in shabby clothes, Marie had taken the only alternative and had gone to bed, feigning illness. It was not long afterward that Dalton and Dressler were Broadway inseparables. She called him "Sonny" and worshiped him. Friends argued with her about him. Loving her, they did not want to see her shipwreck herself and her career on a roman-tic shoal that they thought he would neither be a permanent home. They reasoned with-out the tenacity, the purpose, the strength of this woman—whose will-to-live was indomitable. Daily newspapers screamed headlines, radio-shouted news of every beat of her faltering heart. She was immune to reasoning, then, and Dal-on and "Sonny" were wed, and age touched them both, she still loved him, and now she called him "Daddy." Riches did not come with "Daddy" Dalton. There were days when Marie,
Brooklyn, stroke "Caught World. Her points send "Min. Her up and Daddy's even paralysis. Again thanked ending told entered woman spent, anecdote, been history. Made California's in "Let Me," followed Brecame "Greatest 1930, in 1930, had distinguished himself in "Greatbafter," making it up as swiftly as she told it. Her listener knew better, but kept silent, laughing with Marie at the end of the story, yet marveling at the bravery of this woman who might have married millions and preferred to lavish her affection on an invalid.

At "Daddy's" death, Marie was a middle-aged woman, physically ill, financially spent, but with indomitable courage. The woman who had sold more Liberty Bonds than any other individual in World War days was no longer in demand; stage work was scarce. She was talking of investing her savings in a rooming-house in Paris, ending her days in comfort, independent and free. But when the international correspondent of an old-time Hollywood friend, she re-entered pictures to make "The Callahans and the Murphys" with Polly Moran. Then followed "bills" in a few pictures, with long intervals between. But in 1929 she was shaking a figurative fist at the Actors' Equity Association for its closed-shop policies in films, and waging knee-deep in a fight that had interested her since 1919, when she organized the chorus girls under the Equity banner.

Became Greatest of Them All

By 1931, she was again an international favorite, thanks to her "stealing" Garbo's first talkie, "Anna Christie," and that to her hair in "Caught Short." "Let Us Be Gay" and "Min and Bill." On November 11 of that year she received the Motion Picture Academy Award, a gold statuette, for her distinguished performance in "Min and Bill" with Wallace Beery. Vice-President Curtis of the Hoover administration attended the banquet, and Callahan's last Governor, James Rolph, Jr. Again Dressler, who had known Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson and Harding, was the center of an adoring group of cosmopolites. She had made the greatest "comeback" in theatrical history.

Her success in talkies was further established beyond all doubt by "Reducing," "Politics," "Emma" and "Prosperity." She (Continued on page 79)

Let a Colgate Smile get you out of it *

*Remember—your smile is no brighter than your teeth.

You can have a BRIGHTER SMILE by Removing the 7 Stains from your Teeth

YES—a smile can get you out of many unpleasant situations... if it is a lovely smile, revealing white, sparkling teeth.

And you can have a smile like that... even though your mirror tells you that your teeth now are dull, discolored.

For Science says dull teeth are only stained teeth, and that these stains can be removed— with the right sort of toothpaste.

You see, here's what happens: Everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves 7 kinds of stains on our teeth. (See list below.) At first, these stains are but tiny, invisible deposits, but they gradually build up, unless removed completely, until finally all the world can see them.

And very often these stains do build up, no matter how faithfully you brush your teeth. Because most toothpastes—having only one cleansing action—cannot remove all 7 stains.

But too actions get every single stain off—and Colgate's Dental Cream has both. First, a penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, while polishing your teeth to a brilliant luster.

Double Your Money Back If—

Perhaps you're saying to yourself: "Oh, this is just another toothpaste ad?" All right—he's skeptical. But he open-minded, too. Give us a sporting chance to prove our claims... without it costing you a penny if we fail.

Try a tube of Colgate's. If, when it's gone, it hasn't made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any toothpaste you've ever used... send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N.J., and twice what you paid for the toothpaste, plus postage, will be mailed you.

Tune in on the Colgate House Party, starring Joe Cook, Every Monday night... 9:30 P. M. (E. S. T.) N. B. C. coast-to-coast network.

Science classifies the hundreds of tooth stains into these 7 major groups—

1. Meats and other proteins. 
2. Cereals and other starchy foods.
3. Vegetables. 
4. Sweets. 
5. Fruits. 
7. Tobacco smoke.

LARGE TUBE

NOW 20c

GIGANT TUBE

(80s QUANTITY) 35c

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results...ells at the same low prices.
"I Don’t Want a Hollywood Marriage"

Maureen O’Sullivan

(Continued from page 53)

You say to yourself, ‘I’ve got to stay and make one successful picture to prove that I’m not a failure.’ But small good your money does it. It vanishes so quickly here. And the years vanish so quickly, too. You think you’ve been here a year now; and when you come to reckon up the calendar, it’s nearer four! I was eighteen when I came to Hollywood. I’m twenty-two now, and I’m going home before I lose any more time.

‘When there are no seasons, no apple trees blossoming in the Spring, no Autumn, no snow, time slips by you without your knowing. I thought I would be here six months at the most when I set foot in Hollywood.

Wouldn’t Have Missed Hollywood

But you mustn’t think I’ve not been

Guaranteed, and those new carbolic cream closed.

My GUARANTEE

-Here’s Slimcream

-Mary T. Goldman

3347 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.

Street.

City. . . . . . . . . . . State.

Color of your hair?

BE ADORABLY

SLIM this quick easy way

FREE Millions of men and women have sent for this free test. You run no risk. Convince yourself. Just mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman

3347 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.

Street.

City. . . . . . . . . . . State.

Color of your hair?

THE VICTORY

I’m standin’ on the dock

There’s the tall mast swayin’

There’s the riggin’ runnin’ zigzag

‘Gainst an evening sky

There’s the sound of a crackin’

And I hear the water lappin’

Luring, tempting, calling, beckoning on the outborne tide.

Hear the sailors singin’ sea songs

Hear the whistle blowin’ sun-down

Hear the mournful music of a crackin’

Hear the waves so eager leapin’

Ships a-longin’ to be free

Pullin’—straining toward their God, the sea.

For I’m standin’ on the deck

There’s the tall mast swayin’

And we’re now plowing through a darkened sea

There’s the sound of sails a-crackin’

And I hear the water lappin’

I’m its slave and it’s happy in its Victory.
Marie Dressler’s One Great Love
(Continued from page 77)

was now Box-Office Favorite No. 1. And in 1932 Marie set about enjoying the fruits of conquest. She bought the King Gillette twelve-room Colonial home on Alpaca Drive in Beverly Hills. “All I want is my own little backyard and peace and quiet,” she once told me. In the landscaped gardens “the Grand Old Lady of Films” found peace and quiet, except when her malady racked her body. In 1933—after making “Dinner at Eight,” “Tugboat Annie” and Her Sweetheart, Christopher Bean”—she underwent another operation, mentioning it to only a few friends.

On October 6, she had recovered sufficiently to travel to Washington, D. C., to be dinner and overnight guest of President Roosevelt and his wife. On November 9, she was honor guest at the greatest birthday party in Hollywood history. Month by month her studio, Al-G-M, made plans for her return to work, preparing dramas for her, then shelving them as reports came from Santa Barbara, where she finally took refuge at the home of her life-long friends, the C. K. G. Billings; that the great heart that had stood her so well in the long years was slowly, surely faltering. It was among the dark and somber pines of Marie’s beloved Montecito, Santa Barbara suburb, that it finally ceased beating.

Although Marie Dressler, the actress and the woman, is dead, what she symbolizes will live forever. To her friends, she will always be a dauntless soul, imbued with courage, nobility, and that greatest of all attributes, tolerance. “Queen Marie” she was called by literally millions of her fans. Fearless, untiring, unswerving, she poured forth on Jim all the pent-up mother-love that she would have lavished on the child who died. And at Jim Dalton’s death that great, brooding capacity for maternal love was showered on her friends.

It is not often that a magazine is permitted to publish the rare and intimate story of a love like Marie Dressler’s. It is not often that so rare a person as Marie Dressler is born into the world. To have known her was a privilege, and in presenting the story of her one great romance our hope is that it is told as she, herself, told it—from the heart.

Mclaglen Takes Out His Papers
(Continued from page 58)

War; how he became wrestling and boxing champion of his regiment—and later was recognized as the top prize-fighter in Eastern Canada. The pursuit he won in the ring there, however, were so small that he joined a medicine-show, later shifting his activities to a Wild-West show.

Returning to professional boxing, he fought Jack Johnson in Vancouver, British Columbia, and then succumbed to wanderlust and visited Hawaii, the Fiji Islands, Tahiti and Australia. Next he tried his luck in the famous Cobalt silver rush in Canada—only to transfer his activities to Bombay and Ceylon and swerving back to South Africa, where he had spent his boyhood, and where his father was Bishop of Clermont.

He Took in the World War
He was in Capetown when he heard that there was a World War; getting a nice start in Europe. With his brother, Fred, he immediately left for England, where they joined three other brothers who were en-

(Continued on page 83)
Tiny Girl, What Now?
(Continued from page 39)

right well that a woman loses her looks pretty early if she's a blonde. Shirley probably hasn't more than about thirty really important years left. You've got to make money while you can. That's business.

But let's find Shirley. A woman has a right to talk for herself—especially with her reputation practically at stake. Suppose we walk over to the set where they're shooting "Now and Forever." At the moment Gary is going through a scene with Carole Lombard and trying to appear as though he cared for her (according to the script), when, as you know full well, he's merely trying to conceal his Grand Passion for that other blonde. Carole knows it. But she's trying to be a sport about it. Broken hearts of Hollywood!

Shirley seems nowhere to be found. Oh, yes, there she is—with little Marilyn Granas, her stand-in, playing house in one of the "parallels," the large scaffold-like structures on which the cameras and arc lights are set. Electricians, carpenters and technicians of all kinds are darting about and hammering away. But Shirley and Marilynn don't care. They're interested in their Problem Child—who turns out to be none other than Grumpy.

"Hello," Shirley says, a bit preoccupied. That is, until Mrs. Gertrude Temple calls a deliberate "Come here, Shirley!"

Star or no star, Shirley drops the whole business. Mrs. Temple is not a woman to be trifled with when she is told to come, Shirley does— with due haste.

"Hello," she repeats, this time wrinkling up her face and the twirling of the consummate charm that reduces everyone within smiling distance to abject servitude. And then she dines at the Grand Hotel—herself signed her to a seven-year contract! But what could anyone do when Shirley dimples?

Looking Into Her Private Life

"WHAT did you have for breakfast, young lady?" perhaps you ask her— trying to forget all about Director Hathaway and Gable and the cameras and the Sun. But Shirley is not a woman to be trifled with. She is wise. You can tell by the way she says, "Oh, orange juice 'n' cereal, 'n' coddled egg, 'n' milk 'n' toast," and then adds, "And for lunch, you press your trusty home.

Soup, 'n' meat 'n' lots of vegetables 'n' pudding.

"And what are you going to have for your dinner?" you will insist. "Oh, vegetables 'n' bread 'n' jelly 'n' avocado 'n' milk—'n' cottage cheese."

"Ah! I thought so!" (You make a mental note.) "Cottage—a love nest ... By this time, you've managed to become pretty confused. "Make the most of this, sister, don't let yourself get taken in," you whisper to yourself.

"Excuse me, please," she turns to you, her eyes pleading (and you know from seeing her, just how appealing they can be). "My child's calling me."

"All right, dear," Mrs. Temple smiles, as your senses go reeling.

Shirley studies her lines for the following day just before retiring, which event occurs at eight promptly. Rising at seven, she gets to the studio before nine. Having a pink and white complexion that defies even the powder jar, she is relieved of the annoyance of makeup and is attired in a smart suit and to be seen on the set and ready for the day's work—and, for Shirley, there are six whole hours of it.

No wonder she's tired when she gets home, and anxious to put her curly head down on her pillow and dream of all her friends, who, in kaleidoscopic form, include Jerry (first electrician), Jimmy Dunn, Tommy (third carpenter), Gary and Carole, the assistant cameraman, Director Hathaway, Janet Gaynor and Marilyn Granas. Little Miss Temple shows small regard for the caste system. Cinema artists, carpenters, and directors are all "friends." They are treated exactly alike—except, perhaps, for Grumpy, her child. One must make concessions for maternal ties, ...

Immune to Fame So Far

LIFE is very sweet for Shirley—and very simple. It's the only life she knows and she hasn't the vaguest notion that all other five-year-olds don't do exactly the things she does, that they are doing it for a reason. It all seems natural to her. The Temples, mere and père, have seen to that! She has the sumnest of dispositions, for disillusionment, tragedy and discouragement haven't yet been met. No, that isn't strictly accurate. Tragedy did knock once. It happened, as most things have in Shirley's life on the set. A good many crying scenes were required of her, which, as we have told you, gave away the whole affair d'une grande tragedienne. But one of them was real. As the cameraman was preparing to shoot the scene, she overheard a discussion of the accident in which her dear old friend, Dorothy Dell, had been killed a few hours before. You will recall that Miss Dell and Shirley were both featured in "Little Miss Marker." She suddenly felt it was an uncontrollable grief—the first heart-break she had ever known. When several minutes of soothing failed to still her sobs, they went ahead with the scene—and Shirley was inconspicuously on Carole Lombard's breast as the cameraman ground away.

She did, like, the ending of her grief was short-lived, and next day she appeared on the set as bright as ever. Her greatest charm, of course, is her naturalness—and don't think that isn't a rare talent, even in a five-year-old professional! She is a born actress and the studios have forbidden her mother to send Shirley to a drama school or to give her any acting lessons whatsoever, for fear she will be "spoiled."

How She Got Her Start

SHIRLEY displayed a talent for dancing long before she ever showed traces of acting in pictures... When only a year old, she not only walked well, but would frequently stand on tiptoe and try to keep time to music coming over the radio. Two years later she was entered in a Santa Monica dancing class. It was there that she overcame her shyness with strangers and became a friendly soul who would talk or frollic with anyone—and everyone immediately fell head over heels in love with her. There, too, she got her chance at the movies. A casting committee from Educational Pictures called to pick a dozen young girls and boys for a series to be called "Baby Burlesques." Mothers were barred from the room. One by one, the teacher called her pupils to be introduced to the committee and each was given an opportunity to show his or her "style." Shirley, in a little hat behind a potted palm, the tiny three-year-old being almost entirely obscured. But one of the men, seeing an eye, an uplifted brow, a shock of tawny curls and a pair of pouty little lips, picked her out and led her docilely to the front of the room. Her cheeks were crimson and her eyes cast down to the floor. She answered each question put to her clearly and distinctly. She told her name, her mother's name, how old she was and then, on request, danced a tap number. As a result, she was chosen for the leading role.

You Wonderful Girls of Today!

Dancing . . . tennis . . . beach parties . . . rumble seats in the moonlight . . . glamorous week ends in the country. You're busy. You're happy. You have no time to be "indisposed." You just can't be bothered with cramps and backaches. Periodic illness isn't going to upset your plans if you can help it. AND YOU CAN.

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. These little chocolate coated tablets contain no narcotics, no harmful ingredients of any kind. They will not upset your stomach or make you dizzy.

This medicine helps lots of girls. Let it help you too.

All Drug Stores and many department stores sell

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS

"Feel wonderful EVERY day"

80
of the children’s series. She made seven shorts and then appeared in “Frolics of Youth” with Harry Myers, Helene Chadwick and Junior Coghlin. Then went to Paramount for “To the Last Man,” with Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston. That was last September.

A Five-Day Wonder

HER next picture was “Stand Up and Cheer,” made at the Fox Studios, with Warner Baxter and Madge Evans—who, of course, fell under her spell. This was the first opportunity she had to show her screen’s potentialities—and she went out every screening picture to the hosts of juvenile audiences (to whom she has become an ideal and an idol). Just five days after she was on the set she was signed to a contract. The studio didn’t have to wait for the box-office reports to gage her possibilities.

With “Stand Up and Cheer” completed, she was loaned to Paramount, where she scored so brilliantly in “Little Miss Marker.” She was immediately wanted back at Fox for a Baby, Take a Bow” and then returned to Paramount for her latest, “Now and Forever.” Next she is to make “Bright Eyes,” with Jimmy Dunn. With her seven-year Fox contract figuratively in her small, dimpled fast, her life—at least, up to a smile twelve—is entirely secure. Her salary, so it is officially announced, is $1,250 a week.

She makes more money than her father, who is George F. Temple, manager of the branch of the Bank of California at the corner of Vermont and Washington Streets in Los Angeles, where Shirley’s savings are mounting to a sizable figure and will, among other things, insure her education. At the moment, money plays no part in Shirley’s scheme of things. Turtles do—and teddy bears, like Grumpy—but not money. per se.

The most she has ever been in full and complete possession of was a nickel for church one Sunday. But when she returned home, Shirley was still in possession of that nickel—and mightily pleased that “the preacher had let her in, free!”

She has two brothers, George, who is twenty, and Jack, seventeen. They’re not the least bit quarrelsome. They’re quite used to having a leading man, or a leading lady, or a leading song, together with eight or ten other youngsters.

It was for a picture and Shirley had, as always, learned the words, letter-perfect. But when the cameras were ready and the sound mechanism set, something completely foreign seemed to emanate from the direction of Shirley. The director called, “Cut.”

This was repeated several times. Mrs. Temple finally noticed something queer, too.

After a hurried conference, during which Miss Temple assured the harassed director that Shirley knew the song, she called her young daughter over and asked her what she was singing. Shirley, by great amazement, she was to hear Shirley explain: “But the other children were singing that, so I sang ‘Yankee Doodle’.”

She wrinkled her nose so cunningly that the script was changed to permit everyone to sing Shirley’s favorite, “Yankee Doodle,” to the director’s immense relief and Shirley’s complete delight!

She has turned every Hollywood precept topsy-turvy and gone nonchalantly on her merry little way. Everyone is her pal, and her friends are sought by stars whose avenge yearly incomes run into the millions. To see a half-dozen celebrities on their knees, pleads with Shirley, would give even the screen’s most rabid denouncers new faith in its people and its future. Things are looking up for the reformers!

NEW BEAUTY FOR YOU
This Amazingly Easy Way

Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes—Results Amaze Thousands of Men and Women

Skin sallow, pimply and blotched—
Ashamed to be seen!

Skin clear and smooth—
complexion lovely—
Attractive once more!

WHY be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousans have found that it brings radiant new beauty—a clear, lovely skin—a fresh, youthful complexion!

“My skin was in very poor condition,” writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., “but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared.” “Your yeast is certainly marvelous for the complexion,” says a user in Tuckerton, N. J., “almost every day someone tells me how much better I look.”

As you know, the two most common causes of poor skin and complexion are faulty elimination and a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That’s just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

Watch beauty return

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!

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A Tonic Food

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Northwestern Yeast Co.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.
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Address. ____________________________
City. ____________________________State. ____________________________
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were prisoners of the reputation that was Pickfair's. A house had become an ideal. For months, perhaps years, they were not happy that anyone ever drank from that tap. They had never wished that they were plain Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, living in an apartment. But they were living in one which was not like any other, but of the symbol that was Pickfair's. The only time current saying out here, "If Pickfair falls, the reverberation will ring around the world," was because many, many people, who didn't want their jail-break to ring around the world.

Garbo is a prisoner on her rock of isolation. She has built herself into a myth more impregnable than a fortress. If she steps down from that rock, to which she has chained herself; if she so much as enters a room to pay fellow-player a visit; if she rides on the bridle-paths of Beverly Hills; or, particularly, if she manifests an interest in some man, the sirens scream, the guards are on guard, and the prisoner is more at bay than any jail-breaking convict.

Irene a Commuting Wife

IRENE DUNNE said to me the other day, "As we sit on the side-lines of 'The Age of Innocence' set between scenes, 'I am the victim of a professional jailing reputation. Hollywood has given both to me. My personal fixation, in which I am caught fast, is the belief that men and women become too much interested in Hollywood. The result is that I spend all of my free time between pictures on trains or planes, going to and from New York. I maintain a public domicile on the West Coast and one on the Atlantic seaboard. I have to be separated from my mother when I am away from her. I am not a prisoner; I am in Hollywood."

"It is expensive and inconvenient to transport my personal maid, secretary and chauffeur back and forth across country and so I have to hire new ones each time I am in New York. All of which makes for a very complicated and expensive fixation. But it is necessary if that is the price I shall never get away from it. But I have seen too many apparently happy marriages collapse to take any chance with mine. Hollywood is a very expensive place to live and gave me this fixation chained me to it."

"I am also the prisoner of a professional idea or reputation—one that I should like to escape. I have the reputation of being a perfect lady, a lady so perfect that she would faint at a smoking-room story, hold her kerchief to her nostrils, and the mere whiff of gin, and have hysterics. If a man not her husband cast an appraising eye upon her! Well, I don't expect to escape from this reputation, but I may as well run the risk of being put in solitary confinement and say that I would like to be human. I would like to hear a funny story now and then and be able to toss it a little laugh at it without danger of ruination; I do enjoy a cocktail when I am in the mood; I would blush, but only with pleasure, if a 'gentle- man' should find me fair! This is the truth, but the greater truth is that I am chained to the reputation of being too, too refined."

Ginger Rogers is a prisoner of fear—the fear of being put in solitary confinement. The fear of being a perfect lady. Her young marriage went on the rocks. Her romance with Mervyn LeRoy met a similar failure. The fear of becoming a prisoner. What happens to her friends. She said to me, "No matter how deeply in love I may be—and I am scared to death of marriage. The mere idea of someone to have to take the chance of spoiling a beautiful dream. Perhaps I am really the prisoner of a dream, of the desire to live in a dream, rather than in a reality. I don't want to wake up."

Mae West is, definitely, the prisoner of Diamond Lil. She said to me one day; "I have never gone to parties. That's why I live so quiet, though—I don't want to disillusion 'em by exhibiting myself as a good, quiet, hard-working girl. You know what it is? I take one long, deep breath, works on stories, and goes to bed. I'm jailed hard and fast to the Diamond Lil formula and I'm jailed as long as I'm in the show business."

Jean Harlow may have to spend the rest of her life convincing people that she is really not the sexy, scarlet, Dietrich-in-a-little-sorceress she is reputed to be, because of her screen roles.

Richard Dix is a prisoner of the fear of publicity. The most sociable soul and the grandest host in the world, a good mixer and a good fellow, he lives like a hermit because he has a fixation that the public will think he is trying to attract attention if he is seen in public places.

Janet Mustn't Know Life

JANET GAYNOR is, perhaps, more imprisoned by her reputation than any other star in all Hollywood. It is more dangerous for Janet to jail-break than it is for any other player. I remember, during her marriage to Lydell Peck, doing an interview with Janet in which the Hollywood publicity men and she and Janet said that, of course, she'd like to have a baby one of these days. I had hardly got home before the phone rang and a frantic publicity man was at me. "For Heaven's sake, you're not going to quote Janet as saying she wants a BABY, are you?" remarked the publicity man. "She's not a normal and wholesome ambition for a young wife, even in Hollywood. But no. Janet is imprisoned in a deeper cell than that. She is Youth. She is Sweetness. She is Light. She must not be touched by the realities of life, as experienced by other humans. Recently, there have been rumors that Janet likes and is liked by, a young man who is, unfortunately, married. And the rumors are repeated in horrified whispers. One gets the feeling that all the latest gossip on the side-lines is to carry the daintiness too far, the circumstantial limits of—her reputation.

Alice White was once when she in-"formed me. "Sure I am a prisoner—one of the lifers. I'm the prisoner of gold-digger roles and the reputation has permeated my real life. On the radio I go away with singing and being dramatic, but in Hollywood I'm just a smart-alecky starlet! I want to be free, but I don't know how."

"It seems funny. I'm a good house-keeper, if I do say so. I demonstrated the baking of my own favorite cheese cake recipe before five hundred women in Los Angeles last December; I knit, Afghan and cook spaghetti and bake chocolate cake like nobody's business. I save my money and am always on time for work and leave leading men severely alone. But to the world I am just a dizzy little blonde and I'm imprisoned in the silly little creature until I give the life true."

They are prisoners, all of them—caught fast by their reputations or by their fear of what their reputations may be. Valentina of "Drama," says of the life she expects to lead: "Irene Dunne is expected to be the Perfect Lady, Boris Karloff must be forever ghoulsh or abnormally. Jack Oakie must be forever a perfect gentleman. Garbo must be an exotic. Garbo must be a woman who walks alone. Each in a separate cell, they are all victims of a fixed idea.
McLaglen Takes Out His Papers

(Continued from page 79)

listing, and all five left for the British front. Because of his experience, Vic was made a lieutenant and sent to Mesopotamia with the Irish Fusiliers, with whom he went through a number exciting engagements.

His fighting qualities recognized, he was made Provost-Marshal of Bagdad, where Abdullah, a twelve-year-old native boy, attached himself to Victor "so long as Allah wills." Allah must have willed plenty, for Abdullah is still with McLaglen. With such a background of patriotism and fighting; Vic's expression, "Stand up and fight," meansStand up and fight.

"If the occasion arose," says Victor, "I'd hate to think kids shouldn't go through as much for his country as I did. I've tried to teach him to be honest, fair, patriotic, and to fight for what he wants."

And there is ample proof that McLaglen has been successful in teaching his son, Andrew, at least the third of these lessons—for the boy, although only thirteen years of age, is an expert boxer and swimmer, and a ranking player for the junior tennis championship of California. Just recently this six-foot youngster went into the semi-finals of California's championship tennis matches.

Though Andrew and his father are pals, Sheila, the eleven-year-old sister, is by no means neglected, and Vic was swelled with pride recently at her dramatic and dancing recital at the Wilshire Ebell Theatre.

He Leads "The Light Horse"

H IS principal off-screen activities are centered about his California Light Horse, a patriotic organization subject to State call, which saw service in the earthquake and flood areas.

What is the 'Light Horse,' really, Vic?" we asked. "A sort of social organization maintained for exercise, sport and a sort of get-together medium?"

"It's nothing of the sort," he bellowed. "It's a highly organized, business—and anybody that joins it had better mean business, too. Certainly, it offers a chance for sport and exercise, but it also offers a grand chance to be called into State service. And it maintains army discipline, don't forget that!"

Vic, McLaglen, colonel of that organization, is a tough drill-master, with scant patience for any man who fails to keep his nifty uniform and well-trained horse in milling shape. If this enormous, rugged一点儿 hard-boiled types looks and acts as hard as nails on the screen, you should see him there at the head of his troop of California Light Horse. Compared to him, Captain Flagg (of "What Price Glory?" fame) would look like a cream puff.

But don't let him fool you; he's a sucker for his kids. You should have seen him the other night, all decked out in full dress, his eyes fastened on his daughter who was doing her stuff before a theatre full of people, strained and perspired, even after the youngster had dominated and charmed his audience with her amazing versatility.

Andrew may be his pal and buddy, but little Sheila is certainly the lady in his life. Vic doesn't admit to any such weakness, and he fixed her with the same cold stare he awarded Andrew when he discovered them at the stables, comparing their respective horses.

"Proud of them, aren't you?" he demanded. "And of the stable and the pool and everything we have here? So am I. But do you ever stop to think how we happen to have them, and why we owe them, America—and don't ever forget you're lucky to be here!"

Not an eloquent paternal speech, perhaps, but straight from the shoulder. And, somehow, it seems to cover everything.

—

Take Your Mind Off Your Nose!

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By Lady Esther

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly dabbing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly dabbing at her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there was a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it clings! By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes onto the skin, but not into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself at my expense! So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

83
The Movies Clean Up . . . .

(Continued from page 32)


The Executives Speak Up

"GOOD taste will be the byword in every picture we produce," says Adolph Zukor, Paramount executive, and Joseph Schenck, 20th Century producer, feels that "objectionable sex pictures are definitely out and there will be no more exploiting of that angle," Producer Winfield Sheehan announces that Fox scenario writers have been made individually responsible for moral criticisms against their pictures, which is going to the source to stop the trouble. Emanuel Cohen of Paramount states with pride, "In thirty of the last thirty-five pictures we released during the past eight months, there has not been a single cut made by censors and only very minor eliminations in the other five.

B. H. Kahane, guiding spirit of RKO-Savoid Plaza brings you face to face with your ideal of living in New York. Gourmets praise the cuisine . . . the service. From its windows a living mural of sheer beauty . . . Central Park.

A design for living in New York. Suites of various sizes exquisitely conceived as in a private residence. Most reasonable rentals for monthly or longer stays. Single Rooms from $5. Double Rooms from $7. Suites from $10.

Henry A. Foist, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

The Most Important Promise

Most important of developments, however, is Hollywood's promise to live up to the Production Code of the Will Hay organization. In a small leaflet distributed to producers, the Code lays down three "General Principles in Particular Applications." These three General Principles are:

1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

2. In all standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

3. Law, nature or human shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

Check off on your fingers the pictures you can think of that have broken one or more of these rules.

"We've seen this thing coming for years," a Hays official told me, and you can't blame this organization. Its attitude seems slightly tinged with an I-told-'em-so air.

Our policy has always been that producers should obey the Code, and that policy has not changed. But recently, however, producers have been able to get around the Code in various ways. If we banned a certain sequence in a picture, the producer could call a meeting of interested Hollywood producers (from other studios) and appeal from our decision.

"Now we have changed that so that only a New York board can hear an appeal from our verdict. We hope this will eliminate the former attitude of 'You let my spicy scenes get by and I'll do the same for you' of certain producers. We are also reading all stories before the studios buy them. In the past week we have turned down twenty-five stories, and this is certainly better than for the studios to make the pictures and then find they can't be released!

It's Reform or Ruin

HOLLYWOOD has always said, 'But they can't touch me!' Now the studios are beginning to realize what a big thing they're up against. We estimate about thirty million Catholics in this country, and twenty million who would follow a boycott. Other faiths and organizations are only waiting to follow their lead, and the members of these groups would bring the total to some thirty or forty million people who would stay away from box-offices.

This would spell R UIN (in capital letters) for the motion picture industry in a very short time, and it is for the benefit of Hollywood's revolution in stories, types of stars, and productions will avert such action on the part of minorities. It is fortunate that Hollywood is taking this democratic real sportsmanlike fashion. 'We had it coming to us!' is a sentence you hear often in Hollywood. And after talking with a group of Catholic dignitaries, several producers said, "If men as fine and liberal as that are against us, I think we are on the wrong side of the fence."

Outside of these general statements, Hollywood is letting action speak louder than words. If mother and father want to sneak off some night and see a show that is not suitable for Junior, they just won't find anywhere to go. All the shows will be at for children. In Germany certain studios make pictures exclusively for minors and these are shown in especially reserved theatres. This might be one solution for America, if adults demand more sophisticated fare.

Another solution being considered would be to label sophisticated pictures "Not for Children," with the responsibility for keeping the children out of a theatre squarely on the theatre-owners. For Hollywood's critics always stress the children in their attacks against sex on the screen; and if they could be taken care of by law, Hollywood might stand a fairer chance of developing a mature art.

Another burning question is the fate of Mae West, Garbo, Dietrichs Jean Harlow and others of the "sexy," glamour-
ous school. Under the present régime of "Sexless Cinemas," the pictures that made Garbo famous, like "Flesh and the Devil," would never be made. The same fate of the other glamour queens. Can they change their style and still draw crowds?

Hollywood loophole-seekers are whispering that if a picture is historical, you can be as sensual as you choose, for the censors won't dare object to facts discoverable in history books. But the list of glamorous Queens will all of Hollywood, and anyway producers don't want to take a chance on dirt—far from it!

Everyone is wisely repeating Frank Capra's words that dirt is a lazy man's way of creating a cheap interest, and every studio is hunting for second Shirley Temples and Jane Gayders. Writers like Damon Runyon who can be clean and dramatic at one and the same time are being paged by Hollywood, and certain actors with wholesome reputations are being sent on tours speaking right in the churches on "The Truth about Hollywood." It's not so terrible as our critics believe.

Forty million customers are asking for purity, and Hollywood is going to give it to them in large doses. Women's organizations—in their publications—have stated their belief that "Hollywood is the most immoral town in the world." The stars, in their private lives and their screen roles, are under fire. If you feel this is unjustified—if you feel that Hollywood is going to an opposite extreme in its quest for immaculate cleanliness—if you feel that only a small part and not all of Hollywood deserves criticism—you better speak up now. Soon, it may be too late!

Not Fighting for Censorship

Hollywood is considerably cheered by the recent announcements of religious leaders that they do not want Federal censorship of films. Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, says: "Public opinion must now be aroused and sustained everywhere as the strongest barrier against the immoral cinema. Public opinion, if governed by good sense and relentless in its opposition to the evil motion picture, has many advantages over censorship that may be politically controlled or corrupted...."

Rev. Dr. Worth M. Tippie, executive head of the national campaign of the Federal Council of Churches for better films, says: "The Federal Council of Churches has been consistently opposed to censorship. Boards of censors are usually political appointments with all that that means. The help that they give the industry is negative, rather than constructive, and these decisions tend to be confusing to the development of an art. They have seemed to accomplish little in defense of the public... This present drive against objectionable pictures, so far as the Federal Council is concerned, is not for censorship, but for self-censorship by the industry. The responsibility is theirs, and we do not want to see it taken off their shoulders, not at least at present..."

The Federal Council has stepped up its campaign, saying: "This is the time for a genuine drive, so far as the Protestants are concerned, can only be determined by what takes place at Hollywood. If Mr. Breen succeeds and the producers support him, if what is done is no temporary effort, if chisellers in the form of independent and unregulated producers do not proceed in getting away with salacious films, more drastic action may not be necessary. We would like to see Mr. Breen succeed."

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10 West 33 St. (Dept. 29), New York City
Neil Hamilton's House Spells "Home"

(Continued from page 49)

And so the Hamiltons’ living-room is tinted that surprising color, and the effect is restful and pleasant. (Deep cream woodwork, with Colonial molding, runs through the entire house.) The mantel is tall and delicately carved, and the fireplace is framed in imported tiles decorated with quaint flower bouquets, instead of the more conventional brick, which would have been too "heavy." A deep velvet carpet of crimson, and glazed chintz curtains of old-white background with a Victorian design of urns, scrolls and flowers complete the color scheme of the room.

The furnishings were acquired for the Hamiltons, a piece at a time, by Harold Grieve, the decorator-husband of Jetta Goudal. Against the farther wall are two mahogany consoles, amazingly designed from one heavy, round antique table, cut through the middle and fitted with doors. On one side, hidden behind the doors, is the radio; on the other, the phonograph. Thus they have two indispensable adjuncts to a home that so often clash in their modernity with period furnishings. Any home-planner could well take this hint from the Hamiltons.

Two kidney-shaped davenports, both covered with dull green damask, face each other at right angles to the fireplace. "Two—so Elsie and I can both loaf at once," says Neil. Against the opposite wall is a long Empire sofa, upholstered in silk in stripes of cream and deep rose. And over it hangs the only picture in the room, a water-color gift from one of Neil's fans, the artist, F. Jarvis, called "Australian Mist." The ornate metal clock on the mantel, says Neil, "came from Edward Laemmle's father's antique shop in Munich. It was made in 1768!"

Where Dinners Are "Intimate"

THREE steps up from the living-room you are in a hall paneled in knotty pine, oiled and rubbed to a dull snuffon glow. (This polishing is not expensive when you consider that it lasts a lifetime.) Across the hall is the dining-room. If you feel that a "dining-room set" is inevitable in a star's home, you should see Neil's modern Duncan Phyfe table, his antique chairs (which harmonize, but don't match) and his very old mahogany sideboard of an entirely different date, loaded with fruit-encrusted Sheffield pieces. The walls of the room are covered with a gray landscape paper of trees and silvery waterfalls. The curtains are mustard-colored glazed chintz; the carpet is crimson; and a screen that shields the serving door is of a dull mulberry blue. With two tall, old-red glass decanters on a side table, the room fairly glows with color and life.

At the foot of the stairs in the hall stands a grandfather's clock which quavers with age (its date is 1810) as it intones three psalms, including Old Hundred. And at noon and midnight it plays "Home, Sweet Home!"

Under the stairs a short flight of steps leads down to the playroom, also paneled with knotty pine, which has a huge, much-used fireplace, deep maple chairs with loose cushions, and a long billiard table. Over the mantel is a striking picture of a doughboy standing in uniform, stringing cockily away to war, with his mongrel dog whimpering goodbye. A closer glance reveals Neil's countenance beneath the tin helmet! (He posed for this picture, which was used as a magazine cover, in 1918.) A room such as this is certain to be the most-used spot in the house, especially when it has simple, pink and green...
lakoll of Fresh Air

UPSTAIRS in the Hamilton home, every bedroom opens out on to a long balcony along the back. A hallway is spaced with French doors that open onto a similar balcony along the front of the house in the regular Colonial way, affording sunshine from all directions and a cross-current of air on demand. The upper porches are set with gorgeous pottery jars, filled with flowers, and Quaint, antique-furred Colonial wallpaper decorates the halls.

Over the living-room is the master's suite with a huge bathroom (which has curved, waterproof wallpaper), an immense dressing-room lined with closets, and a bedroom with the crowning comfort of a fireplace! All three of their fireplaces—in the playroom, living-room and bedroom—open from the same chimney. Cream-colored wallpaper and a cream carpet make a background for a turquiose influxa bed-room and glazed chintz curtains in a harmonizing shade. A very ancient desk occupies the place of honor against the end wall, and two barrel chairs in cream damask are turned into chaise longues in a twixking by moving the matching ottomans up to them. Drop-leaves in mahogany tables bear lamp and books that look as if they have been read.

Two guest rooms, each with an individual bath, and a tiny library decorated with enlarged photographs of maps shellected on the walls, finish the main wing upstairs. The first guest room has a pink and green plaid paper, green carpet and blue-green wainscoting, as well as two beds with spidered chintz curtains cleverly compounded by the resourceful Mr. Grieve. They are made of calico with borders of a fine old quiet cut into four pieces!

Where Pat Got Her Tan

DOWN a hall at right angles is the nursery, a very important room in the Hamilton house, where lives and plays and—reluctantly—sleeps the small, blonde, adopted daughter, "Pat." She is a girl all-over from playing on her own private sun deck, which opens off her nursery. Pat's sisters, uncles and aunth’s, and Pat’s other toys give that "home" look that even the best of decorators cannot give a house that lacks children.

The nursery is a sitting-room, bath and bedroom for the servants. Green lawns sweep away at the front and back, ending at the road in a white picket fence, and at the rear in a swimming pool. Beyond are the tennis courts and a flower and water garden, which will be Pat’s playground another summer.

Every vista, every detail of the Hamilton home speaks of loving care and thought. The trees that shade the balconies were brought, full-grown, to their present spot. Old bricks were used for the outdoor terraces where the family breakfasts.

There's one thing lacking," Neil grins, "I know where I can get it—it's not for sale, drat it! An interior decorating shop on Sunset Boulevard has an iron figure of a colored boy holding a ring to hitch hanging around in front of it. I get to have that lad by my curb before I'll be happy, and some dark night—well—"

"I told Neil that his home doesn't look like he’s got the correct conception of a movie star's house; it is less a show-place than a real home where there is a real home-life, " she added, with a smile.

"A charming home-life!" and he went across the room and kissed Elsa. Outside and inside, the Hamiltons' house looks happy.
Have You What It Takes to Win a Movie Star?

(Continued from page 3.)

was working, Lee considered our question a full minute before he answered—his strikingly blue eyes regarding us as he spoke.

"I think that the quality that most quickly and surely draws me to a girl is a charming voice. The timbre and speaking tone of a woman's voice intrigues me more than anything else she can possess. So far as I am concerned, an unpleasant voice can discount beauty, intelligence, feminine appeal or any other charm a woman may have. And since that applies to listening to one for as short a time as five minutes I must put a pleasing voice above anything else I would want in a woman I might marry."

Columbia Studios was our next stopping point, and Warner Baxter stepped out of his jail scene in "Broadway Bill," long enough to discuss woman's appeal.

Charm is Everything

"CHARM is hard to define but easy to recognize. It is sweetness and womanliness and wholesomeness. It's something that just reaches out and fascinates you. It is something that Irene Dunne possesses to the nth degree, and that you sense in Ann Harding. Anyhow, that's the quality I admire most in a woman."

Dick Powell says the girl he loves simply must be intelligent—but, on second thought, he'd put sympathy above anything else.

"I want a girl that will fuss over me,'" frankly grins Dick. "'If I come home and complain about a hard day's work I want her to help me fuss about it, and tell me how much I'm abused. And if I come home with a headache I want her to sympathize with me. So I guess that's most important to me, the quality of being able really to sympathize with the person you love."

Worldly wise, sophisticated Bill Powell wants something else again.

"To hold my interest," frankly admits Bill, "a girl must be attractive. Women are supposed to be attractive and I couldn't be interested unless they were." (It's a cinch Carole always was, Bill.) "And she must be entertaining, which means she must also be intelligent. I admire beauty," continues Bill, "and I dislike the masculine woman even more than does the average man."

George Brent runs Bill a close second in this dislike, as he lists as the first quality a girl should possess is femininity. George says he wants to sense the femininity and womanhood of the girl he dates.

Franchot Tone says: "I admire most a woman who has real individuality; who is herself and not the reflection of someone else. To be individual one must have sincerity and character, the two other qualities I look for in women who attract me."

Individuality and character—that certainly spells Joan Crawford, doesn't it? And her sincerity in her work is one of the seven wonders of Hollywood.

"Naturalness, that's what I like in a woman," burst out John Barrymore when the matter was brought to his attention. John's wife, Dolores Costello, was noted for her natural charm and femininity—and Jack's adoration for her is one of the instances Hollywood points to with pride.

Otto Limits the Intelligence

Otto Kruger wants companionship and intelligence. "I want a woman who is domestically inclined and educated," says Otto. "I want her sufficiently domestically inclined so that if she has something to do she can do it and sufficiently educated so that if her station calls for her to superintend the work of others she can do that also."
Tattoo your lips and you'll dare romance!" Tattoo...that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance...tempting in itself but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite Tattoo! Different from anything else...Tattoo is so softening, so tenderly smooth...lips seem to grow younger the more it is used. Apply Tattoo...let it set...wipe it off...only the color stays. No pastiness...only the color...the warm red of challenge to adventure...to fate!

More than one shade of Tattoo will become you...try at least two for differing costume harmonies...select them by testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. Tattoo for lips, $1.

Then...Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of Tattoo Rouge. (for checks and lips) 75c.

Put it on...let it set...rub it off...only the color stays.

Four Startling Shades

Coral has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

Exotic is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective!

Natural is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

Pastel is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

Send Coupon for Trial

A miniature size of Tattoo (Lipstick) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

Tattoo, Chicago

Send me Trial Size Tattoo (Lipstick) postpaid.

Coral

Exotic

Natural

Pastel

Name:

Street:

Town:

State:

10c enclosed. Send me Trial Size Tattoo (LIPSTICK) postpaid.
The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves

They Taste Better!
FREDRIC MARCH DEFENDS HOLLYWOOD’S MORALS
"I feel fine, now..."

Oh, sure, I feel like going now! But that was the worst headache I ever had. I never took Bromo-Seltzer before, I don't know why. But thanks a lot, darling; that was just about the quickest relief I've ever experienced."

"Bromo-Seltzer's never failed me yet! And it tastes so good, doesn't it? Well, powder your nose and let's get going!"

**THERE ARE FIVE REASONS WHY**

In the past 40 years, many millions of headaches have been relieved by Bromo-Seltzer. There's no particle of doubt about the quick, thorough relief this effervescing and refreshing remedy brings you.

So often, to relieve a headache, a single-action formula that merely kills pain is not enough. At times like this, Bromo-Seltzer is dependable. It is not a mere pain-killer but a skillfully balanced preparation containing 5 different medicinal ingredients.

You get many benefits when you take a Bromo-Seltzer. Not only pain, but other discomforts of headaches, are promptly relieved. For example, your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is increased by Bromo-Seltzer's citric salts. Bromo-Seltzer also relieves nausea or gas on the stomach. And all the while, you are gently steadied and relaxed.

Most important of all, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. It is made under the strictest laboratory control. Be sure to keep Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet.

**Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:**

- Overwork or fatigue headache.
- Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.
- Headache due to lowered blood alkali.
- Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.
- Headache of the common cold.
- Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.
- Headache at trying time of month.
- Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.
Isn't it a Shame?

Graceful girl...lovely manners...but her teeth are dingy, her gums tender!

Don’t let “PINK TOOTH BRUSH” rob you of your charm

She’s as gracious as she is graceful. She is intelligent...friendly. It’s just too bad that the shadow of neglected teeth makes most people overlook her natural charm.

Yet sympathy is really misplaced. She ought to know better. The “pink” that appears on her tooth brush and dims the natural lustre of her teeth ought to warn her that brushing the teeth is not enough. Those tender gums say that gingivitis, Vincent’s disease, even pyorrhea, may be just around the corner.

Spane is needed
Modern soft foods that give our gums no work or stimulation are often responsible for our gum troubles. But in spite of our daily menus—it is possible to have sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums. Ipana and massage is the way. Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. And after each brushing, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with your fingertip or brush. The massage and the ziratol in Ipana help tone and fortify the gum walls. Start with Ipana today and keep “pink tooth brush” out of your life.

DON’T TAKE CHANCES!
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

TUNE IN “TOWN HALL TONIGHT” AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVES.
- WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
WITH A WALTZ IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehár's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".

MAURICE
CHEVALIER
JEANETTE
MacDONALD

an ERNST LUBITSCH Production

THE
Merry Widow

with
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER • • • MINNA GOMBELL

Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Features

“He Pays His Way—I Pay My Way!”—Bette Davis .......................... Mark Dowlng 30
Fredric March Defends Hollywood Morals ........................... Dorothy Manners 31
“What Fame Has Given to Me”—Grace Moore .............................. Gladys Hall 32
“I’ve Lived, I’ve Loved”—Janet Gaynor .................................. Harry T. Brundidge 34
Who Is the Mystery Man in Rochelle’s Life? ............................... Dorothy Spensley 39
Their Greatest Fear ................................................. Katharine Hartley 40
Is “Hollywood’s Most Popular Girl” Marrying? ........................ Ben Maddox 42
“There Is Nothing to Find Out About Me”—Anna Sten .......................... Gladys Hall 44
Who’ll Wear These Glasses? (Harold Lloyd Wants to Know!) .......................... Harry T. Brundidge 45
As Modern As Tomorrow—Dolores Del Rio’s Home. Dorothy Calhoun 48
Untold Stories of Loves That Have Lasted ....................................... William F. French 51
The Secrets of the Dressing-Table ......................................... June Knight 52
New Chances for Old Favorites ............................................. Ramon Romero 54
Wilcoxon—What a Man! ................................................. Eric L. Ergenbright 58

Departments

Inside News Flashes from Filmland ............................................ Glen Dale 6
Tip-Offs on the Talkies ...................................................... James Reid 8
You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out! .............................. L. R. R. 12
Movie Gossip Test .......................................................... Marion Martone 14
Intimate News and Gossip from Hollywood .................................... 36
Latest Hollywood Fashions ...................................................... 46
The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures ......................... 56

Cover Design of Carole Lombard Painted by Marland Stone
INSIDE News FLASHES
FROM FILMLAND
By Glen Dale
The Observing Reporter Who Gets All the News

That heat wave finally reached Hollywood, but Clara Lou Sheridan foiled it. With ice cakes surrounding her, she surrounded double ice cream cones. Clara Lou had to stay in Hollywood to work in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, the Elder, has come home—and all, or practically all, is as it was before. He looks the same, except that his hair has beaten a further retreat from his forehead, and he acts the same; the old pep, smile and agility are still there (as you will soon see for yourself in his new picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan"). After fourteen months in England, he didn’t come back with a monocle—or even a Mayfair accent... And all those stories of his being romantically interested in Lady Sylvia Ashley can now, apparently, be put in the files and forgotten. The Lady—with whom he was fighting her husband's divorce suit—was reported "disconcerted" by his sudden departure for America; if true, what must her emotions have been when she read what he said on leaping off the train in Hollywood: "I do not expect to go back to England. I intend to remain permanently in Hollywood, making one or two pictures a year"?... He said that he might pay a visit to the old homestead, Pickfair, but he was visiting his brother, Robert, for a few days, before going South to Rancho Zorro, his huge ranch near San Diego... Mary Pickford, who had a divorce suit "pending," was not at the station to meet him, but a few hours later, they met at a "secret rendezvous" and had dinner at Pickfair. Succeeding days saw succeeding "trysts" (as the newspapers insisted on calling them), with the estranged couple officially talking business, but unofficially talking reconciliation. And both of them were glowing... Meanwhile, Gene Dennis, famous clairvoyant, predicted that there would be no divorce.

AND where is Douglas Fairbanks, the Younger? Still in England, yachting with Gertrude Lawrence, with whom he has a London stage date this Fall. He has turned down $200,000 worth of Hollywood offers, has his Beverly Hills house up for sale, and is converting other local investments into cash—presumably pounds sterling... Moreover, he has just turned producer, forming Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Productions, Ltd. So if he does come over this Fall, as his father rather thinks he will, it is likely to be more of a talent-hunting junket than anything else...

MARIE DRESSLER did not give up hope till the last; she did not make her will until she was on her (Continued on page 10)

When folks start saying things against Hollywood, Cecil B. DeMille gets up in the air—and goes to answer them
● Don't Miss

December MOTION PICTURE

Combining the Best Features of two fine magazines

● Beginning next month, Motion Picture, the splendid publication you have known and liked so long, brings you a new diversity of entertainment.

  Effective then, Motion Picture's pages will include the best of the editorial features of Golden Screen.

  The "close-to-Hollywood" type of articles, departments and pictorial display, that for a quarter of a century have given Motion Picture preference with intelligent fan readers everywhere, will all be present.

  But merged with these will be the cream of those sophisticated features that have caused Golden Screen to be regarded as one of the best publications of the day.

  Thus, with December, when Golden Screen fuses its identity with that of its parent publication, you will find Motion Picture an even more interesting and authoritative magazine than ever.

  Remember, your favorite magazine, Motion Picture, is the "daddy" of them all. It has created every new, worthwhile vogue in the presentation of the latest, most reliable Hollywood news and views.

  And now, with the coming December issue, Motion Picture is again pioneering the way with a new and augmented wealth of fascinating stories and pictures of movie-land's glamorous happenings and personalities.

  Although you might naturally expect to pay more for this better-than-ever issue of Motion Picture, the newsstand price remains the same, only 15c.

  You'll not want to miss out on this truly great treat. To be on the safe side, better instruct your newsstand dealer to reserve you a copy now.

Out OCTOBER 25th

15c

All Newsstands
Extra Long Box-Mattressed Beds

Tall people rest comfortably at Hotel Fort Shelby, for 100 of its 900 rooms and suites are equipped with box-mattressed beds, eight feet in length. All rooms with private bath—circulating ice water and tip-eliminating servitors.

Rooms $2 to $10.
Suites $6 to $25.

Virginia Bruce—who left the screen two years ago to marry John Gilbert and recently divorced him—returns in the title role of “Jane Eyre,” which has a “Little Women” flavor. Colin Clive plays Rochester; Claire du Brey, Bertha.

The Affairs of Cellini—Fredric (Great Medieval lover) March makes love to Dulcie Constance Bennett, while Duke Frank Morgan makes the picture a hilarious bedroom farce. But it’s too grown-up for Junior and little Mary (20th Century).

Bachelor Bait—Stuart Erwin denies he is a younger Will Rogers. He’ll have to renew the denials after his amusing performance as a disreputable but amusing innocent who’s operating a matrimonial bureau (RKO).

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Norma Shearer and Fredric March go back in the Victorian era and re-live the love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, with Charles Laughton as her sinister father. From one angle, it’s one of the year’s best pictures (M-G-M).

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—A detective story has its sequel, this is Ronald Colman’s sequel to “Bulldog Drummond.” And a clever, burlesqued mystery it is, particularly with Charles Butterworth as his dead-pan assistant (20th Century).

Cleopatra—Claudette Colbert, in a Nile setting, makes a powerful appeal to two traveling Zero from Rome—Warren William (Julius Caesar) and Henry Wilcoxon (Marc Antony). Meanwhile, Cecil B. De Mille adds the spectacular to history’s most famous trilogy story (Par.).

Crime Without Passion—Something new in melodrama—the horror story of a cold-blooded criminal lawyer whose hobby is wrecking women’s lives. Claude Rains and the newcomer, Margo, will rivet you to your seat (Par.).

Dames—The American chorus girl gets glorified in a big way—again. But there is added mirth this time. Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, John Boles, Zasu Pitts, Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert are the principals (W.B.).

Down to Their Last Yacht—A tuneful comedy about some super-millionaires shipped wrecked on a South Sea isle. It’s a tuneful little eye-opener, no sillier than it has a right to be, with Mary Boland, Polly Moran, Ned Sparks, Sidney Blackmer and Sidney Fox among the castaways (RKO).

The Dragon Murder Case—A new film face—Warren William—does all right by himself and a baffling case of murder in a returning pool (F.-N.). Elmer and Elsie—“To the Ladies,” 1934 version—a comedy of a bombastic husband who doesn’t know that his wife is cleverer than he is. George Bancroft and Frances Fuller tell the story, which isn’t so funny as it used to be (Par.).

The Fountain—A sleek, but absorbing study of a wartime triangle, with Holland as the setting and with Ann Harding torn between love for Brian Morane, an interned Briton, and pity for Paul Lukas, her wounded German husband (RKO).

The Girl from Missouri—Jean Harlow, less exposed, but plenty amusing, plays a chorus girl who intends to go straight—straight to the altar with a millionaire. When Lionel Barrymore balks, she switches to Franchot Tone (M-G-M).

Grand Canary—Warner Baxter is too handsome a doctor ever to be disgraced. But disgraced the story has him—so he can end a plume to redeem himself. The setting looks more real than the story (Fox).

Handy Andy—Good, clean fun, featuring the Will Rogers brand. He’s a corner druggist, who sells the store so that he and his wife can try to crash society. The big laugh is Will as an adagio dancer (Fox).

Hat, Coat and Glove—Courtroom drama with a new twist. Ricardo Cortez is a criminal lawyer, wavers between conscience and jealousy, defending his wife’s lover in a murder trial (RKO).

Here Comes the Navy—James Cagney returns to comedy, joining the Navy because he has a grudge against Pat O’Brien, who’s a goy. Reitlinger is the word for it (W.B.).


His Greatest Gamble—Richard Dix, the screen’s most successful jail-breaker, escapes prison long enough to help his daughter escape an unhappy fate. Now, if he could only escape roles like that! (RKO).

Housewife—After helping hubby George Brent to success, Ann Dvorak finds him attracted to Betta Davis. Except for a couple of bright spots, it’s still an old story (W.B.).

The Human Side—An amusing variation of the playboy husband and the stay-at-home wife, skilfully rendered by Ashley Monjoq and Doris Kenyon (Univ.).

Jane Eyre—Ever since “Little Women,” producers have been trying to find something in the same mood. Charlotte Bronte’s story of an early young feminist looks like the answer. Virginia Bruce bows gracefully back into films in the title role (Monogram).

Tip-Offs on the Talkies
What They’re About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID
Kansan City Princess—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell go farcical as two manicurists who set out to lose their boredom. It’s hilarious, but a bit rough (W. B.).

The Lady Is Willing—The last time he was in England, Leslie Howard made this light comedy. It’s about a lad who seems able to win any girl except the one he wants (Col.).

The Last Gentleman—George Arliss does a superb take-off of a crotchety patriarch, the last of his line, who has a cynical satire of humor and a family who are waiting for his money (20th Century).

Madame Du Barry—The story of the tempestuous little Napier who ruled Louis XV can still bear retelling—particularly with Dolores Del Rio as the Madame. The new and lavish version is expurgated a bit (W. B.).

The Man With Two Faces—Edward G. Robinson takes care of both the hero and the villain roles in this mystery melodrama. That makes it twice as suspenseful (F. X.).

The Moonstone—Wilkie Collins’ story of a vanished jewel was one of the first mystery stories ever written, and it still keeps people guessing. David Manners and Phyllis Barry are the young lovers (Monogram).

Neil Gwyn—The saucy favorite of Charles II of England gets a screen biography—a frank one. She is prettily played by Anna Neagle, who ought to be sent to Hollywood (U. A.).

The Notorious Sophie Lang—The seductress can’t catch the hard-boiled Michael, so they see another crook (Paul Cavanagh) on her trail. A pointless comedy that makes the cops look stupid—again (Par.).

Now and Forever—Shirley Temple went on strike for more money after she made this. (P. S. She got it.) She is Gay Cooper’s child and Greer Garson’s stepchild, and is innocently entangled in their unfortunate designs for living (Par.).

Of Human Bondage—Leslie Howard’s face tells the emotions of a crippled idealist who is in bondage to a cold, callous chiseler of the opposite sex. Bette Davis had courage to play the role. In which, as Leslie says, she is “positively perfect.” Recommended—for adults (RKO).

The Old-Fashioned Way—W. C. Fields’ feud with Baby doll’s Roy turns into a head. Meanwhile, he’s managing a troop of “ham” actors in a setting of the N. Y. N. E. The laughs are continuous—as they should be (Par.).

One More River—John Galworthy’s psychological study of a misunderstood woman, persuasively told by Diana Wynyard, with Frank Lawton’s aid (Univ.).

One Night of Love—Grace Moore brings grand opera to the masses and makes them like it—and her. A simple, dramatic story of the rise of a singer, with Tullio Carminati as a swell teacher. This is the picture Hollywood is raving about (Col.).

Our Daily Bread—Hollywood’s first recognition of “the forgotten man”—a dramatic story of a colony of unemployed on an abandoned farm. Tom Keene, late of Westerner, proves himself a real actor (U. A.).

Parisian Plate—A funny tale of American expatriates in Paris, with liquor and love on their brains. Even Mudge Evans, Otto Kruger and Robert Young can’t make it entertaining (M-G-M).

Scarlet Empress—At one and the same time, Marlene Dietrich glorifies and debunks Catherine the Great. It looks like an experiment in movie art, with its fantastic settings and startling sound effects. Anyway, it’s “different” (Par.).

Servants’ Entrance—Cinderella in reverse. Janet Gaynor, wealthy, goes into servant work in disguise and falls in love with a mechanic (Lew Ayres). It’s right out of the Marx Bros. (Fox).

She Loves Me Not—Bing Crosby, a Senior and a songwriter at Princeton, gets into farcical difficulties when he and a pal land a fugitive chorus girl (Mirtiss Hopkins). The fun is simen-pure—and “Love in Bugh” is a song worth hearing. (Par.).

She Was a Lady—Helen Twelvetrees, daughter of the countess of a wealthy English family, tries to crash the gates of the old estate. Just why remains a mystery (Fox).

Straight Is the Way—Frederick Toye, ex-convict, returns to his old surroundings, and has a battle, escaping the old life. It has a big moral (M-G-M).

Treasure Island—Stevenson can rest in peace. They’ve done right by his great pirate yarn—with Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins and Wallace Beery as Long John Silver. This is going to start a deluge of pirate pictures (M-G-M).

The World Moves On—Almost an epic. In the early 20th, some clannish brothers scatter to far countries; a century later, their offspring are trying to kill each other. That makes it a shrill-war picture. Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone, in dual roles, are more effective than the story, which is too ambitious for its own good (Fox).

Here are a few DON’T about laxatives!

Don’t take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don’t take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don’t take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America’s favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep “regular” with EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WATC H OUt FOR ImitATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America’s favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep “regular” with EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
(Continued from page 6)

Deathbed—when, according to Allen Breed Walker, witness and lifelong friend, "She sat up in bed, took the pen in her fingers, and scratched her sprawling signature. Then she twisted up her face, like she did on the screen, and said, 'Well, that's that.'"

The document disposes of an estate of $310,000, leaving numerous bequests to friends, $50,000 to her faithful Negro servants, Mamie and Jerry Cox, and the residue to her sister, Mrs. Bonita Ganthony, in England.

Mamie was with Marie for twenty-three years and was in charge of the nurses at the end—nurses who weren't allowed to wear uniforms, but were asked to wear street dresses... Now, Claire Du Brey, closely associated with Marie during the last seven years of the actress' life, announces that she is completing a candid biography of her. She quotes Marie as instructing her: "When I am dead, Claire, I want you to tell the truth. You know me better than anyone else, and I can trust you. Not just the nice things, remember... I've got plenty of faults, just like me devil of a father. Tell 'em the truth, dear. Nobody's perfect."

Speaking of life-stories, Valentino's long-lost autobiography has been found, eight years after his death. Without thinking of posthumous possible interest, he put a record of his private life on film, for his own amusement. It was—and is—the first movie autobiography. And it may be released to the public...

For a few hours, it looked as if Hollywood had an unsolved murder mystery, when Jerry Jarnagin, popular songwriter-husband of Irene Franklin, the actress, was found dead of a bullet wound, with the revolver several feet away... Reporters immediately cited a similarity to the mysterious death of Paul Bern, whose lifeless body was found several feet from the revolver that caused his death... Now, as then, however, powder burns and fingerprints resulted in a verdict of suicide. But now, as then, the motive for suicide remained a mystery—at least to the public. Guests were in the house, about to sit down to a dinner in celebration of the fact that Jarnagins had been called for a joint screen test the following day... Hollywood and Broadway are both going to miss Jerry Jarnagin, who, musicians said, could have been one of the world's great pianists, if he had devoted himself to the study of music, instead of to the glamorous tinsel of Tin Pan Alley...

The lion cub's name is Pal, and the press-agent said the beast was "as tame as a dog," but Ginger Rogers is all poised to fly down to Rio if he should offer to shake hands. Personally, she'd rather play with Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorce"...

High movie salaries? Tut, tut! The press-agents have been exaggerating. The facts (straight from Washington, which has been looking into Hollywood wages) are these: Out of 3,846 screen slaves who received at least $150 a week in 1933, only 446 made more than $25,000 during the year; and only 66 of those collected $100,000 or more...

One of them was Will Rogers, who made enough to take a world tour, even with exchange rates what they are. With the death of Marie Dressler, he becomes Box Office Star No. 1, and Janet Gaynor is in second position. Winfield Sheehan, who isn't exactly slow-witted, is co-starring them in "One More Spring"—with Warner Baxter also present, for good measure... Will is one star who can state publicly that he is unworried by the clean-up agitation. "Shucks," says Will, "my pictures have been so clean they've been uninteresting."

As producers size it up now, there is only one way to win artistic freedom for the movies and yet keep the good will of those who want films to be suitable for Tiny Tots. That is, to make three distinct kinds of films: one group for sophisticated adults, another for children, the third for... (Continued on page 82)
Barbara STANWYCK
Starring in Warner Bros. production of Willa Cather’s novel
“A LOST LADY”
Illustrates a
Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up
For her colorings...dark auburn hair, creamy skin and blue eyes...the perfect
color harmony make-up is Max Factor’s
Brunette Face Powder, Blondine Rouge
and Vermilion Lipstick.

FACE POWDER
In original color harmony shades that actually enhance the beauty of the skin...and
there is a shade for your individual colorings. Perfect in texture, Max Factor’s Face
Powder creates a satiny-smooth make-up that clings for hours and hours. One dollar.

ROUGE
In harmonizing colors to blend with your
face powder and your colorings so as to im-
pact a youthful glow to your cheeks. Creamy
smooth in texture, Max Factor’s Rouge
blends easily and smoothly...creating a
soft and natural coloring. Fifty cents.

LIPSTICK
Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-
up must withstand every close-up test. So
here is the lipstick you can depend upon to
create lasting lip make-up, permanent and
uniform in color. And only Max Factor’s
Lipstick will give your lips that alluring
beauty of perfect color harmony. One dollar.

WHY ANY GIRL
CAN BE MORE ATTRACTIVE
Hollywood’s Make-Up Genius, Max Factor,
Explains the Secret of LOVELY BEAUTY

BEAUTY is seldom born...it is
made. There, in a sentence, is
a message which I hope will bring
cheer to thousands of hearts.

For twenty-odd years now, I
have created make-up for the motion
picture stars and studios of Holly-
wood. Thousands of times I have
actually seen what make-up can do
in finding and revealing beauty.

“So I hope to bring to you new
courage and a better understanding
of what it is about beauty that at-
tracts; and how you yourself may
become more attractive.

“If you are naturally beautiful,
you may become even more lovely.
If you have destroyed of your beauty
possibilities, you may learn how to
achieve an attractive charm which
you never dreamed you possessed.

“Here is what to do! Take your
mirror and study yourself. Is your
face thin or round? Have you high
cheekbones? Hollow cheeks? Small
eyes? Thin lips? I will tell you how
to conceal or improve those features
which you think unattractive.

“Now take your mirror again
and study your colorings. Are you
blonde, brunette, or some other
type? What color are your eyes?
Is your skin fair, sallow, freckled
or olive? Your own analysis will
enable me to suggest a perfect color
harmony make-up for you, which
we have proved, here in Hollywood,
will double beauty. Furthermore,
I will tell you how to use your rouge,
eye make-up and lipstick so as to
subdue certain features and empha-
size those which are attractive.

“Always remember that color is
the secret of beauty that attracts.
And to bring out the alluring color
attraction of each type, we have
proved that face powder, rouge and
lipstick must be in correct color
harmony.

“So for you...for every woman
...I created Color Harmony Make-
Up consisting of face powder, rouge
and lipstick in harmonizing shades
to blend with your individual com-
plexion colorings. The face powder
creates a satiny-smooth make-up that
clings perfectly; the rouge imparts
a lifelike glow of color to the
cheeks; the lipstick gives the lips a
lovely color that remains permanent
and uniform for hours and hours.

WILL YOU ACCEPT from Max Factor a priceless beauty gift? Your
complexion analysis and color harmony chart together with Max
make-up test has been an inspiration to many a girl in Hollywood...and
offentimes won for her a starring role or a featured role...so may this
make-up information bring to you a new outlook on life because of a
new confidence that you can appear more beautiful and more attractive.

Max Factor - Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY
© 1934, Max Factor
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

Solution to Last Puzzle

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1. His first name is Charles
2. Don’s initials
3. Julie in “The Fountain”
4. Burton in “Dr. Monica”
5. Avenues (abbr.)
6. Nelly’s initials
7. Glenn’s last name
8. “I Love or Money”
9. Nancy Carroll’s ex-husband (poss.)
10. What the location of a scene is called
11. He directed “Here Comes the Navy”
12. First part of the name of the movie city
13. Her first name is Carol
14. Florence Allen in “Many Happy Returns”
15. The —— of Madelon Claudet
16. Mother of Ishmael (Bib.)
17. He was called the man of a thousand faces (deceased)
18. Policeman (coll.)
19. “Looking —— Trouble”
20. Wife of Edward Ward (poss.)
21. See illustration
22. Huntley Gordon’s character in “Dancing Man”
23. “— Correspondent”
25. She answers to the name of Mary
26. October 22 is Constance Bennett’s —— day
27. See illustration
28. Riordan in “Private Scandal”
29. First name of a producer
30. Jimmy Cagney in “Grand Canary”
31. Sob (Scot.)
32. Sally in “Of Human Bondage”
33. Robert Traver in “Grand Canary”
34. Noise
35. Shirley Temple —— the show in “Stand Up and Cheer”
36. By way of
37. “I —— My Man”
38. First half of a bray
39. “Let’s Talk It Over” was directed by Kurt —— man
40. Sweet potato
41. Initials of Jill Esmond’s husband
42. Don Collins in “The Hell Cat” (dir.)

There’ll Be Another Puzzle Next Month—Watch For It!

12
Hi America!...
Here he comes...

... in Warner Bros.'
Wildest Laff Riot!
Every lap a laugh as the screen's ace comic
sets the pace!... See him as the Adonis of
the Arena—making chumps out of champs
... a cycling cyclone of mirth—head over
wheels in love with every gal in the
grandstand!... It's an hysteric event!

Joe E.
Brown

"6-Day Bike Rider"

With Maxine Doyle • Frank McHugh • Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon • A First National Picture
Do You Know This Couple—And Why They Are Smiling?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? Give Yourself This MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

2. What movie star has asked the court to make his screen name his legal name?

3. Who is the English beauty who is engaged to marry one of Hollywood's most prominent producers?

4. Can you name the two screen personalities who featured in an elopement on August 9?

5. Which film star was recently reunited with her father, whom she hadn't seen in seventeen years?

6. "The Most Popular Girl in Hollywood" is about to be married to what singing screen star?

7. There's a possibility that a screen author and his divorced actress-wife may be reconciled. Do you know them?

8. The former wife of what great screen star, now deceased, was recently married to a Spanish Lord?

9. What actress and director were married in Yuma, Arizona, on August 16?

10. Do you know the name of the young lady pictured directly above?

11. Which star has been having trouble with his eyes because of the make-up he wears in his latest picture?

12. Do you know the film player who has severed his connections with the movie company he has been with for eleven years?

13. What movie couple, hailed for fifteen years as Hollywood's "ideally married" pair, were divorced recently?

14. To whom has Lili Damita been reported engaged?

15. The outcome of what movie couple's marital affairs has been holding everybody's interest?

16. Who are the movie stars who were accused of being communist sympathizers and aiding the Red cause financially? (You will find the answers to these questions on page 84)
ANNOUNCING AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5 REMINGTON PORTABLE 10¢ A DAY
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

25% PRICE REDUCTION

Positive* the greatest portable typewriter bargain ever offered! Now for the first time Remington, world-famous manufacturer, offers a NEW purchase plan... only 10¢ a day buys this latest model machine! Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand new regulation Remington Portable, Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; every essential feature found in standard typewriters!

ACT... WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD!

New wage scales in our own factories, and in the factories of the companies which make our materials, point definitely to higher prices. Stocks of machines on hand make possible the present unbelievable low cash price on this machine. Everything points to higher prices. We don't believe that we can maintain the present 25% price reduction in the face of constantly rising costs in every one of our departments. So we say... "Act fast!"

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. Not even shipping charges. Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalogue illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE found in Standard Machines

Buying a typewriter isn't like buying a suit of clothes. Many Remington portables, seeing 10 years of hard service are still in active use. When you buy... buy a machine with every standard feature. The Remington No. 5 is the most compact and durable portable ever built... includes all essential standard typewriter features. This beautiful machine represents the height of economy... unequalled economy in first cost... unequalled economy in service.

It is today the best value ever offered in typewriter history... and that statement comes from the company that has constantly made typewriter history. Buy now. It is a real bargain offer.

Specifications...

The Model 5 includes every essential feature found in standard portables. It has standard 4-row keyboard. Complete telltale, standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage returns lever.of exceptional design for easy and rapid operation. Margin release on the keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Back space. Two-color ribbon shift. Various line spacing. Adjustable margin stops. Auto set paragraph key—one of the most useful features found on any typewriter. Weight 31 lbs. 14 oz. Furnished with Pick or Elite type.

TYPING COURSE FREE

When you get your new Remington No. 5, you will get with it, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a 5-page course in typing. It is simply written and illustrated, instructions are easy to follow. Little study and the average person, child or grown-up, becomes proficient. Follow this course during the 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER that we give you on your typewriter. At the end of that time, you should be able to toss off letters faster than with pen and ink.

CARRYING CASE FREE

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE carrying case of sturdy build of heavy wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Felt is removable in motion, leaving machine firmly attached to case. Can be used anywhere... on knees, in chairs, on trains.

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 144-11 Buffalo, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name

Address

City

State

CLIP COUPON NOW
LIVE NOWHERE! ... REVEL

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on in your heart . . . . haunting you for days to come!

THRILL TO THE GAYETY OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:

"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA-CHA-CHA"
"WINE SONG"

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION

CARAVAN

Executive Producer:
Robert T. Kane

Directed by
Erik Charell

From a story by
Melchior Lengyel

Music by
Werner Richard Leymann
ANYWHERE!...LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her... whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!

CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER

PHILLIPS HOLMES • LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE • C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • NOAH BEERY
FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds are caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouth-wash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Dept. MU-11, St. Louis, Missouri.

For Colds and Sore Throat... LISTERINE... The Safe Antiseptic
If Her Plans Are As Big As Her Sleeves—

Well, Joan Crawford will bear watching. She certainly goes into the sleeve business in a large way. Remember the shoulder extensions she wore in "Letty Lynton"? Now, she says a farewell to arms entirely, covering them with silk "plus fours." And she's going in for some other big experiments. Forsaking drama briefly, she is doing a comedy—"Forsaking All Others." Then the stage?
Discovered — At Last

Henry Hull is the name. And how Hollywood has overlooked him all these years is more of a mystery than anything S. S. Van Dine ever wrote. His name has been in lights above the title of many a Broadway hit, and critics have shouted that he was "Broadway's best." Film scouts finally looked and listened—Just for a start, he is doing Dickens "Great Expectations"
"Between pictures, it's a 'short' life and a merry one for me," smiles Norma Shearer. She has just had the greatest rôle of her career in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—but, just the same, it seems good to get out of Elizabeth Barrett's crinoline, invalid's chair and almost-tragic predicaments. After the rest, she is to don royal robes and be Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.
Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett are a new—nay, a Revolutionary—love team in "The Pursuit of Happiness," the comedy of 1776. He is a young Hessian who deserts to the Yankee cause; she is a pert Puritan to whom he has to make love in a Puritan way. Something "different" for both "Revolutionary" Lovers
Back in the 1890's, when the well-dressed girl carried a sun umbrella and put her boy-friend in the shade—that was "The Age of Innocence." And John Boles and Irene Dunne are re-creating it for the picture of that name. The last time they tête-à-tête'd—in "Back Street"—they made a mutual hit.
Can Act Older Now

Patricia Ellis, sixteen years old, has been a good little girl and played one ingénue rôle after another without complaining too much. So now she is getting a reward. As the daughter in "Big-Hearted Herbert," she doesn't have to be dutiful. The next one, she will be linking arms with James Cagney for "A Perfect Week-End"
Hollywood has a yen for British men. That's one reason why Brian Aherne (left) is getting the breaks. Another reason—he knows his acting. Ann Harding falls in love with him in "The Fountain"; ditto Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows"

England has a yen for Yankee stars. That's one reason why Charles Farrell (left) traveled over to make "Beauty Ball." Another is—he craved a brief change of scenery. Johnny Mack Brown (above) hasn't traveled anywhere—except to stardom. After Mae West picked him to do half of the love-making in "Belle of the Nineties," producers discovered that he was tall, dark and handsome enough to do he-man epics. The first—"Police Ambulance"
Figurin' It Out

What Will Rogers would like to find out is whether life begins at forty years—or forty months. He always thought it was forty years, but Shirley Temple says that can't be so—'cause she got her start when she was three. They're going into the subject before Will makes a picture from the Pitkin book; maybe Shirley ought to make it, instead of Will. He is now doing "One More Spring"; and she is busy making "Bright Eyes"
MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores do tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a pure soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and runs!

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box. Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES - 99 44/100% PURE

"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURITY IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS

"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly. "Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honey-moon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"IT'S still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP
WHAT is to become of the modern sirens of the screen? Does the cleaning up of pictures mean that "X" is going to mark the spots where their names used to be in lights? Can those scintillating stars, who gained their popularity through provocative personal lure and daring ultra-sophistication, retain their lustre against the less colorful background of conventional respectability? These are the questions that Hollywood is asking to-day—and with Hollywood carrying millions of dollars' investment in its glamour queens, they are some questions.

