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O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, In Old Arizona—the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In The Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by FOX

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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November, 1931

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What if vacation days are over? There are plenty of good times to be had! And you don’t have to leave town for them either! They’re at the nearest theatre to you that plays Paramount Pictures regularly and often. You get great entertainment—change, adventure, rest, relaxation—what we all of us need, all the time! So don’t lose that holiday feeling! Have your good times all the year ’round. And when you go, make it a family affair! There are Paramount Pictures for all—young and old alike—and they were never better than now! Watch for your theatre announcements. “If it’s a Paramount Picture, it’s the best show in town!”

Paramount Pictures

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
REVUETTES

Good, better, best—choose your screen fare from our honest, authoritative list

Class A:


★ BAD GIRL. Fox. A human document in celluloid. Sally Eilers and James Dunn offer potent performances you won't forget. See it.

★ BOUGHT. Warner Brothers. Constance Bennett at her best. The film is grand entertainment. You'll like Ben Lyon and Richard Bennett, too.

★ NEWLY RICH. Paramount. Take the kiddies and have a good time with Mitzi Green, Edna Mae Oliver, Jackie Coogan and Louise Fazenda. It's a howl.

★ REBOUND. RKO-Pathé. Sparkling, sophisticated yarn about a philandering husband and a modern wife. Ita Claire and Robert Ames perform adroitly; in fact, the whole cast is good.

★ SON OF INDIA. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This is something! Ramon Novarro plays an East Indian who loves an American girl. Nice romance with Ramon at his best, and you'll be talking about Madge Evans.


★ THE COMMON LAW. RKO-Pathé. This film is put over through the sheer force of Constance Bennett's personality. Joel McCrea makes a likable hero.


★ THE MAN IN POSSESSION. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He's Robert Montgomery and nobody will complain. It's quite racy—but nice—so's Irene Purcell.

★ THE SQUAW MAN. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You've seen this one in silent form and you'll enjoy it with speech. Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young acquit themselves admirably.

★ YOUNG IS YOUR FEEL. Fox. Another hilarious Will Rogers film. Will is teamed with Pal D'or again. Lucien Littlefield deserves honorable mention.

Class B:


★ GUILTY HANDS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An interesting murder story with a surprise ending. Lionel Barrymore, Madge Evans and Kay Francis are the principals.

★ HONEYMOON LANE. Sono Art. A gay comedy with a few songs and Eddie Dowling, Ray Dooley and June Collyer.


★ MEN ARE LIKE THAT. Columbia. A woman scorned—but all ends well. Laura La Plante is the scorned woman and John Wayne the settler. Fair.

★ PADRON US. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in a full-length feature. It's funny but not in a class with their clever shorts.

★ POLITICS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Here's a Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedy classic. All about Marie running for Mayor. Roscoe Arbuckle's stammering cops make laughs.

★ SECRETS OF A SECRETARY. Paramount. A film treat—not because of the story, but because of the splendid work of the players—Claudette Colbert and two new and exciting men—Herbert Marshall and George Metaxas.

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of Screenland's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 128)
WARNER BROS.
present

WILLIAM
POWELL

as

The man men remembered
and women couldn't forget
in

The ROAD to SINGAPORE

DORIS KENYON
MARIAN MARSH
Based on a play by Roland Pertwee
from a story by Denise Robins
Directed by
ALFRED E. GREEN

A greater William Powell—more intriguing
than ever before . . . See him as Warner Bros. present him: Suave gentleman!
Debonair lover!...See him at the glamorous
height of his dramatic power, in a story of
tropic nights; of love under a languorous
moon; and of a key given but not used . . .
See him experiment with love in The Road
to Singapore—the finest screen play of his
career—a great Warner Bros. production
worthy of William Powell's talents . . .

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
HOOTS and Hoorays!

What do you like? And what don't you? Be your own critic and tell us all about it!

CONFIDENTIAL, IF NOT CONSTRUCTIVE
(First Prize Letter)
The men I meet are so banal
Compared to movie heroes—
And who prefers a common chap
To palpitating Pierrots?
I'd like a boy friend who combines
The charm of Gary Cooper,
Charles Bickford's ruggedness and nerve,
And Beery's pluck as tramp:
The aren't-here of Fredric March,
Will Rogers' wisdom witty,
With Ronald Colman's pleasing voice,
No, no, not he—
Paul Lukas' dignity and art,
Bill Powell's calmness splendid,
The joie de vivre of Mickey Mouse,
In perfect union blended.
But if there's no such paragon,
I know two cinemactors
Who illustrate delightfully
Perfection's foremost factors.
I'd like Clark Gable through the week—
He'd brighten up blue Mondays—
And give me Warner Baxter, please,
For holidays and Sundays.
Effa E. Preston,
119 Livingston Ave.,
New Brunswick, N. J.

MY PRAYER TO MR. PRODUCER
(Second Prize Letter)
Oh, Mr. Producer, why have you given
us lately tragedy after tragedy? Why
have you taken life so seriously? Don’t
you realize that we go to the movies, pay
our dollars for entertainment, in order to
forget our burdens, forget that life is full of
tragedies?
In “The Finger Points,” Barthelness is
killed.
In “Svengali,” John Barrymore and the
heroine die.
Aloha” ends with a terrible death.
In “The Maltese Falcon” Bebe Daniels
goes to jail.
“East Lynne” ends with the death of
Ann Harding.
I pray thee, Mr. Producer:
Give us “A Cure for the Blues,” and let
us forget “A Gentleman’s Fate.”
“Let Us Be Gay,” and away with those
“American Tragedies.”
“Laughter” is what we want, and no
Public Enemy.
Give us laughs for our money, instead of
tears!
Mary C.
850 Santol Interior,
Santama, Manila,
Philipine Islands.

Happiness in Every Box Office
(Third Prize Letter)
I am seventy years old, and look it. But
my mind is as young as it was fifty years
ago when I married and started out on a
hard, unhappy road. No beauty shop could
ever iron the wrinkles from my face, but
the movies are fast smoothing them from
my heart.
In the last few years, now that I have
leisure and a few dollars that I may spend
without dictation, I go to the motion
picture theatre several times a week, where
I buy a one-way ticket to youth—to travel,
romance and true love—all the things I
missed as a girl. In the motion picture
house I find education, inspiration, conso-
lation and happiness.
So long as I have good health, imagina-
tion and the talking picture, I shall daily
give thanks for the privilege of living in this
marvelous age!
Amelia Adler,
6012 Echo St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Classics Have Class
(First Prize Letter)
Quite frequently we see a letter denounc-
ing the practice of remaking old movie suc-
cesses. New talent and new plays should
have all due consideration, but that does
not mean that the younger generation
should not enjoy the old motion picture
classics.
Who would advocate the abolition of
circuses just because he was no longer
thrilled by the elephants; or destroying all
of Shakespeare’s works when he had fin-
ished them; or barring great paintings
from the art galleries after he had enjoyed
them?
The stage has not lost popularity be-
cause it presents revivals of old plays with
new casts. So let us have the old dramatic
successes remade. There are plenty of new
releases for those who want them. Let’s
have, particularly, Greta Garbo in “Ca-
mille” and Lillian Gish and Richard Bar-
thelness in “Broken Blossoms.”

Minnie Polikerth,
R. F. D. No. 1,
Winchester, Ind.

Let’s hear your Hoorays for the good
and your Hoots for the not so
good! But write sincerely and con-
structively, whether praising or blam-
ing. There’s a $20 prize for the best
letter each month, and additional
prizes of $15, $10 and $5. Letters
should be not more than 150 words
and should reach us by the 10th of
each month. Address Hoots and Hoo-
rays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St.,
New York City.

(Continued on page 94)
THE ONE AND ONLY
Greta Garbo IN THE
ARMS OF FASCINATING
Clark Gable! WHAT
A PAIR OF SCREEN
LOVERS THEY MAKE!

Greta Garbo

Magnificently Thrilling in
David Graham Phillips classic love story—

Susan Lenox
(Her Fall and Rise)
with an all-star cast including

Clark Gable
Jean Hersholt
John Miljan

A Robert Z. Leonard Production

Get ready for the supreme, exotic thrill of your picture-going
days! Here truly is gorgeous Greta Garbo in the picture that
will make you forget all her previous triumphs. Come and
be thrilled!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Write to the Stars as follows:

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen
William Austin
George Bancroft
Eleanor Boardman
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Harry Green

Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Walter Oland
Eugene Pallette
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Sylvia Sidney
Peggy Shannon
Charles Starrett
Lilyan Tashman

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Russell Gleason

Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres
Rex Bell
John Boles
John Mack Brown
Mae Clark
Kathryn Crawford
Robert Ellis
Sidney Fox
Jean Hersholt
John Wayne

Rose Hobart
Dorothy Janis
Myrna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Mary Nolan
Eddie Phillips
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
Lupe Velez

Send Birthday Wishes to These November Stars:

Laura La Plante
Ford Sterling
Buster Keaton
Joel McCrea
Jack Oakie
Lewis Stone
Nancy Carroll
Reginald Denny
Rosetta Duncan
Corinne Griffith
Frances Dee
Rod La Rocque

November 1st.
November 3rd.
November 4th.
November 5th.
November 12th.
November 15th.
November 19th.
November 26th.
November 25th.
November 26th.
November 29th.

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado
William Boyd
Eddie Cantor
Charlie Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
William Farnum
Norma Talmadge

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Pat O'Brien
Mary Pickford
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

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Miriam Auer
Leo Carrillo
Helene Chadwick
Helen Chandler
Brophy Christy
June Collyer
Marion Davies
George Fawcett
Carmelita Geragthy
Albert Gran
Ralph Graves
Hale Hamilton
Neil Hamilton

Lloyd Hughes
Paul Hurst
Jeanette Loff
Wallace MacDonald
Kathryn Maynard
Blanche Memphrey
Una Merkel
Geneva Mitchell
Charlie Murray
Jason Robards
George Sidney
Bob Steele
Helma Tordy

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

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Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Jack Holt
Buck Jones

Bert Lytell
Joan Feers
Dorothy Revier
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compton
Lily Damita
Bebe Daniels
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Johhna Howland
Arline Judge
Arthur Lake

Ivan LEBedeff
Dorothy Lee
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Pola Negri
Edna Mae Oliver
Robert Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Hugh Trevor
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen
Trevor Austin
Richard Barthes
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Claudia Dell
Irene Delroy
Dag Fairbanks, Jr.
Gladsy Ford
Kay Francis
James Hall
Walter Huston
Leo Manne
Evelyn Knapp
Fred Kohler

Loretta Young
(Don'ted on page 129)
When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND

RKO RADIO PICTURE

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?
SYLVIA SIDNEY

She's the Girl of the Month. She scores in "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene"—powerful pictures which she brightens with her quaintness, her talent, her charming, crooked smile. Miss Vee Dee tells you and you and, yes, you about Sylvia here, directly below.

JIMMY, SYLVIA SIDNEY FAN. Something tells me and if I'm wrong, don't stop me, that this is Sylvia Sidney month—showers of letters from her newly acquired fans, all wanting information about the exquisite and very smart little Sylvia. What an actress she is! She was born in New York City in 1910. She has blue-green eyes and dark brown hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. Sylvia was on the stage at the age of eight years and was a sensation on Broadway in "Crime" at seventeen. She was put in "City Streets" with Gary Cooper, replacing Clara Bow who was ill at the time production started—made good, and was signed by Paramount. She plays opposite Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy" and "Confessions of a Co-Ed." Her new one is "Street Scene" for United Artists. Permanent studio address, Paramount.

ANNA J. R. Thanks for the invitation and the next time I fly over your city, I'll drop down on you—look out below! The principals in "The Pagan" with Ramon Novarro were Renée Adoree, Dorothy Janis and Donald Cries. Dorothy is not related to Elsie Janis. Dorothy's real name is Dorothy Penelope Jones.

ELISIE M. Lack of space prevents explanation of various angles of Bela Lugosi's screen portrayals—why not use your own imagination which would be as good a guess as mine? Bela was born Oct. 20, 1888, in Lugos, Hungary. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 177 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. He has had 20 years stage experience and 15 years of screen work. His latest releases are "The Black Camel," with Warner Oland and Sally Eilers; "Women of all Nations," and "Broad-minded."

A. I. R., BOMBAY, INDIA. Still they come—questions from Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand and the great open spaces of Chicago and New York. You are not trespassing on my time, A. I. R., and I hope you come again. Your favorite old-timer, Herbert Rawlinson, hasn't made a picture for a long time. He has been acting on the stage of late. Herbert was born in Brighton, England, but he doesn't say when. He has brown curly hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds. Sylvia Beecher appeared with Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris," but as far as I know, that was her only film.

An Interested Girl. If Richard Dix has been saving his pennies as all good movie stars should, he probably has a home or two tucked away in the west, but I haven't his home phone number. He was born July 18, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn. His real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. He has never married. But they do opine he is interested in his new leading lady, Shirley Grey, who acted with him in "The Public Defender."

DOROTHY L., MARJORIE WHITE is one of my reasons for going to the movies, too. Her latest releases are "Women of all Nations," "Broad-minded," with Ona Munson and Joe E. Brown, and "The Black Camel." Thanks for the tip about Marjorie's sister Thelma, who has been appearing on the Broadway stage and has signed up with Warners to make shorts.

MRS. C. W. Pay scant attention to those unkind rumors about your favorites. Let's not believe half of what we see and forget all we hear and strike a happy medium. Jeanette MacDonald has not made a musical talking picture lately because the producers have decided the fans do not want music. No one has been substituting for Jeanette in her recent films. She was gorgeous in "Annabelle's Affairs" and take my word for it, you saw Jeanette herself as the lovely Annabelle. The musical pictures are coming back before long and your favorite will be signed for a part to suit her splendid voice, or I'm a deal goosing. See Jeanette's story on Page 26, in this issue. It's good.

IRENE AND GLADYS. Ruth Lee Taylor was married on March 17, 1938, to Paul S. Zuckerman of New York City. She hasn't appeared in a picture since her marriage, announcing at that time her retirement from films. She's the happy mama of a baby son. So—you win, Gladys.

MIST ROSE M. E. Did you know that Clark Gable tried pictures when they were silent in the days when Valentino was the reigning Apollo of the screen and was told that he was "not the type for pictures?" Wouldn't that just burn up the producers who turned him down, to see the money roll into the box office when Clark's name is now up in the big lights? Clark also helped put his home town, Cadiz, Ohio, on the map. He was born Feb. 1, 1901; is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. His first screen appearance was in 1930 in "The Painted Desert," followed by "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Finger Points," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Laughing Sinners," and "Susan Lenox." Yes—he's married.

LOUISE AND KATHERINE B. David Manners was the husband of Suzanne Bushnell. Ramon Novarro has had many lovely girls as leading girls but the sweet-hearting was for screen rights only. His latest screen love is Madge Evans in "Son of India." Sorry to disappoint you, but Ramon is not engaged to Dorothy Jordan—or anyone else.

JOY J. You're one of the nice girls who can sit through a picture and let the cast (Continued on page 96)
SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents

EDDIE CANTOR in

Palmy Days

with CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

GREATEST laugh show on earth . . .
see Eddie Cantor making love to the
daughter of the American Doughnut King
. . . see Eddie Cantor’s lesson in dunking
. . . see Eddie Cantor as an efficiency expert
. . . see Eddie Cantor exposing the fake
fortune telling racket. But there’s even
more than comedy to Palmy Days . . . it’s
the successor to “Whoopee” . . . from Samuel
Goldwyn . . . with more comedy songs . . .
more glorious girls, costumes, settings . . .
and more of those Eddie Cantor laughs.

AN EDWARD SUTHERLAND PRODUCTION.

OUT-WHOOPES ‘WHOOPEE’

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Hi, Jimmy!

Here's Our Honor Page for being the Good Boy of "Bad Girl"

Want to know about James Dunn? He was born in New York City on November 2, about thirty years ago; educated in New Rochelle, N. Y. His father was a stock broker. Leaving school, Jimmy joined his dad in business and remained three years. Meanwhile he also worked as extra at the Paramount studios in Long Island. In 1927 he decided definitely to be an actor and joined the "Night Stick" company, playing the role of an "under cover" cop. Then he joined a stock company at Englewood, New Jersey, remaining with it 37 weeks. Later he played in stock in Winnipeg, Canada. His outstanding stage appearance was with Helen Morgan in "Sweet Adeline," on Broadway. His picture experience was confined to extra bits and shorts until he signed his Fox contract and reported at the west coast studio May 7, 1931. He has been married, but isn't now; plays golf and swims; early ambition was to become a mechanical engineer; once sold lunch wagons. Jimmy is six feet tall; his hair is dark brown, his eyes blue.
"Bad Girl" and her boy! Sally Eilers and James Dunn give exquisite performances in this heart-warming picturization of Viña Delmar's best-selling book and play, directed so sympathetically by Frank Borzage. Sally, we want you to feel that you are sharing Jimmy's Honor Page. You deserve one of your own and you'll be getting it one of these days.

Well, Jimmy—how does it feel to be the new star sensation of pictures? Young Dunn is busy answering calls of congratulation—but he had better ring off and attend to that fan mail that is already piling up on his desk. The wages of fame is writer's cramp in Hollywood. At the Fox studio they say that James Dunn has attracted more attention than any find in years. One picture—and he's at the top. Not since Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell scored in "Seventh Heaven" have the fans adopted a new star so spontaneously. By the way, Jimmy will play opposite Janet in a new picture soon.
DON'T you wish you had had a chance to meet and to know Garbo when she first came over here?

Of course you do. You and you and you and me. But most of us never dreamed that the tall Swedish girl would be a sensation. And so, few of us paid much attention to her—until she was famous, and then it was too late. For Garbo had gone into the silences by that time, and she hasn't come out yet. And quite right, too. It's a good act.

But we're not making the same mistake again. No, sir—and ma'am, as Clark Gable would say. This time we are playing safe. When a new foreign star hits our shores we are ready for her. We welcome her with open minds, arms, and faces, look her over for any signs of Garbo similarity, and get out the red carpets.

And in this case, not in vain. Lil Dagover, the very latest—and that's her real name, Mr. Ripley—has all the earmarks of a Sensation. Incidentally, her ears, as well as her back, are the toast of two continents. They're insured, too. She wears her hair off her ears and her evening gowns—well, it's a beautiful back. But—she's not like Garbo. Not in the least like Garbo. Or Dietrich. Or Landi. Or Bankhead. Or Negri. She's—like Lil Dagover. Which is a lot where she came from.

She is a really eminent actress in Europe—the original Nina in Max Reinhardt's “The Miracle”—Beauty in “Everywoman”—parts like that. She saves all her acting for the camera. And that's what she is—an actress. She is the finest foreign actress of them all. She has never traded on her personality. Not that she doesn't have one. But she has a quaint idea that an actress should act.

It will be a novelty. I don't know how we'll take it. I hope we'll like her acting so that she can get by on her art alone. But in case that doesn't work, well—Lil can try to live it down, forget she's an actress, and rely on the good old sure-fire methods of personality appeal. She has plenty of that, too.

Dagover is a rather amazing person. Rather small—slight—elfin—deep, unfathomable eyes—elegant nose—subtle mouth. Continental charmer—oh, yes; and more than slightly sirenshe. But she can't fool me. I know she's just a nice, good-natured girl. I met her soon after she landed. She'd been awakened in her suite on the Ile de France at seven o'clock that morning—called “Entrée!” expecting to see the stewardess; instead, in barged five strange men. Lil shrieked. They smiled—and began to set up cameras and fire questions. The ship-news boys, who climb in a cutter and meet the liners at Quarantine, to corner the celebrities before they can escape. How did Miss Dagover like America? they wanted to know. And from then on, Lil had no private life to speak of.

Later, at her hotel, more cameramen. “Let's have the back, Miss Dagover,” one of them suggested. Lil obligingly draped an ermine wrap she'd just unpacked around her famous figure, and the cameras caught glimpses of the Dagover shoulders, insured for a goodly sum. What an introduction to America! Is she complaining? No—she's flattered. If a little bewildered by it all. It seems we do this sort of publicity thing so well over here. Nothing like it in Europe. A celebrated actress over there has some home life. She isn't followed by photographers and pursued by reporters wherever she goes, and asked to turn handsprings before breakfast, unveil her shoulders at lunch, and talk over the radio for her dinner. But Lil is getting used to it. She likes it.

They expected to see a bored, tired, disillusioned prima donna—or a wildcat. Imagine their surprise.
Lil Dagover—Not Another Garbo!

to meet a charming, gracious, humorous lady who approved of her hotel rooms, liked the food, welcomed interviews, went to flower shows, press luncheons, and beamed "Wunderbar!"

She was born in Madoen, Java, Dutch East Indies. Her father was a German, her mother French. She has lived in Germany since she was six. Made her first dramatic appearance at the age of twelve in "Joan of Arc," and everybody was in tears—of mirth, she suspects. Signed her first film contract with no previous training. Combined screen with stage, scoring in Max Reinhardt's productions. She has played a wide range of roles. Her favorite part so far has been Catherine of Russia. She is often cast as a queen. But she can play waifs as well. She's an actress, I tell you.

Dagover's first picture in this country will be either "I Spy," from the novel of that title, by Baroness Carla Jessen; or "The Night Watch," from a play. It hasn't been decided as I write this. Her screen favorites are Garbo, Gish, Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, and the late Milton Sills. She met Dorothy Mackaill while Dorothy was doing Germany and likes her. Her first director in Hollywood will be William Dieterle, a fellow countryman who made "The Last Flight."

Lil's English is sebr gut, with only a slight accent. And this she can lose in a short time if her producers decide she should.

She left a home in Berlin, a country house, nine dogs, two cats, a little monkey, and an owl. The first thing she intends to do in Hollywood is to invest in a dog and a cat. She's five feet six, weighs 103 pounds, has green-brown eyes and dark brown hair, which she wears in a long bob—not Garbo-fashion, but off her ears. And—she's a vegetarian. You see, she likes vegetables.

She is married. "Do you think it is wise to admit it?" she asked. She had been told that to mention such a thing was old-fashioned. Her husband is George Witt, and, like Rudi Sieber, Dietrich's husband, he is a director. The Witts have a daughter, Eve Marie. She is ten years old and her mother believes she will be an actress some day. If Lil makes a success over here, she will doubtless send for Eve Marie—as Marlene sent for her little Maria.

Already one of her old German pictures has been revived, brushed up and presented as Dagover's first American appearance. Lil isn't so pleased—she says it's not a very good picture, so don't judge her by it. (And what, I wonder, will La Tashman, who has been Hollywood's one and only "Lil" for so long, do when the Dagover arrives to share the title?)

All in all, you had better preserve this piece about her. It will save Miss Vee Dee a lot of trouble later on. Because after her first film is released, you will want to know all about Lil Dagover. And you can't say I didn't warn you.

D. E.
We stared at Swanson then—we're still staring! Why?

Are the Stars Freaks?

Lilyan Tashman has Hollywood chattering about her new red and white beach house with its exotic furnishings.

Does the Admiration Lavished on the Stars Make Them Exhibitionists?

HOLLYWOOD is the home of the million dollar freaks. If the stars were not freaks, according to some scientists, they would not be stars.

Personality comes from an abnormal mind. A normal, ordinary person does not radiate that mysterious magnetism we call personality-plus. Genius does, and the same is true of some lunatics and imbeciles.

Many a freak is born to blush unseen. Not so with those children of Fate who crash the portals of the movie kingdom. A score of men will stop and stare fascinated at the village idiot while the learned professor sitting on his porch would get only a passing glance. A half-mad soap-box orator draws a bigger crowd out in the hot sun than a minister in his comfortable, peaceful church.

Just as the village idiot draws the crowds, so do the stars when they're on parade. The première of any picture in the film colony proves it. Thousands of persons forget their dinner and stand against the ropes outside a theatre for hours waiting to see the stars arrive, blurt out a "Hello everybody—wish you were here" at the mike and swish on into the packed auditorium where Lizzie Tish's latest epic of the screen, "Her Vows Asunder," will have its initial showing.

Hollywood is famous for the erratic behaviour of its stars. If they were not erratic they would probably be working in some obscure town—unseen and unknown.
Stars might be likened to the mysterious satchel carried by the stranger in the street. This is because the unusual rivets public attention as does anything uncertain and liable to explode in an unexpected way.

Are the stars freaks? Is genius as mad as some learned scientists, alienists and psycho-analysts would have us believe? (Continued on page 115)
Ann Harding—she has popularized the new kind of sophistication.

So you thought Ann was a Quaint, Old-fashioned Housewife Person! You've read what Ann herself calls "All that funny Victorian Gush that has been shovelled on me!"

Now Here's a Real Story! It gives you, for the first time, the Actual Ann Harding. Prepare for a Shock! But you'll Like It!
SOPHISTICATE!
The most flattering one-word description in today's lexicon. The complimentary adjective applicable only to the most charming, intelligent, up-to-the-minute young women. And a term which has taken on a new meaning with the advent of Ann Harding!
She has popularized the new kind of sophistication.
So, if you would be in the mode trend, you will cast aside yesterday's quaint, old-fashioned, dictionary idea and become a real sophisticate as we understand the definition now.
Recall how Webster was wont to define a sophisticate? "One who is artificial, deluding, involved, subtle, without directness, simplicity, or naturalness." What a far cry from today's conception! Words, you see, are changing as fast as the times.

In all Hollywood there is no more sophisticated woman than Ann Harding. Off-screen she is actually the most modern of all our stars. Her conversation sparkles with clever slang and keen observations; every moment with her is one of infinite possibilities. Never a dull one, for she insists upon being a real sophisticate, this season's style, the absolute opposite of everything Webster's antediluvians were.

It is amazing that so many writers have missed the essence of Ann Harding. They are so dazzled by the Hollywood phenomenon of her being married and living happily ever after that they portray her as a complacent, self-satisfied housewife type. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"I don't know why they do it!" Ann laughs. "Certainly I don't harp on the happy home theme. I give them all kinds of leads, but somehow every interview comes out in the same mold. All this funny Victorian gush has been shoveled on me!"

"My idea of a sophisticate is one who can take care of herself and one whose most passionate ambition is to live and let live. Be yourself! Be gay, lively, and daring, but use common sense! Don't waste your life pretending to be something you aren't. If people don't like you as is, well—what difference does it make in the end? You can find someone who does."

Crowd-resistance is the particular quality which, in my mind, marks Ann as the foremost of our young moderns. The old-fashioned sophisticate was a slave to the Parisian fashions, was lavish with make-up, did all sorts of extreme and crazy things and affected poses of an ultra nature to attract attention. The reaction in favor of sincerity has made the Harding characteristics today's vogue.

"I don't tread on anyone's toes," explains Ann, "and I don't crave to dictate the morals, manners, and
"A woman who says she cannot maintain her ideals and work in pictures or on the stage simply has no ideals to maintain! I've never had to park mine."

"I never was bothered by any monkey business, for I was concerned in selling only my ability as an actress. I let it be understood that if I wasn't liked in a purely professional way, I was ready to go back to punching a typewriter!"

"When Harry and I were married, we did not expect it to last—we said, 'This will probably bust up in a couple of years!' Permanence just crept in. By not expecting the impossible we have stumbled into a bit of personal paradise."

"When I began on the stage I used to go around to the casting offices as is. I don't care to tinker with nature, so I never bobbed or bleached my hair. Personally, I never liked short skirts, so I never wore them. As a result, I was more or less of a mystery, the strange exception to the rule of how an actress should look.

"I never was bothered by any monkey business, for I was concerned in selling only my ability as an actress. I let it be understood that if I wasn't liked in a purely professional way, I was ready to go back to punching a typewriter."

"When I came to Hollywood I was told that I'd have to be sensational, make a great splash if I..."
"I was married happily, and had my baby, when I entered pictures. What's more, I was prouder of that than anything else, and I saw no reason for hiding the fact. And nearly every fan letter I get sends love to my little girl!"

wanted to reach stardom. Well, gaudiness is against my nature. I preferred to be myself, and it worked! A woman who says she cannot maintain her ideals and work in pictures simply hasn't any to maintain. I've never had to park mine!"

Dashing about town in her new cream-colored roadster, or in her husband's new sedan, Ann is the personification of today's speed-loving woman. Because every other star of her importance has a chauffeur is no reason why she must follow suit. She and her husband want to run their cars and their sporty green airplane themselves.

"The good old laws of conduct get you the furthest. I was married, happily, and had a baby when I entered pictures. What's more, I was prouder of that than anything else, and I saw no reason for hiding the fact. And do you know that nearly every fan letter I get sends love to my little girl?"

"There have been millions of lines of bunk written about paying the price for a career. Every woman sets her own standards and there is no necessity for her to let them slide."

"I have no sense of morals. What is sin? Drinking and promiscuous love affairs? I suppose such actions would qualify. Well, if I felt like leading a wild life I would. But doing wrong just isn't fun for me because it's contrary to common sense! Leading a fast life automatically reacts against one. So why court obvious disaster? I belong to no established church. Heaven and Hell, in my way of reasoning, are just the morning after. I could never get any fun out of doing something which would make me sick or remorseful the next day!"

"Being sophisticated in the old-fashioned sense must have been a terrible bore," imagines Ann, the woman who cannot be dazzled by popular fads. For instance, she has her rings set in yellow gold rather than platinum. She likes yellow gold best, so why should she follow the crowd?

"It surely must have been a lot of needless trouble to strike a pose every time you stepped out of your house. You chose your story and then were stuck with it! There certainly wasn't anything exciting about such a life. But being a sophisticate today is to be alive, open-minded, free from tabus, unimpressed by conventions, governed by common sense. It's a glorious adventure!

"My secret for happiness is being content with one's lot. Not to wish for the moon, so that if you get a star you'll be surprised and appreciative. The things written about my marriage make it appear a dreadfully prosaic existence. But to be happy does not mean to be dull! It means, for us, the possession of a capacity for enjoyment.

"Every day of our married life is begun with the feeling that something exciting may happen. When we were married we did not expect it to last. We were lonely, both concerned with getting stage jobs in New York, and were swell friends. We still are! So we began by realizing that most marriages are not successful. Most lovers delude themselves into thinking they are different from every other couple, that their love was ever as wonderful as theirs. We assumed that we weren't any different from anyone else. Said, 'This will probably bust up in a couple of years.' Permanence just crept in. By not expecting the impossible we have stumbled into a bit of personal paradise.'"

Joan Crawford, one of Ann's best friends in Hollywood, paid a lovely tribute to the real sophisticate of the screen one day when she and I were talking.

"I cherish Ann's companionship more than (Continued on page 127)
Last living member of the nine flying daredevils who organized the "Squadron of Death" and for the past several years have given theatre-goers tremendous thrills in air pictures, Dick Grace is about to embark on what he terms the most dangerous stunt of his career. Dick was a civilian flyer for four years, spent two years overseas in the war service of Uncle Sam, and has since been a stunt flyer for eleven years, principally in and around Hollywood. He has had forty-one accidents, thirty-four of which were staged deliberately for the benefit of grinding motion picture cameras.

When Grace admits he is about to attempt his most dangerous stunt, he is making a remarkable statement!

This story is being written a few days before he commences work in "The Lost Squadron," an air epic in which he will attempt not one but three crack-ups. It is the last of the three, the ocean plunge, on which Hollywood is offering five-to-one odds Dick will join his eight dead brothers of the "Squadron of Death."

This stunt will be an airplane dive, straight down into the cold waters of the Pacific ocean. He will be traveling at the rate of one hundred miles an hour and will be strapped in the cockpit. The scene will be staged three miles offshore, where the water is two hundred feet deep. Don't overlook the fact that two hundred feet, straight down, is a terrific depth. It is not possible for an unprotected human body to sink half that far and exist. Should Grace fail to extricate himself from the wreckage before it reaches a depth of one hundred feet, his body, as it rises to the surface, will explode like a penny balloon inflated with too much air.

Is it any wonder Hollywood is wagering five to one Grace will not live to see this thrill flashed on a screen? "Motion picture producers demanded a new thrill," Grace said to me today (I can't help interposing that "today" because, like the majority, I do not think any man can do this new stunt and live). "After days of investigation, I decided that an airplane dive is the only
thing that hasn't been done yet."

The cameras will be stationed on a barge and Grace will fly directly at them. Just before he crashes into the boat, he will go into a Schandell dive, which is a half loop and zoom, and will plunge into the water within fifteen feet of the barge and at a speed of approximately one hundred miles an hour. He will have no landmark to guide his dive; he must guess accurately, and his only aid will be to fix imaginary lines running from the ends of the barge and strike the water at a point where these lines meet.

The entire stunt will take place in less than ten seconds and Grace will play a lone hand. There will be no rescue crew nearby to rush to the plane and pull him out; the ship will be two hundred feet under water. Dick must escape without air or die at the bottom of the Pacific ocean. In order to properly execute the stunt and live, he must remember to do all of the following things in ten seconds:

Ascertain exactly the spot for his dive.

Remove his flying goggles, which would be shattered by the impact and would blind him.

Maneuver his plane into crack-up position.

Pull the gas throttle back and cut down the motor.

Go into the dive, shut off the motor and take a half breath preparatory to plunging beneath the surface.

Dive full speed into the ocean, at the same instant draw his feet back in case the motor is knocked into the cockpit by concussion.

Release three straps that hold him in the plane. One strap will cross his knees, another his chest and the third will bind his shoulders.

Escape from the submerged plane and fight to the surface.

Unless Grace executes every one of these items within that ten second period, he is almost certain to die. Even if he does them, thereby almost miraculously saving his life, there are still many possible contingencies that would make the scene unavailable for use in the picture, making it necessary for Grace to go through the entire stunt all over again!

For instance, a strong wind current may sweep his plane offline, thus preventing him from hitting the water at the right spot. Or the dipping of the barge on the water may throw the battery of cameras out of range just at the wrong moment, wasting the entire action and necessitating a "retake."

So that Grace will have to rely not only upon his own consummate skill, but upon the kindly co-operation of the elements as well. And if that cooperation is not forthcoming, it will be necessary for him to perform the same stunt, and face the same risks, all over again!

Is it surprising that Hollywood is betting five to one Grace will never live through this stunt?

Every precaution will be taken to photograph the stunt without error. Thirty cameras will be trained on the scene and all will be motor-driven because in the past it has been proven that cameramen sometimes are hypnotized into inactivity and fail to crank on hazardous stunts.

As Grace plotted his every move in his terrific (Continued on page 99)
"Hold it!" says the cameraman (referring to the expression, not the nightie). Some of Jeanette's roles have been ever so Continental! Remember "The Love Parade"?

"How about getting married?" I asked Jeanette MacDonald casually one day.

"Thank you, gentle sir," she answered some fifteen minutes later, when she had stopped laughing, "but I am already bespoken to Robert Ritchie, my manager."

"That's what I mean," I hastened to explain. How about your getting married to Mr. Ritchie? Has the date—"

"Has the date been set? Ho, ho, has the date been set? My dear," caroled Jeanette, "Certainly it's been set—on an average of twice a week by the butcher, the baker, and the lighting fixtures manufacturer, not to mention the elevator boy, the plumber and the gardener. In fact, we've about decided to let everybody else do the date-setting, and one of these days we'll just go ahead and get married!"

Jeanette MacDonald's real name—you'd never guess—is Jeanette MacDonald. Intimate friends call her "Jeanette," while others call her just plain "Jeanette." As a matter of fact, there is quite as much English, Irish and Welsh as there is Scotch in her makeup, thus constituting her, as it were, a candidate for the title of "Miss United Kingdom." "Sometimes," she confided, "it seems as though the different nationalities in my background vie for the upper hand."

And after all, one thinks, contemplating her red-gold hair and sea-green eyes, vie not?

Well equipped in both departments, Jeanette MacDonald continues to demonstrate that she's very much alive.

By Mortimer Franklin

Nevertheless, there is an element of paradox in the way the career of this screen soprano, with her rather straight-laced heritage (to complete the picture she was born in Philadelphia) has shaped itself. For her most successful roles have generally been thought by her partisans—not excepting herself—to have been those that portrayed the gay, sophisticated and not at all straight-laced doings of high-born ladies in mythical European kingdoms. After frolicking her carefree and not always heavily clothed way through such comedies as these, Jeanette almost found herself denying that she was going to appear in a picture to be called, "Lingerie Longer, Letty!"

One of her fondest hopes is to be starred in "The Merry Widow"—a picture that would seem eminently suited to the MacDonald chassis and voice.

Just now Miss MacDonald is engaged upon a tour of Europe, making personal—well, reasonably personal—appearances in London, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin and other cities. Besides the usual reasons for making such a tour, Jeanette has a very special one. She has wanted for some time to confront both the authors and the audience of certain picturesque tales that have been circulating with her as their heroine on the other side of the water.

"Such as?" I prompted.

"Well, you know," she replied calmly, "I'm not really me at all. That is, I'm dead—committed suicide."

I moved away uneasily. So that was what some people meant when they spoke of the "haunting quality" of her acting!

"Shot yourself, eh?" I commented. Always best to humor a ghost.

"Well, come to think of it," she reflected, "I'm not quite certain whether I did it that way or just took a one-way hop to the bottom of some convenient river. Europe is just full of convenient rivers, you know. At any rate, I ended It All, whatever it (Continued on page 126)
The Lunts Go Cinema

Hollywood welcomes Broadway’s best bets, Alfred and Lynn. And so will you!

By Ada Patterson

The first time I saw her I was so struck by her charms that I fell downstairs!

Alfred Lunt formed the third point of a triangle at the table of their attractive home on East Thirty-sixth Street, New York. Rather far east, in beckoning distance of Long Island Sound, as is today’s fashion in Manhattan. It was not an ominous triangle, for I was the unappalling third point. He looked meditatively at a little woman with extraordinarily alive dark eyes. The most alive eyes I know. Usually there’s a smile in their middle distance. Always they glow with an unsleeping intelligence.

“You wore a long, gray cloak and a little gray hat. You seemed all eyes between the hat and the cloak.”

“Poof!” The smile in Lynn Fontanne’s eyes became mocking imps. “I have no recollection of the gray things. I seldom wear gray. It isn’t becoming. I’m glad you don’t hold me accountable for breaking your leg.”

“She’s spoofing,” said her tall, graver-eyed spouse.

“Anyway, we are quits, for I met him at a London crush years before, and he won’t remember it.”

“I saw her, slightly—once before I fell down the stage stairs at sight of her. She had a red nose and was playing a reluctant bride in ‘The Wooing of Eve.’ I thought she was a damned good actress but I had no yearning to see that sob sister again.”

“The time we met, which we have no trouble in recalling,” smiled Lynn, “was when I went up to him on the stage to talk of a bit of business in a scene we were to play together. It was in a stock company in Washington where we were trying out some plays. ‘Mr. Lunt,’ I said, ‘I am Lynn Fontanne.’ He was sitting with a lot of books in his lap. He got up and all the books fell with a crash. But before that I had heard him read some lines on the stage and asked who he was. I said, ‘He has the most beautiful speaking voice I ever heard.’ I still think so. That was at the Hudson Theatre in New York while we heard some plays being read that we were to try out in Washington. It was at the Hudson Theatre this person thinks I so disconcerted him that he fell downstairs.”

The man whom Cupid tripped held forth his tea cup for a second filling. His complacency unfurled; he smiled across the table at his Lady Disdain. “At all events we got on remarkably well, for three days after my tumble downstairs, sore shinned though I was, we were driving about the streets of Washington in the afternoon hearing each other’s rôle. It was the only time we had for we rehearsed (Continued on page 112)
F

OR twenty-five years Earl Tinker had devoted himself to making safety razors and blades. His picture was known throughout the world, but he, personally, had seldom been seen outside of Topeka, or New York, where his company had offices, and a few summer places where his wife had made him spend short vacations. He liked Topeka and the safety razor business. Nothing else mattered much, except Olivia, his daughter, who had reached twenty with a craving for romance and a much more pleasant disposition than her mother.

Tinker admitted she had inherited her good looks from her mother, but her pleasant temperament—well, that was distinctly a Tinker trait, although he said little about it around the palatial Tinker home. There were plenty of other things for Mrs. Tinker to argue about.

The twenty-fifth annual report of the Tinker Safety
Will in his New Rôle—a Gay Blade Cutting Up In Damascus. Read and Laugh!

"Say, you haven't seen my wife, have you?" Tinker asked Madame Momora. Her voice was soft and caressing as she answered: "But yes—and she seemed angry."

Intrigue—Excitement—Love—a Mysterious Lady—and Will Rogers at his Best

The manufacturing rights—anything, so long as he had it. He decided to go to Damascus, or wherever it was Damascus steel came from. He was a bit vague about it.

When he brought home the steamship literature on a Mediterranean cruise Mrs. Tinker perked up as though she had made a new social conquest in Topeka. Olivia wasn't so enthusiastic. She didn't want to leave her latest boy friend for three months.

Colored pictures of deserts and oases with palm trees, and romantic seaports with camels instead of flivvers parked at the corners stirred Mrs. Tinker's enthusiasm. The more she read, the better she liked the idea. The legend: "The S. S. Duumvir—Sail With Ease On Quiet Seas" settled the matter as far as she was concerned. Olivia did not have a vote.

Those "quiet seas" ended at Sandy Hook right after the pilot had been put overboard. The S. S. Duumvir sailed, but not with "ease." It rolled to the right, and then it rolled the other way. The bow went up and then it went down, and the stern did the same thing. It was a great sight from the deck, but most of the passengers didn't see it. They sprawled in their beds and bunks and groaned, and wondered why they had ever left firm land.

Tinker paid periodical visits to the stateroom of his wife and daughter and tried to be sympathetic. Usually
One of Tinker's suppressed desires since he had first peeked under a circus tent had been to ride a camel—a camel with draperies and attendants. He decided that he would do the town in style on a camel's back—a two-humped camel, at that. He might just as well have the best while he was at it.

He would have been a Sultan if he had been born in Turkey instead of Topeka!

The young playwright and Olivia, Tinker's pretty daughter, find romance on their own.

"Your husband is going to leave you," the Great Mystic told Mrs. Tinker. "I see a dark woman—a vampire!"

The leader cried, "Infidel, you are my prisoner!" "Is this a hold-up?" asked Tinker.
he found her wailing. "Oh, I'll die—I'll die—I will die!"

As usual, he didn't argue with her, but a young man in the next stateroom, in the same condition, wasn't so philosophic. He hoped she would, before he passed out. Fellow sufferers from this ailment have no sympathy for each other.

Each time Tinker came back he was more cheerful. They had passed the twelve-mile limit and the bartender was a good sailor. "Hello, honey," he called in the late afternoon, "how's baby?"

"Go away—go far away," replied Mrs. Tinker weakly.

He was mildly surprised. "Oh—excuse me, baby," he apologized.

"Don't call me baby!" she commanded, trying to rise on one elbow.

Tinker approached Olivia. "Ain't you feelin' any better?"

"You let Olivia alone," exploded Mrs. Tinker.

He became a bit annoyed. "Well, my glory—I only asked her how she felt. Can't I even ask her—"

Mrs. Tinker cut him short. "Where have you been all this time, anyway? Out looking the lady passengers over?"

The attack was short-lived. She sank back on her pillow.

"Oh, Earl, I'm so sick! This business trip of yours will be the death of all of us," Olivia craved silence. "Papa," she called, "will you please go out of here? Go wherever you want to, just so you go. Go and get seasick." Tinker grinned. He became boastful. "Who, me? Say, you got to wish worse than that on me before you get me down. I feel like a two-year-old."

Olivia turned her back toward him. A loud pounding on the wall from the adjoining stateroom interrupted.

"Must be that young feller, Ogle, next door," he commented. "I'll see what he wants."

He grabbed a small bottle from a dresser and went out. He strolled into Ogle's stateroom without knocking.

"This stuff may help you," he suggested, holding out the bottle sympathetically to Ogle. Ogle was too surprised to speak. Anyway, he didn't feel like speaking, but Tinker didn't mind. He had not expected him to be cheerful.

"Tinker's the name," he continued cheerfully. "'Tinker Tempered Blades Make Good Tempered Shavers.'"

"Oh, they do, do they!" said Ogle grimly.

Tinker decided his popularity with seasick passengers had reached the zero point. He was mildly apologetic as he continued: "I heard you rap on the wall and figured you might want something. Anything I can do for you? Just speak up!"

"No!"

"You'll get over it."

At that moment Ogle hoped he wouldn't. He paid no attention as Tinker closed the door behind him.

In the dining salon that evening Tinker gazed around at the empty chairs and was lonesome.

Things brightened the next day, however. The sea was calmer. Passengers began to come on deck. Tinker found somebody besides the bartender to talk to in the smoking room. It was a big help. In fact, companionship was such a big help that he organized a quartet. All four of the singers liked the music. There was no applause from others in the smoking room.

Ogle and a young friend named Jones were distinctly annoyed. It interrupted their discussion of Ogle's new play, "The Pastoral Scene," which Ogle had just described as a "colossal success," meaning that it had run two weeks.

"Surprising, isn't it?" remarked Ogle. "When I wrote it I never dreamed it would be popular. It proves there is a sophisticated and intelligent public for the better type of thing."

Jones was a bit envious. "You'll probably sell it to the movies for a fortune."

"The movies?" Ogle was disdainful. "Please—don't even mention 'The Pastoral Scene' in the same breath with the movies."

Jones didn't—that is, not (Continued on page 104)
**AFTER SUCCESS—WHAT?**

How's the View from the Top?

By Alma Whitaker

ONE of the embarrassments of arriving at the top is that there is nowhere to go but down! The journey upward is fraught with adventure, anxiety, hopes, fears, struggles. The first $5,000 fur coat, the first $10,000 car, the first $100,000 house, the rise from no help at all to retinues of bootlicking servants, the name spread in grand electric signs, one's smallest deed or action recorded as front page news, the plaudits of the populace—these all have a triumphant glamour.

But when stars have achieved all this, fate has a curious trick of complicating the situation, of halting progress, of bringing them to a dead end. Where can they go from there? For just how long can they go on making better and finer pictures, gilding the lily, refining the gold?

While fame and glory are at their height, no star can ever believe it must end. The mere thought of retirement makes them shiver. Yet the life at the top, under the most favorable circumstances, in this picture game seems to be five years. Often it's much shorter.

Mary Pickford has enjoyed longer fame and public affection than most can boast. Yet Mary isn't at all sure where she can go from here.

"I shall always want to have something to do with pictures, even if I don't act in them. The production end, perhaps. I don't know."

But Mary is still thinking in terms of acting, in terms of stardom. She cannot really bring her mind down to deciding just what she will do with her life when her starring days have ceased. Mary is as independent as any one can hope to be in this game. She could make a million dollar picture tomorrow if she wanted to. But she knows it must be a better and more remarkable picture than

*What about Gloria Swanson?*

She says: "I simply cannot envision myself a gray-haired grandmother."

*(Neither can we, Gloria!)* "I should die if I were inactive. I must make all the pictures I can now, before it's too late."
ever before. It won't do just to equal past achievements. She must surpass them or start on the downward trail, professionally speaking.

Norma Talmadge used to talk of the stage. She felt that she could travel onward and upward from pictures via the legitimate theatre. So far it hasn't worked out like that. Norma held her place at the top a long time, but now—where, how does one proceed now? All paths, any paths, seem to lead down the other side of the mountain.

Gloria Swanson is in the same pickle. Gloria knows that pictures of the same caliber that won her success won't do now. They must be better, more brilliant pictures. Those she has appeared in lately did not quite make that improved grade. What was the matter with them? They were quite as good as many of the pictures upon which Gloria rose to glory. But much is demanded of those at the top. So Gloria toys with the idea of a villa in France and maybe making one picture a year.

"But I simply cannot envision myself a gray-haired grandmother," she sighs, "I should die if I were inactive. I must make all the pictures I can now, before it's too late."

So then there's the hunt for bigger and better stories, which seem strangely coy. And it's a dire calamity when a picture is merely so-so. If it isn't a wow it's a failure as far as those at the top are concerned.

Colleen Moore, caught on a tired day, a couple of years ago, said she'd love to retire. She wanted to see the world. She had dozens of jolly things mapped out to do with her John. But her John failed her, things went wrong, and now Colleen cannot quite keep pictures out of her mind. But she dare not return to the screen in anything inferior. The top, the top—such a difficult place to proceed from.

Of course, the intelligent thing is to retire in a blaze of glory at the peak of fame. But the stars never can believe they have reached that top from which no further heights can be achieved. Look at Mae Murray, reasonably happily married in spite of the recent "lovers' quarrel" with her Prince David. She has a dear baby, ample means, a pleasant position to bask in—yet Mae wants of all things to continue her career, is willing to quarrel with her husband about it, is even willing to stoop to lesser roles in order, as she believes, to make new conquests.

It's so infinitely harder for the beauties. It takes a

(Continued on page 121)
Why hasn't pretty Peggy Shannon a boy friend? Answer: she hasn't had time. But wait!

The most incredible girl in Hollywood!

She has been in town three months, risen to fame in three pictures, and has more screen work scheduled for the immediate future, and yet—you don't have to believe it, but it's true—she has no boy friend, hasn't been to a single party, and lives all alone in a big apartment house.

This hermit-like existence goes even farther: she hasn't been to a picture show or any kind of a show, hasn't played bridge, backgammon, or even worked a crossword puzzle.

To increase the mystery, she's exceptionally pretty, with full, red, kissable lips, long red hair and blue eyes that sparkle with fun, betokening a gay, vivacious temperament. In short, the type of girl who likes to play.

That's Peggy Shannon, Paramount's latest discovery, who has Hollywood studios, New York offices, and many fans all hot and bothered about her personality.

Then why this strange mode of living? Doesn't Peggy like people, or what? Well, you see, it's like this, as Peggy explained it to me. It's a long story, but an interesting one, so here goes.

The little Irish red-head was playing in stock in Brooklyn (through the tunnel or over the bridge from New York) when somebody offered her a dramatic part on

Peggy—three times! Top, today; right, her first close-up; above, not so long ago.

Broadway. She rehearsed three weeks and the show ran two weeks, whereupon she looked for work again—and got it.

Whereupon she rehearsed for three weeks and the show ran two weeks. Repeat this fifteen times over a period of two years and you have a situation that would have discouraged anyone else.

The shows were failures without exception. But was Peggy? Say, how do you suppose she managed to get fifteen chances in such a short time? The girl was good. And Broadway producers see all shows before they fold up and steal away into oblivion. They liked her work and so she was offered parts and succeeded, through the sheer intensity of her emotions, in building up a name for herself in New York theatrical circles. It takes a successful play to put over a player and Peggy didn't happen to pull a winner out of the box.

She wasn't starred anyway. She was either the ingenue or the leading woman and sometimes the other woman.

Along about flop number fifteen, Paramount decided to enlarge its stock company, so a lot of the promising material on Broadway came in for screen tests. One of them was Peggy Shannon. Now when the officials saw that test they didn't leap into the air in ecstasy and proclaim a new star on the horizon or anything like that.

But they did recognize talent. (Continued on page 117)
"It's the thrill of a Phife-time," grins Sally Eilers, as Hal Phife prepares to enshrine her in his collection of Hollywood portraits.

A Camera Artist's Album

Hal Phife was a famous portrait photographer in New York, but even New York didn't offer sufficient beauty or distinction to try his talents. So off he went to Hollywood—and this remarkable collection of character studies is the result. Note the masterly use of light and shadow, the delicate shadings of expression, the living quality of these portraits—proofs that photography, in the hands of a true expert, can attain to the dignity of a genuine art. Study these pictures—and enjoy camera portraiture at its best!
Una Merkel
Edmund Lowe.
A TINY, flexible circle of diamonds—
A gorgeous and glamorous bride—
A handsome and dashing benefit—
"Meet the wife!" Helen Twelvetrees-Woody!

Not so many seasons past—as debs go—Helen Jurgens of Brooklyn, New York, was attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and in the throes of her muse, youth and romance, up and married a co-student—Clark Twelvetrees, whose ambition was acting—and whose vehement occupation was love!

Three years later, in Hollywood, Helen Twelvetrees, beautiful, talented motion picture star, having secured a divorce, slips away and ever so quietly (too quietly for the avid press) marries Jack Woody, wealthy realtor, gay, gifted and genuine.

Did you ask why Helen Twelvetrees married a businessman man?

Because, as she quite simply will tell you, "Jack happened to be a businessman man!" Helen would have married Jack had he been a scene shifter, a stoker—or—my dear, an actor!

But Jack, somehow, for all his being the image of Chevalier, couldn't have been anything else but a businessman man. He, in the early thirties, has all the stability of the Rock of Gibraltar and the constancy of a postage stamp!

There is a security about him, a firm, wholesome appeal that is the complement to a personality as fragile and ethereal as Helen's little heart-shaped face. Small wonder, then, that after a career as tempestuous as her own, with the broken remains of a girlhood romance, she should find requited love and the fulfillment of a secret longing with affable Jack Woody.

To understand Helen as she is, and not as she seems, we must do a flashback to a prologue.

A little golden-haired youngster attending the Brooklyn Heights Seminary nourished a fond dream. Not long after, she was attending the Art Students League and realizing her young hopes. Her beauty, however, found her more and more becoming the artist's model, and indeed it was Mr. Crandall, for whom she posed, who was instrumental in securing a connection for her with the Stuart Walker Stock Company. This apprenticeship she considers the most valuable of her career, and it was as the result of her tireless efforts in stock that she obtained important roles in "An American Tragedy," "Yen," "Roulette," "Broadway," "Elmer Gantry" and other New York productions.

Early in 1929 she was brought to Hollywood by Fox to play the feminine lead in "The Ghost Talks." At that trying time when dialogue was injected into the films, Helen, who had the then rare advantage of a perfect articulate, was cast in a role requiring a lisp. She groans at the recollection of fulfilling her part—not wisely, but indeed, "too well." For her, "The Ghost Lipped"—and it became a real ghost, one that turned up frequently and unexpectedly—for Hollywood, en masse, believed the impediment to be real! Poor Helen—it was only later, in her spontaneous successes, which, you will recall, were "Her Man," "Millie" and "A Woman of Experience," that this ghost was laid

Doctor, lawyer, Indian, bootlegger—Helen would have none of them. She chose a businessman man because—well, read the story!
Smacks and Tortures are Her Stock in Trade!

Sylvia at work! The "victim" is pretty little Constance Cummings, who owes her present perfect proportions to Sylvia's treatments. She pounds 'em—and the pounds roll off! She insults them—and they love it!

SHE INSULTS the STARS

About Sylvia, Hollywood's Beloved Villainess

By Gene Levant

A PACKAGE of especially devastating dynamite! That's your first impression of Sylvia Ulbeck, the only person in moviedom who consistently dares to say "No," and lives on to worry about income tax. Seeing her at work—conscientiously maltreating both screen stars and directors alike, putting them through worse tortures than those of the Spanish Inquisition, and making them like it—you are certain about the dynamite.

For Sylvia, be it known, is filmland's famous masseuse. Tiny and blonde, but with a heart and personality more colossal than that of an Amazon, Little Sylvia, as Hollywood affectionately calls her, thrives on the imperfections of the "perfect."

Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Brenon, Ina Claire, Constance Bennett or Douglas Fairbanks, they are all the same to her, although she admits that some yell louder than others when she smacks and pounds them. But the louder they yell the louder she cusses them. And that, too, they seem to like, because while Sylvia's particular brand of cussing is vitriolic in its intensity, it is amusing and delightful instead of offensive. Uttered with her inimitable Norwegian accent, her curses became blessings, musical and soothing.

"They're a bunch of very foolish, spoiled children," she said, "these people who come to me to remove fat and to stimulate their flesh. They think I'm a thousand devils when I start to work on them, and I do feel vicious when I see how some of them have let themselves run down.

"I don't 'yes' them, or hand them any banana oil about how good they are. They come to me with drooping shoulders and a sloppy manner of walking. I know what's wrong with them before they say a
word. I say, "What th' hell! You look terrible! Pull up those shoulders and pull in your stomach! Turn in your toes! They love it."

Only one other person dared in Hollywood to say invariably exactly what she thought, irrespective of where the chips might fall. That was Texas Guinan, long since returned to her beloved Broadway. In fact, Sylvia reminds one a lot of the Guinan. It is easy to imagine the little mas- suse opening the door to Mary Pickford or Ruth Chatterton and saying, "Come in, Sucker, and take a load off your feet."

Proof of her similarity can easily be seen in the vast array of photographs that cover every inch of wall space in her work rooms, all of them endearingly autographed by the male and female great of the land. Her private 'phone rings almost continuously. Because, when Hollywood looks in the mirror and sees its figure going rapidly all wrong, it doesn't cry and moan—it phones Sylvia. Never is there a waiting list of less than twenty-five, and many of them come from far more distant points than Beverley Hills or Malibu Beach.

Almost as much fan mail arrives for Sylvia as though she were a picture star, herself. These letters come from every point of the compass. A recent one from a lady of Jerusalem announces her intention of coming to Hollywood for Sylvia's treatments. Another is even now on her way from Shanghai, after cabling Sylvia for an appointment.

"I don't swear at and insult people just to be smart and daring," she explained. "These stars have never heard anything but praise and soft soap, and they need someone like me to startle them out of their complacency and their smugness."

Speaking of Sylvia, Mrs. Jeritza once said: "She has such damned disregard for people's feelings, and yet her insults are really intended for the good of the persons involved."

"I'm never impressed with anyone," Sylvia declared, "no matter how big they are. After all, when they are stripped, there's little difference between Bessie Smith, of Keokuk, and Joan Crawford, of Hollywood. Afterwards, when I've had time to glimpse their minds and to know their real inner selves, then I may be impressed—if there is anything there worth being impressed with."

"I love Carmel Meyers, and if there was ever one whom I insulted, it was she. The girl realized I was only trying to tear down her false self and bring out the real. I feel I've accomplished that. She has a mighty fine and sweet character. Both she and her husband are among my best friends, and I was so happy to see Carmel do such outstanding work in John Barrymore's latest picture, 'The Mad Genius.' She's got it in her, that girl has."

Gloria Swanson is another whom Sylvia admires.

"There's something genuinely royal about Gloria—no masks, because she needs none. Recently I required some pieces of inexpensive costume jewelry, and I happened to call on Gloria one evening to loan me some. She said, 'Darling, I haven't a thing like that. But if you can use my real jewels you're more than welcome to take them along.'"

Incidentally, it is just another of her surprising habits that she does take things along home with her whenever she goes visiting. In this she is apparently well honored, for her home bears witness to the many nicknacks she has first admired in some star's home.

(Continued on page 119)
FIRST interviews, like one's first love—(if one has had a first love)—or first car or dance or snort of champagne, linger most vividly in the mind. My first interview called for Lila Lee, who, incidentally, was also my first screen crush. Most unexpectedly I had received a wire assigning me to do a "story on Lee," and before you could whack a golf ball—if one ever does whack the pesky things—I was comfortably squatting in Lila's Spanish apartment, peering, dreamily as a star-struck college boy, at my subject who was stretched languorously on a couch in front of a roaring log fire. The soft pulsating throb of an organ flooded the room.