Can Mae West, Jean Harlow, Anna Sten, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo and some of the lesser portrayers of tempting or tempted ladies, shine in roles that have been purged of their scarlet tinge? Putting it frankly: are they artists enough to entertain us when they act as we would want our own women to act, or must they depend upon scarlet glamour and amorous intrigue—and the gilt of the primrose path—to hold our interest?

Are producers worrying because Hollywood's most colorful stars might not make good in the new parts they must play—or is it the
What's going to happen to Anna Sten, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer and the other stars who have risen to fame and fortune by being tempting—or tempted—ladies? Can they survive the banning of sexy pictures?

Mae West can't continue to be "the Queen of Sex." But prophets predict she will last—in a new type of rôle

Norma Shearer doesn't need to be daring in order to dazzle. She proves that in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

Jean Harlow's "glamour" must now be shrouded. And three directors see this as the biggest break yet for Jean

fear that the American public might prove intolerant that is keeping them awake nights? Is there a possibility that the average American will turn thumbs down on these players, without giving them a chance to show what they can really do?

One of the biggest producers says he does not think so—even though audiences in several theatres hissed the trailer of the latest picture featuring his most sensational star.

**Predicts New Fame in New Rôles**

"There is bound to be a reaction against anything that has been frowned upon by the churches of America," he explains, "but once the public understands that both the producers and the stars are eager to give it what it wants, and more than willing to cooperate in this clean-up movement, prejudice will die out. The average American is fair-minded—and certainly almost every movie fan is curious to know how this or that star will meet her new conditions and play her new parts.

"If a star, whose rise has been largely due to her physical attractiveness to the other sex, abandons Nature's weapons, so to speak, and then, by sheer dramatic ability, proves her right to stardom, the American public will give her full credit. Personally, I believe that the stars who prove themselves bigger than the parts they have been playing will be doubly entrenched in the hearts of their fans. To some of these sensational stars, this clean-up will mean the breaking of shackles and the realization of greater opportunities and success."

No doubt—but to which stars? Who will survive and who will not?

Has Jean Harlow's beautiful body shackled her bistrionic ability and limited her opportunities, or has it been the "open sesame" to fame and success? Have Mae West's provocative lines and exaggerated curves handcuffed her art, or are they responsible for a nation's becoming West-conscious? Has Sten's amazing lure kept us from recognizing the real depth of her ability, or has it inspired us to imagine art where no art ever grew before? Have Dietrich's lovely legs trampled her true possibilities underfoot, or—

At any rate, the question Hollywood is asking itself to-day is: "What's next for our seductive stars—greater glory or oblivion? And which for whom?"

**Why Mae Is "On the Spot"**

At this moment, prospects look a little gray for Mae West, who has acquired a censor all her own to prove her willingness to meet the crusaders more than half-way. Conditions are most critical for Mae because she was more daring and went further in the interpretation of light ladies than any other player in Hollywood. She was the super-frank, diamond-studded, smiling lass who took the doubt out of what it was all about. In her pictures, Mae said the things the others hinted—and dressed the art of man-snatching in a cute clown make-up. In short, she made amorous dallying appear entirely too funny. And so she was the straw that broke the poor old camel's back.

For which Mae deserves a vote of thanks. As the alarm clock that awakened the cleaner-uppers, the blonde curve artist performed a real service. By reason of that fact alone, she is entitled to a fair chance to prove that she can do other things. Besides, seeing Mae in a Pollyanna rôle ought to make the bluest nose among us glisten with righteous satisfaction.

But there are those who believe that Mae is the personification of temptation itself, with no chance to succeed in a Pollyanna rôle—and those who believe that her dangerous curves would wiggle temptation into a Quaker frock. In their eyes she has acquired a permanent scarlet curve. How to counteract those impressions is Mae's biggest problem.

Is she actress enough to accomplish the feat? Regarding this, one of America's foremost casting directors (the employee of a rival studio, incidentally) has the following to say:

(Continued on page 68)
“He Pays His Way — I Pay My Way!”

That’s why BETTE DAVIS’ marriage to HARMON O. NELSON, JR., has worked

By MARK DOWLING

MY husband is absolutely self-supporting, in
spite of the gossips who called him a gigolo
and predicted a snappy finish to our
romance. . . . I guess a marriage is success-
ful if both people are happy. That’s the only test I know.
We are happy!”

The occasion for these undeniably positive remarks by Bette Davis was the second anniversary of her marriage to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., whom she calls, with affection, “Ham.” (He is not an actor.)

Now a waitress hovered meaningly with the lunch check; autograph hunters lingered at nearby tables; the star’s hat-brim, one of the big spectacular ones, kept flopping down over her face. Miss Davis, not to be distracted by all this, continued to make personal revelations, brisk comments on life, and gossip, punctuating the whole with lively humor. Her manner is vivacious and very friendly.

“Everyone told us that we were absolutely nuts to try it. I advised Ham, myself, not to marry me because I knew what a nasty town Hollywood is when it comes to messing in others’ lives. I was a comparatively unknown musician; I was a movie star. His earnings did not equal mine, and I knew the scurrilous gossip that would start. But we loved each other and got married anyway.

“Then a magazine printed a story about my supporting him, and everybody started making wisecracks, in print, about my gigolo-husband. ‘Ham didn’t think he minded—he’s rather a peculiar person,’” she remarked fondly, “and doesn’t give a damn what people say—but I was afraid he would be hurt sub-consciously.

“Worst of all, his family back East believed that I had really made the awful statements attributed to me. I tried to deny them over the air, but I found out that it’s wisest to shut up about things like that. Ever since then I’ve been petrified and self-conscious when interviewers ask me about my marriage, and this is the first time in

(Continued on page 83)
FREDRIC MARCH Defends Hollywood's Morals

He is the FIRST star with enough stamina to stand up and answer the reformers—who have gone beyond assailing films as "immoral," and have pointed condemning fingers at movie actors and actresses, as a class. He can't be silent when his profession and all its workers stand accused—unjustly and unfairly.

By DOROTHY MANNERS

HOLLYWOOD has gone tongue-tied. It has "nothing to say." It is on trial on serious charges—and it isn't taking the witness stand in self-defense. Perhaps it thinks that harsh accusations can be turned aside by pretending not to hear them; perhaps it thinks that indictments can be quashed by ignoring them. But they can't. And Fredric March is the first star who is courageous enough to face the fact—and has enough intestinal fortitude to file an indignant answer to the charges.

Certain pictures have been called "indecent" and "immoral." And Hollywood, no matter what it thought of the justice of the attacks (which were not similarly directed against plays and novels—from which most of the pictures had been made), could not argue the charges. Millions of moviegoers were massed in a great movement to enforce their demands for clean films—or boycott all pictures. Humbly, Hollywood had to obey the motto of good business—"The customer is always right"; quickly expressed regret for any possible offense it might have given; and promised that "it would not happen again." Then it was that vociferous crusaders hurled their most crushing, most sweeping indictment: "How can a high standard in motion pictures be expected of Hollywood in view of the lax morals of its people?"

Here was a serious charge against a whole town's standards of living, its morals and its people. Here was a blast that might have been expected to raise a tempest of protest—with players rising, with one voice, to answer the stinging slur against all movie actors and actresses. But they had "nothing to say." They couldn't say anything, either pro or con, about the crusade for clean films—without seeming to turn either against the industry, or against public opinion. But why did their policy of silence continue in the face of this charge? Or, as Fredric March asks, "How come?"

Grabs at Chance to Speak Out

"I DON'T subscribe to the policy of silence," he says. "If it is true that certain players have been advised against talking—what is the reason? Surely, in this land that is still the land of the free in speech—and thought, the time has not yet come when condemnation from any

(Continued on page 64)
"What Fame Has Given to Me"

—GRACE MOORE

In "One Night of Love," Grace Moore makes the hit of the year, dramatizing a young singer's search for fame. In real life, she has won that fame. And it has opened the doors of the great to her... given her their friendships... given her freedom...

BY GLADYS HALL

GRACE MOORE—who is the sensation of the year in "One Night of Love," living the rôle of a girl with a golden voice who gives up the pleasures of youth, dedicates her life to music, and one day thrills the world with her singing and finds herself famous—spread wide her supple hands when I asked her what Fame has given her in real life. She said, "Fame has opened wide the doors of the world to me..."

"Fame has given me the priceless gift of friendships with great people, the history-makers in every field of endeavor. Fame has given me the key to the White House, the keys to the royal palaces of Spain and Belgium and Italy, to the salons of statesmen, to the laboratories of scientists, to the studios of great artists, musicians, writers. Fame has given me the right to know and to talk with the late Eleanora Duse, with Mary Garden, with leaders and philosophers, with impresarios and prima donnas, with poets and with princes the world over."

This is the most precious gift of all." She added, "Fame must be defined, however. Fame is an empty word, an empty boast, unless it has substance back of it. There is a wide channel between fame that is earned and authentic and mere notoriety or publicity. A name in electric lights does not mean that the doors of the world will open to the bearer of that name. Fame is not an annual; it is a perennial.

"When I speak of fame, I speak of it in terms of the grand opera singer who must work to deserve it; who must study ceaselessly—languages, complicated scores, histories of art and music; who must be subjected to years of Spartan training, physical and mental; who must observe a rigid abstinence from all of the pleasures and..."
pastimes of other mortals. Opera singers are superstitious people. We are afraid of something happening to end our work. We are afraid of emotion apart from our work, of love, of any of the dalliance of life. We are determinedly ascetic people—not by instinct, but of necessity. And so, when we have finally achieved, we are entitled to—to the gifts of Fame. I believe that we have earned them.

"But of those whom Fame admits to the palaces of kings and to the kingdoms of great minds, it makes further demands. I should feel more embarrassed than pleased, for instance, if I were to be received in some old salon of Venice, some palace, some embassy, and be unable to comport myself with the dignity called for, or find myself unable to carry on a conversation with my host or hostess or fellow-guests.

"I may not be able to discourse brilliantly or with profound erudition on world economics with a president, or the state of the gold reserve in the country of a king; but I would be at least adequate to any occasion or to any person—in China, in Japan, in my home state of Tennessee. And this is the greatest part of this gift that Fame has given me: my right to entrée in the palaces of kings—of all kinds. And I have earned that gift by dint of unremitting labor and self-sacrifice."

Which is believable, easily. For here is one of the most brilliantly interesting women in all Hollywood; one of the most interesting women in the world to-day. A cosmopolite, cultured, charming, independent-thinking, whose poise cannot be mistaken for pose.

Grace Moore said, laughing, "I have had some amusing experiences. . . Shall I tell you of the first time I met the then King of Spain? It was on the beach at Deauville. I had on my swimming suit. He was wearing his. A mutual friend asked me if I would care for an introduction. I said, 'Of course.' I rose to walk over to where the King was lying. As I came near to him I prepared to make the (Continued on page 86)
"I've Lived, I've Loved—"

That's what JANET GAYNOR would like to tell the world. "I've grown up. I'm tired of playing the sweet little thing"—and she means off the screen, too.

Did you know that Janet is a little cutie in a bathing suit? Even that was kept a deep, dark secret for years. Below, in a note to the author, she reveals how she hates posing for "stills."

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

JANET GAYNOR, diminutive pocket edition of Venus, devilish, love-provoking, freckle-nosed little redhead—as sexy as Clara Bow at Bow's best—came strutting across a stage on the Fox lot, ignoring everyone. Her chin was high, her chest was out, the old Nick was in her brown eyes, and she was swinging her arms, and rolling like a sailor on the after deck during a storm in China Seas. She was doing her stuff like a little toughy on the lower East Side.

"Don't speak to me," she said, out of the corner of her mouth. "I'm high-hatting everybody."

"Hey, what's it all about?" I demanded.

"It has been widely reported all over the studio," she confided, as she dropped back into the unnatural Gaynor voice known only to the screen (and interviewers), "that I am about to become the bride of Mr. Winfield Sheehan, boss of the Fox lot, and boy! am I gettin' a lot of house this morning! Everybody is saluting me! And bendin' low!

Dear Harry —

You new new year isn't much am I'm hoping it come true. The check is really long—thank you very much.

May the new year bring you everything this is good and take away you what are just fine still!

JANET

Thursday —
"If this rumor persists, I'll have to open an office in my bungalow to receive the studio politicians who are looking for favors. I'll be busier than Postmaster-General Farley, handing out appointments. Picture me: 'The Power Behind the Throne! Gosh—it's all a darned lie—but it's a lot of fun, no foolin'.'

She strutted over to the grinning Henry King, director. "The prospective Mrs. Sheehan regrets she cannot work to-day,"

A studio accident, she was; and, as such, she was cultivated in a studio incubator, and reared on a bottle of studio pap. She was given to the world—a saccharine, baby-talking, unsophisticated little school girl, who stared at big, bad men with wide-eyed innocence. They gave her to the world—the greatest illusion in the history of Hollywood. They overlooked the fact that she had been around a bit; forgot she had wrapped bundles and made change in a San Francisco shoe store; forgot she had been a theatre usher; forgot she had been very much in love a couple of times, and informed the world that here was Miss Sweet Innocence. But that wasn't all.

They told her—and still tell her—that, in REAL life, she MUST be the same sweet little person she is in REEL life. And Janet—a smart little sophisticate, who knows what it's all about—does her best to carry on. And her best (in public) borders closely on the positively perfect.

Secrets That Couldn't Be Told

For many years, the fact that Janet was a little cutie in a bathing suit or in shorts, could swim, ride a horse and a bicycle, stand up on roller skates and drive a car, or was anything but a sweetly timid old-fashioned girl was a deep, dark, studio secret. Some sixteen or eighteen months ago, at my insistence, it was agreed that it would be okay to announce that Janet was "learning" to drive a small automobile. Within the hour of the announcement, everyone was clamoring for pictures of little Janet at the wheel. We couldn't get one. Janet refused to pose.

"Rot," she called it—and rightly.

A little later I was informed that it would be all right to let the world know that Gaynor was learning to ride a bicycle, wearing shorts. Then, suddenly, it was decided that this was not good publicity for Janet, so the original story was quickly followed by a "cover up" yarn to the effect that poor little Janet had fallen off her little bicycle, hurt her poor little knee on the sidewalk, and the poor little star would never, never, never go near a nasty old bicycle again.

These announcements came at a moment when Janet was having a good time for herself over at Palm Springs dancing, and learning to jump horses (over barriers, of course) in the daytime.

"Being this Janet Gaynor," Janet often confided, "is worth every darn cent I get out of this business."

Time after time, divers persons have made fruitless efforts to obtain studio permission to stick little pin-holes in the Gaynor illusion. Publicity men, including this writer (who used to be one), have pointed out that Janet has grown up; has been married, divorced, played around and no longer is the little Cinderella of "Seventh Heaven."

(Continued on page 75)
said he would seek an injunction to restrain Cagney from advocating or giving any funds to Communism and would ask an investigation of other stars’ possible links with radicalism. Cagney, red of hair, heatedly denied that he was Red of belief or had given any money to radicals, said he believe what they want to? Or are movie stars exempted? And if it’s permissible to spend money for luxuries for themselves, why isn’t it permissible for stars to spend money for necessities for others—whether they are Communists or not? Are they to have public guardians to tell them

\[\text{Cagney Gets His Irish Up}\]

H AS James Cagney given financial aid to Communism, or hasn’t he? Are Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro Communist sympathizers, or aren’t they? District Attorney Neil McAllister, of Sacramento, investigating Communist activities, broke into the nation’s headlines with the announcement that he had found their names among the papers of known Communists—with Cagney listed as having contributed money, and the others listed without comment. He

was “against all ‘isms’ except Americanism,” and added, “It appears to me that McAllister’s actions are a bid for personal publicity at my expense.” The liberal lecturer and writer, Lincoln Steffens, called the reports linking Cagney with radicalism “absurd,” adding: “Ella Winter reported the San Joaquin Valley strike a year ago for a national magazine. When she told people, including Cagney, of the utter misery she had seen there, he gave some money to help. So did other people, who gave food or clothing or money for food and clothing. That is all.” Johnny Weissmuller, speaking for his wife, said, “Why, Lupe doesn’t even know what the word ‘Communism’ means.” Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro dismissed McAllister’s announcement pithily.

Meanwhile, Hollywood is boiling. No one is asking: Who is a Communist, and who isn’t? This is what everyone is asking: Isn’t this a free country, where men and women can

how they may or may not spend their money, and what they may or may not believe? Did they sign away their Constitutional rights when they signed movie contracts?

\[\text{Now “The Best-Dressed Couple”}\]

T HE best-dressed romance of Hollywood—that of Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou—has now become the best-dressed marriage. Voguish Verree had a time of it, getting her trousseau together. Flying to New York to buy it, she was recalled a few hours later to the studio for the leading rôle in “The Firebird” (an opportunity too big to miss). So, between scenes, she was reduced to sewing feverishly. They were engaged almost a year, plighting their troth soon after Adolphe and Kathryn Carver were divorced. But the long wait for his divorce to become final didn’t seem to do any damage to the new romance. When he took out the marriage license, a few days after he had his decree, Adolphe was shaking
News and Gossip From Hollywood

like a leaf—or a man becoming a bridegroom for the first time.

Bill Likes the Likes of Jean

It's Ronald Colman or William Powell—the two are pals—who has captured the interest of Jean Harlow for the moment? At Arrowing gold identification bracelets made for them, for a bit later.

When Bing built his new home, he wrapped the rest of the house around the three-room nursery. Though the nursery then had only one occupant—Gary Evan Crosby—the idea was an inspiration.

The girls like these handsome fighting men. At least, Toby Wing has a big smile for Enzo Fiermonte, the Italian boxer who married wealthy Mrs. Madeline Force Astor Dick. He's likely to be in Max Baer's next opus.

head it seemed to be Ronnie; at Del Monte it looked like Bill. Several months ago, when an interviewer asked him to name the most fascinating woman star in Hollywood, Bill said, "Well, I've never met her, but I think Jean Harlow is the most attractive woman in the movies."

Jean seems to be in no hurry to get a divorce from Hal Rosson, lately recovered from infantile paralysis and now abroad. If she should sue now, she would have to wait three months to tell the judge, while her husband was legally served notice (by publication) of her intentions.

How Bing Tells Twins Apart

The Crosby twins, having attained the tremendous weight of six pounds apiece, have left the hospital and the incubator and are now safely installed in their nursery, with twin tags around their necks—to keep a record of which is Dennis Michael and which is Philip Lang—until they develop some definite characteristics of their own. Meanwhile, Bing is hav-

George's Other Girl-Friend

George Raft has moved into the only real penthouse in Hollywood, and is he elegant! Friends claim that he's not any more in love with Virginia Pine than he is with Virginia's three-year-old daughter by her former marriage. It may be a bit difficult to vision the dapper and "dangerous" George as a playmate for a child, but he brings a toy for the little girl every time he comes to call on her mama, and she adores him (though she doesn't call him "Daddy"—yet). The anticipated wedding is still hanging fire, while George and his long-estranged wife negotiate divorce terms.

Said It With Cauliflowers

George's new ear is very becoming, by the way. We heard a story about that ear, though we won't vouch for its truth. It seems, according to this tale, that George had been fighting in the ring for some time without a mark to show that he was a pug. Finally he became worried and went to a friend, presenting his ear. "Give it a cauliflower, will you?" he begged—and the friend accommodated! (The same tale has been told of Max Baer—so don't put too much stock in it.) It cost George plenty to get that ear prettied up for the pictures, and he almost got in another fight while it was in bandages when a local wise-sucker waxed too, too funny. He is now making "Lime-house Nights."

One Romance Without Rumors

The Yuma elopement of Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel caught...
is signing a looks the almost

After a year's wait, Adolphe Menjou and Vertee Teasdale go shopping for a marriage license. And are they happy?

is signing a looks the almost

Marie Didn't Forget...

M ARIE DRESSLER'S will, leaving fifty thousand dollars to her colored couple, pleased Hollywood. Everyone knew that when Marie came out here, down on her luck, struggling to get "bits" in pictures, Mamie Cox took in washings to help tide the little household over until "Madame" got a contract. It was the little spray of roses from her faithful servants that went into Marie's coffin at the last moment.

Marauders in Janet's House

J ANET GAYNOR was blissfully lost Somewhere In Europe out of reach of the bad news, when her house in Beverly Hills was broken into by burglars. Just what they were searching for is a mystery, for they passed up valuable silverware and furs to rifle a desk filled with personal papers.

Maxine Doyle can't help hugging Joe E. Brown. He gives her a big break as his leading lady in "Six-Day Bike Rider"

even the columnists off-guard. Like their cronies, Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson, who speeded them on their way to the Arizona Gretna Green, they had the romance without the rumors—and, under such unusual conditions, it didn't take them long to decide that they would be unusually happy together. For one thing, both are English.... By his marriage, Ralph quashed one persistent rumor—namely, that if and when Ruth Chatterton divorces George Brent, she would remarry "Rafe," her former husband.

Anna Speaks Her Mind

A NNA STEN has come out of seclusion and is seeing a chosen few among the interviewers these days. One young writer had chatted with her for some time and rose to leave. "Ach, don't go yet!" cried Anna. "You dress so nicely!" Hollywood, which has seldom met such complete frankness, marvels at Sten, who came right out and defended "frank" pictures when every other star was afraid to speak. Her second picture, "We Live Again"—unlike her first, "Nana"—was finished in record time. (Frederic March, her co-star, is even now vacationing in Tahiti.) Her third will have an American farm setting.

Sam Goldwyn is credited with a neat bit of strategy in signing up Miriam Hopkins, to be his second feminine star. With competition Anna—who has seemed almost indifferent to success—may show new interest.

Shirley's Male Competitor

T HE name of small, seven-year-old David Jack Holt has been shortened to "David Holt," for fear of confusion with Big Jack. This youngster is the newest child wonder to reach the screen (you will see him in "You Belong to Me"), but more will be along if other theatre managers imitate the enterprising Hollywood man who advertised a "Resemblance to Shirley Temple" prize contest.

Directed Her to the Altar

T HE William Seiter (Marian Nixon), who "eloped" to Yuma three days after her divorce from Edward Hillman, Jr., was final, are now being honor-guested at "congratulation parties." Bill Seiter—who fell in love with her during the filming of "We're Rich Again"—was the man who directed Marian's first picture, when she was a child star, some years ago. On the day he married he completed his one hundredth job of direction! Bill, the former husband of Laura La Plante, is a good many years older than his new bride, but friends say it looks like that rare thing, a really compatible Hollywood marriage.

Married—And Not Married

A NITA PAGE has the record of the most unique marriage in Hollywood. On July twenty-eighth, she married Nacio Herb Brown (he wrote that new dance sensation, "The Caro") in Mexico. But since it is almost a year before Herb's divorce from his previous mate will be final in California, she and her bridegroom have to live apart, within the borders of the State and see each other only now and then, like any

(Continued on page 90)
ROCHELLE HUDSON—young, pretty, talented—flashes a diamond ring, and the columnists tell the world she is engaged . . . But who is her mysterious fiancé? Why can't she tell his name? . . . You'd be surprised—and, perhaps, amused—to know why. Anyway, here is the whole story!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Who Is the Mystery Man in ROCHELLE'S Life?

If you, like the rest of the country, have been feverishly wondering who the mysterious fiancé in Rochelle Hudson's life is, and when he would carry her off to matrimony, unhang your curiosity. There is no fiancé. He was a hoax. He was thin air. He was Rochelle Hudson's Phantom Lover, and a heck of a lot of trouble he caused her, too.

"It started out to be a lot of fun in December," Rochelle confided to me. "But it got too complicated. I said he was a writer, and because Hollywood was so crammed with writers, not one of whom I could really produce as a flesh-and-blood fiancé, I quickly said that he was a New York writer.

"That started the New York papers on the trail of my 'romance' and before long the name of Barry Trivers was linked with mine, and at that time he was nicely engaged to Claudia Morgan, who recently married Robert Shippee, the explorer. You can see how inconvenient the whole thing was.

"The jumble of names was distressing enough," continued Rochelle, "but along in the Spring my Phantom Engagement began to grow distinctly uncomfortable. I had answered so many questions about my Phantom New York Lover and my Phantom Husband-to-Be that the Hollywood gentlemen stopped dialing my telephone number. I suppose they figured it was no use to dine and dance a girl who wore another man's diamond on her engagement finger.

"And the ring, all the time, was the one Father gave Mother when they became engaged . . . and didn't really, spell marriage for me at all. It was the result of an enterprising columnist's thirst for 'romance' news that started the engagement story. At first it was fun, for me. Then it began to roll up into a regular Frankenstein monster that threatened to devour any and all of my 'dates.' That wasn't so funny."

How It All Started

BLUE-EYED, brown-haired, Rochelle Hudson, standing five feet four inches on her lyric limbs, isn't really to blame for the amusing series of events that catapulted her into a maelstrom of engagement rumors. Rather, the blame should be placed on the peculiar demands of the press upon Hollywood and its film folk. The public is as much attracted to an actor by some capricious exploit, well publicized, as it is by an inspired performance. Publicity often makes the actor. Romance publicity, particularly. Seventeen-year-old Rochelle (she was really fifteen, and said she was seventeen, at the time of Motion Picture's March, 1932, interview, she brazenly confesses to-day) knew this. But she reckoned without inquiring reporters.

(Continued on page 69)
SEVERAL weeks ago, Jean Harlow was rehearsing a scene for "The Girl from Missouri." On the sidelines the director, cameramen, technicians and "grips" were playing the silent roles they would play later during the actual filming. Through the script girl's mind ran the thought, "What would it be like to be as beautiful as Jean Harlow?" A "prop" man was wondering why his wife couldn't have the sparkle that Jean had. An "extra" girl was thinking that she might just as well give up and go home—with competition like that. Then it happened.

Suddenly, there was a horrible scraping along the rafters above. A huge spotlight, groaning and shrieking, poised precariously over the star's glittering head. Jean looked up to see what was happening, and at that moment, the heavy spotlight leaped down at her. Jean shrank away, covering her face in her arms—so fast an action that even a slow motion picture of it would have seemed normal. The chain that held the spotlight grew taut, seemed to crack, and then grew taut again. Not two feet above Jean Harlow's upturned face, the great spotlight trembled in its path of destruction, and held. . . . Jean, completely unnerved, was taken to her dressing-room, and it was an hour before she could compose herself. If it had shot two feet farther, that spotlight would have ruined the white blaze of her beauty forever.

The thought that, sometime, something may happen to mar his face—the face that is his fortune—is a horror that lurks in every movie star's mind. It is the Sword of Damocles that hangs over every Hollywood head. An accident in an automobile, a fire, a stray golf ball, a fall downstairs—such things hold constant danger, not only to a star's appearance, but to his very career. At a sudden sound, a surprising shriek, a quickly moving obstacle, every actor and actress think first of their faces and try to hide them from harm! It is an automatic reflex, a sub-conscious reaction, that proves beyond all doubt this underlying fear of facial disfigurement.

Saved Her Face; Lost Her Life

THERE was the tragic case of Martha Mansfield, a famous movie actress several years ago. She was returning home from the studio, in costume—a bouffant, billowy dress of thin organdy, trimmed with yards of net flouncing, as perishable as tissue paper. She sank back in her car, tired and weary, lighted a cigarette, and closed her eyes. Suddenly, her dress was ablaze. Martha came to with a start, and her hands flew to protect her face and head. "Beat out the flames with your
hands!” shouted her chauffeur as he stopped the car, stumbled out and dashed toward the back. But Miss Mansfield would not lower her arms and expose her face to the fire’s fury. She was fatally burned, but her face in her coffin was lovely and untouched.

Some stars might prefer death to the destruction of their beauty. But all automobile accidents do not end in death—the recent fate of beautiful Dorothy Dell. Not many years ago, Carole Lombard’s face was so badly cut in an auto accident that the finest surgeons of the country had little hope of restoring it to its original beauty. Her pain was nothing, compared to the fear and anguish that gripped her. For days she refused to look at a mirror... to see her life, her career, the face that was her fortune married forever! She could not bear to face this reality.

Then the bandages were removed. The doctors told Carole that her face was mending miraculously. Fearfully, dreading that they were only trying to buoy up her spirits, she asked for a mirror. What they said was true. Life seemed worth living once again. But to-day Carole is still sensitive about the tiny, almost imperceptible scars that she bears, and if anyone is unkind enough to mention them, she flinches as the recollection of that horrible fear sweeps over her.

One Lucky Accident

Carole’s case is one in a hundred million—she is not only extremely fortunate to have recovered her beauty so completely, but many people think that she is even much more beautiful now than before. Her face has a sensitiveness and a fine, firm look now that it did not have then; before, it was a bit too round and babyish. Fame and fortune have come to her since that accident.

Alice Faye is another girl who narrowly escaped the loss of her beauty in an automobile accident—and has since become famous. Alice says that she was so grateful just to be alive that she did not think at first of the possibility that her face might be marred for life. But now that she is doing picture work, scarcely a day passes that she doesn’t give thanks that a tiny scar above her left eye is the only reminder of that accident. And that scar is actually an asset now, for every once in a while it twitches and Alice looks as though she is winking at you—a fleeting wink that fits her playful personality.

Many of the stars will ride spirited horses, drive cars at break-neck speed, play reckless polo, fly back and forth across the country, learn to aquaplane, go hunting and take part in many dangerous sports—but just let a

(Continued on page 72)
Is "HOLLYWOOD'S Most Popular Girl" Marrying?

MARY BRIAN, the girl so many lads have wooed in vain, is wearing a big diamond solitaire for the first time—and Dick Powell is building a new house, with Mary advising. She says she isn't engaged, and he says the house is for his parents, But—

By BEN MADDOX

Is Mary Brian going to get married—at last? Mary, Marriage, and Men—it practically rhymes! If she does give in, and says "Yes" to Dick Powell, it will be the end of a glorious reign as Queen of the Heart-Whole and Fancy-Free Girls. No other movie miss in history has had the number and variety of suitors of Mary, Mary, So Elusive!

She has been the film colony's foremost belle, unquestionably Hollywood's Most Popular Girl, ever since the days when she and Buddy Rogers first intrigued the world by their mutual interest. She is the supreme example of the girl that men want to marry. Many's the man who has joined in the pursuit of Mary—and, incidentally, being seen with her has boosted the stock of numerous lads.

The romance rumors have done right by Mary, too. When the rest of the sweet ingenues were swept into the ashbin by the exotics, she stayed in the swim. Producers just couldn't forget a gal who's constantly in the lovelight!

Now, it appears that she is nearly through being Hollywood's most-sought-after maid. For the first time, she has been glimpsed with a big diamond solitaire. And she and Dick Powell—well, the glint in their eyes seems extremely matrimonial.

Mary said to me, "I have never been engaged, and I never shall be. I think engagements are silly. They're a testing period. When I know my mind, I'll go ahead and marry with no such preliminary fuss!" Dick, meanwhile, is attempting to play sly ol' fox. At the moment he's a trifle annoyed at the kidding accusations that he is a poor actor off-screen, denying intentions of being a prospective bridegroom.

(Continued on page 74)
Both Answer
a Call to Arms

In "British Agent," Leslie Howard has the most adventurous rôle of his screen career—playing a British under-cover observer in post-Revolution Russia. Kay Francis is a Russian adventuress, doing some secret observing of her own. Separately, at first, they dare danger, then share it. Leslie is now in England, filming "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Kay, back from Italy, is starting "A Present from Margate."
"Wear Practical Clothes,"
ADVISES MADGE EVANS,
"They Have a Knack of Putting You At Your Ease Wherever You Go"

The black and white vogue always makes its appearance in the first new Fall dresses, and Madge carries out the popular combination in the silk crépe frock below. The becoming collar and cuffs are made of pleated organdie.

Light-weight wool and taffeta are one of the newer Fall combinations. Madge Evans (above) has on a neat navy wool suit, with a light blue taffeta blouse, the ruffled collar of which is pulled out.

A suit that is smart and practical for all occasions is the one Miss Evans has on at the right. It is made of navy blue flannel with metal button trim and a cotton blouse of striped novelty weave.
An ideal Fall coat (right) of wool is worn by Madge. The material of the coat is cut so that the thin black and orange stripes, on the tan background, are very effective. Be sure to observe the interesting style note in the odd finger fastening of leather on the belt.

Black satin fashions Madge Evans' smart afternoon suit at the left. The lapels of the jacket are tailored along the lines of a man's tuxedo vest, but the waist, of tucked chiffon and lace, rhinestone buttons and clip, keep it from looking too mannish.

A striped scarf collar is introduced by Miss Evans in this simple black crépe frock. It has a black patent leather belt and elbow-length sleeves. It's the type of dress that every business girl will need several of for early Fall wear.
as modern as tomorrow...

dolores del rio's home

by
dorothy calhoun

dolores lives in a young modern's "hideaway"—a new idea in houses, and it will give you new ideas for your home dark, with a skin of glowing pallor, all cream and dusky white and ivory. Never was a house a more fitting background for a woman—which is natural, when its architect was not only Hollywood's best-known scenic designer, but her husband. The house was his wedding gift to Dolores.

Several Rooms in One

IN this startling house, it is difficult to give some of the rooms conventional names. Certainly, the great apartment into which the visitor first steps is not a hall, reception room, parlor, living room or drawing room. Great, steel-framed windows form an entire side along the rear, bringing the dripping green of pepper trees and the blaze of the sky into the room. Half-partitions cut the floor space into nooks and alcoves, almost little rooms; and a stairway, as severe as that in a skyscraper, diagonals across the back, with the cold gleam of metal balustrades.

While people accustomed to houses with the usual types of rooms may gasp and wonder at this arrangement, it will make them think, too. These half-partitions and low divisions of polished shining wood, breaking up the entire sweep of the main body of the house, give a

(Continued on page 87)
Cedric Gibbons (with Dolores, center) designed for her the most unusual, most individual house in Hollywood—the last word in modernistic beauty and comfort. Top left, a corner of the huge downstairs room (note the wall "setbacks," the mirror for a wall, the staircase, the built-in divans); in panel, a bit of the exterior from the pool; above, library alcove; left, Dolores’ dressing-room; below, the dining room, with glass table
The Little Colonel
Wins His Battle

No one who saw "The Birth of a Nation" has ever forgotten The Little Colonel—Henry B. Wal-thall. In real life, he has never admitted defeat. When youth and stardom went, he played "bits"—till the part of Madero in "Viva Villa" came his way. Now, once more, he stands out. And in "Judge Priest," he once more wears Confederate gray
Untold Stories of Loves That Have Lasted—in Hollywood

1. It's time you heard about some of the HAPPY Hollywood marriages. This is the story of the Jimmy Cagneys, who can say, after fourteen years, "We've been happy broke, and we've been happy flush. As long as we're together, we'll get a kick out of life"

Headline-hunters aren't on the lookout for happy Hollywood marriages; the heart-breaks and divorces are their meat—and that is the diet they feed the public. The public is sick of it, and so is Hollywood. It's time somebody told the other side of the story. It's time the world heard, for a change, that there are happy marriages—even in Hollywood. MOTION PICTURE starts the ball rolling with this marital saga of the Jimmy Cagneys—every word of it true. After you read it, you will want to hear more. And others are coming!—Editor.

"Now, that's my idea of a swell kid," announced Jimmy Cagney, through his half of the doughnut. "I'll bet she'll make somebody a grand little wife, some day. She's—er—a darned nice little girl, too nice to be out alone."

Al Jenkins jerked up, his portion of the morning's meal gracefully poised for a swan dunk into his cup of coffee, to see a chic little figure pass the restaurant window. (That was fourteen years ago, but even then Allan Jenkins was generally on hand to "Oh Yeah?" the chunky redhead.)

"Nice, eh?" Al challenged. "How would you know?"

"Listen, egg, that girl's different." Jimmy wagged his head knowingly. "I've watched her, lots of times. She's not used to this racket. She's so quiet, and sort of out of place."

"And so you're going to be her big brother—or something, eh?"

"Oh, you're being fresh, so early in the morning? Well, she could do a lot worse."

(Continued on page 78)
June Knight, in person, tells with delightful frankness her own intimate way to beauty and health. And incidentally to flashing energy and charm. Don't miss these revealing articles by the stars which MOTION PICTURE brings you exclusively each month. You have read in these pages the beauty doctrines of Lilian Harvey, Ginger Rogers and Jean Harlow. Next month, and each month, another star will write her "Secrets of the Dressing-Table" for this magazine.—Editor

By June Knight
Who Tells Her Own Rules for Health and Beauty

The Secrets Of The Dressing-Table

YOU never realize how much time and attention you spend on your face till someone asks you to sit down and write about the things you do to it and for it. My heavens! Where to begin? Well, suppose I take a look at the things on and in my dressing-table—an inventory of those jars and bottles will explain my "skin game."

I have three kinds of cleansing cream—one would do, I suppose, but I enjoy changing around. One is a liquefying cream, another heavy and "gooey," and the third is in-between. After cleansing I always use a pore cream. Even if I can allow it to stay on but a few minutes, it is beneficial. The time to use it is while the pores are opened, after cleansing. My pore cream is quite pasty and really seems to draw the impurities out of the skin. My face looks and feels twice as clean after using it. After that, the usual procedure is to close the pores with an astringent, then complete the job with ice. But I use the ice first, which closes the pores and removes that "greasy" look. Then I use my astringents, fragrant ones, because I like the delicate aroma they give my skin.

Once or twice a week I give myself a more elaborate treatment, with more unusual creams—a strawberry mask, perhaps, or just the plain strawberry cream. They really do wonders for the skin. I knew that fruit juices were
good for you, but I always doubted that, applied on the skin, they would be of any benefit—until I tried them. There's something about fruit acids, I suppose, which really "purges" the pores. I've heard also of a liquid containing grapes and honey, that is supposed to be sure death to wrinkles. I haven't tried it yet, but my curiosity is mounting, and I'm likely to try it any day.

If you do use things for wrinkles, apply them gently. Your touch should be very delicate whenever you put anything on your face. Never slap powder on with a puff, as I've seen many girls do. Don't rub rouge in harshly. When I use rouge, which isn't often, I apply it with a large camel's hair brush, very soft and pliable, and I get wonderful results. When I give myself a facial, I like to use one of those delicate little patters which most of the salons use. Equipment like this makes beauty-care twice as interesting and twice as scientific. And don't forget a complexion brush, for washing with soap and water.

I apply my lipstick with my finger—spread it to the corners of my mouth, following the natural line of the lips. I have an orange stick handy, with a bit of cotton on the end of it, in case I get too much lipstick at the corners. Removing it with the orange stick prevents smudging it further, as you might do with your finger.

**Getting Rid of That Summer Tan**

We all are apt to be lax about beauty-care during the summer. But at this time of the year we become conscience-stricken and try to make up for lost time. While I never allow myself to become very tanned in the summer, my skin does turn slightly darker. Then I try desperately to get it back to its normal fairness. After cleansing my face at night, I use a mild bleaching cream—not only on my face, but on my neck, shoulders, back and arms. Often, in "whitening up" for the winter, people forget these other areas which lose their tan more slowly than does the face, because they are not so much exposed. If you use a long-handled brush every day in your tub, and once or twice a week soak them in cleansing cream, removing the cream with a Turkish towel, it should do the trick for you as it has for me. Another thing—tiny blemishes may break out on your back, though you haven't a single one on your face. The reason is that your face receives more care than does your back. Increased circulation helps your back—that is why so many of us out here have a masseuse to work on us regularly. They not only help us look better, but they help us feel better. Of course not

"I apply my lipstick with my finger, following the natural line of my lips"

"I often do my hair, arranging it around my face, after my hat is on"

"A loose, fluffy coiffure is more suited to the breadth of my shoulders"

every girl can afford such treatments, but every girl has a sister or a mother or a girl-friend who can give her back a good rub-down once in a while.

**Make Faces at Yourself**

Another important aid to a good appearance is facial expression. All of us look better at certain times than we do at others. The thing to do is to find out your best moments, and develop them. Make faces at yourself in the mirror! Discover how you look when you smile, when you are pensive, or interested, or startled... I don't mean, of course, that you always can look the same! A perpetually pensive expression would drive anyone mad! But if raising your eyebrows

(Continued on page 50)
New Chances for Old Favorites

By Ramon Romero

Great stars of yesterday—Charles Ray, Clara Kimball Young, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mae Marsh, and William Farnum—where are they now? Some are playing roles that are no more than "bits," shining now as lesser luminaries in new constellations. But to their work they bring a pantomimic experience gained through long years of experience before the silent camera, lighted with the glamour of their former fame. And some of them are heading along Comeback Road, accelerated by the new demand for pictures like those in which so many of them first found fame.

Ten years ago, if some producer had planned a great spectacle with a cast of names including the above-mentioned stars, and, in addition, Monte Blue, Mary Carr, Betty Blythe, Thomas Meighan, with Jack Mulhall, Helene Chadwick, Nita Naldi and Bryant Washburn for good measure, the picture would have made screen history. It would have gone down in screen annals as having the greatest cast of all time—greater even than the assemblage of names in "Grand Hotel." Its weekly salary list would have run into the hundreds of thousands. To-day such a cast could be gathered together without effort or expense. And I'll wager the combined salaries for the week would not exceed five thousand dollars.

It is only recently that motion picture producers have become aware of the fact that in their own backyards is an fine a group of character players as they could find in any theatre on Broadway. Sterling names are beginning to appear more frequently in the cast sheets—names steeped in the traditions of motion pictures, and still familiar to the older generation of movie fans. For years, until just recently, these ex-stars have wandered the highways of Hollywood in search of jobs—forgotten, unwanted. A few had saved enough money on which to live comfortably, but many were in want—some in dire need.

Were Given Helping Hands

The financial condition of some of these former stars was brought to the attention of the Hays Office, and an order went out through the Central Casting Bureau that they were to receive first consideration from casting directors at the studios, given "extra" work and "bits" whenever possible.

If you looked closely, in "Stingaree," you may have recognized Helene Chadwick in an "extra" rôle. Six or seven years previously she had been the leading lady of its star, Richard Dix. Alice Lake, Mary MacLaren, King Baggot and Ella Hall, other stars of Hollywood's yester-years, now accept "extra" rôles. Miss Lake has, in the past few months, been given "bits" at the Metro studio, where she once was a star. In "Murder in the Private Car" she received her first opportunity in talkies to display the talent that once made her a great favorite. Miss MacLaren, sensational star of all of Lois Weber's old-time problem plays at Universal, worked in the mob scenes of "Cavalcade" at Fox. Even more recently, Jack Mulhall played a small part in Mae West's picture, "Belle of the Nineties"—and achieved what so many former
 favorites are struggling for: new recognition. You will see him in bigger parts from now on.
The Hollywood ladder of success is a narrow one. In this era of Gables, Wests and Hepburns, players of yesterday must step down. It is a legend that Hollywood is a one-chance town. Rarely, if ever, does a displaced star, director, or writer achieve a second opportunity to mount the ladder of fame. But something significant has happened during the last year. The great depression has taught even hard-boiled producers a lesson. With the demand for a cleaner, more human type of picture, producers are recalling the old exponents of the type of acting popular in less hectic days. Mae Marsh, Ella Hall, Tom Moore, Aileen Pringle, Bryant Washburn, Reginald Denny and others are being given a chance to win back their former popularity.

Old Stars in New Constellations

In the cast of "The Return of Chandu," in which Bela Lugosi is starred, can be found the names of Clara Kimball Young, Tom Moore, Peggy Montgomery (the famous "Baby Peggy" of yesterday), and Bryant Washburn. There are four ex-stars in support of a present-day luminary who has not yet reached the great heights of fame to which they attained before Hollywood ever heard of him. But the important fact is—their faces are seen on the screen again.

Thomas Meighan, favorite of millions in an earlier day, makes his reappearance, after a long absence from the screen, in "Peck's Bad Boy." Jackie Cooper's name tops the cast, with star billing—but there are many who will go to see the picture because "Meighan is back."

When John Stahl started casting for "Only Yesterday," he found that there were seventy-two speaking parts, some only flashes with but one line of dialogue. Yet every line was so important, each "bit" so vital to the success of the play, that he determined to have all the roles played by actors of experience. Through this foresight Betty Blythe, Julia Faye and John Roche were enabled to make a fresh start. And fan mail proved that movie-goers had spotted them.

Miss Blythe, who won international renown with her interpretation of "The Queen of Sheba" in the silent era, came from a California ranch to start all over again. She gradually is being given better assignments. Her most recent engagement is in support of Colleen Moore in "The Scarlet Letter." The consensus of opinion is that she no longer is a "clothes horse," but a splendid dramatic actress who retains great beauty and has new dramatic warmth. She is now in "A Girl of the Limberlost."

Reginald Denny, Esther Ralston and Monte Blue are other ex-stars now attracting attention in supporting roles. All three rode the crest of the wave less than five years ago, only to be submerged by invaders from Broadway, who took away not only their titles of stardom, but their very bread and butter.

Three Veterans Stage Comeback

Denny enjoyed a long and prosperous career at Universal, in a series of comedies. One morning he awoke to find himself jobless. But now he is meeting with great success as a free-lance player. His versatility stamps him as an actor of great ability. His work in "The Lost Patrol" awakened Hollywood to his new possibilities. Two recent roles are as a German in "The World Moves On," and as a semi-heavy in "Of Human Bondage."

Miss Ralston, released from her starring contract with Paramount, was faced with the alternative of subordinating her importance in billing, or accepting vaudeville engagements. She elected to display her talents on the variety stages of the country and in British pictures, where she still could capitalize her name—and to her very real benefit, for she came back to Hollywood an actress of (Continued on page 71)
We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

**CHAINED**
*A Crawford-Cable Opus to Argue About*

This is a story of the troubles and yearnings of a group of not-particularly-admirable people who are made to appear important by luxurious backgrounds and the high-powered personalities of Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Otto Kruger. We are asked to sympathize with the predicament of a millionaire's secretary who is sent on a cruise to South America to decide whether she will go to her employer without the formality of marriage, and who discovers real love in the person of a young Argentine rancher aboard the boat.

Returning to New York to inform the millionaire of her change of heart, she finds that he has divorced his wife and sacrificed his children to marry her and feels herself bound to him as a consequence.

Highlights: Fun in the liner's bar with Stuart Erwin, Clark and Joan. The love scenes reminiscent of earlier and more naïve screen love making. The ranch scene with horses and colts. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

**THE CAT'S-PAW**
*A New Lloyd, funnier than ever*

Surrounded with a grand cast, Harold Lloyd safely makes the change from Marx to comedy and for the first time in his life has a chance to do some real acting. As the gentle son of a missionary, with a Chinese proverb for every occasion on his tongue's tip, he makes a ludicrous and touching figure as he deals with gangsters and slanging girls according to the precepts of Ling Po, a poet dead seven centuries ago.

Placed by a freak of fate in the position of mayor of a tough American city, he triumphantly sails through danger and difficulty in the funniest scene that ever appeared in a Lloyd picture. George Barbier, as the crook who won to unwilling honesty by the quota of proverbs, is grand.

Highlights: The scene where the politicians try to speak *Ezeciel Cobb's* language to persuade him to run for Reform Mayor. The "execution" scene in its entirety. The gag of the headless hollies. (Lloyd-Fox)

**BRITISH AGENT**
*Two New Co-Stars in a Tense Drama*

This is an elaborately staged, impressive story of young foreign diplomats caught in the meshes of the Russian Revolution. From the moment when Soviet bullets crash into the glitter and stateliness of a British Embassy ball, sending the crystals of the great chandelier tinkling down upon the terrified guests in a bright rain, there is no let-down of tension. An ever-increasing crescendo of intrigue surrounds the figures of the young English consul (Leslie Howard) and the Russian patriot (Kay Francis).

It is their fate to fall desperately in love and at the same time, through relentless duty, fight against each other, betray one another. Howard is a heroic figure.

Highlights: The entrance of the revolutionists into the Embassy and the facing of the Old Order with the New. The splendid sets. The scenes between the young Briton and his servant. The breath-taking suspense of the love scene. (Warner)

**YOU BELONG TO ME**
*Hail a New Child Star!*

You will go to see this because of Lee Tracy's name. You'll come away from it talking about the new child actor, young David Holt. And if you haven't shed a few tears over the sentimental situations developed between the backstage vaudeville characters, you are a tough proposition.

Tracy plays a putty-nosed vaudeville comedian, who is the pal and confidant of the child of one of the singers (Helen Mack), whom he loves. But he is a different Tracy, lacking his fast-talking, hand-waving line. It seems rather a pity to reduce a star of his importance to the position of "feeder" for a child actor. However, young Holt is sincere, unaffected and devoid of the irritating characteristics of so many infant prodigies. He should go far.

Highlights: Helen Mack, swinging out over the audience as she sings. Helen Morgan, as Tracy's ex-wife, in a grand blues number. David Jack Holt. (Paramount)
Parade

JUDGE PRIEST
Will Rogers Shows Everybody a Good Time

BETWEEN Irvin S. Cobb, who wrote the stories on which the picture is based, and Will Rogers, who acts the title rôle, "Judge Priest" has everything that American audiences go for—hilarious comedy, heart-tugs, suspenseful drama, romance, down-to-earth characters, homely philosophy, and justice triumphing over injustice. It's theatrical, but it's swell entertainment.

The setting is a sleepy Kentucky town in 1890—a town where the animosities of Civil War days still smolder. Much of the early part of the picture is a colorful character sketch of the Judge, first on the bench, then off it, moving around the town, having drawing disputes with his sister, fishing and talking with his old War cronies. Ambling along with him, sharing his amusing outlook on life and his neighbors, you get to know them all. Then back you go to court, where David Landau is being tried for murderous assault and defended by Priest's young lawyer-nephew, Tom Brown. The opposition lawyer demands that Priest resign for the duration of the trial. He does, then finds a way, through Henry B. Walthall, to help out his nephew.

Highlights: Rogers' speech of self-defense as he leaves the bench. The suspense of the trial. The word-picture by Walthall of soldiers' martyrdom. The settings and music of the old South. Rogers' sly observations. (Fox)

PERFORMANCES
YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

WILL ROGERS in "JUDGE PRIEST"
HAROLD LLOYD in "THE CAT'S PAW"
MAE WEST in "BELLE OF THE NINETIES"
LESLIE HOWARD in "BRITISH AGENT"
KAY FRANCIS in "BRITISH AGENT"
JEAN MUIR in "DESIRABLE"
DAVID HOLT in "YOU BELONG TO ME"
FRANK MORGAN in "THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW"

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW
Something for the Whole Family

EVERYONE who has a family or who belongs to a family will enjoy this glimpse into the home-life of Joseph Whitley, father of five children who think that the world was made for them. Crowded out of his house by their parties, forgotten in the tumultuous young life and interests around him, the father (Frank Morgan) suddenly discovers that he is still capable of loving. A former secretary of his (Binnie Barnes—at new English importation) turns up, and for one blissful evening a week, when his family suppose—if they think about him at all—that he is at his lodge, he visits her charming house, basks in the warmth of her adoration and becomes an important person.

Highlights: The family dinner table, seething with unspoken remarks. The servant girl. Binnie Barnes' attempt to explain the essential harmlessness of her relation with their father to his children, frozen with horror at their discovery. (Universal)

BELLE OF THE NINETIES
Mae West Still Wow Them

AFTER all the cutting and re-cutting, filming and re-filming, Mae West's new picture is still splendid entertainment. The marks of the scissors are plain in its plot and dialogue, yet the actress by sheer personality sweeps the onlooker along in the wake of her amazing gowns and plumed hats, her hoarse-ly musical songs, her abundant vitality. With a far more carefully constructed plot than heretofore, with fewer close-ups of the star and more opportunity for her cast (which includes Johnny Mack Brown and Roger Pryor), this story of the burlesque queen, Ruby Carter, who pits her wits against masculine cunning and treachery in the New Orleans of the Nineties is not going to disappoint West fans.


IRIS MARCH
"The Green Hat" Turns Pale

UNLESS you have read "The Green Hat," much of the meaning of this story of the daughter of the doomed Marches and those concerned with her unhappy destiny will be incomprehensible. As Connie Bennett plays Iris, she is neither wild nor willful, but gentle and furtive, accepting a series of blows from life without protest. The first of these blows is when the man she loves (Herbert Marshall) is sent to India to save him from marrying her; the second comes when the man she marries (Ralph Forbes) leaps from a hotel window.

It is beautifully staged and acted, but such a story of sex tragedy should either be made bravely or not attempted. It is impossible to make a harmless, pretty tale out of its.

Highlights: The scene in which Iris learns from three old men just how the world regards her family. The scene in which her past and present meet in the bride's chamber. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

DESIDERABLE
That's What a View of This Comedy Is

THIS is one of the lightest, most whimsical and delightful little comedies seen on the screen in many a day, thanks not so much to adroitness of plot as to the performers. George Brent is the suavely genial hero, who thinks himself in love with a glamorous actress, only to discover that she has a nineteen-year-old daughter, Verree Teasdale fulfills the requirements of the rôle of the great stage favorite; and Jean Muir is sincere as the innocent and self-conscious girl.

Skirting nearly several semi-risqué situations, it's the story of a man who refunded his youth and a schoolgirl who discovered that she was desirable. Charming situations and grand dialogue. Worth seeing.

Highlights: The tall girl trying to "scootch" down to dance with short partners. Her refuge in the dressing-room. The big scene between mother and daughter when the actress tries to disgust the girl with the man they both want. (Warners)
WILCOXON—
What a Man!

HENRY WILCOXON looks like a conqueror—and he’s living up to his looks. After one picture, “Cleopatra,” he’s muscling into Gable’s territory. Women can’t resist him—and men not only have a healthy respect for him; they envy him!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

If Hollywood is new and intriguing to Henry Wilcoxon—and he admits that it is—Henry Wilcoxon is no less new and intriguing to Hollywood—and Hollywood admits it! Watch this man, who has just made his screen début as Marc Antony in “Cleopatra,” for he was designed by Nature to be a conqueror. He will become one of the screen’s greatest stars—not by reason of his acting, which is entirely satisfactory, but by the sheer force of his personality, which is staggering.

His size overwhelms the imagination, dwarfs the screen, makes his co-actors seem puny by comparison—yet, amazingly, he stands little more than six feet in height and weighs only one hundred and ninety pounds. His size is a mental illusion, the by-product of that dominant personality, of that excessive virility which is the man’s outstanding characteristic. He is wholly masculine and radiates strength. Meeting him, one’s first conscious thought is: “This man is made of steel—his strength is limitless.” Knowing him, the conviction grows.

Yet he has not the bulgy, massive muscles of a circus strong man. There is nothing massive, or stolid, in his physical make-up. His is the strength of perfect coordination, of inexhaustible energy. It is the strength that we instinctively associate with the primitive.

His muscles are long and supple. They are the sort of muscles that experience prizes in a race horse, the sort of muscles that combine endurance and lightning speed. When he moves, you can see them tensing and softly crawling beneath their sheath of healthy skin. The suggestion of strength is heightened in his features—in his rugged, but not too prominent jaw; in his straight, Grecian nose; in

his broad and lofty forehead.

Like Gable—and Then Some

REGARD any group of athletes, and, in almost every one, you will note some physical imperfection. There is an insufficient development here, an undue heaviness there, some twist or crook that destroys symmetry—legs too short or too long, too much bone or sinew exposed, or too little. In Wilcoxon, you won’t find one of those faults. His body is perfectly proportioned—slender, wiry legs, narrow hips and a broad, deep chest. He is the man-type in its final evolution. There is no man, seeing him on the screen, who will not envy his bodily perfection, no woman who will not be fascinated. This man, like Gable—and, perhaps, even more than

(Continued on page 62)
All hers!

.. yet she uses a 25¢ tooth paste

why?

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

**Direct Cleansing**

Listerine Tooth Paste does cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in Direct Contact with decaying manner on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

**See and Feel the Difference**

You can feel the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually feel cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they look whiter.

**Try It One Week**

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up the Hollywood way.

Cosmetics left clogging the pores cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin

Beauty sleep's important—for you and for your skin, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly may all unconsciously be leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. It is this choking of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin to develop.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's famous beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

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

Before you put on fresh make-up—Always before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can protect your skin—keep it clear and lovely!
Beauty sleep...

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"
WOMEN'S GREATEST POWER
depends on lovely eyes

THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will be a new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-staining, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bedtime.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, “Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them”. I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also how to do eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat “crow's feet,” wrinkles, etc. LOUISE ROSS.

FREE Merely send
Coupon for “Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them”
Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City M.P.-11
Name __________________________
Street __________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________
If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara enclose 10c, checking whether you wish [ ] Black or [ ] Brown.

For Lovely Eyes
WINX
Darkens lashes perfectly

Gable—is equipped to be an idol of both sexes. Like Gable, he is virile and dominating. Like Gable, he has self-control and inflexible will. Like Gable, he is nothing if not himself, ignoring all acclaim for his personal magnetism. Unlike Gable, he is both analyst and dreamer. It is easy to imagine him undertaking any conceivable hardship in order to reach a goal. It is easy to imagine his overriding any and all obstacles to success. And it is impossible to imagine him avoiding an obstacle or shirking a problem.

He is reserved, difficult to know—until the conversation touches upon his interests. Then, he becomes the soul of animation. Give him a stimulating subject to dissect and every vestige of his reserve is swept away. But, while he pours forth his enthusiasm in a tumbling cascade of words, his hands, unconscious, are forever in motion—and never once do his bearers lose that conviction of the man’s tremendous, latent strength. Rather, it is confirmed, for without being egotistical or domineering, he delivers the most casual opinion with the force of a blow.

She Couldn’t Argue with Him

RECENTLY, I lunches with him and a certainty to up his secret. At her end in any argument is a Hollywood tradition. He talked; she listened, seemingly spell-bound. Afterward, I commented on her large eyes.

“How can anyone argue with that man?” she retorted. “He may be wrong in his conclusions, but he always knows on you until it’s too late to raise the question without seeming stupid!”

Had we discussed American comedians. “The Englishman is a sense of humor,” he said, “and America has a sense of the ridiculous!”

Winx had stated.

Equipped with such a physique, he is built for heroic roles; yet, considerately, his one burning ambition is to play light comedy.

“Why must comic characters always be small men?” he demands. “These producers are wrong. People laugh at small men, but they also laugh as heartily at big men. Hollywood is catered to women—yet the movie producers forget that women like to laugh at men who appeal to them in other ways.”

Winx contends that “bigness” and physical perfection are often handicaps in life.

“Things come too easily to the big man,” he says. “He is always tempted to let his strength take the place of skill—he becomes so confident of his physical power that he neglects his mental development. It’s better to be skillful than merely strong. Under-sized men, or men handicapped by some deformity or weakness, often rise to tremendous heights because their weaknesses act as a spur and makes them match their brains and determination against the brawn of their better-equipped rivals. Little men usually become heroes or built spurs. They, like children, sometimes learn to take advantage of the chivalry that strength likes to accord to weakness.

Where He Got His Physique

As he talks, he leans forward in his chair and you watch, fascinated, his muscles, like things endowed with a life of their own. And then you find yourself wondering how far he could leap from the semi-repose of his position—marveling that any man can keep so fit without doing physical labor.

“I spend an hour or two every day in the gymnasium,” he explains. “I live out-of-doors whenever I can. If I have time, I go to the mountains. I swim and play tennis . . .”

Swimming gave him that great chest that Cecil De Mille demanded as a prerequisite for the role of Mark Antony in “Cleopatra.” Swimming also gave him one of the most memorable grins in the world. As a boy in Barbados, his island birthplace, he worked as a salvage diver, plumbing the ocean depths without a helmet or life line to ensure his safety in the articles of value. During the World War, a French freighter sank in the harbor and Wilcox was enlisted in the salvage crew. Late one evening, with a treacherous tide running, he dived and made his way into the captain’s cabin, to recover the ship’s log. With the book clutched in his hands, he made his way back to the cabin door—only to discover that the tide had swung it shut. The lock had caught and he could not force it open. He was trapped. His lungs were bursting. The water turned black before his eyes.

Finally, with the last ounce of strength in his body, he succeeded in breaking the lattice work in the cabin’s windows. He forced his body through and fought his way to safety. Years of unconsciousness when the boat crew picked him up.

Take a look at Winx—probably the most equally endowed Englishman—Winx has an intense horror of being “theatrical.” In Hollywood, he is often compared to a mischievous giant—larger than life, yet not always in control. His look, his presence, his merchandise, resembles quiet Gary Cooper.

In Hollywood, he has been much sought after, but he has consistently avoided the crowds. Soon after his arrival, he purchased a small cruiser and now spends much of his time at sea, exploring the chain of desolate islands that lie along the Southern California Coast. At home, in his bachelor apartment, he is forever sketching. His drawings and paintings, by the way, have won praise from critics and have been features of several London exhibits.

But all that is aside from the point. The one important fact is that the tremendous virility of his body, will make this man a star. For all his schooling in the West Indies, for all his devotion to art, for all his years in the English stage, he approaches more closely the American ideal of rugged, dominating strength than any actor who has ever stepped in front of the camera. On a screen that at last has been overrun with sophisticated, dawdling males, he seems a creature who has stepped out of some primitive world.

Hollywood is learning him with fascination. So will you if you have seen him in “Cleopatra.”
Hair that feels clean because it is clean

No soapy, gummy film is left to dull the natural beauty of your hair when you use Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo.

Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo contains no soap. It does not lather; there are no messy suds nor fuss. It contains no alkali, no irritants, no harsh ingredients. It contains only pure, soothing oils that clean the hair like magic and that rinse away, cleanly and thoroughly, in warm water. No special rinses are needed when you use Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo.

Easy to use. The application of Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo is simple and quick. Dampen the hair, apply the shampoo; a short massage, a quick rinse in warm water and it is done. The hair is at once left soft, lustrous and wonderfully clean. The beneficial effect of olive oil on the hair and scalp is well known. Pure olive oil is the main ingredient of this shampoo.

Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo does more than thoroughly cleanse your hair; it actually conditions the hair and the scalp as well. It penetrates the scalp, relieves it of deadened skin and dandruff. Excessive dryness of the hair is remedied and excessive oiliness checked. Your hair has a softness and a sheen that bring out the lights and color that are often lost and dulled by soaps and harsh, irritating shampoos.

Get Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo from your druggist or department store, a large, generous, eight ounce bottle for 75c.

Do not delay. Make yourself the possessor, now, of the refreshing joy, of the added beauty and allure Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo will bring to you.

If your dealer does not have Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo in stock you may order a special bottle directly from us. Send us 25c with the coupon below, carefully filled out.

Geral Corp., 208 W. Adams St., Chicago

I enclose 25c for which send me one Travel Size bottle of Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo.

Name.........................................................
Street.........................................................
City..........................................................State........

163
Fredric March Defends Hollywood's Morals
(Continued from page 31)

source can be clamped on a group, or individual, speaking out in self-defense in answer to a serious indictment.

"I am glad of the opportunity to have my say. I am proud to do it, because I am proud of my profession. Personally, and for my friends and co-workers, I resent the slur against Hollywood's moral code!"

"It may seem funny to you," he continued, "but I have always felt that many of these periodical blasts against Hollywood can be blamed on the stories of the writers and editorialists who have gone out of their way to perform what they call a whitewash of Hollywood." In other words, they always maintain the attitude that they are doing Hollywood an enormous favor with their articles based on the theory: 'Hollywood is just like any other little town. Life here goes on much the same as it does in Canker City. The movie stars are just plain folks, even as you and I.'

"I claim that this sort of thing is definitely harmful—because it is not the truth. And because it is easily disproved, it leads moralists to believe that just the opposite must be true."

"Hollywood is not just another little town; life here is not lived exactly as it is in Canker City; and actors are not as you, and you, and you. But does that have to mean, necessarily, that they are Pharisess—haunting every decency of human conduct?"

Condemned Too Quickly, He Says

"To me, it is pitiful that we do not understand, we find it necessary to condemn, to set up barriers, and are as guilty of this intolerance as are the narrow-minded individuals who say: "If my neighbor doesn't do just like his dinner, the same hour I do, wear the same style clothes as I do, or have the same beliefs that I do—then my neighbor is wrong, and I shall have to do something about making him do my way.' In support of such madness, men have gone to war, nations have been subjected to oppression, and hatreds have been passed down through the ages.

"In admitting that Hollywood and her people are different, I cannot hope to appeal to those blind with prejudice; but I do expect fair play from those who hate prejudice, and the injustice it stands for—and who are broad-minded enough to admit that what is different is not necessarily depraved.

"The very nature of the actor's business makes it impossible for him to abide by hard-and-fast designs for living. For him, nothing is the same to-day as it was yesterday—not even his dinner hour. There is an instability about his work that is bound to be reflected in his life. To-day, the actor is happy, gay, on top of the world—because things are breaking right for him. A banker, a baker, lawyer, experiencing similar success, would know his future to be assured and be could make definite plans for his life. But with an actor, his career can be over like that." (He snapped his fingers.)

"Ten years is a long and stable life for the average movie actor. Is it any wonder, then, that his life reflects this unsettling, and that he is keyed to a fashiving existence?"

"I have often heard it argued: 'All right, but why don't actors confine their emotionalism to the business of acting, and behave like button-hole makers, say, after working hours?'

Once an Actor, Always an Actor

"That is like asking a painter to forget his great sense of color completely, except when he is actually working on one of his own canvases; or like asking a music-
Everybody uses the popular 60-watt lamp—but hardly anyone realizes how much more light it gives and how much less it costs as the result of constant research under General Electric leadership.

And the 60-watt General Electric MAZDA lamp—which gives 40% more light and is 58% lower in price than in 1921—is typical of what the General Electric monogram means to users of all sizes of lamps. For instance: During the past ten years alone General Electric research and lamp development have provided additional light to the value of over one billion dollars without one cent of increased current cost!

General Electric is not alone in making good lamps. But, at the same time, it points out that not all lamps are good lamps. Some are so poor you shouldn’t be asked to pay for them. Such lamps use too much current for the light they give—blacken quickly and burn out prematurely. General Electric urges users of electric light to buy lamps carefully—to look for such a mark as the famous monogram when buying lamps for any purpose. This is the only way you can be sure you are taking advantage of the real bargains in light that research is constantly making possible.

General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

65
it tastes sweeter and juicier than the melon in the ice-box at home, which is yours for the taking.

Well, what do you propose to do when you fold up the old spectacles? Play character parts? I asked, laughing.

"Nothing like it," Lloyd grinned. "My last picture, "Movie Crazy" convinced me that the day of the gag-and-slapstick comedy had ended. So I decided to try something different, and made "The Cat's Paw." It is devoid of slapstick and low comedy. If it proves successful, it will have opened up a whole new field for me.

"And if I fail?" I asked.

"It—flops?" Lloyd finished, grinning. "I'll tell you. If it is a success, I'll make another. But, success or failure, I have, I will admit, very positive and definite plans for the future—a future I have long contemplated, but have discussed with no one. It has been in my mind for a couple of years. It's my dream, and it is a dream, I will admit, I am anxious to make come true... I want to find my successor."

"An heir to your comedy throne?" I questioned.

The Lad He's Looking For

H AROLD grinned. "I want to find a youth with something on the ball, a youth out of whom I can create a star."

Lloyd Harry, or, perhaps, a brand-new character. Then I could sit back and produce his pictures. To be frank, I have been on the lookout for such a young man for a long time. I never go to a play, or a motion picture, without watching for him. Sooner or later, I call him in.

"What would you say as to his qualifications?" I asked.

"He must have some real talent. He must be an artist, you would say. Of course, he must be willing to learn, to work, study, and to accept orders and advice. He must be an individual who had the same kind of boyish dreams that I had, and who has worked in an effort to make them come true.

"What a break, for such a boy, when you find him! What an opportunity!" I commented.

"It would be a break, wouldn't it?" Lloyd nodded, as he thought it over.

"Yes, lad, it makes a pretty big right—break for both of us. Suppose something like that had happened to me? Gosh, it would have saved a lot of heartaches, a lot of hair. But better late than never. When I find such a lad, I'll get a greater kick out of it than he ever will. Just think—a youth, with talent and ambition, to whom I could impart all my secrets, all the tricks of my trade, all the knowledge of the business I have acquired in my lifetime. And then, when he was ready, I could give him to the public. I'd produce, of course; I might even direct. For, certainly, I couldn't keep off the sets. I love it all... No, it isn't just a dream, it's an ultimate goal.

"And where do you think you're most likely to find this youth?" I inquired.

Where He May Find Him

I MAY get just a glimpse of him, as an 'extra' in a picture; he may be playing a bit; or he may be some young comedian who is featured in a picture. I might find him on Broadway, or in a backwoods stock company. I don't know; but I'll find him, and when I do, I won't be looking for me, either. When I grab him by the back of the neck and say, 'Come on, old son; you're the chap I've been looking for,'

"Must be look like you?" I asked.

Lloyd laughed heartily. "Tell me something frankly," he began. "If you didn't know me and saw me on the street, would you recognize me, even though you had just seen one of my pictures?"

I pondered the question a moment, then it dawned upon me. "No," I confessed.

"You look about as much like the Lloyd I know, and the screen illusion you know, as different as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde! I mean in appearance, of course. But there is another notable difference, too. The real Lloyd is an uncle and45 Braggish as he is funny on the screen. He is, in fact, a very serious-minded young man.

But I must get a terrific kick out of Lloyd's assertion that the youth he selects as his successor "must be an individual who had the same kind of boyish dreams that I had."

I was too, to know that I Lloyd has not forgotten the lean and hungry years and does not seek to gloss over some of the experiences of his life, which lesser men would gladly put out of memory. For a better appreciation of this, let me point out that Lloyd is, doubtless, the wealthiest man in pictures. He has an estate—walls-with swimming pool, gymnasium, tennis and handball courts, kennels, imported dogs, garages, with mountain waterfalls, swimming pools; a private golf course; in short, a place that would be the envy of any crowned head, or dictator, in the world."

The Start He Got, Himself

NO contrast this with the youngster—

A little fellow who sold pop in Nebraska and Denver—who earned his
dst spending money by salvaging bottles, old iron, rags, anything that could be sold to junk dealers. He was, in turn, a milk-wagon driver's helper, a bottle washer, a messenger boy, a stock-room boy; he cleaned bird cages in a pet shop, sold peanuts in the ball-parks of Omaha and Denver, carried newspapers, popped and sold popcorn, and was doorboy at the Pwnee, Nebraska, opera house. And that's only the half of it.

Lloyd sold chocolates in the theatres of Denver, ushered (without pay), worked as a messenger boy, and sold peanuts. He would do anything to get inside a theatre, for, from the age of four, Lloyd had but one ambition: he wanted to be an actor. And how did he plan to get there? Why, for the purpose of making money (don't think he didn't need it), but to observe, and learn. It was thus that he learned his theatre, from Shakespeare to the xylophone players. And when, years later, after tent shows, stock, and "extra" work in pictures, opportunity knocked, Lloyd was ready.

That's why he wants to find a youth who "had the same kind of boyish dreams." For it is Lloyd's background of rich experience that enabled him to succeed.

People say that Lloyd isn't happy in his palace. Such people are fools! They think that because Lloyd never "went Holly-

wood," never found pleasure in crowds, parties and night life. Lloyd found his happiness in the simplest things: his wife and children, his games of tennis and golf—and work! Harold Lloyd is, in my honest opinion, the happiest man in Hollywood. Yet he is unchanged. Lloyd is, to-day, the same plain, shy youth of Nebraska who used to sell peanuts in the ball park. Let me give you a proof of it.

As we sat there, the other day in the Tavern, Lloyd suddenly nudged me.

"Look!" he whispered. "Isn't that Myrna Loy?"

It was—and Lloyd jumped like a yokel!
THE AGING BLIGHT OF SKIN DRYNESS

Dry Skin Dates the Face

changed into Luscious Youth!

Woodbury's Two Germ-free Creams, with Exclusive Element 576, reduce the risk of blemish and overcome Dry Skin!

You honey blondes! You chestnut beauties! You women and girls with dark or ivory skin! Dry Skin has no respect for you, no matter who you are nor what your age! 70% of American women are actually suffering from this blight!

But here's a swift and simple way to banish Dryness—to avoid this increasing blight! Two vital Elements, exclusive to Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, make these creams highly active to overcome—and also to prevent—Dry Skin!

First, Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream! It works upon your skin much as vitamins in foods work upon your body. It rouses the oil glands to do their work more vigorously, stimulates their action when sluggish; urges them to throw out the natural youth-oils which alone keep faces young and free from wrinkles.

Second, an element in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams keeps these creams germ-free as long as they last. Ordinary unprotected beauty creams, pure though they are at first, may not remain free from germs while in use. They may become a menace to the skin of the face—especially if thin, dry, easily irritated. They may cause blemishes.

Both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams stay safe, germ-free till the last dab is used. They destroy germs as fast as they enter the jar. They protect the skin from blemish; keep it in health. Woodbury's Creams smooth the path to Loveliness; keep age away; give youth its rightful place! And they're only 50¢, 30¢, 10¢ each; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

Dermatologists Endorse Woodbury's Creams

109 leading dermatologists have given these creams the first approval ever accorded to any beauty creams. They tested them on their patients; found them of superior quality.

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Senior Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, reported: "It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury's Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."

FREE! Woodbury’s Germ-Proof Creams

James H. Woodbury, Inc., 6347 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio, (In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Limited, Perth, Ontario)

Please send me free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing beauty care. Also a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

Name

Street

City

State

© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—will be a revelation to you. These smart, dainty, soothing, healing pads give you instant relief and quickly remove corns and callouses.

**FLESH COLOR**
Their soft, flesh color Skintex covering hides blisters and beautifies the feet. Invisible in sheer hose; do not stick to the stocking; are waterproof and stay on in the bath. They ease new or tight shoes; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. All this extra value at NO EXTRA COST! Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between Toes. At all drug and shoe stores.

**FOR CORNS—SORE TOES**

**FOR CALLUSES**

**FOR BUNIONS**

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**What Price Glamour?**
(Continued from page 29)

**Prophesies She Will Last**

"EVERYONE appears interested in what this picture, mow degenerate New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will do. But I doubt if the chemists are. The moral crusaders are fighting, and is the personification of the character who knows how to get the best results at the lowest price."

"To-day she can be likened to the villain in the old-time melodrama. The better an actor he was, the louder the audience hissed him. If he was exceptionally good, they hated him whole-heartedly. In a like manner, Mae got her rating as the hottest of the hot-chacha's because of her ability as an actress. She was 'awfully bad' because she was very good.

"To me, Mae's screen personality has always been just an act, a better impersonation. At any rate, I believe Mae scammed out that psychological expression. 'Come up 'n see me sometime,' in much the same way an advertising copy writer schemes out a catch slogan. Undoubtedly, she tried many times before striking the right one. Once found, however, it caught the public fancy as truly and unselfconsciously as did that other phrase, 'Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf,' in Disney's 'Three Little Pigs.'"

"True, the problem of how to get to do next with Vivian is a serious one—but I believe she is too good an actress and too experienced a trouper not to fit in some-where. I had an earful about Mae and I would unhesitatingly put her into character work—and then stop wondering about the part she was to do. What the future holds for this girl I can't say—but as an actress she can always find work in pictures."

"Whether Mae West fitted her personality to the public's conception of a certain type of woman, or whether the public whittled its idea to fit Mae's chassis and slurring, half-taunting voice, no one seems to know—but to divorce one from the other seems to be Mae's big job. A strong and striking performance in an entirely different role would make Mae a change from the Mae that we know, and make it easier for people to come to her and take her in as an actress.