"I do so love organ music in the early evening," Lila murmured off-handishly. "Gosh!" thought I, trying to figure out a question to ask her. "This is swell!" And I tinkled the ice in my glass. Suddenly the music stopped. Lila looked startled, a bit displeased; and when I begged her to have it turned on again, she averred that for the moment we might let it rest—however, "perhaps, later on—"

Presently the music recommenced, and again Lila seemed startled, but this time pleased. And for the better part of two hours the organ played its mysterious tricks. Now it so happens that organ music is one of my weaknesses, and when added to Lee, it resulted in my writing such a saccharine rave about her that she's still embarrassed.

Just the other day when I told Lila that I thought it high time I gave her
Interviews

They sleep, they fly, they cook, they cry, while the villain still interviews 'em!

another story, she cried: "Oh, put-lease! Don't! At least not until I live down the first one!"

Weeks later I discovered that the organ had wafted its way through the wall from the apartment next door!

I weep to relate that such interviews are few and far between. Indeed, out of some hundred and fifty sessions, I can recall but a dozen or so which in any way suggested the unconventional or were in themselves so extraordinary as to be remembered as highly diverting moments of my life—but you may bet your last wife that this handful shall never be forgotten!

To go back to Lila Lee—and who wouldn't?—I chased her all the way up to the High Sierras in order to catch her for a rush story. The company worked all day on location in the mountains; with the evening we dropped down to the desert at Lone Pine. Seeking a late and entertaining supper a few of us dashed thirty miles to a Mexican inn, secluded in the vastness of the desert; and after supper Lila and I walked out of the place better to take up the subject of her love-life—a delightful setting for that sort of thing!

What with our being completely surrounded by snow-capped mountains, moon-flooded and dazzling, and over-awed by millions of hanging stars. Indeed, I was just on the point of completing one of my most successful interviews when Sidney Blackmer came a-prowling out of the inn. Wouldn't he pop into the picture at a time like that?

With exaggerated melodrama Lila cried: "Ah-h-h-h, my romantic knight!" and hurled her arms around the startled Blackmer's neck. For a moment our hero hesitated, and then, evidently reflecting that Lenore Ulric was out on the coast, he emitted a prodigious yawn, whereupon the astonished Lila went screaming across the desert. "He yawned!" she howled. "He actually yawned!" Which goes to prove that even interviews (Continued on page 97)
Six Best Pictures of the Month:
BAD GIRL
STREET SCENE
BOUGHT
TRANSATLANTIC
THIS MODERN AGE
THE LAST FLIGHT

Turn to page 95 for casts of current films:

A human picture of everyday lovers is "Bad Girl," with Sally Eilers and James Dunn.


Playing mother and daughter in "This Modern Age," Pauline Frederick and Joan Crawford score.

Bad Girl
Fox

Once again a bad girl makes a good picture. But of course the little girl of this opus isn't bad at all. She's an every-day girl with human tendencies which used to be frowned down when they cropped up on the screen. But we're advancing, thank you, and now the movies may reflect life-as-it-is without leaving most of the plot behind on the censor's floor. Frank Borzage has directed Vina Delmar's version of her own best-selling novel with all of the best Borzage feeling. Here's a director who knows how to make his characters divinely human and natural, never picture puppets. And the progress of the tender little tale—just a story of an average girl and her girl through mating and mother-and-fatherhood—is unexpectedly interesting and even dramatic. Women will have the cry of their lives and will adore James Dunn, the new Fox find. Sally Eilers is altogether appealing. A triumph for truth and also for the box-office.

Bought
Warner Brothers

Constance Bennett's very best picture. And it's such a good picture I can almost imagine it without the Bennett in the leading rôle—almost, mind you, but not quite! You must have read the fiction version in October SCREENLAND, so we won't go into the story. You'll like Connie's Stephehney Dale, you'll be concerned with her moral and material progress, and you'll cheer when the little girl ditches the dross and devotes herself to the finer things, particularly Ben Lyon, in a very good performance. Have you discovered Ray Milland? An earthy Novarro—and the only new boy I've ever noted who treats the million dollar heroine more like a woman than a star. When Ray grabs Connie you feel he means it and she had better watch out. Here I go on record predicting stardom for Milland if the producers give him his head—and he keeps it.

This Modern Age
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"Stella Dallas" with a "Dancing Daughter"! Only, of course, much more modern—and dazzling—and daring. "Stella" in modern clothes and Joan in a knockout rôle—a combination spelling box-office. Miss Crawford, as the daughter of a dashing divorcée played by Pauline Frederick, has never looked so stunning or performed so appealingly. The girl she plays is a good sport whose devotion to her mother transcends her love for Neil Hamilton. But—surprise, surprise—you find a way. This flippancy is simply an attempt to conceal my emotions, played upon by those very touching mother-daughter scenes. They are genuinely moving, thanks mainly to Miss Frederick's fine sincerity. What a magnificent actress she is! You'll like Joan more than ever. Neil Hamilton seems to be the leading man in every other picture I see these days, but I still like him. Monroe Owsley is good, too. And he almost gets the girl this time.
Screenland's Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

Street Scene
United Artists

The biggest thrill on the screens right now. This vital film is as throbbing and sordid and tender and mean and funny and tense and terrible as the actual life of the city side-streets it portraits. Elmer Rice wrote a fine play and adaptation. King Vidor, who is a director of motion pictures, has caught the drama in celluloid—giving it new sweep and power in terms of screen technique, but always preserving the spirit of the play. No movie plot, this. Just people—pitiful, striving people: a little office girl; her handsome mother, her jealous father, and the tragedy that engulfs them. Sylvia Sydney plays the girl beautifully. William Collier, Jr., is splendid as an adoring boy. But the surprise is Estelle Taylor. You know her as a beauty, a vivid personality. Here, in a mother rôle—looking much too young for it, too—she is a figure of dignity and power and considerable pathos. "Street Scene" is the real thing. Don't fail to see it.

Transatlantic
Fox

If you didn't get to Europe this year, ho-hum, the next best thing is to see "Transatlantic." All of the excitement of an ocean voyage and none of the—er—inconveniences. Besides, you can't cross on a liner like this one again. There's only one, and it's out on the Fox lot in Hollywood, and you can't get any service on it now. Eddie Lowe is working in another picture by this time, and Greta Nissen isn't around either. And Eddie and Greta were two of the best reasons for booking passage. The most lavish of liners is the luxurious setting for the melodrama concerning a charming crook, a pretty lady, a nice girl and her father, a neglected wife and a philandering husband—all the best people. Never a dull moment from bar to boudoir, from smoke-room to swimming pool. William K. Howard has done a most imaginative job, not only with camera angles but with characterization. You'll like Lowe, Nissen—and Myrna Loy.

The Last Flight
First National

Don't run—this is no war epic. It's more than that. It's the grave-gay and intimate account of the after effects of the war on four aviators whose lives were practically wrecked with their planes. Richard Barthelmess, smart boy, has surrounded himself with a cast of some of the handsomest and ablest actors in pictures. Yes, I said "smart"—Dick thrives on competition; besides, he prefers a balanced box-office hit to a series of cold close-ups. John Mack Brown, David Manners, Elliott Nugent, and Walter Byron are the "I-don't-give-a-care" boys, to whom life is just one long Martini. They meet Helen Chandler and adopt her, and you'll enjoy their adventures. Not all fun—there's a smash climax. John Brown has the best time in a boisterous rôle. You won't forget funny, wistful little Helen Chandler in a hurry. The story is by John Monk Saunders, Fay Wray's husband.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

James Dunn in "Bad Girl"
Sally Eilers in "Bad Girl"
Clive Brook in "Silence"
Sylvia Sidney in "Street Scene"
Estelle Taylor in "Street Scene"
Mae Clarke in "Waterloo Bridge"
William Collier, Jr., in "Street Scene"
John Mack Brown in "The Last Flight"
Joan Crawford in "This Modern Age"
Pauline Frederick in "This Modern Age"
They called it **Vamping**!

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, it was apparently enough for a determined siren to recline on a tiger rug amid incense burners. Her victim succumbed with scarcely a struggle.

Vamps with their surrounding scenery would garner little but loud laughter off the screen as well as on today—but don't be misled into thinking that women don't get their men in 1931.

They're just a bit more subtle.

"We tell our right names now," confided Carmel Myers, who once lolled about with a rose in her teeth. "The modern woman assumes an air of frankness that completely disarms a man; he is taken off guard and—sunk."

It's clever indifference that's fatal, according to Lilyan Tashman. Gay indifference, added to smart clothes, smart conversation and good sportsmanship is the formula for trapping the modern man.

"I believe that trying too hard to please is the most important mistake made by girls who would win love," declared Wynne Gibson.

"Conceal your efforts to capture your man. Mix your campaign with plenty of laughter, because men like gaiety."

To all of which Ruth Chatterton objects. She gets her screen lovers with sincerity. She shows admiration for the man, because men react to approval and admiration more readily than they do to beauty and aloofness. And she thinks this method should work just as well off the screen.

Greta Garbo's appeal is mystery. No man can be sure of her. She makes each one feel that he is but one more moment in a life already full of moments. She is colorful, wistful, sophisticated yet strangely naive at times.

Still, if we go in for her methods, how far will we get?

Joan Crawford believes that it is the spirit of youth and adventure that sweeps her screen lovers off their well-shod feet. She is the modern girl, afraid of nothing, frank to admit her desires to the man of her heart.

The charm of the sophisticate is Norma Shearer's best weapon. She makes her man feel that she is bestowing a great favor upon him; she touches his vanity. She has a little way of making all men want to protect her from every male except himself.

"I've always played understanding women roles, and while I've never married I sometimes think that is my type," confessed Lois Wilson.

"I am essentially the mother type, and..."
Where are the vamps of yesteryear? Meet the new variety, 1931-32 models

By

Ruth Tildesley

men tell me their troubles in pictures and out of pictures. Understanding and forgiving men seems to work very well—on the screen!

Little Sidney Fox has so far gotten on by aggravating men on the screen. She usually shocks men into wanting to take care of her, or wanting to shake her. Either way seems to work, she observed, although maybe it’s just that she is terribly, terribly feminine and—men like that!

Genevieve Tobin refuses to tell how she manages off the screen, but on it she resorts to sweet sympathy. The poor male is being abused—usually by a wife—and Genevieve becomes his staunch ally, smooths his path, feeds him, plays with him and—gets him!

"The exaggerated wiggling and exotic props used by old time vamps are out because our sense of humor couldn’t stand them," explained Lily Damita. "The hey-hey stuff is also out because we’ve grown more sophisticated, and the gentlemen have overcome any wild desire they may have had to smother a tornado.

"Our modern ideas seem to have resulted in bridging the gap that once existed between heroines and vamps. Now I play sympathetic roles in spite of doing things in them that would have put me beyond the pale in early days."

"Be different!" is the motto emblazoned on Fifi Dorsay’s shield.

Fifi wears her hair in individual style; never fails to add some slight but unusual touch to any costume, whether on the screen or off.

"Then there’s another trick," pronounced Fifi, gayly.

"I ‘copper’ the mood of the other women when I’m at a party. If most of them are hey-heying it, I become silent and mysterious. How I can become mysterious! If the other women are quiet and stand-offish, I warm up and pep—oh, very hot!

"There I have attracted the interest. But now to hold it:

"Show your great interest in the man. If he wants to talk about himself, let him, and don’t interrupt with stories of what you did and how you acted when something like that happened to you. If he has troubles—or thinks he has them—sympathize. Make him believe that when he is near, no one else exists for you. Don’t be peeking about the room to see if people are looking at you or if so-and-so has come yet.

"Oh, yes, it’s all the same on the screen! I am me there, too!"

George Arliss chose June Collyer from all the regulation sirens in Hollywood to play the part of Mrs. Reynolds, the Colonial Circe in “Alexander Hamilton.”

The truly dangerous women, Mr. Arliss let it be known, is not the old-fashioned siren who pawed her man down. It is the woman of innate charm, poise, discernment, refinement. She can (Continued on page 101)
Dorothy Dix, blonde and little, was chosen by C. C. Burr, the producer who also picked Norma Shearer, Dorothy Mackaill, and Billie Dove. Dot is not related to the heart-throb expert of the same name, though she has been known to cause cardiac congestion!

Ray Cooke, red hair, freckles, and all, rode triumphantly into the talkies—on an ice cream wagon! Now he is the new "Torchy" in a series of comedy shorts. Remember Johnny Hines in the silent series? When you get to know Ray you'll be calling him "Cookie."

Ray for Dorothy—
and Vice Versa!

Just because Nature endowed him with a fiery topknot that makes him stand out like a lighthouse in a fog, Ray Cooke decided that he ought to run true to form and seek the adventurous life. So, by the time he was twenty-one, he had managed to get mixed up in a flood in his native town of San Antonio, sail to South America and the Orient as a cabin boy, help cap one of the biggest oil gushers on the Pacific Coast, and land in Hollywood to cast a wistful eye on the studios.

Then, Ray (a "Victor" comes in front of it, but it doesn't seem to fit) sat down to think, and he hit upon a little scheme. The next time an ice-cream wagon hove to outside the RKO studio, he hopped on the running board and made a noise like a delivery man. The gate-man, never questioning, let him ride triumphantly through; and once inside the studio, Ray did a painfully realistic comedy act when a sudden start of the truck sent him sprawling. So he was hired as a bit player.

Thereafter Cooke played small parts in several pictures, including "True to the Navy" and "Love in the Rough." Then, during a protracted lull that made him seriously consider hitting the trail again, along came C. C. Burr, producer of the "Torchy" comedies dealing with the adventures of a red-headed office boy, in search of a hero for a new series. After one good look at "Cookie," he bore him, neither kicking nor screaming, to his office to sign a contract.

A pretty stiff penalty for having red hair and freckles. And does Ray Cooke like ice cream!

Introducing two nice new kids who will play opposite each other in the talkie "Torchy" comedies

Little Dorothy Dix, unlike her eminent namesake of the newspaper columns, is not an authority on heart-throbs, though more than one stricken youth has been known to take his problems hopefully to her. In fact, this particular Dorothy thought it would be nice to become a lawyer and have a career and everything; and she was all primed for a course of legal studies after having been graduated from Hollywood High School.

Imagine, then, what voltage her charm must possess when even in Hollywood, where lovely women are about as rare as coals in Newcastle, she was brought to the attention of the directors through Henry Clive, famous portrait painter, who insisted on including her in his gallery of Hollywood beauties.

After that, Dorothy and the movies simply couldn't resist each other. She was given a bit by Hal Roach in one of his comedies, and after doing well in that, played leads in several Roach and Christie pictures. A successful stage interlude led to more picture roles.

Then Producer C. C. Burr conducted his nation-wide contest for a leading lady for the "Torchy" comedies. Dorothy Dix entered, and Dorothy Dix won.

Newcomers playing feminine leads under Mr. Burr have fared so happily in the past that Miss Dix's engagement for the "Torchy" pictures would seem almost to amount to a guarantee of future success. Some other girls who made their first appearances in these comedies, and whom you may have heard of since, are Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Jacqueline Logan, Norma Shearer.
A Hula Party
in Hollywood

And other gay doings of the smart screen set. You're invited—come along!

DOROTHY MACKAILL is getting the Hawaiian disorder, too," remarked Patsy.
"What do you mean—'Hawaiian disorder'—and why 'too'?' I inquired.
"Well, everybody who goes over there seems to want to rush right back to the place when he or she, especially she, gets home to Hollywood."
We were on our way over to the home of Leonard Silman, actor and dancer, who was giving a party in honor of Dorothy, who had returned from her beloved Honolulu.
"I wonder," mused Patsy, "if it could be a beau over there that is luring Dorothy. But I don't think so. She has all the baubles she can wish right here, and she is denying she was engaged to anybody over there. I suppose it must be the native music or the moonlight on the water at Waikiki or something that makes one feel romantic. Dorothy is very practical and very much devoted to her mother, and I think she's only playing at being in love, these days."
By the time Patsy had answered her own questions, we were at Leonard's door, and were saying hello to Dorothy and our host.
"There just isn't," said Dorothy, "any place like Honolulu!"
"Don't let our Chamber of Commerce hear you say that," Sylvia Sidney said, "the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is very jealous!"
Sylvia is becoming a good little Hollywoodite.
The party was an afternoon affair, and all the girls were looking sweet in summer sports suits and afternoon frocks.
Then Leonard got us quite excited—he said that Dorothy had learned to dance the hula and would do it for us this afternoon. And she would sing a native song or two, also, only, of course, with the native words—you simply mustn't translate those words—they are so naïvely naughty.
Presently she did dance the hula, with Leonard dancing, too, and then Leonard dug out a ukulele and Dorothy sang in a very pleasant voice.

And from the way Dorothy sang, you didn't have to understand the words to get the idea.
But that was later. In the meantime we greeted many guests.
Ramon Novarro was among those present, and there were Laura La Plante, John Murray Anderson, Edgar Allan Woolf, Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Carmel Myers, Helen Johnson—whose name was just being changed to Judith Wood, goodness knows why—Leni Stengel, Kent Douglass, Gavin Gordon, John Farrow, John Negulesco, the noted portrait painter, who has recently painted Greta Garbo to everybody's delight; Boris Ingster, Leni Stengel's husband; Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, the Sisters G., June Silman, Viola Brothers Shore, the writer; Count Ledebov, who looks so much like Gary Cooper that he is always being kidded about it; and (Cont'd on page 122)

Dorothy Mackaill learned to dance the hula in Honolulu—and she obliged with her own version at a Hawaiian party given in her honor. What's more, she sang Hawaiian songs.

By Grace Kingsley
"TELL us a story!"

Ever since the world began children have begged for stories. But aren't we all children?

How we love a good story! And no story is so fascinating as your own. What would you give to look ahead and see how it is going to turn out?

The mind is fairly tortured with curiosity about the future. This human passion for piercing the yet-to-be is making sooth-sayers, astrologers, and tea-cup readers rich. Yet, why gaze at the stars or tea-cups when your own mirror will tell you so much?

Write me your habits of eating, sleeping and thinking — your routine of personal care and daintiness — (or lack of it) — and I can foretell the future for you very quickly. I am so anxious to help you make it a glorious triumph!

This article isn't addressed alone to the very young, whose life is still before them to build as splendidly as they choose. Neither is it aimed solely at those older ones who have resigned themselves to partial or complete ugliness. I am speaking to every woman of every age — for if you have life, you also have a future!

Let's begin with a very encouraging fact — that everything is constantly in the process of change. Nothing stays put. Nature is in constant movement. Old cells are being thrown off by the body and new cells are replacing them continually. The form they take is a living record of the real you. It is up to you to decide what they will do to and for you.

This urge of growth and discard — the stream of life— flows in and through you unceasingly, taking the material you furnish and building it into you minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, in a continuous process.

Now face your future honestly with this in mind.

What are you doing about it? Are you feeding your body and your mind refreshing food and ideas that will make your flesh radiant with perfection and give your face the expressions of real beauty that will defy the years? Are you helping nature to discard and throw off the dead cells so they cannot clog and pollute the new structure of your body? Are you letting go and clearing out the old, dead mental matter — prejudice, malice, envy — so that they cannot poison the beauty of your face by drawing their evil lines upon it?

The most scientific facial can hardly lend beauty to a countenance that insists upon holding resentment.

The next time you exercise your body to make it graceful and lithe, try limbering up your mind and soul a bit. Bend them 'way over as you do your body when you are trying to touch your toes with your fingers. Stretch your understanding out to include someone you haven't liked. Maybe that person has an interesting point of view you've been missing. It is quite possible to choose your own way without condemning others. Condensation makes your mouth hard and stern.

A prominent doctor has said that spinach and forgiveness (!) are about the best beauty aids! To keep life and living a fluid moving thing keeps you fresh and young.

Now let's get right down to cases. The women who are making the grade today have tremendous physical magnetism, the well-press-agented S. A. But they also have something more than that. They have glamour — which is really a thing of the mind.

One misguided writer says that glamour has replaced the old-fashioned charm — but charm is one of those things you can't pin down in a conclusive sentence. Even while you are talking about it it slides from under and perches on something just ahead. What the lady really meant, I'm sure, is that nowadays we are being charmed by glamour instead of coy smiles, curls and curtsies.

To be sure, charm has moods or she wouldn't be charm!
Outwardly the glamorous woman is a healthy creature with the poise of a creature secure in its own well-being. Too, she has learned the trick of simplicity and accent in clothes. She depends upon line and movement rather than "trimmings." Her clothes are merely an attractive frame for her superb picture of herself—and by that strange alchemy of the mind, her confidence in herself convinces you.

But how can the average woman attain that confidence? It isn't simple. Well, then, let's see how:

By faultless grooming.

By keeping your body at a weight and vitality that make your presence feel like a charge of electricity.

By feeding that electrical power into a plan that is all-consuming to you—something that gives direction and unity to your personality.

Get an objective! The vagabond mind is all very nice in poetry but the glamorous ladies all know where they are going. It gives that almost hypnotic impression of a hidden fire glowing through the eyes and draws the beholder to its warmth.

Garbo, with all her motionless coldness, makes you believe she has great depth and much fire below the surface. Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Kay Francis, and Ruth Chatterton all have this quality of absorption in something! It is at once sophisticated and the most youthifying thing in the world.

To be interested in something outside yourself always draws people to you. Just stop in a busy thoroughfare and look up. Soon a policeman will have to disperse the crowd that is trying to see what you are so interested in. It works!

No matter what beauty helps of make-up she may employ, the wise girl will look ahead and attend to the major matters that will support her beauty indefinitely.

First—health in a lithe, graceful and poised body.

Second—a mental direction, a purpose, a goal (no matter what it is, simple or great, the effect will be the same). But the two things must go together. Health alone lends the same charm possessed by a prize pig. And a forceful mental direction in a weak body is merely an exhausting, irritating thing. Together they are irresistible and enduring.

And to hold the firm but gentle contours of youth in the face and neck, a daily cooperation with old Mother Nature is the only way.

New life is carried only in the blood stream. Bring the blood to your face by "moulding" the muscles (the modern way of massaging)—or by using a preparation called "stimulation" in the beauty salons where it is used—(it is also a bleach).

By one means or another get the blood surging to your face and throat, apply a good skin food, then take a strip of gauze, place it under your chin, and tie it on top of your head to hold the muscles of the face in proper position. Then the new cells (which are born instantly, you know) will take the ideal form in your face—and the surging blood stream carries off the waste tissues where they cannot wilt and sag the line of your cheek and throat.

Rest, if possible, for twenty minutes with cool pads of cotton dipped in witch-hazel over the eyes. Before removing the gauze rub ice over your face and neck. Now take off your tie-up and apply a mild astringent. You'll be lovely!

Some years ago a man with strange ideas of physical and beauty culture captured the patronage of fashionable New York. He charged five hundred dollars for his "course" and the exclusive ladies paid gladly. However, the only novelty he offered was to stand them on their heads—literally!

Imagine the shock I had calling on a friend, a tall, statuesque, picturesques matron, who, after a few minutes of gracious conversation, threw a pillow down on the floor, planted her silver head in the middle of it, and unfolded her stately length in mid-air, upside down, as agile as a circus performer!

Her face was scarlet when she rose, for of course the blood had rushed to her head. She told me it had cured her head-aches, cured a slight deafness, brightened her eyes, arrested a sinus trouble, filled out a scraggly neck and cleared her complexion—everything, in fact, but filled her teeth and curled her hair.

Nevertheless the benefits of improved circulation present the only permanent health as a sure foundation for beauty. But whatever you do, be sure you play at beauty—exercising—don't work at it! Don't get set and grim in any of your efforts. It makes you awkward and brittle.

Keep fluid and easy and adjustable. Keep clean inside and out. Learn to play up your best features. Have confidence in yourself! And "face" the future fearlessly!

Next month, Beauty Shopping—all about the new perfumes and gadgets suitable for gifts.
**THE STAR WITNESS**  
*Warner Brothers*

If we had seven instead of Six Best Pictures of the Month, this would be the seventh. It's rousing entertainment. Timely theme, dramatic direction, splendid performances—you'd better not miss it. Outstanding portrayals by Chic Sale as a spunky Civil War veteran; Frances Starr, Walter Huston, and an adorable baby, Dickie Moore.

**DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON**  
*Paramount*

Welcome, Anna May Wong. As the daughter of that old rogue, Dr. Fu Manchu, the lovely little Oriental is handed a heavy assignment. Torn 'twixt love for the juvenile and duty to the family vengeance, with Scotland Yard and Sessue Hayakawa closing in, she has a tough time—and so did this portion of her audience.

**SPORTING BLOOD**  
*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

"Sporting Blood" is a safe bet; in fact, it's a winner! A swell, sentimental yarn about Tommy Boy, a race horse. And how you'll love it! The romance between Madge Evans and Clark Gable gets second place but you won't mind because you'll be so interested in Tommy Boy's welfare. Ernest Torrence, as a horse breeder, is splendid.

**WATERLOO BRIDGE**  
*Universal*

A picture you should see—it's vital, moving, honest. And it places Mae Clarke definitely in the front rank of screen actresses. This girl has something—in fact, just about everything. She'll be a star soon. From Robert Sherwood's play, this is not a pleasant family story, but it has power and appeal. Kent Douglass is fine.

**THE MIRACLE WOMAN**  
*Columbia*

Barbara Stanwyck at her best, and what more do you want? The thrilling young star has a real rôle here, a girl evangelist exploited by a promoter. Sidelights on soul-saving, with some very genuine emotion when David Manners as a blind war veteran enters, and does a little salvation work himself. Good direction—splendid acting.

**THE GREAT LOVER**  
*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Not a sensation, but delightful entertainment with Adolphe Menjou in the made-to-order rôle of the great singer and gallant who finally falls honestly in love—see what happens. Irene Dunne is the lady, and you hear her charming singing voice for the first time from the screen. Baclanova is picturesque. You'll like it.
on Current Films

POLITICS
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Or, Marie Dressler for Mayor. Don't miss this show. It's a combination of slapstick, hokum, and pathos. And Marie—mostly Marie. Which is all right with us. She and Polly Moran undertake to clean up their town, and, with a strain of "Lysistrata" and a dash of drama, they succeed. Roscoe Arbuckle is very funny. And Marie? Great!

TRAVELLING HUSBANDS
Radio

One about travelling salesmen. Snappy fare for the more or less sophisticated, but leave the children at home—if they'll stay. Evelyn Brent is excellent as an embattled "party girl" whose repartee and reputation are equally colorful. That nice, pretty Constance Cummings plays a home girl in hot company. Good of its kind.

PARDON US
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

We wish we could rave about this one, the first full-length comedy of those funny fellows, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. But—through no fault of the boys—it's not up to expectations. A good two-reel idea—burlesquing the prison pictures—is padded interminably. Stan and Laurel manage some hilarious moments, just the same.

THE BRAT
Fox

Sally O'Neil makes a successful come-back as a Cinderella cut-up in this picturization of a somewhat mellow stage play. Sally is ingratiating, if obvious, as the little waif who shows up the aristocrats, bah! Nothing new, but the O'Neil, John Ford's direction, Allan Dinehart's acting, and a good cast make it agreeable entertainment.

SILENCE
Paramount

A good, substantial melodrama that won't let you down. With Clive Brook's best work in several years. You'll applaud his superb performance of an old-time crook who redeems himself by his selfless love for his daughter, prettily played by Peggy Shannon. Often exciting, and splendid work by Marjorie Rambeau and John Wray.

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER
Radio

Not another "Cimarron?" Stop it! Dix can't do an epic every time. This is a good melodrama with Rich as one of those modern Robin Hoods, dubbed "The Reckoner," who does a deal of high class detective-burglary work all for the love of justice—and a lady. She's a newcomer, pretty Shirley Grey. It moves fast if not always plausibly.
YOU couldn't fool little "Chotsy" Noonan. She was sixteen, no less, and she'd read all about getting "movie-struck," and how hopeless it all was, and everything. Not for her!

So her brother George had to contract the disease for her, and she did get movie-struck after all —by proxy, as it were. At any rate, Sally succumbed.

"Virginia," said George severely one day, after surveying her pert Irish beauty, "you're coming out to Hollywood with me to be put into the movies! Oh, yes, you are! You've got it all over lots of girls I've seen on the screen, and if they can do it, so can you!"

"That sounded funny," says Sally O'Neil (née Virginia Louise Noonan), recalling it, "and for a while it became a standing joke in the family. But George persisted with the idea, talked about it all the time, and talked about nothing else. Perhaps he rather fancied himself as a rising impresario; anyway, his only ambition in life became the idea of bundling little sister off to the Coast and establishing her in one of the better companies as a star."

Finally George won. After all, there were no urgent ties to keep the family in the New Jersey town where they lived. Judge Noonan, Sally's father, had died when she was a child. The older members of the brood had jobs which kept the family going—but they were just jobs. No doubt there were jobs just as good to be had on the Coast, too, and it must be nice to live in that marvelous California climate, with all the movie stars nearby. And besides, maybe Virginia—maybe—

So Mother Noonan and her eight sons and two daughters pulled up their stakes in the East, invested most of their slender resources in railroad tickets, and advanced on Hollywood with banners flying. Once established there, George took a firm grasp on the arm of his sister (who had been metamorphosed into "Sally O'Neil") and set out to give some lucky producer a great big break!

"But after two or three dozen of them had been interviewed," says Sally, "I was still 'at liberty,' with the film companies showing themselves strangely apathetic to George's generous offers of my services. I had long since tired of it all, and wished I were back home where girls could be just girls; and (Continued on page 100)
Wonders of the world? Tut! We're giving you the beauties of Hollywood—the outstanding lures of loveliness in the land of the living screen. If you don't agree with our selections, let us know. We'll listen to yours!

**The BEAUTIES of Hollywood**

Autrey

**ANN HARDING**—
her shimmering, golden hair
Norma Shearer's Classic Profile
Greta Garbo’s Gorgeous Eyes
Jean Harlow
What a Figure!
Constance Bennett's Perfect Poise
Marlene Dietrich’s—er—oh, well—

LEGS!
Anita Page's Spring-like Smile
Evalyn Knapp’s Teeth —
the prettiest and pearliest in pictures

Garbo’s Back!

What? Well, there may be more stunning shoulders in Hollywood. But when we looked at this, the first portrait of Greta’s back ever made, we had to put it in. What do you think?
Anna May Wong's ARMS—of Oriental Grace and Lissomeness
Eleanor Boardman’s Patrician Nose
Millie Dove's Throat—It's Thrilling!
That sweetly kissable mouth of Dorothy Jordan's
June
Collyer's
Delicious —
Delightful —
Devastating
DIMPLES!
Dyar
Marian Marsh's

YOUTH

The youngest, the freshest, the gayest girl star in Hollywood! Her youth is all conquering. New York was just a background for this bright baby.
And –

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Rex Bell and Lucile Browne in the new serial, "Battling with Buffalo Bill"
Tallulah—So Far!

Here's Bankhead's own estimate of herself—read her intimate comments on her career, on morals, life, love. The third and final installment of her life story

By Ida Zeitlin

PARADOXICALLY enough, there is something a little monotonous in the very brilliance of Tallulah's London career. It's the story of one triumph after another, which finally landed her on a desolate peak where there were no more worlds to conquer.

Oh, she had her setbacks—and she talks of them as readily as of her more flattering experiences.

The most tragic was her failure to get the part of Sadie Thompson in "Rain," on which she had not only set her heart but which had been promised her by Sir Basil Dean, the producer. After the promise had been given her and after she had made a flying trip to America to consult with Jeanne Eagels—"who was heavenly kind to me"—about costumes and other details, Somerset Maugham, the author from whose story the play was made, declared flat-footed that he wouldn't have Tallulah do the part.

"He never offered any reasons," says Tallulah, "or if he did, they weren't confided to me. I lived through agonies of humiliation and, as usual, I knew that I'd never re-

Tallulah today—back home and triumphant in talking pictures after her unchallenged reign in London.

cover from the blow. What hastened my recovery was the fact that the play ran only two months in London!"

But occasional setbacks had no real effect on her meteoric rise. What one author or one producer thought about Tallulah meant less than nothing. She could afford to snap her fingers at them all, and did, because London, the London which bought tickets, the London which could make a play or break it, clamored for Tallulah. They couldn't get enough of her.

"No dullness of a play can impair her vogue," wrote Arnold Bennett. "I have seen this astonishing, exhaustless creature electrify the most idiotic plays by her individual force. I have seen scores of lusty girls hanging over the rail and tossing their triumphant manes and gesticulating and screeching. I have seen the stone stairs backstage blocked with the initiated and the inquisitive. I have fought my way to the stage door, and lo! there they stood in their multitudes waiting with everlasting patience to witness her departure."

This is no description of a gala night at the theatre. This is simply what came to be the normal accompaniment of any performance to (Con't. on p. 102)
The Villains

By S. R. Mook

When you were a little tad, my pet, and you were naughty, what happened? Dear mamma gave you a gentle shake and threatened to lock you up in Bluebeard's closet or put you in the path of Jack, the Giant-Killer. But you darned soon found out that there wasn't any Bluebeard and Jack was nothing but a big bag of wind.

Now-a-days, your older sister who used to laugh at your fright has bad babies of her own. But do you suppose she wastes her time trying to scare them with some silly myths? Not much! She takes 'em to a movie, shows them Warner Oland, Fred Kohler, or Noah Beery and says, "Now, you little hellion, if you aren't good I'm going to call one of these birds to get you" and the little hellion knows there's no bluff about it because she's seen them.

Before taking her mother's threats seriously, my little niece asked me to go see "dose birds" and find out if they were really as bad as they seemed. We both had an idea that if I sneaked up on him unawares I'd catch Fred Kohler shipping a lump of sugar to his horse instead of digging spurs in his sides just to see the blood run or Warner Oland would be found telling one of his victims that it was all in fun and he was only fooling or that if I listened outside the nursery door I might hear Noah Beery crooning lullabies to the baby.

I went—and here's our confidential guide to the current villains. Villains bought from speculators will positively not be honored at the box-office or nursery. Paul Lukas used to be one of the most satisfactory villains in pictures. You recall him as the casual gent who, in "Halfway to Heaven" without benefit of Murads, nonchalantly dropped one aerial gymnast from a high trapeze to his death for no other reason than that the unfortunate happened to love the same girl. He tried to duplicate the dastardly deed on Buddy Rogers when they exchanged somersaults but, of course, Buddy was saved.

He was the suave interloper who lured Baclanova away from George Bancroft in "The Wolf of Wall Street." He has been many kinds of villain.

As to why he played villains, Mr. Lukas said, quite simply, "I am an actor. I played villains because they cast me as villains. If they cast me as a grandmother I should play a grandmother to the best of my ability. There is a satisfaction in playing heavies because they, at least, give you an opportunity to do a little characterizing. My reward, if you can call it that, comes from fan letters which read, 'you dirty so-and-so; you home-wrecker; you—you'—so I infer that I am being a satisfactory villain at any rate and there is solace in the thought of a job well done—even though it happens to be a disagreeable job."

But now Paul has been signed by Universal to play the hero in "Strictly Dishonorable." He's reformed—he'll marry the girl now!

Warner Oland is probably one of the foremost villains of the screen. Thinking up new methods of torturing his victims and being Johnny-on-the-spot to carry out his nefarious plans is such a strain, apparently, that nothing else registers on his consciousness, for he showed up two hours late for an appointment to tell me about it. But we'll let that pass.

"I play all kinds of villains," he explained, "and the treatment of each is vastly different. I think I prefer..."
are Coming!

But don’t bite your nails—they’re only putting on an act for your benefit

Oriental to all other kinds. Not because they are any more malign than any other villain but because their civilization is older. I believe it is the oldest on earth and when one takes the trouble to delve into their philosophy of life it is simply amazing. The things that motivate their actions, if you bother to analyze them, can intrigue your interest far more than any fiction.

“On the other hand, a villain of our own western plains for instance, can be just as dastardly but his philosophy is reduced to elementals. He steals cattle because he wants money. He kills a man because the man happens to love a girl he lusts for. You never have to delve deep for his motives but the Oriental—ah! Countless reasons and most of them hidden so deep you are apt to go to your death—if he happens to be after you—without ever having discovered what it is about you that annoys him. Maybe your great-grandfather offended him.”

His voice dropped to a sibilant hiss and his eyes took on a baleful gleam. I grooped behind me for the door-knob. “Well, I—ah—well, thanks very much for the—er—I mean—.” It was with quite a feeling of relief that I managed to get the door closed between that sinister presence and myself. Mr. Oland takes his work too seriously for comfort.

Stanley Fields is the man who traded laughter for hate. For years he and Frank Fay head-lined in vaudeville as a couple of comedians. Came the war, Fields went A.E.F., and Fay went somewhere else. When it was over Fields went into the produce business with his dear fathah. Last summer he came to Hollywood to visit Mr. Fay and, incidentally, to look over Los Angeles as a site for future brokerage in produce. While visiting Mr. Fay at the studio the director of Al Jolson’s “Mammy” saw him, crooked a finger in his direction and, in a most accusing voice, said “You are the man.” Stan didn’t know what man but he followed the kind gentleman and presently found himself playing the part of Fig Eyes.

When that was done Paramount cast him as the menace, Dorgan, in “Street of Chance.” And he was such a terrific menace they cast him for a similar part in Bancroft’s “Ladies Love Brutes” and then signed him on a five year contract, so you’ll be seeing more of him.

Says Mr. Fields: “I play villains because I’m not laboring under any delusions about my physiognomy. I know I look like heck and I get a kick out of acting like it—on the screen.” His wife says, “they can make a villain out of him all they want to at the studio, I see to it that he’s a lamb around the house.”

Chester Morris is one of the best villains of the screen. He was a perfectly swell menace because no one would ever suspect him of ulterior motives. But, gee! He ulcerated all over the place. And just when everybody was getting used to a different kind of villain and rejoicing in him, look what happened. He became a father and flatly refused to risk his daughter’s reputation by continuing in a life of crime—even on the screen. He won’t admit that that’s it—but it is.

Chester explains that he’s in (Continued on page 120)
They're Both Troupers!

They used to call Joan Crawford "another Frederick." Now Joan and Polly share honors in "This Modern Age"

When Joan Crawford first flashed into film prominence, the critics hailed her as "another Pauline Frederick." Joan rebelled. We remember she even sent us a wire, saying: "Thank heaven you don't think I'm like Pauline Frederick or a couple of other actresses! I want to stand on my own feet." She admired Miss Frederick immensely, but she wanted to be Joan the first, not Polly the second—and who could blame her? So it's particularly interesting to us to watch "This Modern Age," in which Pauline Frederick, that superb, seasoned actress, plays Joan Crawford's mother. And Joan gives a brilliant performance herself. And did these two sensitive, highly-strung artists stage temperamental rows? Not a bit of it! Joan deferred to her idol and Miss Frederick returned the compliment. She thinks Joan is swell! All rather nice, isn't it?
The Stage in Review

Mr. Broun, weighty factor in the theatre, has a "fat part" in "Shoot the Works"

By Benjamin De Casseres

"Shoot the Works"

The greatest event on Broadway since the closing of Shanley's restaurant was the appearance of the sylph-like Heywood Broun as Mr. Works and Mr. Shoot in a revue called "Shoot the Works," a night's yowl composed by Nummally Johnson, Irving Berlin, Dorothy Parker, Peter Arno and a raft of other cooks.

Thousands of suburbanites and lady commuters at last got a glimpse of their Favorite Columnist, and Socialists and Liberals (and a few humane Tories) literally fought their way into Cohan's Theatre to get a look at the man who is doin' of his dingiest to Mend the Heart of the World.

Broun's big idea in producing this "co-operative" revue was primarily to give employment to over a hundred actors, actresses, chorus kids and lassies, stage hands, electricians and other functionaries, on a "salary-if-any" basis—Broun furnishing the capital. Be it said for the embattled columnist's showmanship that there has been a lot of salary for all concerned.

Heywood the Great pitched, tossed, giggled, talked, sniggered and shorted as Mr. Works and Mr. Shoot. He played seventeen parts and never missprounounced a word.

Julius Tannen helped out the night I was there—and, of course, Julius is top-notch as a pinch-hitter. Three-quarters of the Marx Brothers also packed the house for a couple of nights, and other important stage folk are contributing their talents as "guest entertainers" from time to time.

Don't miss this "show"—this hot show of Heywood Broun.

Two Gilbert and Sullivan Revivals

The Civic Light Opera Company (which is going to be with us for good at a $2 top) brought out of the old trunk "Trial by Jury" and "Ruddigore," two of Gilbert & Sullivan's medium-best, but just the same far ahead of anything you can hear on Broadway at this writing.

These two boys could do better in their sleep than most of our music-meshugah "composers" can when they are awake at an Equity ball.

"Trial by Jury," a one-acter, is a merry crack at juries, judges and the rest of the court paraphernalia of what we call Justus. It is clowning of a high order with some ringing, tingling music, with Frank Moulan and William Danforth doing the high jinks.

"Ruddigore" was well done by the Civic. As you probably don't know, it concerns the horrible history of the Murgatroyds. There is much fun in it, but the lyrics, with one or two exceptions, are not as frisky and as fresh as the other Gilbert & Sullivan operas.

The Messrs. Moulan, Danforth and Watrous were at their shiniest, but the big band of the evening went to Am Carey as Mad Margaret, who gave a rousing burlesque of Ophelia. Little Ethel Clark was cunning and whimsical as Rose Maybud—"sweet Rose Maybud!"

Why haven't the Gilbert & Sullivan operas been filmed? That's gold there, pard!

Mickey Again!

I find myself suddenly seconded from all over the (Continued on page 114)

What's doing out Hollywood way—and where, and why!

**SCREEN NEWS**

BILLIE DOVE attended the studio preview of "The Age for Love," which proved disturbing, for she hadn't known that newspaper critics never applaud—so that her first picture in two years was seemingly received with indifference. But critics are like that and it doesn't mean a thing, Billie.

"When are you going to marry Howard Hughes?" we asked her.

"Someone give me a cigarette," said Billie.

"Are you ever going to marry Howard Hughes?" we persisted.

"Give me a break. I've only been a free woman for a month," dimpled Billie.

"We are burning to know," we assured her.

"He's a marvellous air pilot and plays a first class game of golf," replied Billie. "But what I am burning to know is whether this picture, which I enjoyed making more than any I have ever done, is a success."

So we left off teasing the poor girl and assured her that three kinds of people are going to be stirred to their marrows by "The Age for Love"—the working girl who has given up her job to marry into the suburbs a la Betty Ross Clark as Dot; the working girl who is contemplating matrimony; and the man who is contemplating or has already married a girl who insists upon retaining her job. It's a feminine picture out and out. The average male won't like it a bit. And every woman in the audience will wish to slaughter Dot's suburban husband when he wakes up that baby. Likewise Charles Starrett as the bank clerk who spoils two women's lives and calls all writers and artists "unhealthy nuts," surely makes an uninspiring début in pictures.

Billie herself is prettier off the screen than on. Her hair has turned a sort of platinum gray and she wears it in a long bushy bob. It photographs beautifully on the screen, but has an odd effect on the exquisite Billie, whose golden brown hair was her crowning beauty. Still it does give her a distinguished touch. Billie says she is very happy—happier than she has ever been in her life before.
Lupe Velez is none of your silent subtle dames. For the past few weeks she has been telling all and sundry why she turned down Gary Cooper. It seems Gary’s parents were against the marriage for one thing, and Paramount felt a bachelor Gary was more precious at the box-office. Would Lupe risk hurting Gary’s career? She would not.

“Pooh, anyone who gets excited about their career is foolish and conceited,” adds Lupe, *apropos* of nothing in particular.

Lupe, by the way, brought home six new grand coats from New York. Nothing like new clothes to heal a broken heart!

It’s time Charlie Chaplin came home. These continuous reports of new loves are getting on our nerves. If Charlie must have new loves he owes it to Hollywood to secure them here. Now we learn the latest is a Mizzi Muller, who, we are assured, is his secretary. No, Charlie, we won’t stand for that secret stuff.

Another case that keeps us anxious is the Constance Bennett-Marquis de la Condray affair. Connie once looked right into our eyes and vowed there was no romance whatever between her and Gloria’s ex-marquis. I mean, she crossed her heart and everything. And now look how things are happening. Connie’s a grand actress, all right.

Estelle Taylor claims that her tonsils are partly to blame for the Taylor-Dempsey divorce.

Estelle had tonsilitis and had to have her tonsils removed and the doctor suggested that she take vocal exercises or her throat would be stiff.

With the vocal exercises came the knowledge that she could sing and the desire for an operatic career. Then Jack—always the gentleman—declared he had no wish to stand in the way of her musical career—so he packed his bags and moved to Reno.

But after Estelle’s splendid work in “Street Scene” it looks as if she will have to abandon the opera idea temporarily and concentrate on some more movies for us.

That secret marriage idea isn’t so hot in the eyes of Lewis Wood, Jr., who finally prevailed upon Mary Duncan, his *sotto voce* bride of three months, to ‘fess up publicly. Mary, who was recruited to films from the stage, freely admitted a strong attachment for Mr. Wood (her motto being “don’t knock Wood”), but she wanted to keep the marriage a secret. The groom, who couldn’t

Evelyn Rosetta Duncan Asther, claimed by three or four nations as a citizen, leans on Mama Vivian and looks bored with it all.

Grace Moore with her new husband, Valentine Pertara. Looks like good screen material himself.

Dorothy Lee and Joe E. Brown climb down to the cellar to sample Director Mervyn LeRoy’s private stock of rare old—books! It’s all a scene for a picture.
see it that way, threatened to leave for New York, where he’s in the real estate business. But all ended happily, for they not only announced the true staits quo, but came to New York together, where Mary will appear on the stage.

Ramon Novarro, the perennial star, still goes blithely along. His hit in “A Son of India” seems not to have done him any harm whatever. And now he has a new contract with Metro calling for four pictures a year, to start immediately after the shooting of “Mata Hari,” in which he is co-starring with the Garbo.

Faint whispers of a Clara Bow comeback are already being borne to us on the autumnal breezes. Clara is said to have been reading with some interest the script of Donald Henderson Clarke’s “Impatient Virgin.” (And by the way, is that the ideal story for Clara to come back in?) She is said to be equally interested in a number of other scenarios.

Ivor Novello is to resume his literary struggles at Metro between shootings. Novello originally came over from England as an author-actor, but when he shifted to Paramount his typewriter broke down, or something. Now he’s back with M-G-M in his dual capacity.

Funny what a difference just a few weeks in the “Follies” make. There’s little Virginia Bruce, for example. She’d been working out here as an extra for months without getting anywhere in particular, until Ziegfeld took her east to be glorified. Aided by that prestige, and abetted by good work in the “Follies” chorus, she’s back again with a Metro contract.

Fred Waring, the orchestra leader, and Dorothy Lee have been taking up a lot of each other’s time lately, but they refuse to admit that it means anything in particular. Waring was divorced some time ago, Dorothy more recently.

Vivian Duncan, “Little Eva,” of “Topsy and Eva” fame, has returned from Europe with her baby. The child was born at Wurzburg, Bavaria, and is claimed by Germany. But father Nils Asther is Swedish, and as Vivian was an American we find the State departments of three countries disputing her nationality. She’s a cute kid just the same.

Clark Gable, who has risen to fame of late via gangster rôles, has announced his intention to retire in ten years and travel. All of which sounds very nice and easy to do, but his said gangsters can’t quit the “racket” and must hang on to the bitter end.

Jose Mojica—a name to be watched! For it seems this young man in a Latin-American production “Hay Que Casar al Principe” (“Let Us Marry the Prince”) has seriously disputed Ramon Novarro’s heretofore unchallenged popularity in the Hispanic countries. Ramon didn’t make use of his sweet voice in “Son of India” and the Mexican, like other Latin people, loves his music. Better sing Ramon—you’re one of the few who can!

Evelyn Brent and her husband, Harry Edwards enacted an honest-to-goodness drama at Malibu Beach late this summer. It seems Evelyn was swimming when she found herself caught in a rip tide. In attempting to fight it she was
knocked unconscious by a large breaker. She came to—to find herself in the arms of friend hubby, who had dashed to her rescue clad in nice white flannels. If we can believe in pictures they are destined to live happily ever after.

Lew Cody, famous for his innumerable love affairs—on the screen—was once a delivery boy for a grocery in Waterville, Me. We venture there is many a Maine housewife who has since bitten her lip when thinking of the time "Opportunity knocked at her door."

Edward G. Robinson has stepped from the hard-boiled gangster rôles to "The Honorable Mr. Wong." He plays the part of a Chinaman, and Warner Bros. claim him as their challenger for the place once held by Lon Chaney. We think he has more than a Chinaman's chance to make good.

The Four Marx Brothers tell how, twenty years ago, a mule decided their destiny. They were then known as the Four Nightingales and were giving a show in a small Texas town, when a mule stampeded outside the theatre. The audience left in a body. When they returned the Four Nightingales started smart-cracking and burlesquing, to hilarious applause. Since then nightingales were out.

Connie Bennett finds it easier to keep maids than husbands. The one she has now has been with her for years and still considers Connie the queen of mistresses.

Between her New York stage play and her picture for Paramount, Ginger Rogers slipped off to Texas and quietly divorced her spouse, Jack Pepper. The best chefs agree that pepper and ginger are rarely combined as satisfactory condiments.

Dorothy Hall, the original Schatze of "The Greeks Had a Word for It" on the New York stage, played the rôle in Los Angeles and is now toying with three separate screen offers. She is a pale blonde, a sort of comedienne Ann Harding.

Norma Talmadge says she wants to make another picture very much. Directly she can find a good story she has a friendly arrangement with Metro by which it will be made on that lot and released through that system.

It's all very well, but after seeing Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul" it is sort of difficult to imagine her and hubby Irving Thalberg traveling through Europe with their infant. But that's exactly what happened, and friends at Bad Neuheim, Germany, write that they oozed domesticity.

Norma returned looking very lovely and happy, all set to begin work on the film version of "Private Lives."
Now little Dorothy Jordan gets a Garbo break—she is to be the sweetheart of Clark Gable in "Hell Divers." We shall soon see our little Dorothy growing up and knowing just lots of things. Clark, you may have observed, is a scorched screen lover.

Lady spies are very much in vogue. Connie Bennett began it a year ago in "Three Faces East." Then came Dietrich in "Dishonored," and Helen Twelvetrees appeared soon after in a weak imitation of that picture. Now we hear Garbo is to begin super-snooping in "Mata-Hari," and this newcomer, Lil Dagover's first picture will be "I Spy." Except for Twelvetrees, whose picture wasn't a success, spy-ladies must positively be foreign for American consumption.

It is interesting to remember that Dagover was with Paramount some years ago and never, as far as we know, appeared in a single picture. They will probably have to pay her lots more now, since the foreign lady vogue has hit the talkies. Dagover lacks the mysterious subtleties of Garbo and Dietrich—in fact, we recall she was a rather a "good fellow."

The advent of color photography is having an interesting effect on the girls—they are all paying passionate attention to the texture of their complexions. Even the men are getting anxious and reputed to be using clay-packs at bedtime!

Let's see, who did we tell you Russell Gleason was escorting to parties last month? Anyway, this month it's Maureen O'Sullivan, the Irish colleen.

Marguerite Churchill owns her own lovely horse, Diamond, and she is being allowed to use him in the next picture. She says if she had to use a strange horse she would be too busy thinking of her riding instead of her acting, whereas she and Diamond think in perfect unison.

"And now the powder puff," directs Kay Francis, showing Adrienne Ames some secrets of make-up in preparation for the filming of "Twenty-four Hours."

Nearly all the vases and bric-a-brac in Lilyan Tashman's new home have finely wrought hands grasping something—hands, hands, hands everywhere. It's a little eerie until you get used to it.

Rather an amusing situation at Malibu Beach this summer—Herbert Somborn, Wally Berry and the Marquis de la Coudray all taking a dip in the ocean at the same time—all three of them former husbands of Gloria Swanson. Somborn tells the story himself, but somehow couldn't think of the exact bon mot to fit the occasion. They didn't try to drown each other.

We have pretty well decided that we shall give the affair our blessing if Clarence Brown, director, and Mona Maris, actress, decide to take each other for better or worse.

Joel McCrea says he is getting pretty well fed up on questions about his lady-loves. Dash it all, why will people try to get him involved in romances? Just because such beauties as Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett and Dorothy Mackaill didn't exactly hate him, was that any reason, etc., etc.?
of a German play, the plot of which is to be used for a story yet unnamed. Kay leaves Paramount this month.

So far you've only seen Pat O'Brien, New York stage actor in "The Front Page." Now he is the juvenile lead in "Flying High," a musical with Charlotte Greenwood, in which we are told, dancing girls will return to favor.

Marie Dressler getting well rapidly. How she enjoyed that first drive out of doors, after a long go of the hospital! The hospitals have done a roaring business with our picture charmers this year.

Ah, yes, and talking of doctors, I wonder how we are going to like our handsome Ronald Colman as Arrowsmith, in the picture from Sinclair Lewis's novel? It could be rather mighty—a serious, dramatic Ronald.

Which reminds us, Ronald's contract with Samuel Goldwyn permits him to retire practically when he wishes, except that he must not sign up with any one other than Samuel. Rather clever of Ronald; he always manages to give one the impression that, while this current picture is just fine and everything's lovely, still retiring into the quiet untroubled life of a country gentleman has its marked lures. Just the opposite to most actors who shudder at the mere word "retirement."

Phillips Holmes has a cozy trick of sitting on the floor or a stool or the stairs, that nice leisure-for-conversation attitude.

Being fought over by a couple of studios has been marvellous for Ruth Chatterton. There's a triumphant glint in her eye, a gay sparkle to her voice, a sly chirp to her intonation—and she's more beautiful than ever.

**Buster Keaton won't notice his sons, Bob and Joe, but we'll bet he's going to give them a tumble in just about a minute!**

So we've practically promised not to notice when the next charmer gazes upon Joel with an approving eye.

The name of Irving Pichel doesn't mean much to movie fans—yet. Pichel has been chiefly associated with high-brow "little theatre" movements, making his most notable success in "All God's Chillun Got Wings." But if Paramount speaks truly, he is due for stardom on the screen to quite a dazzling extent, for he has been selected to play the famous rôle in "The Miracle Man" formerly done so poignantly by Lon Chaney in silents, that of the fake cripple. Nor is that all, for Pichel is also selected to support Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat."

"The Miracle Man" was one of the most tremendously popular of all the old silents, even today a cracked old film can stir the emotions of the most hardened cynic. Gary Cooper, if you please, is to play the rôle formerly done by Thomas Meighan. This is likely to prove a happy revival.

Warners are going to give Kay Francis a chance to change her sophisticated type and see what she can do as the American heroine.

*Get hot!* Jim Cagney and Joan Blondell warm up to their work by sitting on a heater. At last Jim, that bad old gangster, gets the "hot seat."
SHE LIKES 'EM EXOTIC

Why is it so essential for foreign stars to lose their accents? Correct grammar is necessary in the talkies, but there can be nothing more charm in the commonest statements when spoken with an accent. The enunciation of Paul Lukes is so clear—and he is such a splendid actor—yet he remains Continental. Please don't "iron out" one of his principal charms!

In "Son of India" Ramon Novarro looked like an Arabian Prince—and talked like a successful Wall Street broker. He was so much more charming before being "ironed out."

I don't to the much disliked accent—long may it remain!

Sally Stack,
622 Prescott Ave.,
Scranton, Pa.

WE KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL

You may all prefer Buddy Rogers, with his stirring smile; or Dodge Fairbanks, Jr. with his polished manners. Or perhaps you like William Haines, with his mischievous eyes; or maybe it's our own Robert Montgomery, whom we saw in "Strangers May Kiss" and "The Man in Possession."

Well, you can have any or all of them! For my favorite is a newcomer, and one who I think will soon be very popular. Who is it? None other than Clark Gable. He is real, human and interesting. With his whimsical eyes and splendid physique, combined with his marvelous ability to act, he is to me the most attractive man on the screen.

Virginia Irwin,
1090 Erie Cliff Drive,
Lakewood, Ohio.

WE'RE GLAD THAT'S OVER!

Hurrar! Let's shout for joy! The age-long battle that has been a sore spot in my life for so long is over. Three cheers! Of course I mean the Garbo-Dietrich controversy. It's over. Why? The answer is Tallulah Bankhead.

Garbo and Dietrich were great. However, each had her faults. But Garbo's greatest fault is that of the bad and none of the bad of these former contestants for Queen of Make-Believe Land. The supremely wonderful Bankhead is as near perfect as they make them. Her performance in "Tarnished Lady" was grand. Her eyes, lips, voice, curves, personality, none, and youthful sophistication are the keynote of perfection.

Come on, everyone, join with me in the acclaim of Hollywood's "Queen Supreme"—Tallulah Bankhead!

C. Dale Fuller,
Clark, South Dakota.

HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES!

I want to thank you for that grand life story of Phil Holmes. It's the best thing you've published in ages. This Holmes boy is the greatest personality the screen has produced in years. He has no equal. He possesses marvellous looks, a splendid voice, breeding, personality and acting ability second to no other youngster on the screen.

As for his versatility, compare "Devil's Holiday," "Her Man," "The Criminal Code" and "An American Tragedy." Is there any one else on the screen who could have done all four roles as well as he?

So let us give praise to Taylor and Mrs. Holmes, to Screenland and to the talkies for Phillip Holmes, who will be second to none!

James Larry,
3419 Audubon Place,
Houston, Texas.

WELL, ALL RIGHT!

In the August issue of Screenland, I was greatly displeased over the article, "Is Gloria's Glamor Gone?"

My answer is no! Absolutely no! I take this opportunity to quote some leading critics concerning Swanson's role in "Indiscreet."

"Swanson is excellent. Her comedy, emotionalism, and vocalism are very startlingly gabbed throughout."

"Gloria keeps her comeback lead."

"La Swanson wins new laurels—she was never better, being equally good as a farceur and a great emotional actress."

Yet, despite these laudations, in Miss Zelting's opinion Swanson "crushed the comedy scenes flat," and "hammered the dramatic ones." Quite a contrast in criticism, is there not?

James R. Carswell,
Box 125,
Hanna, Alberta, Canada.

"A THREAT"

I'm sorry—but here is a threat: Just as surely as my old favorites—Chatterton, Swanson, Ann Harding, Nixon, Brent, Shearer, Daniels, Colman, Dix, Cooper, Crawford, et al.—are neglected by being given unsuitable stories, I shall cease to attend theatres.

This new talent which is being thrust upon us has frazzled my nerves. And the "Blonde Rush" which we are having to endure has just about made me doubt whether producers think. If they are trying to play safe with ticket windows, all they need do is to continue the way they are going. We prefer old talent and poor stories to poor talent and good stories.