"But because she looks like a girl no normal man could resist, the average fan believes that the character he saw in the picture gets into the brain-colored car and drives to Harlow's home on the hill. And the unfortunate happenings in Jean's life have tended to add fuel to this idea."

"So, to the girl movie fan in Keokuk, Iowa, for example, "The Blonde Bombshell" is Jean Harlow—and so is the luring siren in "The Red-Headed Woman." That is Jean's cross—and in these days of censorship and aroused public opinion, it is some cross. To the American public, Jean is the parts she has played and this is another case of a job too well done.

"The real fly in Jean's cocktail, however, is the fact that millions of American people believe she is not capable of playing other parts. In this instance, it should not take a casting director to tell us we are wrong. But in case it does, let's see what the casting directors of three rival studios say. And these men are the same studios that haven't even asked for Jean on loan.

"It is true that Jean's physical appeal originally got her into films—and that on occasion she was called upon by the department head that if they put a turtleneck sweater on her, she would starve to death. But it is also true that her head and her ability are keeping her there. In any event, that is the opinion of these casting directors.

**Ideas for Jean's Future**
"JEAN HARLOW," began Number One. "In his most official manner, 'is a far better actress than the public has ever given her credit for. That is largely because the average fan was more interested in her face than in her acting. But this tightening of the moral code is going to be a great thing for that girl. It is going to compel the studios to cast her in parts where she will have to sell her acting and not her physical allure. And it will mean the studio will have to give her 'scenes,' instead of dancing sequences.

"Personally," remarked the second casting director interviewed, "I'd like to put her in a good ultra-modern society play, with a good many yacht sequences—and dress her in a slicker and rubber boots. No, I'm not kidding. That girl is a natural-born comedienne and her sophisticated comedy into something worth seeing.

"I'd dress her so that the audience would have to watch her face and had her hard then bring them back to earth once or twice during the picture with a clinging gown or two. And, say," he suddenly added, pulling aside his pipes, "did you ever watch Harlow's hands? I'll bet you never did. Well, try it sometime. The fellow who said she had comedy at her finger-tips was talking nonsense.

"I don't think they should stop making a baby vamp out of Harlow, even though she is wanting another director. Number Three. "Because she makes such a good baby vamp. But I would give her great variety in dress, and let her be funny. And I wouldn't go so much on her glamour, either. I never did like the idea of Harlow being the great American peep show star."

"In my honest opinion, Harlow hasn't half the problem Sten has; nor a fourth the problem. Anna is the one who has the worries. She is, to the average man, the personification of passionate beauty—a woman who could do things to his inhibitions. And doing things to inhibitions isn't allowed any more."

**Anna Has Her Chance Now**

"These days, to have the ultimate in lure for the other sex is a decided liability. And that, I believe, is what Harlow and Sten got. The American public has not yet learned how good an actress Sten really is—though after it sees "We Live Again," in which she is playing an injured Saint, it may find out. After "Nana," it only knows that she is a beautiful argument in favor of doing what maybe we wouldn't."

"It is not Anna's fault that she is the last word in "come hither" lure; it was merely her good luck a few months ago. She had her hard luck now. One thing is certain, however: if she is going to capitalize her seductive
affraid your
Breath is Bad?
then make this test

Look at your tongue! If it's "coated," you may suspect bad breath. For in 75% of cases of impure breath, science finds a "coated tongue" condition. Pepsodent Antiseptic acts to keep breath sweet and fresh. It is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics that must be used full strength to be effective.

WHY wait for others to suspect you of unpleasant breath? According to recent findings, the minute you see a grey or brownish coating on your tongue, you may be offending unknowingly.

Take this simple precaution. Gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic. Rinse out your mouth with it. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the mucous membrane lining of the mouth, to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches, the germs often responsible for the giving off of unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath cannot offend.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Goes 3 times as far... makes $1 equal $3

But in fighting "coated tongue" and halitosis, never forget the vital difference between leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. So many mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are your best defenses against colds.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
H ere I had innocently created a nice little Frankenstein in the corner of that damned thing was trying to swallow me. But it was rather a lot of fun to have the columnist speculating about my matrimonial plans. There’s one thing I didn’t do, however, and that was to send myself gifts like candy and flowers. I was honest enough not to do that. The beginning of the romance story was certainly innocent enough. Just a silent smile taken to mean “Yes.” But how to extricate Barry Trivers from the plot? That was what had to be figured out next.

It was at this point in Rochelle Hudson’s Phantom Romance that she issued her famous Ultimatum, entitled “Rochelle Fears Hollywood Gossip,” certain phrases of which brought the light of suspicion to these hardened old reportorial eyes.

“No one caught on, really, until you asked me to-day,” she said with a giggle, and five minutes later was in a Duse mood talking about Life and Endeavor.

“Once Barry Trivers’ name was out of the way,” continued Rochelle, “I felt fairly decent about the whole thing. Reporters kept hounding me on the name of my Phantom Lover. Columnists kept on surmising about the mystery man. The worst part of it was that the story had been bungled around with stopped telephoning. That was what really brought my hoxo to a climax.

“So I broke off my Phantom Engagement and went from diamonds to wooden rings. And, as luck would have it, the day I first wore the wooden ring on my engagement finger, one of the columnists visited the studio and saw it, and you know the answer.”

More Serious Than You’d Think

Skitish and juvenile as this hokum engagement plot may sound, Rochelle would have you know that she is not the type to take advantage of this romantic comedy of errors. On the contrary, since the last time I interviewed her, she has developed into a mature young person whose mind contains many veers toward Higher Things. As I entered her Fox dressing-room, for example, and she greeted me in her monikish blue casement dress, I was apprised that I had interrupted some rigorous mental convolutions. Tossed carefully upon her couch, and thumbed from reading (she was doing “The Merchants of Death,” a weighty tome dealing not only with the horrors of warfare, but containing statistics (doll stuff) upon the cost of war).

Casually, and with the poise of a duchess, Rochelle recommended the book as well as the proof of her earnest piety by hatching a sort of book. And a short two years before she had bewailed to me her lack of girlfriends, because their boy-friends always found her too, too attractive.

“It doesn’t pay to be too enthusiastic about anything or about people,” she was saying to-day, smoking the cigarette she had refused as a non-smoker in her previous chat. “I live now from day to day, never counting on anything, never hoping, never planning. My main aim is to do a good job of everything I undertake. And I don’t want to undertake too much. I want to learn to be a good actress, first. That’s important to me. The time I have for my own, outside of my professional duties, I will apply to learning to do several other things. I don’t want to smatter of a lot of things, but to be proficient in several that mean something to me.”

How She Has Changed

Despite the youthful fatalism, Rochelle has a grasp on life that many of her older sisters could envy. She has learned the value of singleness of purpose. In two years she has grown from a precocious youngster, blundering about the court, with its "moo" horn, wise to what she thought were the "ways of the world," flippancy, flirtatious and talented, into a young woman whose sincerity and abilities were evidenced in Warner Baxter’s "Such Women Are Dangerous," in which she played the typically wrought poetess, Vera Little.

She was off to a flying start as a movie actress three years ago in "Laugh and Get Rich," then "Fanny Foley, Herself," which she followed, successively, in "Thea: Our Children?" an opus of strong moral suasion. Then, suddenly, the bottom dropped out of the little Hudson’s picture career. In that unattainable Hollywood way, she found no parts open to her. It was a small rôle in the "Doctor Bull" of Will Rogers (who, like Rochelle, hails from Claremore, Oklahoma) that re-established her in Hollywood and re-established Rochelle’s confidence in herself as a film actress. That was in August, 1913. Since then she has been, variously, with Hal LeRoy in "Harold Teen," again with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch" and "Judge Priest," loan to Universal to play Claudia Colbert’s daughter in "Imitation of Life.

If she is a fatalist, taking a hand in her own life only to engineer a Phantom Engagement with a Phantom Lover, she is not entirely disillusioned by life. She still likes to sleep nine out of the twenty-four hours, smears Bellagio perfume because it "smells clean," and is particularly responsive to the husky tones of Crosby singing "Love Thy Neighbor in Life and Endeavor," a song that means nothing to her at the moment than like-à-lile dining and dancing, but, nevertheless, there are two dinner dresses ("only two," she says, showing proof of her earnestness), in her clothes closet, in case—just in case—she accepts an invitation offered in one of those many telephone calls.
New Chances For Old Favorites

(Continued from page 55)

greater ability, with box-office receipts proving that she can still draw crowds. She now is at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under a long-term contract. Her first role under this agreement was a secondary one to Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee," but so pleased were the executives with her performance that parts of greater importance are being planned for her in the future. She has just been on loan to Universal, playing opposite Roger Pryor in "Romance in the Rain," in which Clara Kimball Young has a supporting part.

Monte Blue, long a mainstay at Warner Brothers, was another big-time star of the silent pictures who suffered by the introduction of sound. Overnight it cut his career short. Except for occasional roles in small, independent productions, he could not get a job in a Hollywood studio for nearly four years. A short time ago he accepted a minor role in a Zane Grey Western, "The Last Round-Up," at Paramount. This led to another job at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in "Treasure Island." Paramount has signed him for two pictures, "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Wagon Wheels." He definitely is back in pictures, if not as a star, as one of the finest character actors.

Ten-Thousand-Dollar "Bits"

PARAMOUNT has been especially kind in giving stars of an earlier day a chance to make a comeback. William Farnum, who once earned ten thousand dollars a week and who collected yachts as a hobby, appeared recently in the small role of a judge in Sylvia Sidney's picture, "Good Dame." And if you were watching closely, you saw him as a Roman senator in "Cleopatra."

Charles Ray has just made his first re-appearance and his talkie debut in "Ladies Should Listen," in which he played a hotel doorman. Cary Grant and Frances Drake were starred, with Ray's name at the bottom of the cast-list. This seems almost incredible. In the Motion Picture Hall of Fame, Ray's name is written along with those of Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo, Charles Chaplin and Marie Dressler. He too, commanded a ten-thousand-dollar weekly salary. Now, Ray says, he is not making a comeback—merely a living. But perhaps the chance to attain the heights he reached in "The Girl I Love" will come again. Charles Ray is a great actor—a born actor. He gave a memorable, poignant performance in that classic, and critics asserted that he ran off with the acting honors in "Ladies Should Listen," in which only a few scenes were allotted to him.

Mae Marsh, next to Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish, once was considered an outstanding symbol of young girlishness on the screen. But no longer is she the heroine of those spectacular D. W. Griffith epics. She definitely has become a character actress. In "Little Miss What's She?" she was seen in a few brief scenes, but even in that fragment of a role the wistfulness that made her famous was apparent.

Mae Busch, lauded by the press of pretalkie days as one of the greatest dramatic actresses in Hollywood, now works steadily in bit parts. Occasionally, she appears with Laurel and Hardy in their comedies. Here is one actress who, given the right character roles, can steal the honors from almost any of our present-day celebrities.

Madge Bellamy, of the starry eyes, who thrilled critics with her magnificent performance in "Mother Knows Best," and then slowly sank into oblivion, now is back...
The Magic of Maybelline mascara transforms your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness — instantly!

- Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of Maybelline mascara. Its magic touch will instantly reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in your eyes, quickly and easily.

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tiny infection break out on their faces, and there is pandemonium. They may forget, in the fine glamour of reckless sports, the danger to their looks, but a tiny bloch or spot brings the from that.

A star may have one doctor for a broken ankle, but she'll have two, and a specialist besides, for the slightest scratch on her face, And can you blame her, when her face really is her fortune? As Mae West so aptly put it, when she was telling of that jewel robbery of which she was a victim several months ago: "There was the robber, waving his gun in my face, and asking me to turn over my jewels to him. Listen, big boy, you can have the jewels, but do you mind lowering that gun a bit? I can always get more jewels, but I've got to have my face to do it with!" Mae may actually have been able to wisecrack under such conditions, but since receiving threats of having acid thrown in her face (because of testifying against that same robber) she must have spent many sleepless nights, thinking of the danger that haunters her. The tip-off is: she has become almost as exclusive as Garbo!

Joan Would Start a Search

I ASKED Joan Crawford what she would do, if Fate should mar or disfigure her face beyond all hope of continuing in her screen career. It was a cruel question, I admit, but I knew that it was a question that she must have asked herself many times. Joan was defiant in her answer.

"Nothing will ever stop me from being an actress," she said, "I would have my face patched up, somehow! I would search to the ends of the world for a doctor who could give me a new face. I would never give up. I would go from one hospital to another. I would even finance doctors and hospitals to discover how it could be done, if they didn't know how. Their discoveries would be of benefit to others, as well as to myself. It would have to be done!"

Nothing yet has stopped Joan Crawford from attaining. If her face were ever disfigured, the chances are that Joan would do exactly what she says she would.

When I asked Norma Shearer what she would do and how she would face it, if her beauty were marred for life, her first reaction was to hide her face in her hands. Then she laughed.

"You meanie! And I was having such a nice morning, too! Yet I can't blame you for voicing the possibilities: I, myself, have thought of them many times. I've always thought that if that happened to me, I'd say to myself, 'I still have my husband and my son—and, after all, what else matters? I'm not the sort who needs ovolations and the adoration of the world. I am not dependent on personal glory—I'm too much of an introvert for that."

"Yes, I think I could be entirely happy, devoting myself to my family. I'd have more time then to be of help to my husband, and producing is so much more vital to the picture industry than acting, anyway. I would hate having people feel sorry for me, of course. And I wouldn't have friends around me who were sorry, for they would suffer from their sympathy just as much as I would. I think I would have new friends—friends who had never seen me as I was before."

That—from the woman who is more fastidious about her looks than any other person in Hollywood—is real mental bravery.

Miriam's Vanished Fear

MIRIAM HOPKINS answered my question in still another vein—with a light-hearted anecdote. When I was a little girl, she said, "there was a certain 'grown-up' book that was very popular, and I remember I hid under the bed while reading it. It was called 'The Woman with a Fan' and it was about a married woman who fell in love with another man. She used to take long, secret drives with him, and one day they had a gruesome accident. One side of the woman's face was disfigured forever, while the other side remained as beautiful as before. For years, every time I rode in a car, I thought of that break and dreaded such a thing ever happening to me. "The fear grew more constant, more worrisome, after I became an actress; but a year ago a light-hearted remark from one of my friends, strangely enough, burst the bubble of my fear. I was telling about the ill-fated heroine of 'The Woman with a Fan' and commented on how horrible it would be to have one side of your face beautiful, the other hideous! My friend laughed and said, "Why, that shouldn't be so bad! If a strange man, seeing only the good side of your face, started to flirt with you and thrust unwanted attentions on you, all you would have to do would be to turn the other cheek!" A facetious remark, of course, and not a true sentiment, but the fact that someone had dared to look at my most haunting fear completely relieved me of it!

Otto Kruger is the only person I talked to who showed no squeamishness whatsoever when I brought up the subject. He went on smoking that ever-present pipe of his without a touch as losing a puff. His blue-gray eyes thought over the situation with obvious interest.

Then he said, enthusiastically, "Why, I'd become the second Lon Chaney of the screen! I'd see that I got 'horror' parts, and I'd never allow it to be known that anything had happened to my looks. People would just think that half my face was Lon Chaney make-up. Clever! It's an intriguing idea. . . .

Otto Toys with the Idea

SUPPOSE I were in an automobile accident. The papers would get hold of it, somehow, and tell how badly my face had been mangled. But then, when I got well enough to take charge of things, myself, I'd get a press-agent to look after that sort of thing: 'Screen star's auto smash-up was just a publicity stunt! Otto Kruger is to don a puffy nose, to wear false, protruding teeth, to look hollow-cheeked and mad-eyed in his next picture, in which he plays the most horrible horror-man of all time. An exclusive interview with Mr. Kruger to-day revealed that he has always wanted to be a bogie-man, that suave, sophisticated, drawing-room parts do not interest him. Do you get it? And he'll go back to big business, and have the chauffeur drive him around in a raincoat, and never go to parties, which I hate anyway, and the public would never know what had really happened to me. Is that an idea, or is that an idea?"

Otto Kruger would do something like that, and with his nonchalence and his facile mind, he'd probably get away with it, too. Shirley Temple, who does not have to wear make-up, is still immune from one fear of adult stars—make-up poisoning. Blondes, because of their fair and sensitive skin, are particularly subject to it. It may quickly be dissipated, if treated in time, but it is painful and unsightly while it lasts; and if a star ever contracts it, she is forever in dread of a recurrence of it. Actors have come to fear make-up that distorts their faces. For
months after “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” Fredric March astounded the public with the effects of his make-up as Mr. Hyde. Nasal plugs had distorted his nostrils; tape under his eyes had left saucers there. He considers himself lucky to-day that those tangible memories of a Chaney-like make-up have vanished.

Like the sword of Damocles, the constant danger of their faces being marred hangs over the heads of movie stars. For long years, they strive and struggle until at last Fate gives them a hand; then, in a moment, all their striving and striving may be undone. They would have need of courage, if Fate—in the guise of an automobile accident, a fire or a falling arc-lamp—should suddenly try to blot their faces from the screen forever.

Yet, there are those who would “give in”—and who admit it. And, somehow, I cannot but think that their reactions are the truest of all. Alice White, for example. She had her hand badly burned on the Fourth of July.

“I just forgot to let go of a sky-rocket, that’s all,” she told me. “It’s a wonder my face wasn’t badly burned, too!” (You see, her first thought was for her face.)

“And if it had been,” I asked, “what would you have done?”

There was no hesitation in her answer: “I don’t know for sure,” she said, “but I think I’d probably have taken poison!”

New Changes For Old Favorites

(Continued from page 71)

at Fox under a long-term contract. But how different this contract from her last one! The former designated her position as a star. The new one states that she must accept any role assigned her—which can mean even “extra” work.

Anna Makes a Gallant Fight

ANNA Q. NILSSON, having seen her star descend, is about to see it rise again. An unfortunate accident, when her horse threw her, cost Anna her high position in Hollywood ever since. Now, her loss of a half-million dollars in salaries she would have collected, had she been able to work. For months she has been trying to get a hospital, while her fortune ebbed away and others played the roles that had been assigned to her.

After one of the bravest, most courageous fights Hollywood ever has witnessed, she finally recovered completely, only to learn that producers no longer were interested in her. Fan letters continued to come in by the thousands, from people all over the world, rejoicing in her recovery, awaiting her return to the screen. But Hollywood could not find even one job for her. Finally, she resolved, to making the rounds of studios, in an effort to obtain a living. Several studios tested her for important parts but, in the end, gave the opportunity to some player imported from New York.

Then Mervyn LeRoy, of First National, used her in a “bit” in “The World Changes.” On this lot, where once she had been a highly-paid star, she went back to a “bit” part at a pitance salary. Then came another long siege of idleness, followed by a road tour—and a return to Hollywood to wait and hope... Now Independent producers are beginning to use her more frequently, and perhaps soon one of the major companies will give her a big break.

So, one by one, forgotten faces flash again upon the screen. Stars of yesterday once more are shining—and millions who remember, applaud.

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- BLACKHEADS
- DRY SKIN
- OILY SKIN
- TINY LINES
- SALLOW SKIN

Nine Times Out of Ten "Paralyzed Pores" are the Cause!

By Lady Esther

Coarse Pores, Blackheads, Sallow and Muddy Skin, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin—practically every skin trouble to which woman is victim—is but some manifestation or other of "Paralyzed Pores".

"Paralyzed Pores" are due to nothing other than wrong method of skin care!

Ordinary methods are all right as far as they go, but they don’t go far enough! They reach the surface dirt of the skin, but not the subsurface. And it’s that underneath dirt that causes all the trouble, leading, as it does, to "Paralyzed Pores".

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In our efforts to remove this underneath dirt we do everything but the right thing. We use hot and cold applications which shock the delicate pores and render them crippled. We use strong alcoholic preparations which do not remove the dirt, but only close the pores and seal it in.

We use creams which do not penetrate, but which have to be rubbed in and which only pack the dirt in tighter. Continuing the stuffing, the pores become enlarged and stretched to the point where they lose all power to open and close—in other words, "paralyzed".

When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

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Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the fact that it penetrates. It does not stay on the surface. It does not have to be rubbed in or massaged in, which only stretches and widens the pores. You just smooth it on. Almost instantly, and of its own accord, this face cream finds its way into the pores, penetrating the little openings to their depths, it dissolves the accumulated grime and waste matter and float it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

Also lubricates the skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it also lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scaliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

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Is "Hollywood's Most Popular Girl" Marrying?

(Continued from page 2)

"Just a Home for the Old Folks"

"YES, I'm building a new house—because my parents are coming out for the Winter and I have planned to have it ready for them. Mary assisted me with the plans; yes. But that indicates nothing; I haven't the slightest intention of marrying! So runs his present press line. However, only a few months ago, he was saying, "The thing that prevents me from marrying is lack of money. I haven't enough saved for the future yet."

Recently, his salary was tilted and his studio is allowing him to make the transition into straight acting roles, so that if musicals go into another eclipse, he will linger on. Also, he has a top-notch radio contract. His tomorrows are now sure. To friends not connected with the inquisitive press, he has confessed his love for Mary and declared that they will marry shortly!

Perhaps if Dick's caution has not already been the factor holding up the wedding, it is Mary's own ambition that has caused them to deliberate. Glenda Farrell, who knows Mary like a book, told me: "She's extraordinarily keen on becoming a truly great artist!" In the past year, the lovely Briton has been going through an evolutionary stage. Suddenly, she has blossomed into poised womanhood. Yesterday's retiring ingénue is a polished, beguiling sophisticate. Even the contour of her face has changed, thinned to a new glamour.

"Will I retire when I marry? I haven't thought about it," she insists. A Broadway theatrical producer wants to feature her in one of the leading revues; she has painstakingly studied tap-dancing so that she can perform. There are several personal appearances offering a friendly nod from her. And there is always Hollywood and the chance of clicking soundly if given the opportunity in a memorable part. "I dreamed that I could love a man enough to give up acting, but it all will depend on my husband's wishes," she says.

Doesn't Want "a Working Wife"

WHICH augurs a fadeout. Dick has said to me, "When I marry again, I don't want anyone I can't see raising my children." I'm old-fashioned, I'm not married yet."

A wife in this business wouldn't suit me; I'd be too selfish to want her. Professional jealousy is anathema to me, and I don't want to marry with such marriages. My wife will have to be willing to stay home and raise little Powells!"

Twenty-nine night, Dick was married once before. That youthful venture went haywire because his wife, a non-professional, didn't fancy theatrical life. "I have nothing against actors!" Mary exclaims. "I've grown up with them; I'm used to 'em. They have to be self-interested to progress. I don't let the trait bother me!"

Consider, briefly, those who have courted her. The list includes Buddy Rogers, Richard Dix, Phillips Holmes, Cary Grant, Rudy Vallee, Fred Waring, Jack Oakie, Randolph Scott, Ken Murray, Donald Cook, Gene Raymond, and Dick Powell.

Why has Mary married whom? Haven't any of her admirers suited her? Buddy Rogers was her first beau. Cast opposite each other, the epitome of "niceness"; they had everyone's blessing. When Bud fell delightfully in Hollywood's A-1 catch. He was "the darling of the debs"; he received more ardent mail than any girl at that time to him was almost too handsome and agreeable to be real. And he adored Mary.

Somehow, they remained just fine friends, although those closest to Buddy proclaim that, like Barkley, he has left Hollywood for orchestra-leading, but whenever he returns for a visit, the first person he calls up is Mary. And when he happens to pass through a city where he's conducting his dance orchestra, she promptly "phones him."

Rudy's Time Was Her Time, Too

RICHARD DIX was at his peak when he dated Mary. She smiled upon him and then proved to be too good to that. Phillips Holmes thought her simply grand and Mary reciprocated his—friendship. Jack Gleason: "Oh, we merrily went around together for laughs!" Mary explains. Rudy Vallee, however, was no laughing date. When he arrived for his principal, it was under an evasive cover in winging an introduction to Mary.

She eventually decided that she wasn't fated to be the girl of his vagabond dreams. Why it may have been because Fred Waring popped up about then. His love songs were in vane, too. In fact, she had had so many Jacks moons that it was a form that she rebelled, temporarily, and sworn off melody masters.

Which was where Jack Oakie came into focus. He valiantly soft-pedaled his clowning and wooed her forth. Unluckily for Jack, he struck her simply as an excellent pal. Tall, blond 'n' aristocratic Randolph Scott subsequently knocked often her door. Her new career on Cary Grant's shoulder and learning to like two other girls, instead.

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pendently wealthy through her own efforts, she lives in modest good taste.

At sports, for example, Mary Brian plays an average game of tennis, swims comfortably, and can cheerfully walk around a golf course. In other words, she's swell fun and doesn't overshadow the boy-friends. Oddly, the men who have been in love with her agree that her chief charm is her common sense. They can depend on her; she is honest and unaffected.

Her keen wit is the finishing touch. "Although," Mary admits, "I have had to learn when to keep it under cover!" Instinctively a man's woman, she said to me, "I try to please men, not women." She carries this even to clothes, choosing her wardrobe to suit men and not to impress her own sex.

She isn't fickle. "After all, I began in pictures at fifteen. Obviously, I was too young to be serious about love. Then I was too busy, grading out one picture after another. In love? Yes, I was—once. And no, I shan't talk about the episode. Men detest that sort of woman! It seemed tragic at the time, as most 'first loves' do... Lately—well, I've had more of an opportunity to think things out. Now I'm beginning to be convinced that it will be kind of thrilling to—marry!"

With the film "clean-up" reviving the vogue of ingenues, Mary could go on as she has in the past. Her ambition tempts her to try evolving into genuine characterizations. And what does her heart tell her? Working in pictures has intrigued her, and being the social princess in Hollywood has been swell, but Mary has concluded that there is more to life. She has an idea there may be something in this domestic racket, too!

"I've Lived, I've Loved"—

(Continued from page 35)

"Let's make her a human being," we used to argue.

She's Tired of It All

BUT the answer was always the same: a big loud NO. Gaynor had made millions as she was and, therefore, the public wanted to keep the illusion.

Janet—who can't smoke a cigarette in public—moans the condition. "I've grown up," she has told me, time after time, "I'm no longer a little innocent darling. I'm a worldly woman. I'm tired of playing the sweet little thing. I'm no Norma Shearer, but I sincerely believe I could portray a few roles that have some guts in them—and still make money for my studio."

Janet moans, and, feeling sorry for herself, goes to the "front office" to moan in no uncertain terms. The executives point to her four thousand dollars a week, her long contract, her guaranteed future, and she comes away from the conference looking exactly like the neat little thing she is on the screen. Then, realizing she has beenlicked again, she—

(I can't tell you.)

Janet hates playing her screen self in real life. She detests it. Often, she wonders if it is worth the price. Frequently, she contemplates thumping her nose at Hollywood and going somewhere else, to live her own life, as she wants to live it, without hiding in dark corners. I frankly predict that, sooner or later, she'll tear up her contract, drive up to Lookout Mountain, and, with her tongue in her cheek and her thumb on her freckled nose, yell to Hollywood through a loudspeaker:

"Are you listenin'? Then kindly go to Hades."

And then scram! (Continued on page 8)

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WONDERSOFT KOTEX ends chafing entirely!"

Mary Pauline Callender discusses personal letters about women's oldest problem...

NATURALLY, women don't want to discuss such an intimate thing as sanitary napkins with men. But they do talk such things over with women. There are so many little difficulties that arise when one uses the wrong pad. Chafing, pulling, roeping—to name just a few.

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Mary K. writes me: "the best thing about Wondersonk is that the sides are always dry and next best I like those smooth, flat ends.

One can wear any sort of dress and not feel a trace of self-consciousness."

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Notice what some of the users say about Wondersonk Kotex. Then, try it yourself and I am sure you will agree with them.

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

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6811 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, New York

“There Is Nothing to Find Out About Me” — Anna Sten

(Continued from page 44)

his heart, with all of his artistic perception and with a lavish share of his bank-roll. Hollywood knew that Sten could not speak English when she came two years ago, and that she knew that she must spend a long preparatory period with an English tutor. Hollywood knew that she was married to Mr. Eugen Frenke, a good hearth, bath and stepdaughter, and had built a house, mostly of glass and designed by her husband, beside the sea. Hollywood knew that she never went to parties, never gave them. And that was all that Hollywood knew.

Silence Followed Sensation

That “Nana” flashed before us and the silent interest in the making of the film and the restrained curiosity about it were the only sensations. The night of the preview, Anna Sten, herself, was sleeping at home and had to be awakened and told of her triumph. She was called much more beautiful than Garbo and Dietrich rolled into one. The press was round up and bayed to the moon and to Mr. Goldwyn that they wanted to see her, talk to her, see her, talk to her. Goldwyn shook his wise head. One did not “know” Anna Sten, he said. It would be no good. Anna had nothing to say. She was, off the screen, a housewife, and did not try to be glamorous, say smart things or do the sensational. She was, told him, a movie to watch and only before the camera does that some great personal- ity stand revealed.

And so forth. Anna, herself, was reported as saying that she received the congratulations and all of the so clever interviews with other stars and that she say such fine things and use such long words, is discouraged. She couldn’t talk like that, she said, and so it was perhaps better that she talk not at all. And she didn’t talk. For months after the preview of “Nana,” Sten retired to her glass house.

Then, one eventful day, for reasons best known perhaps to Mr. Goldwyn, the Sten barrier was dropped. Some few of us were informed that we could meet and talk to Anna Sten.

Not Absorbed with “Glamour”

My turn came among the first. I went to the Sten bungalow on the United Artists lot. She opened the door to me, herself; no maid. She wore no gowns of some blue-gray tweed mixture, a shirt open at the throat, and a tweed coat that didn’t even pretend to match the slacks. She wore tan suede sport shoes that didn’t match anything and she carried a new navy blue leather bag and gloves that didn’t dream of matching anything. Her hair, a longish bob of golden brown, had not known a hairdresser’s hands since “Nana.” It simply hung about her face, with Anna obviously making no attempt to do anything with it other than to shake it out of her eyes now and again.

She was as guiltless of make-up as a child. She wore no make-up. She was not tanned, on arms and throat and face. She was not too slender. (She doesn’t know what you mean by “diet.”) She had very little flesh at a glance. A hand at home and helped herself to whatever garments were handiest. She had completely omitted a glance in the mirror. She was expected to be about the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, during a lifetime gallery with such looks of Any Town as Shearer, Garbo, Colleen, and of the others.

I thought then: “She is beautiful. Really beautiful. What do they mean by calling her a ‘plain woman’? With those broad, strong cheek-bones; with those deep-socketed gray eyes that have looked upon the earth and upon the sea and have found them good. With a look of a thousand years, and the solitude, and the blood and the death of her own father; with that chiseled, full mouth; with those square, white teeth; with that long dark hair on her shoulders, who is not a paper doll, who is vibrantly human, of the earth, earthy. Vital and healthy and warm-tinted and magnificent—that is Anna Sten.”

Her bungalow dressing-room, done in ivory white wood and upholstered in beige and currancy, was flower-filled. Anna said, “They are flowers from my garden. I bring them here. Yes, of course, all of these kinds grow by the sea. I have had soil brought down by the tide. That is where they grow.”

The Woman Who Rides Alone

ER press-agent said, “Anna drives her own car alone. Always alone. She will go home from the studio, late at night, and never has anyone with her. But what she does is a mystery.” I laugh-at cars like hers on this lot and I can always tell Anna’s because it is always filled with flowers.

She said no more on the subject. She stood by a white bowl of water-lilies and looked at them. One felt in her silence a disdain of further words. She would not baulk on about her love of lovely flowers. Not at first meeting would Anna Sten bring forth and exhibit her brooding and passionate love of flowers. But there it was, nevertheless, in the air between us, brooding and passionate.

She speaks English perfectly, understands it almost perfectly. She said, “I laugh-at people who talk to me about me as though I were deaf. They raise their voices and scream at me. ‘Do you understand what I am saying?’—like that. Very slow and loud.”

We went into a studio car and set out for the Brown Derby in Beverly Hills. The ride took a half-hour. Fifteen minutes of that half-hour were spent in silence while Anna looked out of one window and I looked out of the other.

I remarked, “You do hate going to public places, don’t you, to lunch and dine?”

Anna said, “I am not a monkey. I am a human being and there are no limits placed at and nudged about as a monkey is. So, I do not go.”

Silsence.

At lunch, Anna ordered fish salad with sour cream dressing. She peremptorily commanded the waiter to bring her the ingredients and she would mix her own salad dressing. She did, with complete absorption. She is a good cook, herself, she told me. She does her own ordering, her own housekeeping.

Her Advice to Stepdaughter

MENTIONED her small stepdaughter. I asked her what she wanted her to be—anything she wanted. She wanted her to accept life. We have talked of that together. But I tell her that she must develop first as a human being and then the rest. That is the most important thing, to develop first as a human being.

“I think it is so important to have riches inside of you. For the place else, nothing else really matters and nothing can ever happen to you. They can take away your house, your fame, your money, your people—but if you are rich within yourself you are still untouched.

“It is like this: if you have riches within, you can sit in a third-class railway carriage
among all kinds of people and your eyes
will be on the beauties of the world and you
will be unconscious of what is around you.
If you have not these riches, you can sit
in the first-class railway cars and you will still
be very poor. You can sit on a park bench
and be hungry and yet you will be fed if
you are rich within yourself.
"Still, we cannot judge. There are those
of us who are born with riches within, and
those of us who are not and who have to
acquire them slowly and painfully, on our
way through this life. Souls differ . . ."
"Do you believe, then," I asked, "in rein-
carnation, in transmigration of soul, or what-
ever name you give it?"
"It is funny that you should say that,"—
smiled Anna Sten. "I was thinking of talk-
ing about that, but I was afraid—I think it
is too important to talk about, really, now,
here. Yes, I believe that."
Silence again. Anna ate. I ate.
I said, "Would you like to have children
of your own, perhaps?"
"I would like to have a child, yes. But
right now, my work is my child. I think
about the characters I play as if they were
my children. I worry over them, I plan
about them. I try to discipline them and
to bring out the best in them. I have
awake at night and think about them, what I
could have done with Nana here or what I
could have done with another character there. It
is the same feeling: I have given birth to
these character-children. I must have the
wisdom and the strength and the patience
to bring them to maturity."
Silence again.
Eager to Face "the Real Test?"
I SAID, "It seems curious to me—that
you care so little for dress. I'm sorry, in
one way, that you are doing 'Resurrection'
or, rather, 'We Live Again.' Because I
think you should wear sumptuous clothes,
be exquisitely appointed and back-grounded
and everything, as you were in Nana."
Anna shook her head. "No," she said,
"no, now we will see what Sten really looks
like. Now, we will see whether people call
her beautiful or not. It is easy to be beauti-
ful when you wear such beautiful clothes
and have such beautiful things all around
you. But when you wear a black shawl and
travel against a bleak and barren back-
ground—then there comes the real test.
There is nothing to blind the people, nothing
to dazzle them into saying, 'She is beautiful
—she is giving a tremendous performance.'
It is good to have it this way.
"No, I do not care so very much about
clothes. I cannot be bothered to powder
my nose and do all those things to my face.
There is not time. It is silly. Sometimes,
but of course. I am a woman. I am a woman
and, being a woman, I have times when I
want to wear my beautiful dresses and put
on my pearls and have myself admired. But
not very many times . . .
"When I am not working—but I am
always working—I go my Nature."
She smiled then, a sudden, flashing smile
of child-delight. "I call it 'my Nature,' be-
cause I love it so very much. I like to go and
walk in the woods and talk to the birds
be near the trees and flowers and touch it
and breathe it and smell it all, all of it."
Silence.
Anna Sten does not embroider her deep
feelings with eloquent sentiments, you see.
She expresses simply what she feels, when
necessary, and end to it.
She said, "I am not very interesting.
There is nothing to 'find out' about me. I
am happily married. I love to be at home,
I work in my garden. I read many books.
I talk things with my husband. I eat,
I sleep, I work, I always work. That is all
there is to me to know about."
I said, "Is that why you prefer not to
talk very much to the Press?"
Anna smiled and said, "Sheep it!"

The
Comfort
I declined
so long

"I don't know why I refused so long
to believe that Midol might help
me, unless it was because I had tried
so many things that never did. But
I'm thankful I did try it, about two
years ago, and haven't had a severe
time since I learned to rely on this
form of relief."

Some such endorsement could
truthfully be given by numbers of
women who have found, sooner or
later, that Midol does relieve per-
iodic pain. In many cases, these
tablets have spared women even any
discomfort at this time; nearly all
receive definite relief.

Perhaps you have feared to take
anything that acts as quickly, but
don't be afraid of its speed! Midol
is not a narcotic. Midol is quite as
harmless as the aspirin you take
for an ordinary headache.

Should you decide to try this re-
memarkable form of relief for periodic
pain, remember the name of this
special medicine—and remember
that Midol is a special medicine for
this special purpose. Do not take
instead, some tablet that is made
for aches and pains in general, and
expect the same results. Ask the
druggist for Midol. Do this today,
and be prepared!

An Invitation
to try it without expense;
just mail this to Midol,
170 Varick St., N.Y.,
and get trial box free.

Name

Address

An Invitation
Untold Stories of Loves That Have Lasted—in Hollywood

(Continued from page 52)

"Sure, she could," agreed Al. "For instance, she might get somebody that wasn't in the big dough. Somebody, maybe, that could just afford to buy a cup of Java, and not go fifty-five cents for a glass of water."

But this reference to the fact that their combined assets of fifteen cents had been able to buy only two cups of coffee and one doughnut—the two of them was lost on Jimmy. His eyes were on the window, watching the girl who had turned at their corner and was crossing the street, toward the theatre.

His Promise to Himself

"I'll bet I'll be buying that girl something a lot better than coffee and doughnuts before the week is out," he muttered, half to himself.

"Yes, and then I'll add Al, 'you and me both. Only, I probably won't be able to help eat it.'"

But Al was along many other times—even if he didn't accompany. Jimmy Cagney and Frances Vernon on their first after-the- show supper, in a little rotisserie on Eighth Avenue. She came from the Longacre Theatre, where the three of them were in the chorus of 'Pitter Patter.'

"She was a typical home girl," Al explained to me. "Said she and she with long, brown curls—but," and he brightened at the memory, "she could dance like the devil.

"It was a Saturday morning that Jimmy and I saw her pass the restaurant, and we had a twelve o'clock rehearsal. So we followed her. Then, she was sitting off in a corner by herself, as though she were afraid of the rest of us, because she thought we were so sophisticated and worldly-wise. Jimmy grinned and sat down beside her, real friendly and confidential. She was a little leery of him at first, but it wasn't long before they were talking about the show and the themselves, and—well, that was the beginning of it.

"You see, Jimmy always had wish to take life seriously, helping to support his family, and I guess a quiet, safe girl just naturally looked good to him."

To which Jimmy subscribed fully.

He Knew What He Wanted

"YEAH," he began, in his quick, jerky manner, 'she was different. I knew that the first time I ever saw her. She was watching her during rehearsals, and learned quite a little about her habits before I ever talked to her at all.

"Then we began to get chummy—going out to supper after the show and exploring new towns together, and all that sort of thing. We got to be awfully good friends, but we didn't realize how good until 'Pitter Patter' closed and we went out in different vaudeville acts. Then we decided that being apart was ridiculous, and we were married.

"We went into vaudeville acts together as a dance team, and later into Lew Fields' 'Snap Shorts' and then into his 'Ritz Girls.' But about that time the show business began to go into a decline. Shows were suffering from the Depression, and box-office complaints. Vaudeville was weakening. Soon we couldn't get into shows together, or in vaudeville acts together, and had to work on our own.

"Times got still harder, and I began doing anything I could, song and dance acts, patter acts, anything. Our very toughest period was a Broadway dramatic show, 'Outside Looking In,' with Charlie Bickford had the lead. Vaudeville was just about done, and I wanted to develop a career. So we took the cheapest little apartment we could find, and I started haunting booking agents and producers. Six months I had picked up and down Broadway, with our little savings steadily dwindling—such work as I found here and there, doing off our steady march toward our last dollar.

Playing a Sure Thing

"EVERY night 'Bill' (Jimmy's nickname for his wife) "would talk things over with me, and cheer me up with her faith and encouragement, and every morning she would start me out with my chin up.

"When I bet Al Jenkins she would make somebody a grand wife, I didn't know I was playing a sure thing. But I certainly found it out during this session. If it hadn't been for her courage and cheerfulness and unshakable confidence in my ability to hit sooner or later, I'd have given up then. In fact, the time did come when I told her that I had a chance to take a job outside of the show business, and that I thought I should do it.

"But she only shook her head, 'No,' she said, 'you can't quit now. You have your heart set on being a success, and we aren't going to give up. We can stick it out. If you take a job outside the profession, you'll never get back in. So you keep right on looking.'"

And so Jimmy Cagney stuck it out, built his career. "Don't let the little girl be afraid of the show game, never dreaming she possessed the courage and iron will she displayed in urging him steadily on.

When the opportunity came, she would step into acts with him, or just stay at home and create an atmosphere of cheer and comfort and confidence that would keep up his spirits.

Dollars Were Few, Dreams Many

"THEN I began to get a little work here, and a little work there," explained Jimmy, "and the world looked a lot brighter. We got to like going into the Village—and there, after the show, our particular group of friends would come to get some good solid laughs and a bite to eat. There were our own group of friends and friends from the theatre. They all liked 'Bill,' and we had a great time.

"Money wasn't very plentiful then, and often as not our supper would be mostly cinnamon toast, which was 'Bill's' special temptation for Al Jenkins. But we had a good time—as good as we've ever known, because we were sharing things together, and because we were going some place, and looking eagerly forward. Success looked mighty rosy then, and just planning for it was fun.

"That's what life is made up of, largely—looking forward, and seeing things the way you would like them to be. We might have found out that it wasn't having things that counted; it was the getting them. That's what you're in business for, that's what to look ahead of you, and nothing to worry greatly about. Anyhow, we were mighty happy, skimping and planning, and dreaming and sharing. Finally, through the good things-sharing doubles happiness and cuts trouble and worry in half."

"When things began to get better for us, and I needed work with dramatic productions, we spent most of our time on the road. We missed our little home in the
Village, but we were mighty happy in our work.

Had Fun Being Hill-Billies

"THEN I bought a little place up in the Orange Mountains, back from Plainfield, New Jersey. From the day we put our furniture into that, we used to live through the winter by planning what we would do there in the three or four months I wasn't working. We would go through the season, talking about our little place. And I guess everybody with whom we came in contact knew about it.

"During the summer, happy broke we had made on the road would come out to see us. We had a little tennis court, and our community had a baseball team. We used to tramp in the woods a lot, and we rode bicycles some, and we used to fool around with archery.

"But my biggest thrill was when I moved my house back into the woods, because the neighbors were getting too close. I cut my own timber and built my own cribs for moving the house. Out of some help from a friendly neighbor, I did all the work, myself—and I loved it."

"Then came the time when Warner Brothers bought the show, 'Penny Arcade,' that I was playing in, and brought us out here to make it into the picture, 'Sinners' Holiday.' I was guaranteed three weeks' work in the making of that, and when we took an apartment here, it was with the intention of returning to New York and the stage. Neither Bill nor I lived it out here, and we were anxious to get back East.

"But I was put in another picture, and then another—and then a contract was offered me for more money than I had ever seen before. 'Bill' has always been the manager in our family, and she said we should stay on here and get a nest egg. So I stayed—and things kept getting better, and we had comforts and conveniences we had never known before. Soon we had a score of nice friends and a home we were proud of. Also, many of our old theatrical associates were getting into pictures.

"Would Be Happy Anywhere"

"PICTURES have been mighty good to us, but, somehow, our hearts are still back with the stage, and the country we were raised in. We're everything here we could possibly want—but old memories still tempt us.

"Naturally, we are happy. We would be anywhere, so long as we were sharing things together. But we're not happier than we were back in the first years of our marriage, when we didn't have any money, and the whole world was ahead, to plan and dream about. Right down at the bottom, things haven't changed much for us. We still like to do the things we did when we first met. 'Bill' still is the manager and handles the bankroll, and we still have our best times when we are together.

"We're still planning, and painting the future a rosy hue. We've found that with every dollar we accumulate we get a special headache, and that the added responsibilities that accompany success are just as likely to keep us awake as was the problem of finding the whereabouts to pay the rent in the old days.

"We've certainly no complaint about the way the world is treating us, but we wouldn't be afraid to step back into our old Greenwich Village apartment and go on from there, either. We've been happy broke and we've been happy flush, and so we're willing to string along with anything old Dame Fortune has in store for us. As long as we're together, we'll get a kick out of life, no matter what comes our way."

"To which the little girl whom Jimmy bet on, that day in the restaurant, merely smiled—and reached for his hand.
STOP CONSTIPATION
THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

Dull skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and C. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-ounce bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!

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Name
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City

The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

(Continued from page 53)

brings creases to your forehead, don't raise them. If looking at someone out of the corners of your eyes gives your face a strained expression, look directly at them. If your eyelashes show off to advantage when your eyes are lowered, make the most of it. Try analyzing your expressions. It's fun, and it's important. A triple mirror will be the best and cheapest.

The way you wear your hair should depend not only on the shape of your face, but on the size of your head in relation to your body. For example, I have very broad shoulders, almost like those of a boy, and they look unusually broad in contrast to my slim hips. And my head is rather small. So, to make it appear more suited to my shoulders, I usually wear my hair in a fluffy, loose coiffure. Girls whose heads are large in proportion to their bodies should wear their hair very sleek and close to the head. Another thing—if you're going out, and expect to be wearing your hat most of the day and evening, arrange your hair to suit your hat. Some hats call for more hair showing, some for less.

I often do my hair around my face after my hat is on. Sounds silly, but it works.

And now for the body—I probably have more reason than most girls to be interested in it. Imagine my outlook, at the age of five, when doctors told me that I never would be able to walk correctly again. I would grow up, with a cage or a crutch my constant companion. And, in addition to the trouble with my legs, I could expect always to have weak lungs. Even at that very tender age I realized that I never could do for myself which young people always love to do. My spirit as well as my body was crushed.

Miracles Do Happen

And then one doctor, as a last resort, suggested that I be sent regularly to dancing-school. I couldn't learn to dance, of course, but the exercise would strengthen my muscles and teach me how to use them. He also encouraged me to take singing lessons—not that I had a promising voice, but the training would be good for my lungs.

I was thirteen... By the time I was thirteen, I was dancing at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre! I was singing, too, in that revue! It sounds like a miracle—and it was, in a way—the unlikeliest of things happens when a person devotes himself or herself to proper exercise and the intelligent pursuit of health and beauty. Not only was it responsible for my present well-being, but it has been responsible for my career, as well. Is it any wonder that I'm enthusiastic about the things that can be done for the body, and for beauty?

I'm proud of being lithe and graceful, of having so much energy and pep. And I'm a perfect nuisance to my friends. I'm always trying to convert my friends. I must admit I meet with many objections. So many women say: "Oh, I used to want to dance and do those things when I was a kid, but I'm too old now." No one is too old to learn to use the body gracefully. Of course, it's nice to have started when you were young, but, if you haven't, it's much more important to begin now.

When I was in New York, almost 30 years ago, I started dancing at the 10th Street Theatre. I used to stop in at any one of the big dancing-schools there and rent a room where I could finch up and practise the new steps. And I saw dozens of older women, fat women and skinny women, many of them taking ballet-dancing, and did they thrive on it! From day to day I could see a change for the better, mentally as well as physically.

From Stick-in-the-Mud to Belle-of-the-Ball

I WATCHED and listened to what went on in the locker-rooms. One woman, at least thirty-five and the mother of three children, had taken up dancing. Not only was she losing weight and getting back her school-girl figure, but she had found a new interest in dressing. Clothes again meant something to her. She looked well in her clothes, she liked to go places with her husband, do the things they used to do together, and enjoy them. She had changed from a stick-in-the-mud to the belle-of-the-ball—and her husband was just as grateful as she was!

Of course, you can take all kinds of dancing, but if you're not going in for it professionally, the best thing to do is to stop in at a dancing-school regularly once a week, just as you would for a manicure at a beauty salon, and take limbering, stretching and kicking exercises, which will keep you in the best of condition and form. It isn't expensive. You can get a lesson for a dollar. Sometimes, buying a course of lessons, you can get them for even less than that.

I know that practically all of every three women is interested in losing weight. So, in addition to urging you to dance, maybe I can give you a tip or two on dieting. I don't have to warn you about that, except when I'm working at a long stretch and have little chance for exercise. And I always can tell if my waistline is on the up and up by the way my clothes feel. I don't try to fill my clothes too much. I go on a diet for a few days and soon I'm all right again.

A Diet System That Works

HERE'S my system: For breakfast, fruit and coffee. For lunch, cooked or raw vegetables, with a baked potato or a lamb chop. For dinner, more cooked or raw vegetables. Between meals, if I'm hungry, I drink milk. It's a good diet, and it works. And people, while they're dieting, get as much sleep as they can, to make up for the lag in energy that you are bound to feel when you are not eating as much as usual.

I suppose you know that lots of sleep is the first and foremost of beauty rules. A lot of people never do learn how to sleep properly. When it comes to the first place, you want to keep your chin from doubling up on you, sleep without a pillow. It helps keep the neck muscles from getting flabby. And then, don't pile on a lot of heavy stuff. Use a few blankets, and woolly ones—warn but lightweight, so that your body can move freely, and so that you won't get too hot. And don't pile on lots of fresh air in the morning.

Then, when you wake up in the morning, get up—get right up! It's lying in a warm bed that ruins the morning. You'll be in the throes of becoming energetic all over again. A few good stretches in front of the window, and then a lukewarm tub or shower, and you'll really start the day right.

Thus said June, preaching again—but I told you I was nuts on the subject!
Janet’s hatred of living her screen life in the public is, without a doubt, the reason for her intense hatred of all newspaper and magazine writers.

Why She Hates Interviewers

For a year I directed Janet’s publicity. During those twelve months, my position was not that of a press counselor, seeking to keep her name before the public, but, rather, I was a diplomat—a buffer standing between Janet and the interviewers. My real job was to PREVENT interviews, not to arrange them! I cannot tell you what Janet says about interviewers, but I once saw a photograph (a very exclusive portrait) on Page 35, that shows exactly what Janet thinks about interviewers. (I’d hate to tell you the name of the gent at whose back she was gritting those teeth.)

But she’s a grand trouper in public. I’ve seen her grit her molars, and heard her mutter under her breath, when I informed her, out of the blue, that she had an imperative interview; and then, four seconds later, I’ve seen her greet the gent who was to interview her as though he were a long-lost sweetheart.

The reason for this hatred of interviewers is that, living this constant pretense, she loathes going through her act. She’d do a thousand interviews in a week, and love even one of them, if, one day, Winfield Sheehan should call her bungalow and say: "Shoot the works."

Then, she’d begin: "Listen, you guys, I’m a woman, I’ve lived, loved—"

But that will never happen. Janet Gaynor is a very, very human being. She isn’t an illusion—she’s a fact. She’s not charming. Ernst Lubitsch, THE bedroom director, told me recently that, for sex appeal, Janet rates among the FIRST THREE.

Let me give you a little insight into what a really human individual this illusion really is.

The Great "Debunking" Dream

We used to sit in camp chairs on sets, and exchange ideas on headlines for our daily stories we would some day write for a discerning public. Included in such captions were "My Unknown Love Life" and "Gaynor Tells All."

Here’s another little insight. In the Summer of 1933 she slipped away and, as "Miss Jones" had a grand time at a lake resort in Wisconsin, and, with her mother, "did" the Chicago Exposition without being recognized, except once. That was at a booth that displayed Italian foods—spaghetti, ravioli, etc. She HAD to admit her identity.

Then, on my birthday, October 2, 1933, I received a telegram from Fort Madison, Iowa, that read: "Arriving on Chef Wednesday will you meet us with car Pasadena. Regards. J."

I did. It was as hot as you know what. Janet demanded that I remove my coat. I did. We drove to her home. In the living room was a huge package; it was from the Italian food booth at the Fair and it contained every kind of Italian food that can be put into cans and packages. She rushed to the phone to send a sweet telegram, to the Italian proprietor of the booth.

"I wish I could always be Gaynor this easily," she said.

Deep, down under, she hates it all, but—even as Mary Pickford bore the burden of her cards until her fortieth year was near enough to grin at her, so, I suppose, Janet Gaynor will continue to carry the burden of the great illusion. She will continue to carry it, until the year of the Gaynor rebellion!
How BLONDES hold their sweetharts

MEN STAY in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that softens hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde gleam to stringy, faded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles into a froath that cuts out every bit of scalp dust—stimulates hair roots. Leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettable. Blondex comes in two sizes—the NEW, inexpensive 25¢ package and the economical $1.00 bottle. Try it today and see the difference. At all good drug and department stores.

Remove that FAT

- Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 2-3 inches and have a natural figure with the famous Slimscreen without discomfort. Reduced inc height 14 inches and general appearance. Full 30 day Treatment. GUARANTEED! 60 days if not entirely satisfied. FREE! We suggest using our Thinner perfect even proportion. Ambassador有价值; and I will send you, FREE, our new-famous, much-talked-about, Hollywood, Slimscreen Treatment with instructions for using. Limited Offer—Send TODAY! Add 26 for books.

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Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of borax, and enough aegeen oil of olerine. Any druggist can put this up for you or you can mix it. It will last virtually forever. Apply it to gray hair, supplied twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Borax imparts color to gray streaks, eliminates gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

UNIVERSITY RELEASES FORMULAS for Beautiful Hair

Publishers can now obtain products offered for three years to large group of scalp sufferers, specially adapted to the needs of onlookers of all ages. One formula known as Hairlax, is a powder, compounded with the ingredients of a new hair treatment that produces naturally gliding roots in cases of falling hair, dandruff, and premature baldness. The other formula, called Hairline and Hairlax, is a treatment that keeps hair healthy, thick, and clean from scalp and hair. Use one drop of each of the formulas daily. Hairline and Hairlax are sold by all druggists.

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MAKE MONEY!


NOW

Johnny Weissmuller announces that Lupe Velez is planning a three-month personal appearance tour in South America. It is that serving notice on reporters to get those “separation” headlines ready again, or isn’t it?

STEFLAN LE VRIENDT, Belgian sculptor, made a death mask of the late ALEC B. FRANCIS. Which gives rise to a note for a Hollywood Hall of Fame, which would be more satisfying than those footprints in the concrete of the forum of the Grazian’s Chinese Theatre. Why couldn’t there be a gallery where life masks of

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

(Continued from page 10)

family trade—with each kind loudly labeled . . .

THE Bureau of Research of Motion Picture rates a slap on the wrist. They missed up twice on a statement in the September issue—a statement that said that Cecil B. DeMille directed "Ben Hur." Maybe the error was pardonable, since C. B. has directed most of the Biblical pictures. But Fred Niblo gets—and serves—all the credit for the direction of "Ben Hur," one of the best-selling pictures of all time. DeMille has been touring the country, enlarging on the theme on which he spoke in the September Motion Picture. At a luncheon in his honor at the National Press Club in Washington, where any Congressman with his ear to the ground might hear, he said, "The public doesn't want censorship. It wants clean pictures. . . . Any subject in the world can be filmed, provided it is made in good taste. The greatest harm we can do, however, is to lie about the truth. That would be a crime against the first principles of art."

HENRY HULL, "Broadway's best actor" (see the critics' poll of 1954—and see the portrait of him on page 20), motored West to start his movie chores in "Great Expectations." And then Hollywood went after James Barton, who took his place on Broadway in "Tobacco Road" and made a hit, himself. Four more Hollywood stars who couldn't hold out any longer are Jimmy Savo (pantomime comic), Queenie Smith (musical comedienne), Pauline Lord (dramatic actress) and Helen Menken (ditto). And perhaps the last shall be first, when the shouting is all over. She gets the role of the wife in "The Good Earth"—a role that producer Irving Thalberg thought no one in Hollywood could play . . .

But if Broadway is being drained of its stars, one by one, so is radio. Rudy Vallee aligned a truce with his estranged wife so that he could return to California to make "Sweet Music." Ben Bernie is due back to make "One Night Stand." Lanny Ross is back in "College Rhythm," which marks the screen debut of Joe Penner; Jack Benny, absent since "The Hollywood Revue," returned for "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," in which Frank Parker, from radio, sings. Phil Baker is in "Gift of Gab";

JOE COOK'S radio pranks put him in movie demand again and he is going to make "Parole". Phil Regan, the former "Singing Cop" of radio, is giving a good accounting of himself in films; and Jessica Draganette will be in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," as will various other radio names; and the same applies to "Radio City Revies," which is in the offing . . .

CLARK GABLE, the Hollywood mariner who comes to the rescue of lady stars who want good support, will ogle Gloria Swanson in her first M-G-M picture, which won't be Madame Glyn's "Three Weeks," but Frances Marion's "Riff-Raff" (which will probably get a new title). First, however, Gloria is making "Music in the Air" at Fox with John Boles, whom she brought to films in "The Loves of Sunya." . . . Did you know that after all these years, Gloria still doesn't make up, and hair-fixing, herself, declining the services of the studio experts? Her co-workers are going into raves about her singing voice, which will have its greatest opportunity in this operetta . . .
all the movie stars who matter would be on exhibit? It would be a mecca for disappointed tourists who can’t seem to spot any stars in the flesh. And with a dime or a quarter as an admission fee, it would be a way of accumulating relief funds for unemployed actors—who need them...

HAL ROSSON, who had his estranged wife, Jean Harlow, worried when he fell a victim to infantile paralysis (in his shoulders and arms), is now recovered. And he is as far from Jean as they both are from reconciliation. He is in England, turning the crank of the camera on Leslie Howard’s newest picture, “The Scarlet Pimpernel”...

AFTER seventeen years, Ann Dvorak and her father, have been reunited. When she was a small child, her mother (who was Ann Lehr, well-known actress of early films) and her father (who was Edward McKim, director at the old Biograph Studio) separated. The husband remained in the East, eventually leaving film work; the wife took the little girl and went to the Coast, where studios were beginning to be transplanted. The years passed; they lost track of each other... The little girl grew up and entered films, changing her name, for screen purposes, to Ann Dvorak; success came, and with it came the longing to share it with her father. Quietly, she instituted a search for him, without result; finally, she appealed to the newspapers to help her. And, at last, after looking through dozens of spurious letters, most of them asking for money, she came across one with an enclosure of a strip of film: it was an old film, of a little girl. The little girl was Ann. The search was ended... Edward McKim is now with his daughter, who is Mrs. Leslie Fenton in private life, and has an invitation to remain at their San Fernando Valley ranch the rest of his days.

HERE and there: That soft-spoken young Irishman, George Nolan, who went to City Hall to apply for American citizenship is known to you—all as George Brent... Gary Cooper’s bride, Sandra Shaw, is a “location widow” for a month. Gary is off in the desert, working on “Lives of a Bengal Lancer,” and only one woman is allowed in the all-male camp—Katherine DeMille, who drives back to Hollywood after each day’s scenes... Loretta Young and her sister, Polly Ann Young, are to appear together on the screen for the first time in “White Parade.”...

(Continued on page 80)

Have you ever really tried a true film-removing tooth paste?

If you really want whiter, more attractive-looking teeth, REMOVE FILM, say leading dental authorities. Film is that dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harbors stains from smoking. Combines with substances in the saliva to form hard deposits. And worse still, film is laden with millions of tiny germs that are often the forerunner of tooth decay. Film unremoved invites dental disorders. Thus film must be removed—kept off teeth.

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(Continued on page 80)
Answers to Movie Gossip Test  
(Continued from page 14)

1. The couple pictured at the top of page 14 are Adolphe Menjou and Vee Teasdale, who are both married. The picture was taken on August 25, immediately following the wedding ceremony—no wonder they’re all smiles. Their wedding was a very quiet affair. Among those present were the judge who performed the ceremony, Menjou’s mother and her brother. Menjou’s source from Katherine Carver became final on August 5.

2. George Raft, whose real name is Rant, was married in the Supreme Court to permit him to change his name to Raft. He will hereafter be known legally as well as on the screen as George Raft.

3. Merle Oberon, the British film beauty, who appeared in “The Private Life of Henry VIII” and “The Son of Don Juan” is expected to arrive in Hollywood shortly to become the bride of producer Joseph M. Schenck, to whom she announced her engagement recently. There have been, however, some unconfirmed reports that the wedding took place when Schenck was in Europe. Schenck is the former husband of Norma Talmadge, who is now Mrs. George Jessel.

4. Heather Angel, the beautiful English star whose career never quite materialized a couple of years ago, to appear in pictures, and Ralph Forbes, also of the screen, and the former husband of Ruth Chatterton, eloped to Yuma, Arizona, on August 9 and were married, following a six weeks’ courtship.

5. Ann Dvorak’s parents separated when she was a baby and Ann had not seen her father for seventeen years. She decided to look him up and broadcast an appeal through the newspapers in an effort to locate him. When he finally got in touch with her they had to be introduced, as father and daughter did not recognize one another after all those years. Ann’s father’s name is Edward McKim and he did not know that the screen’s Ann Dvorak was his baby daughter grown up into a star. Ann having changed her name a few years ago, her father was a movie director back in 1916.

6. Mary Brian has been called “the most popular girl in the world” because all the young swains vied with each other to take her out. Mary never has had to worry about an escort, there have always been plenty on hand. Del Rio’s new picture, “Pitfall” seems to have successfully become head man with Mary and, because Dick’s plans for his new home have been expanded, their friends are looking for an early wedding. The only thing Powell said was that he would do the interior decorating. Be sure to read the story about Mary and Dick on page 42.

7. The chances that Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland, her ex-husband, may marry again are very good, according to rumors that reached Hollywood. They were divorced on June 26, 1931, after which Nancy married Beloit Mallory, from whom she and Jack Kirkland had a land’s marriage to June Shattuck lasted only a week. The fact that Nancy and Jack had been married for seven years and that Jack’s divorce makes the possibility of their getting together again, after they are both divorced from their present mates, sound promising.

8. Natacha Rambova, the former wife of the late Rudolph Valentino, and Don Alvaro de Urziaz, a Spanish nobleman, were married in this country. Natacha, who, for professional reasons, changed her name from Winifred Hudnut, has been living on the Mediterranean island of Palma Mallorca, where she has made a fortune in real estate.

9. Marion Nixon, screen star, and William Seiter, film director, were married on August 16, 1937. The wedding took place in New York. The bride is the former Ada Freeman, Yuma’s “marrying judge.” Three days before Marion married Seiter, her default honor was Eugene Loring, playboy of Beverly Hills, Cal., became final. Laura La Plante, the former Mrs. Seiter, divorced the director in Riga, Latvia, after which she married Mr. Kiss, who is producing pictures in Great Britain for Warner Brothers.

10. The girl pictured on page 14 is the former juvenile screen and stage player, Mitzi Green. Mitzi is playing her first grown-up role in “Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round.” She has grown up to be quite an attractive young lady. Remember when Mitzi wore pig-tails in the picture “Honey”?

11. George Raft’s eyes have been bothering him so he has had to make them up to look Oriental for his picture, “Lime-House Nights,” in which he plays a half- Chinese. Even after the adhesive tape which is put on to give his eyes that slanting look removed, Raft must endure a lot of discomfort. He also makes Raft dizzy and is unable to sleep at nights. However, the studio has taken every precaution and has eye specialists at all times on the set.

12. For a number of years, Richard Arlen has threatened to leave Paramount, the company for which he has made pictures for eleven years, but when option time came, he always signed on the dotted line, but this year Dick obtained his release. Paramount was anxious to sign him up again and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made him an offer, but Arlen wants to free lance for a while at least.

13. After fifteen years of marriage, the Conrad Nagels have separated via the divorce courts. Except for the fact that they have been on trial separation about a year ago, the divorce came as somewhat of a surprise to many as the Nagels were always considered an “ideal couple.” Mrs. Nagel has been given the custody of their eight-year-old daughter.

14. Lili Damita, whose name has been romantically linked, at different times, with that of Prince Louis Ferdinand, Prince George of England, William K. Vanderbilt, 3rd, Gilbert Roland, screen actor, and Sidney Smith, New York broker, is said to be engaged to marry Hugo Brussey, an Englishman, who has an immense farm in Australia. Lili expects to return to Hollywood shortly and Brussey will follow her later and they will probably be married in California.

15. The return of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., to Hollywood, and his meetings with his estranged wife and daughter, focused the interest of the entire nation on them. For more than a year, Fairbanks has been in England where he has been the constant companion of Lady Sylvia Ashley.

16. The names of James Cagney, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro were listed with our others in the previous column. Their names were found among the effects of Caroline Decker, an organizer and leader of several of the Pacific Coast’s recent labor strikes, when she was jailed. Cagney and the other stars denied all the charges.
eighteen months that I've talked about it."

Perhaps the anniversary brought on one of those sentimental moods, for she talked, now, with amazing frankness.

"Let us get the financial side of it straightened out first. I don't support my husband. He had a well-balanced savings account before, and as an orchestra leader he makes a darned good salary now, even though it is small in comparison to the star's earnings.

"We both hand our checks over to a business manager, who gives us each a proportionate allowance. Out of mine I pay for all the things necessary to Bette Davis—my star—my clothes, my car, my maid, and so forth. Out of his, which is drawn from his own salary, he pays for such personal things as his own clothes, his own car, et cetera.

Our household expenses, we share. This might lead to squabbles regarding an equal division of each bill except for the business manager, who he idea the details for us and sees to it that we both pay our fair share.

"It is really," she elaborated, "as if two entirely self-supporting people sort of merged and still maintained their economic independence. We even go Dutch on checks when we go out in the evenings. We never go to expensive places, and we usually ride in Ham's car—a second-hand Model T Ford, which cost nineteen dollars.

"I am me during the day," she went on, with a sigh, "to include all the luxuries of stardom. "But at night I am Mrs. Nelson. We have a small house and two servants. We don't entertain elaborately. Both of us, incidentally, are building up savings accounts."

Hollywood may find something unusual in these domestic arrangements, but they are perfectly natural in Bette's opinion. She is genuinely amazed at a suggestion that she might feel less respect for her husband because he makes less than ten thousand dollars a week. Ham would leave me in a minute if he thought I had such an idea. He is the kind of guy who would still be independent if I had billion dollars in the bank.

"We both realize that this movie business is a freak thing. It may not last long. Hollywood pays its biggest salaries to youth, who aren't in anyway. I feel that there's always something temporary about a woman's working. I know I always have my mind on it. Looking at anything wrong. A working woman's career, even if she is not in pictures, is apt to be shorter than a man's.

"Ham, on the other hand, will be gradually working up and making his best salary after I'm through. There isn't much future for a musician here on the Coast, and at first he planned to work in New York where he is better known. Then after trying it for six months, he said, 'What's the use in my building up something back here when you can't Hollywood it? So now he is planning to go into the production end of motion pictures.' (Mr. Nelson is not giving up his career for love, or anything like that. Apparently, he wasn't so very crazy to be a musician, anyway.)"

Ham Makes His Own Way

"I didn't even give him a letter of introduction," Bette continued. "I don't believe in that sort of thing and we didn't want people to come to say I got him a job. He met a man connected with 20th Century Pictures and has been promised a position as an executive's secretary. This will give him the chance to learn the business, so he has been studying at a secretarial school, daytime, while working with his orchestra in a club at night.

"He has a terrific sense of independence and our real friends know it. The others don't matter, though I can't help burning when I read some of the comments about us. People are always wondering how long my 'unusual' marriage will last.

"They wonder, too, if I don't regret giving up all the fanfare of stardom, especially since 'Of Human Bondage,' to live in a little house as Mrs. Nelson. That's simply ridiculous. I don't enjoy splashy things and I think that one of the real joys of marriage is for a young couple to be with each other when they are both struggling.

"By comparison I look at Ham's parents, who were married when his father was earning something like fifteen dollars a week. They have a real down-to-earth background and they've been happy for years. I'm not going to miss all that just because I'm earning a movie star's salary.

"People have also wondered if it humiliates Ham to have a wife who is well-known; they've wondered if he has the 'Mr. Davis' complex. My answer to that is: Outside of the studio, I forget I'm a movie star. I haven't let Hollywood publicity go to my head.

"The only time he complained about my work was while I was making 'Of Human Bondage.' The role of Mildred, incidentally, was easier than many I've played in Hollywood, but keeping that Cockney accent the same, day after day, was extremely difficult. For weeks I went around the house, talking like Mildred. After the preview Ham said, 'Thank God, the bondage is over. And if I ever hear another word of Cockney again!'"

Marriage Proved Her Theory

"I particularly glad my marriage is working well because I've always believed two people who love each other could live on a plan like this, and it's good to be proved right. My own mother and father were divorced when I was ten years old, and ever since then I've made rather a study of marriage. I have definite theories about it.

"I can't understand, for instance, why some men object to their wives having careers. It keeps a woman busy and gives her something to think about. How tragic for a woman to be too dependent on her husband! Strangely enough, I've seen cases of this in Hollywood. It is an unbearable situation for a man to be tied down to a woman because of his decency, and her dependence on him.

"Whether my marriage will continue to be a success, I can say. We're happy now—that's enough. It would be silly for me to promise that we'll be happy a year from now. Why, he might even get tired of me!"

At this she laughed uproariously—nothing "crazy" or "cute" about this star. The celebrity-chasers thrilled at this—they were seeing Mildred, the Cockney waitress, in the flesh. With regard to this role, she told me, "Ham warned me after the preview that interviewers would ask what had happened to me in the last two years to make me able to play it so convincingly. The first one asked just that! It's absurd—if I'd had a chance at such a part when I first came to Hollywood, I'd have done it justice."

She is constantly repeating things her husband has said. They live in a small house "because he likes small houses." They do other things because her prefers them. You gather that—stardom or no stardom—he is very much the master in his own house. Bette Davis may have become one of Hollywood's most important figures, but at home, as Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., she is having a perfectly swell time being a wife.
sweeping curtsy accorded to Royalty—" Miss Rose moore to illustrate—"I bent my legs like this—I swept a deep and swallow bow and I felt—flat on my tummy at this side!"

"You may imagine my sensations! I knew that if I appeared to be embarrassed, he would be exhausted. I placed my elbows simply lay there and laughed and said, 'Here I am, King, how are you?' or words to that general effect. It ended up in the chorus, laughing helplessly and immediately and breathlessly for a good many minutes. A few years later, I was formally introduced to the King at the American Embassy in Madrid. I just had time—and temerity enough—to whisper to him in passing, 'Congratulations, I kept my feet this time.' And the formality of that occasion was nearly ruined by the King's desire to burst out laughing again.

"Fame is the privilege of meeting Duse, when she was here in America. I had heard so much about her, read d'Annunzio's writings about her. She was glorious and charming, but a little shadowy. We traveled to Venice, beheld of us both. I told her that I knew her house there so well. She said that she hoped she might hear me sing when I should be in Italy again. Then we went to Italy again, Duse was gone. . . ."

"It has been fascinating, singing for the Presidents of my two countries—Why wasn't I married for President and Mrs. Roosevelt and I was so impressed by the change that has come over the White House. The rigidity is gone; the formalities have been laid aside and gracious; the pomp and ceremony have given way to the pleasant ease of friends, being drawn together by a gracious and delightful family."

"I had a most interesting talk with Mrs. Roosevelt after I had sung arias from 'Madame Butterfly' and 'Louise' and one or two other things. I remember saying to her that now we have charming, cosmopolitan, artistic people in the White House, and that I hoped something might be done for the American arts—and artists. I hoped that they might be encouraged, helped. And Mrs. Roosevelt agreed with me, seemingly, and said that they had read many letters about this economic problems were solved she, too, hoped that something of real benefit might be done for the artists of our country."

"And there was the night in Paris, when I was singing 'Louise' and word was brought back to me that Charpentier was in the house, and was conducting the third act of 'Louise'; his own opera, herself. It was well for me that the third act is hysterical—it was well for me that I could show abandon and excitement to keep pace with the excitement in my own heart."

"These are among the things that Fame has given me—and do you realize that they are imperishable gifts? No one can take them away from me, nothing can destroy them. They are mine for as long as memory persists."

"And there is one other gift of Fame—freedom. Freedom to do as I choose, how I choose, when I choose. I am free to speak as I wish to speak. I live without fear of what people may say about me. I have escaped from the restrictions of self-consciousness, the fear of petty criticisms."

"And then, in her dim drawing-room, waited for her fine old etchings pressed, with its autographed photographs of two Presidents, its autographed pictures of Mary Pickford (for whom Grace Moore has a profound admiration), with Chattoxton and Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier—there I learned more of Grace Moore's childhood than I had known before. It is amazing, the long and arduous trail her feet have blazed from Jallico, Tennessee, to the world today that is hers today."

She had a super-strict upbringing. She was not allowed to dance or to be present where others were dancing. She was not allowed to follow her own inclinations to go to the theatre. She went to church twice every Sunday and innumerable times during the week. She was taught Sunday School classes. She dreamed, not of a movie hero or even of a Spanish bridge (she is married to Valentin Pareja, Spanish Foreign missionary to some jungles outpost. Between the eager, developed young girl and the normal pleasures of life was a rigid barrier. She had to escape.

It was while she was at boarding school that she first heard Mary Garden sing and knew that here was a girl, and I could imagine in the sounding board of her own throat. You may know of that first glimpse of Garden. But you do not know, I think, that for years she wrote letters to Mary Garden—hundreds of letters into which she poured all of her eager and rebellious heart, her fiercely burning ambition; her dreams, her sympathies. Those letters took the place of the romances she might otherwise have been dreaming of. They went to the wise and understanding friends who might have reflected her to more prosaic ambitions. They were the actual rope by which she pulled herself out of the mire and into years of unerring work—work such as she dramatizes in "One Night of Love"—until at last she was the first great American prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera."

Years later, Grace Moore and Mary Garden met, in Paris. They were immediately congenial. Mary Garden believed in the beautiful young woman and her voice. She told her that she liked her, that she had a great deal in common, that they knew each other. And Garden expired that she had, indeed, a great deal in common and confessed that she was the writer of those hundreds of letters, through months and years until Moore, Garden almost fell over. She screamed at me, 'Not you! Not you! You aren't the one who has been these unending diaries for years! I admitted it."

"But I believe, really, that even if I had not had a voice, I would have escaped some of the ills and sorrows of life. A great voice, you know. It was clear and sweet. It had a quality. But it was work and determination, it was the doing-without and the going-without that finally brought me to the successes I have had. I feel with Calvé, who once said that when she heard a high and clear and perfectly sustained note welling out of her throat, she would ask herself, 'Where does it come from?' I ask myself the same question at times, and I answer my own question by saying, 'From God.'"

"And so I feel that Freedom is the other great gift that Fame has given me. I feel that I can do what I choose, I can choose to live where I please, to be myself and unafraid. When I was last in Hollywood, I was asked what I was doing now. I had done so much, worked so hard—and life was un- digested. Now I know that I have shaped my life into proportions that I can handle. I feel that I have come into my own hands, I feel that I can evoke from it pretty much what I will. I can beckon a lovely hour to me and know how to use it. I can summon a lovely hour and know how to live it. I can see lovely hours depart and lovely ex- periences go, without regret..."
"I am married and I am happy—and at peace, I've got what I want. Not only materially. Money has given me extravagances and luxuries—but I value it more because it has given me the ability to collect delightful things on my way through life. I am sometimes amazed at the people of Hollywood. They seem to be afraid. They do not seem to know how to receive the gifts that might be theirs. They are the wealthiest group of people in the world to-day, the women as well as the men. If I were in their places I would not be content to stay here, indefinitely, all of the time. I would not be satisfied with sumptuous homes and de luxe swimming pools and glittering cars.