I wonder if they have forgotten that half the world admires brunettes and brunettes, regardless of sex.

Tessa Domini,
211 Pershing Av.,
San Bernardino, Calif.

SEE "DEVOTION"

A picture starring Ann Harding and Leslie Howard—wouldn't that be something worth leaving the cozy fireside to see? Here are two real actors of culture, refinement and great ability; Ann has shown us what she can do and how beautiful she can be in "East Lynne"; Howard, unfortunately, has never been given a chance to equal on the screen the great performances he has given on the legitimate stage.

Can't the directors get together on a picture for these fine artists, and give us a real from movie madness and grammatically out of the corners of their mouths? For to many people it is still a pleasure to hear beautiful English spoken without conscious effort.

Shirley D. Newin,
115 Parker Avenue,
Easton, Pa.

YOUTH MUST BE SERVED

I think one of the greatest needs of motion pictures today is more films suitable for children, and I am glad producers are realizing this.

A great majority of the picture fans today are children. It is the 12-14 age group that keeps photographs, and attend several shows a week. They see great stars in fine motion pictures. But are these always the type for children? Too many of them are not.

In the old silent days Mary Pickford made many picturizations of children's stories, and were they not successful? They certainly were. Surely there are women on the screen today who can duplicate her success. Consider Janet Gaynor's fine work in "Daddy Long Legs." She fits child parts admirably.

So let's hope for more clean, wholesome child stories!

Mary Alice Perkins,
3657 Mockingbird Lane,
Dallas, Texas.
CASTS
of
CURRENT
FILMS

*Reviewed in this issue


Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Charles P. Truax. The cast: Hilda, Marie Dressler, Pat O'Malley, Mary Kornman, Mr. Hensley, William B. Davidson, Marion Wilson, John Minton, Daisy, Joan Marsh, Mayor, Tom McGuire, Nifty, Kate Richmond, Mrs. Evers, Mary Alden.


"SECRETS OF A SECRETARY." Paramount. From an original story by Charles Brackett. Directed by George Arliss. The cast: Helen Blake, Claudette Colbert; Lord Danforth, Herbert Marshall; Frank D'Agostini, Georges Metatxa; Sylvia Merritt, Betty Lawford; Mrs. Merritt, Mary Boland; Mr. Merritt, Burton Curnell; Max Marion, Averell Harris, Dorothy White, Betty Garde, Charlie Richebancker, Hugh O'Connell.

(Continued on page 120)

Pajamas for all occasions, says Hollywood. Here's Mae Madison, new Warner Brothers player, displaying elaborate pink velvet pajamas with a black lace embroidered bertha collar. The pajama trousers are so full they give the effect of a skirt. The cigarette lends an air of nonchalance.
do all the talking from the screen, giving no end of pleasure to your neighbors. Don't tell me I'm not a good detective. Constance Bennett was born Oct. 3, 1905, in New York City. Her father, Richard Bennett, is the well-known author who played with Marlon Davies in "Five and Ten." Constance has deep blue eyes, golden hair, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 102 pounds. She was married at the age of 17 to Chester Morehouse but the marriage was annulled. Some time later she became the wife of the wealthy Phil Plant. A divorce follows; she is single. But watch out for Henri! One of her latest releases is "Bought" with Ben Lyon. Richard Bennett is her real father in the film.

Helen S., New Mexico. You want Myrna Loy to stop spying around in her love affairs and play parts like Constance Bennett and 'get her man' as all leading ladies should do. But where could we find such a lovely spy as Myrna? She was born in 1906 in Helena, Montana, and christened Myrthe Williams. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and has green eyes and a mass of titan-colored hair. She lives in a modest but attractive bungalow, is unmarried, and has no pets. Have you seen Myrna in "Transatlantic?" It's reviewed in this issue.

Eleanor W. I don't believe Clara Bow is through with pictures and I can't say when she will be back but I know she's a game little girl and will prove she's not a quitter. Charlie Chaplin will probably make another film when he gets around to it but his leading lady is still in the offing. It's rumored Charlie will make a talkie and his role will be that of a mule. So learn the sign language, boys and girls, and give Charlie the glad hand with plenty of fingers. Norma Shearer's latest release is "A Free Soul" with Clark Gable, Leslie Howard, and Joan Crawford. John Mack Brown appears in "Lasca of the Rio Grande." Clark Gable plays opposite Greta Garbo in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."

Virginia B. You have somewhat of a home address complex, haven't you? I'm not knowing all the various streets and avenues the stars live on, or anyway, not allowed to tell, I'm going to be your great big disappointment; but cheer up, you'll enjoy your favorites' films just as much. While working in the west coast studios, Dorothy Jordan, Frances Dee, and William Haines all live in or near Hollywood, Cal.

George C. No, I'm not Greta Garbo or Gloria Swanson in disguise; I'm just being myself. Anita Page is 21 years old and not married and as far as I know, not engaged as we go to press. Her family name is Pomares. William Haines is 25 and his still has been in pictures since 1923 when he had a small part in "Three Wise Fools." Nancy Carroll is 25, divorced from her first husband, Jack Kirkland, and is now the wife of Bolton Mallory, the editor of Life.

A Cuban Boy. You could give some of our American boys lessons in correct English and not half try. Your taste and fine discrimination of screen personalities would win a loving cup if I had one to give. Come again, Cuban Boy, and tell us what's wrong with the Spanish versions of our American films. Your screen stars would add 10 or 15 pounds to their weights, as you suggest, you'd die laughing, for the camera adds more weight than you'd suspect. Better let them stay thin for screen reasons.

Adios.

Evelyn H. How many fans would like to know if Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are married? Stick 'em up—pardon us, gangsters. I mean, hands up! To be truthful, you know as much about it as I do. Lupe and Gary deny it and who am I to doubt the word of two cinema stars? In fact, the very fact seems to be that they are not even speaking.

Phyllis S. Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, and educated in England. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has light brown hair and green eyes. She is the wife of an English barrister, J. C. Lawrence. Elissa Loves singing and dance and is the author of two novels. Her next picture is "The Yellow Ticket" with David Manners. A forthcoming picture of Lew Ayres is "Heaven on Earth" with Anita Louise.

Ermilu H. Are all the stars either blonde, brunette, red heads or what? A good sleuth may find a few "whats" but there are in the minority. It's hard to give you the right slant on the Hollywood tresses for they change so often. Joan Crawford is a blonde in "This Modern Age" but I hear she has decided to go back to her original reddish-brown again.

Virginia S. N. As I didn't see George O'Brien in "A Holy Terror" I can't tell you who George's false father was, the one who was killed, but here are the male principals and you may be able to recognize him from the name. Steve Nash, Humphrey Bogart; William Drew, James Kirkwood; Batch Morgan, Stanley Fields, Thomas wood, Berry, Robert W. Young, and Richard Tucker. Please refer to Elsie M. for a few sidelights on your favorite actor, Bela Lugosi. He began picture work in 1915 in Budapest, later appearing in German films before coming to America. In 1923 he had the character lead in "The Silent Command" for Fox. Sally Eilers was born Dec. 11, 1908, in New York City. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 107 pounds and has aurora hair and brown eyes. She is the daughter of Ford Gibson. See Sally in "Bad Girl." Swell!

Star-Struck, England. What a topping pen you do dish. Did I like your raving over me and my pages? I'm still patting myself on the back. If you tell your favoritess or Elissa Shearer, you're in such a clever way. I'm sure you'll hear from her some day. Mary Brian's birthday is on Feb. 17, so mutual celebrations are in order. Sally Eilers is a featured player but headed straight for stardom or I miss my next birthday. Marie Dressler is one of the best loved stars, a regular honey, peach, and all other delectable things. Her latest release is "Politics" with Polly Moran. And Polly's not bad, either. Norma Shearer's latest film is "A Free Soul" with Clark Gable, the new pet rave.

Harriet E. Here's your lucky break—your name and everything in this department, and how do you like it? John Wayne was born May 26, 1907, in Winterset, Iowa. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. His real name is Duke Morrison. I have a nice little assortment of birthdays for your personal consumption. Ruth Chatterton and John Hall, (Mrs. Claude King), were born on Dec. 24; Virginia Lee Corbin, Dec. 11; Dorothy Pyle, the cut-up in comedies, Dec. 6; Tallulah Bankhead, Dec. 16; and Mary Nolan on Dec. 18. Anita Louise was born 16 years ago in New York City. She speaks several languages, including French, German and Spanish.
Unconventional Interviews
Continued from page 55

can have their soulfully tragic endings.
Of course this last episode lacked the element of danger that confronted me the
moon I interviewed the fascinating Flor-
ence, and I asked my best friend, who was a
lieutenant in the French army, to take me
to lunch at Levy's restaurant. There I
met Florence, and we talked about the
artist and the war. She was very
interested in the war and in the
wonderful French women she had
met during her time in military uniform.

I was delighted to have the opportunity
to interview her, and we spent several
hours together. We talked about her life,
her art, and her love for France.

Florence was a wonderful woman,
and I enjoyed spending time with her.
She was intelligent, charming, and
very passionate about her work.

I learned a lot from her, and
I feel very lucky to have had the
opportunity to meet her. She
inspired me to be a better
interviewer, and I will always
remember our conversation.

What the Young girl wears to
the theatre. Loretta in black
chiffon velvet evening paj-
as with a gleaming white
jacket of pearls.
less voice of hers, a voice that thrills and thrills and— and I give you my word of honor that my agreeing with Irene Rich in that she probably looked ten years younger than she actually was, and then adding that she "didn't look a day over fifty," was nothing but a slip of the tongue.

I had absolutely no intentions of causing Miss Rich to drop her tea all over her green silk lounging pajamas by shocking her with so frightful a remark. She doesn't look a day over thirty and you know it as well as I, and furthermore that's precisely what I meant to say. But even though "thirty" was in my mind, somehow or other I spilled out "fifty," thereby creating the most embarrassing interview of my hectic career, bar none.

Although it wasn't more terrifying than the afternoon I interviewed Natalie Moorehead—though she pedaled that heavy Lincoln of hers in and out of the studios. Natalie's not a reckless driver, mind you, just a wee bit devil-may-carish. Of course it was nearing Christmas which may account for the old Xmas Spirit beginning to assert itself; among other gifts we left a right rear hub cap on the Warner lot and the better part of the left front fender over at United Artists.

And now we approach Maureen "Cork" O'Sullivan, who preferred to be interviewed at a baseball game, of all places!

"I've never seen one," was her only comment, as she strode through the ladies' entrance and sneaked under the gentlemen's gate. No sooner were we seated than five thousand baseball fans forgot what the game was about and stared in amazement at O'Sullivan's freelaces, or perhaps at her eyes—but Maureen paid little attention to her fans and none at all to her interviewer, contenting herself with ecstatically hurling out advice that might have been appropriate on the third day of a cricket match. The sun was scorching, the seats were hard, and the crowd insatiably curious, three good reasons which caused me to reflect that in the future, when interviewing O'Sullivan, I would locate a more confusive recess than a baseball park. I'm getting too old for that sort of thing.

And furthermore, I'm through "going birdie" with Ben Lyon. My argument being that the Lord had wanted me to go in for flying he'd have equipped me with feathers instead of feet. However, when Ben suggested that we hold our interview while he tossed me around in the air over Southern California, I chugged bravely out to the flying field, although I must confess that my car spit and backfired and fumed as though it, too, objected to such a foolhardy pursuit.

Presently the attendants were squeezing me into Bebe Daniels' white parachute as they cheerfully discussed a gruesome crack-up of the day before in which seven men had drowned in the Pacific, and in a few minutes I was waddling toward the Waco in the front cockpit of which perched Ben.

"Oh, Hale!" he shouted, raising his voice over the roar of the motor, "I see you've taken a parachute jump!"

On peering about, I saw that my parachute had opened up and lay stretched out behind me in three mocking blobs.

"Was it an omen?" I asked myself as they slid me into another one which just happened to be miles too large. As we looped and dived and flapped around, my parachute shoulder straps fell off so consistently that to this day when even a suspender slips from my arm I go into a dead faint.

Now and then Ben would glance back at me with amiable chitter-chatter on his lips and I'd do my best to force a grin. Presently we were out over the Pacific and Ben went into a steep screaming dive; obviously the motor was off, but I wasn't sure if it had conked or if Ben was just catching up on a little dead-stick practice, but by that time, sweethearts, I didn't much care.

"We're not seven thousand feet up!" I howled when Ben held out seven fingers. "Take a look at the ocean!"

"Not feet," Ben explained over the screaming of the struts, "Bodice!"

And only then did I notice that down below they were still dredging for the bodies of the men who had been drowned in the crack-up of the day before. Upon regaining consciousness I discovered that once again I was safely seated in my old wreck of a car and that it was purring along as sweetly and softly as a sixteen-cylinder job. Whereupon I resolved that if one simply couldn't avoid danger during the process of interviewing, I vastly preferred the exquisite but intelligent sort of menace—so I guess I might as well run out and quiz Florence Britton again!
He Laughs at Death

Continued from page 25

While he was winging his way to the home field after the day's work was done. Singly or in pairs, the other seven lives were snuffed out unexpectedly—while Grace's death has been anticipated nearly two score times, and still he lives.

Dick Grace has written three books. The first is titled "The Squadron of Death," and the second, "I Am Still Alive." The third, not yet published, is "The Lost Squadron," from which the picture is being produced. Today he is a wealthy man, but he continues to stage crack-ups for the benefit of cameras.

"Are you going to continue daring death, now that you are rich?" I demanded.

"I can't stop," he returned tersely. "It's in my blood. I guess I will always defy death."

"But aren't you nervous before you execute your stunts?" I asked.

"When I attempted my first crash, I was upset for days before the crack-up," he answered, "but the nervousness disappeared a few hours before I took the air. I always feel confident I will live through each stunt," he added. "Perhaps that confidence has had much to do with the good fortune that has attended my ventures."

Grace received twenty thousand dollars for all rights to the filming of "The Lost Squadron," which price includes his services as stunt aviator for three crack-ups. Twenty thousand dollars is a great deal of money; but on the contrary, life is a great deal of fun if you enjoy living. I do, and as far as I personally am concerned, Dick will have absolutely no competition in his business of plunging airplanes into the Pacific ocean at one hundred miles an hour.

Nevertheless, I doff my hat to such cold steel courage. Long live the King of stunt flyers, Dick Grace! Luck be with him on his plunge of death!
to any struggling young sister's movie career. Upon that sister's none too hefty shoulders fell the burden of the assorted family difficulties, as well as her own; but Sally sawed through, and waited for the skies to clear. They did begin to clear at last, and then, in a business where the changes of eighteen months were enough to swing generations in the outside world, she realized that she had her way to make all over again.

The thought of repeating that terrible, dreary siege outside the gates was almost too much; but I gritted my teeth and went at it. I began to get small parts again; some of them made me feel almost like an extra. You can't give moving, gripping or hilarious performances as a chorus girl or a ballerina. But my gaze was set on the future, and I took what I could get and liked it. Besides, while they weren't much, each was a little better than the last.

At all events, Sally was being seen in pictures again. There was "The Girl on the Bargie," and "On With the Show," and "The Sophomore, Jazz Heaven," and the company was heard in "By the Clock." Progress of a sort; but the break that she needed had yet to come.

Then Sally had a bright idea. She had been offered an opportunity to appear on the stage in Los Angeles in "The Brat." In a pecuniary sense it meant little, but Sally felt that if she could give a really notable performance of the rôle on the stage, some producer would want her to make a picture of it. Moreover, "The Brat" had some days been a play after her own heart, and one of her early dreams had been of herself capering through its title rôle on the screen. So she accepted gladly, and began tirelessly to study part and situation.

And how I loved that play!" says Sally. "I felt that it had been written with me in mind—that I could take hold of it and be it, without even having to think about it. I memorized the lines quickly, and rehearsed from morning to night, going through the lightning journeys, sometimes round-trip and sometimes one-way, that it afforded between the spotlight and oblivion. Then Sally made the restive brother Ed, who more than once has seemed bent on "stealing the show" from Sally and becoming the most prominent member of the family, but in ways that are no great help.

Why Helen Married Again

and all! Quite a relief to Helen, too.

Her long list of experiences runs the gamut of high courage and the depths of deep despair. They have left untouched the surface loveliness of Helen's features but the undercurrents of character have been greatly strengthened and profounded, touched, and as a result she is an infinitely better actress—and a more understanding human being to her great credit, she considers quite important.

Helen, as an instance, is genuinely, keenly proud of her mother's and father's long-lived romance, the tenderness and profound affection between the two parents, whom she whole-heartedly adores, is very real to her.

And in her pride and interest in her young brother there is a sincerity of feeling that transcends the usual taken-for-granted affections.

Helen loves a home, yearns for children and harbors the self-same virtues which repose in the breasts of less glamorous suburban hostages from Patchogue to Fresno, the all-admired, the girl, and very nearly adopted one recently. She is intensely proud of "her man's" war record (not to mention, of course, that Jack won the war). She is ecstatic over his golf championships and vitally interested in his real estate business.

The Shangri-La of the Shangri-La's, the Shangri-La of all Shangri-land, is just as free and plentiful pin money with unrestricted generosity as there would be nothing left of her generous salary. She and Jack, however, give themselves over to the "free hand" by running off to Auga Caliente for week-ends on a sort of perpetual honeymoon, being driven through the clinics by their grateful hearts, and where, as Jack laughingly puts it, "My wife becomes the beautiful Helen who has launched a thousand chips!"

But don't be deceived. Helen, who, at fourteen, played poker surreptitiously with her four-wheel-clothespin-the rich of her Flatbush home, and who, if the need became urgent, cheated to win (1) has evolved into one of Hollywood's crack (and honest) bridge players, who, with al-
most uncanny agility, can make good her five spade bid.

Then, too, she is a competent follower of her namesake of the tennis courts, is a dancer of outstanding grace and has a lively appreciation of music all the way from "Vaudeville to Jazz." And all her life she has put her heart, soul and a great deal of native talent into her canvases, and if, as she promises, when she becomes "so old" for picture work, she turns to the painted thought, she will perhaps gain equal fame in her second best choice.

Pushing her hair back of two little shell-like ears, a mannerism peculiar to her, and requiring many extra hairdressings, Helen knitted her brows.

"Jack is a dear, you know. He does all the thoughtful, kind things that I think every man should do—and so many over look. When I come home from the studio Jack comes home from his office and we have such funny talking things over! He's so interested in my work, and everything about it seems wonderful and important to him. And then he'll spread out some blueprints and though I often mistake a fire-place for a billiard room, I really love to hear about what he does and I find myself refreshed and enthusiastic to hear someone talk of things out of the encompassed world in which I live."

Jack is very fond of flying, and Helen is an air enthusiast as well. She said it was so funny when she signed up with Pathé, she had to give written assurances that she wouldn't fly and would be a nice little earth-girl. Then, when she planned to come East on a round-about-face trip she was timorously approached by studio officials and requested to "take it on the wing"—and was she glad! She says flying is the only way to travel, it's so clean. Try it—all those of you who like good, clean fun!

Just now she's planning to come East with Jack, who has "lots and lots of property in Montreal and will have to run over there in September or October."

Helen believes people should never sentimentalize on love. Undoubtedly one could profit by the unfettered and impassionate advice of a hysteric, but he would rob love of romance. She believes love should be taken where it is found, with questions and objections. And if marriage becomes sorid, unhappy and onerous she thinks dissolution, devoid of malice, the one honorable way out, and contends that though the huntas should not be entered into flippantly, there is nothing more futile and character-spoiling than "making the best of things."

As one listens to Helen's innermost thoughts there is a realization that here is a screen player whose mind really plumbs the depths of human relationships. It is never difficult for her to respond glibly, yet her answers prove they have been well considered. This Twelvetrees gal has a dozen reasons for each action, and yet she never takes on the pose of analytical informant. She remains, always, a sage, if wisecracking dressing-shepherdess, with a child-like quality that must make strong men's heads reel.

Orchids grow on oaks. Opposites attract. Jack Woody is the screen color to which the orchidaceous Helen clings. No, you skeptics, it has nothing to do with her work or his—it's the basic, fundamental "regular" in Jack that attracts the basic, fundamental "regular" in Helen. It's a great merger—orchids and steel—and if you want to stand in right with the luscious Helen, don't knock Woody!

They Called It Vamping!

Continued from page 59

choose the man she wants and win him from all competitors.

June's type is a challenge to the kind of man who wants the girl who wants him in particular. He isn't interested in the easy-to-get flapper, or the girl who seems out to get her man. He's looking for the girl who seems unattainable.

And with a man in that attitude, the woman's game is all but won. She can manipulate him as she chooses to. If she has ultra-vamping, Peggy Hopkins Joyce is a dishwasher!

They have described Dorothy Christy as "the vamp with a sense of humor" and she says that's because she laughs at the man's jokes, whether they are funny or not. Dorothy assumes the role of good sport and playmate—the girl-friend-but-no-more.

"Here," thinks the wary male, "is a regular girl, a girl a chap can pal with and not, too, this is love business." And then—wham—he's in love.

Dorothy knows the value of looking attractive, well-groomed, smartly dressed. "Make the best of your natural attributes," she advises, and points to her own hair, which she has had cut on a specially designed bob.

An extraordinarily gifted hair fails to land her screen lovers—by appearing helpless, utterly adorable and yet resigned. That Oh-how-sad look is accompanied by that but—I-wouldn't-know-what-to-do-about-it sigh, can't fail; I suppose, though you'd have to be another Janet to put it over.

Constance Bennett has a fatal combination of ultra-femininity combined with sophistication that lays them out in rows. That air of knowing all there is to know, yet—of course you are different—oh, well! It's Heap Big medicine.

Elissa Landi has more of the exotic mystery that used to charm in days of vampires in black velvet, than any of her screen sisters.

She never poses, and men seem flattered by her attentions. She understands the masculine mind so well that she is never caught by an unexpected reaction to an advance. She knows when to retreat and how far.

"Lovely women are a drug on the market," cried Sylvia Sidney. "If you are to get your man, you must use your brains. Beauty is so common, now that almost anyone can buy it in a beauty shop, that it can't be a reliable weapon.

"Learn how to talk, keep the man you want entertained, and you'll get results. "Oh, on the screen—I do whatever the script calls for!"

Carole Lombard, who married the man she failed to get in "Ladies' Man" (the picture that introduced the Bill Powells) insisted that being yourself is really the only safe advice to follow."

"Don't try affectations, baby talk, mystery poses or pseudo-sophistication," she advised. "You can't keep it up unless it's natural, and nothing is worse than a life-long attempt to be something you distinctly are not.

Thelma Todd doesn't agree."

"Keep your man in doubt as to how you feel about him, and he'll work that much harder to win you."

Thelma builds no mysterious illusions about herself, but if she shows the slightest tendency toward fickleness, she discourages his attentions and he fairly creeps back to be forgiven.

ZaSu Pitts believes that her way of winning screen lovers—when she has any to win—is a sure one. She bids for his sympathy and since pity is akin to love, he is presently hers.

Mary Kornman, aged seventeen, is sure that all young men like to feel superior. Therefore, in her celluloid romances, she appeals to her boy friend in all her troubles and then lets him play hero.

"And I should think that would work in real life, shouldn't you?" she wanted to know.

"Don't be obvious," contributed Ona Munson.

"Nowadays, few girls use make-up on the street so that it is apparent to the eye. That's the way screen vamps of today do their stuff. Men shy off from gold diggers, but fall for the subtle, gentle, sweet girl. And the subtle, gentle, sweet girls are that much more dangerous!"

"Keep them guessing, but don't be so indifferent that your victim gets the idea you aren't interested. If you do, he'll be off after a more impressionable maiden," is Gertie Messinger's sage counsel from the Hall of Touch lot.

Gertie follows her own advice on the screen, is coy and flirtations, but careful not to go too far. To the youngest of leading ladies consulted as to modern methods of bringing down the male—Dorothy DeBorba (known as "Echo to Our Gang fans")—gives the most old-fashioned and likable advice:

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," quoth she, and she declared she always gives her puppy loves something good to eat!
which the American girl lent the vibrancy and abandon of her personality. To her London audiences, reared on the tradition of restraint in the theatre as in all things, she came as an ever-fresh and ever-stimulating delight.

All the New York successes played in this country by the shining lights of our stage were, in London, handed over as a matter of course to Tallulah. She acted Katherine Cornell's part in "The Green Hat" and the part of Jeanne Engels in "Her Cardboard Lover," Francine Larimore's part in "Let Us Be Gay" and Ina Claire's in "The Gold Diggers." And each of these plays in turn ran and ran and ran—they ran until she was sick of the sound of her lines and the thought of her evening's performance made her want to shriek with boredom. And still the queues continued to form outside the theatre, and her London worshippers refused to stay away from the show.

introduction to prominent people, which she had brought over with her, she took back eight years later, unopened, unused, unwanted. Her exquisite little house in Berkeley Square, which had been made over from a stable, was always ablaze with light and gaiety. Augustus Johns, the popular portrait painter, asked her to sit to him, and the portrait received more newspaper space than if it had been a queen's. She was quoted, pursued, publicized. If robbery was reported, Tallulah's telephone would be sure to tinkle: "Mrs. John Smith was awakened by a burglar at 2 o'clock this morning and ordered to hand over her jewels. The Daily So-and-So would like to know what you've done under those circumstances, Miss Bankhead."

She revealed it in all. Naturally she had her moments of irritation at the silliness of some of these manifestations of fame, and she had her moments of black anger when she found herself being exploited, thrill. She had been too long in one place. She was going stale. Her temperamental restlessness was asserting itself.

"All they've ever had is an answer to prayer, came the talkies.

"Or rather," says Tallulah, "like an answer to two prayers. "Believe me, Lord, of my spiritual wealth and that I long to give it. I believe, Lord, of my material poverty was the other.

"I haven't a grain of sense about money," she said on this. "When I bought my first car in London, I didn't know the streets, and I'd hire a taxi to drive ahead of me and show me the way. I'd hitched in England and I'd spent every cent I made. I had a house in Berkeley Square and a Bentley car and five servants, and half the time I'd start out of my exasperation, a cold sweat, wondering where in Hades the money was coming from to pay the servants.

"But I knew that the movies paid so much money that some of it would force to stick even to a fool like me. And I want to save," she waited. "I want to be independent, so I can retire. I don't want to, turn into a snivelling old bore of an actress, living on my own old cold memories and other people's charades.

"As soon as I'd seen 'The Jazz Singer,' I said to myself, 'That's going to be the thing to do.' I'd had an offer from a big company, but the latitude to England, bless her dear heart, couldn't induce me to make pictures there. Her film companies are about her only objectionable feature. In no technical beauty. I think I've a fairly interesting face, if you'll excuse my saying so, and it doesn't get to be lighted—shadow of questions and bobs. If it were a hundred times better—looking, it would have to be lighted. The face of the movie-star with a heart of gold has to be lighted. And there you are! When it comes to lighting, England is a baby in arms.

"I made up my mind I was going to Paramount. I'd decided that Paramount was the best, and little Tallulah would have nothing but the best. I couldn't get it from them alone, but not the suggestion of a peer from Paramount. Yet when my friends asked me, you going into the talkies, Tallulah? I'd tell them, 'Yes, I'm going to Paramount.'

"Sounds like sheer arrogance, doesn't it, but maybe that wasn't all. I had a hunch. Go on, laugh, see if I care, but believe me or not, the only mistakes I ever made in my life came from squashing my instincts.

"Anyway, the proof of the pudding lies in the fact that I got the offer. Walter Wanger saw a test of me in America that had been made in England, and signed me from across the seas. And so I took ship and sailed back to my beloved country and very glad I am to be here again thank you kindly to all who may inquire and I've got a nice dope for you. When I'm not there, one thirsty let's have a coca cola. E-oh-oh!"

In comes Edie for perhaps the nineteenth time, cheerful, serene, competent, a rock of confidence in a tempestuous ocean. She is all that is good. But the only reward they reaped was a harvest of scowls and acid reflections on the quality of their brains, their unmitigated gall and their generally repel- lent appearance.

As she had made a conquest of social New York, so did Tallulah make a conquest of social London. The letters of disquoted and generally victimized. But for the most part, she realized that it was all a part of the feverish game she had chosen to play, and her humor usually came to the rescue. "I don't give a hoot what opinions of their own they air," she explained. "That's their privilege. But what burns me up is when they put words into your mouth that you've never said—words you'd have choked on before saying them. I can't stand injustice," her eyes blazed. "I think the way they badger Garbo is a crime. I think the things they've said about poor little Clara Bow ought to be rammed down their throats. As for my self, I've had my share and I'm prepared for more of the same, but it doesn't really bother me. Of course I'd rather have everyone like than dislike me, but what a sap I'd be to expect it! And in a way, it's a compliment when they try to tear you down. It's their way of telling you that you're sitting high and pretty—too high and pretty to suit them."

High and pretty she sat for eight years in London, and toward the end of that time she began to feel a little bored. Another play? Another success? All well and good. But the prospect lacked the old
"I'm over 45!"

NANCE O'NEIL. Who would dream, looking at this photograph taken in 1930, that she is over 45!
"Stage and screen stars cherish complexion beauty," she says. "It's youth that wins hearts!"

says NANCE O'NEIL

Famous Stage and Screen Star tells the secret of keeping Youthful Charm

I'M over 45—you see I admit so much," says Nance O'Neil. "Perhaps I should admit more, but it is said that a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels. "For my part, I don't think anyone, especially women, should tag themselves with dates, and I believe the world in general would be happier and better if birthdays were never recorded.