"I would have, with their power and their money, the great symphony orchestras in the world. I would search out the interesting people there are out here, if you take the trouble to look for them. The world passes through Hollywood and most of the people here let it pass. I would do things for my own art and for the other arts and for the stilted artists, so many of them, in this country. I would live and be untitled."

"I have received these gifts from Fame—the keys to the doors of the world and freedom to live in the world, gloriously. I have no quarrel with such gifts as these."

As Modern as Tomorrow—
Dolores Del Rio's Home

(Continued from page 38)

sense of great space and air, and at the same time afford spots of privacy.

The floors are waxed and highly polished black linoleum, which reflects the furniture and the window vista. On these floors, rugs of beige wool and great black-striped chebraskins are startlingly effective. The background color of the walls is a dull off-white, rather of the oyster shade; the cushions on the divans—which practically line the walls—are of the same tint, and are made of rough, hand-woven material.

A House Full of Surprises

NOTHING in this original and fascinating house is made of conventional material. The doors are of chromium steel; the dining-room table is of iridescent glass; metal ornaments and glass shelves catch the floods of sunshine everywhere. Nor are the shapes of things conventional. The eye is bewildered, trying to identify the new aspects of familiar materials.

One entire wall of the upper foyer is a great mirror, doubling the already huge spaces. Severe simplicity of design—in which cubes, squares, triangles, circles and all of the plane and solid geometry books combine alive—meets the eye on every hand. Parallel planes of narrow steel turn out to be a radiator. It is oddly astonishing to discover, above and behind the divans of the living room on the upper floor, endless bookcases filled with perfectly normal and well-thumbed books in red and blue and green bindings.

But do not think that so much black and white and shining steel make a chilly effect. Color is everywhere—strange, subtle colors hard to name. At the right of the front door, as one enters, the partition is of dull plum. Over the mantel a picture of vivid, tropical greens is repeated by a jar containing a mottled spray of some jungle plant. Beyond, against the wall, in a silver frame with three surfaces, is a great painting of a jar of orchids. Upstairs, the couches that line the walls and surround the alcoves are a dull

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red. But it is the out-of-doors that Cedric Gibbons has invited into his rooms that furnishes the greatest color—a symphony in shades of green, from the olive-green of the eucalyptus to the brilliant green of palms.

**Dolores’ Own Apartment**

On either side of the main body of the house is a wing. Upstairs, one of these wings is given over to Dolores Del Rio’s apartment, which consists of a dressing room, in dull silver and black, with glass shelves holding perfumes and a row of silver lamps on the ceiling that throw the light upward; a bathroom and a bedroom so tiny and simple that it might be the cell of a princess who is playing at being a nun.

A single chair, of silver with white cushions, is the only movable object in the bedroom. The white-satin-covered bed, built into the paneling of the wall, is glass and crystal, resting on crystal columns, are the only other pieces of furniture in the room. On the table is a vase of strange, brilliant flowers. The result—Japanese, Chinese, perhaps—looks natural because they are actual flowers of the orchid family, imported from the far places where they grow.

Beneath this room is the workshop-apartment of Mr. Gibbons—modernistic, but still a practical artist’s studio, light and airy, with the tools of the trade, here and everywhere. It looks like a place where an artist could concentrate and accomplish his ambitions.

The dining room lies beyond the great entrance foyer, but it is not like any other dining room in the world. One and a half sides are huge windows, looking out on clipped turf and the brilliant blue of the swimming pool. The ceiling is in several heights, with mirrors set in each surface. A small room has been enlarged, it is enlarged by the infinite dimensions by the windows. The long table is of heavy pebbled glass; the chair is painted in dull reds and blues, with gold velvet cushions. The room is surrounded by orchids from the orchid farm. The room is original, of course, but though the house has been occupied for five years. Deduce what you will from that fact! At least, it does not have a graceful formality, for in the garden behind the house is a play pavilion, a tennis court, dining-rooms and a swimming pool, all showing evidences of daily use.

**Not So Big as It Looks**

**E**NORMOUS as the Gibbons-Del Rio home seems, it is really not a big house. It was planned and built to be lived in by two people, and only two. The idea of any lack of roominess is a cunning illusion, fostered by the use of great stretches of blank wall, half- partitions, mirrors and, above all, windows. A prospective home-builder could find much food for thought in the tiniest architectural details. The lighting, for example, is scientifically controlled for every purpose, and yet decorative. Glazed ornaments and shelves on the walls burst into a soft glow. The most utilitarian objects are unrecognised. Heating arrangements and door locks, and even fireplaces, are hidden. Swinging screens of metal mesh hang in front of the fireplaces. The house is a perfect setting for the woman for whom it was dreamed and built. It looks exotic—but it is gracious and hospitable in every detail. It looks modern, even in its parts, though all the old-fash-ioned virtues of home. It is self-conscious, as all artistic things must be, and yet very matter-of-fact. Every detail obviously holds the world out with great walls, steel gates and heavy doors, but once you are within, it is the friendliest place imaginable, with soft deep carpets, beds at every hand, fires and sunshine.
Men Avoided Me

I WAS TOO FAT!

I just love to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrinking their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but they didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it corrects the natural corrective for abnormal obesity known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives!

Now I'm slender—feel fine.

If the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you their experiences of that related above. Everything they ate "seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?

4 MARMOLA A DAY TAKES FAT AWAY

To make sure that you receive your copies of Motion Picture on time, just drop a card to the Subscription Department, telling both your old and new addresses.
Blonde hair must be EVEN and LUSTROUS to be Really Beautiful

Be Sure of Lovely EVEN tints... Use MARCHAND’S

UNEVEN or dull blonde hair is so unattractive and so unnecessary—really unnecessary when MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH is being used so successfully to EVEN-UP and to brighten blonde hair.

No matter what you’ve tried or how you’ve tried before—if you want lovely natural looking blonde hair use MARCHAND’S. MARCHAND’S is not a dye or a powdered. It comes in you prepared, in liquid form. That’s one reason why it is easier to get even, uniform results with Marchand’s. It has a lasting effect on the hair, it will not wash out or come off. Thousands of blondes have found there is one fine reliable product that can be depended upon to produce clear EVEN tints—and that is MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

Marchand’s is used to keep blonde hair from darkening—and to restore the youthful golden sheen to faded hair. Easy to use at home. No skill is required, yet beautiful results are assured.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible
The same reliable Marchand’s makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde’s skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of regrowths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive, even thru the sheerest of stockings.

Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail—Use Coupon

C. MARCHAND CO., 251 W. 19th Street, N. Y. C.

6¢ enclosed (ude rels or stamp!) Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash--

our name ................................

Address ................................

LYDIA E. PINKHAM’S TABLETS

The SAFE way to relieve periodic pain
No narcotics—No unpleasant after-effects

Chocolate Coated

Take these Tablets time and you can probably escape the usual pain altogether because this medicine treats the cause of your trouble. Clinical tests prove that persistent use brings permanent relief.

Small Size . . . 50 cents

**Intimate News and Gossip From Hollywood**

(Continued from page 38)

courting couple. It’s a bit bewildering to be a bride here and a bachelor maid there, but Anita seems blissfully happy.

**Wedding to Be at Pickfair**

ORMA TALMADGE JESSEL was at the station in New York when her ex-husband, Joseph Schenck, left for Hollywood after a return from Europe, waving goodbye and wishing him joy in his coming marriage to Merle Oberon, sensational young English star who is in Douglas Fairbanks’ new picture, “The Private Life of Don Juan.” Mary Pickford has offered him Pickfair for the wedding and Schenck has accepted. He seems radiant, though his telegram to Sam Goldwyn may have seemed lacking in ardor at first. “The Riviera got me. I’ve gone and done it.” In addition to playing Romeo, Mr. Schenck has also been acting as Cupid in the Mary-and-Doug reconciliation.

**A Tip to the Parsons**

THE engagement isn’t announced yet, but all Hollywood expects to hear any day that June Knight and Paul Ames will be looking for a parson in the near future. Paul—brother of Stephen Ames, millionaire husband of Raquel Torres—is supervising her portraits and there is a rumor that he won’t allow June to take any of those stills with “Ammie” to them hereafter.

**What! No Glamour?**

WORD has gone forth that there is to be no more Peace Propaganda for the volcanic and romantic Francis Lederer (who has no intention, however, of giving up his anti-war crusading). Evidently, it is impossible to have glamour and ideas at the same time. At the same time, the Powers That Be frowned on a magazine story of William Powell as a father. Fathers aren’t romantic either, apparently.

**Puzzling Suicide**

GEOGE HILL’S suicide is still puzzling Hollywood. No one can understand why it was that made a young and successful man, on the eve of starting his biggest picture, coolly and deliberately set his affairs in order, make his will and, after a practice shot to make sure that his pistol was working, put a bullet through his brain. Some think it was melancholia resulting from a blow to the head several months ago when he drove his car into a telephone pole to avoid striking a group of children. Another theory is that George had been deeply affected by the sadness and futility of “The Good Earth,” which he was planning to direct. Still another—and the most generally accepted—theory is that he had never got over his divorce from Frances Marion, to whom he willed much of his estate.

**A Hit for Twenty Years**

CHRISTY CARABNE, the director, was filming a sequence in “A Girl of the Limberlost” at Chatsworth public school the other day. As the various characters of the story appeared from the studio bus, the youngsters gathered around the camera identified the different personages of the story without hesitation. Gene Stratton Porter’s classic was written over twenty years ago, yet apparently it is still one of the best-sellers and a favorite among young people!
"It went with me on my honeymoon in '73.

"And I remember placing a cake among my trousseau things. It is so fragrant and delightful! I think Cashmere Bouquet is the finest soap that was ever made."

**MOST FRAGRANT... MOST PRIZED OF SOAPS**

*Cashmere Bouquet*

**NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size**

Many have bought it as a "guest soap"... as a soap for rare and special occasions... often to put among the linens to make them sweet and fragrant.

Generations of women have entrusted the loveliness of their complexions to its gentle care... And to all these women the name Cashmere Bouquet has always meant something exquisite... the daintiest and finest of all fine soaps.

Soap experts know why this is so. They know how pure its choice ingredients are. How rare and costly its perfume.

How hard-milled and long-lasting each creamy cake is.

And now — every woman can enjoy the delightful fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet... the complexion benefits that only a soap so fine can give!

For today Cashmere Bouquet — the same size cake, the same supremely high quality soap that has sold for generations at 25 cents a cake — actually costs no more than many soaps of ordinary quality.

At only 10 cents a cake, you will surely want to buy at least three cakes. Make a note to get them — today!
YOU'LL ENJOY
this thrilling response in your flow of energy!

Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, knows what it is to need energy... quickly. In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Engelhard says:

"Mountain climbing is great sport, but it taxes your stamina to the limit. Plenty of times up there above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought, 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel.

"It has been proved true over and over that a Camel picks me up in just a few minutes and gives me the energy to push on."

There is a thrilling sense of well-being in smoking a Camel and feeling a quick, delightful increase in your flow of energy.

You'll like Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Mild—but never flat or "sweetish"—never tiresome in taste. You'll feel like smoking more. And with Camels, you will find that steady smoking does not jangle the nerves.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"
That was the worst headache...

what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We've just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER'S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stomach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the after-effects.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable . . . pleasant . . . and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the complete name . . . Bromo-Seltzer.

Listen to The Bromo-Seltzer Revue, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30—9 P. M., E. S. T.—9:30—10:00 P. C. Time
Isn't it a SHAME!

THE RHYTHMS SHE COAXES FROM A BABY-GRAND—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

If Judy isn’t a genius, it isn’t because she doesn’t create rhythms that bring the young crowd “ganging” round! But—there’s a ‘but’ about Judy!

Judy sometimes wonders why her teeth look so grayish—and dingy and ugly. She doesn’t know that “pink tooth brush” is often the root of this trouble!

If you have been a “Judy”—and have let “pink tooth brush” go on and on—and if your teeth have grown more and more dingy and ugly—get a tube of IPANA Tooth Paste (before another day goes by!)

Clean your teeth with IPANA. It is a splendid, modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth, but deep into every little crevice—gently, thoroughly.

Avoid “Pink Tooth Brush” with IPANA and Massage!

Your entire mouth feels refreshed! But—care for your gums with IPANA, too. Each time, massage a little extra IPANA into your tender, bleeding gums. Modern foods, so soft, so creamy, fail to exercise the gums. For this reason, your gums tend to lose their vigor. Sometimes they bleed a little. “Pink tooth brush” may dull your teeth—it may even endanger your teeth! It may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis or Vincent’s disease. But IPANA and massage will help keep your gums firm, and your teeth sparkling!

Judy is dazzling in a costume play! She’s clever—she’s pretty—and she’s a grand little actress! But the “but” about Judy spoils many a big moment.

Meet Judy’s music—and the whole story turns out when Judy’s in a play! But nobody ever proposes to Judy. For the “but” about Judy is her teeth.

If Judy will ask her dentist, he’ll advise her to clean her teeth with IPANA Tooth Paste—and each time, to massage extra IPANA into her tender, bleeding gums.

By the time IPANA and massage have brought brilliancy back to Judy’s teeth and smile—she’ll find that romance was just hiding behind the piano—all this while!

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WED. EVE.—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. TH-124
53 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTHPASTE. Enclosed is a 5¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name
Street
City
State

3
GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL · GEORGE BRENT

Warner Oland · Jean Hersholt · Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLES LAWSKI · Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! This is the STAR who enthralloves hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. This is your Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
It's Time You Met the Real Mae West!

Moviegoers are constantly confusing actors and actresses with the parts they play. They think that comi
cics must be clowns off-screen, that tragediennes must have secret sorrows, that dramatic stars must lead dramatic lives. But few stars have ever had themselves so confused with their screen roles as Mae West has. A woman talented enough to write her own stories, dialogue and songs (as Mae West does) should also be talented enough to play imaginary characters, not herself. Doesn't that stand to reason?

A few pages farther on, you will find the complete answer—you will meet the real Mae West!
“Three on a match,” she gasped. “Aren’t you superstitious?”

Russ smiled. “No,” he answered. “Not with friends—and not with matches!”

The next day Russ Columbo was killed—by a match!... Russ—Hollywood can’t keep from talking about him, any more than I can—was planning to build a house for his family. Two days before his death, he spent the afternoon looking up a site for it. He felt that at last his future was assured. He had just signed a splendid radio contract, (Continued on page 8)

By this time many stories have been told in connection with the accidental death of Russ Columbo. None, however, is so weird, so scalp-tingling as this true one, which has yet to be told anywhere. Poe might have written it.

The night before the now-pathetic and inconsolable Lansing Brown, his closest friend, accidentally flicked a match against the seventy-year-old dueling pistol that discharged the fatal bullet, Russ had been going all over Hollywood, seeking Carole Lombard. He happened into the Beverly Brown Derby, and for a few minutes sat with Nat Dyches, local press-agent, and his lady-friend, Helen Black, a dancer.

The three took out cigarettes. Russ reached for a match, struck it, and offered Nat and Helen lights. As they puffed, he brought the match to his own cigarette and began lighting it. Helen grabbed his arm.
Grand FUN .. Beautiful GIRLS .. Dazzling SCENES in EDDIE CANTOR'S New Hit "KID MILLIONS"

Pardon my (Ann) Sothern accent!

It's Eddie! Going harem-scarem in the harem!

Eddie gets a heart Merman for Ethel!

Eddie sings a look-at-hymn to Block and Sully

The gorgeous Goldwyn Girls in a scene from the all-Technicolor ice-cream fantasy!

Is Eddie's face black? As he goes-to-town with "Mandy" ... Irving Berlin's melody masterpiece!

Just a big dame hunter! Out for bigger and bedouins!

EDDIE CANTOR in Samuel Goldwyn's production of "KID MILLIONS"

with ANN SOTHERN · ETHEL MERMAN · BLOCK and SULLY · THE GOLDWYN GIRLS

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
The human side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 6) had made the first of a projected series of phonograph records, and his first starring picture, "Wake Up and Dream," was a success. And, to Russ, success meant—his family. He had always thought of his own people first. Every day he had visited the hospital to stroke the hair of his mother, who was ill with a heart ailment and couldn’t be told why Russ didn’t come after that certain Sunday. A gentle, serious, kind boy.

Carole Lombard, the woman who mourns his passing most sincerely, has been away from Hollywood for a while to try to forget the shock of the tragedy. It was Russ who coached her in her singing for the picture with his supposed rival, Bing Crosby, "We’re Not Dressing." (Russ and Bing were not particular pals but contrary to all rumors, they WERE friends.) And it was Carole who coached Russ in his acting for his first big picture. And together with Lansing Brown, she was encouraging Russ to go on with his voice training—with grand opera in mind. (The whole poignant story is told in detail on page 47.—Ed.)

Frances Marion, famous scenarist (who has just completed the screen story of "The Good Earth"), is still in the hospital with the injuries she suffered when her sedan swerved after a blow-out and crashed into another car on the Ridge Route. More than her own injuries, she is fretting over the hurts of the Mexican family in the other car.

The new English import, Robert Donat, made a great hit at a professional preview of "The Count of Monte Cristo." But his name stumped Hollywood. In the mouth of his stay in Hollywood, he apparently met only a few of the English colony, and the meager information that Hollywood has of him merely says that he is happily married, a favorite in London, and an extremely quiet chap.

Since so many girls, once dancers, have become movie stars (there's a story on this very subject on page 28.—Ed.), the studios are talent-searching among their dancers. And since Warner Brothers employ more dancers than any other studio, their studio is doing the most detective work in this regard. The other day, Bobby Connolly, the dance director, picked eight beauties from eight different cities to be specialty dancers in "Sweet Adeline"—and in the contract of each one was inserted a clause that she would not be restricted to dance work, but would be given opportunities to win acting contracts. The girls were: Elizabeth Cook, of Oklahoma City; Mildred Unger, of Los Angeles; Melba Snowden, of Modesto; Virginia Carroll, of Spokane; Emily Renard, of Chicago; Margaret Fitzpatrick, of New York; Louise Allen, of Boston; and Jean Ashton, of San Francisco.

Fred Keating, formerly a stage magician (one of the best), saw Grace Moore’s "One Night of Love" for the first time the other night. Fred—who makes his screen début in "The Captain Hates the Sea"—came into the studio the next morning still in a daze. "Mary," he said to the publicity girl, "Mary, she's wonderful. She is positively the most wonderful woman I ever saw in my life. She's—she's absolutely wonderful." He wandered out to return in a moment. "Mary," said he, "when Grace Moore comes back to Hollywood, will you do something for me? Will you introduce me to her?" Assured that he would have a chance to meet his new ideal, Fred departed again, only to return once more.

(Continued on page 13)
CARL LAEMMLE Presents

"NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS"

For the Love of Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL
The Movies Abound in Contrast of Personality, Plot and Technique, Says Motion Picture Reader

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Contrast is one of the most refreshing and delightful things in the world. Here is where the movies excel. They abound in contrast, of personality, plot, and technique. Consider these:

Women like Garbo and Mary Robson share honors for box-office receipts—one being the incarnation of beauty, mystery, and romance; the other a commonplace, middle-aged woman with a plain, humorous face and a flair for realism. Men like Chevalier and Cary Cooper gain equal popularity—a playboy and a cowboy; one tailor-made for the other.

Stories offer even a sharper contrast. On one night we are stirred by the thought-provoking "House of Rothschild," and the next we enjoy the suave sophistication of "Nana."

Finally, the technique by which movies are made depends for effectiveness on the use of light and shadow. The art of photography consists in the skilful moulding of black and white, opaqueness against transluence, softness against brilliance. No wonder the movies are fascinating. They offer the sparkling variety which life would indeed be dull and prosaic.

GWNNE JAMES, Greenville, la.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

Wants Marlene to Be the Dominating Force

"The Scarlet Empress!" Frankly, a picture whose main features are indefatigable and exquisitely told. Galloping Cossacks—mostly heads, legs, and tail fur-hats—plus close-ups of clang-bells inside and all—with a background so filled with noise and confusion—so cluttered with symbols—horrible paintings—and grotesque figures, that the star, Miss Dietrich, makes no impression whatever—beyond her exquisite beauty. She moves through the action of the picture like a puppet in the hands of an expert; her personality so subdued that its fire is but a feeble flame.

Of the whole cast, only Louise Dresser rises above the thunder of galloping horses, and her iron determination carried over to her death. At this time, a picture in which Miss Dietrich is the dominating force—not her surroundings—might not be a bad idea. (Mrs.) JANE B. CLAPP, Los Angeles, Cal.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

"The Barretts" Sets a High Standard

Defenders of stage drama have deprecated the talkies as being stilted and inflexible, an entirely inadequate medium for genuine life-like performance. They pointed with pride to Besier's success, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and claimed no one could approach it. Katherine Cornell in the role of the repressed Elizabeth Barrett—\n
Until Norma Shearer did it! Given imaginative, wise Elizabeth Barrett lives again through Miss Shearer's artistry. In fact, the whole picture is movieman's best claim to equal rank with the stage. It conclusively shows the world that a movie does not have to depend on double entendre, risque situations, and chorus girls for success, as early box-office figures indicate the public has taken to heart this charming picture.

As the dashing Robert Browning who brings color into Elizabeth's life, Fredric March deserves a palm for his portrayal of the Cockney milkman, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street!", it sets a high-water mark—there's been nothing like it for half so good before, so let's have a repeat in double-quick time.

STANLEY S. JACOBS, Columbia, Mo.

Fed Up With the "Trailers"

I'm glad for your invitation to write what I think about the movies. For years I have wanted to tell someone in authority how disgusting it is to be compelled to sit through a showing of "Trailers" of coming attractions.

This practice forces customers to view something which they did not pay to see. What's more they don't want to see it. Who cares about the stupendous, dazzling and magnificent display which will be shown beginning next Friday?

When one is ready to attend a movie he will refer to a movie magazine or a newspaper to select the house where he will spend his money. When the theatres limit these advertisements to simple announcements or reminders, they will worry insulting their customers as they are doing today. I have often left the theatre before seeing the complete program because I didn't want to
Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

The feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don’t have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!


Keep “regular” with Ex-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

Solution to Last Puzzle

1. "My — the King"
2. He’s married to Jobyna Ralston
3. "I — Suzanne"
4. A Western actor
5. An appendage on animals
6. What gangsters take each other for
7. "She Couldn’t — No"
8. "Death — the Diamond"
9. "I Give My Love"
10. "— of the Law"
11. "— a Hoop"
12. "—s, — a Dance"
13. Norma Shearer is a native of this country (abbr.)
14. "— Hostess"
15. "— Of the World"
16. " — a Yacht"
17. "She Had to Say —"
18. His first name is David
19. Rip or cut (Scott.)
20. A William and Florence in the movies have this last name
21. " — — the Defense"
22. " — — Money"
23. Larry in "Death on the Diamond" (poss.)
24. "The Riches Girl in the World" (poss.)
25. She was Captain Thompson in "The Notorious Sophie Lang"
26. Myrialiter (abbr.)
27. Malt beverages
28. " — the Tail’s End"
29. "Such Women — Dangerous"
30. Affirmative votes
31. Virginia’s middle name
32. Director Marin’s initials
33. "Flying Down to — —"
34. First letter of Gable’s first name
35. "For Love — Money"
36. This star played the role of Victor in "The Cat and the Fiddle" (init.)

1. Lionel Barrymore’s home state (abbr.)
2. "Me Miller in "Hide-Out"
3. Recently married to Ralph Forbes (init.)
4. Retired star of Western pictures
5. Her last name is Marvis
6. Octavian in “Cleopatra”
7. Julian de Lussac in “Ladies Should Listen”
8. A famous female stage and screen dancer
9. A student at Annapolis is called this (collap.)
10. Gloria Swanson’s husband
11. "Happy Stanley in "You Belong to Me" (init.)
12. She plays motherly roles
13. See illustration
14. "Carrot in "Affairs of a Gentleman"
15. "This is Africa"
16. "The Richest Girl in the World"
17. One of the Moore brothers
18. " — Better"
19. Yoda’s initials
20. Capt. Dan Roberts in “Down to Their Last Yacht”
21. See illustration
22. Her last name is Sothern
23. He’s married to Ruby Keeler
24. "It Ain’t No"
25. Shortening of Lowe’s first name (poss.)

There’ll Be Another Puzzle Next Month—Watch For It!

12
Like witness Eddie Cantor, Miriam Hopkins becomes a Samuel Goldwyn star...

(Continued from page 8)

"Mary," said he, "will you do something else for me? Will you write Grace Moore and tell her something for me? You know my best magic trick was called The Bird Cage. I never told the secret of that trick to anybody; even my own family didn't know how it was done. But, Mary, tell Miss Moore that I'll tell her how I did The Bird Cage!

... And is Columbia—the first studio to produce a serious singing picture that was a hit—hugging itself to read of all the high-society people who followed in evening dress to see Grace Moore, till the movie theatre resembled the Metropolitan's "diamond horseshoe" on opening night? And in New York, Grace Moore's picture broke all box-office records. (P. S. It was also Tullio Carminati's picture—as both the drama and music critics pointed out.)

... As for society, all Hollywood. Beverly Hills and Pasadena society trekked to the Hollywood Bowl on those moonlight nights to see Max Reinhardt's presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The boxes were filled with the most famous audience in the world, paying homage to their colleagues out under the great oak trees of Sherwood Forest (moved bodily, as Bottom, to the Bowl). Walter Connolly, as Puck, was the hit of the production, though Mickey Rooney, as Pick, was a close second. Hollywood has heard that both Eddie Cantor and Charlie Chaplin had begged to play the part. Evelyn Venable, who collaborated at seventeen with her college professor-father on a book about Shakespeare, is said to have disagreed with Mr. Reinhardt's direction of the Bard's fantasy. "Ah, please stay in the cast," Mr. Reinhardt is reported to have answered, suavely. "Play the role as you wish. All I ask is the honor of directing you." At the conclusion of the first performance, the cry of "Reinhardt! Reinhardt!" swept from one side of the huge amphitheatre to the other, with the near-by hills echoing the cry...

... But now the only kind of stadium that you can get the movie crowd into is a college football stadium. As usual, the majority of the Hollywood rooting is for Southern California, whose campus is close to the movie bailiwick. But the other West Coast colleges all have their Hollywood followers. California, U. C. L. A. (the University of California at Los Angeles), St. Mary's, Santa Clara and—last but not least—Stanford, all have adherents.

Though all the Hollywoodians haven't yet forgiven Stanford for what happened last New Year's in the Stanford-Columbia game, when a smart team of little men beat a powerful team of big men. A good football game is like a good movie—you don't know what will happen next.

... The film colony has emerged from the depression doldrums, and has become a partying, night-clubbing, dancing ensemble. Not in Hollywood history have so many swank and extravagantly decorated nightclubs and cafés flourished. And parties! There have been housewarmings, anniversary parties, farewell tributes. No sooner, for example, had the Fredric Marches sailed for Tahiti for a vacation, after giving the neighbors a tour through their lovely new home in the hills of Beverly, than the gorgeous mansion of the newly-wed Mervyn Le Roys became the scene for pleasant afternoons and evenings.

Ginger Rogers has a new dance—The Continental...
Who Is the Proud Papa of the Youngsters Pictured Here?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly?
Give Yourself This MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By Marion Martone

2. A motion picture company purchased forty screen stories for which one of its stars?

3. How did the two screen beauties, Mae West and Marlene Dietrich, put at rest the rumor that they were not on friendly terms?

4. Which two very popular motion picture stars have turned novelists?

5. Can you name the motion picture comedienne who has always played the ugly duckling rôle and is about to blossom out as a beautiful and streamline-model chorus girl?

6. Do you know the famous stars of stage and screen who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life and are about to be co-starred on the screen?

7. Who is the popular motion picture player who fell heir to a $250,000 estate recently?

8. What well-known stage and screen dancer was recently married?

9. Which screen star has been making tests in make-up for the rôle of Wang Lung in "The Good Earth"?

10. Do you know the handsome screen leading man who became the father of a boy on September 7?

11. Can you name the star of motion pictures who is about to make her début in grand opera?

12. What relation to each other are Spencer Tracy and Lee Tracy?

13. Where was the screen beauty, Myrna Loy, born?

14. Why does ZaSu Pitts write her first name with a capital S in the middle?

15. What Broadway musical comedy genius will be introduced to the screen when "Two for Tonight" is made into a movie?

16. A well-known crooner's accidental death was a terrible shock to what blonde screen beauty?

17. How did Nils Asther show he was displeased with the fact that his child was appearing on the stage?

18. What blonde screen star and her cameraman husband are expecting the arrival of a baby any day?

19. Who is the man who seems to be "lending an ear" to Virginia Bruce, in this scene from "Dangerous Corner"?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 84)
How WONDERSOFT KOTEX gives women freedom never before dreamed of

Bridge takes concentration

- At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on those days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered with filmy cotton.

A filmy, daring frock

- The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday, so sheer, so light in color. But she is sure of absolute protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.
- Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' restrooms.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort
In the 1934 records of the Los Angeles tax collector, newshawks search for Hollywood's wealthiest citizen, discover that Charles Spencer Chaplin still holds the title, with property valued at $3,279,230—financial proof not only of his popularity, but of the astuteness of his investments. Meanwhile, the king of comics and pantomimists makes elaborate preparations for his new picture, written by himself, untitled as yet, and reported to be a satire of this industrial age. Perhaps taking a cue from to-day's "social planning," he is equipped, for the first time, with a complete scenario before starting work. Will it—or will it not—he a talkie? The only remaining silent star lets the world wonder.

Hallo: Marion Davies, returning from vacation of several weeks in England and on the Continent, ready to begin work on new picture, "Movie Queen," reveals she did little shopping while abroad, explains why: "I've tried bringing clothes home before—only to find them on Fifth Avenue when I arrived. I will do all my shopping in New York."

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WILL ROGERS returns to America from world tour, tells New York reporters that he was unable to collect the war debts, and is pleased to hear that police have captured the alleged kidnaper of the first-born son of Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, who were staying at Rogers' Beverly Hills home when Bruno Richard Hauptmann was apprehended in New York. En route to Hollywood to start work on "The County Chairman," he stops in Detroit, sits beside Henry Ford at opening game of World Series.

Max Reinhardt, most famous living stage producer and recent German exile, comes to Hollywood to present Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl, with a cast of screen players, is feted by a dazzled film colony, and is besieged with film offers. No stranger to such offers, which he has always declined previously, he finds them harder to resist when actually on the Hollywood scene, and accepts the proffered contract of elated Warner Brothers. His first picture will be the selfsame Shakespearean fantasy—something new in film fare.
Poor lamps are current wasters, just as poor carburetors are "gas hogs." In addition, they may add to your true cost of light by blackening prematurely or by burning out too soon. All three, or any one of these inefficient lamp characteristics, add nothing to the initial cost of your lamps but they all add to the COST OF YOUR LIGHT.

The best way to be sure of getting low cost light is to look for the mark of a manufacturer you can trust. The General Electric monogram $ is such a mark. When you buy a lamp bearing this mark, you can be sure not only of a lamp that is reasonable to buy, but one that is economical to use ... a lamp that can be relied upon to give you ALL the light you pay for. Long nights are ahead. Fill every socket with fresh lamps and, as an added precaution, keep a carton of spares on the kitchen shelf. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS
The Natives of Spitzbergen

PERSPIRE on ICE...yet
Seldom Catch Cold

Up from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at $150,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to produce the sufferer’s cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or mechanistic forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The “secondary invaders” such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Non-poisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that it will not harm the most delicate tissue. At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine’s power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Because She: . . . is an aristocrat in four arts—beauty, acting, poetry and singing . . . has just scored another triumph—as the wife-who-wins in "The Human Side" . . . and because she is about to make her appearance in grand opera.
ELIZABETH ALLAN

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . is as young and unspoiled as she seems . . . was persuaded to enter films by her good friends, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall . . . was summoned to Hollywood after America had seen her with them in "Michael and Mary," and with Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies" . . . made her American bow in "Looking Forward" . . . is now runner-up to Diana Wynyard as Hollywood's favorite English actress . . . has a husband, W. J. O'Bryan, who commutes from England to see her . . . made herself unforgettable as the tragic nurse in "Men in White" . . . is now in "Outcast Lady" with Constance Bennett and her friend Marshall . . . and because she will next be seen as Dora in "David Copperfield"
MARLENE DIETRICH

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: ... has gracefully declined fabulous offers from her native Germany—to remain in American films ... is the only actress, at first likened to Garbo, who has made good on her own ... is as famous off-screen, for her trousered nonchalance as Garbo is for her silence ... is reticent about herself, talkative about her little girl—who made her acting début in "Scarlet Empress" ... has been the beneficiary, more than any other star, of unusual photography—thanks to her director-discoverer, Josef von Sternberg ... and because she is doing "something different" in "Caprice Espagnole"
NORMAN FOSTER (above) acts for a living, writes for a hobby, lives by himself, is happily married. In fact, he's a husband in "Elinor Norton"... WARNER BAXTER (below) is taking to adventure again—as an aviator—in "Hell in the Heavens." And then: "One More Spring"
LEE TRACY (below), clever actor, nimble wit and speedy talker, isn’t content to be just fast and funny. So he’s varying his rôles. A wistful clown in “You Belong to Me,” he will next be seen in Damon Runyon’s “Lemon-Drop Kid”

CARY GRANT (above), the Englishman with the Latin look, used to do a bit of singing on the stage. And in “Enter Madame,” he plays hero to Elissa Landi, the English girl with the Latin name, who sings opera . . . FRANCHOT TONE (below), blonder than he photographs, is the white-haired boy of Hollywood these days—in constant demand as co-star. He teams with Dolores Del Rio for “In Caliente”

JAMES DUNN (above) is the lad who has made the biggest hit of any adult playing with Shirley Temple. So he and the wonder baby are about to take another bow in “Bright Eyes” . . .
In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: ... is the youngest Ziegfeld alumna to win the spotlight as a dramatic actress ... had the courage to abandon her promising career when she married John Gilbert ... regretfully admitted, after two years, that their marriage was unhappy—reluctantly sought a divorce—and still prefers to be called "Mrs. Gilbert" ... has made a successful return to the screen to the title rôle of "Jane Eyre" and in "Dangerous Corner" ... and because she is temperamental Jenny Lind in "The Mighty Barnum"
MARY ASTOR

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . is one ingenue who has successfully outgrown it—and yet has retained all the beauty that first won her a screen chance . . . was once the epitome of the wistful heroine, is now a model for the alert young moderns . . . was missing from the screen for a year, desperately ill . . . is happily married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, who was responsible for her recovery . . . and because she is playing opposite Ricardo Cortez in "I Am a Thief"
In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: ... has been getting chances, of late, to show her contagious sense of humor ... has never made a picture that was not a hit —and has never gone upstage about it ... won her first fame as the feminine half of a love team, and has held her popularity intact since the friendly break-up of that love team ... still wins all the popularity contests, and is Box Office Favorite Number Two—crowding Will Rogers for the first place ... went abroad, after "Servants' Entrance," for a vacation ... and because she, Will Rogers and Warner Baxter co-star in "One More Spring"
Why GARBO Is a Genius

She is an amazing dual personality. One Garbo is gay, laughter-loving, happy with friends; the other is a seeker of solitude ... One is Garbo, the woman; the other is Garbo, the artist ... And her changes from one personality to the other are not self-dictated. They are as inevitable as day and night ... 

By SONIA LEE

During the making of a picture, she experiences the emotional ecstasy of the inspired idealist; she is oblivious of her real self, and of all else. She goes into seclusion during a picture for only one reason—because she is so sensitively constructed that she must. Her genius flames in solitude.

Garbo might be an inhabitant of another planet when she is at work. For weeks before a camera turns on her set, she locks herself away from all possible intrusions and distractions—with the intangible images drawn by her pen, and creates for herself a world of her own, peopled by the characters in the drama. Her heroines are never surface impressions. They are always living characters. She has lived with them intimately; she knows their very characteristic; and she has, for the time, made each characteristic her own.

In these periods of transition, even her servants seldom see her, dare not interrupt her concentration. She eats only because she must, and she spends hours in bed to conserve every ounce of energy so that she may impart it to a make-believe being of her own composition. And the intensity of her absorption in another world, in another being, never diminishes until a picture is finished. Audiences may always see it, but they always sense it. And here is the secret of her (Continued on page 86)
DANCE Your Way into the Movies!

The short-cut to stardom is across a dance floor. If you don't believe it, look over the ranks of the stars and count the light-footed ones. And listen to Fred Astaire and Seymour Felix, the dance director—who tell you what dancing does for the ambitious!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

COUNT the names of Hollywood's successful ones who began as dancers, or who danced in the beginning, at least—and you'll begin to wonder if the short-cut to success isn't across a dance floor. And when you get through hearing what some of them have to say, you'll be looking through the telephone directory for a dancing instructor's number. Even if you haven't screen or stage ambitions, you'll be convinced that it's smart to know some rhythmic stepping.

I needn't remind you of the cases of Joan Crawford, with her Charleston, and Ruby Keeler with her tap. But how about Joan Blondell, who danced in musical comedy, and who still takes lessons, and whose favorite pas-

time is dancing at the Cocoanut Grove? Then there is Bette Davis, who studied Nature dancing in her early days, and Pat Paterson, who has danced since the age of five, as has June Knight. Barbara Stanwyck got her start as a night-club terpsichorean, Marion Davies danced in the "Follies" and Ginger Rogers got her start as Charleston champ of Texas. And even Shirley Temple was first discovered in a dancing school!

And did you know that Ann Dvorak's first movie job was in a chorus—and that in a few months she became dancing instructress at a studio? Frances Drake first attracted attention when she was dancing at Ciro's, the famous London night-club. Miriam Hopkins almost broke her heart when she broke an ankle and had to give up a dancing career. Alice Faye, Virginia Bruce and Claire Dodd all tripped the light fantastic on Broadway. Patricia Ellis studied dancing before tackling the stage, and—well, the list is too long to do it justice.

And as for the men! James Cagney got his start on the stage as a chorus boy, believe it or not. And other ex-
"men of the chorus," who are he-men on the screen to-

day, are Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins and Noah Beery, to mention only a few. George Raft, according to Fred Astaire (and he should know), was the fastest and finest Charleston-er in the world. Jesse Lasky discovered Ricardo Cortez, when Cortez was doing exhibition ball-
room-dancing. The late lamented Rudolph Valentino once danced in the same New York café with Raft. Gene Raymond danced in musical comedy not so many years ago, and Maurice Chevalier was the dancing part-

tner of Mlle. Mistinguette before he became a whole
show by himself. Charles Sabin, promising newcomer, was a protégé of the late Maurice, one of the most famous ballroom dancers of all time, and has danced in all the capitals of Europe. And then there is Fred Astaire.

He'll Continue to Dance

Unlike the others who attracted attention as dancers, but who were brought into the movies to act, Fred was given a contract to dance in the movies. And he did, in “Dancing Lady,” with Joan Crawford. Then in his next picture, “Flying Down to Rio,” Fred not only danced his way into the hearts of all of us, but he acted and laughed and sang his way in, with stardom in “The Gay Divorcee” his reward. Fred isn’t going to give up dancing in the movies altogether, as so many of the other stars have; he’ll go on dancing as long as the public wants to watch his nimble feet—and that, it seems, is going to be for a long time. So, since Fred is one example of a man who not only danced himself into the spotlight, but has continued dancing his way up the ladder of fame, his advice on the subject should be worth something to you.

He told me, “If I were a young girl or a young boy, and thought I could dance, and wanted to crash the movies—here’s how I would go about it: I’d study the regulation things first. I’d learn to do a little tap, condition myself with ballet exercises, and see all the dancers of the modern school that I could. Then, after six months of this, I’d stop and reconnoiter. And if I couldn’t add something original to what I knew by that time, I’d give up!” Freddy laughed. “I’ll tell you why I say that,” he added.

“In the first place, since I’ve been

in Hollywood I’ve watched dozens of dancers. Some of them I’ve watched at work in front of the camera, and others I’ve watched trying to get a chance in front of the camera. And some of these kids have amazed me. Many of them were excellent dancers—they knew intricate steps, their technique was perfected—but how many of them lacked personality! And without personality, each of them was just another hoofer. It’s really rather sad, for many of them had worked for years, spending their precious time and their money and their youth at dancing—and how few of them would ever really reach the top! A dance requires just as much personality to put it over as a song does, particularly in the movies. That’s the thing that I want to impress on you.

Go to dancing schools, yes, of course—but be careful that you don’t allow yourself to be

(Continued on page 87)
Off the screen, Fredric March may wear sideburns with a tux... Jeanette MacDonald may go to a dance in walking shoes... Joe E. Brown may get a "permanent" wave... and other stars may do the unexpected, and look the unexpected. But don't be aghast—until you hear about the rôles they're playing!

ACTING is a serious business, even for a comedian, but it's a funny business, too. For the more you are about your work, the more you are willing to do for your art, the more amusing—and sometimes embarrassing—situations you encounter. You try to create certain new illusions on the screen, and meanwhile you discover that, off the screen, you are shattering the illusions of people who thought stars always looked their glamorous best. In the middle of a picture, you go to a party, because you like parties, and you even get accused of committing social errors...

Consider, for example, the recent case of Jeanette MacDonald. At a party, a native Hollywoodian edged up, with a visiting friend, to some palms, behind which the elegant Jeanette was sitting. The visitor wanted to be shown her favorite movie singer in a real-life close-up. Together, they surreptitiously peered through the palms. The eyes of the visitor, smiling with anticipation, swept her from head to feet; the smile vanished, and a look of disappointment replaced it. "Why," she whispered, "she's not at all like what I expected. ... Imagine wearing heavy walking shoes with that black chiffon dress! Almost anybody would know better than to do such a thing!"

To which the native replied, "Don't get her wrong. The only reason why she's wearing those shoes is because she has been dancing all day long on high heels in 'The Merry Widow.' You just try dancing all day on your toes; you'd want to give your feet a rest at night, too. She knows better, all right, but she just can't help it. That's what they call art for art's sake. Now, smile as though you meant it, and I'll introduce you!"

That's a mild sample of the wrong—

By KAY OSBORN

and ridiculous—private-life impressions that the uninitiated are forever getting of the glorified. Every day some star is raising unintentional havoc with his glamorous reputation by doing the unexpected—or looking the unexpected—for art's sake.

Freddy Looked Sheikish

ON the screen, for instance, Fredric March always looks neat and natty—a shining example of good taste in what men
should wear and do. But not long ago, Freddy made a speech at a premiere, wearing sideburns. Gaping admirers were shocked when he first stepped onto the stage. So their idol had gone in for sideburns, eh? Well, it would be padded shoulders and nipped-in waistlines next! But Freddy hastened to explain. The sideburns were part of his role in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street” (then in production). The audience heaved a sigh of relief. For art’s sake, you see, Freddy had gone so realistic that he hadn’t panted on sideburns. He had grown them.

Just recently, a photographer wanted to make some fashion pictures of Elizabeth Allan. Now, most feminine stars welcome the opportunity to dress up and look their beautiful best; but Elizabeth turned down this opportunity emphatically. She was in no condition to be photographed, she said. She was, it seems, letting her hair grow for her new role of Dora in “David Copperfield”—it was at that indescribable in-between stage of being neither long enough to wear up, nor short enough to wear down, becomingly.

The usual person wouldn’t mind. You and I have probably gone through that stage several times in our lives, and we didn’t mind so much. But to an actress who is always expected to be a figure of fashion—well, it just hurts, that’s all.

Not so very long ago, Maureen O’Sullivan appeared in a décolleté evening gown—and on her back and shoulders were about six recently-healed scars. She had tried to hide them with powder, but it hadn’t worked. When Maureen, who hadn’t been reported in any accident, saw people looking at her strangely, she was embarrassed, and we who knew the origin of those scars were embarrassed for her. They were autographs left on her skin by a none-too-friendly monkey—her constant companion (for art’s sake) during the making of “Tarzan and His Mate”! The actual pain was nothing, compared to the stares of strangers. It was weeks before Maureen donned another evening dress. She went places, after that, literally swathed to the ears!

The Long and Short of Hair

Probably the most outstanding example of an actor who suffers all sorts of discomfort for his art is Johnny Weissmuller. He gets scratched, climbing jungle trees, for one thing. But that isn’t all. I have watched him enter the Legion Stadium on Friday nights to see the fights. The gallery customers watch for him eagerly, and invariably shout the same unfeeling questions: “Johnny, why don’t you get your hair cut? . . . Why don’t you get a violin, Johnny? . . . Who’s got a ribbon for Johnny?”

It’s a refrain—and they keep time to it with stamping and clapping. But he can’t cut his hair . . . he has another “Tarzan” picture to do!

Johnny would gladly go under the clippers, if it weren’t for his art. He might even relish going to the other extreme and having his hair clipped within a half-inch of his scalp, as Warren William had to do for his role of Julius Caesar in “Cléopâtre.” Warren’s social life was practically at a stand-still for a few weeks, because of that clipped head of his.

Mischa Auer, a character actor, makes a specialty of the parts of long-haired, bearded artists and Bohemians—so he seems perpetually to be in some stage of shagginess. Mischa is also an orchestra leader, and not long ago he received an offer to appear at the swankiest hotel in Pasadena. Imagine, if you can,

Illustrations by
D. B. Holcomb

(Continued on page 73)
"Don't Get Me
MAE WEST knows human nature. That's why she always has characters in her pictures take too much for granted about her. Then she can tell them, "Don't get me wrong!" and set them emphatically right. Hollywood—and the rest of the world—have taken plenty for granted about Mae West and her private life. And that private life comes right back at them to say emphatically for her, "Don't get me wrong!"

She gave the screen something new when she introduced a seductive siren with a sense of humor and a penchant for frankness. Audiences, welcoming a change from somber, anemic sirens who based their appeal on mystery, took to her. They found her entertaining, if a bit daring, with her gestures provocative and some of her lines susceptible of double meaning. Then came the storm—the censorship cloudburst. Mae was singled out for castigation by well-meaning reformers, thundering against the possible effect of her screen roles on easily influenced audiences. Her very success made her a target. The impression got around that Mae West was a menace to the nation's morals, representative of all that was objectionable and censorable on the screen. You have never heard anything, however, about Mae West's private life being objectionable. That can't be censored—because there is nothing in it to censor.

She has been so "natural" and effortless in her movie make-believe that the gullible acquired the hallucination that she was playing herself. They didn't give her credit for being an actress—until an accumulation of eye-witness accounts pounded home the fact that the Mae West that moviegoers knew on the screen was not the Mae West that her intimates knew.

Baffles the Sensation-Seekers

ALMOST straight-laced in her rigid private-life devotion to the old-fashioned ideals of morality, she has astounded and dumfounded the headline-hunters and sensation-seekers. Interviewers have been amazed to discover a hard-working business woman, instead of the audacious glamour queen they expected; and publicity men have strained mightily to add glamour to her quiet off-screen life. All they could find that resembled the Mae West of the padded hips were the facts that she attends prize-fights, that she has a penchant for diamonds (the trapper's idea of an asset quickly convertible into cash), and that she regards frankness and honesty as the surest safeguards against an unhealthy curiosity about sex (a belief endorsed by progressive educators).

By her own admission, she has not been married or divorced. She has never been the subject of a really serious romance rumor, which is a record in itself. She goes to church every Sunday. And this is no hasty attempt to pacify her critics. She has been one of Hollywood's few really devoted churchgoers ever since her arrival almost three years ago. At first, press-agents were dubious about letting the public see this side of Mae West—for fear it would be disillusioned!

She doesn't smoke. She doesn't drink. She doesn't even particularly approve of men who drink. "I'd never marry a man who drinks to excess," she once told me, "or one who cannot carry his liquor like a gentleman. For one reason, the man I marry has got to be interested, not in liquor, but in Mae West!"

Even her "come up 'n' see me sometime" smile, her devastating drawl, and her sexy swagger do not encourage familiarity on the part of either co-workers or chance acquaintances. Invariably, they address her as "Miss West," never as "Mae." They find her friendly, but they sense a barrier to intimacy. That barrier is a concentration on her work, a determination to let nothing interfere with it.

"I'll Keep My Promises"

SHE never goes to sensational parties, never gives them. She has neither the time for them nor the inclination. The same is true of flirtations, of romance rumors, which might provide reams of publicity, hinting that her allure is not confined to the screen. She raises her eyebrows questioningly at sudden romances, sudden marriages, sudden divorces. She doesn't encourage impulsiveness in her own emotions, doesn't toy with the emotions of others. "I'll always keep my promises to a man," she has told me. "My motto is: Keep 'em guessing, but never lie to 'em!"

It may be almost unbelievable that the woman who reached fame by starring in plays and pictures that emphasized sex should live a life of which a New England matron might be proud, but undeniable proof can be offered. She says, herself, "I'll match my private life with any woman's." And in three years, hundreds of Hollywood's best snoops have been unable to unearth a single fact to challenge the statement. She has said, "I'll never be dishonest about either love or life. You live and you love" (Continued on page 68)
Through the Morro Castle's twisted steel and smoking ashes, a man carried his camera—to show the world... 

It took a newsreel man to get the first photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne and the first living quintuplets... 

At Ambridge, Pa. (above), strikers and sheriff's men clash—and newsreel men across the street film it from first to last. At Saylesville, R. I. (below) a battle in a graveyard... 

They're the boys who give you the real-life drama of the world, the heavens above and the seas beneath... who consider it all in the day's work to risk their lives for a picture... who cover the water fronts, the battle fronts and the frontiers... who girdle the globe in twenty minutes—and take you along... in short, the newsreel men. And here's how they do it!

By CruiKShank

Come fight or frolic, flood or famine, death or disaster, Hell or high water, the newsreel men, like the U. S. Mails, the U. S. Marines and the poor, are always with us. Whether the action occurs around the corner or six thousand miles away, the drama of the world, of the heavens above and of the seas beneath is camera-captured by the lens lads and re-enacted for the millions wherever motion picture screens are flung before their vision. And these same lens lads are the unsung heroes of the movies—always prepared for the unpredictable—unseen, but seeing all.

Shots of the flaming inferno that was the Morro Castle reached the screen before the last survivors were ashore. Theatres had newsreel clips of Bruno Richard Hauptmann while boys still screamed “Extras” in the streets out front. News of the mid-West droughts was actually anticipated by the all-seeing eyes of cameras focused on the scene by the alert pictorial reporters, sensing the coming tragedy.

How do they do it—and why?

Let the latter query be answered first. They do it for about a hundred bucks a week, and because they love the thrill of the job. How it is done makes another story. Let us, for instance, take the case of the Morro Castle, as seen through the eyes of Pathé News.

In that depressing darkness that precedes the dawn, word of the disaster came. In less time than it takes to tell, an insistent telephone aroused Joseph Drelling from the sound sleep of a guiltless conscience, and the New York-Philadelphia wires crackled with excitement. Like the proverbial fireman, Drelling slid down a figurative pole, pulling his pants into place as he did so, The Pathé News gang was in action!

Drelling got the assignment because the New York editors knew that in Philadelphia, where he is stationed, there is an aviator who will fly his crate anywhere in God's creation. It was still too dark to take pictures when Drelling and his pilot circled their land plane around and around the blazing ship off the New Jersey Coast. While they waited for the dawn of a tragic day, the pair throttled down their motor and glided close, desperately close, to the sea's troubled surface, and shouted encouragement to those in the water, still struggling for life.
Unsung—
Movie Heroes

You Saw What He Saw

THEY kept this up for two hours, circling, swooping, circling, and when the day came with sufficient strength to lend them light, the Pathé cameras ground and ground the first record of the horror. Now, and forever, the sights that met Drelling’s eyes, registered through his camera, are imprisoned on film. He saw mad panic as men, and women, too, leapt from the raging flames into the foaming cauldron of the sea. He counted two score souls harping feebly toward shore, several miles away, often with others clinging desperately to them. And he saw as many more who had ceased to fight, and floated grotesquely, no longer human, whichever way the waves tossed them. With gas tank almost empty, he flew back with his film, and scored a scoop for Pathé News, whose pictures reached the screen three hours before the first of the competitors. A narrow margin—but a triumph!

However, if you think Drelling’s daring flight constitutes complete coverage of a news event by the pictorial press, guess again. For while this plane hovered over the smoking wreck, two others took off from Floyd Bennett Field and the North Beach Airport, New York. Three boats set out for the scene of the disaster. Two camera crews were busy ashore along the coast. Three more met the Monarch of Bermuda, the Andrea F. Luckenbach, and the Coast Guard cutter, Tampa, bringing in survivors.

Of the three boats that dared an angry ocean, the first, a sea-going tug, had her engine room flooded by devastating seas, and, with her boilers threatening to burst, turned in defeat to a hard-won haven. A Coast Guard cutter, badly buffeted, declined further risk. But hardy mariners, manning the third, a fishing vessel, had what it takes to laugh in the very face of a gale, and brought their boat, with its cameramen aboard, to within shooting distance of the red-hot hull. And then, with every minute a touch-and-go with death, the ocean’s swell was such that cameras could not film the scene!

Elsewhere, at Elberon, Spring Lake, and Asbury Park, New Jersey, sound and camera crews combed the beach, helping the rescue work and filming both rescued and rescuers. Pathé got the first shots of the survivors. And Pathé got, too, the pictures of that lifeboat, designed for fifty-eight, that came ashore carrying four members of the crew—only these and nothing more.

Nor was it such a simple task to board the sorrow-freighted ships that steamed into port with those who had defeated a threatening fate. But the newsreel men had orders to get the story—in pictures—and orders is orders. They got aboard. And they were the only ones who did. That night those movie interviews were on the nation’s screens!

With the first sensation covered from every conceivable angle, Pathé assigned William Decke to do the traditional follow-up story. And with fire still raging, Bill Decke packed his camera and himself into a breeches-buoy, was transported on a line over the sea, and clambered aboard the ghastly pyre that had once been the luxury liner Morro Castle. Through twisted steel and smoking

(Continued on page 60)
News of the New Boys

BOYS have it this month. Sally Eilers’ new son will be called “Harry Joe” Brown, Jr. Frances Dee’s new son will be known as Joel Dee McCrea. . . . And speaking of babies, the fairly new twins of the Bing Crosbys are big boys now. In two months they have more than doubled their birth weights—Philip weighing nine pounds and three ounces, and Dennis, nine pounds even.

Pola Plans to Buy Falcon Lair

POLA NEGRí, back in Hollywood from a long absence, announces that she is going to buy Rudolph Valentino’s house, Falcon Lair—a gesture that will make all romantics twirl, remembering that Pola and Rudy were planning to live there after their marriage, which was postponed till eternity by his sudden, tragic death. . . . The house has remained in the hands of the Valentino estate all these years; much of the time, his brother, Alberto, and family have been living there, acting as caretakers. . . . Pola is as magnetic and exciting as ever and is planning to do a picture with Ernst Lubitsch as director.

Joe Does It Up Brown

NOW that the football season is on again, Joe E. Brown is practically living on the U. C. L. A. campus. His protégé, Mike Frankovitch, is playing his last year of football (and tutoring the Brown boys between tackles). Joe’s gift of a swanky water-wagon, the pride of the UCLA’s, is very much in evidence at the games and Joe, himself, is on the sidelines to cheer his team. He’s the first movie star who has ever adopted a football eleven!

A New Place to Dine and Dance

HOLLYWOOD celebrates this month the opening of a new rendezvous—the Trocadero (Full Dress Not Obligatory, But You Won’t Be Conspicuous in the Best You Have). It has a French salon and a sidewalk café, too, all-white Venetian blinds and red window-boxes. It’s closely related to the Vendome, where the waiter brings in your fish whole and presents it tenderly for your inspection before cutting off a slice.

Binnie Likes Hollywood

WHEN Binnie Barnes rushed back to England so precipitately, after completing her first American picture, “There’s Always Tomorrow,” it wasn’t because she wanted to get away from Hollywood; it was because she wanted to be with her very grand husband until it was time to start her second picture. Binnie admits she is dazzled by Hollywood, by its efficiency, by its concentration on details. She was given make-up and lighting tests that assured her of looking her best, consequently increasing her self-confidence in a studio six thousand miles from home. And during her first week, a photographer, with a truck-load of lights and reflectors, stopped before her house and spent practically

Hollywood wants this girl—Anna Neagle, glamorous star of the English films, “Nell Gwyn” and “The Queen”

Two Britons far from home get together as co-stars in Hollywood—Elissa Landi and Cary Grant in “Enter Madamé”

Alice Faye, the blues singer who became an actress, also becomes a fashion plate in “365 Nights in Hollywood”
the whole day, making portraits of her—hundreds of them. In England, Binnie says, the photographing would have been much more casual, would have consumed only an hour or two. "Which," she sums up, "explains why the faces of American stars are better known in England than England's own." (Note the story on Binnie on page 59.—Ed.)

It Must Be Love

ELIZABETH ALLAN, who went over to England a few months ago to see her husband, W. J. O'Bryan, London theatrical manager, stayed several weeks; and when she returned, he made the trip with her, just to keep her company. Now that she is starting work on "David Copperfield," he has gone back to London—completing the fourth round trip he has made across the Atlantic to see her. The steamship companies should encourage this international commuting!

That Sten Party

At the Samuel Goldwyn party after the preview of Anna Sten's new picture, "We Live Again," Norma Shearer had all the women present gasping at her new hat—a sort of Rue de la Paix sombrero of brown felt, very wide-brimmed, with a peaked crown. . . . A full orchestra of Russian musicians and singers entertained the crowd, keeping the mood of the picture. Goldwyn's eulogy of Rouben Mamoulian so embarrassed the young directorial genius that he rose from his seat, made his way hurriedly through the crowd, and embraced the producer, cutting off his flow of praise. Acting with simple naturalness under the Mamoulian direction, Anna Sten has cemented, in her second picture, her ranking as a star, as a great beauty, and as a great actress. There is one memorable scene at the end in which her eyes, dulled by the blows of fate, suddenly light up again, live again. You won't forget that optical miracle. So pleased was her producer that he sent her off to New York to be present at the premiere, to be seen in person. (You'll find a vivid interview with her on page 40.—Ed.)

Another Kind of "Resurrection"

ANNA STEN'S husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke, well-known German director, has one of the most alert minds in Hollywood. Proud of his wife's fame, he is not content to bask in it. He, too, intends to be known to Americans for his pictures. Anna just made "We Live Again"; he is producing a picture called "Life Returns." He got the idea for it when Dr. Robert Cornish brought a dog back to life.

A Chip Off the Howard Block

LESLIE HOWARD, who has been in England making "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and, presumably, reading "Anthony Adverse" between scenes, has been enjoying life on his Surrey farm and enjoying the companionship of his two children, who remained in
It's not so warm for swimming, these autumn nights, but that doesn't keep the Malibu movie colony indoors. Raquel Torres (left) and Nancy Carroll, for example, get out and play leap frog—the kind where a slip means a soaking.

England last year when he and Mrs. Howard sailed for Hollywood.

His son, Ronald (nicknamed "Wink"), returned from school in the early Summer with a pocket full of medals. Being shy and excruciatingly modest, however, he did not display them at once; he waited until that evening, and then, with an air of great unconcern, he drew one out and laid it down on the table before his father. "Oh, by the way,"

he said, carelessly, "here's a medal they gave me for riding." An hour later, he produced another, with the air of just having remembered it. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," he shrugged, "they gave me this medal for history." So, by degrees, he broke the news of the entire eight to his family!

Nothing Can Part Them

EVER since Leslie Howard and William Gargan played together on the stage in "The Animal Kingdom," and Bill made his screen debut in the movie of the same name, they have been inseparable cronies. Whenever you found one, there you would also find the other. So when they both finished "British Agent" and Leslie was heading for England, he insisted that Mr. and Mrs. Gargan should go along with Mrs. Howard and himself. "But there won't be anything for me to do over there, Les," protested Bill. As soon as Great Britain laid eyes on Gargan, however, he was rushed into a picture in which he played the typical American, chewing gum and all. Now he's coming back to a big studio contract—at the same studio, incidentally, as Leslie.

Give House to Servants

BARBARA STANWYCK has many charities to her credit, but we have heard of one thing she does that seems to us the most thoughtful act of any star. On Christmas Eve, she and Frank Fay, her husband, take the baby and leave their home to their servants. While the Fays are holidaying at some near-by resort, their servants own the beach house, give their own parties, have their friends in and for two days are millionaires! . . . Speaking of things Yuletide, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, will be back from Tahiti in plenty of time to tip off Santa Claus about what to bring Penelope and Tony, their two adopted babies. When they built their new home, they included a special room over the garage in which to hide the Christmas presents!

Hands Across the Sea

LUPE VELEZ, listening to some English offers, went and got herself a passport (as did hubby Johnny Weissmuller), and set out for Blighty to make "Smiles" and "The Morals of Marcus." . . . Adrienne Ames has gone over to play the feminine lead in "Abdul Hammid," with hubby Bruce Cabot joining her. . . . John Barrymore is reported scheduled for an English picture. . . . Charles Farrell made such a hit in "Dream Ball" that he has remained to make a second. . . . It's good pickings for Amurricans over there now—everybody loves them.
"A Gent—but Not Too Much So"

That's ROGER PRYOR—according to Mae West, whose eyes are as keen as her wit. . . . And Mae wasn't wrong when she said that he has what it takes to quicken the female pulse—even if he doesn't take the gazes of the girls too seriously . . . This scion of the musical House of Pryor is heading for stardom fast—and meanwhile remaining natural, both on and off the screen . . .

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

As soon as you meet Roger Pryor, you know that Mae West was right. When she was casting her latest picture, "Belle of the Nineties," she picked Roger as her leading man. This move of hers created some surprise in cinemaland, for she could have had her choice of ten young men much better known at the time than Pryor. When they asked Mae why she did it, she answered that it was for the only possible reason: that he has all kinds of appeal. "A gent—but not too much so" is the way the hourglass of our times summed him up in one of her breezy locutions. And Mae was smart enough to see that here was a young romantic who would go over in a big way as a tall, dark, handsome, fighting-man.

"There's no use having a debate between Vassar and Wellesley about it—he has that certain dynamic something that quickens the female pulse. You catch it off the screen when you meet him for an interview, just as spontaneously as when you see him in a picture. When he shakes hands, there is a forearm like iron behind his restrained grip. It is easy to believe the studio gossip that he almost knocked out the veteran ringman, Billy MacGowan, in one of the fight scenes of the Mae West opus.

He offers you a cigarette and the best chair in the room. His dark eyes are alive with interest—the flattering kind—but there is a mocking something hidden there, too. Here is a movie star who doesn't take himself or his work or women too deadly in earnest. When you get out your copy-paper and pencil and start to buckle down to the business of questioning him, he groans with burlesque woe. But he talks easily, slouched in the deep chair.

Acquired Only a Mustache

WHAT have the movies been doing to him? you ask. You have heard that they have made his face over, that he is not getting the roles he wanted, and that he is not happy. Pryor laughs with a flash of even teeth. "I suppose you mean the mustache," he says, fingering the dark line of his upper lip. "That's about all they did to me, and that was as much my own idea as anyone else's. How do you like it?"

You confess that you can't see anything wrong with it.

"Some don't like it, you know," he says, "but most of them do. The postman always brings the deciding ballots about such things, and it looks as though the mustache will stay."

Then that was all that the film magnates had done to his profile? They hadn't lifted his face or filed an inch off his teeth.

(Continued on page 83)
MIRIAM HOPKINS

The Georgia girl with the taffy-colored hair and the vivid talents is the first exception to a famous rule—Samuel Goldwyn's rule of developing players, not signing ready-made stars. The keen-eyed producer, who has never guessed wrong yet, believes that she has possibilities that the screen has failed to reveal thus far—and has signed her to be Arna Sten's one and only rival on his roster. Her first picture for him will be "Barbary Coast," the dramatic story of the old San Francisco waterfront. But first she has a date at RKO for "Becky Sharp," new version of satirical "Vanity Fair"
JOAN BENNETT . . . STARS AS WIFE, TOO

This celebrated member of a famous screen family turns down important parts to be near her children; phones from Europe to see if baby's bed needs an extra blanket; worries if milk bottles look "muggy," and, as young Mrs. Markey, isn't above hemming dish-towels or doing other domestic duties in her perfectly managed home or for her children.

BY GLADYS HALL

Joan Bennett, coming into the Vendome to meet her husband, Gene Markey, and myself for lunch, told him: "We've been invited to spend the week-end on Joe Schenck's yacht—but I'm not going. Why, it would mean being away from the baby for three whole days..."

Which gave me a new slant on Joan, the youngest and most baffling of the baffling Bennetts. Somehow, you always think of the Bennetts as Royal-Family-of-Broadwayish people, living exciting, glamorous lives. You don't think of them as homebodies. Or do you think of Joan that way?

Gene (who is one of the town's best scenario writers) laughed and said to me: "That's Joany! When we were in Europe last Spring—and what a time it took to get Joany to go to Europe!—she spent more on transatlantic telephone calls home than she did on the sights and shops and cafes of Europe. She'd call practically every night to be sure that the baby had an extra blanket on, to find out how many ounces she had gained in the past forty-eight hours, to be sure that her formula was being strengthened according to doctor's orders. There isn't a detail of the baby or house that Joany misses, from hemming dish-towels to supervising Adrienne's reading...."

Turning to Joan, he said, "Take off your horn-rimmed specs, dear, so that Miss Hall can see how beautiful you are...."

I said that it wasn't necessary. I could see how beautiful she is. Joan's beauty is a quieter beauty than that of Constance. It dawns on you; it doesn't hit you in the eye with a golden fist. She looks, she speaks, she moves, she thinks like a fair, old-fashioned Lady. . . . But she did not take off the specs. There is something very definite about Joany. Under that soft skin and gentle bearing, you feel an inflexible will, a set determination and an unmuddled knowledge of what she wants from life—and intends to have. And does have.

Gene continued, "I sound exactly like a 'stage husband,' going on like this—but it's almost impossible to get Joany to talk about herself. That's why she is the most baffling of the baffling Bennetts—she is the only one who isn't a showman, so to speak. The difference between Connie and Joan is this: When Constance enters a room everyone is conscious of her presence. It is natural for Connie to make a dramatic entrance. When Joan enters a room she does so by the back door, if possible. She edges in quietly. She finds a corner to sit in. Gradually you know she is there . . . and when you do...." (Cont'd on page 80)

"I DON'T BELIEVE THAT I COULD FILL MY HEART JUST WITH THE PARTS I PLAY...."
TULLIO CARMINATI, an hereditary nobleman and true cosmopolite, now, by popular acclaim, becomes Prince of the Screen. This dashing, romantic actor was once only a shower-bath singer, but to-day he knows all the notes . . . and how! He says he is ill at ease only when surrounded by persons of bad taste; that he will refuse to be "typed" on the screen; and that Garbo is the only constant star in the film firmament. No, ladies, the Count hasn't any romantic attachments or desires. Stop crowding, please!

Tullio Carminati is a man without a country. Not that he, like the fellow of fiction, is an exile from the heathen land. But because he is a citizen of the world, easily accustomed to each metropolis, yet typical of none. He is known on the Roman Carso. Paris hails him to a Café de la Paix aperitif when he stralls the Boulevard de Capucines. The discreet belles of Barcelana smile upon him along La Rambla de los Flares. The Petrograd droshky drivers on the Nevsky Prospekt are grateful for his largesse. Indeed, whether you mention Río's Venida Centrale, Berlin's Unter den Linden, the Calle Florida of Buenos Aires, the Strand, the Prado, Hollywood Boulevard or Broadway, the highways of the world are familiar, friendly lanes to Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla.

He is a cosmopolite from the tips of his well-shod toes to the top of the smartly Continental hat perched on his brow like a jaunty crown. And from very birth, it would seem, he was cast for the international rôle, rather than the part of a provincial. The town of his birth, the romantically named Zara, in Dalmatia, has, at this time and that, owned allegiance to both the Austrian eagles and the cross of Savoy. But the Count di Brambilla is a born Italian, and derives his title from the little Milanesi suburb from which his family stems.

His treading up and down the world began at an early age. For at fifteen he crossed the blue Adriatic to Ancona, risking—and receiving—disinheritance from an outraged father, who refused to recognize a scion of his race who sought a career as mere mummer in the theatre. But, as Tullio Carminati, the boy went his way. And it has led him from the humble boards of the Ancona stock company, through both defeat and triumph, to the heights of Hollywood, to the new title of Prince of Picturedom.

Those legions that have rallied to the Carminati colors since "Moulin Rouge," "Gallant Lady" and "One Night of Love" may not recall their idol as "The Bat" of those cinematically silent days of a decade ago. But he was the star of that production, and known, too, in "The Duchess of Buffalo," "Stage Madness" and "Honeymoon Honeymoon"; and in "Three Sinners," Warner Baxter, Paul Lukas and Tullia Carminati had the leading rôles.

If those near days seem a far cry, further yet are the young man's earlier triumphs on both Continental and American stages. With the single exception of Hamlet, he has played every suitable Shakespearian rôle, excelling as Shylock, and finding Iago his favorite part. He played with the immortal Duse, scored a great triumph in the play, "Wings," written by that Sam Benelli who gave the world, the stage and the Barrymores that masterpiece, "The Jest." And before he came to star in Hollywood, he was both head man and principal (Continued on page 76)
A temperamental prima donna, angry at her lover, shows an interest in a handsome Bavarian youth—and what happens? The boy becomes bashful, and "Music in the Air" becomes a merry, mad, romantic comedy. Meanwhile, Gloria Swanson—returning after almost two years—looks glarious, sings glarious. And Douglass Montgomery asks himself anew, "Little Man, What Now?" Then—

... Her soldier-lover, who has turned from her to a shy Bavarian beauty and has likewise had a baffling, amusing time of it, decides that no one can sing a duet with him like the prima donna... Whereupon Gloria and John Boles join voices, heads and hands, and Jerome Kern's music fills the air. It's the first time they've been together since she brought him to films in "The Loves of Sunya"
RUSS: "There isn't anything I can't ask of him..."

This is the dramatic and tragic story of the Damon and Pythias attachment of Russ Columbo and Lansing Brown. Seldom in real life does one come upon such mutual admiration and liking. Imagine the shock, then, when Brown, the photographer, was cruelly picked by fate as the unwitting instrument in the accidental killing of the actor.

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

This is one of the most dramatic stories ever published. It is the story, given by Russ Columbo, of his friendship for the man who was to cause his death, accidentally, six days later. It is, also, the story of Lansing Brown, the friend, telling of his grief. It almost seems to me, reading Columbo's words, as though he wanted them to be of comfort to his friend in his tragic hour. We hope that they will be.—Editor.

"Lansing Brown is my best friend, the best friend a man could have. He has been my confidant, my adviser for ten years. I never make a move without first consulting Lansing," Russ Columbo told me. "He has always thought of me, not of himself. We start out in a car far a party and he gets to planning my future! We forget everything until hours later we find ourselves dawn at the beach or out in the country—too late for the party."

I had gone to interview Russ on Hollywood Friendships, with an idea, I must confess, of leading him to talk of Carole Lombard. But with a curious persistence he kept bringing the talk back to photographer Lansing Brown, almost as though in some strange way he knew that his words would later bring comfort to his friend in the hour of his Gethsemane.

"You know, a person can count himself lucky if he can claim one real friend," I said. "By 'friend' I mean a person who would lay down his life for you if necessary. One who would say—no matter what you did—'He must have been justified.' One who asks nothing and gives everything."

"I have such a friend," said Russ Columbo. "No matter what sort of jam I got into, no matter what I asked of him, Lansing would never fail me. And I, too—I would never fail him. No matter what he did, it would be all right with me."

Six days later newsboys on the street were calling, "Russ Columbo Accidentally Killed by Closest Friend." That friend was Lansing Brown.

"I want you to meet Lansing," Russ said to me on that day of our interview. That's my (Continued on page 74)
INFORMAL INTERLUDES...

Elissa Landi relaxes in the open air on a plebian wooden bench between songs in "Enter Madame".

Above, Clark Gable, producer Joseph Schenck and Douglas Fairbanks wait to start a golf threesome. Schenck, credited with bringing Doug and Mary Pickford together again, will soon marry Merle Oberon at Pickfair. Left, Carole Lombard, Warner Baxter and May Robson talk shop between scenes.

Right, John Mack Brown empties the water pitcher between chukkers. John plays polo on Will Rogers' famous team.
Above, Claudette Colbert is still pretending it's Summer. In a moment, she'll step in front of that big light for a scene in "Imitation of Life."

Right, Wynne Gibson learns the ropes—of the good ship, Ruth Alexander, which is no yacht, but an old sailing vessel. She is off the Southern California coast, making "The Captain Hates the Sea."

Above, Joel McCrea, Dietrich's new leading man, and Director William Seiter, Marian Nixon's new husband, swap congratulations. Left, Patricia Ellis tells our photographer how many romance rumors she has to-day.
Left, Joe ("Wanna buy a duck?") Penner sights a potential customer on the Paramount lot, where he, "Lyda" (the duck), Lyda Roberti and Lanny Ross are making "College Rhythm." Below, Shirley Temple responds to an admirer's inspired invitation, "Baby, take a bow-wow"

Left, Madge Evans — voted the 1934 film favorite of the college boys— is as informal in real life as a sorority girl. For one thing, she likes simple clothes. She is in "What Every Woman Knows"

Right, six comrades-in-arms meet outside their respective sets and march off to lunch—namely, Ida Lupino, Julian Madison, Joan Bennett, Francis Lederer, Evelyn Venable and Cary Grant. Just a little camaraderie!
"There are two conditions under which it is most
difficult to make love," says Otto Kruger, whose love
scenes, like his initials, are O.K. "One is in the glaring
sunlight, where women are almost always self-conscious,
because they know how unflattering the sun can be; and
the other is in front of an obtrusive piece of mechanism
known as a camera.

"Now, the first situation is easily remedied—you can
always step over into the shade; or better yet, you can
wait till the moon comes up. But as for the second—
well, that's another story. Even if you could forget the
camera, it's difficult to forget that you scarcely know the
lady star who is to be the recipient of your affections.
Then there are those dozen or more spectators, mem-
bers of the cast, the lady herself, and the director and
the electricians, who, you can be certain, will be very
critical of your technique.

"Imagine, if you can, how em-
barrassing it is to be in the midst
of a heavy love scene, and then to
hear some second-assistant prop-
boy fitter! There is no blacker
moment. Or imagine the lady
star saying 'Ouch!' at the realism
of an embrace. That is an even
blacker moment. And it has hap-
penned, my friends, to the best of
us. And the more important the
star, and the more beautiful she is,
the more agonizing for me. For,
you see, I'm really a most circum-
spect fellow.