"Constructive thought and care of the skin are two things that help one to escape the marks of time. "Any woman who knows how to keep her complexion youthful can be charming at any age! "Stage and screen stars know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has appeal. Several years ago, I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin, and now I am among the scores of stage and screen stars who use it regularly."

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Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

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the job. It was one of the brightest things I ever did. She's not only a perfect maid, but a perfect joy to have around. Whatever I did to do for those two would never repay the loyalty they've given me. They thrive my life. When I'm happy, they're happy. They're lovely people. I mean it. What I do for myself. They're not my servants but my family. We belong together. On every opening night we go through a little ceremony to seal our bond. Just we three. My place is generally crowded with people but—dear and intimate friends though they may be—I move them all out. Excuse me. I tell them this is personal. And when we are alone, we drink a glass of champagne together—Mrs. Larke and Edie and I—to the success of the play and to ourselves."

When I saw Tallulah, her first picture had been released. Though she herself had goodly powers of self-control, she was disturbed because the picture hadn't.

"How do I know if it was good or bad?" she said in response to a question. "It was all new to me. But it was my first picture, and I was fond of it. And I want to say something else. And to say it with all the emphasis in my power. Rarely have I been more cleverly handled than by George Cukor, the director of "Tarnished Lady." He helped me without letting me know he was helping me. He gave me enough freedom to be myself, and when I stumbled his hand was always there to be grabbed. I admired me of a dozen stage shibboleths which would have been fatal on the screen. And never once has he taken credit for anything I did. Never once has he hinted, "I made her do it that way." He's thrown all the bouquets to me—how many directors would have done that!—and I'm here to sing out that a good woman of those same bouquets belong to him.

To echo Tallulah's words, how many actresses would have said that? It gives one pause to think why those who know her best adore her.

"Of course," I hear some of my readers object, "interviewers always say nice things about the people they interview. But what of all the criticisms we've heard leveled at her profession?"

Well, I happen to believe every nice thing I've written about Tallulah. Though I'm fully aware that she's been blamed as freely as anyone else, but freely she's been fault-finding has come from people who don't know her and from people, moreover, who by some strange process of reasoning consider her private affairs to be their concern.

"The only person in the world whom Tallulah has hurt is someone told me "has been herself. But she's a thoroughbred. Whatever folly she may commit she's ready to pay for without whimpering. And what's more, she does pay. She never gets off easily."

Listen to Tallulah herself on the same subject.

"Yes, I love men," she says simply, without a trace of the conscious mockery which marks her ordinary manner. "It's part of my love of life, and I dread the day when I shan't be able to love. How can anyone condemn you for falling in love? It's not something you do yourself, but a power from outside of you can blow on you just as much as a leaf can be swept in the wind of a storm. And when you love someone, you want to get close to him, don't you?"

"I live a man's life, I work like a dog. I'm never free of responsibility. Why shouldn't I have the same privileges and freedom as a man? Here's my code, if you'd like to know it. Never hurt an innocent person. Apart from that, what do you do in your own business. I don't know if my conduct is right or wrong by the other fellow's standards, and I don't much care, so long as it flies with my own. I've always believed in a little self-denial. I've been saved by that. I'm not a masochist, and I never give more than I get."

"I may not always approve of the things she does," said another friend. "I may think she's an idiot, throwing her money around when she doesn't know where her next Cent is coming from. But I may want to trash her when she acts the bad boy, trying to shock the mob. But I know her to the roots, and I know that there's nothing on earth she could do that would make me stop honoring her and loving her."

Measured by such tributes as these, what value have the darts of rumor?

None, in this writer's judgment. From all accounts, Tallulah is a young woman who has emerged the figure of a gallant woman, with her own share of human imperfections and with more than her share of those rare qualities which made one Englishman call her the ideal exponent of the "gift of kindliness, the virtue of tolerance and the art of brave living."

Business and Pleasure

Continued from page 31

again. His attention had been distracted by a dashing brunette of aristocratic bearing who had seated herself near a door on the opposite side of the room. She smoked a cigarette while she sat, and her air. Her costume was distinctly Parisian. Beside her blinked a Pekingese.

Ogle followed Jones' gaze. "She is beautiful," he said.

"But unapproachable," commented Jones. "No one's been able to meet her."

They might have continued their conversation, but they were interrupted by a man who had to talk loudly to compete with the quartet at the bar.

Singing interfered with the drinking, so the quartet stopped for a few seconds. For some reason or other Tinker decided that would be a good time to introduce his companions to each other.

"Oh, I said, "this is Charley Turner, president of the Union Box and Paper Company of Cleveland—Charley, meet the finest small body of men ever gathered together on one ocean—Ben Wackstede of the Wackstede Axe Works, P. D. Weatherwight of the Weatherwight Oil and Angler—Larke of the Midwest Trust and Savings, the biggest financier of the Middle West."

And they teed off for another song. The terror got into the rough, however, and

while they were looking for the lost chord Wackstede's mind reverted to business.

"Say," he asked, "is there anything to this talk about the Straightback Blade people buying us out?"

"Well—they tried," responded Tinker non-committally.

"Spragg told me that you and the Straightback Blade are going to be the biggest fight he ever saw. Said they're spending millions to beat you."

Tinker changed the subject by baring his glasses and leaning across the bar. "Hey, bartender, the same all around."

Charley became a trifle more boisterous. "Say, Earl," adding Tinker in what was supposed to be a confidential tone, "I missed you in New York—did you have any fun?"

"Was it good?" asked Wackstede.

"A-ight," said Tinker. "Good. Say, my wife wanted to go out right in the middle of the first act. Some of the stuff they pulled were as good as a horse brush. It was certainly racy."

Charley could see Ogle squirming. He persisted.

"What was it, a comedy?"

ended with an odd note of defiance in her voice, "I still hope for a husband and a home and a child for life wouldn't be complete without them."

Is there anything in that credo for a normal, intelligent, warm-hearted person to throw stones at?

No, for my part I have more faith in the staunch love and loyalty of her intimates and in the evidence of my own senses than in all the scandalized whisperings of the Mesdames I-Hear-Tell and I-Have-It-Straight-from-the-Friend-Of-a-Friend-Of-a-Friend.

"She hasn't any faults," is the calm verdict of Edie, who has put her through the acid test of five long years of daily companionship. "She's never once disappointed me. She's all and more than all I expected. And I'm not the only one who thinks so. Every servant she's ever had has worshipped her. The kindness in her brings out the kindness in them. They're not servants to her, they're human beings. She makes them rest when they're tired, she worries when they're ill. Why, her staff in England cried like babies because she couldn't take them along with her to America."

"I may not always approve of the things she does," said another friend. "I may think she's an idiot, throwing her money around when she doesn't know where her next Cent is coming from. But I may want to trash her when she acts the bad boy, trying to shock the mob. But I know her to the roots, and I know that there's nothing on earth she could do that would make me stop honoring her and loving her."

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"Well, in the end the hero ran off with his daughter-in-law and she took poison, so I guess maybe it wasn't a comedy. But the gallery laughed. Let's see, they called it—something like pasturage—that's it 'The Pasturage Scene.'"

"The numskull," exploded Ogle, addressing Jones.

But Jones was not interested. He had been gazing at the beautiful woman in the Parisian gown, and she was rising to go. She cocked her head for the last time. He clutched Tinker's sleeve. "Do you see what I see?"

"Maybe she doesn't like our singing," suggested a member of the chorus who made another drink, but followed the woman out the door almost immediately, leaving the rest of the quartet to decide whether he intended to continue his singing or apologize to the stranger for it.

"Thank heaven, he's gone," commented Ogle with emphasis.

"He was a beast," might be described as a mood. The remaining singers tried harmonizing without Tinker, but Ogle hurried over to him right away. As he reached it he collided with Olivia.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

Olivia surveyed him coolly, quickly deciding that possibly he would do for an
CURRENT STYLES are built on youthful contours. Curves are the mode. But they must be delicate, graceful—and combined with a figure that has rounded slimness.

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Will Rogers (and in evening clothes, too) gets slightly involved with a naughty siren in "Business and Pleasure." Bill, the cute old shaver, plays a safety razor magnate, and the charmer is played by Jotta Goudal.

Dorothy Peterson, at the right, plays the part of Bill's wife.

'I thought you wanted your shave,' returned Tinker. 'I couldn't see where I was going. Never in my life have I been so annoyed.'

Really? She may have been sympathetic or sarcastic, but he did not wait to find out.

'The most obvious, the most uncouth, the most ignorant unmannishly beast I have ever encountered, has been irritating me all afternoon.'

'Who is this terrible person?' she asked.

Tinker glanced through the open doorway. Tinker had returned with the gorgeous lady and was introducing his as Madame Momora.

'Right there,' he pointed, 'at the bar, with that beautiful creature.'

Ogle's chin tilted upward. Her manner changed.

'Do you know him?' Ogle asked.

'Slightly—he's my father.'

Ogle gazed after her, chagrined, as she walked away.

In the dining salon that night Mrs. Tinker had her first opportunity to wear her new Fifth Avenue evening gown. Her appetite wasn't what it should have been, but the seas had calmed, and she felt equal to displaying her wardrobe. Olivia, too, wasn't averse to displaying her latest creation. And as for Tinker—he had on an evening suit that couldn't have been better if it had come from London. He wasn't comfortable in it, but it was a grand outfit nevertheless, and Mrs. Tinker liked it.

Most of the diners had assembled when they arrived, and they waited for the chief steward to escort them to their table. Tinker made his first annoying faux pas by slapping the dignified chief steward on the shoulder and handing him a ten dollar bill. His voice could be heard several tables away as he said: 'All right, George. You take care of us and I'll take care of you. Pay special attention to mama.'cause she's kind of a picky eater. And, George, send a bottle of wine over to the Captain's table. Send Wackastle a bottle, too.'

The steward bowed and led them toward a table at which a young man was seated alone. It was Ogle.

'Hello, Ogle,' called Tinker, 'meet my family.'

Olivia gazed over his head. 'Mr. Ogle and I have met.'

Mrs. Tinker acknowledged the introduction with a show of formality. Between glances at the menu she studied Ogle. Then she gazed around at other diners. After they had ordered she addressed Tinker acerbically.

'I'd like to see the kind of people you were sitting up so late with last night. I'll bet there were women in the party.'

'Well, you lose your bet,' Tinker responded. 'I'll leave it to Ogle.'

Ogle refused to be drawn into a family discussion and abruptly left the table.

Mrs. Tinker exploded. 'There, you see—you're driven Mr. Ogle away.'

Tears welled to Olivia's eyes, but there was a set line around her chin and an angry tilt to the head. She followed Ogle from the room.

What she said to Ogle on the deck left him gasping for air. If Tinker had heard it he might have thought she was becoming like her mother. He didn't have time to speculate on what it was all about, however, for Madame Momora, dressed in an evening gown cut so low it left little to the imagination, passed his table about that time. She paused and smiled.

Tinker rose, but not to the occasion. He was mildly embarrassed, and Mrs. Tinker's eagle eye noted it.

'Madam,' he began, 'I want you to meet Mrs. Tinker—mama, this is Madame Momora, a friend of Ben Wackastle's.'

Mrs. Tinker smiled—one of those set smiles she used when addressing the Women's Club back home. 'How do you do?'

Madame Momora was gracious—too gracious.

'I am delighted, Mrs. Tinker. We will play bridge together, perhaps.'

'I'd love to,' Mrs. Tinker almost cooed. Olivia returned. Mrs. Tinker introduced her, Madame Momora bowed and continued toward her table.

Tinker mopped his brow with his napkin and tried to appear nonchalant.

'There's a swell woman,' he commented, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. 'And beautiful. Don't you think she's beautiful?'

'Oh, yes. Yes, indeed.' Mrs. Tinker was using her best ocean liner dining room manner now.

The waiter returned with a tray of hors d'oeuvre. He was a welcome diversion for Tinker.

'Well, well, so you got back all right?' he asked cheerfully.

'Peg pardon?'

Tinker rambled on. 'I thought maybe you fell overboard. Say, do you shave yourself?'

The waiter was more puzzled than ever.

'I beg your pardon?'

'Shave—you savvy, shave! You know—Tinker scapped his face with an imaginary safety razor, but the waiter didn't understand. Tinker changed his pantomime and picked up a table knife.

'Straight razor man, eh?'

The waiter nodded. Tinker frowned, indicating his disapproval. He pushed his chair back and fished a Tinker razor in a box from his trousers pocket. The waiter took it.

'Wait a minute,' called Tinker, and handed him a package of blades, with the well-known Tinker face printed on the paper cover.

Olivia was indignant.

'Will you please stop making mother and me ridiculous?' she demanded.

He achieved an air of injured innocence.

'Well, my glory, what am I doing now?'

Tinker turned to him. 'Oh just what you always do—act the fool wherever you are. I'm just sick and tired of it.'

Olivia rose. 'Goddamn Mama. We'll have dinner in our stateroom.'

Wackastle watched them go out and strolled over to Tinker's table. 'Say, you know—I'm producing that woman as a friend of mine.'

They both laughed.

One of the principal things Tinker did not want to do immediately after dinner was face the irate members of his family. He wanted to avoid an excess of feminine conversation in which he would be only the listener, so he wandered disconsolately into one of the lounges. He encountered Madame Momora, strolling leisurely, and seemingly indifferent to the attention she was attracting from the male members of the company.

'Ah, Monsieur Tinker—we meet again.'

Her voice was soft and caressing. He paused, embarrassed, shuffling from one foot to the other. 'For want of something to say—Say, you haven't seen my wife, have you?'

Madame Momora smiled. 'But yes—and she seems angry.'

She was an astute woman, subtle, deft—sympathetic when she knew it counted. Tinker was accustomed only to the obvious among his women folk.

'I guess you understand,' Tinker commented after a pause. 'You know, that's the first thing I thought when I looked
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at you. I said to myself, 'Now there's a woman who understands.' They strolled out onto the deck. In the semi-darkness she leaned close to him and he took her arm. As they walked the conversation drifted more to the subject of art. I got his hand and told him it was the hand of 'a conqueror.'

Tinker grinned. "You don't say! You're a fortune-teller, eh?"

"No, not that," she protested, "but I am what they call psychic!"

When she explained what she could do with a crystal ball.

He wanted to be amused as well as flattered. After she had told him she had one in her stateroom he urged her to go and get it, promising to meet her on the top deck. He calculated that if either Mrs. Tinker or Olivia began searching for him they would begin in the smoking room near the bar and work upward deck by deck. It was a big ship and would take some time.

But, as usual, he hadn't counted on the perversion of the feminine mind. He had just arranged two deck chairs in a secluded spot between two lifeboats when he heard footsteps.

Ogle strolled out of the darkness. What a relief!

"Well, well, well! How are you, Ogle? Great night, isn't it? I'm just taking a little walk myself."

Ogle may have intended to be sarcastic. "You're not looking for Madame Momora, by any chance?"

"Who, me?" protested Tinker. "Why, no!—a married man. Why would I want to see her? Are you looking for her?"

"Well, yes," he admitted.

"I stroll down this way—I'll help you find her.

But—this was a mistake in strategy. They had gone hardly a hundred feet when they encountered Olivia, peering suspiciously between lifeboats and around ventilators.

"Looking for me, baby?" asked Tinker.

"Well, not exactly, but—"

He was suddenly inspired by a brilliant idea. It was so brilliant it almost dazzled the starlight. But he executed it swiftly.

"Listen, tell you what you do. He took Olivia and Ogle each by an arm and pushed them toward each other. To Olivia—'You want to find Olivia—I got to see a man about something.'

Ogle could have bitten a piece of a davit without her flattery. He decided to walk with Olivia instead, and they descended a companionway.

Tinker hurried back to his deck chairs to await Madame Momora. His desire for mild adventure and companionship put him completely off guard. When she arrived and showed him the small crystal ball he confessed to her that he had always been superstitious. He even told her he had gone to a colored fortune-teller when he had entered business, and that he still carried the lucky half dollar she had given him.

"I am glad you believe," Madame Momora cooed softly. "Because, if you believe, I can tell you many things."

He became eager. "You can? You mean you could tell me about—say, a business deal?"

She assured him she could, and her assurance was given in such a restrained, impersonal way that he rambled on vacuously without realizing that he was telling her more than she was telling him.

Gazing into the crystal ball, she continued: "I see you—your face—your name—all over the world, in strange lands—"

There was nothing psychic about this.

Most people could have told him the same thing.

"You'll see your face in any country where men shave," he boasted.

"But wait!" She became dramatic. "What is this? Another name appears by yours—I see a line, a straight line."

"The name's not Straightback, is it?" he asked, startled.

It was.

This was interesting. "That's right, that's right," he agreed. "Do you see anything in there about going to Damascus?"

Oddly enough, she did. In fact, she saw him in Damascus buying many things: rugs, curios, etc. He had not, of course, suffered any damage.

"No, no—not that," he interrupted, "something about business."

"Ah—I see more clearly—you are buying—you are buying something your business needs."

"That's it, that's it. Do I get the steal?"

This went on for a half hour or more. When he finally remembered that he would be wise to go and face the family wrath she knew exactly why he was going to Damascus and he was wondering vaguely why he had been so talkative. Possibly, he felt, it was because he so seldom had a chance to insert any remarks in his wife's steady flow of conversation.

He patted Madame Momora's Pekingese as he said good-night.

It was a relief to find his own state-room in darkness. He tiptoed in and began removing his shoes. The light snapped shut.

"Why, honey—I thought you were asleep. How do you feel?"

"Never mind how I feel. Where have you been?"

It was time for fast thinking.

"Why, nowhere except right on this steamer, Mama. I've just been sitting around quietly enjoying myself."

Mrs. Tinker sat up in bed, shaking her head vigorously and jarring her assortment of hair curlers. Why did she always have to wear those funny curlers? "Sitting around quietly? Who with?"

"Now, honey—" he protested, pulling off his collar and tie to keep his hands as busy as his thoughts.

"Don't 'honey' me," she snapped. "If you haven't been with a woman, then you've been playing poker again!"

This was the first bright spot in the conversation. It was a way out. He became almost cheerful.

"No use trying to fool you, Mama. You sure are p-p-psycho." (The word embarrassed him because it made him think of Malcolm.) "I've been playing poker. And I won—look."

He pulled a handful of bills and loose change from his trousseau pocket and held it out to her.

"See, it's yours. You can give it to that day nursery of yours back home."

It worked. Mrs. Tinker relaxed. "I suppose if you must gamble, it's better that the money be used to good.

He hurried to finish his undressing. This was a choice bit of good luck.

* * *

When the S.S. Dunmore dropped anchor in the outer harbor of Beirut it was surrounded by the usual swarm of boatmen selling fruit and rugs and curios, and the inevitable swarm of young swimmers ready to dive for coins in the clashing bazaars.

Tinker noted these things casually. What impressed him most was that shaying seemed to be one of the lost arts among the crowd of boatmen. Before he had been a moving assortment of whiskers, the like of which he had never seen before.

It was a reflection on the Tinker advertising department. And so near the home of the Damascene, where good blades might have been, too.

During the first few hours ashore Mrs. Tinker and Olivia became absorbed in the quaint life about them, the indolent crowds of Arabs in the narrow streets, the occasional tribesman from the desert on their long horses with red flowing, the bazaars, and the Arabic splendor of the hotel and its gardens. Its luxury was a curious contrast to the presence of the squallor.

It was late afternoon before Mrs. Tinker became disturbed by her husband's absence. She inquired at the desk, but the clerk knew nothing of his whereabouts. She told Olivia to stroll around among the bazaars to find her father, not realizing that it was distinctly not desirable for an Occidental woman to walk unattended in the native quarters.

Olivia had not gone far when she found herself being persistently accosted by married men. Sometimes she passed them. Beggars surrounded her. She could make no progress, and became genuinely alarmed.

"Go away! Go away!" she cried. "Leave me alone."

Ogle rounded a corner and took in the situation at a glance. He threw a handful of coins into the air and shouted. It was like throwing a pebble into a pond. The waves rippled outward.

"Oh, Mr. Ogle—I was never so glad to see anyone in my life."

He seemed calm enough. This surprised her. She took him by the arm. "You don't care whether you like it or not, you're going to take me back to the hotel."

As they neared the hotel they became almost cordial for the first time. After all, he thought, she was certainly good looking. Why should he dislike her, even if her father was a bore?

"I'm very glad I have been of service to you," he told her.

"Do you know, that's the first nice thing you've said to me in a long time."

In the cool shadows of the lobby he decided he didn't want to leave her. She offered no objections when he asked her to go to the roof terrace to have tea while they watched the sunset.

Their romantic mood came to an abrupt end when they reached the terrace. Mrs.
Tinker was annoyed and didn’t care who knew it. “Oh, there you are—it’s time you came back—where’s your father?”

“I don’t know,” Olivia told her, and the tone of her voice indicated she wasn’t especially interested, but Mrs. Tinker had never been silenced yet. She went on. “Where can that man be? He went off somewhere and heaven knows where he went, or when he’ll be back!”

She may have been right. Heaven might not have known, but Tinker did. One of his suppressed desires since he had first pecked under a circus tent had been to ride a camel—a camel with draperies, and attendants. He probably would have been a Sultan if he had been born in Turkey instead of Topeka.

Long before lunch he had decided that as much as Beirut had no sightseeing buses, he would do the town in style on a camel’s back—a two-humped camel at that. He might just as well have the best while he was at it.

After several hours of this he had an entourage. Two extra camels were carrying his purchases. Shopkeepers were saluting him front and as though he were a direct descendant of Mohammed. He even had a couple of flute players who had given up charming cobras for the day to march in front of his dromedary and keep it in a rhythmic stride. It was a grand day for the maker of Tinker’s Trimpered Blades. It was too bad beards were so popular in this town.

The sun was going down beneath a copper canopy and shadows were lengthening when the Tinker caravan reached the broad avenue leading to the hotel. The flute players were making sweet music, but it couldn’t be heard. Hundreds of shouting beggars were crowding about. It was an Arabic riot.

Most of those on the hotel terrace gazed in alarm until they saw what was happening. Mrs. Tinker nearly collapsed. “Well, of all things! Look at him!” They all did. And he was something to look at.

The Tinker head was half concealed beneath an enormous white bur- noose, one of those flowing cloth things sheiks wear in the movies with his shoulders flowing a blue and green and white robe. There were enough Oriental trappings on the camel to make Abdul Hamid jealous.

“Isn’t it awful?” wailed Mrs. Tinker. “I’ll certainly let him know what I think for making such a spectacle of himself. He hasn’t the slightest idea of how ridiculous he looks, and he wouldn’t care if he did! And here I’ve been worrying about him!”

When the caravan reached the hotel entrance Mrs. Tinker was there. Her remarks were numerous and pointed, but Tinker was busy. He paid bills with a lavish hand, and ordered his belongings taken inside with a royal calm that impressed the Orientals.

He surveyed the red leather boots, the cushions, the brass boxes, and returned to the hotel lobby in despair.

She tried to picture her husband riding to the office in Topeka wearing red boots and a bur-noose.

Madame Momora glided here and there about the public rooms of the hotel and contrived to make her conversations with Tinker seem casual. Mrs. Tinker’s jealousy increased, and some of her new-found friends contributed to it by telling what they had seen.

Madame seemed to have a complete knowledge of the city and its environs. One night she took Tinker to a native restaurant where he enjoyed the music.

Defly she learned that he still persisted.

Written to end drudgery

Women who have read this book are enthusiastic about it. (More than 250,000 of them!) One writes: “It cut my cleaning time two hours every day.”

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in his idea of crossing the desert to go to Damascus. She described the dangers of an impending tribal war and tried to dissuade him. With a trump card she told him she intended to visit one of the greatest crystal-gazers of the East, a man who could read the future in crystals. She would report to him everything she learned, she told him. He insisted she take a hundred dollar bill to pay the expense of the visit. They took a taxi to Madame Momora one afternoon and staged a fresh outbreak. Olivia appealed to Ogle to warm her father. He did his best, but not well enough to avoid another family scene in the lobby.

While it was in progress Ogle saw Madame Momora attempting to start a cablegram. An attendant left it lying on a desk while he listened to Mrs. Tinker’s volatile outburst. It floated to the floor on the light breeze and Ogle picked it up.

A look of utter astonishment spread over his face as he read it.

Disregarding the strained state of the Tinker family, Mr. Tinker went directly to their room and knocked. Tinker was glad to see him. It was a diversion. He grasped Tinker’s arm and led him toward a large window.

“I accidentally saw a cablegram Madame Momora was sending to New York.”

“No!” asked Tinker, amazed.

“It said that she was delaying you here until she received further instructions.”

Tinker could hardly believe his hearing and thought;

“Delaying me, huh? Well, what do you know about that?” He slapped Ogle on the shoulder, his favorite method of being cordial. “Say, thanks, Ogle—thanks very much. You’ve done me a big favor.”

Tinker walked back and forth slowly. He had a thought and half told Tinker:

“I’d like to know what her game is.”

Suddenly he brightened and continued:

“Like to! Say, I’ve got to find out.”

He resumed his pacing and thought:

“Ogle, Madame Momora’s a pretty smart woman—but maybe I’m as smart.”

Oriental splendor reached its zenith in the quarters of the Great Mystic. It was magnificent. The ante-room was draped with costly brocaded fabrics. Large crystal ceilings made chairs unnecessary. The lights were soft, the air perfumed. Madame Momora entered, two huge blacks gorgeously costumed and wearing Hindu turbans appeared through draperies and bowed ceremoniously. One of them turned toward the closed drapes and intoned in a deep voice: “One comes who would speak with the master.”

Invincible attendants parted the drapes and Madame Momora entered a larger room. At one end was a canopied dais, with cushions. A tripod resting upon a mirror held a crystal ball. Incense burned.

At a signal from one of the attendants Madame Momora seated herself in front of the dais and waited. A tall man entered slowly. His voice was deep. His robes were jeweled, his feet encased in red leather boots. His face was partly hidden behind a magnificent white beard. His gray eyes were penetrating.

Madame Momora was impressed:

“I see M-M-M—” he began slowly, gazing at Madame Momora. “Ah-h-h-h! Money?” she suggested.

“No—Madam!”

“M—Master.” It was a half cry. Her astonishment was complete. “I see you on boats,” the Mystic resumed. “You go back and forth many times when you meet a rich man—I see you together—you keep him under your eye.”

“Does he suspect?” she asked.

He ignored the interruption. “The crystal clouds—I cannot see clearly. There are bad mental vibrations here. You are not being frank with me, my daughter—speak frankly—tell me your desires—then only will I be able to see what the crystal holds.”

“It is my wish,” she told him, “to delay this man from leaving here on this business trip.”

“You are being paid for this?”

“Yes.

The Mystic cleared his throat and in- toned again—more solemnly: “Now this whole thing is clearing up, I see you going straight back to America. You cannot hinder this man. He is a conqueror. Nothing can stop him. The crystal never lies. He will win.”

He ceased speaking and bowed.

She rose. “You are a great man—and a great mystic. But remember this—a woman’s weapons are her wits.”

He bowed in return, but made no reply. As she turned to go he said: “My fee is one hundred American shekels.”

The draperies closed behind her and the Mystic suddenly lost his dignity.

“Hey, Mahatma,” he shouted in a voice strangely like Tinker’s, “come on out!”

An attendant’s voice came through the draperies, like a musical echo—“Come, what comes would speak with the Master.”

There was no time to repeat the grand entrance. The Great Mystic was caught with his turban tilted rakishly as Mrs. Tinker seated herself solemnly in front of the crystal and waited for advice. The Mystic smoothed his beard, straightened his turban, and coughed. Then he tried his deep tones again. They worked.

Mrs. Tinker gasped.

“Your are here to see me about your husband, aren’t you?”

“How did you know that?” she ejaculated, utterly amazed.

“I see all and I know all,” he said as the solemnity of a chant. “Am I going to leave him?” she asked, eagerly.

“No, he is going to leave you.”

“Oh!” She swallowed and choked back her tears.

“But only for a business trip,” he added consolingly. He raised his hands over the crystal and continued: “I see a dark woman—a vampire.” And then, sternly—

“Oh, what a big liar she is!”

“I know that,” she interrupted.

The Mystic motioned for her to be silent—something he had been doing off and on for twenty years without results, but it worked this time.

Andy Clyde, himself. The co- median has just signed a new contract with Mack Sennett.
or kidnapped, or something, but I'll go! And if I never come back, baby, you tell your mother that I loved her and nobody else!

He stormed out, stumbling over a dress suitcase in the dim light of the corridor. This ruffled him. He was sure when he reached the lobby and ordered porters to bring his baggage down. He was in no mood for politeness when Madame Monora bustled up to him near the clerk's desk.

For the first time she seemed agitated, too.

"Oh, Mr. Tinker, I was on my way to see you," she began. "I have distressing news for you. I have just come from the consulate."

Tinker took three vicious bites on his gum and glared at her.

"Well, I have distressing news for you, too. I've just come from mama—and I'm leaving for the desert right now."

"No—no—you must not go—that is what I have come to tell you."

"You mean I mustn't go until you get further instructions from the Straighback people?"

She reeled back, utterly overwhelmed.

His moment of triumph relieved his nerve strain. He grinned naturally once more.

"Yes, the crystal ball told me everything. How did you like me in my whiskers?"

"You?" She was speechless.

"Yes, me—the Great Mystic—laugh that off!"

She couldn't.

"But you must listen," she pleaded, "you must. If you go now, you will be killed. A war is starting between the two tribes—who—who you must do business with—and you can do no business with them now—if they capture you, they will surely kill you."