"Now, on the stage it is differ-
ent—so very different, and so
relatively simple. In the theatre, I
never worried about a love scene,
for with the audience such a good,
safe distance away, a kiss could be
faked very easily. I could take the
heroine in my arms, hug her close,
and turn my shoulders to the
audience, and nobody but those
near-sighted souls who sat in the
first right-hand box, could tell that
the kiss wasn't real. On the stage,
I didn't even have to grope for the
exact center of the adored one's
lips. If I landed on the sides of
the chin or the cheek, very few
people were the wiser.

"But in front of the camera—
which knows all, sees all and tells
all—well, a man might just as well
throw all reticence to the winds.
To make a movie love scene look
real, you've got to look convincing
from any angle. For it, the front
'take' of a (Continued on page 82)
Bob lives on a hilltop, in Millionaires' Row, Beverly Hills, in a house built and owned by John Mack Brown. And it is his idea of what his own Colonial home, back East, will some day be like. The famous landlord and the famous tenant have cooperated to make it a classic example of an Early American mansion. Above, you see the entrance hall, with its stately winding staircase; below, left, a corner of the small, intimate drawing-room; below, right, the circular, book-lined library—Bob's own favorite room.

**ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S HOME HAS THAT COLONIAL CHARM**

BY DOROTHY MANNERS
As long as Robert Montgomery has been making movies in Hollywood, he has never bought a piece of California property. About fifteen months ago, Bob bought a Colonial home in Pawling, New York, where he and Betty and their baby daughter will go to live when, as Bob expresses it, "the movies are through with me." But the Montegherys are enthusiastic and fastidious renters—and at present their home enthusiasm is centered in the nine-gabled English residence built and owned by John Mack Brown, who put it on one of the four most exclusive hilltops in Beverly Hills.

On neighboring sites that command a breath-taking panoramic view of the entire valley of Los Angeles are Bob's exclusive neighbors, Edward L. Doheny, the oil magnate, and E. L. Cord, the automobile and aviation king.

Never were renters more enthusiastic about a place than are Bob and Betty—the first tenants to occupy John's home. 'Tis said the rental is a very pretty figure, indeed, for the Brown home is not just another house, but an abode more replete in Early American atmosphere than any of its kind West of the Mississippi.

"Which makes it swell for the plans Betty and I have for our home back East," Bob explained the night I paid them an after-dinner call in their new home. "We can go along acquiring pieces for our own Early American place, and yet they will fit in here beautifully in the meantime."

It is a thrill in itself just to approach the many-gabled house at night, for no sooner do you turn into the curving driveway that winds past the tennis courts than you are met with that breath-taking view of the valley lights. The first glimpse of the house reveals it as impressive—but hospitable. It is not more than two years old, yet it has an air of permanence and "rooting." There is nothing flashy new about it; the rambling house looks as though it might have stood there in all its pride for years.

Bob had explained in advance that the decorative motif was Early American, but if that brings to your mind a picture of quaint little spinning wheels and inexpensively fluted curtains, prepare for the same shock I felt, as Bob and Betty greeted me at the door and led me into the entrance hall. "Early American," it may be—but I am sure that some of our earliest Americans would be amazed and impressed by the elaborate quality of the furnishing theme they introduced.

The wallpaper in the entrance hall is probably one of the most effective features of the house. It gives the effect of a mural painting with its classic panorama, depicting Roman scenes. Hand-blocked in France in 1825, it was imported by the Browns for this especial purpose, and the colorful figures of the pattern against the vivid blue-and-green background give an amazing degree of "alive-ness" to the spacious hall, with its circular mahogany-and-white staircase. At one side is a large, built-in, glass-faced cupboard, holding small Dresden figures. Small tables along the wall hold classic alabaster figures. The whole salon gives you a "first impression" of beauty and dignity.

"So many people are casual about entrance halls," explained Bob later, as we started on a tour of inspection. "They permit them to be too cold and formal. But the minute you step through the door, I think you get the spirit of this house. In a way, it is the key-room of the entire place for coloring, as its aquamarine and jade tones, which predominate in the carpeting and walls, blend perfectly into the rich colors of the rooms that adjoin."

Now prepare yourself for a color shock that could be achieved only by the cleverest of matching and planning—for the much-used sitting-room, which is approached from the greenish entrance hall through a short hallway, is a combination of deep rose and old-fashioned Helen pink! "That will probably sound terrific on paper," laughed Betty Montgomery, who is pretty enough to take up a film career of her own, "but it is (Continued on page 78)
This long-sleeved dinner gown, designed and worn by Peggy Fears, is as new as tomorrow's headlines. It is of black satin, brilliant with black sequins, is backless, and has unusual décolleté.
"KNOW CLOTHES, AND YOU'LL KNOW SUCCESS" — PEGGY FEARS

And Peggy, sensational newcomer to films, isn't just a theorist. She is speaking from practical experience. She is so successful that she is the first woman in screen history to hold a contract as an actress, writer, director and designer! She credits it largely to dressing. "What happens to a woman is sixty-five per cent due to her clothes. In my own case," calmly added Peggy, "I was going to say that sixty-five per cent of a woman's success is due to her clothes. But that would be only a half-truth, for just as large a percentage of failures are due to clothing as are successes. And especially is this true in pictures—because nowhere on earth are clothes so important as on the screen.

There are two dominant reasons why the smartly dressed woman in pictures has a strong box-office attraction. First, because almost every woman is constantly searching for clothes style, and invariably goes to see the star who, she believes, will give her the best ideas of what to wear and how to wear it. Second, because the woman who is groomed to her best advantage has a far greater appeal to men—and brings them into the theatre, also.

That is why the actress with real clothes-sense will have twice the following of her sister of equal acting ability who does not understand the art of dressing. Norma Shearer, for example. Though she is a fine actress, no one can deny that at least half her appeal is due to the manner in which she wears her clothes. And that is equally true of every other well-dressed star in pictures.

Peggy Fears has brought a new kind of clothes philosophy to Hollywood—one developed in a far different background from that possessed by any of filmdom's famous designers. Yet this philosophy is as practical as the experience of any of them. Rene Hubert, Fox's ace designer, who has worked with Peggy in creating the styles and individual gowns for her first picture, "Lottery Lover" (which will be released around Christmastime), predicts that she will set Spring styles, as what she wears will be absolutely original and practical for copying.

The most interesting part of Peggy's prescreen career began when she was attending an exclusive New York school for girls—and

By RITA JEAN D'ARCY
dances, first nights, house parties, and what-nots and why-nots.

"I had a swell allowance," she explains, "and a growing curiosity. One night I met some of the girls that Florenz Ziegfeld had glorified, and they assured me that I was just the type and couldn't miss. So next day I went with them to an audition where the great Florenz was casting his production, 'Louis the XIVth.' Before I realized what had happened, I was cast into the production and out of all my allowance—for the family did not take kindly to the idea of my becoming a chorus-girl, even a Ziegfeld chorus girl."

But she was not just a chorus girl. For Peggy had ideas that didn't belong in a chorine's head, and soon she had many other interests including such things as writing, producing plays, and operating an exclusive modiste shop—at each of which she made a success. In addition, she had become the wife of millionaire A. C. Blumenthal, close friend of James J. ("Jimmy") Walker, then Mayor of New York, and was one of Park Avenue's most popular hostesses.

To her gown shop (next door to which she also had a hat shop) came the élite of New York—and the élite of the stage and screen. The late Lilian Tashman, the Bennett girls, Lupe Velez, Mary Pickford—these were her best clothes customers from Hollywood, while almost every stage star in New York visited her shop. And it was quite the place for the socialites of the big town to drop off to pick up a sophisticated little frock or two.

Not that Peggy was there very much of the time. She was too busy writing or producing such plays as "Music in the Air," "Child of Manhattan" and "NONA," and in playing the leading rôle in "Divine Moment." But Peggy directed all the activities at her shops because, to use her own words, "it was terrifically interesting as well as profitable.

"To me," she explained, "clothing is more than just a covering for our bodies. It is a medium of expression for personality and talent. It is an index to character and a barometer of limitations. . . . Oh, this is a subject you shouldn't get me started on," she laughed, "as I'm just full of theories—and an urge to prove them.

"I've designed clothes for all types—for Jean Harlow and Joan and Constance Bennett and Lupe Velez—and that covers a lot of territory. I've dressed little showgirls who had never before worn what they should wear, and society women who were accustomed to making special trips to Paris for outfits for certain occasions, and also some of the most beautiful women in New York. And as I designed, I studied and analyzed—and experimented. I experimented on both willing and unwilling subjects, and on both conscious and unconscious subjects.

"As a matter of fact, I have even acted as my own test-tube. In a Ziegfeld show I appeared eleven times, each time in the same identical costume, but in a different color. The result of that was that (though I was doing only a 'walk on and walk off,' so to speak) every review of the show in every paper in New York mentioned its effectiveness.

"I experimented with two girls in my show, 'Music In the Air,' one of whom was a willing subject and the other a decidedly unwilling one. They both had had some degree of success in the show business. One thought she knew all that there was to know about clothes; but the other came to me and said: 'Miss Fears, I want to leave everything to you. I feel that there is something wrong with the way I dress, but I don't know what it is.'

"I didn't know, either, but I had an idea. I took off her girdle and gave her looser gowns. That was the beginning. I felt that she was entirely too bound up in clothes. Somehow she looked like a mummy—she was so wrapped up. I took the bindings off her and gave her a new sense of ease and a new femininity. Within a month she was absolutely the sensation of New York, and her self-confidence and acting ability seemed to double before the season was over.

"The other girl, who (Continued on page 77)
FRED ASTAIRE

He's the paragon of gay and graceful nonchalance...the top-hatted stepper-outer who can banish dull care in any company with a flip of his feet...It doesn't matter to him if he's alone, with a partner or with a chorus—just so long as he's dancing, he's jubilant...But it took some powerful persuading to get him to leave the stages of New York and London and shuffle off to Hollywood. He didn't think he was "the movie type." And he wasn't like anyone ever seen on the screen before. That's just why Hollywood wanted him—and is starring him now in "The Gay Divorcée," along with Ginger Rogers...And back on page 28, he tells you how to dance into films.

GINGER ROGERS

Ginger never needed dancing lessons; she was born with liltig feet...and old Mother Nature, lavish on Ginger's natal day, also gave her beauty, a peppy personality, a singing voice and an aptitude for acting...So that, when she grew up, she'd save so many pictures that, finally, she'd be starred...And starred she is in "The Gay Divorcée," which started as just "The Gay Divorce"...Next she and Fred do "Roberta"
Take three looks, and then three guesses—what kind of part is Ann playing now? It must have sparkle, for roles—like clothes—are tailored to their players. She must play an entertainer—a pert singer or a sprightly dancer or maybe both. And it must be amusing. (Note her smiles.) In fact, it will be most amusing. For Ann is the girl opposite Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions"...
Pardon Her Southern Accent

...She's British

Maybe Binnie Barnes' Texas drawl wouldn't fool the natives of the Panhandle. But it fooled the Britons—and it made this one-time dairymaid a hit in English music-halls. Fame followed. Then came American movie offers. And here she is—talking the most like an American of any English actress that ever came out to Hollywood to be a sensation.

By Sonia Lee

Binnie Barnes is an English lass with an American accent and attitude. She came auspiciously to Hollywood on the wings of her achievements as Katheryn Howard, in the prize-winning English-made film, "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," and immediately became part and parcel of the Hollywood scene.

For basically, no matter what her birth certificate says, Binnie Barnes has all the hearty American attributes—that alert, clear vision, that desire for success, that indifference to struggle that characterize all the famous ones of the cinema who have come from chorus and counter to scintillate on the screen. She is the only English actress to invade Hollywood without the standard props of wealth and family—the only star who admits her Cinderella background, her poverty, and the fact that her desire for fame was the offspring of necessity.

Her life has been kaleidoscopic. It ranged from the music-halls of London to South Africa, where she intrigued audiences with her assumed Texas (U.S.A.) drawl, and a strictly made-in-America facility for rope-twirling. It brought her from the Caledonia Market, in London—her birthplace—to the enviable position of stardom to-day. Whatever she is, whatever she has become, is definitely of her own fashioning, of her own ambition to rise by her achievements.

(Continued on page 88)
THE Secrets OF THE DRESSING-TABLE

By FAY WRAY

Who Reveals Her Own Nids to Attractiveness

Fay Wray, herself, tells—exclusively for MOTION PICTURE—just what she does to keep her complexion clear, her skin soft, her eyes bright and her nerves unruffled; in short, just how she manages to look her best at all times. She is delightfully frank, and refreshingly generous with her secrets. Next month, and each month, another star will write her “Secrets of the Dressing-Table” for MOTION PICTURE—and you.—Editor.

The other day a friend of mine asked me, “What are you working on now, Fay?” And I said, “A new kind of hand mirror—two mirrors really, on one handle, so you can see both sides of your face, or both sides of the back of your hair, as you like. You see, it works like this—”

My friend laughed. “I don’t mean what new beauty gadget—I mean what new picture—are you working on?”

So you can see where many of my thoughts are. I really believe that I spent more time and care on the planning of dressing-room and bathroom than on any other part of my house. And I dabble in ordinary powder and lipstick and rouge much more than I do in grease-paint. Not because I'm vain, but because I think it's important to every woman, and an actress particularly.

It's true, I am inventing a new kind of hand mirror—though, perhaps, I should say “developing,” not “inventing,” because I did see one once that gave me the idea. It will have two mirrors that swing from side to side on a handle; and they can be adjusted at any desired...
angle, so that all parts of the head and face can be seen at once. Tricky? I should say so . . . and it practically does away with triple vanity mirrors.

Then, another thing that I'm proud of is a small ice-box that I have had built right into my dressing-room. I not only use plenty of ice for invigorating skin massages—but I keep all my lotions and astringents in it. Both of these things are twice as effective, if they're cold when you use them. Stands to reason, doesn't it?

An astringent is supposed to close the pores, and so is ice; therefore, if you use a cold astringent, it should be doubly effective. I keep a few of my creams in there, too—my "fruit" creams especially, my strawberry cream, and my lemon bleaching cream—for these things, if allowed to get too warm, are apt to turn rancid. Don't make the mistake of putting a cleansing cream in the ice-box, though—for the pores should be open when you apply it, so that the cream can get down into them and get the dirt out. A cold cleansing cream would close up the pores immediately.

And here's another reason why my baby refrigerator comes in handy. Every evening my maid puts a pint of fresh orange juice in the box for me. I drink one glass at night just before I tumble into bed, and the other I have the first thing in the morning. Of course, everybody knows that orange juice is good for your system, and if it's good for your system, it's good for your skin, too.

Gadgets and Creams for the Bath

A NOTHER bit of "equipment" that is a perfect delight to me, is my bathtub. It's black, set in a "nische" of mirrors, and when it was built in, I was very explicit about having a space for bottles and jars and boxes along one side—a sort of shelf. And if you haven't such a shelf near your bathtub, the next best thing is to have a low table right alongside it. For the right kind of bath serves two purposes. It not only cleanses; it beautifies.

And you should have all sorts of things to put in the bath, or to put on yourself when you get into it, or when you get out of it. And these should be within arms' reach. Do you know, for example, that there is a solvent cream that you can rub all over your body—so that when you get into the tub, it melts away into the water, leaving your skin as soft and smooth as a baby's? And it doesn't make the water oily, either. It does wonders for rough, "sand-paper" knees and elbows and heels, which probably got "that way," tumbling around on the beach in the summer!

Another thing that I'm crazy about is these little perfumed tablets that effervesce and start the water fizing all around you. Then there are the perfumed oils, which are really very fragrant and softening. My favorite odors are pine and lavender. I have pine in the morning to wake me up, and lavender in the evening when I bathe before going out. I use plenty of soup, too, but occasionally, when I feel as grimy as a street urchin, I use those tricky little cleansing bags that fit over the hand, and have an almond-scented soap inside. You actually sponge yourself with them, and then just throw them away.

To some people, a bath is just a bath—but it should be more. Stimulating perfumes inspire people to be beautiful. A fragrant, luxurious bath puts you in a beautiful state of mind; it encourages you to take more time with the rest of your beauty practices. It wakes your senses of smelling and feeling—and makes you tingle with vitality! And I've always found that while I'm in the tub it's the best time to use creams on my face. Gobs and gobs of nourishing cream . . . just put it on and let it soak in at the same time that you soak your body. Occasionally I use a cream-mask while I'm bathing. The heat from the tub seems to help the creams to do their work.

Once you get out of the tub, get dry quickly, especially in these early Winter months, when your skin becomes chapped and rough so easily. A brisk rub-down with a big towel—that's the thing; and only when the last drop of water is absorbed, should you

(Continued on page 79)
Who Are the New Radio Stars?...Movie Stars!

Screen stars suddenly discover that their experience before movie microphones makes them sure radio bets... The radio rajahs suddenly discover that they need Hollywood's acting talent... And you will suddenly discover that they're getting together in a big way!

Ry Louis Reid
Radio Editor of the New York American

Radio and the movies, which will have to admit that they are blood-brothers when television comes around that well-known corner, are now exchanging good-will ambassadors in earnest. When radio christens a new sensation, the movies want to play godfather. And the program sponsors, more spendthrift than ever since pre-depression days, are signing screen stars as the super-salesmen of their wares.

There was trepidation within the broadcasting gates for a time this Fall, lest the talent should all be heading in one direction—toward Hollywood. There was fear that the high priests and priestesses of the cinema might continue to resist the blandishments of the radio rajahs. The rajahs might be spectacularly triumphant in leading the monarchs of Europe to the microphone, but when it came to the kings and queens of the screen, there was something else to be said.

The something else had all the sound of a movie director's resolute and irrevocable "No." In the first place there was work to be done before the camera. Secondly, and more important, there was the box office angle to consider. And radio seemed at a casual glance to be a forthright menace to the box office.

As the weeks have passed, what seemed to have been a resolute and irrevocable "No" has given way to an eager and enthusiastic "Yes." At any event, the movie directors, the movie magnates, and the movie stars have given unanimous—well, almost unanimous—sent to the teeming plans of the broadcasters for some special, some novel dramatic didoes on the air waves.

The new and potent alliance of screen and radio was given its greatest force with the recent induction of Mary Pickford into the throne room of the air castles. The news was as sudden as it was startling. It had been assumed that, because of Miss Pickford's allegiance to the screen, she would never sign on the radio dotted line. Also, in making a brief radio speech for the NRA last year, she was palpably nervous and ill at ease.

How They Won Mary

The broadcasters, apparently, were not disheartened. They realized there was a vast difference between a hastily prepared talk on a subject more or less unfamiliar to the actress and dramatic impersonations in a series of plays. In the latter she was experienced and at home.

Eventually, the radio rajahs sought her out as they seek out everybody who might, conceivably have a message for the ever-restless armchairs. Obviously, they were guided by the constant pressure upon them from the listeners for something new, something different. If, perchance, last season found them up to their alert ears in classic musical competitions, corralling this famous band and that celebrated singer in their mad chase of the nation's listeners, this year presents them looking avidly to the drama as the particular prize hope of their programs.

Drama, indeed, is the broadcasters' bait for catching the wary sofas of the land, but lest the wary sofas may still be heeding the crooners and the torch-singers and the jazz bands—mainsprings of the radio mechanism—they are taking

Mae West has said "Yes" and "No"...
no chances in their casting. They're placing their reliance upon names—the great, the glamorous names of Hollywood.

Thus it was they won Mary Pickford to a contract by the terms of which she is being heard on Wednesday nights over the N. B. C. in a series of noted plays, with a cast of supporting artists recruited chiefly from the film colony, and including Gale Gordon, Crauford Kent, Jeanette Nolan, Theodore Osborn; James Eagles.

The M. Gordon, be it noted, was chosen from an application list of hundreds of names for the role of leading man. And for the important post as musical director, this newest of radio stars has assigned Lou Silvers, who, you may or may not recall, wrote the score for the first talking picture, "The Jazz Singer." Not only is maestro Silvers the musical conductor of Columbia Pictures in Hollywood, in which capacity he was responsible for the musical direction of "One Night of Love," but he wrote the scores for such screen hits as "Sonny Boy," "It Happened One Night," and "Dancing Lady" and served on Massa Jolson's payroll for a period of nine years.

How does Mary Pickford regard her current activity? She looks upon it as a new career. Her face, she says, is known to millions. Now her voice will be known to millions more. The same credo that has guided her on the screen is guiding her now—namely, the presentation of only the most wholesome and constructive type of play. She, of course, is endeavoring to select only those dramas that seem to her and her sponsors as especially suited to the microphone. She may become—her radio destiny is still in the laps of the gods—the outstanding new broadcast star of the present season, as Joe Penner, from vaudeville, and Ed Wynn, from musical comedy, became last year and the year before.

Hard on the news of Mary Pickford's capitulation to the microphone is the announcement that the soap men—grocery merchants are Miss Pickford's sponsors—have also turned to drama and Hollywood for their armchair appeal. Scooping up plays that have established box office records, such as "Seventh Heaven," and "The First Year," they have swooped down on the cinema capital and have snared such actors as Helen Hayes, Miriam Hopkins, John Boles and others to interpret them. Miss Hayes was a fairly regular performer at the microphones last year, and demonstrated an aptitude for reading lines so naturally, so sympathetically, that it resulted in a general hush-hush in the sittin'-rooms.

Not so long ago, Adolphe Menjou (Continued on page 71)
**The Picture Parade**

**THE MERRY WIDOW**

Gorgeous Picture—Finely Done All the Way

THOUGH a series of breathtakingly beautiful sets and scenes Lubitsch leads the latest *Merry Widow* and her susceptible *Prince* with little left of the old sentimental story except hauntingly familiar tunes. Jeanette MacDonald is arch, bewitching and radiant as she masquerades as one of the light ladies of the night at Maxim's to test the quality of her lover. Chevalier is—Chevalier. Lubitsch manages his scenes, intrigues and improprieties with a touch of timidity, due no doubt to the present morals agitation. Therefore the *Prince's* affair with the queen is funny, but not quite so funny as it should be, and the serious touches encroach on the fantastic at times. A rather draggy court-room sequence is followed by a prison scene filled with delightful whimsicalities. Dances, sets, costumes are dreams of loveliness. It's a picture not to be missed even though you may be disappointed in not finding something of its erstwhile romance.


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**PICTURES YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Merry Widow</th>
<th>The Age of Innocence</th>
<th>Caravan</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Count of Monte Cristo</td>
<td>Gif of Gar</td>
<td>We Live Again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gif of Gar</td>
<td>Crime Without Passion</td>
<td>The Pursuit of Happiness</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**The Pursuit of Happiness**

Whimsical, Amazing, Leder-Stars

A FRESH and welcome departure from hackneyed picture plots, this charming comedy of Revolutionary days is an almost perfect medium for the unique abilities of Francis Lederer. As the peace loving Hessian soldier sent to fight the colonists, he is appealing, eager, boyish in his constant amazement at the strange customs of the country. One of these customs, that of "bundling" (courting under blankets to save firewood), is the excuse for the story, and everything leads to the ticklish scene near the end when the demure colonial miss (Joan Bennett) hops into bed with the bewildered young soldier, both fully dressed, and pulls down the center board between them. Handled without a trace of the offensive, it is hilarious and disarmingly funny.

Highlights: Lederer and the two jolly soldiers in the stocks. Walter Kingsford as an early blue-nose. Lederer's love scene when he comes "sparking." (Paramount)

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**The Age of Innocence**

Colorful and Quaint—Neatly Acted

FAITHFUL to the Wharton novel and to the 1880 period when New York's Four Hundred had naive ideas of respectability, this picture succeeds in the difficult task of making men and women of the past as like as those of to-day. Beginning at the present with John Boles incredibly bewildered as a grandfather remonstrating with his grandson for his plans to marry a divorcée, the story returns to New York of fifty years ago and his own romance with a beautiful, bewildering grass widow who had shocked her family by leaving her dissolute husband. The shocks and shudders of the Eighties are as quaint as the costumes of the characters. With Irene Dunne charming as the slightly declassee stranger and John Boles sentimental as always, it is Helen Westley who carries off first honors.

Highlights: The anxious family conclaves. Settings and atmosphere. Helen Westley's battle with the Italian maid. (RKO-Radio)

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**We Live Again**

Triumph for Sten

TRIUMPHANTLY Anna Sten's second picture answers the fears of the critics that she could not survive the handicaps of this rather heavy old-fashioned story of Czarist Russia, remade for the fourth time on the screen. Without the benefit of gorgeous costumes, weighted down with social doctrines, it proves the sheer artistry of this star as she runs the gamut of innocent love, hardened shamelessness, defiance, despair and finally—resurrection. Fredric March also reaches the heights as the prince, who lightheartedly seduces the peasant girl, only to find that wealth, position, nothing matters except the love that he has betrayed.

Highlights: The Easter service in the provincial church with its gorgeous music. The meeting of the prince and his childhood sweetheart in the gravegay of the prison. Sten's beauty in the hideous prison garb. Freddie March's face as he prays to "live again." (Goldwyn-United Artists)
ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE
Fairly Interesting Though Lacking Punch

THERE are plenty of adventures, with some of them interesting but none of them particularly exciting. This story of the love affair of a glamorous kleptomaniac and a handsome jewel thief might have been sophisticated comedy had it been handled more deftly. You could call the piece a musical comedy without the music. Binnie Barnes, that interesting new personality, who plays the part of the girl who steals for the pure pleasure of it, is ingratiating and should go far in Hollywood. Neil Hamilton is capable, though a trifle bewildered as the young perfume salesman. Paul Cavanagh, handsome, worldly, suave, makes one wonder why we don’t see more of him on the screen. Grant Mitchell, as the browbeaten detective, is superb.

High Lights: Ferdinand Gottschalk and the dicks. Binnie and Grant Mitchell singing a duet. The three jewel-seekers disguised as hotel employees. (Universal)

THE LEMON DROP KID
No Great Shakes—Just Average Film

WITH a plot as old-fashioned as a ten, twenty, thirt, Lee Tracy struggles manfully to make false emotions real. His acting is not always in key, as when he utters a cry of amazement when told that he is to become a father, but, all told, he does a pretty good job. It starts off showing a race-track tout who has a habit of popping lemon drops into his mouth. He becomes regenerated by the love of a simple small town girl, marries, and goes to work. She dies in childbirth and Tracy goes to jail for stealing the money to save her life. Baby Le Roy is dragged in at the last to provide a display of parental emotion and a hastily devised happy ending. The direction is heavy-handed. It is all quite “teary” and filled with the old heart-throbs.

High Lights: The scene where Tracy as an amateur clerk sells a dress pattern to a lady looking for sheeting. William Frawley as his side kick. (Paramount)

HAPPINESS AHEAD
Fair enough If You Don’t Want Too Much

HERE we have another panpered heiress determined to see Life as it is lived—in this case—among the window washers. The familiar Cinderella theme serves to introduce a new and interesting personality in Josephine Hutchinson. Not beautiful in any conventional sense, this young actress has quality and charm, and any photographic problems she presents have been skilfully solved. Without any heavy dramatic effort required by the plot of the heroine in disguise who falls in love with the warbling window massager, she is so natural and fresh that the tinitness of the plot is forgotten—or at least forgiven. A slightly new twist is introduced when Dick Powell, as the poor but honest lad, mistakes the millionaire father for a lover.

High Lights: Miss Hutchinson’s fascinating and unusual personality. Dick Powell’s pleasing rendition of songs as he washes his windows. (Warner)

PERFORMANCES YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness"
Anna Sten in "We Live Again"

Jeanette MacDonald in "The Merry Widow"
Irene Dunne in "The Age of Innocence"
Nils Asther in "Love Time"

LOVE TIME
Quality Picture All the Way

UNEXPECTEDLY charming and poetic for such a banal title, this is the simple tale of two lovers separated by rank and wealth. Laid in the last century in Vienna the lovely costumes of the characters and the swooning beautiful Schubert music which threads the scenes together create the atmosphere for the pure romance which Nils Asther as the undiscovered composer, Franz Schubert, and Pat Paterson as Valerie, daughter of a great name, furnish. Asther is undoubtedly the most romantic figure on the screen, and one wonders why he is not seen oftener. The luminous loveliness of Miss Paterson is admirable for her rather formal part of a love sick girl who runs away from a future of dazzling court life to seek her lover in his garret. A charming picture, lovely to listen to, beautiful to see.

High Lights: The fairy tale told in the woodland cottage. The scene between Asther and Walthall. The music. (Fox)

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
Grand Picture Has Everything—See It

THE only shadow over an evening of pure delight was the dread of having this picture come to an end! Duels at dawn, secret treasure horde 's, unhealed beneath prison cells, vengeance, pride, honor—these are all wrapped up in fine words and splendid gestures. Robert Donat, as the luckless prisoner of Chateau d'If, and later the grimly vengeful Count of Monte Cristo, is the find of the year, perhaps of several years, and all America is going to clamor for more of him in similar roles. He is handsome, romantic, forceful. Louis Calhern, in one of his silken, treacherous characterizations, would have stolen the picture from anyone less splendid, Elissa Landi, as the heroine who didn’t wait for her vanished lover’s return, is poignant.


(Note! You will find more reviews on page 90!)

GIFT OF GAB
Worth Going a Long Way to See

UNIVERSAL simply called the roll of its players in casting this radio revue. If names mean box office, this should be one of the biggest hits of the year with Eddie Lowe and Gloria Stuart to carry the dramatic story, and some twenty-five radio stars and movie celebrities to do their stuff in the broadcasting scenes. The comedy is a bit insane. the music catchy and the lines great. The locale—that of a radio studio—ties together all the personalities and stunts into a fairly coherent story. As the high-powered broadcaster, Lowe does a neat bit of acting. He takes to drink after pulling a boner in a fake interview with a flyer who had just been killed, and Gloria saves him from going haywire. But it’s the various air acts that make the picture worth seeing.

High Lights: The scene in the doctor’s office with Helen Vinson, Ruth Etting singing "Talking to Myself." The parody on murder mysteries. (Universal)
ashes he carried his camera to film what he saw. Sun decks, where once laughter echoed, cried a shocking, half-reprieved tale of death and horror. Brinked-out, hanging tragically askew. Staterooms deep in ashes that covered God knows what, where only iron bedsteads stood to him at what had happened. Parolees of clothing abandoned in a flight for life—a fan, a slipper oddly spared by the flames to tell a story. Bodies may yet be found: scorched stoves and gas-filled lungs, brought back these pictures. Brought 'em back alive with drama. You saw them as a Pathé "exclusive" on the screen.

First to Film the Quintuplets

THERE still in the day's work. But, thank God, not every day is so fraught with tragedy. On another day, for another dollar, Pathé News men covered another story. From up in Chicago, through the valleys to the wilds of Canada came the flash that five daughters had been born at one time to the young wife of a French-Canadian farmer, Olivier Dionne. Here was a story with what the editors call "human interest," besides the added scientific interest in the fact that these five youngsters were, and are, the only living quintuplets on the record.

The story goes that Oliva Dionne, distressed Daddy of Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, Angeline, and Dionne, telegraphed to the editor of the small-town newspaper nearest his farm, asking its editor what it would cost to print a little notice that his wife was a five-times mother? The editor told him they would pay. Now the newseel men were Canada-bound.

However, don't think that the boys simply set up their camera and s.und equipment and let 'er roll. There were complications. There always are. Not realizing that Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, etc., etc., belonged to the ages merely by virtue of having made their mundane debut at one and the same time, Papa and Mama Dionne had signed some contracts that at first deprived the newpaper of the exclusive story. The contract dealt in the rights of their acquaintance with the only quintuplets in existence. And this contract was so iron-clad that only when the Province of Ontario's Department of Agriculture promised to federate the strangers within its gate could a cameraman get within forty feet of either Emeline, Anna, or Oliva Dionne.

Even then there were difficulties, for a committee of guardians was appointed. It consisted of Dr. A. R. Dafoe, who had been living in the country and unfurthly was to be kept happy. The eventful night: of the babies' Grand-dad, Oliver Dionne, a retired tiller of the soil; of the local storekeeper, G. K. Morrison; and W. H. Alderson, administrator of Red Cross in relief in their part. Before a single reel of the babies could be made, each of these had to give assent. And needless to say, each had a different set of reasons for objecting. As for the parents, they had the objections of the self-conscious and embarrassed. Not at all, according to Connolly and C. R. Collins, of Pathé News, refer to a "headache."

But from the chaos, the newseel men, car crying to the end of the first day brought order—and a Pathé News "exclusive" that not only gave the world the first films of the Dionne family, but gives Pathé ahead of the curve in its drama. When the paced method was abandoned, that was from now on. The first pictures showed the youngsters being carefully settled in the camera. Of the number, number II was difficult. The tiny infants could be kept out only for a few moments. Quarters were cramped. There was no electricity. One of the windows was double-paned, and double-paned, it was crammed with equip-

They Cover the Battlefronts

THERE lie of a newsrel man, however, is no less exacting a job. He is writing a chronicle of births and deaths. It covers the turbulence of living, as well—and the things men do when, in their opinion, their right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness is challenged. In the East, in the South, the smoldering spark of labor trouble burst into sudden, furious flame. In Georgia, the Carolinas, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, the camera crews departed to film the fight in all its white heat.

Tight-lipped, the Pathé-directed riot guns faced milling mobs that hurled stones and invectives indiscriminately. At any moment the strike could be on. At any moment the crowded streets might be crimson with blood. Yet, right in the middle of the fray, pouting now at this side, now at that, the cameraman compassionately registered the action reel by reel.

At Fall River, Massachusetts, cameraman Richard Sears and soundman Frank Zampino fell temporary victims to tear bombs. At Saylesville, Rhode Island, the boys got muddled-up in one of the oddest fire-battles. Approaching forces clashed in a graveyard, and from behind the stones that marked the sleeping dead, shotgun spits lead, and brazen arms responded to a crowd-rock. The Pathé men were caught between the fires. But they brought back pictures.

Thomas Baltzell and Allwyn Kalbeilisewich went to the scene of chaos, Fall River, Mass. Where there's a steel strike, there's bound to be action. Al was to get the pictures, Tom to impress the roar of angry men on the sound track. On the scene, the boys watched and waited. Like alert news men they listened here and there. And, finally, they heard a rumble that set them up their apparatus at the intersection of two certain streets. They did it at night. Next day their vigilance was rewarded.

Down in New Orleans, a fire party marched some three hundred pickets, armed with clubs and every weapon of a mob. Down the other came a sheriff's army of equal numbers, each man loaded with rifle, revolver, machine-gun, or bombs. Slowly, they approached one another. Swiftly, the Pathé men followed. When the fracas began, the sound-track actually registered the dull thud of the club that split his skull. Baltzell and Kalbeilisewich came through with what is, perhaps, the only complete record of a riot from beginning to end.

Told the Tragedy of Drought

THERE is nothing so dreadful as the dull death dealt by drought to every living thing. It is a grim, inexorable, static tragedy—but, somehow, defying the camera to catch a glimpse of it. And the Pathés did it from now on. The first pictures showed the youngsters being carefully settled in the camera. Of the number, number II was difficult. The tiny infants could be kept out only for a few moments. Quarters were cramped. There was no electricity. One of the windows was double-paned, and double-paned, it was crammed with equip-

cloud of the dust of once-fertile fields, blowing like a pall with every scorching breeze. It is a far more intimate, more closely knit, more intimately, more vitally real story of the drought and the newrel's part in telling the world of it centers around the news desk of Pathé News. To this desk comes daily, hourly, a compilation of clippings from all over the country, all over the world.

It was that Thursday afternoon that the tip came—they think they've got the Lindbergh kidnap! Any plans the editors have had for baby parades,대학교-

America Soon Saw the Suspect

BY that evening, before dinner time, theatres had newsreels of the prisoner of the Police Commissioner of New York, of the Lindbergh baby's mother, and the New Jersey State Police chief. Not only that, but crews and equipment were covering, that very day and night, William Howard Taft, William Roosevelt, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh; Attorney- General Cummings in Washington; the Morrow homes in Englewood and Maine; the home of the prisoner's mother in the Luzerne, Germany; the prisoner's Bronx (New York) home; the garage where the tell-tale ransom money was found, and from there to a half-

— Unseen, Unsung— But Movie Heroes (Continued from page 32)
Woodbury's two new Germ-free Beauty Creams give your skin a new scientific protection

Skin blemishes commonly arise from tiny infections. When you protect your skin against these infections, it's bound to be lovelier, every way. Resistance built up, means finer, smoother texture; firmer, fresher, tone: more color.

And that's what happens when you use Woodbury's two new Germ-free Beauty Creams. They're pure and germ-free when you open them—they stay germ-free as long as you use them—as long as they last.

No other creams guard your skin in just this scientific way. Others are pure, yes—when they come to you. But in use, they accumulate germs which multiply rapidly. Woodbury's Creams are safe—scientifically sound, pure and free from germs.

109 of the nation's leading skin specialists have tested Woodbury's Creams. 93.5% of them agree that these new germ-free creams can safely be used on every type of skin—even those which are most sensitive.

Woodbury's Cold Cream prevents dry skin—another unique advantage. It contains an exclusive element known as 576. This stimulates the oil glands which feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young.

Woodbury's Facial Cream with its two-fold protection against infection and weather—cold, wind, dust—is an exquisite powder base which does not dry the skin or clog the pores.

Woodbury's two exquisite creams cost so little! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes. Drug Department. Variety and Five-and-Ten Cent Stores. Begin now to enjoy their benefits.

"BING CROSBY ENTERTAINS" Tuesday evenings, 9:00 p.m., E.S.T., Columbia Coast-to-coast Network. "Dangerous Paradise", Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 7:45 p.m., E.S.T. National Broadcasting Company Network.

PROOF THAT THEY'RE GERM-FREE

Agar plates covered with infectious germs. In plate A, Woodbury's Cream has cleared the grey surface of germs as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. In plate B, bearing an ordinary cream, the grey surface has not been cleared of germs. They are still alive.

GENEROUS TRIAL ASSORTMENT...10¢

For the enclosed 10¢ send me attractive Loveliness kit containing one tube of each of Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams, six samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six shades, together with a generous guest size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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according to your own way of thinking—the way that’s best for you, not the way somebody else believes is the right one for any individual, or group, or society, or country, or the world itself—has to work out his or her own problems.

This may sound liberal and experienced, but as she interprets it in her own life, it provides a creed with which the most hidebound conservative could find no fault. The title of her latest book may be “How to Misbehave,” but a better title for her own life would be “How to Be a Movie Star and a Perfect Lady.” She always dresses in the best of taste, she speaks in a sing-song voice, and some of her beliefs would sound less surprising if they came from the lips of a Commencement Day orator.

**Her Philosophy of Success**

“I’ll never believe it’s useless to struggle against so-called fate,” she told me. “You can overcome any obstacle if you try hard enough. When I was appearing in vaudeville, for instance, they gave me skits that were dull and ordinary, regular routine stuff. I complained that I’d be a flop in no time with such acts. I demanded something really original. They laughed at me. So I went home and wrote one of my own. That’s how I happened to start writing.”

If you simply refuse to believe in Mae West as one of Hollywood’s foremost Puritans, run over a list of 1931’s favorite vices and you won’t find a single one of which she can be accused. Some social doyennes have named husband-snaatching as to-day’s cardinal sin. Yet Mae has never so much as glanced toward another woman’s husband! “I’d never take another woman’s man, whether he was a husband, fiancé, or boy-friend,” she says, “I don’t count husbands already do wives.” (That’s a big concession, believe it or not, from the highly conventional off-screen Mae.) “Even though all’s fair in love and war, there are plenty of unattached men in the world. So why bother stealing another gal’s property?”

Gossip is one of the favorite petty vices of this day and age. Even stars love nothing better than a nice long session of laddin’ out the lowdown about their charming rivals. In such gatherings, Mae is conspicuous by her absence. “I’ll never believe the worst about anybody without concrete proof,” she told me once. “I know, from personal experience, how unfair it can be. Plenty of the gossip printed about me since I’ve lived in Hollywood has been absolutely without fact. And one thing, they kept on saying I was married until I got tired of denying it. The rumor had no foundation whatever.”

**Hasn’t Forgotten Old Friends**

SEVERAL stars have been bitterly-criticized for their disloyalty to old friends who “knew them when” and may have helped them reach their stardom. Mae says, “I’ll never be disloyal to old friends,” and proves it by supporting some dozen former stars of vaudeville and stage, among them a formerly well-known singer now residing in Hollywood.

Pose and pretense and cynical sophistication are other vices that Mae avoids. She is probably the most honest star in Hollywood. “I’ll never do the smart thing because it is smart,” is part of her creed. “For instance, I won’t go to the opera. It’s all right for people who honestly love it, but a certain percentage goes just to be seen. Personally, I’d rather watch prize-fights, and I do.”

She also refuses to attend dinners and other social engagements that don’t really interest her, even though business opportunities might result from them. She won’t ‘play politics.’ She will win—and keep—her acting and writing merits, or not at all.

She has never indulged in the exciting Hollywood rowdiness of batting battles with her employers. The sin of revolt just isn’t in her. You can’t even prove a minor vice like laziness against her. If she isn’t working, she puts in her time writing books, plays and songs and practising her singing.

She never tried to get rich. She isn’t a time-killer and she isn’t a show-off. She never goes out, as some stars do, wearing fetchingly scanty attire. For that matter, she seldom appears in public at all without the constant “chaperonage” of her manager. She lives in an apartment, not a mansion, attended by her colored maid (whom you have seen with her on the screen).

**Dared to Defy Threats**

SHE could give most of us lessons in citizenship. She went to court to testify against men who assertedly robbed her of money and jewels, even though her life had been threatened if she appeared. Hundreds of Americans all over the country have let justice be defeated in such cases. The danger to real threats was assigned to Mae for days, and two detectives accompanied her everywhere. Of the city officials stated, “If more people were as brave as Miss West in coming forward against criminals, there would be less crime in this country.”

Can you understand why writers assigned to do stories drawing exciting parallels between her screen life and her personal life have all given up in despair?

She isn’t prepared to accept any righteous words and her acts may sound, “I’ll never tell anyone else how to live,” she says. “These happen to be my own rules but they might not apply to someone else. If anyone tried them out and they didn’t work happily, I’d feel responsible.

She is conscientious, you see. Hard-working and easy-to-get-along-with are other terms that might be applied to her. But don’t get the idea that her goodness is the terribly virtuousness” of the golden-haired ingenue. She has simply learned that certain rules of conduct are best for her, and she follows them. “I’ll never be anything but myself, publicly or privately, except on stage or screen,” she says. “That’s where acting belongs. Incidentally, she was the first actress to do something tangible to cooperate with the crusaders for “clean” films. She hired a former censor to sit on her set and to see that every scene and every line conformed with the strictest censorship code.

The type of humor you think of as typical of Mae West comes from her most spontaneously when she is in the mood of her screen roles. “I have to get in the mood,” she told me once when I asked her to “gag” an interview. “She says for her ‘public’ life all the fire and passion that other stars burn up in their personal romances. When she’s acting, jokes, and wisecracks of her own peculiar brand come spontaneously to her lips.

“I’ll never write a story that is unsophisticated, but I have done it once. For I believe that innocence is as innocence doesn’t suit!” she added. “I’ll never play sad parts, dumb parts or ‘wronged’ heroines. I feel sorry for women who want pity,” she confided.

And Mae West, off the screen, has chosen to be strong in goodness—saying to those who see her on the screen, “Don’t get me wrong!”
A most important statement
to those who want white,
lustrous teeth:

5 people out of 7
do not change from
Listerine Tooth Paste

We can tell you how costly
are the ingredients of Listerine Tooth Paste, how carefully
they are chosen and blended, how marvelously they do their work on
teeth and gums, how the good name of Listerine must be reflected in
every tube—but these statements are as nothing compared to this one
made by our research staff, after a survey in one nearby district:

"Eliminating those who habitually change every few weeks, only two
people in seven switch from Listerine Tooth Paste. In other words, five
out of seven continue to use it year in year out."

Most of these buyers are women, the most critical, selective group in the
world when concerned with a product involving their health and beauty.
Their stated preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is indeed a compliment.

The survey reveals that by personal observation women as well as men
have found that this remarkable
tooth paste gives them results they
do not expect in others; one from
which they are loathe to change for
fear that teeth may suffer.

It says, in effect: "At last we have a
dentifrice that does not injure en-
amel, one that invigorates the gums,
one that gives teeth cleanliness and
lustre that are enviable, one that
leaves the mouth delightfully re-
freshed and stimulated—and last
but not least, one that is priced
sensibly."

If we seem a little enthusiastic about
these findings, we hope you will par-
don us. They really are something to
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Why don't you try a tube of this
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The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of iring exercises and dieting. Wear next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic girdles massage away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

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You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny... trial them for 10 days... then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

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Through Terror to Stardom

(Continued from page 41)

out of Soviet Russia. Her marriage to director Eugene Frenke, a German, made her a citizen. He came with her to Hollywood and is now making a picture called "Life Returns," inspired by a scientist's recently bringing a dog back to life. Her daughter by a previous marriage who is very close to Anna.

Russia No Longer "Home"

The blood of vagabond flows in Anna's veins. Her father, killed in the World War, was a Polish film director; her mother, a master of the Ukrainian folk dances; her mother was the daughter of a Swedish immigrant, who married a Russian. At the age of four, Anna was selected by Isadora Duncan to attend the Duncan school of dancing in Paris. As the train pulled into the Kiel station, Anna Sten decided against the trip to Paris, which decision probably changed the whole course of Anna's life.

"But I was selected to attend a Russian school of dancing," said Anna, "and until I reached the age of twelve, my only world was the school of dancing. I had entered upon a fifteen-year course. Then came the accident. I was always climbing trees. That was all right in summer, but one day, in the winter I hung from a tree. I fell the branch, hanging on a limb, like a monkey; the limb was ice-coated, and I fell. For months I was totally paralyzed.

Picture Cured Her Fear

Then, slowly, I began to learn to walk again. I never climbed another tree until recently. I was deathly afraid of trees, and of going on high. Then in 'We Live Again,' I had to play one of the two big love scenes with Fredric March, perched in the top of a big elm tree. I climbed that tree, and managed to get rid of a phobia... .

"My early recollections," Anna confided, "are more or less confused, nightmarish. Things that ordinarily do not happen in the lifetime of the average, normal person happened to us Russians in a matter of days. It was the first impression of the revolution wave of a bomb, exploding in our kitchen. A steel fragment burned my left ear. Then, for four years, we lived in terror. Father had not come home and it was a long time before I learned he was dead. We had not a kopek; our inheritance was a list of debts, but the revolution canceled these. The burden of finding food was first on Mother's shoulders, then mine.

Passing as sixteen, I got a job as a dancer, but the pay was so small that I went to work in a restaurant, serving as a waitress and dishwasher in return for my meals—and scraps of food to take home with me. Then I got another job with the branch of the Moscow Art Theatre in Kiel, and was given food tickets in return for being janitor—and art critic—for a newspaper. That was a short time.

Next I had nothing. For weeks we lived on barley, and water. During the winter that followed, I became a trader, making trips to the villages, trading knives, vases, anything I could find in Kiel, for foodstuffs.

How She Got to Moscow

THEN, eventually, came another opportunity in a theatre, which was also a university. I won a scholarship, which entitled me to free tickets to a restaurant for myself, my family, and lodging for all. Soon I was offered a course in film-acting, under the great Inkinjoff, who, you may remember, played the leading role in 'Storm Over Asia.' I had twelve months of training—then I was flat again, without a penny. All the while I was dreaming of Moscow; now for six years I have been a member of his family on a trip. He told me that he would send me to Moscow as his daughter. I went to work in another restaurant, and after weeks of work, saved two rubles and, with this little money in my purse, I began my big adventure. I did not know a soul in Moscow.

"I had taken another step—another little step—but it seemed to me, each little step was a step forward. And luck was with me. I went to a theatre where one girl was needed. Twenty-odd applied for examination, but I got the job and was assigned to a communal house, and to a room with three other girls. Food and lodging and a very little money went with the job. For a year I appeared in the plays of Pirandello, Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Wedekind.

"But I had been bitten by the movie bug. I took tests to join the Sovkino companies. Tests, tests, tests! To this day I hate them; they frighten me. There were hopes and disappointments—but there was always tomorrow, and a fresh start. So I quit the theatre to devote my efforts to trying to get into the films."

How She Won Her Chance

Days of hunger followed, but they were days that were rich in experience. Then, one night, it happened. I was there that Victor Turin, the director of a Wufku company, working in the Crimes, wanted to see me at his hotel.

"I knocked. Someone said 'Come in.' I entered. It was a beautiful room, and a beautiful woman, armed with beautiful photographs, and dressed in beautiful furs, was talking to the director. 'Wait over there,' he said to me, indicating a tiny alcove. Then, finally, he turned to me and demanded: 'What do you want?'

"You sent for me,' I whispered.

"I did not,' he cried, 'Who are you?'

"Anna Sten."

Anna Sten: There has been a mistake. You are too fat! Get out of here!

"But I'm not fat," I pleaded. Help me off with some of my things and see for yourself.'

"Turin helped me out of my wrappings."

When the process was finished, I stood before him, a slim, boyish figure.

"Then," she confessed, "he began to laugh. 'You are slim,' he said, 'and beautiful. I thought you were fat, ugly and common. Will you mean by calling on a director in such clothing, wrapped up like a sore thumb?'"

"It was cold, and it was the best I could borrow,' I admitted.

"I got the part—a star part.'

Very soon she crashed the gates of the great Meschannon studio, very soon a member of the mass of pictures flashed upon the screens of Soviet Russia. Then came 'The Yellow Ticker' and Sten, overnight, became the highest-salaried woman in all Russia. Then, too, came Frenke, the German director, and marriage.

Soon thereafter Anna was sent to Berlin to make a picture directed to return to Moscow; but she didn't; Sam Goldwyn saw her before she could return. Now Hollywood has put her in a very happy, my one hope is that the vagabond blood will remain dormant, and never whisper to me. For, if the good Maker pleases, I would live always here in this land of sunshine."
He leaned forward with a start. It seemed there was a flash of realization of the tragedy that had descended upon him.

"Good God!" he exclaimed raising his hand to his head. His eyes filled with horror.

Felt As If Russ Were With Him

"HERE is one thing I want to say," he went on. "Yet I hesitate. It sounds so theatrical. It is about the way I felt at the inquest. If Russ were ever with me, he was with me there—seeing me through. Just as sure as you are sitting here, he was with me.

"Sunday morning, Russ was sitting in this chair. I was sitting where you are. We were talking about his first starring picture. Wake Up and Dream," which had just been previewed on Friday night.

"I was fooling with one of the pistols from my collection. When I bought them seven years ago, the antique dealer assured me that they weren't loaded. We had all looked down the barrels of them dozens of times—Russ, Jinny, myself and others. We had even run a pencil down to dig outcobwebs. But the expert who examined them Monday said they had been loaded not less than seventy-five years.

"I had picked up a match to light a cigarette. Absent-mindedly, I struck it in front of the hammer. I had the gun pointed downward toward the desk and I was idly snapping the trigger. All of a sudden, there was a deafening explosion. You have no idea how terrific it was. It slumped in his chair.

"Russ and I used to do a pantomime when we heard an automobile backfire. We'd clench our fists and exclaim, 'Ach! They got me.' I looked at Russ, expecting him to say it. Then I saw blood gushing from his eye. I screamed for Mother. You know the rest," he said wearily.

He leaned over and pushed back the bloter on the desk. The edge near him was torn where the bullet had plowed through.

The Tragic "Ifs"

"IF all of the powder had exploded," he said, "the slug would have pierced the desk and not glanced off here and struck Russ. If the bullet had struck Russ only a fraction of an inch higher, instead of penetrating the opening in his eye, it would have not been fatal. And why couldn't I have picked up the other pistol? It had no slug.

"Everything seems to point to the fact that it just had to be," said Miss Brissac.

"There is a thread running all through this that we cannot understand. But some day, we will know why this had to be."

"I shall never understand," said Lansing. His folks want me to come up to the house," Lansing said. "I don't know how I can go up there. . . . Tomorrow I am leaving for Santa Fe, New Mexico, for a few weeks. I want to get hold of myself. When I return, I am going up to Russ's house.

"Russ got everything he ever wanted. As he reached each goal he had set for himself, he immediately commenced to plan for another. He always had to have some new scheme to strive for. How could a person with so many plans be gone—at twenty-six?

"As I got up to go, Lansing said, "I want people to realize the awful loss I have had and not think of how much I am going to suffer."

Miss Brissac went with me to my car. "If we only could get him to eat something," she said. "He has had nothing but fruit juice and coffee since Sunday. We are worried."

When Lansing Brown recovers from the shock that has mercifully drawn a veil over the awful reality, he is going to suffer. But with all of Russ's friends standing by him, he will be given strength. And Russ Colombo's family will do as Russ would have done, when he said to me that day, "No matter what Lansing did, I would never fail him. It would be all right with me."
player in Carminati Productions, with

studies in Romance.

As the celebrated Italian thespian,
Enrime Novelli, "discovered" Carminati for the Continental Theatre, so Joseph M. Schenck and Columbia doctors the American
talkie career. But it was not until Tullio
sought rest and respite, following a stren-
uous schedule, the appearance of up through
hundreds of days, that he listened to the impor-
tunities and opportunities of Hollywood.

The record of his achievements evidences the fact that his career as an American film star is a
brilliant one. Not only does he has in a
picture star was progressing smoothly,
then, overnight, the Saracens of sound
swept down on the fold of silent films.

And we must remember that that por-
tion of Hollywood that could talk English
was struck dumb with fear. Carminati, the
man of many languages, has an area of
— he still has — so, in the brutality of the
talking pictor, he was sacrificed. It is amus-
ing to note that since then the slightest strange
effect in his face has been deemed among
his charmed an

Without losing much time in repining,
Tullio accepted Basil Rathbone's urgent offer to come over and to
fore American audiences a brief trial
proved his English highly acceptable. Then came some
" which was
produced the surprise of a fine singing
voice. After that came "Music in the Air," another
and another display of vocal virtuosity.

This, then, is the Count's career up to
now. Presently, upon his return from Rome
and a starring venture in a Henri Batti
troop from the Italian Broadway and
Hollywood. In New York, at least two
plays are his for the acceptance. From
Hollywood, he has collected services from
many companies. But the Count says:

"The trouble is, they all talk of con-
tracts. I am interested in parts. I want to
know about the part. Actors know they offer. For, after all, no sum is sufficient
compensation to play a poor rôle in a medi-
cre picture, or even to be miscast in a good picture. I am interested in all a
parallel struggle to being "typed" in certain
roles. The only limitation in the selection of
parts is that of a foreign accent, which seems to require that I play
the part of a foreigner. The accent, I am
told, is almost indistinguishable. Thus,
aside from my financial condition, I can
do rather nicely as a citizen of any nation.

"I think a glance at the record is sufficient
proof of my versatility as an actor. Aside
from the Saracen pictures, and the parts essayed in earlier pictures, there are
basic differences in the characterizations
offered by me, and, I am thankful to say,
approved by the public.

By all of which it may be seen that the
Count also shares the terror of being "typed." Not only is it detrimental to the part
of the artist, but the time may come when
a particular variety of rôle is passed. The
public has not always been sufficiently
flexible mentally to possess the flavor from the
only part. He, too, may find himself considered
at a zenith of his career. Still,
Carminati likes the movies. He says:

"I love movies, which is a
passion. And the screen shares at least
equally with the theatre in my affections.
I believe the screen offers the best
work that he have some interchange
between the stage and pictures. The cam-
eras control any tendency toward exagger-
tation. Only localities may be played in the movies;
every scene must be under-played. If one
is too long behind the footlights, there is
liable to be evidence of that over-acting
which is so

"The keynote of playing on either stage
or screen is that simplicity that carries ser-
cerity, sincerity in its attainment, while, of course, a return to the theatre is
the perfection of its adaptation that
absolutely." The perfection of its adaptation that

"Perhaps it is because I am so enamored
of my work that I like to get away from it. This
is a point of view that many of my fellow players. It is necessary to secure
leisure for the mind, as well as for the body.
Outside interests act as a stimulant.

But before I hummed those tunes in "Strictly Dis-
honorable." Up until then I was a washer-
booth singer. When I was gay, I sang. It
is an old Italian custom. Truly, I never
thought a person might sing without feeling
in top spirits. Since my voice helped me
so much, I sing it as "Strictly Dishonorable," I have

All the cities the Count has visited, he
will, if given the choice, live in New York.
That is to say, he has no idea of giving up
for three months a year. He compliments Gotham
by saying: "The city inspires me. There
is something in the atmosphere that appeals
my imagination; I abhor a place that
doesn't. It may not be a beautiful city from
downtowns — but from upstairs it is super.
Just look from my windows at that panorama... ."

And Tullio agrees, too, that life itself
looks better from "upstairs" than from "downstairs.

"I think the world's most impressive
is no, not London, not Paris, but
Romantic is not New York, but
Rome is, but two — a double capital
thronged with represen-
tatives of both Church and State, and
attracting distinguished representatives of
these different political
isms. It is the most beautiful world. It offers at once all that is mundane
and all that is spiritual, in a combination
which cannot be approached elsewhere.

"For me, my home is Roma. I am
comfortable anywhere. I am not conscious of
any nationality. Although I am born an Italian,
I don't have an Italian heart.

Carminati is not unique in his worship
of a film favorite, for with millions more
he signifies his preference in one word.
"Garbo." He says, "Garbo," and
he adds that his idol has no rivals in his estimation. It
is not Greta first, and some others second
dand Garbo, for Tullio, stands alone.

As for the men, he has this to say: "I
find them disappointing, for when I am
enthusiastic over the excellence of an actor
in a certain rôle of a certain picture, I
am almost certain to be let down by an indif-
ferent portrayal in the one that follows.
The same applies to the feminine contin-
ents. "Garbo," he says, is the only con-
stant star in the film firmament.

The Count likes the ladies—and the ladies
like the Count. He is a dashingly polished,
romantic sort of fellow, whose light blue
eyes gleam with quick sparks of emotion.
Through his suavity, the glint of a certain
feminine undercurrent is there. But
while he may smile at the señoritas, ma-
nazelles, fraulinen, and others, and they may
smile back discreetly, he avoids entanglements
a la Garbo. He has been explained by
his devotion to his career, which is cer-
tainly uppermost in his mind. Then, too,
there are family responsibilities to
consider, which take much of his financial strength. But
then, perhaps it is just as well, for marry-

“Woman may marry whom she likes!”

—said Thackeray. This great
author knew the power of wo-
men. So do I. And women
men. And women have the power
do. Men are helpless in the hands
to handle them. You have
dowers. You can develop and use them to
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esting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating
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Doris was wrong in thinking her teeth wore "naturally dull." For dull teeth are only stained teeth. Everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth. And unless all 7 stains are removed completely, our teeth finally become stained-discolored.

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NOW LOOK AT DORIS WHEN SHE SMILES!

one tube of Colgate's did it!
Robert Montgomery’s Home Has That Colonial Charm

(Continued from page 55)

The wonderful gift of sunlight which streams into the sitting-room makes it a place where one can and does always feel comfortable. Indeed, the room is so enchanted by the light that the whole atmosphere of the place is transformed into a dream-like quality. The walls are papered in a soft, cream-colored fabric that is both elegant and soothing. The windows are large, allowing for plenty of natural light to enter the room. The furniture is all made of wood, with a rich finish that adds to the room’s warm and inviting feel.

The kitchen is also a source of pride for Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery. It is a beautiful space that is both functional and decorative. The countertops are made of marble, and the cabinets are all made of wood. The appliances are all state-of-the-art, with a large refrigerator and an oven that is both efficient and stylish.

But it is the master bedroom that is the real highlight of the house. The room is furnished with a large, comfortable bed, with sheets that are made of the finest linen. The walls are painted in a soft, pastel shade, and the rug on the floor is made of the finest wool. The curtains are made of silk, and the room is filled with the soft glow of candles. This is a space where one can truly relax and feel at home.

In conclusion, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery’s home is a true masterpiece of design and elegance. It is a testament to the power of thoughtful planning and attention to detail. It is a place where one can truly feel at home, and where the beauty of the past is seamlessly blended with the best of modern design. It is a true delight to visit, and a true inspiration for anyone who loves beautiful architecture and interior design.
“Know Clothes, and You’ll Know Success”
—Peggy Fears

(Continued from page 77)

wears her clothes. They are simple, but they are Colbert. Her taste is exquisite—and it expresses the girl. You can do the same—express the girl. And in doing it, you can increase your chances for success.

“Study yourself. Find out your peculiar and particular individualities. Express them in your clothes. Experiment—try different types of clothing and study the effect upon your friends. Remember, those clothes are to express you, not to hide you. "They can be used not only to emphasize your good qualities and cover your weaknesses, but also to discover new qualities."

This advice is not from merely a modiste or fashion expert, but from a woman of great range of accomplishment—a woman who can speak with equal authority on success or dress. Peggy Fears has already made good in four lines of endeavor, and, for a fifth, is starting her picture contract that calls for her services as a writer-producer-director-actress and stylist.

This girl has blazed a new trail of accomplishment for women in America—as a successful writer, producer, actress and business woman. Her philosophy of dress is based on a study of the effect of clothes upon New York’s leading society women, on famous actresses, on chorus girls—and on herself. And now she is translating what she has learned to the screen so that her styles can be copied by any of us.

The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

(Continued from page 61)

begin dusting on your bath powder. Too many people put on their body powder before they are dry, and then it forms a paste that only clogs the pores.

For obvious reasons, I can’t tell you the names of the beauty creams and lotions that I use—but you’ll find them all at your corner drugstore. I don’t use one brand exclusively, but I find it’s much more fun to select a nourishing cream of one brand, and an astringent of another. I know that some beauty experts disapprove of this; but I think it all depends on your own individual likes and dislikes, and also on what agrees best with your particular type of skin. My skin is apt to be dry, for example—covering it up with heavy, suffocating grease-paint for days at a time will do that for anyone—so I use just the richest, oiliest creams that I can find. A person with very oily skin should use greaseless creams, and astringents only.

And here are a few little tricks that I have learned during the past few years of trying not to show the strain of this business of movie acting. You know how, when you’re tired and nervous and about ready to scream from exhaustion, your agony all seems to center right in the back of your neck? My way to overcome this is to raise my head up high, as high as I can, and then try to see who was sitting six rows ahead of me at a preview—and then, with my neck still stretched like that, I pivot my head around in a complete wide circle. This is really very helpful.

Then, for eyes, I’ve found that if I treat them right in the morning, they don’t ache so much at night. I reach for a bowl of warm water, and some eye pads, and I get back into bed, and lie there for five minutes, with eye pads over my eyes.

(Continued on page 81)

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"25 WAYS TO EARN EXTRA MONEY WITH A TYPEWRITER"

Gene didn't need to say that he knew she was "there" and that it is still the thrill of a lifetime to him.

"In a town where ballyhoo is the first cousin of home, you can't be too sure of what you've got," said Joan. "Joan has a ballyhoo. She can't publicize herself, she can't exploit her own abilities. She doesn't even try to explain what she really is when she gets on stage and her screen has ever dreamed of, I believe. She was wanted for 'By Candlelight,' for instance. She wouldn't do it. She just knew that a picture of the baby was too yake or something of the sort and she wanted to be home. She has just finished 'The Pursuit of Happiness' with Francis Lederer and has had three or four offers of the same type of role—and the only one she would take was the lead opposite Claude Raains in 'The Man Who Wouldn't Play.'" While this might not have been starting for some time yet. She wanted to go down to Malibu with the children because down there she can be with the children. She was going to stay in a little house.

"Adrienne wanted to go to Malibu," Joan said. "I wasn't sure about it at first. You know, you have to take so many things with you for a small baby—and then, the water is funny down there and her bottles get sort of muggy when they are scoured."

Most people think of the Bennets of Broadway as being theatrical, first, last and always. However, as Joan pointed out to me, all of her family have strong family feeling and a more-than-usual fondness for children. Barbara Bennett Downey adores her two boys. Constance Bennett de la Falaise adores her adopted children or would have never done that most child-loving thing of all—adopted one. And Richard Bennett adores his favorite daughter told me, always took the most intense and vital interest in his three girls.

The Whole Clan Assembled

Joan said, "I remember one of the first times I was ever allowed to go to a movie with a boy. We stayed over for the second show. When I got home that night—well, you may imagine the scene if you can imagine Father as a parent. . . . And as for Mother, she actually gave up her own very definite career as an actress in order to be a mother. She was terrifically opposed to it. We have always been very family—despite all of the theatrical influence and interest. When Mother married, she had a family and Gene's family arrived to await the birth. It was really funny. . . ."

"A few moments ago your husband called you 'the most ballyhoo of the ballyhoo Bennetts, because you don't dramatize your private-life self.' I said, 'What is the psychological explanation of that?' 'It traced back out of childhood, I suppose,' Joan said thoughtfully. "I was the world's most self-conscious child. I didn't feel as if I belonged in the glamour of the Bennetts. If I had been born to any more normal, non-professional family, I think I might have felt as a child, more at home. I would doubtless have grown up to be a sort of old-fashioned girl, who did tatting and minded the neighbors' babies until I had some of my own. It certainly never would have occurred to me to be an actress. I'm sure if I had been brought up by the theatre and theatre-talk all of my life. And I was, of course. Can you imagine Father not having me?'"

"However, I'm an actress—if I am one—not because I was born of a theatrical family, really, but because I had to get to work to support some other girl—my dear sister, Adrienne. Because you are born of a theatrical family does not imply that you will just mechanically turn out to be an actress, but you are getting if you have to make money, simply because you know people who are in it and know the patter and your way about.

Felt Inferior—for Years

'I THINK I was frightened me, my family, I loved them, but I felt inferior with them—especially with Connie.' Joan laughed gently. 'Connie is responsible for my deep-seated inferiority complex. She was far more beautiful than I am, and when I was about thirteen or fourteen and she was nineteen or twenty, it was really tragic for me. I thought she was the most beautiful thing I ever seen or heard was.

And I was lanky and pipe-stemmy and plain—the plainest child imaginable. Con- nie, I mean, was the most handsome sort of beauty and flowers and Batteries. And I just didn't see how I could ever matter to anyone in a world that held Constance.

'Then, to make matters worse, Mother would delegate Constance to buy my clothes for me whenever she was away. Constance knew clothes, she knew how to dress. But the clothes that were bought for me when I was thirteen and fourteen were clothes suitable for a child of eight. Or I thought so. I hated them, but I didn't dare do anything about it. Constance was very firm and said that she knew what she was doing. I was sure she did, but having my clothes picked out by my sister made me feel like an awkward child . . . ."

"I knew that I would never be able to compare with Connie. And so I didn't try. I took refuge in other worlds. Barbara and Connie often joined me. We would play paper dolls for hours at a time. And we took out all of our own frustrations and anger on those paper dolls. We would give them gorgeous, fanciful names. We would put them through the paces of glamorous and exciting adventures—I was surrounded by paper rooms and pictures of elegant houses and had them live richly and gloriously. When I wasn't playing with paper dolls, I was reading. That was another form of escape for me.

The Bashful Bennett

"I THINK I was always a little bashful about being Joan Bennett, I felt that I didn't 'belong.' I didn't belong in the same world with Constance and I didn't belong in the other kind of world of other kind of girls. I was always sent to the best schools, and I think that was something of a mistake. For even in the time just before I was invited to studio, when I was thirteen or fourteen, I knew better than to invite them to me. Then, when my parents were divorced, I felt that keenly.

'Dad was always understanding with me.
Men Avoided Me

I JUST LOVE to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn’t seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

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I seemed to go to fat.” Do you know why?

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kiss isn’t convincing enough, they’ll take it again from the side, then from above, and they’ll even sneak up on you from the rear, making it more likely you’ll be caught off guard.

"Now, we all know that two people who are really in love are completely oblivious to their surroundings. At that delicious moment when the eager boy says ‘Yes!’ to the hopeful boy, it doesn’t matter where they are; they kiss—forgetting any and all responsibilities. The world is nothing but a blur to that. But fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, not every leading lady is in love with her leading man, or even the opposite. No, we forget the amused bystanders who are watching us."

"However, I remember that when I first came to Hollywood, I tried to make myself think that it wasn’t happening to me. I really worked at it awfully hard—self-hypnosis, you know."

"While they were arranging the lights and the camera, I would sit there on the set and look across at the star with whom I was to do the heavy love scene. More often than not, I’d watch her and know little about her. But I would sit there, and try to think only of her. I would think of her most attractive qualities; I would count her freckles; and I’d think of how many male fans in the country would give anything to be in her shoes."

If you can imagine Otto Kruger, who has a certain talent to set your heart a-flutter, you’re gifted. However, let him continue:

"I would say to myself, ‘Now, Otto, old man, you are simply mad about this young lady. Just look at her. She is young, she is talented, she is beautiful. Think of what thousands would do just to take her dancing some evening. And here you are, you fortunate fellow, about to take her in your arms!’"

"Gradually, I would begin to get the mood of the scene…slowly. I would begin to feel like an ardent young lover…"

**A Farewell to Illusions**

"STILL thinking those thoughts to myself, dimly far off in a dream, I would hear the call for ‘places’. The lady star and I would meet before the camera. Impatiently, I would watch for the signals for ‘Lights’ and ‘Camera’—I would be that anxious to take her in my arms. And then, suddenly, she would say, ‘Oh, dear, my hair isn’t in place!’ Or ‘My curls won’t go!’ I would say, ‘Wait a minute, Mr. Kruger—you were on a different tie in the first part of this scene, don’t you remember?’—and the star would rush away to her mistake. And I would be left standing there alone in front of the camera, while somebody fished the right necktie. A life of hard press or ties material at such a moment!

"Well, the mood would be gone. There would be nothing I could do but go back to my chair, and start all up again. I would begin, ‘She is lovely. She is adorable. I am lucky…’ and so on. I would have just arrived at the point where I was convincing myself again that everyone was envious of me—and the star and the cameras and the lights would be all ready—everything all right. Naturally, I could do only a half-loved love scene under those circumstances. A moment ago, I was in love with her. Now she isn’t. It was confusing to me, and also to the lady."

"Now I ask you, how could anybody get anywhere with that way? I soon discovered that it wasn’t me or had the everybody would be ready, everybody. Naturally, I could do only a half-loved love scene under those circumstances. A moment ago, I was in love with her. Now she isn’t. It was confusing to me, and also to the lady."

"And it’s fortunate that I did, for now I have a much better system—a surefire system, if the lady is the friendly kind.

It worked beautifully for a love scene with Madge Evans not long ago. First, I asked the director if he would get everything in readiness for me and then have me call him on a signal from me. I told him I had a little stage-setting of my own to do. Then I arranged with the string quartet to play a favorite love song. Then I arranged with a carpenter to transfer a few potted palms there, and then to have him give me a signal from me. Then I inveigled Madge to go over and sit in the corner with me. She didn’t show, but I was ready up to my teeth. I called her, and she was ready to get over my lines with her.

"We settled ourselves comfortably. ‘Let’s see,’ said Madge, ‘what page does this scene begin on?’ I told her, ‘Page thirty-two’—and across the set, a string quartet began playing soft old love songs, and a thoughtless carpenter dropped two beautiful palms right in front of us, completely blocking us off from the rest. ‘Why, it’s like being at a dance, and sitting out in the shadows,’ I said—and I could have read lines with that lovely music!" Madge said.

"So we just began talking, I complimented her on how lovely her hair looked, and she told me how she had had it, and I watched her face closely, admiringly, as she talked. And one of her hands I took in mine. I could hear the soft music lulling us into a romantic mood, I told her how much I liked her perfume, her sweetness, her femininity, her. And how much easier it was to say these things to her, than just to think them from across the room!"

**And How About Mrs. Kruger?**

"O.K. for a while we just sat there, and I told her to try to think of me as much as I was thinking about her, and I begged her to forget, for the moment, that I was Otto Kruger, a happily married man with a most adoring and adored young daughter. She forgot, evidently, for suddenly I knew that the mood was upon us. Carefully, gently, lest I jar her, or myself, out of our mood, I led her over to the camera. I nodded to the director, and the camera turned on me, and as I took her in my arms. We went through the scene. I hardly heard the word ‘Cut’ signaling the end. ‘O.K. for camera!’ shouted the camera operator. ‘O.K. for everything!’ shouted the sound engineer. ‘O.K. for everything!’ shouted the director.

All very well, you see, Mr. Kruger. In fact, we get a kick out of it, ourselves. But there is just one little matter we’d like to clear up. How about Mrs. Kruger—is it O.K. by her, too?"

Mr. Kruger chuckles. "Why shouldn’t it be?" he asks. "She has no reason to be jealous. She knows I love her. Women do know, you know, when they are loved sincerely and deeply. ‘It’s—well, it’s inuition, I suppose. They are much more sensitive to emotion than the average human being, and I have little doubt she ever crept into my mind, then she’d know she had cause to be jealous. But there aren’t any doubts, there never will be. She’s not jealous! She’s not jealous even will be. But this is silly, my trying to convince a woman that another woman isn’t jealous. Why don’t you ask her, yourself?"

And that is precisely what I proceed to do. Of course I’m not jealous," she says, and then chuckles.

They’re a chuckling couple, those Krugers. And I suspect them of having a good chuckle over the tale Otto tells of how he is able to make love so convincingly on the screen.
The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

(Continued from page 79)

And in the evening, when I'm hoping to turn from a tired working girl into a veritable Cinderella, I find that five or ten minutes of relaxation on the floor are the thing. None of this sinking into a soft-cushioned chaise longue (or even a chair) for me, because if I did that I'd probably go into a three hours sleep—and there's nothing worse than being awakened before you are ready. Besides, it isn't usually sleep that I need, but relaxation. And the floor's the place... for when you're stretched out flat on the floor, your nerves and muscles fall into different positions from those that they've been cramped in all day. And here's the trick of it. I lie flat, with my arms stretched high above my head. Then I begin to twist the middle of my torso, first to one side and then to the other. It's as good as having a massage work on you. And again, when I feel weighed down with inertia, I just brush my hair. Ridiculous? No. Because I brush strenuously—I make my hair stand out on all sides. Then I massage my scalp firmly with my fingers. It begins to tingle, and I can feel the circulation rushing to my head, along with the increased circulation I brush. I brush some more; and in ten or fifteen minutes I have literally and figuratively revived my sleepy head.

These are little things, but they're important... for the important clue to charm to-day is the sustaining of one's vitality. We all radiate vim and vigor in our early teens, but how quickly we wear oil, if we don't do something to detain them! Too strenuous exercises, too violent massages—these things I don't believe in, because you're apt to wear yourself out, trying to keep yourself from looking worn out. It's the easy little tricks that count! Maybe some of these will help you!

“A Gent—But Not Too Much So”

(Continued from page 79)

“Do I look like the type that would be willing to pay that price for film fame?” he asks, with a puzzled grin. “Where do all these ridiculous rumors start, anyway? These rumors that no one can make good on the screen until his face is made over? Nearly everyone who comes to Hollywood can stand a bit of a touch-up; but that’s different from a complete overhauling. There’s always something that looks funny to the camera. In my case, it was a long and bore upper lip.”

He throws his cigarette away, and gives you a sly look. “As for women, they undergo more changes than the men. It makes no difference how beautiful the girls are—they have to be changed into screen types before they can reach the top runs. Look at Margaret Sullivan, for instance. She was just as beautiful when she arrived as she is to-day, but experimenting with make-up and hair waves got her beauty over to the camera more effectively. When Hume Barse came over from England, she was an international beauty. But it took a week with the make-up men and hairdressers before she was ready to go into ‘There’s a Ways Tomorrow.’