She was so agitated she was almost convincing, but Tinker was still suspicious.

"Even if I believed you," he told her, "I wouldn't trust you." He strode toward the door and added, "So long! I'll send you a postcard."

***

As the boys arranged his bags in the automobile he distributed tips with a lavish hand. It was just as well to be popular with these natives, even though most of them never shaved after reaching manhood. The story of his generosity would spread and might help him in his negotiations.

Beirut has no suburbs. After a short trip over the low hills the rocky rolling country, dun-colored and parched, relieved here and there by graceful sand dunes, stretched interminably. It is the Arabian desert.

The heat is terrific, the roads atrocious. For hours they bumped along without incident. Tinker dozed. His driver mopped his forehead from time to time. There was no sign of life anywhere, and no movement, except the heat waves and an occasional far-away sand cloud when a breeze stirred.

After the sun had gone down in a sea of red, followed by a violet afterglow on the eastern horizon, they slept in the car. It was fitting slumber for Tinker, disturbed occasionally by the far-off neighing of a horse and the cry of some wild animal. In the morning they breakfasted lightly on oranges and rice cooked over an alcohol stove.

For want of something better to do Tinker transferred packages of razors and blades from bundles to his pockets. He still cherished hopes of reducing the Arabs' fondness for beards.

By mid-morning the heat had become intense again and he began to wonder in a vague way why Damascus had been located so far from everywhere.

A sharp explosion echoed across the desert stillness. Tinker became alert; the chauffeur seemed worried.

"A blowout, eh?" Tinker asked. "For a moment I thought someone was shooting at us."

A volley of shots rang out, followed by the singing of bullets overhead.

"Maybe I was wrong."

He was talking to himself, because the chauffeur's attention was concentrated on a crowd of native horsemen galloping down the side of a huge sand dune a mile or more away.

There was nothing to do but wait. The riders surrounded them with leveled guns.

The leader shouted in Arabic, "Indeel, you are my prisoner."

But Tinker asked whether it was a hold-up. He received no reply, but was ordered to climb up behind one of the riders. The chauffeur did likewise without protest.

After an hour or more of riding they approached an elaborate camp. Tents were scattered in uneven rows. Some of them were gaily colored and of silk, with double coverings to keep out the heat. A few, evidently those of chieftains, had porches, with rugs spread upon the sand and leather cushions thrown about. It was a camp such as he had dreamed about during the Spanish-American War. He would have liked it, if the Arabs hadn't scowled so outrageously over those beards. He had never seen such an unsocial outfit.

Tinker and the driver were shoved into a tent so swiftly they landed in a pile of

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Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

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MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

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The Lunts Go Cinema

Continued from page 27

every morning and played in the evening. Two weeks after I fell downstairs at her feet I proposed. Like a judge she 'took the matter under advisement.'

"Fate, in the guise of Manager George C. Tyler, separated us," Mrs. Lunt continued the romantic tale. "I was to have married in 'Clarence' of which Mr. Lunt played the name role. Then it was decided that I should go on tour in another play and Mary Boland was engaged for the part. So we were separated again."

Their companies went in opposite directions. Miss Fontanne's "Made of Money" came out of 'Clarence' and I returned the water logged and put out of commission while "Clarence," the Booth Tarkington play, proudly rode the crest for two years. The youth, born in Wisconsin but trained on the Scandinavian stage, and the girl from London, met occasionally in the management's home office and at the homes of friends. He talked often of the farm near Genesee, Wis. Would she like to visit it and meet his mother and small step-sisters? She would and did. When she arrived in Milwaukee only strange farmers and stranger politicians hurried past her in the station, unseeing, or seeming not to see her.

She took the suburban train for the Ecklunt home at Genesee. Ecklunt is in their tent for a conference. The tribesmen growled and muttered. Why all this delay in the conference? What? Why not get at the war, instead?

That was a conference. It nearly equaled in duration the best Hollywood record, where conferences are said to have reached their zenith.

The Chief came first, and, by the word of the Prophet! He was clean shaven. It was only the Temperance masterpiece of smoothness. The sun was shining on a chin that hadn't been exposed since boyhood. The tribesmen were angered.

But the Chief calmed them. He waved a roll of American bills and made a speech in English, which he couldn't have been making them all to a grand jury in America, but it might have been Aleppo. Whatever it was, they were satisfied. They sat down in groups to await the arrival of Cadi Inshallah for the big beard-pulling ceremony.

Tinker conversed with the Chief and smoked a hookah, comfortably seated on a leather cushion.

Cadi Inshallah rode in followed by a group of attendants and dismounted. He was a smaller man than his cousin. His whiskers were red—the type known as Royal Beaver in America, but a bit frayed at the bottom.

Tinker made a rapid estimate of their value.

Cadi strode toward the Chief's tent with right hand extended, and nearly cleared from amazement when the Chief rose.

When he had recovered the Chief introduced him to Tinker and the three returned to the Chief's tent.

This time it was no conference at all. Cadi emerged in a few moments, smelling of witch hazel, and not a hair below his eyebrows. There was a touch of heart handshaking before he mounted his horse and stowed his new blackroll in his saddle bags amid the loud huzzas of the tribesmen.

The huzza is a form of cheer originated many years ago when the Arabian Nights were being inscribed on parchem. It 'comes from the bearded man it is threatening. Refreshments were served. Tinker was now calling the Chief by his first name—Hadj.

He introduced him to Mrs. Tinker and Olivia, Ogle and Madame Momora.

"Mama," he confided, "Hadj and I now own the Damascus steel process."

Mrs. Tinker relaxed and forgave Madame Momora.

When they returned to Beirut they were at the head of a procession of nearly 200 horsemen. Tinker's only regret was that the newsreel boys missed it.
Wisconsin. It was Broadway, represented by impresario George C. Tyler, who sheared it of its first syllable. One station. Two, Three, Four. The girl from London and New York, paying her first visit to the West, was deciding it was a dreary wilderness. At the fifth station, midway up the car steps, swung a tall young rustic who was coatless and might better have been lawnless. Half way down the aisle he swung, then saw her. Off came the ancient but beloved hat he denominated "The Wreck of the Hesperus." "I beg your pardon. Your telegram said you would arrive tomorrow. These small girls are my sisters. I have been taking them to the circus."

"It was a bit of a shock," commented the then Lynn Fontaine. "One of the reasons I had admired him was that he was always correctly dressed. His clothes were good and he wore them well. This individual in aged, faded trousers, with a shirt in the same state and an unspeakable hat, did not seem the same."

"But next day I recovered my ground," he boasted. They were having maid troubles and her host cooked her breakfast. "I am a hearty breakfast," she said, "but left it." she added. "I concluded that the tailored excellence I missed, though pleasing, was one of life's non-essentials!"

One that visit the engagement that had been attempted two weeks after the fall downstairs was achieved. They were married in New York and a week after the wedding, in the Municipal Building in New York, the bride left for a long tour in her first outstanding success, "Dulcy."

"I am indebted to both of the three letters a day of absentee honeymooners. Not then nor since have they held a distinguished epistolary record."

"I have never written letters," said the Lynn of the Lunts. "I hate writing letters. I even dictate typewritten ones to my sister. If they had been demanded we should soon have hated each other. When we are within reasonable distance of each other we telephone. We telegraph about three times a week. But letters! We both loathe them."

The Alfred of the pair looked down at the rim of his cup. That is one of the finest aspects of my married life," he replied. "She is reasonable. Reasonableness is one of the greatest human charms. I could not have married a fool."

"Professional differences arise?" I asked.

"We talk them out. Reasonable people can do that," he added, "and was the easier of how to be happy though wedded to a member of the most nervous profession in the world. "And they will reach a satisfactory conclusion. In 'The Guardsman' we discussed a point for four days until we decided how a scene should be played. If I had been playing with some one else that would have wasted the time and energy."

"If you believe in the marriage of actresses to actors?"

"Indeed, yes," I quoted the late John Mason, an eminent playwright, "I have never played in the intercollegiate matches because, at best, the parties to them were only "summer sprees.""

"Here we 'go' the Wisconsin farm," both answered.

"If inequalities of opportunity arise?"

"I am willing that my husband should have a better part next year and the next."

She placed myself, Queen Elizabeth, in "Elizabeth the Queen," which a distinguished visitor from England said "was the only part I had ever seen anywhere." Mr. Lunt was playing her little, erratic lover, the Earl of Essex. "Same here, of course. But my wife couldn't play a bad part. She would build and vitalize it until it became a good part."

"Bill!" (Mr. Lunt's nickname because of his still surviving boyish worship of the hero of the plims, "Buffalo Bill." ) "The expressions the real man, the one I saw in the faded shirt and trousers and wreck of a hat," she had told me.

He ignored her expostulatory tone. "You could, my dear. You have."

Meditation followed, amidst the drained teacups. "I never could have loved Bill if he had been a bad actor."

"I could not have fallen in love with Lynn if she had not been a fine actress."

"Had she not played the red-nosed, reluctant bride so well you might not have fallen downstairs at her feet?"

No. I admired her brain before her person, her art before her eyes. I never can understand why a man can fall in love with a pretty fool. A fool is and always was and will be repugnant to me."

"I should be sorry to be the wife of a broker or business man," returned Lynn, "for even though life may become dull and humdrum to players they go to the stage or studio and dwell for hours in a different world, the world of romance. They have a means of escape from the occasional gray days into magic."

"Is it, as managers say, 'good business' for a man and wife to play together?"

I asked the couple that has appeared jointly in twelve plays and is doing its first joint picture in "The Guardsman." "Once managers were afraid it might destroy the illusion."

"I think it is a question of art. If a scene is well played audiences don't care whether those who play it are married to each other, or someone else, or not at all."

From Lynn of the Lunts.

"I think they can play better together. There are scenes that I can play better with Lynn because we are married."

The Imps of fun jugged in her eyes. Of course it is trying to be married to a temperament actor. The one who is sitting beside you is a ravishing mermaid who is studying a part. I should like to lock him in his room and throw the key out of the window."

"But she wouldn't be so inhuman. She knows that in the last stages I have to walk the streets until the part has taken its final form. If I can walk the streets and feel that the character is walking with me I know I have it. At least I hope I have. No one is sure. Do you know what studying a part is like? It is as agreeable as falling over a precipice."

"But there is something else that is trying in our menage. That is the calmness with which my wife goes through the ordeal of study that turns me ninety-nine per cent manic. Her utter calmness makes me flabby."

"But there are an artist's rights that even a husband must respect." The maid was wheeling the tea cart out of the room. Our talk about life and art and marriage and happiness was nearing the point of termination. "I won't let my husband come into my dressing room until I have my make up for a part. It took one and a half hours to make up Elizabeth at first. Finally I got it down to an hour. Then three-quarters of an hour. When I have gotten it quite right I am glad to have visitors during the process. While playing one of the most difficult performances..."
ever seen on the New York stage Miss Fontanne's calm spirit permitted, even invited, visitors to her dressing room while she was "making up." "For it gives me a chance to see my friends and has no effect upon my performance."

That their entrance into filmland together

tre Guild.

"It is a great advantage to be married to the leading man," Lynn Fontanne has often said. "For beside the rehearsals at theatre or studio they go on at home. We help each other. When rehearsals are at the stage of apparent hopelessness and

world in my analysis of an enthusiasm for the animated cartoon and its future. This is a new art, one that sets the whole universe and everything in it dancing and singing. It is the ne plus ultra of movement. It is the greatest ocular release that the imagination has had.

The French, always clairvoyant, have
gone wild over "Mickey Mouse" and what these creations of Walt Disney may lead to.

A writer in the Paris Comédie says: "It permits the expression of the wildest conceptions without constraint in tangible form... Thus it becomes a complete art, infinitely supple, and awaits only an inno-
vator to discover all its hidden resources."
Another writer in the Cinorama writes: "The animated drawing progresses boldly
into the realm of fantasy with a freedom and
fancy we admire because it stretches the
boundaries of the real world and
broadens the imagination."
Walt Disney is the Columbus. But
millions of jack are awaiting the Victor
Hugo and the Richard Wagner of the
humble Mickey Mouse.

Shocked?—O Tush!
The first round oath that I recall on the
stage was made by Tally Marshall in
Clyde Fitch's "The City" about twenty
years or more ago. He played a "dope"
and he uttered a compound cuss-word
(French for an Englishman) that saved
all the men to silent admiration and
caused the ladies to give faint shrieks of
happiness—"why, it's just like home when
Jack can't find his tax studs and goes on
the rampage!"

Now, the folk of the stage swear and
fire good vascular Anglo-Saxon epithets
over the lights like any Methodist
Congressman. The sissified speech of the old-
line drama and comedy has gone forever,
and the characters are now talking like
recognizable human beings.
And as for the off-color thrills of musical
comedies and revues, they are positively be-
coming more refined and subtle, and thus
the performances are far less stupid. Fred
Stone's shows were as "clean as a whistle,"
and it was for that reason that he and his
shows bored me to death and went boom.
Life is not always "clean." But let's
admit it and laugh at it. Let's wise-crack
it—it will help.

Are the Stars Freaks?
Continued from page 19
It's all a matter of conjecture and view-
point. While one set of professors pro-
claims that genius is tinged with madness,
another group declares genius to be the
capacity for taking infinite pains.
One gentleman of the films who has been
dubbed a genius, is the versatile Douglas
Fairbanks. Whatever place Douglas has
earned, it has not been by madness—unless
spending hour upon hour in gruelling work
is a form of madness. Doug is a freak
when it comes to devoting most of his day
to training. His muscle-augering per-
formances at home and in the studio cause
many to wonder why he does it. Here's
one star who could bask in all the luxury
of a country gentleman, yet he insists on

keeping himself ultra-physically fit as if the
next day's bread and butter depended on it.
When it comes to taking pains, if that's
the way one gains the right to be a genius,
then Doug should take a bow. When he was
preparing to make "Don Q" he was not
satisfied until he had brought an Argent-
ine guacho to Hollywood to teach him the
tricks of whip-cracking. For hours every
day, he cracked that black-thonged whip,
making reports louder than a cannon. His
arm ached—so did the heads of everybody
in the studio. At the end of two weeks,
Fairbanks had mastered the art of flicking
a cigarette from a man's mouth. To prove
his adeptness at this trick, he invited one
of the studio executives to let him demon-
strate it. Before an audience of office
workers and technicians, and with all the
Fairbanks assurance, he cracked the whip
taking the cigarette neatly from the trem-
bling victim's lips. He also learned to tie
a man with a double knot with a twist of the
wrist and a flick of the whip. This is one
of the most difficult tricks known to the
Argentine gauchos. No wonder Doug
earned his right to be counted a genius via
the painstaking route!

Charlie Chaplin has no excuse for being
a genius—he was born one. He has many
idles. The caggy little schlank who makes
millions laugh will sit in a corner at a Holly-
wood party with a suffering expression. He is the picture of
melancholy—but put him at a table in
Henry's of Hollywood with a couple of his
cronies and he is up to all sorts of tricks,
obvious to the eyes of the multitude. It's the
daily gamble at Henry's whether
Charlie will come in sans tie and shave or
appear in faultless attire. He earned the
right to be called a freak early in his film
career when he was the only actor in
Hollywood to carry a cane while riding on
the street cars. Now when he drives in his
Rolls-Royce he's never seen with one—you
pay if you want to see Chaplin swing a
wicked stick.

I'm mighty glad to be called a freak
if it gets me money that big weekly check,"
says Clark Gable, who is the big menace
to feminine peace of mind in Hollywood
right now. "All joking aside, I'm just
wondering what it all about. Can't say I
can lay claim to any freak honors. As
for being a genius, I'll pass that up, too."
It's a bit early in the game for Clark to
develop any freak tendencies.

Somewhere or other, perfectly normal
people whose talents land them into the
limelight often acquire certain tastes and

What a THRILL
from her
FIRST LETTER!

S o much depends on stationery!
For your new acquaintance will always judge your good
taste by your first letter. The paper tells the story!
But how confident you'll feel, when you write on Lord Baltimore Linen! The folded sheets, daintily
styled, are in perfect taste. And your pen glides over them so smoothly, never "roughing" the firm finish.
You'll like the envelopes too, for they're made with generous flaps that seal without coaxing.

Lord Baltimore Linen, packaged in a variety of styles, may always
be had in many beautiful tints as well as white. Sold exclusively at Rexall Drug Stores. There is one
near you.

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manerisms that put them into the freak class. Gloria Swanson, for instance, has kept the world agog with her rapid rise from Semmett comedies to the ranks of a star-producer and has made freakishness a keynote in her career.

Under Cecil B. De Mille's direction, La Swanson became the talk of the film world. No one wore such extreme and freakish creations as this former Semmett beauty. For a while the freakish wave threatened to dim Gloria's glory, but she is destined to survive the deluge of ostrich feathers and gee-gaw turbelobs. If Gloria is freakish now, it's altogether a different kind of freakishness, for she is featuring an eye-compelling simplicity.

Vicki Baum, who gave "Grand Hotel" to the stage and who is now in Hollywood seeing it staged, thinks that one must have abnormal magnetism with which to thrill the more placid and normal beings.

"Artists should be a law unto themselves," says this noted writer. "Genius should be excused for any shortcomings. The artist lives under a heavy strain. Hours of intensive emotional work will often drive a person to certain extremes. Highly-strung nerves which respond readily to dramatic situations must be part of a successful stage or screen personality. We know that these people have to keep vibrating at a high rate. It is almost impossible for them to continue this pace without some let-down. That let-down finds expression in so many different ways—a gay party with discretion thrown to the winds, or a walk in the woods, according to the mood or nature of the individual.

"So far I've found Hollywood parties very formal—almost like a Court affair in Europe. Very impressive, but not exactly amusing," This Vicki confided when I asked her if she thought Hollywood very gay.

"I have not been to any party like we read about, with all kinds of freak goings-on. Perhaps they're just to be read about, not experienced—but I have not been here very long; perhaps I will see one of these parties before I go back to New York.

"It is so strange the way simple actions are made to appear freakish. Look at Garbo—no matter what that poor girl does, people talk so much. If she were just a little country girl she could take all the walks alone she wanted to, and wear any kind of clothes, without the whole world pointing a finger at her and stamping her a freak. Why shouldn't one wear simple clothes, and go ones when walking? Why shouldn't one walk alone? It is a great joy. I find much of my happiness in walking alone in the woods, and I'm sure that does not make me a freak," laughed Vicki, shaking her mass of golden hair vigorously. Vicki Baum didn't look a bit like authors are supposed to look. She had a Peter Pan expression as she sat in a green and yellow flowered chiffon dress, in strange contradiction to the Continental type of philosophy she expounded. Not quite master of the English tongue, she appealed to her secretary to help her find words with which to express herself. If there's anything freakish about Vicki it lies in her delightful lack of ego.

"Who are these scientists to take it on themselves to be the judge of what is or is not freakish in human nature?" asks Ricardo Cortez between scenes in "Twenty Grand."

"Actors are not quite the same in conduct as bankers, for instance, nor are they cut out at all like circus performers, although the layman might consider them in that class. It's all a matter of proportion or the relation to something else. Humnity should be measured in general, not just by our

own personal viewpoint. For instance, I don't think 'Peter the Hermit,' a well-known Hollywood character who goes about barefooted, long-haired, bare-headed and in scanty clothes all year round, is a freak. I think he is merely a good representative of his kind of human being."

Dorothy Lee comes right out and admits she's a freak. "Sure I am—I can't help it," says this diminutive star. "I like to play jokes like handing some dignified person a chunk of ice when I shake hands or something utterly silly like that, just for a laugh—to see the puzzled or astonished looks on those around us. Just a clown! That's me. Bert Wheeler is the same always doing something that people on the outside call freakish. But don't think all comedians are that way. Bert's partner, Robert Woolsey, is just the opposite. He's the most normal and natural sort of person off the screen."

Pola Negri is stamped a genius by many. Those who know her well prophesy that

Did Tom Mix, with his huge white sombrero and riding clothes, start the freak furore in Hollywood?
she will go down in film history as one of its greatest stars. She has the fearlessness of her statements. She never stops to weigh her words. You take them or leave them—that's Pola.

Pola and Hedda Hopper were caught in the act of painting her garden fence, she stopped her professional-like stroke long enough to express surprise at being asked if she knew any genius had to be a little mad. "A genius?" she exclaimed, "How should I know? I've never met one. Are there any in Hollywood?" Slightly abashed by the dearth of geniuses in Hedda's experience, I left her to her painting and headed in the direction of Jette Goudal's picturesque Los Angeles home in a happy, cordial mood when I dropped in.

"Freak—why I've been called a freak for years," declared the exotic Goudal. I came to the conclusion that it's because I am usually far in advance of the styles. I'm always wearing things that are so different for the reason I cannot keep on wearing them. Things that are strange because they have caught up with me—so I change to something more original. Don't you remember? There isn't a page now, several years ago? People may think I'm freakish but perhaps it is because I have strength of character—strength of will—and it is different, and the courage of my convictions.

I remember so well the futura Jette caused at openings with her smart little hats and flowing veils. She is still one of Hollywood's most picturesque stars.

Bela Lugosi is expected to be an authority on freaks. Didn't he amaze the American audiences with his weird and fascinating portrayal of "Dracula?" Since then poor Bela dare not be prosaic.

"Few actors and actresses do as you can with the old-fashioned, the weird and the fascinating. All this is rare in the theatrical world as in any other profession or walk of life. However, players may be a little bit too dare to dare, far a long time, is given to the most intriguing members of the entire picture colony.

Lilian Tashman is a fashion freak. She started as a performer and then circled ahead of the mode, she pranced down the aisle at an opening with a backless gown that displayed moreVertebras than Hollywood had seen since the days of the Mack Sennett bathing beauties. Now she has the whole Malibu Beach settlement climbing about her house. Lil's worn out showing people this extraordinary home. She built it for a nice quiet retreat after strenuous hours at the studio—but now she's too exciting because all her friends are bringing their friends to see the house that Lil built.

Some people claim that Tom Mix is the most important personality the trade mark of Hollywood. His huge white feet sombreros, his monogrammed saddles and his great belt buckles with priceless silk belt buckles studded with diamonds, his gloves to match every suit—are all calculated to make the passersby stop, look and listen.

Cecil B. De Mille's sartorial eccentricities have caused almost as much talk as his million dollar bedroom scenes. Corinne Griffith glorified the room when she installed solid gold bathroom fixtures in her palatial Beverly Hills mansion.

J. J. Barrymore, whose temperamental outbursts have made him the most loved and hated star in the world, is in danger of becoming a back number in the freak world. He is going to give his little daughter the freedom to let her be, so she is not his freakishness in a wave of domesticity.

Mary Pickford is the exception to the rule. She has a definite sense of eccentricity to hold the public interest. This little actress held the highest place ever reached by a star—held it by sheer hard work, a good measure of talent and a personalty that endeared her to a nation that claimed her its sweetheart while a world worshipped at her shrine.

Will Rogers is Hollywood's most lovable freak. He's the despair of everyone because he refuses to dress up for even the most important events. With this old felt hat cocked on his head and a wide of gas in his chock, he slouches around the lot looking every inch the hired hand, but when he sits down, he's the smart showman. He knows his freakish make-up is worth a million any old day.

It pays to be a freak in this day and age of ordinary people. Attention is its own reward. It's getting to be quite a problem to out-freak the other freaks and still escape the insanity wards.

Genuines can be read and the stars freaks, but that nice fat check pay every week is ample excuse for the wildest action ever chucked up against a motion picture star!

Restless Little Red-Head

Continued from page 34

so Peggy was one of ten people signed to go with a hundred others to Hollywood. On that train were five girls, two juveniles and three middle-aged character men.

They arrived in Hollywood they were collectively greeted with a slight sniff of disdain. Just another shipment of hopefuls.

They arrived on a Saturday morning. That doesn't sound important but it is, for at that time Clara Bow was completing her role in "The Man Who Played God." It was to be her second dramatic starring vehicle, starting production Monday.

"It was an exciting, eager to get into action and to prove that things were all right," confessed. "T hadn't been promised any important parts and the other girls on the train assured me that none of us would get for any months, that we'd start in doing bits, maybe, to accumulate experience.

"Hollywood looked interesting and the streets were alive. At the studio we were given an idea of what would be expected of us, which apparently was not very much. It consisted mostly of leaving out some telephoning and hard work."

"I gave mine later that day when I found an apartment a block from the boulevard. I didn't know a soul in Hollywood."

"On Monday morning I remembered reading in the newspapers that Clara Bow was suffering from a nervous breakdown. That frightened me. I was a little bit afraid but her persecution in Los Angeles was more than she could stand.

"Well, the next day was Tuesday and I was sitting in the sitting room waiting when the telephone rang for the first time. I was requested to report to Mr. Schulberg's office. They had found me out. I was to be sent back to New York."

"But when I arrived, Mr. Schulberg was smiling and shook hands.

The Women Who Fascinate Men

what is their dangerous power?

This siren type—the woman who fascinates men—uses this dangerous power. She is convi, hard-hearted—by others has always been a mystery. You study her—and it's dangerous or you can truthfully say I don't understand what makes women. But you used to know the secret—secret—your life—your will. But you want the 'dangerous' woman. Why don't you like the siren type? If you don't, you can just ask for the woman you want the power within reason. Well, then, you may for just the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, will give you the 'dangerous' woman—give it to you free."

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unsavory study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by the methods is easily explained. Nature has never desired a race of men, all fascinating. Her plan is for limited charm. She has said, "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and then..." But for a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination. You know that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Indeed you have been punished. You have been fascinating women possessed of no more than—some that you may have considered homely. You have seen women with poor figures outsized women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by corner women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have reported to physical charms as the main reliance with inevitable failure. Strangers of all, you may have known some dangerous fascinating woman who desired that she was willing to give you her secrets. But she was not. For Nature's greatest secret is a natural talent—bliss is to their own methods."

Women in All the World Can't Tell You Amazing, perhaps, but Lucille Young is the woman in all the world who knows the complete secret of beauty and has the amount of beauty is indispensible. This beauty Lucille Young gives you. This methods has admirably the most effective in the world—used by scores of thousands of women. But more than beauty is absolutely necessary. Countless beautiful women are not fascinating, hardly attractive—as every woman knows, Lucille Young gives you also the very inmost of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrecy have been disclosed by nearly twenty years of study, by delving from countless thousands the hidden ways of nature, by analyzing and putting together. The revelation that wondrous secret you possess. "It things you would never discover yourself."

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"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It!"

Here's how Peggy Shannon looked in her first stage part, in the Ziegfield "Follies." Peggy was only Fifteen.

"I have a nice big part for you," he told me. "Do you think you would play the Clara Bow role in "The Secret Call"?" he asked.

Peggy Shannon told him she'd try, and Schulberg replied that he thought she could, for he had had many glowing reports of her work in New York.

Instantly hectic days and nights started which have not let up, yet, after three months. Peggy spent the afternoon having a wardrobe fitted. She nibbled a sandwich for dinner while measurements were being taken.

Then a make-up man applied movie grease paint. She studied the script and reported to the set where a screen test was made to see if her make-up was the right shade.

Until after midnight she was in the office of Stuart Walker, the director, going over the dialogue, learning a little about the whole story and a great deal about what was to be filmed in the morning when the picture started.

Production started at nine the next morning and Peggy was on the spot after an exciting night in which both of all sorts raced through her mind and kept sleep away. Not once did it occur to Peggy that she wouldn't be as good as the part permitted. Of course there were lots of things to learn about camera angles and lights, but not much to learn about dialogue, for she had had plenty of training in that.

Without going into too much detail, that first picture was made as a rush job to meet a release date. That meant night work three times a week and more work on Sunday.

When that picture was finished Peggy was about to take a short vacation when she was assigned to "Silence." That was scheduled to start in two days. More rush for wardrobe and not much rehearsing. Then a day of retakes on the first to be sand-wiched in some place.

Peggy was all through the picture. No time off during production. And then two days before "Silence" finished, "The Road to Reno" started and Peggy was cast in that. More rush and overlapping. No rest in sight and another picture already scheduled to overlay "The Road to Reno."

Now you see why the little girl has no boy friend. She hasn't the time. When she doesn't stay home studying dialogue she tries to catch up on sleep.

"Business before pleasure," says Peggy, and she means it.

"Certainly I expect to fall in love," she said. "Who doesn't? I just haven't had time, since I arrived in Hollywood. I've had invitations to parties and shows but I haven't been able to accept a single one.

"The only part of Hollywood I've seen is on the shortest route from my apartment to the studio, except for a two-day location trip to Catalina, which was spent largely in the water."

And where do you suppose this interview took place? Partly on the set, partly in the photograph gallery while she was posing for the picture used to illustrate this article, and partly at lunch.

"Oh, I'll have a chance to run in some social life sooner or later," predicted Peggy optimistically. Right here is a good spot to mention the Shannon smile. You've never seen anything like it. Her teeth are perfect and her blue eyes light up—well, just watch for it yourself!

And her voice is soft and expressive. The microphone certainly goes for it in a big way. That's the delight of the sound monitor.

If Peggy ever has a chance for social life, you know she'll be busy from morning till night. There's already a long line of prospects to try out for the first break in her production schedules.

"I'm out to make a success of myself," she said. "I'll never do it if I don't keep my mind on my work when I'm working."

She has no hobbies and collects nothing.

Her favorite sport is basketball, but where are you going to find a basketball team with ball with you in Hollywood? Just the same she was a basketball star on the girls' high school team in Fine Bluff, Arkansas, her home town, and has even worn the right to wear a PB on her sweater.