Calls Himself Lucky

“I KNOW they’re always kidding the films for changing everything, but you don’t know what that camera can do to you in the close-ups. I’ve seen Broadway matinee idols—marvelous-looking chaps—who had to plaster their ears back to play (Continued on page 83)
Lilian Bond, a beautiful screen actress, is a striking example of the vivacious charm and physical attractiveness of a lovely, slender figure.

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test
(Continued from page 14)

1. Bing Crosby, your favorite screen and radio crooner, is the daddy of the three adorable boys pictured on page 14. The smaller twin, who published Crosby twins, and Dixie Lee, formerly of the screen, is the mother of the trio. Cary Evans, fifteen months of age, plugged up his ears so that when his twin brothers start their own brand of crooning (crying to you) he will be spared. The twins are named Dennis Michael (left) and Philip Lang (right).

2. Wallace Beery is the star under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for whom the company has purely set over of the Goldenglocken stories by Guy Gilpatrick. The well-known Colin Goldenglocken role will take Beery on adventures in every port in the world.

3. Recently, when Mae West and Marlene Dietrich met face to face, by chance, on the Paramount lot, for the first time since the rumor was started that a feud existed between the two stars, they blasted the report that they were the best of friends. After May and Marlene exchanged greetings, they held a ten-minute friendly chat.

4. Mary Pickford and Jean Harlow are the two stars who have gone literary. Mary Pickford's short story, "Little Liar," was published last summer in a women's magazine, with more of her stories to follow shortly, and Jean is making final arrangements for the publishing of "Today Is Tonight." The novel she has just completed.

5. The fluttering hands of ZaSu Pitts will have to learn some new tricks now that ZaSu is about to play for her role a chorus girl for Metro's picture, "Repeal." ZaSu will emerge as a streamline model chorus girl and will discard that blank look of despair from her face. She has always played the ugly-duckerling on the screen and it will be a revelation to her fans to see that ZaSu has her share of beauty, too.

6. Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, will be co-starred in "Casino De Paree." Jolson will play the role of a musical comedy actor and Ruby will be his leading lady, the beautiful dancer in the picture. The story runs a good chance to make real life the Jolsons. Al and Ruby, who have been married for more than six years, are very much in love, therefore, the director of this picture is sure of their success, for the stars trying to steal scenes from one another.

7. When Grace Bradley recently came of age, she inherited an estate of $250,000, left in trust for her by her grandfather who died some time ago. The inheritance includes an estate in New England and a winter home in Florida. Grace will go right on with her movie career and you will see her next in the Fox picture, "East River."

8. Marilyn Miller, musical comedy star of stage and screen, has married Charles (Chet) O'Brien, former chorus boy, and assistant stage manager of "As Thousands Cheer," the musical show in which Marilyn was the dancing star. They were secretly married at Harrison, New York. This is Marilyn's third marriage and O'Brien's first.

9. Richard Barthelmess is the movie star who is being seriously considered for the role of Wang Lung in "The Good Earth." The outcome is in Chinese maker, and costume will definitely decide whether Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will go through with the plan to star Barthelmess in this picture. This brings to mind the fact that Barthel- mes made a great hit years ago in D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," in which he played a Chinese role.

10. Joel McCrea, motion picture actor, was presented with a seven-pound baby boy on September 7, by a pretty wife, Frances Dee, also of the screen. Joel Dee McCrea is the name they have chosen for their son.

11. Doris Kenyon, the widow of the late screen star, Milton Sills, will make her début in grand opera when she sings in the Metropolitan two Metropolitan stars, Nelson Eddy and Louis D'Angelo, in "The Secret of Suzanne" this November.

12. Spencer Tracy and Lee Tracy are not related. The pair of brothers that exists between the two Tracy boys is the same in the profession and both successful actors in their own rights. Spencer Tracy was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Lee Tracy was born in Atlanta, Georgia.

13. Because Myrna Loy played Oriental roles so convincingly for so many years. It is hard to believe that she was born in this country. She is a descendant of a (freckles and all) girl from Helena, Montana, and her real name is Myrna Williams. Recently, Myrna has been featured in pictures where she does not have to play Oriental roles and she has proved that she can handle the roles of modern, sophisticated ladies as skillfully as she did the parts of the Oriental character.

14. ZaSu Pitts was named after her two aunts, Liza and Susan. Her parents coined the name ZaSu by combining parts of the names of the two aunts because they wanted to please them both and ZaSu has never shown disrespect to her aunt Susan by not writing her name with a capital S.

15. Queenie Smith, the popular Broadway musical comedy star, makes her screen début in "Two for Tonight." The Bing Crosby picture which also has Marian Mansfield, Jack Oakie and Roscoe Karns in the cast. Miss Mansfield is Crosby's protegee. With such a splendid cast, this looks like a very promising film.

16. The accidental shooting and death of Russ Columbo was a great shock to Carole Lombard. Before his death, Columbo was about to start a new play in Chicago theater, and his body was looking forward to an early trip to the altar. September 2. Russ Columbo was visiting his friend, Lanning Brown, a Hollywood producer, and they were inspecting Brown's collection of old pistols, which they thought unloaded, one went off, killing Columbo. Read the story on page 7.

17. Nils Aster held back monthly alimony payments from his former wife, Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan Sisters team, because, according to his claims, Vivian was exploiting their three-year-old child, Evelyn Rosetta. The exploitation he objected to was that the child was making nightly appearances in Chicago theater. Aster announced that he would resume the payments as soon as he was assured all exploitation of the child would stop and that he would be paid his proper payments.

18. Joan Blondell, beautiful blonde motion picture star and her husband, George Barnes, are happy because the long-legged girl is expected to pay them a visit almost any day now.

19. This was a hard one. The gentleman, who did his best to get into the picture, is Melvyn Douglas. The picture on page 14 is coming from "Dunraven Corner," in which Virginia Bruce plays Olaen Peet and Douglas plays Charles Stanton.
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“A Gent—But Not Too Much So”
(Continued from page 83)
on the screen. That old debil camera is like a microscope. I was lucky,” he chuckled, as he ran his fingers through his wavy locks, “that they only added a mustache and took a bit of the curl out of my hair.

But wasn’t he surprised when the Universal people put him into musical productions after he had played dramatic leads on Broadway for so many seasons?

“Why should I?” he asks. “I came out here to act, and that’s what I’m doing. It’s all in the day’s work and the other roles are coming. Acting in a musical play is just like acting in any other play, if you can sing. I had a chance to turn down the roles if I didn’t want them, but I thought I’d like to have another crack at the song-and-dance game again after ‘Moonlight and Pretzels.’

“Later on, I’m going to do some of the sort of parts I acted on the stage. I’m getting in shape for it little by little. You know, I had a six-week leave of absence from the studio to play in ‘Men in White’ on the stage for Henry Duffy when he put on the play at the El Capitan Theatre last March.

Looking for Drama

“I WASN’T so tough”—he gives that inexpressibly boyish smile again—and “I know that none of them out here got the same idea, so I’m looking for a change back into straight drama pretty soon.”

There is amusing irony in the fact that he should have made his movie name, originally, in musicals. He comes from the musical Pryors, who haven’t been anything but actors and musicians for generations and generations. His father, Arthur Pryor, who was a trombone soloist with Sousa before he became an international sensation as leader of his own band, had a quixotic determination that neither of his two sons should be an actor or musician. It amounted to an obsession, and he even went so far as to forbid them to cultivate their irrepressible musical talents. He wanted nothing but business men in the family.

Accordingly, Arthur, Jr., practised his cornet in the woods, and in the cellar (softly) on rainy days, until he was good enough to get a job in his father’s own band. And fifteen-year-old Roger, lounging on the beach at Asbury Park, New York, as a vacation lifeguard, with not a single dramatic ambition in his carefree head, was offered a job as juvenile in the stock company of a friend of his father’s—and a few short years later had worked up to the lead in New York’s “Blessed Event.”

Peggy Climbed with Him

THE play that brought him this starring job and also brought him into the limelight was “A Modern Virgin,” which gave Margaret Sullavan, as well, her big Broadway break. Now they both are at Universal, and may yet be seen together on the screen, as they were on Broadway—back in 1922. After the long run of “Blessed Event,” he made a tour with Violet Heming in “There’s Always Juliet.”

No publicity-seeker, he has no particular fads. He can play almost any musical instrument—piano, trombone, cornet, and all the strings—although he has never had a lesson. He sings well, although he pretends not to think so. (And, needless to say, his father is bursting with pride about it all.) He keeps in trim with golf, hunting and swimming.

He appeared, barren of lip, in “I Like It That Way,” “I’ll Tell the World” and “Belle of the Nineties.” If you want to see the new Pryor, you must rush to “Romance in the Rain,” “Wake Up and Dream” or “Lady by Choice.” Send your votes to Mr. Pryor at Universal City.

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(Continued from page 27)

Why Garbo Is a Genius

glamour. Sturdily constructed, with face strongly planned, she yet creates an impression of spirituality. She is intriguing because she is a paradox. For she is a combination of strength and fragility. She exerts a psychic influence because she gives us a sense of spiritual exploration, of a poignant mental conflict.

How She Lives When Working

Greta Garbo recognizes the needs of that other self, of that self that is only an temporary tenant of her body. During the shooting of a picture, her program is unvarying: Work all day. Home, and supper in bed. While she eats, the script is propped up before her. She devours her lines for tomorrow. And even though sleep is long in the coming, she finds relaxation in that complete physical immobility.

Her light frequently burns far into the night, but the girl who keeps vigil is not the same person as the one who laughs the evenings away with friends during the between-picture periods. These hours of the working Garbo are spent in deep concentration. She wants to be sure each character is real—and like all sincere artists—she is never satisfied; she is humble as the great always are humble. With silence and solitude, she pays toll to that thing within herself which she does not understand, but which she can only subsidize by devotion and complete vitality.

Definitely, these moods of hers are not consciously assumed. There are many with the predisposition for a detachment from others when they are under stress of sorrow or work. Many creative artists have that tendency, but their working moods generally are counterbalanced by social life after working hours—a multiplicity of outside interests. If they permit themselves the luxury of being different, they are branded "eccentric" or "exclusive."
molded in an exact pattern, the same pattern that all the other pups of the school are cut from. See that you stand out as an individual—not a puppet. Anyone, by putting her shoulder to the wheel, can teach a person to dance after a certain pattern. But the movies don’t want patterns... in dancing... in faces... in voices... in anything! (For that matter, she seems to mean originality of steps alone; I mean originality in yourself, in your mannerisms of dancing, in your movement.)

You see, right there is the real reason why so many dancers have danced their way into the movies. It wasn’t that they danced so well—that’s not the way these dancers are dancers to-day proves that. But, by dancing, they created personalities for themselves. They learned poise and grace. They learned how to walk before an audience without self-consciousness. If they weren’t good dancers, and knew it, they learned how to concentrate on audience attention on their faces—and don’t think that trick isn’t used by many a dancer!

Then, there is something else learned in dancing that every actor or actress knows. Though a dancer may be paneling for breath, though her legs may ache from tiredness, she goes through her routine, always attempting, continuing her movements being reflecting—vitally—which is one of the most intriguing charms in the world. Did you ever see a dancer dancing with a score and feel that if you didn’t like her, didn’t like her. Did anyone ever make a success of dancing to sad music? No. Dancers are invaluable to every young would-be, because it teaches him or her to radiate the effervescence of youth.

It’s the Way to Keep Fit

"Then, there is the important physical aspect—what it does for the body. It keeps a young person in a well-waisted, line-saple; it develops curves in the right places. And it keeps a man fit, too.

"As a career, dancing is a hard life—with its hours of practice, its hours spent in the striving for new effects. And few of us reach the top as dancers. But as training for the movies, dancing is one of the most worthwhile—and if it helps to a dancing career, which has just finished working on Eddie Cantor’s new picture, “Kid Millions,” and who also staged the dances in “The Prizefighter and the Lady.”

The Importance of Poise

“IN the first place,” says Mr. Felix, “dancing in the movies is not done with the feet. Dancing is all done from the waist up. If a girl wants to join a movie chorus line she must be a dancer, for in ballet, as in nothing else, you learn to use your arms and your hands gracefully.

“The next thing to learn is how to regulate your energy. And the third is to learn how to relax. I used to be a dancer, myself, and I know that without learning these two things, you are very apt to wear yourself out. The funniest thing is that I learned them—not from a doctor or a dancing teacher, but from your strings, a sportswriter, and none other than Maxie Baer, himself.

“I knew Maxie long before I coached him in the ’Prizefighter and the Lady.’ I used to marvel at the way Maxie Baer could go into the practice ring, with everything under control. He started out with amazing energy, and he still had it at the end of the day. What was the secret? If a dancer could learn it, he’d have fatigue licked forever. Well, here is the secret as Maxie explained it: ‘When you have the motor of your car, you don’t start it up, if at full speed. You can’t. You start slowly in first, you go into second, and finally you settle down to a steady, not too fast, but that’s exactly the way you should start your own motor in the morning. Begin walking around slowly, just around your room slowly. Gradually increase your speed until you are walking rapidly—then gradually begin slowing down again, till you come to a normal pace. You will not be out of breath and you will have your system in running order.

The Way to Relax

“THEN, for learning how to recoup your energies in a short period of time—prizefighters find a minute enough for their best period—"you’ve got to practise it just as you do everything else. Sit down with your head back, your eyes closed, your legs anchored out, your hands relaxed at your sides. Force yourself to stay that way for five minutes, trying to keep all disturbing thoughts out of your mind. Try it again a few days later and the next, soon will be no effort at all to stay still, in perfect relaxation, renewing your energies.

“I think that the time will come when we shall have prizefighters out here to go into training, just as a prizefighter would. This is necessary—for their loins, more than for their dancing. And we’ve got to have girls who are beautiful for our choruses. You may not believe it when I tell you that a girl who has been chosen for a chorus can make more than $500 a year, one year may not do at all the next year. The reasons? Figures, as well as faces, can change much in a year. And it’s hard to prevent it, unless chorus girls, like tightens, go in for daily exercises, daily routines. It doesn’t sound very pleasant—but I think it’s necessary, especially in this movie world. Otherwise, a girl’s face doesn’t matter very much on the stage; but in front of a camera, it’s suicide.

“Here’s something else that may sound like bad news to a girl, but in building her up for anything. The age-limit for girls whom we choose for our movie choruses is usually twenty-six and there are few exceptions to that rule. But often this is an opportunity, rather than a setback, for when a girl feels that her picture chorus days are over, she will find it a lot harder than ever to attract attention to herself as a player, and not as a dancer.

Never Too Late to Learn

“I DO not want to give the impression that if you’re over twenty, you should give up the idea of learning to dance. I only say that if dancing is to be your career, it’s best to learn it as early as possible. But many of the stars have taken up dancing as a subsequent talent, and have found that it has added much to their success. Ginger Rogers, for example, got her stage start as a dancer, but started on the screen as a comedienne—and had not danced much on the screen until she made a picture with Fred Astaire. Fred found her the easiest person in the world to teach, because she has a natural feeling for music and rhythm. Among her co-stars, Carole Lombard is another who discovered suddenly that she could dance, and very successfully, too, as she proved in ‘Bolero.’ It takes persistence to get anywhere in this business, but if you learn the lessons that dancing has to teach, you will be ready for anything!”

--Continued from page 29--
Pardon Her Southern Accent... She's British

(Continued from page 59)

At fifteen she was living on a farm, driving a milk delivery cart, getting the equivalent of fifty cents a week for milking a herd of cows. The days were long. They began with the first promise of a rising sun and ended with darkness. Yet that back-breaking existence was mitigated by her dreams, her ambitions, her determination to bring glamour into her life.

Traveled to Fame on Foot

Her only recreations were the dances in the neighboring village hall, where she discovered her sense of grace and the rhythm that flowed through her body. That was her love of dancing! And through her love she has found all the things that she wanted so very much.

What dancing she knew, however, was the elementary kind—and she was afraid even to try for a position as a dancer. She knew no one in show business, had no friends of influence; she had to wait. But meanwhile, in a roundabout way, she worked toward her goal. She said goodbye to her milking stool. For a time she was asked maid to a score of choice dogs, then as a drapery assistant, a ribbon-counter clerk—or a tobacco company's assistant—a student nurse at a big London hospital, where the hours were long and the pay short. She gave up nursing, gulped down her timidity, and applied for the position as one of the dancing hostesses at a nightclub. She got it, but it was not satisfied with being "just another dancer," an anonymous partner of anonymous patrons of the club. The orchestra had a drummer who was also an ex-dancer, and he taught her intricate steps, until finally they sold the management the idea of a specialty dance every evening.

She saved her earnings becoming a passion and devotion with her. Not for the pretty clothes others craved, but for books, for new opportunities. Eventually, she had enough. And off to Paris she went, where she proceeded to supplement her education with an intensive course in history and the classics and languages.

Had Courage, Pus Ambition

On her return to London she found a small group of lovely dancing girls—of the kind. Gilmore and Glo-More, of the kind. Four of them—plus a fifth—were chosen to form the basis of a new dance company. They were the inspiration for Miss Marchand's new musical, "Dancing for the Sake of It." And they were the inspiration for the new dance company, "Marchand's Dream." Soon they had their own theater, and the "Marchand's Dream" was born. The show was a success, and the new company was the talk of London. From that moment on, Miss Marchand was set on a path of success. She never looked back, and she never regretted the decision she had made that fateful day.

Marchand's Hair Scientists Are Helping Thousands To Protect Blonde Beauty

Remember—nurture gave you pretty, blonde hair. It's in your nature to be blonde—you are every right to keep your hair as radiant as nature created. Give blonde hair the special care it needs—and Marchand's hair scientists promise that the lovely tints of girlhood will return to your hair. Their fine product, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is scientifically prepared to offset darkening, to restore clear golden tints.

Right now, thousands of women are using Marchand's to protect blonde hair from darkening. Women of refinement, beauties of stage, and the authors of Marchand's works. You can control the effect so nicely. Hair can be lightened just a tiny shade at a time until you obtain the tint that pleases you most. New hair growing in can be matched.

Marchand's is perfectly safe, it is not a dye or powder. It will not wash out or come off, it has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required. Beautiful results are assured—Marchand's won't disappoint you.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids showing—you have no fear of regrowth at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive thru the sheerest of stockings. Easy, inexpensive.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail. Use Coupon

Marchand's

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

C. MARCHAND CO.
59th St. and 10th Ave., New York, N. Y.

4 oz. enclosed in tin or stamped: Please send me a free sample of Golden Hair Wash.

Your Name ____________________________

Your Address __________________________

Gold, lovely, and living—Marchand's Golden Hair Wash cleans, restores, and darkens your blonde hair or brown hair. It is quickly and easily applied to the head in the shower by shampooing, rinsing, and applying Marchand's Golden Hair Wash directly to the hair. It is then washed off very quickly with cold water, leaving your hair golden or dark or a blend of the two colors.

For a free sample of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, please send the coupon or write to C. Marchand Co., 59th St. and 10th Ave., New York, N. Y. A free sample will be sent to you promptly. To order, write to your regular supplier, or send for a sample at no obligation.

Marchand's is the original Golden Hair Wash. The formula has been refined and improved over the years, but the basic concept remains: a gentle, effective cleanser that leaves the hair looking and feeling healthy and beautiful. Marchand's is suitable for all hair types, including fine hair, and it can be used on all colored hair. The color will be brightened or darkened, depending on the desired effect.

Be a Wind Artist

Make $50 to $100 a Week!

Our single, proven methods make it easy to become a Wind Artist. Learn to create Commercial Art, logo design and marketing quickly. At Home, part-time, free. New book: "Art for Pleasure and Profit." Write for free book. Wadena Radio School of Ar, 2410 St., Wadena, Wash.
was looking for a vaudeville partner to tour South Africa. Binnie went after the job and got it. And she proceeded to acquire a Texan repertoire and a Texan accent on that long voyage to another continent.

When she split with McLeod some months later, she returned to England and billed herself as "Texas" Binnie Barnes, the American Cowgirl. And got away with it! If England was interested in American girls from the wide-open spaces, she would give audiences what they wanted.

Coping with her English accent was a bit more difficult, but she conquered that obstacle, too. Her Texas accent may not have been eighteen-carat, but it passed.

For the role of the heroine in "Deja,"Sing the song "Deja" ("Tomorrow"), which swept the Continent. It was Noel Coward, the author of "Cavalcade," who chose Binnie for the role of上, the blues singer, who lost the man she loved in the War. She was the very incarnation of the girl he had in mind when he created that role—and Binnie found herself in a sensational success. "Cavalcade" played London for a year.

She is tall and slender; her burnished copper hair is an index to her extraordinary vitality, to her avid reaction to life. She swims and rides and plays golf and tennis and is a disc jockey.

She doesn't like parties and rarely goes to them. She is a divinely impressive figure in evening clothes. She can't understand pose. Her philosophy of life is simple: "Do the best you know how—be honest with everyone—but particularly with yourself!"

She is an astute business woman, as well as a very fine actress. There are three smart dress shops in London that she owns—and when she's there, she buys all the merchandise for the shops, herself. While in Hollywood, she receives daily reports on stocks, profits and progress.

All in all, she's a startling personality, vivacious and fresh and intelligent. Universal introduces her in her first American-made picture, "There's Always Tomorrow." And when Douglas Fairbanks' English-made picture of Lord Byron is shown in America, you will see her as one of his six leading ladies. She was working on that picture when she was offered the Universal contract and her transatlantic telephone, and when she finished her last scene, she removed her greasepaint and dashed for the boat. In New York, a plane was waiting for her at La Guardia, to take her to her home in Connecticut. She didn't know that Binnie was going to take another chance of losing her by giving her time to get homesick.

**NOW EVERY WOMAN CAN AFFORD TO TRY THEM**

It's foolish to deny yourself the comfort these tablets can give.

**Trial Size—25c**

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS**

For the prompt relief of periodic pain, backache and headache

Lydia E. Pinkham's Products are endorsed by nearly a million women

On the market since 1873

Look for this box on your druggist's counter

**MERCOLIZED WAX**

Keeps Skin Young

Alcohol base creams and deodorizers using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as laugh wrinkles, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clean, soft and soft—here looks five years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading drugstores.

-Powdered Saxolite-Redness wrinkles and other unsightly. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint with water and use daily at face action.

**GRAY HAIR**

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce of palm, small pieces of Barbasol Compound and one-fourth ounce of silvery. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbasol imprints color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the skin, is not sticky and does not rub off.

**SCREEN SCHOOL**

HARRISON LEWIS SCREEN STUDIOS

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Add Firm Rouned Flesh

Yes! Now you can fill out those hollows—add firm, rounded flesh just where you need it to develop lovely shapeliness. Let me send you my new easy method to try.

**Gain Shapely Feminine Curves**

-Now longer need you be embarrassed by a thin, uneven, unwanted form! No longer need you be ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit or clinging gown. Here at last is a safe, easy way to develop a stunning figure—pairs to firm and strengthen tablet, swelling tissues.

**Just Give Me 10 Days**

Let me prove I can give you the full, womanly development that is so smart and attractive. My wonderful method takes just a few minutes a day. See the marvelous results. Take advantage of this offer now. Send me one 10c and I will send you my free illustrated booklet. Write to Miss Jeanette Putnam, 355 E. 82nd St., New York.

JOAN MORGAN, Dept. K-12

6811 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, New York
What They're About—And How Good They Are

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

90

The Affairs of Cellini—Artificially amusing antics in the life of the Ages, rendered by Frederic March, Constance Bennett and Frank Morgan—with Morgan the most real and the most amusing (20th Century).

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Life and love in the Victorian days of repression, interpreted with great skill by Norma Shearer as the invalid Elizabeth Barrett, Franchot Tone as the forceful Robert Browning, and Charles Laughton as her subtly cruel father. Not to be missed (M-G-M-31).

Belle of the Nineties—Mae West returns to barbarettes and burlesqued in a tale of a St. Louis duchess who becomes a New Orleans queen. It's amusing, if not actually hilarious, and Mae (who is the whole show) hasn't lost her verve (Par.).

Big-Hearted Herbert—Konrad Kibbee—Gay is the first name—attains stardom as a heartless dictator whose family can "take it" just so long. It's an entertaining comedy of home-life, with Alec MacMahon, as his wife, heading the rebellion (W. H.).

British Agent—Leslie Howard and Kay Francis both go adventuring as spies on opposite sides in post-revolution Russia. Though all spy stories have the same formula, this one zips with suspense (F. N.).

Caravan—In Hungary, a titled young lora (Loretta Young) impulsively marries a singing gypsy (Charles Boyer), who leads to musical comedy complications that also involve Phillips Holmes and Jean Parker. Beautifully mounted on a fragile foundation (Fox).

While Loretta Young yearns, Charles Boyer fiddles in "Caravan"—and Jean Parker pretends not to be jealous.

The Case of the Howling Dog—Warren William, as a lawyer-detective, solves a baffling, if weird murder, with Fay Wray and comedy partners (W. B.).

Chained—Jean Crawford, working girl, finds herself in a dilemma when she marries millionaire Otto Kruger and discovers that she should have married that South American rancher, Clark Cable. Well acted, but it doesn't mean much (M-G-M).

Charlie Chan in London—Warner Oland has to work fast this time, he has only three days in which to save an innocent man from the gallows. One of the best of the "Chan" mysteries (Fox).

Chu Chin Chow—A musical spectacle out of the "Arabian Nights," relating the misfortunes that befall the unpracticed master of a dancing girl (Anna May Wong). Slow, but eye-filling and ear-filling (Gaumont-British).

Cleopatra—History's best-known triangle story, handled in a big—nay, a colossal—way by Cecil B. De Mille, with Claudette Colbert as the nymph of the Nile, Warren William as Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon as Antony. It appeals more to the eyes than to the emotions (Par.).

Crime Without Passion—A "different" melodrama, set around Claude Rains, as a clever criminal lawyer caught in fate's ironic meshes. You won't forget this one (Par.).

Dames—Glorifying the American chorus girl in the magnificently familiar manner—with added mirth this time. Robert Young, Keeler and Joan Blondell are the singing-dancing principals; Hugh Herbert, Zarah Leander and Guy Kibbee, their comic cohorts (W. R.).


Desirable—A young-looking stage actress (Verree Teasdale) has a daughter (Jean Muir) who suddenly grows up and becomes her rival with George Brent. Witty and well acted (W. B.).

The Fountain—A sensitive, intelligent transcription of Charles Morgan's novel about three outstanding lives, with Ann Harding, Brian Aherne and Paul Lukas as the trio. There may be more dialogue than action, but it's beautifully dialogue (RKO).

Girl of the Limberlost—The talkie version of Gene Stratton Porter's novel of a lovely mountain girl, undertaken by Deptford, has all the heart-throbs intact. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser and Ralph Morgan are the principals (Monogram).

Hedlout—A light salute on the movie menu—an amusing echo of gangster films, with Robert Montgomery doing detective by being to the simple life and Maureen O'Sullivan (M-G-M-31).

The Human Side—A quiet, down-to-earth comedy of a playboy husband and a star-at-home wife, boasting the services of Adolphe Menjou and Doris Kenyon (Univ.).

Judge Priest—Will Rogers' best picture. It has everything—comedy, pathos, exciting drama, romance. In an 1890 Kentucky setting, Will plays a small-town priest who knows human nature and knows how to help the innocent (Fox).

Kansas City Princess—Fast-moving farce, with Jean Blondell and Glenda Farrell as two maniacs with a very bored, humorous, if not highbrow (W. B.).

The Last Gentleman—George Arliss adds another colorful portrait to his vivid gallery—playing a crookety eccentric who isn't so crazy as his family tries to make out. (30th Century).

A Lost Lady—Sensitive drama of a May-and-December love, with Barbara Stanwyck as Villa Cather's heroine, Frank Morgan as her older husband, and Ralph Clanton as the man whose youth calls to her own youth (W. B.).

Madame Du Barry—A new, lavish, and somewhat exaggerated version of the always-dramatic story of the tempestuous little milliner who was the uncrowned Queen of France—with Dolores Del Rio a superb Du Barry (W. B.).

Now and Forever—Shirley Temple wrings the tears, as the child of Gary Cooper and the step-child of Walter Pidgeon, innocently involved in their unfortunate designs for living (Par.).

One Night of Love—A simple, dramatic, colorful story of the rise of a singer, with Grace Moore bringing grand opera to the masses in a way to make them like it—and her. Tulle Carminday, as her voice teacher. Partes the honors. It looks like the hit of the year (Col.).

Our Daily Bread—King Vidor, with commendable courage, becomes the first to dramatise "the forgotten man"—with a story of a colony of unemployed in an abandoned farm, battling for their lives. Tom Keene, late of Westerns, is his hero (U. A.).

Outcast Lady—Michael Arlen's "Green Hat," handled with kid gloves. Lacking the motivations of the original story, Constance Bennett and Herbert Marshall have a struggle, making their characterisation—"31—32, and cast—"32—Federal.

Puck's Bad Boy—Jackie Cooper adds something new to the old story of a mischievous, misunderstood young boy. Thomas Meighan, returning to the screen after a long absence, is the principal adult (Fox).

Power—Lion Feuchtwanger's ironic novel of an ambitious man who had to wield immense power becomes great drama, with Constat Verít painting one of the screen's greatest character portraits. (Gaumont-British).

The Richest Girl in the World—Miriarn Hopkins, who wants her sister to love her for herself, not her riches, goes in for a masquerade—and the result is one of the year's most delightful comedies (RKO).

Romance in the Rain—Victor Moore, harried publisher, of a daily newspaper, is commanded by Roger Pryor to put on a Cinderella contest—which brings on amusing situations he doesn't expect. Both clean and comical, with music (Univ.).

Scarlet Empress—While Marlene Dietrich is both glorifying and debunking Catherine the Great, go to Josef von Sternberg experiments with fantastic settings, unusual photography, startling new effects. The result is something decidedly different (Par.).

The Scarlet Letter—Colleen Moore is the star of the newest screen version of Hawthorne's tale of an errant Puritan—but this version doesn't go below the surface of emotions and the "comedy relief" doesn't add to the drama (Majestic).

Servants' Entrance—Jany Ganvor plays Cinderella in reverse. Wealthy, she goes into servant work in disguise and falls in love with a mechanic (Loew's). It's a chemical and slight (Fox).

There's Always Tomorrow—Frank Morgan, unappreciated head of a family, seeks harmless solace from Connie Baur and forgets the household. A skillful variation on a familiar theme (Univ.).

Wagon Wheels—Life in the covered-wagon days, complete with honest romance and Indian fighting, featuring Randolph Scott and Monte Blue (Par.).

Wake Up and Dream—Roger Pryor tries to propagate a Hollywood cure for his "thirsty" and both fall in love with the same girl, June Knight. While the "thirsty" is being quenched, a tragic fate of the dramatic (M-G-M).

The World Moves On—A near-sple, crowded with drama. In the early 1890's, some brothers scatter to far countries; a century later, they are fighting each other in the Great War. Madeleine Carroll and Eric Portman, both playing dual roles, are the chief characters (Fox).

You Belong to Me—Lee Tracy mixes comedy with pathos, as a down whose heart aches for a young widow and her small son (David Holt). The young-

Claude Rains, the ex-Invisible Man, is vis-
ibly agitated in "Crime Without Passion"—about Whitney Bourne . . .
Beech-Nut steals the show!

Ladies and Gentlemen!
...Beech-Nut presents...
a mouth-watering performance
...that will give the most jaded
appetite a new thrill! Here's
a glorious galaxy of flavors...
in gum, fruit drops and mints.
Follow the crowd and join
the big parade. Step right up
and say... "Beech-Nut"!
The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves.

They Taste Better!
EDDIE CANTOR TALKS ABOUT CHORUS GIRLS
BEAUTIFUL SCREEN STARS KNOW

... that sparkling eyes and round, tempting lips demand good facial circulation. Try one of their secrets—start up your circulation by enjoying DOUBLE MINT GUM. The beauty result is immediate. Buy a package. You'll like it.
WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, afraid to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile will be the magic thing it should be!

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.
ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
FEATURES

The "Buy-American" Girl—Marion Davies .... Cruikshank 27
Eddie Cantor Talks About Chorus Girls .... Harry T. Brundidge 28
For Rent—a Few Palaces .... Winifred Aylott 30
"Dear Miss ——, Will You Marry Me?" .... Katharine Hartley 32
Why Every Woman Wants to Be an Actress .... Jack Smalley 34
The World Is Yours, Donat! .... J. Maurice Ruddy 39
If They Could Reach the Top, So Can You! .... Eric L. Ergenbright 40
Laugh and Live Longer! .... Sonia Lee 42
It Takes a Sherlock Holmes to Tell the Stars Off the Screen .... Jack Smalley 44
Valentino Still Lives—for Pola Negri .... Gladys Hall 46
"Budget Your Personality," Says Jean Harlow .... Sonia Lee 49
A Paris Import for the Ladies—Charles Boyer .... Elisabeth Goldbeck 50
"My Head Rules My Heart ..."—Ann Sothern .... Faith Service 51
Robert Armstrong's House Is a Man's House .... Dorothy Calhoun 52
Fashionable Débütante—or Well-Dressed Working Girl? .... Rita Jean D'Arcy 56
Untold Stories of Loves That Have Lasted .... William F. French 59
Actors Are Younger Than Other People .... Lee Tracy 60
The Secrets of the Dressing-Table .... Madge Evans 61
They're Seriously About Radio Now .... Louis Reid 62

DEPARTMENTS

The Human Side of Hollywood .... Jerry Hoffman 6
You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out! .... L. R. R. 10
Movie Names in the News .... Lee Hunter 14
Hollywood News Test .... Marion Martone 16
Intimate News from Hollywood .... 36
The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures .... 64
Letter Page .... 88
Tip-Offs on the Talkies .... James Edwin Reid 90

Cover Design of Ginger Rogers Painted by MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, Western Editor

AFTER YEARS in Hollywood, I've discovered an almost infallible way of learning who is the host or guest-of-honor at a movie party. On arriving, look around carefully. Somewhere in a forsaken corner, forlorn and alone, is a bewildered-looking individual. If he isn't the host, he must be the person in whose honor the party is being given. It rarely fails.

Hollywood parties really don't require a host. All the film colony needs is the invitation, the time, and the place. Many don't even demand the first. The late Lew Cody discovered he didn't have to worry about his guests after receiving them. Invariably, he would disappear early in the evening and go to bed, while the party continued blithely, unaware of the absence of any guiding hand.

Nelson Eddy discovered that Hollywood parties really don't require a host. All the film colony needs is the invitation, the time, and the place. Many don't even demand the first. The late Lew Cody discovered he didn't have to worry about his guests after receiving them. Invariably, he would disappear early in the evening and go to bed, while the party continued blithely, unaware of the absence of any guiding hand.

Nelson Eddy discovered that

accidentally last month. Nelson made the Hollywood mistake of throwing a cocktail party on a Saturday. Now on ordinary week-days, cocktail parties begin at five and usually run until seven or eight. The M-G-M baritone invited his friends to meet at five. At nine, Nelson began fidgeting just a bit. Instead of the guests thinning down in numbers, they were increasing. At midnight he found people swarming all over the place and decided to give in. He went to bed. The party ended somewhere between four and five in the morning, while Nelson slept peacefully and blissfully through the night. It may interest some of those present to...

(Continued on page 8)
Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness... all its pain... blended in love's old sweet song!
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

No. 51

No. 7

No. 56

No. 23

HORIZONTAL

1. A blonde star with the same last name as the Prince of Wales.
8. She used to be Imogene Wilson
10. "— All Wires" 
12. Director of "Blind Date"
15. Gladys George's nickname
16. Grace Moore's operatic alma mater (abbr.)
17. A United States Naval Base in the Pacific Ocean
19. Ellie May Gillespie in "Judge Priest"
20. Genevieve Tobin's role in "By Your Leave"
22. "Cock of the —"
24. The profits of poor pictures are —
25. Sally in "Of Human Bondage"
27. His first name is Henry
30. "— for Trouble"
33. A rubber-legged comedian (init.)
34. Director of "Side Streets" (init.)
35. He directed "Dames"
39. Celito in "Wake Up and Dream"
42. "The Bitter — of General Yen"

51. "— of Me"
44. "— Bodyguard"
45. Julian in "Ladies Should Listen" (poss.)
47. A city in Dorothy Wieck's native Switzerland
49. — Uch! a Japanese sea
50. A farming implement
51. See illustration above
52. What farmers wore in "Our Daily Bread"
54. Phyllis F. — is Ginger Rogers' cousin
56. See illustration above
58. His first name is Jack

VERTICAL

2. An ex-Mrs. John Gilbert
3. Claudette is — wife
4. Bob Gillis in "Judge Priest" (init.)
5. Directed "The Life of Verge Winters"
6. "— More River"
7. See illustration above
9. Marlowe in "Wagon Wheels"
10. She is expecting a little Bell
11. Boris Karloff has a pre-—tion for horror roles
13. The title of an Eskimo picture

14. Mercedes in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
18. Fast-talking, spectacled comic
21. "— In Ermine"
23. See illustration above
26. Hollywood just voted on candidates for the S—
28. Seven (Roman)
29. A familiar word in school cheers
31. "— Daily Bread"
32. "Sadie Me—"
36. Lyle Talbot — into "Racing Luck"
37. Her first name is Pauline
38. The late Mrs. Edmund Lowe
39. Giovanni in "One Night of Love"
49. Wraps, as a rope, with marine
41. "Down to — Last Yacht"
46. A stuttering comedian
48. Her name is French for "Christmas"
53. Cliff Edwards is also known as "Ekule —"
55. American Society of Cinematographers (abbr.)
57. Victor in "The Cat and the Fiddle" (init.)

Solution to Last Puzzle

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

10
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That's Papa in the rumble-seat...but where's his shot-gun?

We'd like to take up the merrie olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—but too sweet not to mention.

Ever whince "Why Was I Born?", "Here Am I", and "Don't Ever Leave Me"? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you'll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before— all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame to Hollywood.

And while the orchestra plays, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Louis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn LeRoy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!

For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.' Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

IRENE DUNNE in

"SWEET ADELINE"

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63 — on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashingly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY
The Lovely Golden Hair You Had... When You Were A Little Girl... Why Not Have it Again?

RESTORE LOST LOVELINESS TO DARKENED BLONDE HAIR WITH MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

The shining blonde hair that captured hearts when you were a little girl—Why Not Have It Again—To Capture Hearts Again!

Remember—Nature gave you pretty blonde hair—but you have every natural right to keep your hair as lovely as nature created it. Give blonde hair the special simple treatment it needs—and darkening will stop—lustrous golden tints will creep back into your hair.

The Marchand hair experts have spent a lifetime studying blonde hair—what causes it to darken and how to offset the effects of darkening, safely and successfully.

The fruit of their long scientific labor is Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Thousands of women now are using this fine product to protect light hair from darkening.

Some want striking blonde hair—others want only a tiny, high-light tint—without making a decided change. Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash will do either. Hair can be lightened a tiny shade at a time, until you obtain the tint that pleases you most. New hair can easily be matched.

Marchand’s is perfectly safe, not a dye or powder. Will not wash out or come off—has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required. Get a bottle today.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

Marchand’s also makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde’s skin. This avoids shaving—yes, you can get rid of it all, because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Lushé look dainty and attractive then the slightest of stockings. Easy, inexpensive, satisfactory! Do it today!

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Your Name .........................................................
Address ..............................................................

(Continued from page 86)

The human side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 8)

her again atop o’ the heap where such a fine actress belongs....

.... Hollywood boasts all sorts of athletic champions, but it remained for Buster Keaton to give the movies their first World Series star. Ernie Orsatti of the St. Louis Cardinals is the local boy who brought the new glory. Originally, he worked for Buster in the days when three hours were taken for lunch so that the entire Keaton production staff could play soft ball. Whether Ernie’s ability as a ball player was acquired then, or whether his studio job was acquired because of his ball-playing ability, doesn’t matter. Or does it?

.... Speaking of sports reminds me. Nothing in years has so aroused the indignation of the entire film colony as the recent visit of the student body at University of Southern California. It shouldn’t be difficult to recall that the once-great Trojan Herd hit a pretty awful slump at the beginning of the football season. Just before the Pittsburgh game (results: Pittsburgh, 20; U. S. C., 6) the student publication at U. S. C. came out with the accusation that Hollywood was to blame for the team’s poor showing and that the team had “gone Hollywood.” Movie people had spoiled their football stars, wept the students. To which Hollywood merely replied: “Yeah? By patronizing U. S. C. heavily in ticket purchases? By being the Trojans’ best roosters? By giving jobs in studios to the football players who were forgotten by the students and all others as soon as the season was over?”

.... Now that three of the Four Marx Brothers, Groucho, Chico and Harpo have reunited to make a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, this may be told. Zeppo, the youngest of the former quartet, has become an agent, selling actors, writers and directors to the studios. While I can’t vouch for the truth of this, the story is typical of Zeppo, who has one of the quickest of the Marxian wits. Immediately after the three Marxes were signed, Zeppo is reported to have accosted Irving Thalberg, production head at M-G-M. “You’d better buy my actors,” he is quoted as saying, “or I’ll rejoin my brothers!”

.... Sneer all you like at numerology, fortune-telling and the other branches of prognostication. Clara Lou Sheridan, the little Texas gal who came to Paramount with the “Search for Beauty” contests, now believes in one of them. She hadn’t played a part in almost six months and was on the verge of being dropped. Some inner urge told her to omit the Clara from her name. The

ARE Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence romantic about each other? At least, they make a good job of pretending in the London stage play, “Moonlight Is Silver,” and England is all thr-rills about them . . .
"That was the worst headache..."

What Bromo-Seltzer's 5 Medicinal Ingredients Do

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally, you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stomach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the after-effects.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable... pleasant... and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the complete name... Bromo-Seltzer.

BROMO-SELTZER
DOROTHY ARZNER, onetime script girl, film cutter and scenarist, who is today the only woman film director, now becomes an associate producer, as well—and finds herself alone in two fields uncrowded by women. Since her first effort, “Fashions for Women,” she has quietly directed hit after hit, climaxing her achievements by her direction of Anna Sten in her American debut in “Nana,” which made Sten an overnight sensation. The first picture that Miss Arzner—good-looking, addicted to boyish bobs, tailored suits and artists’ ties—will direct and produce is Columbia’s “Maid of Honor.”

JOSEF VON STERNBERG, American director-discoverer of Marlene Dietrich, announces that upon the completion of “Caprice Espagnole,” they are ending their long professional association “in order to give Miss Dietrich the benefit of varied types of direction.” With one exception, he has directed all of her pictures... A few days later both star and director narrowly escape injury when a battery of thousand-watt lights explodes on a studio set, an accident caused by undetected moisture on the quickly-heating bulbs.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN, former juvenile comedian-star, who has become a successful producer “with nary a regret,” reveals in New York how he overcame Broadway-famous Pauline Lord’s tension before the camera in her film debut in “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch”: “I walked over, casually put my arm over her shoulder and said, ‘What’s the matter, Toots?’ Before that, you see, it had been a case of ‘Miss Lord’ and ‘Mr. MacLean.’” That word Toots got her laughing and she was all right after that. It became a gag line. Every time things went wrong thereafter, someone would call her Toots. She liked it.

KAY FRANCIS, smartly dressed star, who has been abroad for a long holiday, smilingly tells inquisitive reporters who greet her on her return: “I have no intention of getting married again while I have a career... It’s difficult for a professional couple ever to be together... And what sort of man I am going to fancy fifty years from now, I don’t know.”

MISS VIRGINIA BRISSAC, secretary to the late actor-singer, Russ Columbo, reveals a poignant aftermath to his tragic, accidental death, when she discloses that his mother, Mrs. Julia Columbo, 72, who was in a hospital at the time with a heart ailment, has not
TWO BRILLIANT STARS IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" charmed you! "LADY FOR A DAY" won your acclaim! "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" gave you happiness! The same producers now give you the charm and joyousness of all in this grand and glorious romantic comedy!

W A R N E R  B A X T E R  M Y R N A  L O Y
"Broadway Bill"
A FRANK CAPRA Production
By ROBERT RISKIN Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER
with WALTER CONNOLLY—HELEN VINSON
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

been told of his death and may never be told, lest the shock be fatal. She thinks he is abroad, making a film. Says Miss Brisac: "Relatives read to her letters supposed to be from Russ. She asks for them to be read over and over. Russ always wrote regularly and they keep up the heart-breaking make-believe."

MARILYN MILLER, musical comedy and screen star, elopes to Harrison, small New York suburb, with Chester O'Brien, former chorus boy in her latest stage hit, "As Thousands Cheer." They "crash" a barn dance to find the town clerk, costumed as a country constable, and obtain a marriage license; they are married by a justice of the peace. Thus proving that not only in backstage movies are there backstage romances... Their romance began when he chided a male star for colliding with her during a dance.

DORIS KENYON, widow of Milton Sills, mother of handsome young Kenyon Sills, and already renowned as a stage and screen actress, poet and concert singer, enters another corridor of the Hall of Fame. She is chosen by the Los Angeles Opera Company to sing the title rôle in the opera, "The Secret of Suzanne"... Other screen stars who may be future candidates for grand opera: Ramon Novarro, Gloria Swanson, John Boles.

BARBARA FRITCHIE, 20-year-old New York débutante, who gave up the Park Avenue life to try movie-acting (and made good at it), elopes a year later with J. Ross Clark, II, identified by reporters as "perhaps Los Angeles' wealthiest and most eligible bachelor." Society elopements are rare. It must have been the Hollywood influence.

SINCE Hollywood is approximately the half-way point between England, where French actress Lili Damita has recently been making pictures, and Australia, whence Hugo Brassié, her wealthy fiancé, 'phones her weekly (at $30 per call), they will meet in the film capital for their wedding. She sets the date as "sometime before January 1."

DAWN O'DAY, former child actress, now 16, who won the title rôle of "Anne of Green Gables" after several stars had been tested for the part, obtains court permission to be known hereafter as Anne Shirley, name of the character she plays in the picture...

FRANK X. SHIELDS, America's No. 1 tennis player, signs a seven-year film contract. He will act, not play tennis. His tests "turned out great."
5. Who is the film actress who promised to marry Campbell Black if he was a winner in the London-to-Melbourne air race?

6. Do you know the blonde screen player who is more in demand in Hollywood since she has appeared in British pictures than she previously was?

7. What actress has given herself two years to attain screen stardom—and, if she fails, will retire and raise a family?

8. Which popular screen beauty recently became a citizen of the United States?

9. What well-known star and director team, heretofore considered inseparable, have split?

10. Can you name the very popular screen star who startled everyone by using a lorgnette at a recent gathering?

11. Who has been escorting Mary Carlisle around and showing a romantic interest in her?

Who Are These Four Beauties and What Brought Them Together?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By Marion Martone

2. What famous movie director recently admitted he was not the world's best film director?

3. Can you name the well-known European stage producer and director who has been signed to a screen contract?

4. Which motion picture star was voted as the world's best-dressed woman?

12. Do you recognize the features of the player (above) disguised behind the make-up of an old hag?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 82)
THEY LOVE THEY LAUGH THEY SING THEY QUARREL

... but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd

with Gloria
SWANSON

and
JOHN DOUGLASS BOLES • MONTGOMERY

JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN
AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May

A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.
thought that Colds were caused by Comets

Master scholar, compiler of the great dictionary, Webster was among the first to inquire into the baffling causes of that private and public menace—the common cold.

His conclusion that colds were due to the fearful plunge of meteors through the sky was far from the truth, but no less distant than that of other savants who assigned colds to the bite of bedbugs, and to "sitting in cold, damp churches." (Dr. Thomas Haynes, 1789.)

For centuries, hundreds of absurd theories as to the cause of colds were advanced only to be sharply exploded. But now one has been presented that Science has generally accepted. This is the filtrable virus theory.

Research men say the bacteria of this virus are so small the microscope cannot see them, so tiny they cannot be trapped by the most selective filters. Only by their harmful effect on the human body can their existence be established. With such a virus, scientists have repeatedly inoculated others with one person's cold.

At the first sign of a cold

Granting that colds are due to a virus that enters the mouth, nose, and throat, is it not a wise precautionary measure to use a good antiseptic to fight such bacteria? Is it not wisdom to keep the oral cavity clean and healthy? Noted physicians tell us that it is. Millions of people find that it is.

Numerous tests have shown that regular users of Listerine did not catch as many colds as non-users nor were their colds so severe. Moreover, countless letters this company has received testify to Listerine's remarkable ability to check colds, and to the almost immediate relief it gives in cases of ordinary sore throat.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it dislodges germ-bearing debris and kills literally millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Yet it is absolutely safe—does not irritate delicate membranes. That is a point of utmost importance in an antiseptic. Excessive strength in a mouthwash may prove to be a danger instead of a protection.

If you spend most of your time indoors, start using Listerine every morning and every night. Figures show that indoor people catch four times as many colds as outdoor workers.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. MU-1, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine fights Colds and Sore Throat
FAY WRAY

Because She: . . . became famous as the horrified heroine of terror tales, then refused to scream another scream . . . now has her fate always in her own fair hands . . . baffles pursuers in "White Lies" . . . and because she will be in "The Call of the Wild"

IN OUR HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHT
KATHARINE HEPBURN

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . .
can be so startlingly individual in person, yet can
make her screen characters seem like our own
other selves . . . is a romantic Hepburn in "The
Little Minister," playing a
singing Highland girl who
finds her true love "blind"
and sets out to make him
"see" . . . and because
she chose John Beal to
be the puzzled cleric
In Our Hollywood Spotlight
Because She:...
has, in the past year, come into her own—as a beauty, a personality and an actress...is the first star in screen history to have contracts with every major producer...was amusing in "It Happened One Night," dazzling in "Cleopatra," deeply emotional in "Imitation of Life"... and because she is now to star in "The Gilded Lily"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON (above), from New York's Civic Repertory Theatre, looks like one of the year's real discoveries. A fine actress and an unusual personality, she is wanted by Max Reinhardt for leading lady in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". JEAN PARKER (upper left), to-day the movies' foremost and most wistful idealist, breaks more hearts in "Limehouse Blues" and "Wicked Woman," first picture of the German star, Mady Christians. ASTRID ALLWYN (lower left), fair Scandinavian, is near the top of the hill that every beginner must cross. She will be noticed in "White Parade". MARIAN NIXON (below), newly married to director William Seiter, is now better than ever at taking direction. The proof is seen in "By Your Leave".
JOHN MACK BROWN (above) is the first and only All-American football star to score as a movie actor—and not in athletic rôles, either. What he did in "Belle of the Nineties" has made him a star in "Against the Law" . . . NILS ASTHER (upper right), whose accent took his handsome visage out of early talkies, has come back in a big way. Even England wanted him, for "Abdul Hamid," after seeing him in "Love Time" . . . GENE RAYMOND (lower right), the white-haired boy of films, who made his first movie hit with Sylvia Sidney in "Ladies of the Big House," is now her co-star in "Behold My Wife" . . . HENRY HULL (below), "Broadway's best," makes a tremendous first impression in "Great Expectations." Next: "Robinson Crusoe"
MADGE EVANS

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . .
could, if she would, write volumes about beauty and charm — and has written an article on those themes for this issue . . . would rather be sincere than sensational, takes each role in stride . . . even scored a hit as Helen Hayes' rival in "What Every Woman Knows" . . . and because she is one of the few American players in the predominantly British cast of "David Copperfield"

MARY CARLISLE

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . .
is blonde, blue-eyed, curvacious — yet has outlived the label, "the baby Mae West" . . . has become, in two years, filmland's most popular ingenue — sought by every studio . . . and because she is the new and vivacious feminine foil of the Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey in their "Kentucky Kernels"
Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: ... is an actress for the love of acting, and intends to be one all her life ... lives even more quietly than Garbo (Sylvia has NEVER been to a Hollywood party) ... can usually be found, between scenes, reading a book ... is now in "Behold My Wife" ... and because she is scheduled to be a second Bernhardt in "The Divine Sarah"
GRACE MOORE

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: ... is the first to have the voice, glamour and courage to bring great music to the screen ... and because "One Night of Love" will have an early encore.
Back from a four months' holiday in Europe, Marion is positive that "America's the grandest place in the world to live."

(P.S. And to shop!)

By CRUIKSHANK

The "Buy-American" Girl—MARION DAVIES

There's one thing about Marion Davies that makes her unique among movie mimes. She confines her acting to the screen. The complete star in pictures, in person she's something else again. And this other self discloses a serious, sensible, sincere young woman, in complete possession of all her faculties, utterly devoid of affectation, pose or pretense.

One becomes resigned, if not wholly reconciled, to finding the filmsters enacting their favorite roles "off" as well as "on." The shadow becomes confused with the substance, fancy with fact, the player with the person. I half-expected to meet Marion in character. Perhaps, I thought, waiting to see her and framing questions to ask about her four-month sojourn in Europe, she'll make her entrance with the athletic fervor of "Polly of the Circus." Had she elected to bounce upon the scene as a begorrahing "Peg o' My Heart," I was ready with the come-all-ye of a Gaelic ceilidh. And I'd have pardoned her Southern accent as "Operator 13."

But I wasn't prepared for the gracious, urbane girl who greeted me with cool, firm hand extended from the silken sleeve of what, unless I err, is described as a black ensemble. Nor for the warmth of welcome that beamed from the blue eyes under what the milliners feature as a Russian tocque.

Now, I may be wrong about the ensemble. But I'll stand my ground about the tocque. For I scanned countless columns of ads until I found a picture of an inverted sand pail with a tassel on top. It was captioned "Russian tocque." And that was no typographical error. Of course, with another star I might have missed; for fair femininity, just home from abroad, pardonnably might be clad from tip to toe in imported creations for which New York yet had no words. But Marion not only is an All-

(Continued on page 70)
Eddie Cantor talks about Chorus Girls

By Harry T. Brundidge

Eddie Cantor is a grand companion because there's an ever-working brain above those comical eyes and he always has something interesting to talk about. To-day it was chorus girls—the chorus girls of yesterday, and to-day. Looking up from a bowl of sour cream, he launched into it (the subject, not the cream) without warning.

"Chorus girls," he began, "are more important than the music in a musical. Irving Berlin and Gus Kahn combined couldn't hope to compete with the rhyme and rhythm of a gorgeous, shapely chorus girl. Toss in a lovely dimple and a pair of bright, teasing, come-hither eyes and the music can be very lousy, and very good, at the same time."

"Well," your reporter suggested, "while on this subject, what about the gold-digging showgirl?"

"Her day is done," he answered. "All her methods, all her tricks, have been too well publicized, too thoroughly exposed in the movies. If there is a moneyed gent in America who isn't wise to her procedure, then he should be 'took.' Everybody knows the answers now.

"If a beauty says, 'My poor mother needs an operation,' the guy she says it to should laugh. If she says, 'I'm sending my young brother through school,' the guy should scream. But if she pulls the one about not having paid her rent for two months, he should get hysterical and fall down."
And Eddie knows what he's talking about... He was with Ziegfeld when the late Great Glorifier was picking them—and now, in movies, he's surrounded by Goldwyn Girls... He points out how movies have done away with the gold-digging type—and brought a new type... He points out, too, how anyone can spot a dream walking a block away... And he can predict their futures!

"It used to be a lot of fun to watch the gold-digging chorus girls in the old days and, believe me, I've seen 'em all. Ninety per cent of the old-time showgirls (and when I say 'old-time,' I mean from 'way back yonder until five years ago) went into the business for the sole purpose of marrying a millionaire. In fact, ninety per cent is a conservative estimate. And it goes without saying—if you read the society columns—that plenty of them achieved their objectives. I'll tell you about a couple of 'em.

Back in the Gold-Rush Days

"Let's go back about nineteen years. Ziegfeld opened in Atlantic City. I won't mention her name, but you... (Continued on page 72)
For Rent
—a Few Palaces

How would you like to live where a movie queen has queenied it? How would you like a beauty for a landlady? Well—there are some big bargains (emphasis on the "big") in Hollywood houses!

terrific. There are almost as many houses “where Garbo once lived” as there are places in New Jersey where “George Washington once had his headquarters.” But the real-estate Romeos can woo you with offers of bungalows at forty dollars a month and haciendas at four hundred dollars, apartments at three hundred dollars and palaces at three thousand dollars.

You can inspect a cozy little mansion of only fifty rooms, or, if your needs are simpler, a mountain cabin with fifteen rooms and only eight baths is waiting for a new occupant. And besides all these luxuries, they throw in absolutely free the echoes of famous voices that still cling to the rafters. But don’t forget to bring along your check-book...

Pardon me just a moment, while I disguise myself as a high-pressure realtor, and we’ll take a look around and see for ourselves. There. Now I’m ready. Are you?

By Winifred Aydelotte

Are you, by any chance, in the market for a miniature palace? Would you like a nice, big, roomy place where you could jump out of your window into a turquoise-blue swimming pool? Do you demand accommodations for a string of polo ponies and eight cars? Or are you just looking for a little nest complete with pipe organ, tennis court, projection room and telescope? Then Hollywood is the place to do your house-hunting. You stand a good chance of picking up some real bargains. And then, too, you could always say that you were living in a movie star’s former home.

If one place isn’t vacant now, another will be. The turnover in Hollywood houses, so the realtors tell me, is
A Twelve-Room Beach House

DO you want to live at the beach, with the waves of the blue Pacific foaming at the edge of your back door? At this writing, Marion Davies has a house for rent at Santa Monica. It is her “guest cottage,” and is not to be compared in size or magnificence with her own home in Santa Monica. It has twelve rooms and six baths, besides the servants’ quarters. Priceless imported furniture and irreplaceable antiques furnish the spacious rooms behind the tall Colonial columns. It has a private beach and is only twenty minutes of easy driving from Hollywood. Billie Burke once paid $2,500 a month for it. Later, rents came down, and Marlene Dietrich got it for $1,500. You can have it for the same price.

Bebe Daniels, one of our most famous landladies, has three houses for rent at the beach. The most expensive is $1,000 a month. It also is built on the sand, insuring a private beach. It is beautifully furnished, and one of its special attractions is a huge amusement room. An elaborate bar, complete with roomy shelves for bottles and glasses, is there. And around the walls is every game imaginable. Pola Negri once lived there.

If you wish to pay $600 a month, you may have Mary Pickford for a landlady. She still is living at the world-famous Pickfair, but her beach cottage is for rent. Surely, $600 is not much for the privilege of wandering through the charming rooms belonging to America’s Sweetheart, and lying on the sand where she once watched the breakers.

Norma Talmadge’s place at the beach rents for $850 a month. It is most elaborately furnished, and besides the whole Pacific Ocean to swim in, boasts a private pool filled with fresh water.

Sylvia Sidney rents Richard Barthelmess’ two-storied beach house—a big place with a two-storied veranda, a sunny patio and a flower garden, suitable for entertaining in a big way and for year-around residence. But Sylvia, who has never yet attended a Hollywood party, and who plays hostess only to small groups of intimate friends, likes its spaciousness for other reasons. She can, in several rooms, enjoy the luxury of privacy. She might, just possibly, be willing to sub-let it for the Winter months for a few hundred dollars per month.

Spanish Outside, French Inside

AFTER Lilian Harvey moved from her hilltop abode of twelve rooms and six baths—exclusive of servants’ quarters—Mary Nash took it over. She expects to move shortly, and you may secure it for $750 a month. This house is a bargain for someone. It is of Spanish architecture, so suitable to California climate and scenery. Enclosed patios and gracefully landscaped gardens surround the house, which has five acres of grounds. Delicate, extreme, sophisticated furniture, imported from France, fills the interior. In the amusement room there are billiard and ping-pong tables, many games, and a bar.

Colleen Moore’s beautiful estate in Bel Air, an exclusive residential district, was her home when she was a silent star. Now she rents it to Marlene Dietrich for $1,250 a month. One cannot help wondering how a house, built for the gay, round-eyed flapper of silent days, feels now that the languorous super-siren of the talkies is leaning portentously against its doors. Its appeal to both actresses, entirely different as they are, is understandable. For both love quiet and shelter from the...
Dear Miss
Will you marry me?

By Katharine Hartley

Every day, evidences of love pour into Hollywood by the ton—and not figuratively speaking, either. Four out of every five fan letters have heart trouble—the kind that usually leads up to that old, old question, "Will you marry me?" And if this fan mail is any indication, Hollywood is the marriage mart, *par excellence,* of the world. Carole Lombard has received as many as thirty-five proposals of marriage in one day—and some of them were really very remarkable offers. Since Joan Crawford has returned to the single state, many males have aspired to be her husband; at least fifteen hundred of them have hastened to advise her of their qualifications. And as for Mae West—well, the figure defies credulity. It would be enough to turn any ordinary girl's head!

And the girls aren't the only ones who are so ardently wooed by the pen that is supposed to be mightier than the sword. Gary Cooper, before his marriage to Sandra Shaw, was probably the most sought-after bachelor in the world—and girls by the hundreds still write him to tell him that they still can't believe he is happier with Sandra than he would be with any one of them. One modest young woman writes, "After all, what has she got compared to what I have to offer?"—which, if you could believe the letter, is considerable. She has three and a half million dollars in her own name, and she also points out that since she was brought up on a horse on her father's five hundred thousand-acre ranch, she and Gary should certainly get along well together.

A Potentate Proposes...

Sometimes these proposals are sad, because of the sincerity and hopefulness in which they are made. Again, they are just simply funny in their bland assumption that stars will be impressed. Not long ago Myrna Loy received a very elaborate and dignified proposal from a minor potentate in the Far East. He took great pleasure in informing her of the honor that he was about to bestow on her, and said he knew that she would be gracious and far-seeing enough to accept. Myrna turned down his offer politely, but firmly, and hoped she was done with the situation. But less than a month later, she received another request from her dark-skinned admirer. Since she had chosen not to marry him, would she at least send him autographed pictures of herself—one for each of his wives—so that they might have illustrations of how he wished them to look? Myrna is still wondering how many photos to send!

Not long ago, Sally Eilers received a bona-fide offer to become a noblewoman with a capital N. The proposal was made through an intermediary—a woman in New York who wrote that she could arrange a marriage for Sally with a real...
Where's the fan with soul so dead who hasn't dreamed of some day meeting and marrying the star he worships from afar? He just doesn't exist, if fan letters are any guide. The mailmen deliver tons of love (and marriage proposals) in Hollywood —to men, as well as to women!

Hapsburg count "from an old, aristocratic, Viennese family." Furthermore, she guaranteed to prove the authenticity of his title through a "reliable lawyer." What did Sally do? She turned the offer over to her husband, director Harry Joe Brown, who also has a sense of humor. Now, when she wants to tease him, she reminds him that she might have been a Countess! And when he wants to tease her, he calls her "Your Highness."

Sometimes these offers are inspired just because men have fallen in love with beautiful faces. Again, these ardent suitors, only mildly interested at first, have actually followed the careers of the adored ones until gradually their interest develops to such an intensity that proposals are the result.

He Had Honeymoon All Planned

NOT long ago Miriam Hopkins received one of the most interesting and most beautiful love letters that she had ever seen. She was frankly flattered, because it was obviously from a widely-traveled man of good breeding and intelligence. He took eight pages to describe the honeymoon that he had planned for them in dreams. In great detail, he pictured the places that he knew Miriam had seen and would love to see again; the honeymoon would last a year and, like gypsies, they would wander from one country to another, fondly going over old familiar spots that were dear to them both, and discovering many new ones. The strange thing about it was that he did seem to know exactly which countries were Miriam's favorites; he had full knowledge of every place where she had ever been and of all the places where she wanted to go. Miriam wrote him a nice little note, expressing her appreciation, but telling him that she had no intention of marrying at the present.

And here's the sequel to the story, which Miriam confided to me, herself. Several months after noting the letter, Miriam was spending an evening with a childhood friend. Miriam (Continued on page 66)
BY JACK SMALLEY

DENY it if you can, you members of the fair sex. Put a microscope to any woman, and you'll find an actress! At six, the sweet young thing wants to be Shirley Temple; at sixteen, being a Patricia Ellis would do; at twenty-six, Joan Crawford sets the example; and at fifty-six, there's May Robson to show that there is no age-limit to the triumphs of an actress.

Schoolgirls, shopgirls, society girls, business girls, college girls, home girls—all respond to that yen of yesteryears to bask in the bright glow of the kliegs and the footlights. There is no more difficult, more grueling job in the world than acting, feigning emotions on demand, day in and day out. Yet no sacrifice seems too great to make, no hardship can daunt her, once a woman makes up her mind to be an actress.

I asked Helen Hayes—who made her stage début at eight and has been acting ever since—to explain, if she could, this mysterious, driving, unflagging urge of womankind. It was while she was making "What Every Woman Knows."

"You've put your finger on what every woman knows by discovering that there is such an urge," she smiled. "Why, every little girl loves to go up in the attic and find a long silk dress and pretend she's a grand lady. If she has never hobbled about in Mother's high-heeled shoes, she doesn't know what a thrill is. That's the actress in her coming out."

Miss Hayes tucked at a damp little curl at the back of her neck and sighed. She looked so very small and so very lovely that I nearly forgot the object of my visit. For two days, she explained, they had been trying to get this particular scene. It was hot on the sound stage, and the constant repetition of the scene, from medium-long shots on down through the close-ups, each calling for a change of camera set-up and lights, meant to her only a harassing confusion of activity.

Yet Miss Hayes seemed to have abundant reserves of energy when the director called her back, after a moment's rest.

Work That's Also Fun

WHY should any woman want to endure all that? Just because she likes to dress up and pretend? I decided to ask a few others for an explanation of the force that makes a woman willing to undergo any discomfort, smile at any obstacle, in making a picture. She goes through a scene and nobody applauds, nobody cheers (though studio workers have been known to applaud Hayes scenes). The director says at best: "We'd better shoot it again to make sure. This time you might lean over the table, instead of crossing around; it might be more effective." But grueling as the work can be, it also has variety. It's work that can, very often, be fun.

When Miss Hayes dropped in at the Paramount projection room to see a filming of her husband's "Crime Without Passion" a few nights later, she was just as thrilled as the veriest neophyte to see herself in a brief flash as an "extra." I had come with my wife to see this curious, exciting film, and Miss Hayes took her seat nearby too late to see that scene in which she appears. The projectionist ran the picture off for us again, so that she could glimpse that part where she, her writer-husband, Charles MacArthur, and his co-author, Ben Hecht, question Claude Rains as he is besieged by newspaper reporters.

Yes, there is a powerful lure to "dressing up and pretending." It's in the air in Hollywood—a vital and electric attraction. But it seems to exert the same power on girls three thousand—or six thousand—miles away.

Raquel Torres sums it up in two words. "Mink

Why Every Woman Wants to Be an ACTRESS

Nine Answers to why all Women,
of all ages, secretly yearn to act!
One Star No One Will Know?

HENRY HULL, that brilliant actor from Broadway (and probably Hollywood's greatest acquisition of the year), wants to play roles in which his own face will never become familiar to audiences. He begs for disguising make-up, such as he wore in "Great Expectations." In that way, he believes, he will not become tiresomely recognizable to fans and will always seem the character that he is playing. There is something to his theory. How explain the amazing apathy with which the excellent "Treasure Island" was received by adult audiences—except by saying that they must have seen Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, instead of the beloved characters of their childhood days?

Out of the Shadows

LUCILLE LA VERNE, the character actress (her most recent picture is "Kentucky Kernels"), is out of the hospital after a spectacular and apparently victorious fight with death. The muscles of her chest were paralyzed, preventing her from drawing a deep breath. By two brilliant and experimental operations, other muscular tissues were substituted and Miss La Verne will soon be working again in pictures. "She has phenomenal recuperative powers," her doctor says. It was this same kind of reserve strength and determination that gave Marie Dressler three additional years of life after doctors had given up hope for her.

Human misery brought to him and trying to do something for the unfortunate who clutch at "extra" acting as a last straw in their despair. With the assistance of all the city and charity organizations, hundreds of desperate cases are being cared for. Did you hear the recent radio broadcast, in which the work of the Central Casting Bureau was dramatized? And wouldn't you like to hear more dramatizations of Hollywood's workaday life? Wouldn't you like to know how players are tested for roles, for example? And just what directors do— to bring out actors' best talents?

Helping the Unlucky

THE Central Casting Bureau, where all movie "extras" are registered and hired, has been completely reorganized under its new director, Campbell McCulloch. (Faithful readers may remember him as an authoritative contributor to Motion Picture.) The lists of "extras" are being combed for those with talent and real prospects, while the thousands of others are being gently turned away. Also, Mr. McCulloch is listening to the tales of

Rudy May Be Staying

RUDY VALLEE is back in movietown, with his radio entourage of singers, comics, accompanists, arrangers, saxophonists and secretaries. He'll be doing his weekly broadcast from Hollywood for several weeks, probably with a succession of "guest stars," while he is starring for Warners in "Sweet Music." With screen acting, radio rehearsals, planning of programs and broadcasts, Rudy's life is so crowded that it is arranged like royalty's—so many minutes for this,
from Hollywood

doing very well, thank you), the Four Marx Brothers have become Three, but they make almost as much noise as before. There is some talk that Gummo, the brother who used to be in the dress business and is now their manager, may replace Zeppo in the act.

The Farrells Prove It

CHARLES FARRELL was met by a radiant Virginia Valli Farrell on his return from England the other day. "We're happy!" they chorused, smilingly and superfluously, to onlooking newspapermen. Bette Davis and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., obligingly moved out of the Farrell house, which they had rented. Charlie made a big hit in England, and had offers to remain indefinitely—but he was homesick and lonely for Virginia, who returned ahead of him. In his next picture—you guessed it—he is scheduled to co-star again with Janet Gaynor. Teams may come, and then teams may go, but Gaynor and Farrell go on and on forever. It was seven years ago that they made "Seventh Heaven."

Newest Contest Winner

A NEW film aspirant, sixteen-year-old Anne Johnston of Jackson Heights, Long Island, has just arrived in Hollywood in quest of fame and fortune. One of the five leading contestants in the national motion picture contest for new screen talent conducted by Monogram Pictures and Agfa-Ansco Corporation, Anne is the sole winner from the Greater New York area. There were more than two hundred and fifty thousand contestants from every part of the country.

When she was nine years old, Anne confesses, she began to dream of a motion picture career. Some day, she felt perfectly sure, the dream would come true. As she grew up, she gained acting experience in amateur theatricals. She modeled the latest fashions in Long Island fashion shows. Tennis, dancing and swim-

meet Anne Johnston, 16, who won the Agfa "movie test" contest in Greater New York—and a chance with Monogram Pictures

are dark blue. We found her charming, with a natural poise and unaffected dignity, despite her eager excitement in the thrilling march of events. She is especially interested in the type of roles played by Ginger Rogers and Ruby Keeler, but is eagerly ready for anything that may come. Anyway, her dream of a movie career is coming true.

Down to Earth—Unexpectedly

BEN LYON, Bebe Daniels and Hal Roach, in Roach's 'plane, made a forced landing in the mountains of Pennsylvania ("the aviators' graveyard") while flying to New York recently. All escaped injury, and Ben and Bebe took a bus on to New York. Time was when the movies frowned on their stars flying. But that day is past. Many stars own their own 'planes now, and have no clauses in their contracts forbidding them to fly.

Who Is Who, Anyway?

THE new "Who's Who in America" has some strange omissions among the movie folk. Under "H," you will find Ann Harding and Katharine Hepburn listed, but not Jean Harlow; under "W," Bryant Washburn, but not Mae West; under "C," Maurice Chevalier and Ina Claire—but where is Joan Crawford? Mickie Mouse isn't mentioned, but Walt Disney gets a long blurb. And Jackie Coogan, it is interesting to note, is still listed.
Busy Month for the Medicos

THE month’s casualties include Richard Arlen with an infected eye, Victor McLaglen with laryngitis, James Cagney ill of a stomach ailment, Constance Talmadge Netcher with a tonsil removal, and Wallace Beery with an injured foot, stepped on in a scene for “The Mighty Barnum” by Adolphe Menjou and five “extras.” Joan Marsh, Ivan Ledeoff and director Wesley Ruggles were jolted in auto accidents.

Another Baby LeRoy Expected

BLESSSED Events are jealously guarded secrets in Hollywood, with the columnists contending over which can first break the news to a delighted world. The Mervyn Le Roys (Doris Warner) managed to keep their coming Event a secret for five months—which is nearly a record. Now Doris is shopping for baby wear. Clara Bow Bell, expectant around Christmas time, is being given stork showers.

Mending the Break

JOHN GILBERT’S performance in his latest picture, “The Captain Hates the Sea,” has brought him much back-slapping and gives him a new lease on fame. He and Virginia Bruce, divorced six months, met recently to discuss a possible reconciliation. Virginia has readily admitted that she still loves him. John has said that there isn’t any reason why they should be apart.

Heroes to Hollywood, But—

THE latest accusation against moviedom is that it is too close to the campus of the University of Southern California. At least, the Daily Trojan, U. S. C. campus newspaper, blames the recent surprising reversals of the supposedly invincible U. S. C. football team to the fact that so many of its members worked in pictures during the summer months and got “soft.” Even “Cotton” Warburton, All-American quarterback, had a studio job during the Summer months. When the team went East to play Pittsburgh, which they have defeated several times, they were met by headlines such as “Film Cuties’ Pets Here to Try Luck with Panthers.” It ought to have sent the Trojans into battle with blood-lust in their eyes, but again they lost—with several famous Hollywood pocketbooks feeling the loss.

Joe Disabled Dizzy

AND then we have Dizzy Dean’s wail that the reason why he allowed Detroit to win one of the World Series games from him was that, in shaking hands with him the day before, Joe E. Brown (who used to play baseball, himself) had squeezed the twirling paw a trifle too hard!

A Hero Comes to Hollywood

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH, world-famous Australian aviator and first man to fly the Pacific in both directions, got as great a welcome from Hollywood as Princes and Presidents have received. Perhaps greater. The drama of his great two-stop flight to California from the land “down under” thrilled the town that gives the world its make-believe drama. The Warner Brothers gave a luncheon in honor of the airman, attended by notables. Jack Warner told Sir Charles before the assembly: “I might try to give you a slight idea of how proud I am to have you here with us to-day. I have sent for my son, who wants to be an aviator. I am having him come here from school, so he may shake the hand of a man whom the world calls ‘hero.’”

Down to the Sea in Ships

YACHTING is THE sport now. Every film star who is anybody has a yacht. San Pedro harbor is crowded with these boats, and they’re not used for parties, either. The stars go on long sails up and down the Coast, emulating the yachtsman-pioneer, John Barrymore. Lee Tracy is the most ardent new yachtsman, with his Isabella.

Mae Picks an All-American

MAE WEST recently visited Sherman Indian Institute at Riverside in search of a young Indian to play a rôle in her new picture, “I’m a Lady.” Shurred Mae: “Seems funny—me having to go out hunting for a man....” Final decision rested between two handsome youths who were told to take tests and “look Injun” for them. Since neither had the slightest idea of what postures were expected, a cameraman folded his arms and gazed sternly before him, murmuring “Ugh! Ugh!” With grins, the descendants of chiefs copied the poses as best they could.

Audiences Go Talkie, Too

HAVE you noticed how audiences are taking an active part in pictures these days? Cheering, groaning and hissing to show their delight or displeasure? They do it particularly with newscasts, but now they are starting with feature pictures. Which may be an expression of disregard for other moviegoers’ sensitivities, but is a compliment to the reality of talkies—audiences forgetting that the players can’t hear them. If applause is an adequate yardstick, President Roosevelt is holding his own in popularity. And it is interesting to note that ex-President Hoover, who was greeted by silence in his newscast appearances a year ago, is also beginning to be applauded now.
The World
Is Yours,
DONAT!

That's what Hollywood is telling Robert Donat, handsome young Englishman who has become a star overnight in "The Count of Monte Cristo." He towers on the screen horizon. And do you know how he prepared himself for his big break—why he turned down a flattering Hollywood offer two years ago—why he is sold on Hollywood now—and how he pronounces his name? This story will tell you!

BY J. MAURICE RUDDY

WITH one performance, a young English actor, Robert Donat, slightly known in America as the handsome Thomas Culpeper in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," has made the toughest critics dig up superlatives and the most sophisticated ladies sigh. And if you have seen him in "The Count of Monte Cristo," you are probably wondering where Robert Donat has been all your life and why Hollywood did not discover him long before this.

Yet Donat came to Hollywood, unheralded and unsung, and left it in the same way. (The picture had not been released then.) It is doubtful if a half-dozen of the stars—except friends in the English colony—knew that he was here during his month's stay. With his wife—yes, he has one!—he occupied a bungalow in the Garden of Allah, but his knowledge of California scenery was confined to the three-mile trip to the studio and back, and his acquaintance with Hollywood society was limited to Elissa Landi, Roland Lee, Sidney Blackmer, and the rest of the cast of the picture. ("I have never worked so hard in my life!" he told me. "Why, we didn't even stop in the afternoons for tea!")

There was more than a touch of luck about his coming. For months, executives had been trying to find the right man to play Edmond Dantes, Count of Monte Cristo, in the talkie version of the Dumas classic. (It was filmed in silent days with John Gilbert in the role.) Name-conscious Hollywood suggested all the big stars, but one after another they were found wanting for various reasons, price included. Prospects were dismal when a studio chief recalled a slender, romantic-looking figure in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth." They ran off the film and "discovered" Robert Donat.

Hollywood has had its eye on Donat for several years, but he has been in no hurry to (Continued on page 76)
If They Could Reach the Top
SO CAN YOU!

LET'S turn back the clock... In a dingy New York side-street, an under-nourished, shabbily-clad little girl is sitting on some areaway steps, sobbing, brooding over another scolding, wondering what it is like to die. She has been an orphan since babyhood, has never felt that anyone cared about her or ever will care. Her twelve years have been filled with drudgery and slaps and hunger and cast-off clothes. In all the world, no more unlikely prospect for screen stardom could be found than this sensitive little unfortunate, Ruby Stevens—but she has become Barbara Stanwyck, the idol of several million moviegoers the world over.

In far-away Russia, a work-weary child trudges home from the factory where he slaves for twelve long hours every day to earn the miserable wage of five cents. He is only seven years old—but his father is dead, his mother is an invalid and he has four younger sisters. Suddenly a volley of shots rings out. He hears screams, the thunder of galloping horses, the drunken shouts of the Czar's cossacks. A pogrom! Slaughter! He darts toward a friendly doorway—too late—and falls under the slashing blow of a blood-drenched saber.

It is a far cry from the red-dened snow of Lodz, Poland, to the crimson neon lights of Hollywood—it is a far cry and there are a thousand obstacles to surmount. But is it a hegira too toilsome for human courage? No—for the little boy who was left for dead in the street at Lodz is now known as George E. Stone, one of the finest character actors in Hollywood. Remember his moving portrayal of the persecuted Jew in "Cimarron"? You couldn't see the eight-inch scar on his head, but his eyes revealed the still more terrible scars on his soul.

The Bus-Boy Who Had Ambition

AND, again—in the luxurious dining room of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, a bus-boy is clearing away a litter of dirty dishes. One of the diners points him out and remarks to his companion:

"Can you beat it—that Mexican kid's studying music and dancing. Says he's going to be a movie star. Ridiculous, eh?"

Of course, it was ridiculous. Great ambitions and menial labor have always been a ludicrous duet. But the bus-boy's name was Ramón Samaniegos—and today, as Ramon Novarro, he is the singing movie favorite of half the countries on earth.

IF THEY COULD DO IT, SO CAN YOU!
There have been too many laurel wreaths heaped on...
It isn’t luck—or even looks—that you need to get the breaks. It takes what Barbara Stanwyck, Janet Gaynor, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Eddie Cantor—among others—have had. If you have the same qualities, you can’t fail!

**By Eric L. Ergenbright**

Marie Dressler Never Gave Up

They are stars today because they had the courage and the determination to forge ahead in spite of every obstacle, because they had the high spirit that refuses to take "No" for an answer; because they had the ambition and the resolution to work and study while others were playing; because, in short, they had what soft-spoken people like to call intestinal fortitude. The true story of Hollywood, told in the lives of its celebrities, is a saga of courage.

Take, for example, the case of Marie Dressler, the most beloved personality the screen ever has known. There’s not one of you, among the thousands who read this magazine, who is not better equipped to reach stardom than was plain little Mary Koerber, the daughter of an impractical German ex-army officer and piano teacher, who brought his disillusionment and frustrated ambitions to Coburg, Canada.

Marie’s entire life was a perpetual struggle—and a glorious triumph. The poverty of her parents denied her more than the most rudimentary schooling; but she read newspapers, read books, probed the minds of every human being she encountered, and made herself one of the best-informed women in the world, able to hold her own, intellectually, in any company.

Her lack of beauty and large stature doomed her first ambition to play dramatic leading roles—so she determined to capitalize on those handicaps and fought her way to fame as a comedienne. Time after time, fortune deserted her and it seemed that she was “through”—out-of-work, penniless, burdened with a number of relatives whom she had undertaken to support. She would not admit defeat. Time after time, she fought her way back. She came to Hollywood, youth-loving, beauty-worshiping Hollywood, an elderly, homely woman. She was without money and, still worse, she was labeled a “has-been.” And she made herself the greatest star on the screen! Having done so, she fought back a mortal illness for more than two years in order to hold her place.

“Luck? Pull? No!” Heroic courage and indomitable will to succeed were the founda-

(Continued on page 78)
A famous physician said that—and JOE E. BROWN, who has the world's widest smile, has seen it work, literally. That's why he says: "I have only one ambition in life—to make people laugh."

By SONIA LEE

JOE E. BROWN does not compute his success in terms of dollars, or even in the number of box-office successes he has made—but, rather, in the number of laughs, in the happiness, he gives to his audiences by his antics. Because Joe E. Brown had so little laughter as a child, the making of laughter and the giving of happiness have become his design for living. And the longer he lives, the more he is convinced that laughter helps people to live longer.

When he made his début in pictures, he played in heavy drama. He "died" nobly for the final fadeout of three pictures. And for a while it seemed fated that his twinkling eyes and his stretchy mouth would be cast in the mold of sorrow.

But it was inevitable that his name would become a synonym for laughter. For even as a child, he excited his playmates to hilarity. He had a natural bent for clowning, for making his mobile features play havoc with his fellows' risibilities. He let others essay the hero rôles, while he played the jester. It was easy for him to make others laugh. And so, very early, he decided in the subconscious way of a child that he would go through life making people laugh.

Through those difficult days of his childhood—even though at nine, as a member of an acrobatic troupe, he knew all the hardships and the hang-ups of circus life—somehow, by some miracle, he maintained his ideal of laughter. When, later, he became a professional baseball player and won a niche in the major leagues, he still spent his spare time, clowning, making his buddies laugh. They were the ones who encouraged him to try Broadway—to extend his laugh-making operations. And he clicked.

 Wanted to Help World to Laugh

THEN came the movie offers, chances to play dramatic rôles. He thought he would like to try them. But he found them savorless. His heart wasn't in them. His heart was in making people laugh, in lightening others' burdens. He switched to screen comedy. Many actors have given the gift of tears to audiences. Joe E. Brown wanted to give them the rarer gift of laughter, which they need more. . . .

And because he has, his life is full. He harvests rich and rare rewards—and has no yearnings for the heavy drama he has abandoned. His belief that he has chosen wisely is backed by countless instances that have come to his attention since his career of laughter began.

Not long after his first comedies were released, he received a letter from a baseball player's wife. It said: "My husband is a pitcher and his arm isn't going so good these days. We have been sitting home worrying—wondering how long it will be before he is sent to the sticks. I have just seen your picture. It did something to me. I laughed for the first time in weeks. Tonight, I'm taking Bill to see it, too. Maybe if he could laugh—maybe if he could put just one laugh under his belt—he'd feel better. I'm hoping he will. I'll write you again."

Two weeks later he received another letter—a jubilant letter: "Bill is in his stride again. We went to see your show and we laughed until the tears rolled down our faces. It was a sort of combination of hysteria and relaxation for us. After the show we found something to talk about, something else to think about, besides how badly Bill has been going. He slept that night for ten solid hours—the first complete rest he had had for a long time. He pitched the next afternoon and he was back to his old form. He has won three games straight. God bless you for giving us the laughs we needed so much."

Joe E. Brown's fan mail is a (Continued on page 74)
Two of England's screen-great get together as co-stars in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"—the most exciting picture that either has yet made. And that is saying something. For Merle was the first of the ill-fated queens in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth"; and just before he sailed for England, Leslie was daring death as a spy in "British Agent." In the new picture, laid in the days of the French Revolution, he is a nobleman, daring savior of aristocrats, who drives a guillotine wagon in disguise. She is his fearless wife.
It takes a Sherlock Holmes to tell the Stars Off the Screen

You’d think you would know them anywhere, wouldn’t you? Ah, but you’d be fooled! At premières, when they’re on dress parade, it’s a cinch to name them. But when they go informal and incognito, even experts find it a tough job!

By Jack Smalley

Why, of course, you’d recognize your favorite stars! The idea of even suggesting that you wouldn’t know Greta Garbo or Fredric March just by the beating of your heart if you had a chance to see them! But wait—

I saw a group of dyed-in-their-woolens fans, guided by one of those nice young men courteously supplied by studios to parties of visiting firemen and their wives, amble along the road past the stars’ dressing-rooms one fine afternoon. As they came abreast of a big black car, with a chauffeur, parked by the walk, a woman swung past them with long strides, tossed her tawny hair as she gave them a sidelong glance, and stepped into her limousine. They didn’t even give her a second look. Yet the woman was Garbo, rarest prize of all the star-hunters, the most looked-for lady in all Hollywood!

In full view of all of them, she had just come down the long flight of steps that lead to her dressing-room. You can imagine the scramble if she had been recognized! And the funny part of
And, offhand, would you recognize S—T—on a horse, swinging a polo mallet?

it is, even the guide didn’t know her, and not once has he seen her on the lot—he told me so himself, later.

So before you place your bets, girls and boys, let me warn you that it isn’t so easy to recognize even your best-beloved stars off the screen. You might think that Charlie Chaplin couldn’t skin by without being sighted like the Leviathan in San Pedro harbor, but don’t be too sure.

The circus came to town, as circuses have a way of doing in the Summer, and Charlie took his two small sons to see the show. He was just one of hundreds of proud papas in the grandstand, cracking peanuts with that mildly pleased air of doing his duty by his offspring and enjoying it tremendously. Without his abbreviated mustache, battered derby, floppy shoes and baggy pants, you might never know the idol of millions, unless, of course, you happen to be a special collector of celebrities.

Some Lunch Incognito

Even in the lunchrooms at the studios, where you are on the qui vive to spot stars, they’ll slide by right under your nose. Of course, they don’t help you very much when they wear dark glasses, as Sylvia Sidney did the other day. I’d never have known her, myself, if George Raft—his eyes drawn up with invisible tape and looking exactly like a Chinese for his role in “Limehouse Nights”—hadn’t come in and hailed her by name.

Garbo, as I have indicated, eludes recognition by being casual and unpretentious in her public appearances. Another example of this: One of my friends was in an Army and Navy store, looking for a pair of white-duck trousers. He kept getting in the way of a determined female shopper who was seeking the same object, and it wasn’t until he was ready to go that he awakened to the identity of the lady. Garbo was buying herself another pair of slacks! She usually wears slacks and a sweater, with a beret covering the top of her long bob, and dark glasses to protect her eyes from the sun glare. It’s all so much like what thousands of other women wear along the Boulevard that she passes by unnoticed. Marlene Dietrich, going in for entire masculine ensembles in attire, is easier to spot—but she has countless imitators.

Never bet any real money on your ability to spot women stars. Gamble on the men, if you like, but the ladies are apt to fool you. Remember that the female of the species can change her spots, even if the leopard can’t, and appear with a new hair-dress, old clothes and smoked specs. Many an “extra” girl, built along the lines of Joan Bennett or Janet Gaynor, wears dark glasses like her idol. And how are you going to tell the originals from the “seconds” at first sight?

Carefree—Like a Co-ed

Stand on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, and sooner or later all of Hollywood passes by you for a glimpse. Whom would you recognize? Not Anna Sten, certainly, as she hurries by, face guiltless of powder, hair straggling from under a knit cap pulled on without the aid of a mirror, looking like a beautiful, happy-go-luck co-ed from nearby U. S. C.! Not Mae West in beret, turtle-neck sweater and white slacks, without a diamond in sight!

You’d be fooled a dozen times by the pseudo-Harlos, for the platinum Jean is so popular that she has dozens of close imitators. Although it’s apt to be fatal to your movie chances if you closely resemble a star, the “extra” girls go right on trying to look more like Jean Harlow (Continued on page 80)
After two years, the Polish star returns to Hollywood.
After eight years, she returns to Valentino’s memory-haunted home, Falcon Lair.
And she says, "Rudy will be with me for all of my life. No man will ever be to me what Rudy was—and is ..."

**By Gladys Hall**

**POLA NEGRI** after two years’ absence, has come back to Hollywood, to American films—fresh from picture triumphs on the Continent, from stage triumphs in the East. But there is another, greater story in her re-arrival on the Camera Coast. The glamorous, tempestuous Polish beauty, after eight years’ absence, has returned to Falcon Lair—where Rudolph Valentino lived, where they had planned to live after their marriage, a marriage postponed until eternity by his sudden, tragic death. She is reported to be buying the lonely house on the hilltop, tenanted for the greater part of eight years by only the wind and rain and memories, and planning to live there—with those memories.

She took me there, where I, too, might feel its spell, to tell me what had drawn her back to the memory-haunted house that looks over Beverly Hills all the way to the sea. We walked together in Rudy’s rose garden. Pola wore white with scarlet trimmings. Her lips, in her white, intense face, were as scarlet as the roses she touched with remembering finger-tips. She said, "Rudy and I planted these rose-bushes together, a long while ago. No—only yesterday . . ."

We sat in an arbor, with Falcon Lair on our right. We looked down over Benedict Canyon and the rises and hollows of the hills and the long trails, where a wood-mist seemed to rise and veil only thinly the figure of a man riding his Arabian steed, racing with his Dobermann-Pinschers, sometimes alone, sometimes with the woman who sat there beside me, remembering . . .

**Her First Irresistible Impulse**

POLA said, "I came to this house the very first day I arrived back in Hollywood. Before I went anywhere else, before I unpacked, I came here. Before I came, I thought I could not bear it. I thought that it would kill me, that I would faint, that I might have a nervous breakdown.

"I felt that I could not bear even to enter this canyon, where every trail and hill are reminiscent of Rudy. I knew that I would hear the clatter and ring of his horse’s feet. I knew that I would hear his voice calling from the hills. I would remember, too vividly, every ride we took together,
every walk. The eucalyptus trees that Rudy loved would be shafts of sombre green memorializing him.

"I knew, too, that I must come. I knew that his brother, Alberto, and Alberto's wife and their boy would be disappointed if I did not come. . . And then, that first day, when I arrived just as the sun was sinking over the last hill, and I stepped through the gate, he was here to greet me. He was here, Rudy—his vibrations were everywhere. I could feel him, gay and charming, telling us not to be sad, not to mourn, not to grieve . . .

"I dined with Alberto and Alberto's wife and the boy, in the caretaker's lodge where they have been living. We had Italian spaghetti in the way Rudy used to love it, and red wine and coarse bread. It was all very simple. And I thought of the way it had once been with all of us—in the big house—in the Grand Manner. And then, suddenly, in that small room, at that small table, it was in the Grand Manner, as it had always been, for Rudy was there with us.

"I was not alone in my knowledge of his presence. Alberto knew it. Alberto's wife and son knew it. We spoke of it as of an accomplished and natural fact, incredible only because it was so beautiful. He was there with us and we were happy because of that—"

From the lodge came, now, the voice of Alberto's wife, humming a faint Italian air. From the big house came only silence and yet, listening with Pola's ears, I seemed to hear the vibrations of Rudy's gay laughter, song and revelry and living voices . . .

"You do believe this?" I asked.

His Soul Goes Marching On

"O f course I do," cried Pola. "Of course, I believe in the immortality of the soul. Do you suppose that men like Napoleon, Julius Caesar, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo—beloved men like Rudy—have ceased to exist because perhaps, an operation for appendicitis has not been a successful operation, because a tragic accident has happened, because some little germ has happened to invade the blood—do you suppose that, because of these swift and trivial happenings, these men are no more? That they have ceased to exist because their bodies weakened?

Of course not—absurd—this could not be!"

And Pola raised her voice in a ringing denial that seemed to affirm the existence, the presence, of Rudolph Valentino.

"Did you love him so much?" I asked, superfluously.

"So much," said Pola, "that I know now that there is only one great love in a lifetime. I used to laugh at people who said this to me, thinking them visionaries, poets who lived secluded lives. I laughed at the notion of one love's lasting throughout all of life, life alive with loves. I said that it could not be so—and have learned that it is so. I have learned this lesson as, perhaps, we all must learn it—in heart—break and tears. There is only one great love in a

(Cont. on page 77)
PATRICIA ELLIS

Patricia is another ingenue who is going to outlive ingenue rôles... Even now, it is difficult to realize that she still is in her middle teens... She has the poise, the self-expression of a girl years older... And Patricia's secret, like Helen's, is that she was on the stage very young—before the movies found her... Her mother was an actress; her step-father, Alexander Leftwich, is a well-known producer and stage director; she grew up in the atmosphere of the theatre... But differing from Helen, she is mixing light comedy with her dramatics—which, in itself, makes her individual... And in either "Big-Hearted Herbert" or "The St. Louis Kid," you can see her possibilities.
"Budget Your Personality"

...says Jean Harlow

By SONIA LEE

"Budget your personality," advises Jean Harlow, the girl whose platinum beauty has become an international trade-mark, and whose personality has made her a star. "Beauty to-day," she declares, "is the cheapest commodity in the feminine market. Don't count it as your greatest asset. It isn't! To awaken interest and admiration to-day, a woman must check up on her charm, on her intelligence, on her emotional plasticity, on her disposition, and on her grooming. Only these qualities—only these factors—are entitled to a percentage on her personality chart.

"Glamour is over-rated. It doesn't exist by itself. It is only the result, the essence of the person. That potent, indefinable quality that places a woman in a niche of her own and distinguishes her has little relation to beauty, either of face or of form. It is an intangible thing distilled of the personality she achieves by care and by work.

"On my personality-budget chart, charm is given forty per cent. That doesn't mean that a woman starts off with that much. But if she is to be an attractive person, she must develop that percentage.

"Charm means simplicity and sincerity. It includes a certain spiritual beauty that comes to the surface and shows itself in the voice and in the eyes. No actress can get along without it. No actress will even be noticed by her audiences unless she gives them the feeling that she is an honest person, intense in her desire to develop.

"To me Barbara Stanwyck is the most charming person on the screen, not because she is a great actress—which she undoubtedly is—but because the sincerity of her emotions transcends the make-believe of every rôle.

"Affectation is the death of charm. People automatically distrust a woman who puts on an act, who is artificial. Too many women look for charm in a beauty shop, as if it were something that could be bought and sold. But they won't find it there. Curling eyelashes and a perfect skin may give an illusion of charm for a fleeting while. But it can't—it doesn't—last. For real charm, like real beauty, is more than skin-deep.

"No woman can dare to depend on her physical attributes for success. There isn't a woman star in pictures whose beauty can (Continued on page 83)

"Don't count beauty as your greatest asset. It isn't," says Jean—who adds that a woman, to be attractive to-day, must have five qualities. Charm should be 40 per cent of her personality; emotional plasticity, 25 per cent; intelligence, 20 per cent; good taste in clothes, 10 per cent, a good disposition, 5 per cent. Jean tells why!
IT'S pleasant to think of the thousands of romance-starved American wives, maidens, and schoolgirls who are at this moment sitting in their homes, all unaware of what is going to happen to them when Charles Boyer comes back from France. Plesanter than the thought of what's going to happen to their husbands and sweethearts.

The new generation of movie fans has never had an over-powering, irresistible romantic sensation to worship—a man whose physical appeal is so compelling that it follows you home and thrives in the memory, like a living presence, more real than flesh-and-blood, and makes the boy-friend seem pallid, indeed. But it looks as if Charles Boyer, whose first American picture, "Caravan," hinted what is in store for you, might be the miracle-man.

Of course, ever since Valentino the search has been going on. Before talkies, John Gilbert came close to filling the bill. Then Clark Gable—magnetic, virile—looked like the Great Lover. But Clark has turned out to be a man's man, a sturdy fellow who likes big-game hunting. The search goes on. . . You see, it isn't just a matter of physical magnetism. A man's whole temperament must be in tune with his appearance. Women want to feel that there is emotion behind the glamour.

And Charles Boyer not only has the physique—he has the temperament and the emotional fire to fulfill the requirements. Tall, strong, broad-shouldered, well-groomed, with mournful, passionate dark eyes, he is every inch the cavalier, the born romantic.

He Holds Them Enthralled

All his life, women have crowded around him, and he has cultivated to a high degree the technique of holding their interest. He doesn't rely on glamour alone. And his charm is none the less powerful because it can be summoned at will—and dismissed when it might be wasted. On the French stage and screen, he is the rage. The theatre has less prestige in France than in America, and to go backstage is not smart; yet snobbish countesses so far forget themselves as to dash back to the stage door, like fashionable moths, to try to meet Boyer. They just don't seem to have any will-power, and etiquette means nothing when the dark and moody Charles is at stake.

There is just one possible cloud on the horizon of his potential fame. He is a bridegroom. That condition is popularly supposed to cut down fan mail and box-office receipts alarmingly. But Valentino, Gilbert and Gable have all been sensations, though married. And why shouldn't Boyer be likewise? Especially, when one remembers that he embarked on the matrimonial seas romantically, with an impulsive flair.

"I have known many very charming women, but never before have I even thought of marrying one," he said, himself still slightly bewildered by the event after eight months. "I knew Pat Paterson three weeks, and I had an instinct that it would be all right to marry her.

"Of course, it's impossible to know anyone in three weeks. I knew simply nothing about Pat then, but my instinct was strong. And it is very exciting to marry someone you don't know, first, and discover her afterwards. It is dangerous, but exciting—if it turns out well, as it has in our case."

"We didn't fly to Yuma, we drove there. One evening, instead of going to the movies, we went to Yuma. And the next day—we came back home.

"That's all there was to it."

"Home" was the (Continued on page 81)
“My Head Rules My Heart...”

ANN SOTHERN isn’t a success by accident, but by will power. She says, “I make my own decisions—about everything. I would rather be wrong than wobbly... I’ve always done what I wanted to do. More importantly, I’ve always known what I wanted to do.” And her story will be an inspiration to every girl who reads it!

By FAITH SERVICE
Robert Armstrong's House Is a Man's House

No woman had a hand in planning a single detail of Bob's Early California hacienda. The result is a colorful, super-comfortable house that seems a million miles from Hollywood...

By Dorothy Calhoun

Strictly speaking, Robert Armstrong's house isn't in Hollywood, but on a hillside in one of the quiet, sunny canyons that twist away from Beverly Hills. It's a mile from well-traveled Sunset Boulevard. It might as well be a hundred miles away.

No woman had a hand in its decoration; no woman was consulted—or considered—when it was built. It is a man's house, masculine to an extreme—a colorful, romantic extreme.

"But if I were planning to marry again," asks its owner, with a grin, "do you think I would have dared to build a home this way? I built it as a place where I could lead my own life as I see fit."

Many a woman might cry out at the arrangement of the seven rooms that make up this long, low, sprawling Early California hacienda. No doors lead from one part of the house to another; every apartment opens, Mexican fashion, onto a huge patio. With few exceptions, no curtains hang at the windows, sunken into the three-foot-thick adobe walls; no pastel colors, no highly polished woods, no silks are to be seen anywhere. And as for the huge master bath, as large as a bedroom, imagine all that space wasted without a dressing table! Instead, there is a rubbing table, which is covered with a gayly colored Indian blanket, and an electric refrigerator. ("The kitchen is so darned far away, to get a cold drink," Bob explains.)
Why the Timbers Look So Old

THE Armstrong house is built of native materials—adobe brick, of which the old Spanish missions were made, and hand-made paving tiles for the patios and porches, laid without cement. The heavy plaster that covers outside and inside walls was put on in native Indian fashion by gloved hands, instead of trowels, thus explaining the irregular "hand-made" effect. The great beams of the living and dining room ceiling and the roof joists were discovered in a weathered pile on a dock at Venice (California) by the builder, who was in search of old lumber.

"Would you take a load of new timbers and boards in exchange for these old ones?" he asked the guardian of the pier. "Sure!" said that worthy in amazement. And so the whitewash, thinly smeared over the woodwork of the long, cool living quarters, reveals the weathered look that no decorator but Time can give.

The "front" of the Armstrong home, reached from the canyon road, far below, is in reality the back. The long brick-floor ed veranda, strewn with weathered benches and pots of Mexican plants, and overlooking two acres of land and a fine tennis court, leads into—the kitchen. This is one apartment of which a woman would approve. There are even curtains at the windows in concession to "Rosie", the goddess of the place, and the green and yellow tile is modern and efficient.

Beyond, one goes past a startling bath, with purple fixtures and a tiled bowl, into the blue-and-yellow guest room, with its corner fireplace, its tiled floor, a simple hearth, surmounted by a hood, and two-bunk bed—the top deck reached by a short ladder. Here, as elsewhere throughout the house, the windows are shaded, not by curtains, but by shutters of varnished wood. The rugs are rough, hand-woven things, and the bed-spreads are purple. Lemon-yellow wood forms the furnishings.

Where His Life Centers

FROM the window of this ell-room one looks out—as from all the other rooms of the house—onto the huge patio, partly roofed, partly in the sun. A circular barbecue pit, which looks like a fountain, a wrestling mat, leather and splint Mexican chairs—meet the eye. Nowhere are there any painted iron or wicker chairs or sun umbrellas. The life of the home centers in the patio. Here the master of the house eats, exercises, smokes, rests, studies, with nothing to disturb him except perhaps a gopher or rabbit from the brush-covered hillside.

The main body of the house is given over to the dining room—living room—two apartments in one, separated by a few steps. Here the floors are wide boards, hand-pegged, acid-burned and waxed. The walls are plaster, whitewashed, with terra cotta, chair high, around the two rooms to give warmth and color. But there is no lack of vivid color! (Continued on page 87)
The Connecticut Yankee who was the granddaddy of ballyhoo—who dug up curiosities never seen before and made a circus "the greatest show on earth"—who said, "There's a sucker born every minute"—is getting a screen biography, bound to be colorful and amusing. Wallace Beery is "The Mighty Barnum," himself. Adolphe Menjou is a slickster of a hundred years ago. Rochelle Hudson is big-hearted P. T.'s sweet, young ward
A "Follies" beauty in hoop skirts! But Virginia happens to be an actress, as well as a beauty—which explains everything. She plays Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," in "The Mighty Barnum"
In "Gigolette," ADRIENNE AMES has a wardrobe that could be worn by either. Here are screen styles that are practical, inexpensive!

BY RITA JEAN D'ARCY

Adrienne has always been cast in parts in which she has had to wear fashionable clothes—and the reason why she is given these opportunities is that she knows how to wear them (which is even more important than knowing how to shop for them). Any girl might profitably copy not only Adrienne's styles, but Adrienne's way of wearing them, her carriage, her poise, her graceful movements. Half the secret of glamour is self-assurance.

In this month's "Screen Style Preview," we present some of the fashions that Adrienne Ames sponsors in her newest picture, "Gigolette"—fashions that girls in every walk of life may copy and well afford. Adrienne, who is as well known for her taste in clothes as for her screen work, believes that smart clothes are very important in every girl's life. Whether she wants a career or romance in her life, a girl has to attract favorable attention first of all, and then hold that attention—and the smarter she looks, the smarter she'll be credited with being.
In "Gigolette," Adrienne wears some clothes that are gay and glamourous and others that are schoolgirlish and even hoydenish, in keeping with her rôle. She plays the part of Kay Parrish, a wealthy society girl who suddenly finds herself penniless. But this is not the conventional "riches-to-rags" story, because, fortunately, Kay has managed to salvage her entire wardrobe and it comes in mighty handy when she sets out to look for a job.

One town frock that is in perfect taste for either working girl or society belle is a two-piece brown wool frock, featuring dolman sleeves with deep armholes. It is trimmed with deep cuffs and an intricate collar of brown and green chenille; and, in keeping with one of the season's most popular vogues, she flaunts a jaunty feather in her small brown felt hat.

A charming ensemble of velveteen and plaid wool is one that many schoolgirls will want to copy, but that doesn't mean that those of you who have gone past the schoolgirl age can't go in for this type of outfit, too. At least it will help you look schoolgirlish a little longer and that is something to be desired.

In a night-club scene, Adrienne wears an alluringly feminine gown that accentuates her charm and poise. I know that many of you will want to have it copied for your next big evening event. This beautiful gown is made of turquoise-blue satin, is cut waist-deep in the back, and is exquisitely draped. The gown is snugly fitted to the form from the waist to the knees, but at the knees there is a slightly gathered flounce effect that allows for a little freedom of movement. The skirt, which is a little longer in back than in front, forms a short train effect and the sash of the gown, which is drawn through the cowl décolletage, contributes length to the train effect. When the gown just described is topped off with her white fox cape, it becomes an exquisite evening creation.

The blouse of the two-piece afternoon outfit (below, left) is of beige-striped brown velvet and the skirt is made of solid brown velvet. Below, right, Adrienne models a really charming ensemble of velveteen and plaid wool—also worn in "Gigolette".
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Giving you a preview of the most famous little girl in the world on the night before Christmas ... trying to stay awake hours after her bedtime—like any other little six-year-old—so she can see Santa ... and tell him how she couldn't write him a letter till the very last minute, 'cause she was so busy, making "Bright Eyes" ... and find out if he's half as much fun as "Daddy" Jimmy Dunn.
The headline-hunters thrive on heart-breaks and divorces; they don't tell the world about the happy couples, who outnumber the unhappy ones—in Hollywood, as elsewhere. And it's time you heard about some of these happy movie marriages. Two months ago, MOTION PICTURE told you the love story of the James Cagneys, married for twelve years. This month, we present Irene Dunne's story of her long-distance, happy marriage to Dr. Francis D. Griffin of New York, now entering its seventh year.

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Untold Stories of Loves That Have Lasted

2. There are happy Hollywood marriages—many of them. One is the marriage of Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis D. Griffin of New York. They live a continent apart, yet constantly grow closer to each other. And Irene explains the "phenomenon"

IRENE DUNNE'S marriage is an unusual one, and an unusually happy one. It is a marriage that is a modern miracle. She lives in Hollywood, while her dentist-husband, Dr. Francis D. Griffin, lives in New York—yet they are closer to each other than many a couple who are together for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

The fact that they do live a continent apart has never been classified as "one of those things." For it is common knowledge that, regularly, he drops everything to cross the continent to her and that she as eagerly drops everything to go to him—and that each prefers the other to anything else in the world.

Irene says that she couldn't begin to enumerate the people who have asked her, solicitously, if she believes she can possibly trust her husband back East "all by himself, for months at a time." And she positively shudders to contemplate the number who have helpfully warned her husband of the chances he is taking in permitting her to remain in Hollywood without a husband to watch over her.

"There is no use court ing temptation," they both have been advised, times without number.

"And there is no use running away from it, either," objects Irene, "because wherever you go you will find it—if you are looking for it. Temptation isn't something that comes from without; it comes from within. It's a state of mind, like jealousy or suspicion.

"We want to be together, as much as does any couple. But each of us is trying to accomplish something in a different field, and while we are striving to do this, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of" (Continued on page 64)
Actors Are Younger Than Other People

By Lee Tracy

Who guarantees that he will still be young at seventy—and tells why

I'll still be a youngster at seventy—a bit gouty, perhaps, somewhat creaky and feeble probably, more than a little bald certainly—but "just a boy," nevertheless. There's something about this profession of mine, you see—a certain magic, tonic quality—that keeps old age away longer than most jobs do. You know, yourself, that a pretty actress never gets beyond thirty!

But all kidding aside, actors are younger than other people—younger because they feel younger... younger because they never outgrow optimism and hope... younger because they keep on looking to the future, rather than to the past... younger because they are never worn down by the grindstone of monotony... younger because—well, because of a thousand reasons.

Contrast our lives with the lives of the average business men—contrast the life of an explorer with the routine existence of a bank clerk—and you'll begin to understand why this miraculous Youth Preserver, which old Doc Tracy is trying to analyze, seldom fails.

In the first place, we are undoubtedly the only class of workers on earth whose work is our ruling passion. I became an actor, not because acting offered an easy road to money and fame, but because I would rather starve as an actor than grow wealthy in any other job. My work is my play. I've never known an actor to grow bored; and I've never known one who could quit, and take up any other line of business and be completely satisfied.

Had a Struggle—and Liked It

Take my own case. My father wanted me to finish college and become an engineer. Because of certain connections that he could have placed at my disposal, I knew that his advice was sound. I knew that I could have an assured future as an engineer. But I wanted to act. I dreamed of being an actor. I was willing to give up anything else in order to make my dream come true. I argued and pleaded until finally I had my way. I lived hand-to-mouth for several years, without any evidence of success—and yet I wouldn't have traded my job for the best engineering position in the world. If I were still struggling for recognition, with nothing but a succession of failures to show for my years in grease-paint, I'd feel the same about acting. And so would any other actor.

We are younger than other people because there is no monotonous or routine about our work. I'm sorry for the average business man, who goes through the same motions day after day, six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year! We live a new life with every new role. Routine dulls a man's eagerness and makes him old. Variety helps to keep him young.

Actors are younger than other people because they keep looking to the future, no matter what their actual count of years may be. Other people, after they have passed the half-way mark in life, look more and more to the past. Did you ever listen to an actor talk? He's always saying, "I'm going to," "I'm planning to," "I expect to."

Age is no barrier to success on either the stage or screen; consequently, hope lives eternally in an actor's heart. Frank Bacon, supposedly "through" at sixty-one, was the greatest sensation on the American stage at sixty-two. Marie Dressler, involuntarily retired in her late fifties, wasted no time talking about the successes of her thirties; she came to Hollywood, optimistically looking ahead to the future, and, in a few years' time, became the greatest box-office attraction the screen has ever known. She was still looking to the future when she died—and anyone who knew her also knew how young of heart she was.

Always Looking Forward

The belief that his greatest success is just around the corner is part of every actor's religion. Each new role is a complete new life to live, a new gamble to take, a new chance to "break the bank." Here in Hollywood, the boulevards leading to the studios are dotted with out-at-the-elbow actors, thumbing rides to look for work. I've never given a lift to one of (Continued on page 74)
The Secrets Of The Dressing-Table

By Madge Evans

Her Own Home Beauty Treatments

Madge Evans, now playing with Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows," tells—exclusively for MOTION PICTURE—what every woman doesn't know about home beauty care. And every treatment she describes (and prescribes) might be adopted with profit by any woman eager to enhance her own beauty and charm. Next month, and each month, another star will write her “Secrets of the Dressing-Table” for MOTION PICTURE, and you.—Editor.

DID you, when you were a young girl, accumulate sample bottles and jars of creams and lotions to make yourself beautiful? And were you thrilled when the trial packages arrived, and did you go off by yourself to dabble among the treasures and “try everything”? I did.

I remember that even when I was still a “child actress,” I had collected more than a suitcase full of beauty samples, which I kept carefully hidden under my bed—except when we went off on location, and even then I managed to drag the suitcase along, though my mother thought it was full of my dolls and toys. One day, however, while I was timing a mud-pack (fifteen minutes by the clock, and then it would dry and harden and lift those sagging muscles), my mother caught me at it. She laughed even while she scolded me. “You don’t need those things yet,” she told me. And she took everything away from me except some cleansing cream, an astringent, and some fine white powder! But that childhood urge for trying beauty preparations has held over, and to-day I am still an ardent addict of them. My dressing-room shelves are lined with bottles and jars of all colors and sizes, and I date on them!

Always Prepared

AND as for make-up! Here’s something that I hit upon a long time ago. When you switch from one hand-bag to another, you know how easy it is to forget to switch the lipstick; or you go out without your mascara; something is always left behind. And if I (Continued on page 79)
They're Serious about Radio Now

By LOUIS REID
Radio Editor, New York American

Motion Picture stars are taking their radio appearances seriously these days. Marching to the microphones in regimental strength, they are suddenly aware that second in importance to capturing the armchairs is an ability to hold them, once they are captured. This is a vast change from the time when Hollywood's celebrities first found themselves in the broadcasting studios.

Then, they were inclined to look askance at broadcasting, showed no particular eagerness to rehearse or give their radio routine a second thought, and often went on the airwaves in a mood too flippant for satisfactory results. In the early days, screen players refused to be impressed with the fact that radio was anything more than an opportunity for some quick and easy money. Not so to-day. From a lark, broadcasting has developed into an important and valuable by-product of their careers.

Now the average picture star, appearing on a broadcast, realizes that he or she is performing to an unseen, but nevertheless critical audience of millions, most of whom are likely to form lasting opinions gained—or lost, one might add—by the air performance. He is extremely careful to take plenty of time for a program idea and subsequent rehearsals, and to study studio facilities to enlarge his knowledge of radio. Also, according to the broadcasting caliphs, the screen players are to-day free from evidences of the traditional temperament generally accredited to members of their profession.

Connie Goes More Than Half-Way

Constance Bennett, for example, was perfectly agreeable to the last-minute revision of her recent radio script. As a matter of fact, she asked for suggestions for its improvement. Her song from the last film she made was repeated over and over until she was satisfied with the results.

Bebe Daniels carries herself like an experienced radio performer. She insists upon having the microphone so
The movie stars who go on the air these days aren't doing it just to pick up some small change. They're all out to give the folks good entertainment.
And here's the proof!

placed that she can see the assisting orchestra. It is her purpose to follow the musicians, rather than make them take blind stabs at keeping up with her.

Norma Shearer's behavior in the radio studios has become a special delight to broadcasting officials. At a recent broadcast she put in her appearance well before air time, wasn't the least bit disturbed when an attendant (who didn't recognize her through her dark glasses) attempted to bar her way into the studios, and made a detailed inspection of the control room to find out what it was all about.

Kay Francis, radio men say, has shown a remarkably quick adaptability to broadcasting conditions. Particularly, she has developed the knack of picking up cues and following in record time the complicated signals peculiar to broadcasting.

Another hard worker from the Camera Coast is Dick Powell, at present the master of ceremonies on the "Hollywood Hotel" programs. Dick is a music-lover and plays a score of instruments. Ted Fiorito, orchestra director on the broadcast, finds Powell a useful fellow to have around, not only because his musical suggestions are valuable, but because in an emergency the actor can take a place in the band.

Claudette Equal to Emergencies

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was almost on the verge of a nervous collapse when she made her début as a singer on the Columbia system, but she pulled herself together and did an excellent job. An actress of her standing had much to lose if she didn't do her best, and this thought was a strain in itself.

But Miss Colbert is a resourceful person. One time when the publicity department of her film company handed her a script to read over the air, she looked at it carefully, decided it wasn't suited to her personality, and closeting herself in an office, wrote her own material in a half-hour. Most stars now take a hand in their scripts.

Ginger Rogers usually performs a few dance steps between her air numbers. Though she now appears on broadcasts from the West Coast, she made her radio début in Manhattan. At the time she was playing in a musical show and it was necessary for her to appear at the studios five minutes after the final curtain. So the radio company hired, believe it or not, a private ambulance to rush her to the scene of the broadcast.

Jean Harlow paces up and down the floor of the studio just prior to her broadcasts, concentrating on her lines. On the air, however, she lets no one get the impression that she is either self-conscious or nervous. She displays a laudable sense of humor in her broadcasts.

Marion Davies is more at ease before a microphone than almost everybody else, according to the radio rajahs. Studio attaches like her graciousness.

Ronald Colman, of all film actors, is regarded as the most serious at the loudspeakers. He will spend hours perfecting one line. George O'Brien is another hard worker when a broadcast is in the offering.

The actors in the Sunday afternoon Radio Theatre voted in agreement with their director against visible audiences. Miriam Hopkins, John Boles and Helen Hayes, among others, agreed that an audience in the studio would interfere greatly with their microphone performances.

Helen Hayes and Walter Huston put all the inflections in radio performances that they would in screen or stage performances. Miriam Hopkins goes through all the gestures and facial expressions she uses on the stage or screen, but plays entirely into the microphone, a feat, she believes, that would be impossible if spectators were present in the studio. On one recent radio program, John Boles was intensely nervous and smoked a big cigar all through his performance of Chico in "Seventh Heaven."

Rudy Vallee is one of the few radio singers who turn their backs to the audience when (Continued on page 72)
The Gay Divorcee

Gay, Clean and Clever Comedy—It Has Everything

This is an almost perfect combination of dances, songs, story and comedy for everyone's entertainment. We would say "perfect," except that critics are not supposed to rave! Strung on the thread of a real story, the musical numbers never intrude, and the dancing is a delight for those who enjoy smooth rhythm, rather than elaborate evolutions and trick chorus effects. The odd, Puckish personality of Fred Astaire is established firmly as a movie favorite by his performance of Gay Holm, and Ginger Rogers is cute and clever as the gay divorcee. Her dancing is amazing, when you consider that she is teamed with a man recognized as the best hoofer on the stage. The infallible Edward Everett Horton out-Hortons himself and the "whimsical" waif, Eric Blore, is a find. There isn't a dull instant.

Highlights: Astaire's love-making, Astaire's singing, Astaire's dancing while he dresses. The scene on the dock where Ginger's dress is locked into a trunk. The "Continental" dance. The gorgeous comedy scene between Horton and the waiter over the tea order. Ginger Rogers' appeal. (RKO-Radio)

Great Expectations

Dickens Story Makes Grand Picture

Dickens himself would have been pleased with Universal's job of transferring one of his greatest mystery stories safely to the screen. Henry Hull's characterization of the convict, whose gratitude for a boy's momentary sympathy becomes a ruling passion, is superb. He is unforgettable in his trembling pride at having made a gentleman of the urchin who befriended him. Sarcely less finely etched is Phillips Holmes as the boy brought up with great expectations of wealth from a secret benefactor. With a splendid script, backgrounds like illustrations from an old book, and a fine cast that includes Alan Hale and Florence Reed, it has all the flavor of Dickens and is a new kind of movie treat.

Highlights: The atmospherics, George Breakston and Ann Howard as the children. The eerie, haunting face and voice of Florence Reed as the woman jilted on her wedding day. Magwitch's return, and the growing horror of Pip as he realizes that he owes everything to a hunted convict. Hale's Gargery, the blacksmith. (Universal)

Music in the Air

Tuneful, Will Song—Entertaining

Unsofisticated innocence in Alpine clothes comes down from a Bavarian mountain to the Great City (Munich). Here the girl and her schoolteacher lover meet a bored actress and eccentric playwright, and pair off anew with disastrous results for a while. Eventually, they return to their own loves. That's the plot. But plot doesn't matter especially. What does matter is that Gloria Swanson looks gorgeously beautiful and sings—adequately. John Boles sings splendidly, but his acting could be more animated. Douglass Montgomery's coyness is out of keeping and June Lang, as the mountain maid, is uncertain whether she is intended to be funny or romantic. But beautiful photography and tuneful music make an ample evening's entertainment.

Highlights: John Boles' songs. The curiously maladjusted love scenes between the temperamental actress and the naive schoolteacher, the sophisticated playwright and the artless peasant girl. Al Shean as the father. Gloria Swanson's beauty. (Fox)

BEST PICTURES:
"The Gay Divorcee"
"Lady by Choice"
"Great Expectations"
"The Captain Hates the Sea"
"Kid Millions"
"The White Parade"

BEST PERFORMANCES:
Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcee"
May Robson in "Lady by Choice"
Henry Hull in "Great Expectations"
Walter Connolly in "The Captain Hates the Sea"
Loretta Young in "The White Parade"
Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows"
ENTER MADAME
Landi Puts It Over

Once talked of as a vehicle for Grace Moore, this rather dated stage play of the temperamental prima donna whose whims make her husband carry less standing than her doctor proves a screen opportunity for Elissa Landi. After her emotional outbursts in this part, she will never be referred to as "cold" again. Except for the singer's flare of temperament there is little action to the plot, which lapses into uncertainty every now and then, despite the gallant efforts of Elliott Nugent, the director, to keep it going with comedy and horse-play, when other means fail. The husband who finally breaks away from his wife's apron-strings is well played by Cary Grant, who is displaying a rapidly-growing talent for well-dressed farce. It's jeryk but worth while—in spots.

Highlights: The dinner scene with the familiar servants competing in noise with the tempestuous mistress. Cary Grant miming the Pekingese dog. The emotional talent of Elissa Landi. Grant's acting. (Paramount)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN
Trotle, But Interesting

This contemporary tale of four college boys who graduate, allame with ideals and plans for life, only to find that they must take a post-graduate course in hunger, failure, discouragement and sorrow, is drab, but interesting, because of its personal application to so many in the audience. The adventurings of the four friends in quest of a living are loosely tied together by the fact that one of them, Franchot Tone, becomes a reporter at thirty dollars a week. It is he who, in the course of duty, identifies the body of the former football hero killed in a hold-up and witnesses the suicide of another chum's father from business worries. Jean Muir, Margaret Lindsay and Ann Dvorak are good as the girls who share the boys' problems.

Highlights: The scene where the grid hero tries to pawn his gold football, only to find it worthless. The latter scene where Tone berates the father for bringing another soul into such an unsatisfactory world. The ironic ending with next year's grads facing the future hopefully. (Warner)

KID MILLIONS
Sure-Fire Winner—See It

More happenings and fewer gags feature this latest sure-fire contribution of that keen comedian, Eddie Cantor, to the public welfare. A little wharf urchin, abused and neglected, dreams of what he would do for other kids if his ship came in. By a freak of fate he falls heir to seventy-seven million dollars—and the remainder of the picture recounts his adventures on the ship that carries him, and the other claimants to the fortune, to Egypt. The prettiest chorus girls on the screen do their stuff at a ship's concert; the melodies are haunting and the situations are funny when they aren't hilarious. Ann Sothern and George Murphy, a taking newcomer, furnish romance, and the final charming and whimsical color sequence must discourage those who plan to make future musicals.

Highlights: Cantor's comedy face. The screaming sequence in which the gangsters photograph Eddie in a wheel chair with a section of the deck railing taken out behind him. The "Your Head on My Shoulder" number. (Goldwyn, United Artists)

LADY BY CHOICE
A Fine Treat in Store for You

A Cinderella old lady with a fairy god-daughter, that's the plot of this one. May Robson and Carole Lombard are the reasons for going to see this sentimental, amusing, dramatic story of a tipsy old lady, a cynical young fan dancer—and their mutual regeneration. As a publicity stunt, the fiery dancer adopts a "mother" from an old ladies' home. The "mother," who has been sent to the home instead of to prison by an exasperated judge (Walter Connolly), proves to be a tough customer to get rid of after the stunt has served its purpose. She insists on mothering the dancer out of her job, and making her respectable. Such a plot gives May a chance for comedy and tears, violent emotion and elegant clothes. Romance, in the shape of Roger Pryor, brings in suspenseful complications.

Highlights: The scene where the old lady tries her arts on the Judge. The scene where the two battle-scarred adventuresses, the one old, and the other young, recognize their need for each other. The dramatic conflicts. The acting. (Columbia)

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA
But Everyone Else Will Love It

This is a Grand Hotel aloft, with all the familiar personages of ocean travel, including the crook, traveling with a fortune in stolen bonds, the dumb detective, the addle-pated rich widow, the honeymooners, the convivial newspaperman. The different episodes and threads of the plot are tied together by the routine of life aboard ship, and by the fathomless boredom of the capain, to whom hysterical ladies who jump overboard, Mexican generals escaping from revolutionists, and blondined adventuresses are an old story. As the captain, Walter Connolly is magnificent. Fred Keating is a promising newcomer, Leon Errol, as the steward who lives in the hope of being tipped for finding ladies in the wrong cabins, is hilarious. There are no dull moments in this combination of laughs and thrills.

Highlights: The conversations between the bored skipper and the steward. John Gilbert's maudlin sentiment as he listens to his sweetheart's voice on a phonograph between his calls. (Columbia)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES
Famous Story Makes Charming Picture

Just how much trouble and discomfort a romantic imagination can cause when directed upon prosaic, matter-of-fact people, this pleasant little picture shows very amusingly. As the poetic waif adopted by homespun people, Anne Shirley (who used to be the child actress, Dawn O'Day) is reminiscent of Mary Pickford at times, but in mannerisms, rather than looks. Helen Westley, as the foster-mother, does a moving piece of work, and the director and scenario writer are to be congratulated on transferring this childhood classic to the screen without undue sentimentality. It is a picture strictly for the family trade, but, lacking draw names, must rely on the affectionate childhood memories of the audience. Anne Shirley is one of those movie miracles, a child actress suddenly grown up and famous again.

Highlights: The rustic characters and settings. Anne Shirley's wide-eyed appeal, which is never gaga. The tender and restrained acting of Helen Westley. The charm and sentiment. (RKO-Radio)

(Note! You will find additional brief reviews of current pictures on page 90)
Dear Miss—Will you marry me?

(Continued from page 33)

hauled out the letter from her ardent un-
known suitor, to read it to her friend. They
laughed over it and also marveled at its
length.

"Wonder what he's like?" said the other
Girl. "It would be fun to find out!"

It was Miriam ready for some play-
ful pranks, and you only have to suggest
one, to rouse her into action. She went to
the phone and put through a call to a small
town on the coast. "It's my place for a
well-traveled gent to live in," she said, "but he probably has a Summer
lodger!"

Well, Miriam did talk to her unseen
suitor; she talked sixty-five dollars' worth
of telephone time, to be exact. "Have you
really been to all those places you wrote
about?" was one of her questions. And he
didn't down and confessed that he had never
been outside of dear old Maine—but he had
read of Miriam's adventures, and he decided it
a point to read up on the places where
Miriam had been. After that confession,
they got along famously, even though Miriam
again declined to meet him at the
altar.

"Well, if you ever change your mind," she
said, "I have a plan always chock full
up on my credentials. I haven't a lot
of money, but I come from one of the
oldest families in the town. My father has been
the butcher in this town for the last
fourteen years."

Miriam hasn't got over it yet!

She Turned Down a Million

But Miriam is used to saying "No" to
men who would have taken their names
and money, either. For example, one of the 'leading citizens' of Boston wrote
that if Miriam would marry him, and give
up her career, he would give her a million
dollars as a wedding present. He is forty-
five years old, and a widower. His name is a
respected one in social and business circles
alike, and he gave her the name of his bank and
his lawyer, and begged her to check him
up on him and see for herself that the money
was available. The million dollars would be
hers to do with as she wished—it only
stipulation being that she must give up
her career. Miriam thanked him, but said
that she would prefer to continue with her
work. He didn't think Miriam, with Uncle
Sam's mailmen acting as Cupids and the
letters seem to be increasing in number constantly—and flattering.

She's a pretty girl, because, to some
lonely person, she is the reminder
of an old love—perhaps a first
wife, now dead—perhaps a childhood
sweetheart. During the filming of "After
wards," Julie Haydon lost her voice for
days—and this fact appeared in many
newspapers. A man in Sussex, England, saw the item and cabled Julie
immediately: "If your career is to be
injured by the loss of your voice, perhaps you will consider marrying me." The cable went on to say that she reminded him of a lost love
who had died years ago, and he assured
Julie that he would always take care of her.
Julie went on to say that if he had waited
till he found a woman who couldn't
talk back—before offering marriage. Any-
way, her choice of voice and the
Englishman presumably recovered from his
sentimental impulsiveness.

June Gets "Orchid Proposals"

A admirer of June Knight's has been
sending her orchids every week for
almost a year—each orchid bearing a tag
with this one line: "Will you marry me?"

Several months ago, June decided to put an
end to such sentimental extravagances, and
wrote the persistent young man that she
was very much interested in another
man (Paul Amos), but he declined, how-
ever, so finally June went to the florist who
was filling the order and asked him to send
the flowers he was going to send, instead,
with the inscription in two lines on the
envelope of her and to ask him to let her
know when the orders were given, so that
she might write thank-you notes to the sender.

June is a very patient orchid fancier, and
orichs she doesn't receive to a man she
has never met!

After an avalanche of proposals flooded
June who was publicized that she was
buying a small ranch tract in Van Nuys,
and building a home. She received two
hundred proposals from men who advised
her that what she would need now was a
husband who knew something about ranch-
ing... and each and every one of them
professed to be the world's best when
she came to ranching. A few even forwarded photographs of prizes and awards that
they had received at county and state fairs,
oto mention rodeos.

In an interview, Glenda Farrell once said
that the thing that anticipated most in
life was always to be able to retire from pictures and could settle down
and stop counting calories. Here's just one
of the many proposals she received from lonesome cowboys when this food hope
appeared in print:

"Dear Glenda:
I would be willing to marry you and
provide a beautiful home for you and a life of ease
and comfort you have to count calories again. I wouldn't mind how
fat you got, either, for when I love a woman, I love her.
I enclose a photograph of me, 'cause if you can see that you probably wouldn't find anybody in
Hollywood handsomer than me, except maybe Clark Gable, and he's married
All my love,
Joe M."

P.S. All I ask from you, in return for my
three hundred and twenty-five to count calories, is $10,000 to pay the mortgage
on my house, so you can be happy in it ever after!"

A Sailor Who Wants a Home-Life

ALICE WHITE, though now married,
and very happily, still receives many
proposals. There is a sailor who has been
writing a letter to Miss Alice White only
dresses her, but sends her a gift from
every port. When Alice was playing in San
Francisco in the stage production of "Dinner at Eight," his ship was there and he had a day
off. Unfortunately, he missed her at the
theatre, but left her a billlet dons that in-
formed her that he had just bought a five-
acre plot in the hills near San Francisco,
which would be the site of their future home.
He knew she would love it, and he would be
back within a year with enough money to
build the house (he hoped) and, in the
meantime, would she let him know the type
of architecture she would prefer? Alice
had tears in her eyes. It was little notes
that always refer to her husband, but
the sailor evidently prefers to ignore Mr.
Barrett's advice for the men? Well, there's nothing
bashful about the women of America, for
they don't even wait for Leap Year to let
their husbands fulfill their dreams. Not one of the stars, single or married,
escapes these wild proposals. And when the
gossip columnists report that a male star
and his girl-friend are no longer holding
hands, the proposals double in number,
many of the women no doubt hoping to
catch the supposedly heart-broken male
on the rebound.

One young courting William Powell, makes
him an unusual proposition. She promises
that, if he marries her, he can have his cake
and eat it, too. Powell, who is very
handsome, but not as distant as most
Dianas, they have not had the courage to suggest matrimony. But
he received one startling letter recently,
after a photograph of his apartment
appeared in a magazine. A girl wrote, "I
want to know the exact color-scheme of
that apartment, particularly the living room
and the bedroom—because I am buying my
trousseau soon and I would like to have
things which will fit harmoniously into your
home. I'm on my own now, and there's no
fighting against it... for a fortune-teller told me we'd be married
within a month!"

She Sent Lyle a Reference

And here's one that Lyle Talbot found
shockingly in his morning newspaper just
recently.

"My dear Mr. Talbot:
I know I would make you a good wife.
I'm not very pretty, but I can cook. I can't cook very well, but I can wash my clothes
very slowly ... I don't mean I'm a dressmaker, but I can sew on
button... and darn socks better than anybody
I ever saw. And if you don't believe me, try me once.

Sincerely yours,
Alberia K."

From China, a daughter of an illustrious
mandarin writes Charlie Chaplin that she
will give up her religion and her family, if
he will marry her. A Swedish girl from a
reputable Stockholm family informs Ralph
Bellamy (who is already happily married)
that she would be glad to come to America
and marry him, if he will agree to dye his
hair and his eyebrows black. She's blonde,
and she thinks they'd make a more hand-
some couple if he would oblige, and become
a blonde himself. And so on and on... from
all parts of the world, they put in their bids
for their idols.

And many thousands, who have wooed in
vain and who have married "substitutes," have
at least had the satisfaction of naming
their children after the stars whom they
have worshiped and wanted from afar. In
less than one year, Richard Arlen had two
hundred and three babies named after him.
There are one hundred and ninety-seven
cute little Gary Cooper babies and one hundred
and forty-three little Cary Cooper Smiths
in the world. Fredric March can boast of
one hundred and ninety-seven namesakes,
too. And what about Marlene Dietrich?
leads the list with three hundred and four
namesakes; Claudette Colbert is next with
two hundred and sixty-five. Mae West ranks
third with two hundred and forty-five.
Practically all families with the surname
of West named their girl-babies Mae during the
four years. And

These represent only a few of the many
thousands who finally gave up asking the
stars "Will you marry me?"—and at last found
their true loves right in their own
home-towns.

66
TO DISCOVER THE WISHED-FOR GIFT
Gaze into the Magic Crystal!

Any Friend or Loved One Will Confirm What It Now Foretells

Millions have Waited for Christmas to Bring Them This Rare and Exclusive Beauty—

THIS REVOLUTIONARY PARKER VACUMATIC

—the Sacless, Pistonless Pen that won't run dry because it holds 102% more ink, and shows when it's running low!

This new and lovely style-creation has all the velvety shimmer of laminated Pearl and Jet. Yet when held to the light, the "Jet" becomes transparent—reveals the column of ink inside—shows when to refill, like the gas gauge on a motor car.

It's the only transparent barrel that doesn't

LOOK transparent—that has the same smart pattern and the radiant beauty of its solid laminated Pearl and Jet cap.

The Vacumatic Filler, an exclusive Parker patent, eliminates 14 old-time parts, including the rubber ink sac and the lever filler found in sac-type pens, and the squirt-gun piston pump found in other sacless pens.

The miracle Two-way Writing Point of Platinum, Gold and Iridium transforms writing from a chore into work you love. For it's slightly turned up at the tip so it cannot scratch or drag—even under pressure.

Christmas styles are arrayed at all good pen shops, department stores, jewelers, stationers, and druggists. Make selections early—and receive autograph engraving certificate, free. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.
Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly
Hollywood’s way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

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

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

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

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

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

Fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap protects the loveliest complexions in the world—and has for years! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use it to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth. Begin your Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS’ “KANSAS CITY PRINCESS”

I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin.
The "Buy-American" Girl—Marion Davies

(Continued from page 27)

American Girl, but a "Buy American" Girl as well, and that's the variety of patriotism that counts.

Before we even got to talking about Spain and Italy she said:

"The shops of Europe that may not be duplicated—or bettered—in American shops. And my observation is that American fashions are most flattering, not to say enviable, to but any of the world's women. They know it, too. There are better styles on Fifth Avenue or Holly-

wood Avenue than I've seen on the Rue de la Paix. I do practically all of my shopping here now."

From there we went on to talk about Europe, as a whole, compared to America. The amazing Marion has a keen understanding of the problems of the world to-day—a fact not devoid of its surprise element, considering that even upon her shoulders has been the sole subject of so many stories. She remarked:

"There is nothing modern about Europe. Things commonplace here are unending wonders there. The various countries and their people seem bound to antiquity and tradition. This has contributed to the "Old World charm" that is so picturesque when not too familiar. But the people would be much better off if they would throw away their shoulders and look at the fun of looking over their shoulders at the past."

"I mean, they should face the future; only very old persons and very fickle civilizations live in the past. Europe would be wise to join the big parade of progress, march abreast of the times, live in the present, unencumbered and uncounted. The portion of its tradition that is weighed down with hatreds and prejudices dating back to goodness-knows-what obscure origins.

Why America Is First

EACH nation acts as though an enemy, rather than a friend, were at its gates. The boundaries separate all European countries; ours unite us with our neighbors. Underneath that "Old World charm," Europe is shot through with suspicion, a heritage from that closely cherished, vipershish past. It holds them back. It deprives the people there of our high standard of living here. There are thousands of occasions—be it a brain in the ointment, or but there all's flies and no ointment, America's the grandest place in the world to live!" When she talked, she talked fast. When she talks fast, she stutters a little. America gathered a couple of extra "m's" as the word tripped from her tongue. She gets excited about America. And the stutter is delightful. It goes with the diables. But her discourse wasn't confined to political or economic observation, or to epigrammatic comment upon world woes or American homilies.

I adore Italy, especially Venice. It is so quaint, so romantic, so historically impressive—and so near the Lido. If you weary for a while of canals and gondolas and o. Sole Mia, start a little respite from objets d' art to Italy palazzes, you can go native and have fun at the Lido, just a few hours off. Venice offers the spice of variety, Spain the thrill of the unusual, and Americans should discover it. Once they do, it will be one of the most popular American rendezvous. The country is pleasant and interesting in itself, and the people are colorful and hospitable. And the food is divine—but too much of it!

She glanced at her svelte lines as though in her own terms had developed unsuspected bulges by which she might too long remember those delectable dishes from Spanish cuisines. But she was re-assured by the graceful slenderness she saw. The dinner showed themselves as she smiled. We quit Latin lands and became Anglo-Saxon.

"London was very gay, very dressy. They do it all the time over there. I think Americans try too hard to enjoy themselves. We make such an effort to have fun, instead of just letting it come to us. It is a burden of paper caps. The London theatres were very lively. I saw most of the plays; it's part of the fun. An enjoyable part, but I'd have been even happier if I could have found some screen material."

Her Future Ambition

"I DON'T know what my next picture is going to be. I'd like to do something a little more important on the screen than I have recently. I've been reading scripts ever since I sailed, and there are a couple of stories that may do. I've had a swell holiday, and now I'm anxious to get back to work."

And it looks as though Marion's own, particular Irish leprechaun may have been eavesdropping upon her wish for a "significant" picture, for 'way down deep in the industry's caverns there is a rumbling rumor that her next production will be something that will make her name as a thousand and of grandeur, gay, romantic, yet dew-drenched with the tears of tragedy. It will give us a Marion gallant in silks and satins, with powdered curls piled high on her shapely head, tripping minuets with bare beaux, sighing in the arms of a strong lover, and surrounded by the splendor that reigns over which she reigns, most beautiful and chivalric of them all. And in the distance, drawing ominously nearer, nearer, sound the drums of tragic doom.

Such a rôle is her right. She has earned it. Hailing from Brooklyn, birthplace of many stellar lights, this frettled Celtic colleen has won her way through the ranks—the ranks of mannequins, chorines, magazine-cover girls, the glorified femmes of the "Follies," the musical comedienne, the herosines of cinematic silence. She has known them all—and left them all behind to take the top spot on one of the top lots of Hollywood. She has been in the industry for years, through the cycles of cinematic change. Marion possesses dramatic dignity, artistic stature, histrionic poise, a sense of tragedy, and she deserves a picture worthy of her histrionic steel. We want Davies! We want her in a picture that will make history within the industry. Something that will mark an epoch on the screen. We want the complete Davies!

"Happy Over New Arrangement"

OVERMORE, we seem likely to get her. For since she gave me this hint of new plans our friends have announced, beginning January 1, 1935, they will be affiliated for a term of years and have ambitious plans for her future pictures.

Jack Warner, acting as spokesman for the company of which he is production head, and Marion Davies, considering ourselves fortunate in having obtained Marion Davies for a series of star produc-

tions, and our aim and ambition will be to produce pictures with Marion that will create even greater success for her than she has heretofore attained.

And if I may hazard a guess for Marion's future, listen to what she, herself, says: "I feel very happy over my new arrangement with Warner Brothers. I am confident that they will give me every cooperation in the production of my pictures and that I shall have greater individual opportunity." She adds, "I am thrilled to have Mayer with the kindliest feeling and appreciation of everything that they have done for me. I think the very fact that she has been an M-G-M star for any length of time is substantiation of her regard for the company she is leaving."

"There are a few feet five—not many inches for one of her prominence. For besides being an idol of the film-going world, she is the uncrowned Queen of Hollywood. When her name is announced in the Bi-City, Marion is the hostess who does Hollywood's honors. The famous of many fields—from stagecraft to a neglected one have been her guests. She is a citizen of the world, a woman of many and varied interests, conversationally at ease on any topic. You won't catch Marion "talking shop"—or talking about herself—except under duress.

Her charities are manifold, and screened with modesty. She does good by stealth, and not for front-page fame. Her children's clinic has restored many a youngster to health and happiness. Her thoughtful kindn
dnesses toward her friends and co-stars comes in contact, and to many whom she never meets, but merely hears about. She heads the Motion Picture Relief Fund, with annual income of thou-

sands of dollars annually to make good its slogan that "Motion Picture People Take Care of Their Own." Rent's paid, evic-
tions averted, food supplied, medicines, operations, nurses, hospitals, sanitariums, convalescent homes, are made available to needy folk free of charge. And she not only furnishes them but that perfume her gardens and greenhouses are grown that others may enjoy their fragrant gifts. And of all this, never a word from Marion, a query, and you're kidded out of an answer.

Hollywood's Supreme Diplomat

BESIDE being pace-maker in numberless Hollywood activities, Marion rates the title of peace-maker as well. She is forever making folk wise and take up. In recent newspapers, perhaps you noticed the photograph of three graces, who, upon reading from left to right, proved to be Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, and Bennett. Marion, as usual, was in the middle. Before that particular evening (the evening of a welcome home party for Marion) it had been said that maintenance Gloria and Constance had been persona grata to each other. But Marion made 'em friends again. And had the pictures made to prove it. She's full of tricks like that. So blessed be the peace-maker!

Although she battled her way up in the theatre, and in the world, the screen, when it welcomed her, did so with open arms. She is one of the few who actually started as a star. Her first film was "Runaway Rose," and she made the whole world take it to heart. That was eighteen years ago. She has been a star, and one of increasing magnitude, ever since. Stars have come and gone, but she remains fixed in the film firmament.

Marion's work, and she works hard, is a labor of love, and nothing more. One more tribute to her? She is not given to such honors. More money isn't essential to her manner of living. But she is fascinated, enamoured, by motion pictures, and spurred to greater achievements. And a part of their achievements with her own. Few in the industry are so familiar with its many ramifications. And the work, the finance, distribution are all within her comprehensive grasp. She could qualify as a scenarist, director, producer, almost anything but a snoopervisor.
Just try it a little while, then...

SEE HOW WHITE, LUSTROUS YOUR TEETH BECOME

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
wins millions of women by its
beauty-giving results

YOU WOMEN . . . how coldly you judge your purchases, particularly those aids to health and beauty. Under your pitiless scrutiny, a product's defects stand starkly revealed. On the other hand, if it has merit you are the first to say so.

It is a source of considerable pride to us that more than 2,000,000 of you have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste—and continue to use it year in and year out. We could ask for no greater compliment for our product.

If you are already using Listerine Tooth Paste, we need not tell you of its results. You have seen. You know.

If, however, you have not tried it, we urge you to do so. Compare it with any dentifrice at any price.

See how white, lustrous, and clean your teeth become.

Note how quickly and thoroughly the up-to-date cleansing agents combat unsightly film and attack debris and discolorations. And remember, these cleansing agents are chosen because of their gentleness—they do not mar or scratch precious enamel.

Don't fail to observe how the active polishing agents of this dentifrice give teeth new sheen and lustre. What flash! What sparkle!

Look for that wonderful refreshed feeling in the mouth after using—the delightful sensation of invigoration and cleanliness that you associate with Listerine.

Lastly, reflect that because of our enormous buying and marketing resources we can offer you this dentifrice deluxe at a price that is a definite economy.

Do not take our word for the success of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try a tube and see for yourself. At all druggists in two sizes—Large Regular, 25¢; Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

YOUR CHILDREN'S TEETH

Your children's teeth deserve the attention of a safe dentifrice. One that will not scratch or mar enamel and thus foster decay. The principal ingredients in Listerine Tooth Paste are among the most expensive that can be had, chosen primarily for their gentleness in action. They do not mar teeth.

THE STAIN-ATTACKING, FILM-COMBATING TOOTH PASTE

Men who smoke a lot
Men like Listerine Tooth Paste because it gets rid of discolorations and refreshes the mouth after smoking.
Eddie Cantor Talks about Chorus Girls

(Continued from page 26)

They're Serious about Radio Now

(Continued from page 63)

singing into the microphone. By such an attitude he believes he can concentrate more fully on the job at hand. Only those in the business can actually appreciate his voice, so closely, so softly does he warble.

Joe Penner, a recent recruit to the movies, now plays twopits and in vaudeville, and believes the difference is that he sees the chance to move around, he can have it.

Eddie Cantor works harder for studio laughs than any other comedian. He often faces a camera that can actually hear his voice, so closely, so softly does he warble.

Joe Penner, a recent recruit to the movies, now plays two pits and in vaudeville, and believes the difference is that he sees the chance to move around, he can have it.

Eddie Cantor works harder for studio laughs than any other comedian. He often faces a camera that can actually hear his voice, so closely, so softly does he warble.
Why Every Woman Wants to Be an Actress

(Continued from page 35)

minutes putting on her lipstick? Well, then! By going on the stage, a woman has a much better opportunity to captivate the men. Isn’t it true that actresses, more than most women, are fascinating to men?

All of which, one must admit, hits close to the truth. It’s the nature of the female of the species to attract a mate, and where could she find a better opportunity than behind the footlights or in Hollywood?

An Arena for the Ambitious

And as for refusing to admit any handicaps, just look at June Knight! She was a sickly little girl, hardly able to walk after a series of grave illnesses. But she had what it takes to overcome almost overwhelming obstacles. Dancing lessons, painful and unceasing, helped her to walk again and gave her that form that any woman might envy. It brought a sparkle to her eyes to see what dancing had done for her. She went on with it, was “discovered” very young, and was boosted onto the stage. Then she mixed singing with her dancing. And next she fought to become an actress, to show the world she could do more than just dance and sing. But you don’t think of the years of hard work and striving when you see her, beautiful and graceful, on the screen.

I parked my car outside her beach house, the one next to Harold Lloyd’s at Santa Monica, in the course of my quest for answers to this question. She was acquiring a rich brown tan. “Only my face doesn’t seem to tan as fast as the rest of me,” she said disgustedly, surveying the rest of herself. Which, we must hasten to say, was not a bit disappointing.

“I turned down my first chance to be an actress,” she said, “if you can imagine that. I guess I flabbergasted the men who offered me a contract. Imagine a girl’s turning down a chance to be a movie actress! But I was only seventeen, and I wanted to go to New York to dance for Ziegfeld. I decided to come back and go into pictures so that I could be near my family,” she explained. “You see, I’m a Hollywood girl, and I wanted to be a local girl who had made good.”

How to Flatter Any Woman

Next I was to learn about this “acting urge” from Nydia Westman, that clever comedienne in “One Night of Love,” who is now working in “Sweet Adeline.”

“It’s absolutely true that women have a falling for acting,” she admitted. “Let me give you a confidential tip,” and she lowered her voice cautiously: “if you want to make a hit with any woman, just tell her she ought to be an actress. All women respond to that line—now, don’t they? Well, there’s your proof. I’m not saying that women are more susceptible to flattering words than men are,” she added, eyeing me severely, “but I know that women simply unfold and expand like flowers when you tell them that they were cut out to be actresses.

“I met so many women who confided their yearnings to me, confessing their desire to be on the stage or screen. But just yearning won’t get you anywhere. You’ve got to search out your opportunities.”

Jean Harlow once told me the same thing. “If you want success hard enough, and try hard enough, you’ll get there,” she declared. “It does seem to be a universal urge, this desire to be an actress. But did you ever stop to think that a girl doesn’t have to be on the stage or in pictures to be a fine actress? Women who have profoundly affected a whole nation have, by the power of their influence as actresses—on the stage of a royal throne or in the setting of their salons—changed the whole course of an empire.”

There was an arresting thought—and opened new ideas on the subject.

Many women are doing their share in helping the world along by being actresses without a stage or a screen,” Jean continued. “The dignity and courtesy learned by a child may come from a woman who lives and acts a great role as a mother.”

And then Adrienne Ames gave me another thought to mull over: “Acting is the most publicized of all professions,” she said, “Think of all the printer’s type devoted to movies. Girls everywhere read of the glamour of an actress’ life (the hard-work part is seldom mentioned) and they can’t help being impressed. Perhaps if there were as much publicity attached to nursing or stenography, those professions also would be regarded just as important. All this publicity enhances the allure of acting—which was glamorous, anyway, long before press-agents were ever invented.”

So there you have the reasons—some of them, at least—why women want to be actresses. Maybe it’s instinctive, and maybe it’s not. At all events, you can be an heiress, or a society débutante, or an unknown little usher in a theatre, but all women, whether Julie O’Grady or the Colonel’s lady, are actresses under the skin.

Amazingly Mild with a NEW KIND of Mildness

“Call for PHILIP MORRIS”

America’s Finest 15 Cent Cigarette
Actors Are Younger Than Other People

(Continued from page 60)

then who wasn’t convinced that his big break was waiting for him in the studio casting office.

Pitiful? No—just the courage of youth, just the elasticity with which a youngster bounces who is already dyed. He has gone the chin from Luck. Other people, who have failed in business at fifty, are whipped—and old. An actor is so incurable in his optimism, he is never whipped.

Actors are younger than other people because they never become so buried under petty business worries that they forget how to “play.” An actor has no petty business worries—he seldom has much money to invest! The actor’s concern is limited to two fundamentals—“Will I get the role?” and “Will I give a good performance?”—and most actors are so steeped in self-confidence that they never bother with the second one.

A business man, at thirty-five, is already forgetting how to play. I see them around the golf links sometimes—there on doctors’ orders. Their attempts to enjoy themselves are a waste. They snatch time from work, take a load of worries away from the office, and fling themselves into recreation savagely. They are pitiful.

He Can—He Does—Relax

The actor, on the other hand, has no office hours. And between jobs he is free. He has more complete leisure than any other working man alive, and he makes the most of it. I am only one example. Between pictures, I can—and do—achieve perfect relaxation. It’s like fishing—and I’m thinking about fish, not about some bothersome, intricate business deal. I have a good time, because I’ve nothing in the world to do until my next picture. When I am working a role, I cannot. But when I’m relaxing, I relax. That tends to keep me young, mentally.

Actors, as a class, do not acquire family responsibilities as early in life as other people. They don’t have the opportunity, for the early years of our careers are exploring years. The actor does not become a cent—In my own case, I deliberately avoided responsibilities. I wanted that magic-carpet existence. Acting is the work of make-believe, and I felt that being shackled by hard realities. Most actors, being romanticists at heart, feel the same way—and there, I think, is one great reason for the failure of so many theatrical marriages. In my opinion, no actor should marry and risk acquiring a family until he is at least thirty years old. Even at forty-five, he will be as young as most fellows at thirty-five.

That old bromide, “The show must go on,” plays a part in keeping actors young. The phrase is actually a theatrical tradition and the average actor would actually risk death, rather than break it. And, strange as it may seem, he is not only being refused the chance to give in to sickness or injury, he soon feels better. I’ve seen it work time and again; and from my own experience, I know it works.

A Show a Day Keeps Doctor Away

I REMEMBER one night in New York, when I was playing in “The Front Page.” I was so sick that I didn’t see how I could get through the first act. But I kept telling myself, “You can’t go on. When the curtain finally rang up for the first act, something happened to me. I quit being Lee Tracy, a guy with a splitting headache and a fever of 104, and I became the doctor. I was playing. I never gave another thought to my sickness until the show was over. And then, it was too late to think about it, for I wasn’t sick any longer.

I’ve seen actors go on when all the rules, they should have been in hospital beds with doctors holding consultations over their cases. And I’ve seen nine-tenths of them forget everything but their parts while on the stage and pronounce themselves much better when the show was over.

Another thing: We keep ourselves in better condition than the average business man. We have to, for our work often demands considerable physical exertion, we have to feel fit, look fit, act fit. His physical appearance too, is an important asset.

Actors have the time—and they take the time—for systematic exercise. They go to a dentist when they should, not when they have to lose a tooth. They diet at the first sign of overweight or underweight. In short, they take care of themselves. And they stay young.

Actors are younger than other people because they have fewer inhibitions. Our work gives us a clear conscience and emotions. The actor can—and usually does—indulge his moods when he feels like indulging them. The actor can make you laugh. Don’t mind him—he’s an actor!” That’s another way of saying “What do you expect—of children?”

We’re younger because we laugh more than other people. Why shouldn’t we? Entertainment is our business, and we live in a world of make-believe, just like youngsters. We’re younger because we feel younger.

Shucks, I’ll still be a youngster at eighty.

Laugh and Live Longer!

(Continued from page 52)

There is a little fifteen-year-old girl in a New York City flat, who treasures the memory of a red-letter day when her screen hero came to see her. She had written him a letter, and he had actually been kind enough to come to her bed for at least a year. She asked for a laughing picture of him, and if it were possible, a little note from him. Joe sent her a dozen pictures from which to choose her favorite, and since then she has received scores of stills from every one of his productions. He sent her candy and games and flowers and books and fruit. During his personal appearances in New York a while ago, he went to call on her. And found her room completely covered—every inch of it—with pictures of himself.

And Joe E. Brown believes that it is never beneath the dignity of any man, in any situation, to make others laugh. At the Friday night boxing bouts in Hollywood, attended him practically all of the sports-loving stars, he is invariably singled out and called into the ring and always has something gay to say. People sense that there’s a liveliness and feel with the surface gayety in the faces of those about him, and knows their need of laughter.

How Joe Sums It Up

He sums up his philosophy something like this: “The world is starved for humor. It should be everywhere. No matter how friendly we are, no matter how close we get to a person, there is still a lonely spot within us, which nothing and no one can reach. We try to forget that inescapable, terrifying loneliness, which is always with us, by seeking companionship.

Now, look—if you’re in the theatre and a situation makes you cry, you cry quietly, shamefacedly, hoping that no one will see you, don’t you? But if something makes you laugh, then you turn in friendliness to the perfect stranger at your elbow and grin at him or at her out of sheer radiation of personality. It is easy to meet in friendliness on the Bridge of Laughter.

“We cry alone—but we share a joke. Laughter makes us human; it gives us an interest in life, it gives a new complexion to living.

A famous physician once declared that laughter causes physiological changes in the human body. He said that ten good hearty laughs add a day to a person’s life. And so I figure the value of my pictures, not by the amount of money they make at the box office, but I think in terms of the laughs they contain. We clock those laughs.

“I have never believed that the theatre should offer problems that we must take home with us. It is so easy to assume wives, even though they are only those of a make-believe character. I prefer to make people laugh. I give them something, just entertainment, to make them forget their troubles, to give them something to refresh their spirits, even though I may neglect my experiments.”

“I have only one ambition in life—to make people laugh. If I can do that—if I have done that—then I have accomplished something worth while.”
For Rent—Few Palaces
(Continued from page 31)

world, and, behind the deeply carved oak
doors, the peace of complete isolation reigns.

Toward the street, windows are comparatively small and sheltered with little trees and shrubs. The great living rooms open
on an enormously long, glassed-in sun porch, which runs almost the length of the house.

It, in turn, gives entrance to a great circular outdoor living room, paved in stone and bordered by a low balustrade of gray, rough-
hewn rock. Trellises, a huge tree, and shading vines make this a secure retreat from the world. At the end of the velvety, terraced lawn is the bluest swimming pool in the world.

Dressing-rooms, and an outdoor fireplace, complete with barbecue equipment, are at the far edge of the pool. A private theatre and servants' quarters are tucked away at one side among trees, and on the other side is the tennis court.

A Gym in the Backyard

THE house that used to shelter Jack
Dempsey and Estelle Taylor is now for
rent for something in the neighborhood of
$350 a month. Over the enormous living
room and sun parlor downstairs are the
master bedrooms and two smaller bed-
rooms. The servants' quarters are in a
separate building. Dempsey's former gym-
nasium also is a separate building, and
another out-building houses a beautiful ball-
room.

Miriam Hopkins lived in this one for
a month.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are living now
in a house formerly rented by Alis Hopkins
in Bel Air for $500. It is a gracious home,
English style, furnished suitably, and has a
private pool.

Speaking of private pools, it is interesting
to note that rentals are increased about
$250 by the presence of a diving board and
what goes with it in the backyard. Much
ingenuity goes into the designing of these
luxuries. Imported tile, carved marble,
rubber bricks, especially constructed foun-
tains make each one different. One house in
Hollywood has a pool that circles it like a
canal. Ramon Novarro's house completely
surrounds his pool, and, should the impulse
take you suddenly—just like that—to swim, all you have to do is dive out of
practically any window.

Myrna Loy lived in this house while
Novarro was in Europe on his concert tour.
You cannot rent it at this precise moment,
for Douglass Montgomery has it. However,
he is moving in a month, since Ramon is
back from South America to make a pic-
ture. Montgomery is enthusiastic, not only
about its extremely modern lines and its
exquisitely designed furniture, but also about
the innumerable push-buttons and gadgets
that make life somewhat of an adventure.
He spent his entire first day in his new home pushing buttons, turning
knobs and surprising himself.

House of a Thousand Surprises

I TRIED to turn on the hot water, and
a box of cigarettes leaped out of the
cabinet at me," he said. "Then imagine my
astonishment when I thought I was turning
on the porch light, and my car rose from
the garage through the living room floor,
pushing my make-up and drove me to the
studio!"

The house that once was filled with
the romantic wrappings of John McCormack has been a honeymoon cottage for two famous
couples, Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck
lived there for a while, and more recently,
Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer rented it.
It is a one-story, rambling Irish cottage with
beautiful grounds and flowers. It has nine
rooms and is on the top of a hill overlooking
the city. $450 a month is the price.

One of the most remarkable houses for
rent in Hollywood does not belong to a pic-
ture person. It is an enormous place smooth-

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rent out his profile, voice and talent for American dollars. Indeed—though it is hard to believe—he once politely declined to come to Hollywood even to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Juno." But in the part that Fredric March afterward accepted.

When asked why he did not start his Hollywood career two years ago, he smilingly replies, "I didn’t want to leave London, with some rather interesting plays coming along. That is typical of Donat. He likes to do what he likes, which is also the reason why he went on the stage.

The residential suburb of Withington, a mixed residential and industrial area, is the center of England’s cotton industry, is his birthplace. Apart from cotton, Manchester is very theatre-minded. It has fostered a repertory theatre and several amateur stock companies. As a result, though Donat père was a cotton shipper, Manchester fog was not the only thing in young Robert’s nostrils.

According to family records, at the tender age of seven, Robert wrote a play, entitled "The Hunchback." In gentle style, he played a young prince, and brought down the house, or rather the kitchen, where he had set up the stage.

The family decided that I should learn to read and write. So I called it those days. This meant that at every family gathering I had to hang Danny Deevey or Carry the News from Ghent to Aix. Still, this taught me the beauty of words. I began to realize that they can be like jewels, fine-cut and glistening in richness. And it was my fortune, when I was thirteen, to study with James Bernard, a famous teacher of elocution. So from the age of fifteen to nineteen, I ‘educated’ all over the country.

His Voice Made Him an Actor

SWASHBUCKLING as he may on the screen, Robert Donat is a most esoteric of young Donat in private life. He forgot to mention that he won the gold medal of the Royal Academy of Music and Elsie Shaw when he was fifteen. He was the only one of seventy-six candidates to pass on that occasion and the youngest ever to do so in the British Isles. He also won a gold medal of praise for young Donat as one of the "great reciters of the day." An eminent London critic declared that rare was the hearing of such matchless vocalized rhetoric. This mild success clinched the matter. In the Summer of 1921, Robert Donat made his professional stage debut in Birmingham as Lucius in "Julius Caesar."

"It wasn’t much," he grins. "About three lines and a cough. But it was four weeks’ work at three pounds—a sum of seven dollars. The company went on tour into the small towns of the North country. Ye gods, it was primitive at times! Then, after the whole thing had been a French Repertory Company, where I knew Dina Wynyard, a topping girl, I joined Sir Frank Benson’s company and really got the experience. I wanted to see that a typical person that every English player years for—a London opening.

I Was Prepared for His Break

"THREE years ago, Edwin Justus Mayhew and Queenie"—(the titles may be in any order)—"were presented in London and I played Cartwright in it. It proved the value of my stock training. I am convinced that you have to prepare yourself for your big break, so that when it comes, you can take the fullest advantage of it.

"The whole business of coming to Hollywood was a bit fantastic. I had finished a seven-months’ run in London and a holiday seemed a good idea, so I ran down to Cornhill for a couple of weeks. I had hardly arrived there when I got a telegram from Alexander Korda, who produced ‘Henry the VIIIth,’ asking me to return at once. Well, you know how it is, to have the vacation plans disturbed! Yet I had a strange hunch that there must be more than an ordinary reason for the sudden call from the Oxford to the New York point, and asked how I felt about going to Hollywood to work in a picture.

"But in the next sentence I was disapp- pointed to learn that it was to be a new version of ‘The Count of Monte Cristo.’ I could not possibly hope for more than a small part in a film like that. It was ob- viously and definitely a one-man picture.

"What would my part be? I asked. You can imagine my surprise when he quietly told me, ‘Don’t be the title role. And here we are...’"

Donat is the most un-actorish actor you could meet, in spite of decided good books. He is strongly built, has wavy auburn hair, and fine brown eyes set wide apart in a face that is lit with a ready smile; his mouth is droll and his voice is liquid. His humor is keen, infectious, and never malicious. He won’t discuss the many per- sonalities he has met in any but a kindly way. His prime vices are smoking, rid- ing, motoring, and fencing (in this, he is expert, as you saw in the film). His appe- tite for books is enormous. He will read anything from the Greek to a Geller, a play, depending on his mood.

How He Pronounces His Name

YOU may pronounce his name any way you like—"Do-nul," or "Do-nah," or "Don-at," or even "Doughnut," if you like. He will laughingly tell you that his family and he say it one way only—"Doan-at." It is not an English name, but one brough over by his forebears, who came to the time of the exodus of the Huguenots.

His impressions of Hollywood are somewhat limited. From the moment he arrived, he found that he had a "lot of funny fortunes" to be fitted, so many details demanding attention, that it meant being up at six each morning. As an example, on one whole day at the studio, coming back to his bungalow too tired to do anything but sleep.

I am impressed with this, during my hectic period in Hollywood, which most American producers offer much more opportunity to the actor or actress than their contempo-raries in England. Hollywood has developed the art and technique of building a star. You are made to feel, when you arrive, that you have the backing of every member of the organization with which you become associated. Everything is done to present the player to the public. No effort is spared to have the best in make-up, lighting, costuming and camera work.

"I felt that it was my great opportunity to deliver the goods. In most extraordinary fashion, writers, make-up experts, sound engineers, lighting engineers, all worked for the most minute idiosyncrasies. Hollywood’s system of making films inspires confidence. A film joins you. It worked when I realized when you that all the resources of the studio are behind you."

There is not this alacrity, alertness and keenness about a British studio. In Holly- wood, I felt that everyone was taking a personal interest in making the film a success. A cheery word from the electricians simply bucked me up. You do not get that in England. And once, from the dim recesses of the ‘cat-walk,’ there came the magic words ‘Boy, that’s a lily’ when I had completed a gruel- ing sequence of out-of-town shots. Music in my ears, and so typical of the fine enthusiasm of all the crew.

And the climate! At first I may have yearned for the crispness of England. Now you can count me as a sunshine-convert. I have to confess that America has bowled me over, for, as America is home for a homeward, by one thing in particular—Long Island Roast Duck! It has become an absurd weakness and I shall take all the formulaic stews and recipes that America sends England with me. The dish is one of America’s great contributions to modern civilization.

Robert Donat will return, after finishing an English film contract, and perhaps to greater triumphs than his Edmund Dantes in “The Count of Monte Cristo.”
Valentino Still Lives—for Pola Negri

(Continued from page 47)

lifetime—and my great love is Rudy. I may love again. I may marry again. I may be happy again. Rudy. I may find charm and congeniality and happiness to¬gether. But no man will ever be to me what Rudy was, and is. Rudy will be with me for all of my life. He will be with me when I die. He will be with me after my death and I with him. It is this, and only this, that gives life its meaning.

"Apart from the obvious reason of his great attractiveness," I asked, "why did you love Rudy so profoundly? Can you say?"

Why He Was So Beloved

TEMPESTLY, quietly, Pola said, "He is a good actor. He is a good showman, even though he is gone. He is better than men who live in the world as flesh and blood—because he was all things to all women. He had glamour for women. But he was also, the wonderful boy of the boy whom all women want to mother, to scold a little, perhaps, to soothe and console and cherish in their hearts. He was a brother to girls who had never had brothers, having them, wished that their brothers could be as Rudy was. He was the "other son" of all elder sisters and sons who had deserted them or disappointed them. He was the Sheik, he was the child, he was the man, the brother, the good comrade... he was all of these things to all women.

"But we must not talk of him here to-day only sadly. Rudy was not sad of heart. He would not want me to sit here to-day, in his garrets and thoughts with my tears. He would want me to tell you of the happy¬ness we had together... of how we rode down these hills, singing, calling, one to the other, in the clear stillness of the day. You know how Rudy rode, like a god astride some celestial stallion.

"That was another eight years ago... Rudy had been gone eight years on the twenty-third of last August... but it is yesterday to me... Pola's white hand, still clasping, a rosebud, covered of the boy who all women want to mother, to scold a little, perhaps, to soothe and console and cherish in their hearts. He was a brother to girls who had never had brothers, having them, wished that their brothers could be as Rudy was. He was the "other son" of all elder sisters and sons who had deserted them or disappointed them. He was the Sheik, he was the child, he was the man, the brother, the good comrade... he was all of these things to all women.

Wants to Create a New Role

AS the car began to make the sharp de¬scent, Pola said, "I am back again—to make pictures. Yes, of course, to make pictures. I have one story already chosen. It is called 'Tavarish' and must run, first, as a play in New York. I hope to do it with Ernst Lubitsch as my director. And we shall film it in March or April. I must return now to the early-Walshire Home because Ernst is to call me there at six.

"It is a perfect story for me. I want to create a new Negri. I want singing and music and gaiety in my pictures now. I want to be sophisticated, but gay. I would not play a costume picture again, no, not if the kingdoms of the earth were offered to me.

"I have been studying voice, music, sing¬ing. I leave in a few months' time for a concert tour of South America. My personal assurance tour, just finished, has lifted me up. It was successful. I broke records. I could feel enthusiasm coursing through my veins."

"I will not make anything second-rate, you may depend upon that. I have had offers, many of them, for this picture and that, and I would not accept. I do not have to make pictures. There are many things to interest me, many different kinds of things that I can do. But I can do what I wish to do, with Lubitsch. I shall be glad.

"I want to create the role of the ultra¬modern woman—ah, very ultra-modern, sophisticated, of the world, in the grand manner. You have not seen such a woman on your screen to-day—not one—I know it. And I must work with Ernst. Together, we once made motion pictures—history—such productions as 'Passion,' 'The Flame,' and the others. Together, we can do it again."

And I hope that she can, that she will. It is exciting and blood-stirring to have Pola back again. There is something elec¬tric about her, something tumultuous and triumphant such as no other woman of the screen has ever had. Civilized to her glit¬tering finger-tips, she still breathes forth something heady and aromatic and bar¬baric. When you talk with her, drabness melts away from the world. Yes, there is something magnificent, something very much in the Grand Manner about this woman who will love Rudolph Valentino for as long as there is Time.

She Harboried the Refugees

"THEN"—Pola laughed, now, throwing her night-black head back in glee, "then, the next morning, at seven o'clock, the 'phone rang by my bed. It was Rudy. He said that Falcon Lair was being washed away down the mountains by the rains. He said that he would have to come over to my house with all of his family, servants, horses and dogs. He came over. It was so funny—"Pola laughed again—"so funny to see him arriving with his retinue of family and servants and all dogs. The rain had had to clear out every gardener's house and out¬building available to house them all. The house, as you see," said Pola, "has since had a retiming of its windows and doors..."

"We were so sufficient, the one to the other. We did not need the world or the playthings of the world. We stayed much alone. We ran the pictures we wanted to see in the projection room of my home in Beverly Hills. We were both very much interested in spiritualism... We used to use the ouija board and we would get the most amazing results together. We both believed, you see. We read a great deal. We talked, and talked. We made plans for a future that seemed to stretch, like a rainbow, from this world to the next. And then he was gone..."

Pola's face in the deepening dusk seemed to shine, ghost-like, moon-white. The clouds were gathering and banking over the Canyon, over Falcon Lair. A coyote cried from the hills as if in mourning for the man who used to race these hills, so vibrantly alive.

"And I am back again," Pola said. "I am back again."

We rose and walked toward her car, parked outside the gate of Falcon Lair. Pola called goodbye to Alberto's wife, who came and waved to us, bade Pola to come soon again. I knew that she would. I knew how closely Pola keeps in touch with those of her folk, of her own folk, and that she had ever since Rudy passed away, Rudy's secretary. In Italy she often sees Maria, Rudy's sister.

Very Important

IN A LAXATIVE

FOR WOMEN

IT MUST BE Gentle

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women... they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. Madam, you must avoid them!

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medi¬cine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!


When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

77
The rungs of the ladder she has climbed have been work, study, self-discipline, determination. She practised dancing when she was so tired that every movement was torture; she recognised her insufficiency of education and remedied it by poring over books when her eyes ached from the glare of the studio lights. On the set, as an "extra," she wanted to time at bridge or small talk. She "understudied" the star and then went home to play that star's role before a mirror in the waning of her own mirror. She analysed herself ruthlessly as a zoologist analyses a new specimen, determined her own faults and set about doing away with them. Today, she sees no more resemblance to the self-conscious, unimportant Billie Cassin of twelve years ago than a butterfly does to a cocoon.

And yet people call her lucky! But people have always been eager to depreciate the achievements of winners. The belittling of Hollywood's stars is a national passion. Someone knows somebody whose cousin knows a fellow who used to go with a girl who once played "extra"—and you just ought to see him!—for his movies star! And then follows, with an air of pride, the inside "dope" on Suzanne Star's dumb luck. Bosh! Undoubtedly, a few have reached stardom through lucky breaks, through fortunate connections—but not one has held it! If screen success is desperately hard to win, it is still more difficult to retain.

Grace Moore Molded Her Destiny

W O U L D you call Grace Moore "lucky"? Do you think anyone's influence lifted her to the heights? She ran away from a comfortable, affluent home, brooded the storms of her life by her parents, starved, ached, braved hunger, braved the heart-break of failure, simply because she was determined that she would be an opera star. She lived in ramshackle rooming houses, sang for her supper in Greenwich Village cafés and danced in the choruses of tank-town troops.

She fought her way to musical comedy, leads and scrapped and saved in order to follow her first, unalterable ambition. Even after being told, in so many words, by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company that her voice "wouldn't do," she challenged their decree, turned her back on the certain success that musical comedy offered her, and hung herself for two years in an Italian garret to study.

That she eventually brought the Metropolitan and the entire music-loving world to her feet is less important than the fact that she absolutely refused to accept defeat. That she was born with a glorious voice is trite; the truth is that she did something about it! Thousands of people are born every year with fine voices—and later waste them on self-complaining complaints that they have no talent. You might even say that Grace Moore—and virtually every other star of the theatre and screen—made her own breaks. And if she could do it, so can you! If you have the courage!

But such courage, for instance, as Ruth Chatterton revealed when she went to the West Coast as the star of a road company, and plunged head-over-heels into debt in order to bluff Hollywood into giving her a chance, and became the bravest and brightest star of the talkie era. Such courage as George Loane Tucker displayed when he took a story that had been laughed at by every major studio and risked the last cent he had in the world to produce "The Miracle Man." Such courage as Robert Hatton, a man with both legs amputated at the hips, showed when he promoted a few thousand dollars and maintained himself for years as a money-making independent producer. Such courage as that of Maurice Chevalier, who was laughed off the stage on three successive nights in Paris, only to return on the fourth night with a new "routine" and lift his audience out of their seats to applaud him. And if you have the courage to keep your ambition aflame in a vale of hardship and discouragement...

Gable Dared Hunger

C L A R K G A B L E did, for twice he came near starving as a Hollywood "extra," but he still clung to his resolution to be an actor and he made himself a star. Janet Gaynor did, for after being told, flatly, by a casting director that she could never succeed on the screen and that she should go home, she still said "I will succeed" and made herself one of the greatest stars in screen history. Anna Sten did, and never faltered on the tortuous road that led her from ditty girl to a Kivel restaurant to the luxuries of Hollywood.

People see Helen Hayes in a picture and go away talking about her "God-given" talent. She prefers to talk about the years of grueling study that she spent in a dramatic school after her name was up in lights on Broadway. People talk about Jeanette MacDonald's voice and forget the years of silent acceptance the jerey admired by her fellow chorus-girls against her cotton underwear while she saved her pennies to pay the rent. Joan Crawford strove to lift herself above the "ensemble." Hollywood—like all the rest of the world—is in love with courage, ambition, determination. It admires June Knight—who was a "hopeless" invalid as a child, from the after-effects of infantile paralysis, and determined her way to Hollywood. May Doolen, the "white"—the script girl who became a star, was let out, went on a record-breaking vaudeville tour and came back. Esther Ralston—who did much of the same thing. Gloria Swanson—who started as a bathing girl in two-reel comedies, became a dramatic actress, then moved for the studio, and now is the screen's only dramatic actress that she has become a singer. Greta Garbo—who used to laugh faces in a Swedish barber shop and took the chance to go to Hollywood, and now is the world; who made good, alone, in a strange country. Katharine Hepburn, the society girl passionately determined to be an actress—who refused to accept consequent rebuffs, and last year (her first on the screen) was voted the "best actress" of them all. Joan Gielgud—who used to a mother's helper, all her life, trying to get a chance to act, and after years and years, her big break. Mary Pickford—who could have retired years ago, her fame secure, but has had the courage and the determination, to become an author, a stage actress, a radio star.

Poor Once, Richest Now

C H A R L I E C H A P L I N—a wistful rags-nut off the London ghetto, who has become the world's richest actor, the only woman in the world who has made millions of dollars in all races, all nationalities laugh. Wallace Beery—ex-elephant trainer and female impersonator, to-day one of the screen's great stars. Those who have overcome, through his own efforts, the handicap of having a famous father. John Boles—who ushered in the career, taught school, so that he could earn money to continue vocal studies. James Cagney and George Raft—both of whom grew up in crowded tenements, dreamed of stars, fast talk and where lives can be warped by poverty, and became not only gentlemen, but fine actors. Herbert Marshall—who had not let a War in England dampen his concep- tible imp, handicap him as an actor. Charles Laughton—who was clerking in a hotel seven years ago, to-day is an acting genius. Joe E. Brown—who, had a hand- less childhood and to-day is making the world a merrier place. Paul Kelly—who has made a great comeback after a tragic exit from Hollywood.

I asked one of the most famous producers in Hollywood if an untried newcomer had a chance for success here. He answered, "Never forget that we producers started from scratch. We've had to fight our way, and we're human enough to admire a fellow-fighter. Anyone can succeed here, if he has the courage, the ambition and the initiative to go out and make his own breaks. If he sits at home and waits for us to discover him, of course he hasn't the courage to do the job." He didn't say it, but that's what he meant. I'm inclined to believe in any- one who has implicit belief in himself and ambition enough to convert his belief into action.

"How can you ask such a question? I rely on you to find anyone in the United States who wants to start bit parts as Eddie Cantor, for instance." If they can do it—SO CAN YOU! But do something—don't be content with conversation.
catch myself without a lipstick, for example. I'm like a chicken without a head—running around in circles. So one of my pet luxuries is a complete set of face, hand, and eye shadows, mascaras and everything for each different bag; and I keep them always in the bags so that there is no chance of for- getting them in my daytime bags. I have the shades that I wear during the daytime. In my evening bags, I have brighter, gayer colors and a "night" shade of lipstick. Even if you can't afford to invest money in full-size packages of each, you can have the smaller ten-cent or "trial sizes." You'll be surprised to discover what a convenience a beauty kit for each bag is!

And that reminds me of a pet peeve of mine. Always, when you are going to think I sound super-fastidious, or something of the sort, but really, if you only knew how hard an old, used powder puff is for your skin, you'd see to it that yours was washed every day or you'd use only fresh cotton. After you have used a puff even a few times, it becomes greasy and unclean, and if you go on using it in that condition, you are only patting that grime and grease right back into the pores again. That's why I prefer always to use a brush. I have a whole roll of it in my dressing-table drawer, and I put fresh pieces in my compacts every day. You wouldn't think of using a dirty bath towel on your body, would you? Well, then, don't use a soiled powder puff on your face!

Speaking of bath towels reminds me of those preparations that are as fragrant and pleasant to use as ordinary bath powders, but are also deodorizing. Have you tried them yet? They're grand, especially as we wear so many heavy woolen dresses, even in heated rooms. I've never seen why the emphasis should be put on deodorants in the Summer only, anyway. They're just as important and necessary in the Winter!

A New Thought About Cosmetics

But getting back to facial creams, did you ever think that maybe too much applying of creams, and too much putting on make-up, as "experimenting" with your face might be harmful to it? I know that I used to wonder at times if I wasn't possibly overdoing my experimenting. I even thought of making up a kit of powder and foundation and so forth to take with me when I went away to M-G-M, set me right on that point. He told me that there wasn't any better way to keep a face young than by applying pure cosmetics regularly. He pointed out to me that long after Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow, and—as he was kind enough to include me—Madge Evans, and all the other young people of to-day, have quit pictures, we shall all look at least ten years younger than we really are. The reasons? There are two of them. First, because the oils of good cosmetics clean the skin and keep it soft and supple. And second, because the routine of putting on good cosmetics involves automatic exercise to the facial muscles, and prevents sagging at the four points that are first to show age—the sides of the eye sockets, the corners of the corners of the mouth, and the muscles directly below the ears.

And here are a few things I've discovered that you can do, to protect those four danger-points against the marks of age. First of all, let's consider the skin around the eyes, and how it gets pulled. Every evening before going to bed, take a little anti-wrinkle cream on the tips of the middle fingers of each hand. Then close your eyes, and very gently, with the soft pad at the end of your finger, begin tapping slowly, gently, around your eye, both under and above, in a light rotary motion. Keep this up for five minutes or longer. If there is a cream that comes off to stay there until morning, when you can wipe off the excess cream with a cleansing tissue. Blot it off gently, because you must never rub the eyelid too hard.

Easy to Take—on the Chin

The chin—often overlooked—rates a beauty treatment all its own. After cleansing thoroughly, apply a nice stinging, cooling astringent, and then begin patting—first with the back of your hands, slapping up to the under part of the chin. After a few minutes of that, begin to pat both hands (the insides of the fingers) against the chin, beginning at the center, and following out to the sides, along your jaw line. This is grand for increasing circulation, and for strengthening those side muscles of the face! Now, for the corners of the mouth, we become gentle again, and also go back to the anti-wrinkle cream. Smooth this all around your mouth, and then massage it in gently, with the tips of your fingers, always in an upward movement.

Then, don't forget those "sore spots" under the ears. To keep from "slipping" there, you've got to hold your head up, all the time. It's just like holding your yummy in—the more you make a conscious effort to do it, the better will your muscles be able to do it, themselves. Keep your head well up, and then several times every day do that old rotating exercise—rolling your head around on your neck.

People are always wondering why it is that Hollywood stars seem to have the best-looking teeth in the world. The only answer to that is that we pay constant attention to them, for they are constantly "on display." The funny thing is that your teeth's "beauty" depends on much more than con- stant brushing. The greatest rule for having that well-known sunny smile is to include in your diet the things that make teeth strong and beautiful.

These Have What Your Teeth Need

You have all heard that soft, rich foods are one of the worst enemies, and it's true. You should include plenty of eggs (es- pecially, egg yolks) in your diet—and lots of milk, citrus fruit, cereals and fibrous vegetables. Carrots and turnips. And you should eat lots of crunchy, chewy things—Melba toast for the crunches, and meat, not taffy, for the chews!

As for brushing the teeth, it isn't too much of a question of how often you do it, but simply how! The main thing not to do is to brush your teeth back and forth horizontally. Brush them up and down—and then brush the backs of them, as well as the fronts. Massaging the gums is just about the most you can ever do for them. You can massage with your toothbrush, or with your fingers—and not in a back-and- forth motion, but in tiny circles. My "teeth-work" includes two tooth brushes (I always alternate), a paste and a powder dentifrice (I alternate here, too), a mouth wash and dental floss. And believe me, I use them all, at least four or five times a day. And I see my dentist more than twice a year, even if it's only for a good cleansing.

This has been fun, really, writing on beauty care, for as you may have guessed before this, it's one of my pet hobbies. There is oddness more I could rave on about later, but I'd better save that for another time. In the meantime, I hope I have of some help to you—and may your theme song be "Keep Young and Beautiful!"
It Takes a Sherlock Holmes to Tell the Stars Off the Screen

(Continued from page 15)

than she does, herself. But, of course, there's only one Jean. And if her wide and floppy hat brims obscure that beautiful face, just remember that she is modeling on most exclusive lines. The town is full of silver-topped heads now. The white car she drives, in a white polo coat with a white dog beside her, gives Jean away. But when she goes fishing—in slacks, jersey and smoked glasses—she has privacy. It would take a Federal agent to spot her.

Carole Lombard is always trying out a different coiffure. Before the camera and at public functions, she is perfectly groomed and eastern-ized. But that's not the game, remember—anyone can name a star when she's on the screen or stepping into the white spotlight glare at a premiere. But when she's off parade, any old togs will do for Carole, and if her hair is in curls, she doesn't care. The other day she was taking life easy in her dressing-room, when a bevy of visitors passed looking in. But none of them recognized her, for she could hear their conversation.

GARY Fairly Easy to Spot

GARY COOPER'S dressing-room is next door. The walls are covered with paintings and sketches of cowboys, Indians, and frontiersmen, and it's all as masculine as the owner. You can't miss your bets on Gary—except to discover that he's even better-looking off the screen. Pictures can't give you the amazing blue of his eyes, for one thing. They are startlingly vivid in his lean, tanned face. Also, he's so tall that he stands a head above ordinary men.

Gary doesn't spend much time in crowded places, so you probably have to spot him first. Like many other male stars, he considers his clothes only incidental to his schene of living, and around the lot and on locations he would be mistaken for one of the "griffs" or property men. An old pair of khaki pants, a shirt open at the throat, and an old pair of shoes will do. But you'd know Gary, no matter what he wore.

Ralph Bellamy, also tall and well built, is easy to recognize. He stopped in at the post office the other day, and the clerk at the window asked him for his autograph. The autograph-collectors all have something in common with detectives; they have a camera eye for faces.

Don't go by their clothes when you're seeking familiar faces, by the way, for few of them dress as you might expect. Probably you would want to slip into something inconspicuous, too, if you had to doll up for six weeks or more on every picture.

Even Studios Didn't Know Her

SEVERAL years ago, for a gag, Gloria Swanson put on some hick clothes, did her hair ftat and wavy, and toured to studio casting offices as "Rosalie Gray," asking for a movie job. Believe it or not, nobody would give her an appointment. She told her she wasn't the type. And Gloria, at the time, happened to be one of the best-known stars on the screen. However, no one was expecting to see her in that kind of clothes!

Jack Oakie and his sweat-shirt are like ham and eggs—always spoken of together. And his trousers sometimes look as if he had just crawled out from under a car, but he's happy, anyway.

Nor can you judge them by the cars. It might surprise some to learn that most of the picture folk scouit around in light roadsters that cost—new—around six hundred dollars. And from the looks of Francisco Tone's little buggy, I'd say it was worth a hundred and fifty as she stands. He usually wears a coat of one color and pants of another, with a slouch hat and gray shirt hanging up the ensemble.

You'd probably never suspect Miss West a little runabout, with its top down, that carries Gene Raymond on his errands. Gene always wears dark glasses and a cap over the blond hair he's so sensitive about. This disguises him perfectly, and although he doesn't go out or his way to conceal his features, he's just as well pleased with his autograph nibs. Gene's another lad who is more attractive off the screen, for his skin is an angelic glow and, like Cooper's, his eyes are a brilliant blue.

John Mack Brown drives a small green coupe that cost six hundred and fifty dollars with radio included, and it suits his purposes far better than his big limousine. Johnny is easy to recognize, with his wavy black hair, broad shoulders and genial grin.

Doing the Unexpected—Munching

JUNE KNIGHT would probably walk by you safely, for off the screen she goes in for few frills, either social or sartorial. I saw her and Paul Cavanagh a couple of days ago that colorful little Mexican street down in the old part of Los Angeles the other evening, and didn't recognize her until she had gone. That's nothing. She was munching cactus candy and holding hands.

Many a celebrity-stalker who thought he had Katherine Hepburn spotted has been shown the door, Adalyn Doyle, instead. The resemblance is startling. Adalyn looks more like Hepburn than Hepburn herself, but if you see any star watching tennis matches, polo games or horse races with her hands over her face (to foil photographers), you can bet it's Katie. Or if you see a girl in overalls and a smock, that's Katie.

There are so many "doubles" in Hollywood that only an expert can detect the original at twenty paces. Knowing full well that a "double" has little chance of succeeding in pictures, girls will still perversely make themselves up as replicas of famous stars. Garbo has had a number of doubles; the girl who was her stand-in for "The Painted Veil" bears a striking resemblance to Hedda Hopper. ridiculous story has been made of the actress for her, right on the Metro lot.

Mac West is a great fight fan, and you can usually spot her as she sits at the ringside, watching the fights play intently and saying nothing to anyone. When the final bell rings she quietly arises and walks out, with her manager, James Timony, talking about six places behind her. It's her sister, Beverly, in black satin and white furs, who looks like the movie star.

I thought I'd recognize Spencer Tracy anywhere, but it was a difficult job to pick him out in that polo game last Sunday. He's much heavier than you expect, with powerful wrists. He plays with Jimmy Gleason, Raymond Griffith and Big Boy Williams, and when they don their uniforms and polo caps, they are all fairly well disguised.

But there's one star you never can mistake. That's Miss Shirley Temple. With her famous blue eyes, and in her tidy, tall, skinny little skirt bobbing and curls flying, you'd know her in the midst of any crowd. Mrs. Temple goes out of her way to avoid attention, but her daughter makes no effort to go about inconspicuous.

"What's the use?" she says, precociously. "They'd know me, anyway!"
SMOKER RECONCILED TO OLD FLAME

You needn’t change your brand. Just follow every cigarette with a minty, mouth-cooling Life Saver and you’ll fall in love with the old brand all over again.

NOW EVERY WOMAN CAN AFFORD TO TRY THEM

It’s foolish to deny yourself the comfort these tablets can give.

Trial Size—25c

Lydia E. Pinkham’s Tablets
For the prompt relief of periodic pain, backache and headache

Lydia E. Pinkham’s Products are endorsed by nearly a million women
On the market since 1873

Look for this box on your druggist’s counter

A Paris Import for the Ladies—Charles Boyer

(Continued from page 50)

John McCormack estate, which Charles had been rattling around in since his arrival in Hollywood, and which in itself would drive a man to matrimony. Every word reverberates through the huge rooms, which are built for pipe-organs, rather than the human voice. And the broad grounds cried out for a woman to preside over them.

Married on a Hunch

"It’s impossible to say why I chose Pat, instead of some of the other charming women I have known," he continued, studying her picture on the table. "She is very sweet. But it’s not that she is prettier than other women,—any definite quality like that. It’s something you can’t explain. Just an instinct that I felt at once. And so far it has been right. No one can tell about the future, but so far I have never had a misgiving or a regret. Nor did I have any doubt or hesitation before I did it. It is good to follow an instinct like that."

To all this, Maurice Chevalier remarks that Charles must be "crazee." Remembering the carefree, heart-free past, he can’t yet picture his friend as a domestic type;

"They have seen Pat in ‘Bottoms Up,’" Charles explained. "They have seen that she is very sweet, so they do not mind. But I didn’t give a thought to the reaction of the fans when I married. I would sacrifice exactly nothing for my career. I love my work, of course, but I would never allow it to interfere with my private life.

"In France, we are not accustomed to consider the public when our private lives are concerned. And they do not care. If you are married or divorced in Paris, there might be one small paragraph in the newspapers—nothing more."

Charles has the glamorous self-confidence of a man who has never known anything but success. Born in a small French town some thirty-odd years ago, he went to Paris to the Sorbonne, and afterwards studied for two years at the Conservatoire, the dramatic school of Paris. A producer, who often came to the Conservatoire and watched his progress with interest, gave him a leading part as soon as he got out, in a play that ran for two years. From then on, of course, he was made. He has never played anything but leading parts.

Three years ago, he came to Hollywood for three months, to make foreign versions for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and immediately was rumoured romantic about Frances Dee. True to the best fiction tradition, he emerged from this brief, but flaming romance with a very good working knowledge of English, which he hadn’t known a word of on arriving.

But for Pat Paterson, his English wife, love is not the best language teacher. Eager as she is to learn French, she will never allow her husband to try to talk the language with her—"because she is very timid with me," he explained. She struggles valiantly on with her text-books, and meanwhile they can converse in English, at which he has become beautifully accomplished.

"Caravan" has barely scratched the surface of Charles Boyer’s possibilities. He does not intend to be labeled as a light-comedy lover. "It is not the sort of thing I have the ability to do," he says. Heavy dramatic and emotional roles are Monsieur Boyer’s dish, and he shall have them when he returns this winter from France (whither he dashed to fulfill a contract) to take up his rightful place as a serious menace to the American male. He is scheduled to play opposite Ann Harding in "Peacock Feathers."
Answers to Movie Gossip Test (Continued from page 10)

1. The four beauties pictured on page 16 are, left to right, Jean Harlow, Constance Bennett, Marion Davies and Gloria Swanson. This get-together occurred at a party for Marion, given at her Santa Monica Beach home, to welcome her back from a four-month tour of Europe. The guests appeared in Tyrolean gear, making it a very colorful costume party. The picture shows Connie and Gloria together for the first time in many years, which makes it specially interesting. These two beauties have been rivals on the screen and in Hollywood society, where Gloria was the first Marquise de la Falaise and where Connie now holds the title.

2. When Cecil B. DeMille was asked to name the ten greatest motion picture directors since 1921, in the order of their importance, he named David Wark Griffith first and then, modestly, admitted he was second on the list. The other directors who made up the balance of the list in the order named are: James Cruze, George Fitzmaurice, Maurice Tourner, Frank Borzage, Josef von Sternberg, William C. DeMille, Dorothy Arzner and Eric von Stroheim.

3. Max Reinhardt, the foremost European theatrical producer and director, was signed to a motion picture contract by Warner Brothers after he produced the greatest spectacle in theatrical history, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the Shakespearean fantasy. Reinhardt staged it in the Hollywood Bowl with a cast picked from the film city and the spectacle was witnessed by more than 20,000 people. Max Reinhardt will now bring "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the screen.

4. Anna May Wong, the Chinese screen star, received the largest number of votes as the world's best-dressed woman in a universal poll and she was presented with the statue of the Goddess of Fashion by the Mayfair Academy. Miss Wong, who has been appearing on the London stage and in British films, recently returned to Hollywood and played one of the leading roles in "Limehouse Blues" in which George Raft plays a Chinese rôle.

5. With a bride as an additional prize, there was no reason why Campbell Black should not have been the winner in the London-to-Melbourne air race. Florence Desmond, the British screen actress, promised to marry him if he reached Melbourne first. Therefore, when Campbell, with his co-pilot, C. W. A. Scott, won the race he won half of $20,000, a gold cup and a bride. When Florence Desmond was in Hollywood she appeared in the Will Rogers picture, "Mr. Skitch."

6. Discouraged because her screen career wasn't progressing as she wanted to, Marian Marsh left Hollywood and went to England where she made several pictures. She recently returned to Hollywood and was given a leading rôle in "A Girl of the Limberlost," a picture Marian proved that she really can act. Now, because of her fine work in this picture, Miss Mars has been signed to a permanent contract by Columbia Pictures and Marian will probably never have to worry about getting good parts in pictures again.

7. Pat Patterson, who married Charles Boyer after a very brief courtship, recently announced that she would give herself two years in which to reach stardom. If, after two years she has not attained stardom, she intends to retire from the screen and go completely domestic and raise a family. Pat believes two years are more than enough time in which to determine whether she has made enough success on the screen to continue.

8. Fay Wray, motion picture star, who was born in Canada, but has lived in the United States since she was three, recently applied for her final citizenship papers. Miss Wray is now working on a picture called "Mills of the Gods" for Columbia Pictures.

9. The star-director team of Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg has been dissolved, "Caprice Espagnole" is the last picture in which von Sternberg directs Marlene. Since von Sternberg discovered Marlene on the stage in Berlin, he has directed all of Miss Dietrich's pictures except one, "The Song of Songs," which Rouben Mamoulian directed. The splitting of this star and director combination is a friendly arrangement. Marlene and von Sternberg both feel that she will benefit by varied types of direction.

10. At a banquet held in honor of Emanuel Cohen, Paramount executive, Mae West surprised all those present by drawing a lotto ticket from her purse and using it to read her special message to Mae in something startling every time. The picture on page 36, taken at the dinner, shows Emanuel Cohen, Mae West and Gary Cooper and they seem to be enjoying a good laugh. Perhaps it is over the lotto ticket episode or Mae may have put over a new witticism.

11. The latest Hollywood romance is that of Mary Carlisle and James Blakeley above and they make a very cute couple. Blakeley, who is one of the newcomers to Hollywood, is the son of Mrs. Grace Hyde, Park Avenue socialite.

12. It hardly seems possible, but the "old hag" pictured at the bottom of page 16 is the handsome Leslie Howard, disguised for his rôle in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," the Alexander Korda production. Howard plays the rôle of Sir Percy Blakeney who must disguise himself as the Scarlet Pimpernel. On page 45, you will find a portrait of him as the nobleman.
Match that of dozens of the ‘extra’ girls. But the player who becomes a star charts her attributes, works to iron out her deficiencies and builds a solid ground."

"When I played in ‘Hell’s Angels,’ I was a long way from being an actress. But those who saw me in that—and in subsequent roles—saw a sincerity, that I was trying my very best. And that sincerity carried me over the rough spots until I learned something about the business of being an actress. Audiences sensed my honest desire to improve."

"Charm in a woman is that quality which we call manliness in a man. It denotes an integrity of character, an innate knowledge of the fitness of things. Background, breeding, money—all these help toward the realization and the development of charm. But these are not essential. Every woman can develop it within herself and by herself."

"I know a woman, who, on analysis, has nothing of beauty. Her eyes are too small; her nose is too large; her figure doesn’t meet the modern standards of beauty. Yet, because of her superlative charm, she is automatically very attractive to a woman. Frequently, she has flashes of great beauty because she distills kindliness—intensifies it to the point where she gives a lift to the morale of everyone who comes in contact with her."

Her Definition of Charm

"LET’s call charm that beauty of spirit, that unselfish eagerness to help and inspire others, that idealistic honesty and sincerity. No simpering girl or woman ever has it. It takes a certain maturity and what has been called the vision of age. So in my estimation, forty per cent is a modest estimate of the importance of charm on the personality chart."

"I budget twenty-five per cent for that quality which, in an actress, is an ability to be emotionally pliable. For the woman who is not an actress, it is primarily a sympathetic reaction to the problems and the moods of those with whom she lives and works."

"An actress must be a stained-glass window, through which are seen the multi-colored personalities of a variety of make-believe women. She must imburse herself not only with the elements of each nature’s characterization—but in the psychology, the inherent beliefs, the personality of the woman whom she is attempting to make real for audiences. It can’t be a superficial interpretation; there must be the establishment of a spiritual bond."

"No woman can live a detached life. No woman can live for herself alone. She must have sympathy for others. And to have sympathy doesn’t mean that a woman must meddle with the philosophies and the beliefs of others. She is only making an effort to understand the actions and the emotions of others. It is a wise tolerance."

"But, necessarily, imply the abandonment of personal ideals. It only requires an acute analysis of the situations in which others find themselves. It’s getting on the other side of the fence and taking a look at the world from there."

The Most Feminine Trait of All

"SYMPATHY is largely a quiescent quality. Too many women believe that, if they are sympathetic, they will be marked as weak. But it is part of their heritage as women. What it means to an imaginative world makes, a woman must cherish that inner softness that contributes so vitally to her as a pleasing, delightful, warm-hearted person."

"No actress on the screen to-day can camouflage an unsympathetic nature. The camera is merciless in revealing traits of character—more merciless even than in revealing physical deficiencies. A screen player must be sympathetic to others—naturally sympathetic, without affectation—if she hopes to win some measure of fame."

"I give twenty per cent to intelligence on my personality chart. No longer is it a fashion in femininity to be beautiful and dumb. The world has changed. Men no longer find delight in merely sitting and looking at a woman. They want her to have something to say. Intelligence implies a keen mind, an ability to absorb information and knowledge, and a willingness to furnish and groom the mind."

"A woman must be intelligent to know her own limitations, to understand her abilities, her potentialities and her strengths. For an actress, it means that she must realize what she can do best and what she can never hope to do. No intelligent woman dissipates her energies. She knows her limitations—and doesn’t worry about them, if she can’t do anything about it."

"Women have listened too long to the beautiful tale that feminine intuition is inevitably right, and, as a result, they neglect to develop the qualities of logic. They depend on their intuition to help them solve problems. But, the human race has found no substitute for intelligence."

"Intelligence presumes that a woman is not only willing but eager to acquire the sort of knowledge that will fit her to the best advantage for the job she has in hand, whether it is as a housewife and a mother, or as an actress."

Clothes Rate Only Ten Per Cent

"PRESS has only small importance in the personality as a whole. But I give it ten per cent since it contributes to the idea that personal grooming is an act and an actress, certain glamour is expected of me. I must have a fairly comprehensive wardrobe. It must be a very definite ideal. But that is true of every woman!

"As an actress, I have to be at my best in public. The clothes I wear are part of my personal equipment. I can’t afford to spend a great deal of money for a wardrobe; it is only essential that a woman study herself, define her own type, and dress accordingly. You can’t subsidize deficiencies in character by expensive, extravagant clothes."

"I include perfect grooming in my dress percentage. Water and soap are cheap. A woman whose hair is clean, whose face looks well-scrubbed, whose hands show some care, inevitably looks well-groomed."

"I give the final five per cent on my chart to a good disposition. No sulky, nagging, dissatisfied, disgruntled woman can be attractive."

"Charm, intelligence, understanding, a conception of proper dress, and a good disposition are a triumphant quintette that every woman can adopt for her own—and emerge a top grade actress!"

"You can’t depend on physical beauty—which may be short-lived. It won’t carry a woman far. It has never carried an actress far. Count on those qualities for which you, yourself, are responsible."

"Every woman—actress or not—has to balance her personality budget in these dynamic days."

"And Jean Harlow is one girl who has balanced her personality budget!"
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Untold Stories of Loves That Have Lasted

(Continued from page 59)

daily companionship. There may be more than three thousand miles separating us, much of the time, yet the same quality that will make us love for a week has kept us happy and continued.

"Would it have saved some of the famous "happy marriages," that have founded?"

"Absolutely!"

"What is this magic quality?"

"Common sense. If you want to make a go of marriage or of anything else, New York is sensible. That is what has made our marriage happy, and what is going to keep it happy—common sense."

Irene Dunne leaned back in her chair, and half-closed her eyes. "Common sense," she mused, "and a sense of fair play—being able to see things through the other fellow’s eyes. If we hadn’t learned that, we wouldn’t be married to-day.

When we first went together, each of us used to see things his own way. We’ve learned since that we disagreed enough that first year to last us all our lives. Once we married, however, we reached an understanding, but there has never been a disagreement since.

Of course, Irene Dunne’s marriage was no week-end celebration of a sudden infatuation. She and her husband were married in Manhattan for the best of reasons. Irene Dunne five years before she let him put it on her finger!

Tells of Their Courtship

"OURS was the strangest kind of courtship you could imagine," she confided. "When I met him in New York, studying voice, and had no time for romance. I was working hard all day—studying, practicing and calling on agents in search of work.

Of course, I was very new in the business, and friends insisted that I go to a dance at a hotel with them. I pleaded ‘No clothes,’ for at the time my funds were very low, and I couldn’t afford to buy an evening gown. They said ‘Wear anything.’ So I put on a red dress. I believe the first and last red dress I have ever owned! The next evening I was invited to a young dentist by the name of Francis Griffin—who danced very well and was very courteous to a tire girl.

Before the eye各种 was over, he asked me, and if he might call me. I hesitated to give him my ‘phone number, because I knew I should feel silly if he did not call me. When I finally did tell him the number, he did not write it down—and I felt I would never hear from him again.

And I didn’t—for three months. Then he called me and asked me if I remembered him. Under the circumstances, I didn’t know whether I should remember him or not, but, finally, I did! The next evening he called on me, and told me that the instant he had seen me at the dance, he knew I was the one girl in the world for him. You can imagine my surprise!

Each Asked a Sacrifice

"His excuse for not calling me sooner was that he had ambitious plans and felt that he should stay away from me until he could work some of them out. I was the last word, so far as he was concerned, but he hadn’t felt in a position to court me till now—which statement practically dumbfounded me. He had been on tour, and I only believed that it was love with either of us—so soon. And when he came around with the ring, convinced that this was love, I would not take it, because I didn’t want anything to stand in the way of my work. I had worked hard, and was not willing to sacrifice it all without winning some success,"

"I worked on a former season, and he made two trips to Europe—one of them a ‘try-and-forget-you’ trip. But he didn’t forget, and he did keep sending me letters. He had been up to New York, if I loved him, and I had been insisting that he would let me have my career first if he loved me. Each time I found his writing through his own eyes and wanted things his own way. In those days we weren’t listening to common sense or giving fair play a chance.

Five years passed this way—and then I decided to give up my work and marry him. We were married on July 16, 1928 in a church on Eighty-Second Street, and then sailed for Europe. In Brussels and Switzerland, I bought all sorts of household goods, such as linens and faces. Now they are in storage, and when I think of the barrels and barrels of things we have packed away in New York, it makes me just ache to get them out.

When we came to New York, we took an apartment in an apartment hotel. Almost instantly, Ziegfeld was after me to play in Show Boat. It was at that point that my husband realized that he would and would not give him up for a career.

Then Came Real Understanding

"He became interested in my work, and was always ready with suggestions, if I wanted them. They were never critical. He should not deny me the things I wanted to do—that my life was still my own.

Then came the great opportunity of motion pictures. I loved him, and I wanted him out here with me. But now came my turn to be sensible. I knew how his patients in New York clung to him. I knew he had ties there that would be hard for him to break. So I tried to see things through his eyes. I was entitled to my life, he was entitled to his. And he never said ‘No’ to anything. He would ask for him, and knew that I would do it again. He had not asked it—and I could not ask him to give up his. He knew that if he asked it, he could get it."

"And since this is so, we are doubly happy. We are happy because of our mutual understanding, and because of each other’s happiness in his work.

"In signing my present contract, I insisted upon the provision that I should have time to visit him in New York between pictures. We are gorgeously happy in one another’s company—and absolutely at ease in our increasingly brief separations, each confident of the other’s love and trust and understanding. And each knows that when the other travels three thousand miles to see him, it is not out of duty, but out of love. Each parting brings us still closer together—and each meeting starts our romance all over again.

"I do not say that it is a perfect arrangement, but we are making the best of it and are very happy. And when the time comes when I want to see him, I never say ‘I want to stay with him’ he who really prefers me to any other woman in the world, and who is willing to let me live my own life.

"And I think another common sense that keeps our marriage a success can make a success out of any other marriage. For common sense is the deadly enemy of misfortune, ending all the worst of those two arch-conspirators against marriage.

"Happiness in marriage is like happiness anywhere else—you can’t find it by looking for it. It is within yourself."
"My Head Rules My Heart . . ."
(Continued from page 51)

women—usually to their own undoing. 
Flattery, for instance. A little of that goes a
long way with me.

"A blonde, and rather a small one, has considerable difficulty in impressing people with the fact that she is not just a
paper doll to be bent this way or that at
the sway of a finger. But there is Danish blood in
me, on my mother's side, and you know the
definitions of the Old Vikings. Anyway,
I am definite. I don't wobble. I would
rather be wrong every time than to be
flattered.

"Give me a concrete example of what you
mean," I urged.

Ann's mother had come into the white-
panelled room while we were talking. She
said, "May I tell you of an incident in Harriette's life that I think will
illustrate? . . . I call her Harriette; you see,
I could not use the new name. At
any rate, Harriette was in high school.
Her first year, I think. During that year she
developed a passion for wearing Russian
clothes and for one solid year she wore
nothing but Russian clothes—full sleeves,
barbaric embroideries, high collars. She
was regarded as extremely odd at school.
She was told that they didn't become her,
that she was not the type and so on. But
she had made up her mind and there is
no undoing the mind of Harriette.

"She had a French teacher that year with
whom she was not very congenial. At the
end of the year they had some words to
tgether and the teacher, rather unfairly,
I thought, brought up the matter of the abs-
surd clothes. At the beginning of the next
term, Harriette said, 'Well, you must wear
thou suppose I will not have you in my classes this
year—I know you don't like me very much.
Ained, book-filmed, composed. I don't
like me, either, but I learn a great deal
in your classes and so I will be in them.

"This, I have always thought, is a marked
Imagination. The Harriette was born
her to govern her heart. Most girls would have
been passionately resentful, would have
flared up. Harriette was passionately re-
sentful, too, but her head was stronger than
her resentful heart."

Why Women Are the Weaker Sex

"WOMEN," said Ann sagely. "are al-
tways feminine. That's why there
have been so many more famous men
than women of the world. Women will almost al-
ways forgive a man's imperfections, then
serve for the momentary satisfaction of
paying off a petty grudge, of getting 'the
last word.'"

"I recall one other incident," Madame Vde
interrupted. (Ann's spouten, pretty mother is THE Madame Vde, concert singer and
famous voice instructor.) It was when
Harriette was about twelve and I was on
a concert tour. I was scheduled to sing in
a certain church in Minneapolis on Christmas Eve. A special song was a special part of the
programme had been arranged and held for
me. It appeared that I was not going to be
able to attend it; storms were holding up the trains. Harriette knew this. She offered
to take my place. She had never sung in public
in her life. She had never attempted that
discovery. She came to the immediate
conclusion that my part of the programme
be filled and that she would do it.

"I arrived just in time. I was told what had
happened. I announced my
rival. I sat in the congregation and watched the
child, who looked an angel with her fair
face and long, fair braids over her shoulders.
She sang that song as beautifully, as profes-
sionally, as though she had been singing

"I JUST LOVE to dance—always did. But
it got so the men simply would not ask
me. I could see them looking my way—
and shrugging their shoulders. It was
heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be
a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Mar-
mola—how it contains a natural corre-
tive for abnormal obesity, known and rec-
ommended by physicians the world over.
It sounded so easy I just couldn't be-
lieve my ears! But I took Marmola
exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and
imagine my astonishment to find myself
actually getting thin! Without exercising,
dieting, or draining my system with dras-
tic purgatives! Now I'm slender—feel fine.
... If the thousands of women who
have reduced the Marmola way were to
prove to you their confidence, you
would probably be amazed how many
women tell you experiences similar to
that related above. Everything they are

"seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?
Physicians will tell women that abnor-
mal obesity is caused by the lack of an
important element which the body nor-
mally supplies. Marmola provides one
such element in a perfectly natural way.
Day by day it assists the body to function
in the reduction of excess fat. As they get
rid of excess fat they feel lighter, more
alert, more energetic. The excess fat
simply slips away, revealing the trim
and slender figure underneath.

Since 1907, more than 20 million pack-
ages of Marmola have been purchased.
Could any better recommendation be
had? And it is put up by one of the lead-
ing medical laboratories of America.

Start today! You will soon experience
Marmola's benefits. When you have gone
gone far enough, stop taking Marmola.
and you will bless the day when you first
discovered this marvelous reducing agent!
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all of her life. I knew, then, that Harriette was marked with success. There it was."

"Mother," Ann said, fondly, but firmly, "you have a better idea than you know."

Madame Yde, full-blowen, every inch the diva, rose to go, with a smile. "When Harriette makes up her mind, you know . . ." she said.

Gave Up the Easy Life

"I THINK the thread of my own definite-ness runs pretty consistently through my life to date," Ann continued. "As you probably know, I went for a time to the University of Washington. My father—Mother and Dad have been separated for years (one way for her, another way for me). I was commercial, and the two just didn't blend)—anyway, my father wanted me to go through college. While I was there, he gave me a very generous allowance. That meant to me that I was penniless. I was untrained, I couldn't be dependent on my mother. I felt, nevertheless, I came to Hollywood, where Mother was giving voice instruction, planning to make her a brief visit while I formulated my next step. My next step was— the movies.

"You may also know what happened to me here—at that time. I didn't get a look-in. There were too many pretty girls and not enough pretty parts. Most of my camera work was in front of a 'still' camera. Still, everyone told me that my only chance was to be on the scene and to wait for my break. Then Florent Ziegfeld asked me to come to New York and try out for the second lead in 'Smiles,' starring Marilyn Miller.

"Well, everyone had advice to give me. I was crazy if I left Hollywood, where I had a long-term contract, a gradually widening circle of friends, and—I didn't think I was clicking—anyway, one day I used my own judgment, got out of my contract, and departed for New York. I turned out to have the thing to do. First I was in 'Smiles' and then 'America's Sweetheart' and 'Everybody's Welcome' and 'Of These I Sing,' in which, by the way, I first encountered 'then' and 'there' in the road company.

The Human Side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 12)

following week, Lou Sheridan was cast as major principal in four pictures! One of her biggest roles is with Sylvia Sidney in "Be- hold the Man," in which she is a Pop star. . . . And who will be the young man Sue Carol is to wed? At "Vani's" Smith's party, a lady horoscope and card-reader told Sue she will wed again. Within ten minutes after Renee Torres was told she would make a trip shortly, Mona Rico invited her to accompany her the following Sunday. The only stipulation Renee made was that Mona would loan her one of her fox fur pieces . . .

When the crash came a few years ago, young Samuel Hinds, millionaire Passa
dena attorney, was hit terrifically hard. He lost everything. To occupy his mind, he began wrestling in the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He developed into a capable actor. It was inevitable that he would find his way from the amateur Pasa-
dena stock company to Hollywood. Here he became a standard character actor, building his standing to a reputed $750 a week. Re- cently, Mr. Hinds was named one of the "West of the Pacos" company, he left for a location. It was in Pasadena, the set being the rented mansion of a wealthy family. On arriving, Hinds collapsed from emotion. The hired "location" was his own former home!

The hue and cry over censorship arose. Mae West seemed to be the per-
sonal worry of most fans and Hollywood as well. Their fears were needless. Mae wasn't worried. I'm told she is so that if she quits to-day. Every dime (and there are millions of 'em) she has made on the stage and in pictures is carefully invested in gov-
ernment bonds. Her principal right now is sufficient to guarantee her an income of several hundreds each week for the rest of her life. And for a long life.
Robert Armstrong’s House Is a Man’s House
(Continued from page 53)

Blue and yellow Mexican pottery and glass blase on the painted cupboard at one end of the dining room; the chairs are hand-made and upholstered with lemon-colored leather, studded with gilt nail-heads; and the long trestle table is of lemon wood. On the floors are hand-woven Indian rugs of dull purple and russet color. Spreading of rugs, the resourceful Harold Grieve (decorator-husband of Jetta Goudal)—who has made the house fit both its owner and its California setting—bought Bob’s old living room rug, had it dyed plain blue and surrounded it with a long, gaily-colored Spanish plush rug, studded with many gay patterns to fit the surroundings. (The house, itself, was designed and constructed by Kenneth Albright, young Hollywood architect.)

The Old Harmonizes with the New

The furnishings of the living room show what can be done in the adaptation of old furniture to new surroundings. The davenport is the usual one to be found in the usual up-to-date living room. Mr. Grieve re-upholstered it in Axect-printed linen of a dull mulberry shade. He took a Victorian arm chair and covered it with blue corded fabric. Beside it placed a Provincial sofa in blue rough wool and linen. The lamp beside the fireplace is an old one belonging to the Armstrong family, of heavily chased brass. The sideboard is Mexican and Mexican pottery.

This room is a lesson to those who wish to make over their homes into distinct types of decoration. Almost any kind of furniture will fit into almost any style or period, if handled cleverly. Of course, several typical Mexican pieces, of painted wood, are scattered among the rest. Old Director Wages, Ruggles made one of the chairs of cowhide. Over the davenport is a gay modern Mexi- can painting on paper, pasted into the plaster, to resemble a mural.

Beyond the living room is the library, also with a much-used fireplace, deep leather chairs, and a low, wide window-sill, painted raspberry. All the colors in the Armstrong house are bright and brave—greenish yellows, terra cottas, dull blues, purples. With the plain walls and cool shadows of the interior, these are possible, where in otherwise with fussy decorations they would be jarring.

Colorful—and Comfortable

But the room of rooms in Bob’s hacienda is the bedroom, where Bob has treated himself lavishly. The old, dark, heavy, Spanish bed, with its very high back, inset with a carved saint, might have come from a grandee’s mansion. The bed is covered with a heavy quilt in a colorful zigzag pattern. A huge mahogany chest of drawers has a drawer that might have come around the Horn in the old sailing days. The black Mexican chairs have gay cushions of linen, heavily fringed. Old milk-glass lampshades, slender, carried out the quaint atmosphere, and proved once and for all that one can mix furnishings of bygone days, even though those days were lived in far parts of the world. On one of the bedside stands a rack of pipes; when Bob reads in bed, he can puff a companionable briar.

This bedroom is separated from the rest of the house by an open passageway from front veranda to rear patio. Nothing in the essentially masculine quarters can be hurt by ciga rros, pipes, bottles, feet wet from the swimming pool, wrestling boots and exercise. One small, gill-framed mirror over the chest of drawers; a large bathroom mirror, well-lighted for shaving, prove that men are not vain, no matter what the ladies claim.

(Continued on page 89)
“The Barretts of Wimpole Street” Delivers a Great Sermon, Says Motion Picture Reader

First Prize Letter
“‘The Barretts of Wimpole Street’ Preaches a Sermon

‘The Barretts of Wimpole Street,’ this very night, has taught me the difference between the selfish love of a parent who breeds hate and fear in the souls of his children and a very devoted love, capable of destroying illness and the fear of death. No greater sermon has ever been preached than by this story, based on truths that proved more gripping than fiction. Would that every father and mother in the world who dominate their sons and daughters, binding them with unbekable ties, might see this living drama restored from the past.

I entered the theatre with the thought: I should save my money for run-down heels. I left with the thought that we have no right to love, to live, to drink of ecstasy to the very last. What care I for heels? God has given me his heaven and all’s right with the world.”

MRS. HAROLD V. TASSELL, Newark, Ohio.

Second Prize Letter
“Our Daily Bread” Portrays Real People

Eureka! At last I have found a movie depicting real people. The characters in King Vidor’s “Our Daily Bread” are natural, sweating, unglamorous human beings. Literally and symbolically, they are not “made-up.” The hero is not the typical matinee idol; he is not concerned with his well-chiselled profile, but rather with a sincere interpretation of his role as an emotional young man with normal weaknesses. His voice is not crooning and evenly modulated, but changing from high pitched tones to low rich ones. The heroine (Karen Morley) uses no obnoxious mascara, wears low-heeled shoes, and “unsexy” pajamas. She talks as would you or I, reiterating “That is all right by me” and is entirely consistent with her part at all times. All the characters, in fact, are natural and it is a relief to find them so.

These “human beings” in “Our Daily Bread” vitalize a well-constructed and poignant theme. Nevertheless, the original story of the difficulties encountered by a group of proletarians in developing a cooperative farm project could have lost all significance if the characters in it had been incorrectly portrayed. The picture reeks of authen- ticity, scenes are cut down, a river is made to change its course, men perspire doing their work—all these things are not “acted,” but done before our eyes.

Here’s money for your thoughts. Write what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Third Prize Letter
Movies With All-Star Casts Are Bound To Be Successful

I admire the splendid idea the producers have of casting more than one star in a picture. The old manner of having one famous star and a cast of characters made up of many unknown, and sometimes mediocre actors, detracted so much from the story. In most stories there are several characters besides the hero or heroine who are of real importance in developing the plot; and these, I believe, should be portrayed by people of real ability.

Movies surrounded by stars gives greater brilliancy.

Ham, I am sure a cast such as that of “The Barretts of Wimpole Street” includes such stars as Norma Shearer, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton, all Motion Picture Academy Award Winners, will attract vast audiences and prove profitable to the producer.

GLADYS G. SMITH, Minneapolis, Minn.

“Chained” Excellent

I have just seen “Chained,” and want to extend my congratulations on this most entertaining picture. I wonder if the producers don’t realize that this is just the sort of picture that appeals to the greater part of the movie-going public? The picture was without flaw, as to settings (most artistic), story (not at all improbable), acting of the entire cast, and the display of clothes.

ELCY EBERT OBERDICK, Lewensworth, Kan.

The Audience Turns Jury

The public wants real acting—not merely a display of the star’s physical allure. In the bid for fame as a “beauty” the modern actress seems to have ignored the arts of acting and of make-up.

It is quite improbable that the “jungle girl,” the “mountain woman” or the “pioneer mother,” had plucked eyebrows and manicured nails. The perfectly tailored leopard pelt and home-spun dress, emphasize the sex-appeal of the “Girl.” Any sort of play of that value of illusion, in which the spec- tator loses himself.

LORRO O. JACSON, Seattle, Wash.
Robert Armstrong’s House Is a Man’s House
(Continued from page 57)

Except for two rows of huge trees—mostly umbrella trees, from which the house takes its name, The Ranch of the Umbrellas—one at the front and another shading the open parapet at the rear, no attempt has been made at landscape decoration. However, gaudy flowers burn about the place, the bare ground is overrun with wild strawberry vines, and Bob has a vague plan of a vineyard sometime. Rude steps at the back run up to a bath house and a pool, cleverly made out of an old tisner that stood above the former ranch shanty there.

A boy in overalls and a woman in a print dress look after the menage. Little black Scotties and their prickly waddle about.

The wild lilac and the yucca bloom untouched on the hillside, as they bloomed two hundred years ago before the eyes of the padre. Hollywood seems not a hundred, but a million miles away... .

Fashionable Debutante—or Well-Dressed Working Girl?
(Continued from page 57)

brown-wool frock harmoniously, and is warm enough when worn with a woolen dress, to substitute for a coat.

Another charming frock is a two-piece one which combines a beige-striped brown velvet top with a plain brown velvet skirt. "Patterned" velvet is very smart this season and different from anything worn in other seasons. Some velvets are made up in stripes that give them a corduroy look and others are shot with brilliant gold or silver specks and still others are embroidered or stitched with gold or silver threads.

With this brown velvet dress, Adrienne wears a stunning large beret, which takes an upward turn in back, and is caught with a flat bow. This velvet beret and the two-piece velvet dress described above make an ideal costume for those "don’t dress" occasions when you want to look your best.

There are several other outfits that Adrienne wears in "Gigolletie" that I would like to describe to you, even though we can’t illustrate them all.

A Skirt, a Blouse, a Coat

THERE is a demure little three-piece suit of gray tweed with a snug-fitting white collar and cuffs, for example. It is one of those "just right" outfits that make a girl feel well-dressed for business or shopping or an afternoon walk—in fact, for practically every daytime occasion. It consists of a skirt, a jacket-effect blouse and a long coat. With this gray tweed outfit she wears a saucy navy felt hat and a matching purse.

As we said, the role of Kay Parrish, is a wealthy society girl who suddenly finds herself penniless. She obtains a job as a gigollette (which is what the picture gets its name and, naturally, in this capacity, she meets many men, among whom there are several admirers. As Kay, Adrienne not only gets her job because no mere man could resist her appeal in her smartly Swagger clothes; she also fascinates her suitors with her ravishing appearance. And the wardrobe, which salvaged from her prosperous days plays a large part in helping her look so alluring.

The fact that she could wear the same wardrobe, which is her life as a society belle and later as a gigollette and a working girl only goes to prove that smart clothes are appreciated in every walk of life and the secret is in their simplicity.

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(Continued from page 50)

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By JAMES EDWIN REID

Francis Lederer comes into his own, wooring Joan Bennett, in "The Pursuit of Happiness"—a comedy with real charm...

Gift of Gab—An intended satire of radio, and especially fast-talking announcers (Edmund Lowe plays one), turns into a glorification of the airwaves. For such stars as Ruth Etting and Phil Baker are present (Univ.).

Happiness Ahead—Dick Powell, who washes windows, falls in love with a poor little rich girl (Josephine Hutchinson), who doesn't want him to know she's wealthy, looks like a cross between, and Dick's new sweetheart looks like a real "find" (F. N.).

JUDGE PRIEST—As a shy small-town judge in the Kentucky of the 1800's, Will Rogers has his best role yet (He'll do an encore soon). And the curtain speech, a parody of the cumulative "A word in season" in that part of the country, is worth ten times the price (F. N.).

THE LAST GENTLEMAN—More character sketch than drama, but constantly absorbing, with George Arliss and crooked eccentric who isn't so crazy as his relatives try to make out (20th. Century).

The Lemon-Drop Kid—Lee Tracy mixes comedy and heartache, and the mixture doesn't gel. He is a racetrack tout for reforms of the sultan and then runs into irate trouble (Par.).

LITTLE FRIEND—An English wonder-child, Nova Pilbeam, aged fourteen, tears hearts loose from their mailboxes in a courageous, staccato story of a sensitive child whose parents are parted (Gaumont-British).

A Lost Lady—Willia Cather's delicate story of a girl who sells her soul on the screen. But that's screen. For the scripters, not because of the acting of Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez (F. N.).

LOVE TIME—Poetic and charming musical romance, based on a work of company Franz Schubert, played by Billy Arnold and Wills of a lofty station (Pat. Paterson). The music alone is worth three admissions (Fox).

Madame Du Barry—Dolores Del Rio glorifies the tempestuous, traiter little milrindle who becomes the lover or head of station (Par.).

MAN OF ARAN—a simple, superbly photographed story of life on the barren Aran Isles, off the West Coast of Ireland. A poem in pictures (Gaumont-British).

MENACE—Three friends of a man who meet a tragic death. Their deaths are avenged by a restless avenger. It's high-minded, but exciting, with Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Henrietta Crosman featured (Par.).

THE MERRY WIDOW—Franz Lehár's operetta is given a square-corned comedy with music. Gaiety reigns, with Jane Macdonald as the singing, humorous heroine, Maurice Chevalier as the debonair, unlikely lover, and Ernst Lubitsch directing (M-G-M).

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—Phoebe Lord, of Broadway renown, makes an impressive, if somewhat unexpected screen debut as the philosophical mother of a large, amusing, always-up-to-something brood of youngsters (Par.).

Nell Gwyn—a intriguing young English person, Anna Neagle, renders an intriguing screen biography of the famous favorite of Charles II (U. A.).

One Exciting Adventure—The title is a misnomer; it's more comedy than melodrama. A glamorous kleptomane (Ruth Etting) has the man who is trying to cure her (Neil Hamilton) and a savage jew that (bertranita) has an entertaining battle of wits (Univ.).

Outcast Lady—Michael Arlen's "Green Hat," turned pale. With the original setting a setting, a globe-gloving Constantine Bennett and Herbert Marshall have a struggle being believable (M-G-M).

Peck's Bad Boy—Jackie Coop lives the role of a young, meddlesome, misunderstood boy who craves the approval of his busby father (Thomas Meighan). Till--something strange for the whole family (Principal).

PERIL—Arctic tragedy of court intrigue in the XVIIIth Century, revolving around a shamalien, exceedingly shrewd man of mystery. It lives up to its title, with a thrilling performance by Conrad Veidt (Gaumont-British).

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—A peace-loving German soldier (Frank Loesser) deserts and hides out with Puritans, who have some quaint customs, including the custom of "bundling." It has charm, and is both amusing and novel (Par.).

Ready for Love—A boarding-school runaway (Ida Lupino) sets out for the West, with a local reporter (Richard Arlen) makes her famous, Laughable light (Par.).

Six-Day Bike Rider—Joe E. Brown, with a mischievous attitude, hops aboard a bicycle and goes over the border (Par.).

The St. Louis Kid—James Cagney at his robust best—as a hoppo-lucky, muscular truck driver; there's plenty of trouble, excitement and amusing predicaments (W. B.).

Student Tour—An alleged comedy about a group of college girls, with a lot of the usual. Even Jimmy Durante as a crew cook and Charles Butterworth as a goofy professor can't save it (M-G-M).

A Successful Failure—William Collier, Jr., esposing a raise, gets fired instead, which provokes the most surprising family. But he gets a chance to lend his own life at last, Human, down-to-earth nitwitishness (Monogram).

Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round—A musical mystery-comedy, with an ocean liner for its setting and Jack Benny, Gene Raymond and Nancy Carroll for its stars. Sparkling, "different" entertainment (Cah.).

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—A theatrical, but highly effective drama of a young boy whose divorced parents put him in a school and go on living their own lives, while his heart's bent to be warped. Frankie Thomas, Jr., new boy-star, gives a great performance (RKO).

We live again—Anna Sten clinches her right to stardom in a powerful and timely revival of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," drama of a peasant and an aristocrat who at last are equals. Frederic March shares the "we" of the title with her (U. A.).

What every woman knows—Helen Hayes, after a cooking absence from the screen, returns in triumph in the delightful farce comedy of a mouse-like man who snubs his landlady's husband (Brian Aherne) do just what she wants him to do (RKO).

White Parade—A vivid, sensitive, dramatic kaleidoscope of the life of student nurses in a big hospital, with a textured Young giving the finest performance of her career (Fox).
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