"A screen career never occurred to me," Peggy explained. "At no time did I consider my features photogenic. But I was mad about the stage. The first show I ever saw was 'The Garden of Allah' and our family drove more than forty miles to see it."

"From then on I wanted to be an actress. I couldn't think of any more glamorous life. But I didn't expect to do anything about it."

"After I graduated from high school my mother took my sister and me to New York for a visit. We stayed in an apartment house and I met the girl next door. She was a secretary for a Ziegfield and asked me if I would like to go back stage and watch the show. Did I? I was thrilled to think of it.

"I was introduced to the theatre press agent who got me to pose with Ziegfield. I had never heard of the producer and so wasn't particularly interested by the honor. But the next day my picture was in the papers with the caption, Ziegfield discovers Arkansas beauty.' And work hadn't been mentioned to me!"

"But two days later I was called to the office and put to work in a musical show. There was a tremendous excitement and I wanted to be an actress, so I secured a job in stock and played in most of the cities in New York state between Brooklyn and Buffalo. Then I got my second chance on Broadway, this time in dramatic roles."

Peggy concedes that she's going to like Hollywood a lot, when she gets a chance to look over. She's never looked at the hill-side homes because she likes a yard.

"I'm mad about trees," she proclaimed. "And when this picture is finished I'm going to buy a house, a small one, and lots of shrubs and a fountain that tinkles, and no matter how many trees it has I'm going to put in more!"

"And when I acquire a wire-haired terrier I'll feel that I live in Hollywood and am a part of it."
She Insults the Stars
Continued from page 53

"Ouch! Don't break my arm!" cries Constance Cummings, Sylvia's "victim," as the famous masseuse gives her "the works." Sylvia's reply was picturesque and to the point, but we don't dare print it!

and later calmly taken with her when she left. It's just an old Norwegian custom. I observed a modernistic, miniature tree of green spun glass that stood upon an end table.

"Yes," she said, "I forget where that came from. It's another one of my souvenirs from someone's home. I always return with something."

When asked what she thought of the chances for a successful come-back for Pola Negri, who is taking treatments from her these days, the masseuse said:

"I don't know about Pola. I've never seen her on the stage, so of course I can't tell how she speaks lines. But there is so much more that is required of stars now than was formerly the case. They can't get by just on a grand lot of publicity any more. I doubt that she will ever regain the popularity that she once enjoyed."

"About Mary Pickford? She would be wise to retire. People will adore to re-member her as she was. It is sad that stars must give up their careers when they are not old. But the memory of a young Mary, who reigned supreme, is far sweeter than the eventual reality of a Pickford grown up."

"Bebe Daniels," she declared, "is a very nice person. But from that to being a great actress is a long way."

"Cold as ice, but she has a great technique."

Alice White, who has long been a favorite of the masseuse, occasioned a better deal.

"It is deplorable that she has had such a tough break in pictures. But Alice never squawks—she is like that."

Another who is taking the treatments preparatory to a return to the screen soon, is Dolores Del Rio.

"Dolores should come back. She has something besides good looks to offer."

Constance Cummings is both "a clever actress and a great friend."

Then there is Alice Baker, newly arrived in Hollywood from the London stage.

"Alice reminds me of Mary Garden; she has great promise, but she must learn to be a little more sexy."

And so she comments and criticizes as she names over the numerous stars whom she treats, and some who drop in merely for a friendly chat.

But of all Sylvia's collection of photographs, only that of Norma Shearer and the little Irving Thalberg Jr. graces the privacy of her own boudoir. For years they have been friends, Norma and the little masseuse, and to Sylvia the star owes much for her enviable figure that is un-altered after the process of motherhood.

From every room, in fact, a picture of Norma in a different pose peeps forth. It was due to Norma's influence and kindness that Sylvia's younger son secured a staff position at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and this, the masseuse never forgets.

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The Villains Are Coming! (Continued from page 85)

"Telling the World," and he amused him-
self by inciting Wallace Beery to head a prison riot in "The Big House.

"I used to play comics on the stage," he volunteered. "And one Christmas I was in Chicago without work and there wasn't any Santa Claus so I went around to the old Essanay Company and got a job men-
acing Francis X. Bushman. That lasted about a year and then I went back to New York to the stage. And by and by Chris
tie Calhane got hold of me and turned me into a dirty guy again, and I've continued in my career of crime ever since. I think if you play villains with your tongue in your cheek—well, you get a little different slant on such gente, don'tcha?"

John Davidson is really the nice young man he looks off the screen, despite the iniqu-
itous parts he plays.

He glared at me in a ferocious manner and I immediately started dusting off my choicest "yesse", but I couldn't forget that "tongue-in-cheek" business and bowed my-
self out thinking that he didn't really mean it at all.

Monday dawned cloudy and gloomy. A perfect day for calling on the last two of the grade A villains: Fred Kohler and Noah Beery. Even this delightful prospect failed to cheer me. I had a premonition of dis-
Mathew Betz is one of the men on the screen, but he does it with his tongue in his cheek.

aster. And well-grounded it was, too. For one thing, Mr. Kohler confused me with one of the studio publicity men and didn't bother to take me to lunch. In the second place—but here! Read it and weep.

"I started with the old Kalem Company in 1909," he boomed in a voice that raised gooseflesh along my susceptible spine. "I went on playing juveniles for years and the pickings were pretty lean. Then I realized there were millions of juveniles in the business but only a few heavies. So I turned villain and things began looking up."

"Do you intend to continue treading the path of iniquity?" I queried.

"Now that they're featuring me, I hope for something a little better." And then it was that my dire forebodings were realized. Then it was that the blood changed to water in my veins and my hair turned suddenly white. For the man who has threatened the virtue of more heroines than any villain in pictures—the man who has hung like a sword of Damocles over the reputations of all our best heroes—thinks who—listen! "When I signed this contract I said to Jack Warner, 'I don't care what kind of parts you give me to play. You can make me out the dirtiest kind of a villain if only at the end you'll—no, I don't want the girl—if only at the end you'll give me a baby to croon to or a horse to love so that I can slip a lump of sugar to'—"

I'm sorry, folks, but there's a limit to what even a writer can hear. After all, this isn't a play—and the story just can't go on.

There was only one left. Noah Beery. My heart was in my boots after the Kohler episode and Noah was in the hospital. I made my way thither. The sun showed a little through a rift in the clouds and despite myself my spirits rose a trifle. "After all," I reflected, "he's pretty weak after his operation and if he shows signs of reforming I'll just choke him and leave him there in hopes he'll die before they find him."

"What the devil do you want with me here?" Noah snapped when I was ushered into his presence. A promising beginning, certainly.

"Mr. Beery," I began in a wheeling voice, "you're a screen villain, aren't you? I am, sir," he roar'd, "and by God I intend to remain one. My one concern over this illness is the fear that I've lost the best part of my entire career. In this new picture I was supposed to stick pins in the baby, cut my father's eyelids off while my mother looked on and in the last reel I cut the heart right out of my wife and then strangle my mother to death for trying to interfere. Now get out!"

Allah be praised. Outside the sun had triumphed over the clouds. Birds were singing. It almost seemed that the balmy breeze waited the odor of the Hibiscus all the way from Florida. And so beneficently was my mood over the discovery of just one dyed-in-the-wool villain—one man with good old red blood in his veins—one who has withstood all assaults on his villainy and all efforts at reformation—that, in a burst of generosity, I mentally forgave Fred Kohler for the oversight regarding lunch.

How Do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruation must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, it is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does not interfere with the normal, natural menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

Marie Dressler to embark on a new career of shining glory and reach new tops—via the precious laughter route. If you cannot dazzle them with beauty or awe them with mighty dramas, then give them laughter, and the audience adores you still! But the Marys, the Glorias, the Maes, the Norma shudder to see themselves hilariously ridiculous. It's marvellous for Marie, oh, yes—but for them—well, really!

Even when they've slipped a trifle down the other side of the hill, these starry ones always envision themselves in triumphant come-back. But not in the way Marjorie Rambeau did it, rather in the way that Ruth Chatterton achieved it. Ruth is responsible for a lot of hectic ex-starry hopes in Hollywood.

It isn't really any easier for the men. They fret and fuss as much as the women do, when they suddenly realize their heads have bumped against the ceiling and they must begin coming down.

Menjou had a dreadful time and a jolly old persecution complex for months, until Dame Fortune slipped him another chance. There are a hundred men in Hollywood today who envy Menjou with all their souls—Dame Fortune hasn't given them a second chance. Bill Hart is an excellent example of this. Bill is rich, Bill doesn't need to work, but being out of the game sears his very soul.

We heard a lot about Conway Tearle staging a come-back, but it's a mild, modest little come-back that will never satisfy Conwy. Many a male Hollywood star thinks Valentino was lucky to die at the height of his fame, before that dreadful question, "Where, after the top?" came up for him.

Douglas Fairbanks is in a like quandary. So difficult to know where to go from here! And the very act that a Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has risen to his father's success, makes dad's pride in his son a matter of strange self-communing.

Most of the men talk about becoming directors. If all the actors who expect to become directors when they are through as stars achieve their desire, there will be enough to populate all Hollywood. Richard Dix expects to become a director, for instance. John Gilbert once told me he would probably become a producer when his acting days were over. And they all envy Ramon Novarro, who seems to be achieving what so many of them meant to...
achieve, getting into the directing end before the acting era has passed.

Pola Negri had a time fighting her way back to pictures significant with Pathé. Pola is impatient to discover this new top in talking pictures which she is so confident she can reach. But Pola knows that unless her first talking picture is a sensational success, it would have been better to have remained in Europe. A second-rate success won't do. Newer, younger foreign actresses coming into films now can win success in pictures that would do nothing for Pola. Because so very much is expected from the top.

A cruel and treacherous profession, these pictures, just as treacherous to the starry ones as to the rest, because those who have never risen too high maintain their footing so much longer, the journey down is much shorter.

There isn't anywhere to go after the top, except down!
We sat in a corner and had our tea with Lois Wilson, who told us how generous Lorraine Joy had been. She wrote me the other day, "She is making me a party to celebrate!" Mrs. Cawthorn, wife of Joseph Cawthorn, and herself famous professionally as Queenie Vassel, called me over the telephone. Patsy and I were delighted to go, the Cawthorns' parties are always so enjoyable. We didn't find Mr. and Mrs. Cawthorn posing with their arms around each other or anything like that. As Patsy pointed out, the thirty-one years spoke for themselves.

It looked inside the house as though everybody in the world they knew had sent flowers.

"Enough for a wedding or a funeral!" commented Joe, roguishly.

And Joe was as gay as though it had been their first anniversary. Mrs. Cawthorn, handsome in a blue evening gown, was wearing a diamond pendant, which, when unfolded, became a brooch—of course Joe's gift.

Joe hadn't been very well, and as he went hastening from one guest to another, his wife scolded him.

"What are you doing, moving around so much?" she asked.

"Well, I'm a checker player and it's my move!" retorted Joe.

Genevieve Tohn and Phillips Holms represented the younger generation, and came with their mothers. Genevieve's sister Vivian, by the way, is coming west soon.

P. G. Wodehouse and his wife were there, and other guests included Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthorn, Tom, and Mrs. Hale. Joe and the others spent a pleasant evening. It's the first time we had seen Mr. Wodehouse since he was in Hollywood, and we were surprised and refreshed. Wonderstone has been in use for many years, yet the product remains as fresh as the day it was invented. You can see the reason why. Wonderstone is guaranteed not to contain Sulphides of nitrogen, or any other poison, or any other thing that is known to cause harm. It is the wonder of women the world over today.

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Mrs. Carter was holding court, as she always does, with a dozen people around her.

A rival attraction was Leon Errol, with his stories, which are quite as funny as his professionally toettering legs; and F. G. Wodzinsky, who held us spellbound with his amusing talk.

"Do you know," Mrs. Cathowm came over to me, "thinking of you. Lash? How she made that marvelous evening dress she has on? It is as clever as designing clothes as she is at singing. And she loves to sew!"

The Cathowms received some lovely gifts, including, from Antonio Moreno and his wife, a unique set of after-dinner coffee cups of porcelain which with its tiny porcelain tray attached bearing an ashholder.

Tommy Meighan and his wife, Frances Ring, appear more devoted to each other than ever. That advice I gave you, and he never takes any action without her.

Bob Bridgle, friends, and as soon as the party settled down, Tommy and his wife sought a table, dragging along two other bridge handles.

Elise Janus and Louise Dresser, also William LeBaron, sent flowers and regrets. Louise couldn't come because she was just bringing her mother home from the sanitarium. However, she is happy that it was like a miracle the way her mother had improved—that she could walk now.

Somebody suggested that Louise's mother be sent a wheel chair.

"Oh, she wouldn't look at it!" remarked Mrs. Cathowm. "She walked out of the sanitarium, said she was wheeled in, but she proposed to step out on her own two feet!"

Mr. LeBaron's note with his flowers had read: "You deserve all your years of married life!"

"Sounds like a dirty crack to me!" commented Mrs. Cathowm.

But Mrs. Cathowm flew to Mr. LeBaron's defense.

"He's known us for years, and he knows that we have been very poor fighters," she retorted. "And we like that note, don't we, Joe?"

Some of us danced to the music of the radio, after supper, and Joe Cathowm was coaxed into singing some of his old songs.

Speaking of dancing, we were chatting with Mrs. Cathowm, and she telephoned us about dancing with a gigolo in Nice a few seasons ago.

"He asked me in half-hearted fashion," she said, "thinking I suppose, 'Here's just another middle-aged lady for me to drag around.' But presently we were doing the most intricate steps. 'Why,' the gigolo said, 'You have danced much!' Yes, I told him, I have been a dancer nearly all my life!"

It was such a charming evening, altogether, that we left, wishing our host and hostess, with all our hearts, many happy returns of the day.

"EVERYBODY is staying very late at the beach this year, and more movie people than ever are living theresummer at the beach is the smartest thing to do for them in Hollywood," Mr. Lobsitch adores the beach, although, odd to say, he seems to prefer his swimming pool to the ocean."

Patsy and I were on our way to Santa Monica, to a luncheon which Mr. Lubsitch was giving, with Ona Munson and her mother aiding in receiving and entertaining. Everyone and Mr. and Mrs. Lubsitch are engaged, and they neither admit nor deny it, but they do seem very devoted to each other, and Ona's mother added to me that she felt very pleased.

Ona and her sweet mother greeted us along with our host, Ona having just dashed out of the water, having been swimming in the pool with Mr. Lubsitch. She had donned some pretty silk print pajamas, and declared that she felt warmer than she before she went into the water.

"The comfortable gowns," she said, "that everybody expects you to be ready to dive into the sea at a moment's notice.

Don't think of swimming all done up for the day early in the morning.

We met Dorothy Jordan there with Donald Dillaway. He worked in his first picture with her, and they have been great friends ever since.

"Dorothy is a girl of staunch friendship," Patsy confided. "She and Ona have been friends a long time. Ona gave her her first chance on the stage and her first chance in the movies, and gave her dancing lessons as well. Ona didn't tell me, but Dorothy deserves it most gratefully. She is a truly lovely little girl!"

Jesse Lasky came over to go swimming and fishing, and Buster Keaton and Harpo Marx were there.

We asked Harpo to do his chest expansion stunt which he does in vaudeville. He expanded his chest and thought he looked Hollywood an ideal place for writing.

"But she doesn't know too many people yet," confided Patsy. "Wait until she does, and she'll carry her up and swoop down upon her at all times of day and night, in the informal Hollywood manner. Then we'll see what she says about working here!"

She had come with her husband, Richard Lert, who doesn't speak any English, Bessie Baum and Mr. Lubsitch interpreted for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas were guests, and Samson Raphaelson, Edgar Allan Widdop, Sam Walker, Mrs. and Mr. and Mrs. Luis Vajda, and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Straus, and others.

Some of the guests gathered in the house, but most of us preferred the beach lot, surrounded by a fence, in front of Lubsitch's home.

Ludsitch served à la buffet, with fruit for dessert. Fruit is much liked by Mr. Lubsitch, who always has a huge plate of it on the living room table.

There were ping-pong as well as swimming, and Paul Lukas proved him champion of the former game.

Dorothy Hall was there, too. She just opened as the new Theatre in Los Angeles in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," having recently come from New York, and she said she loved the California hospital.

Mr. Lubsitch is the most retiring and modest of men, but we did manage to corner him for a chat, and found the the-

***

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SCREENLAND
ors and ideas about picture making just as interesting as we had expected them to be.

When we left his hospitable roof, the sun had begun to sink beyond the sea.

"THIS Week's Attraction, Olsen and Johnson. Next week, Three or Four Marx Brothers." That was one of the signs which greeted Billy and Ella Wickersham, Patsy and me, as we entered the driveway leading up to Mr. and Mrs. Wickersham's charming home. Wickersham, you know, not only is a journalist, but he writes gags for picture plays.

"Our host never works with the meter on," remarked Ella Wickersham, "who, you know, is the beautiful little invalid girl in the wheel chair, who now broadcasts the parties she attends. "His wit simply overflows at all times, and there is always lots more where that came from."

There were other signs for a laugh on the way up the driveway, and so everybody was in the best possible humor when he arrived.

"Leave them laughing when you say goodbye is all very well," said Jack Oakie, whose car we met on the way up, "but get 'em laughing the minute you see them is even better."

Some of the guests, we found, were in informal garb, even sports clothes, but others wore white. It is never quite safe to believe your hostess when she says "Informal" in Hollywood, because almost certainly some guests will be wearing evening clothes.

"I suppose," remarked Patsy with a bit of catiness, "that some girls think they will walk away with the belle-of-the-ball honors by putting on one over and wearing ball dresses."

Our hostess herself was looking very charming in an ordinary sports dress.

Just how Mr. and Mrs. Wickershame managed to say that genial "hello" of theirs to everybody, I don't know, for there were something like two hundred guests present, but somehow they did, it seemed to me.

Eddie Bizzell was there, and Walter Catlett, Crohousho and Zeppo Marx, EdWard Van Johnson and Gladys Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Russell Gleason, Harry Myers and his wife, Rosemary Thelby; Judith Woods, Mary Brian, Roscoe Arbuckle, Sylvia Asbury, Billy Boyd and Virginia Whiting, Raredo Torres, Leo Carrillo, James Durante, Robert Morgan, Wally Balke, Marjorie MacGrath, Ivan Lebedeff, George Olsen, Chic Johnson, Claire Whitney, Victor McLaglen, and many others.

The corona, I have to say, was there, too, and of him we heard many interesting stories. One of the most interesting was of his days when he worked in a Chicago cafe. Entering the way was another restaurant which wanted his services as an entertainer, but Joe was faithful to his first employers and wouldn't leave. Whereupon, a gang hired by the other cafe set him on and beat him up mercilessly.

He proved very amusing at the party, as well as very funny. The young Marx, although the latter two said they couldn't do much without their two brothers.

Ruth Roland was among the guests. She had just arrived from New York a week and a half days previously. She said she had been sick in bed most of the time since she returned, due to a terrific sunburn she got while staying at the beach.

"What do you mean, sunburn?" demanded Jack Oakie, "you, the big girl of the great Oakie Family?"

"I guess I just turned tenderfoot during those fourteen months I was away," Ruth smiled.

Ruth said that she had particularly wanted to see Coney Island, the subway, and a few other New York landmarks.

"Why not Grant's tomb?" we inquired.

"Oh, it would be too noisy there," George Olsen put in.

George and Ruth sat at our table during supper, and reminisced about vaudeville. The table was cleared, and they were left sitting in the middle of the terrace. I forgot to say that supper was served out-of-doors on the terrace, in the moonlight, overlooking all Hollywood—still talking, long after they had finished eating.

There was some most amusing entertainment by Leo Carrillo, Walter Catlett, Olsen and Johnson, Vernon Rickard, Robert Emmett Keane, and others.

Roscio Ates did a funny little recitation, getting John Medbury close to him, as he said he felt certainly a one-woman somebody to talk to. At the end he slapped John's face soundly, and John looked around, exclaiming comically, "And I'm paying for it!"

We didn't see Mary Brian until the party was nearly over. She had been sitting on the veranda all evening with a nice young man, but she wouldn't say whom. However, we immediately suspected Russell Gleason, that newest of Hollywood attractions.

A few of the guests remained indoors, but most of us preferred the big, moonlit terrace, with its lovely, dimmed electric lighting.

A very amusing feature of the party were questionnaires which our host gave out to everybody. These had questions like the following: "Which of the guests didn't you like?" "Whom would you have preferred?" "How did you like the food?"

There was a little note at the end, suggesting that if we could make any suggestions that would help the Medburys to give more uplifting parties, we were to do so. "So you like the party, tell others," the paper read, "If you don't tell us. Thank you." The answers were very funny indeed.

At the close of the party, when anybody left, he was given a solemnly worded, important-looking certificate, saying that the holder had been a satisfactory guest!

Jimmie Durante arrived very late from another party, but made up for his remissness by singing some of his very best songs in his own entirely distinctive manner.

Just as we were leaving, Jimmie Gleason came over and told us, with a very serious air: "I don't like the looks of this questioner. He seems to think that Medbury is getting up a sucker list, and will try to sell us something later on. Don't sign it!"

Wh ich left us laughing as we said goodbye.

"IT IS ostentatious—almost bragging—isn't it," smiled Patsy, "to be holding a sixth wedding anniversary celebration here in Hollywood?"

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schayer smiled back at us, saying that they had had to go into the guest room and look at the beautiful silver cutlery set which Mr. Schayer had given to his wife as an anniversary present.

Mr. Schayer is a film editor, you know, and he and his wife live in a very beautiful home in Hollywood. Mrs. Schayer is looking lovely in a red gown. Later, though, she went and changed to evening pajamas, as she said skirts irked her these days. In both she looked equally pretty.

Lupita Tovar was one of the first guests we met. She had come with Paul Kohner, who is very devoted to her these days.

"Paul is a one-woman man, isn't he?" whispered Patsy. "You remember how long he was faithful to Mary Philbin."

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Lupita was going down to Mexico to play in a Mexican picture, backed by American money. She has been rather homesick, she admitted, and it is of course with the added thrill to go back to the land which she left as an unknown school girl and to which she returns as a film celebrity.

Josephine Dunn was there, too. She said that she guessed she was just fated to remain too thin—no matter how hard she tried to put on weight, first one thing and then another caused her to lose. She said at any rate if she was destined to get thinner and thinner, it would be a most refined death just to fade away from everybody's sight!

We found that her husband—it is her divorce worries that have caused her to get thinner this time—had been trying to get her to return to him. She said that all the trouble was his mother.

Then she gave a little humorous moan: "When my husband left me the last time, he took my private telephone book with him, and now I have to go walking down Hollywood Boulevard," she said, "in order to meet people I know, to tell them where I am living." Josephine, we found to our surprise, had been married many times. Her last husband was a well-known architect, but she lived with him only a few days. Hers was one of those tragic child marriages. She was very young—just too young in all her thoughts and feelings for marriage. He had never married, she said.

Whereupon the romantic Patsy had to exclaim that perhaps now she would marry him all over again.

Our old friend, Doralinda, the dancer, was there with her handsome husband, George. She was as pretty as ever, and handsome, but says she does not dance any more, which does seem a pity, seeing that she was one of the rage, and there was never one quite like her in those days.

We met Thelma Hill, too. She entreated us—we were in the drawing room at the time—to come out into the garden "and look for excitement!"

It was a perfect dream garden, with a huge marquee over its flowers, trees, shrubs and fountain, and all lit with electric lights, which light, to my mind, always lends flowers and grass an unearthly beauty and magic.

Out there we found dozens of guests, including Linda Watkins, Jack Oakie, Yola D'Avril, Charles Judels, Leo Berensky, who did "Variety," the picture which was such a sensation, you remember, and many others.

John Huston, son of Walter Huston, was a guest, and Mr. Schayer told us that John had written some of the finest treatments of a story he had ever seen, although he had had little experience.

Ephi and Lillian Asher were among the guests. Ephi is a producer, you know. He told us, as we sat at supper in the garden at the little tables provided for the purpose, about taking a crew of so-called bathing beauties east from the Mack Sennett studios.

"It was in the old days," said Mr. Asher, "when all the theatrical managers ino-cently believed they could bathe in public!"... "When we arrived in Detroit, we found that the managers had planned a swimming contest, and only two of our girls could swim. What an awful time we must have had!"

One of the girls, by the way, was Irene Wesley, who afterward married Cliff Edwards.

I forgot to say that a negro orchestra played indoors for us to dance, and while we were at supper a negro singer with a sweet voice serenaded the guests at the different tables.

We went home very late, wishing our host and hostess many happy returns of the day, and ourselves many happy returns to the Schayer home.
Jeanette Macdonald, the singing actress, squares off to a toast in one of the light comedies that are her great specialty.

way, the legend has it that I called for Charlie, and when he came to my bedside I entrusted to his food care the love letters the dear Prince had written me. And Charlie—perhaps it's the Continental notion of gallantry—promptly turned around and delivered them to the King of Belgium, for which heroic act he received his decoration from the Crown. Well, Charlie was decorated by the Belgian Government, wasn't he, so doesn't that prove it all, I ask you?

So there it is. It's a sort of modernized version of 'The Perils of Pauline' (or perhaps 'The Jitters of Jeannette') which, at the comparatively safe distance of some 6,000 miles away from its subject, was treated unquestioningly, nay eagerly, as straight news. And in so treating it, some dozens of writers, editors and publishers have laid themselves-open to punitive treatment via the libel laws. In fact, the bizarre bundle of fantasy has even found its way into a book written by a self-appointed biographer of Miss Macdonald named Maurice Privat. "My Privat Life," she affectionately calls the volume.

Miss Macdonald hasn't yet decided whether to take any legal steps to curb the romantic pens of European journalists and authors; but one of the purposes of her current continental tour is to demonstrate in person that the young lady whom they have been seeing and hearing on the screen really is Jeanette, very much alive and in the flesh. She isn't her sister, her double or her ectoplasm.

That job done, and the rumors finally laid in their well-earned graves, Miss Macdonald expects to return to Hollywood to resume her screen work. Just what the pictures will be, and under whose auspices, are so far undetermined—but if she has any way, no time will be lost in making "The Merry Widow."

Discovering Hollywood's Real Sophisticate—Ann Harding!

Continued from page 23

that of any person I have ever known," Joan told me. "Just to be with her makes one happy, forces one to realize how insignificant all the petty things which annoy us are. She is so supremely happy and radiant. All you have to do is look into her eyes to find what a beautiful soul she has. There isn't an ounce of falseness or pretense in her. Ann Harding is my idea of the perfect woman, as well as the perfect actress!"

That's the way all of Ann's friends feel about her. They admire her for being herself.

"When I was in high school I was a wallflower," Ann admits. "I only had one beau, because I thought petting was silly. He thought so, too. But he was captain of the football team, and I figured it was better to have a little quality than mere quantity!"

"In the senior play at East Orange High School, New Jersey, I was chosen for the lead. Garet Ford, who is now one of Pathe's foremost scenarists, was in my class and he wrote the show. It was a direct steal from two of the current Broadway hits!" Ann chuckled. "The leading lady was supposed to be a Theda Bara type, and when I got the part Garet quit the show entirely, claiming I'd make the world's worst vamp."

"I was only sixteen, had a baby face, and very little notion of sex. I'd seen Theda Bara and the other movie vamps, so I whipped myself up in tight-fitting velvet and proceeded to give a perfect imitation of them. I'm afraid it was almost an indecent performance! Picture me innocently giving all the gestures of a love-tossed lady. After the show, when I stepped off the stage, I was met by all the social boys of the school. They had never given me a tumble before, so I waited until I got a bid to every matinée dance. Then turned them all down. I'd proved that I could be a vamp! Now, if I had been a Webstarian, yesteryear sophisticate, I would have changed my ways right at that point, thinking that at last I'd found the secret of popularity."

"But I stuck to my own likes and dislikes, and soon had plenty of proposals of marriage. The boys would start weeping on my shoulder about their troubles with other girls, and end up by wanting to marry me! That's why I never could see any sense to that argument about a girl having to be wild to get the masculine approval. The kind of attention a vamp gets isn't the kind I, at least, wanted."

Ann looked particularly nice in a green ensemble the day we hunted in her dressing-room. She is not the artificial Hollywood blonde type. Mascara and bleach are conspicuous by their absence. She really doesn't care much for clothes, although she has a large wardrobe. When she is in the mood to attend a premiere she looks beautiful in gowns designed especially for her. But she doesn't make up to come and make clothes a fetish," she says. "Of course, I look like pretty dresses, but I'm afraid I'm more interested in where I'm going than what I'm going to wear. If clothes are clean, comfortable, and decent they suit me. The greatest advantage to having money is that it enables one to be lavish if you want to do so. Only the poor and the climbing have to dress up to impress. I judge a person by himself, not by what he has on."

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A LAND THAT TIME FORGOT. Epcot. A quaint village in France Orton lectures about this unknown corner of Italy. The photograhs are pictures but it isn't as exciting as it might be.


COLD TURKEY. Vitaphone. Helen Broderick provides laughs from beginning to end. Good gags.

CRASHING RENO. Pathe. A burlesque on the Reno divorce mill. Daphne Pollard and Eddie Gribbin are the laugh getters.


FIRST TO FIGHT. Universal. Slim Summerville and Eddie Gribbin make a play for the same girl. Good fun.

GENTS OF LEISURE. Paramount. This is a waste of film. However, Chester Conklin's character is a bum stager.

LOVE TAILS OF MOROCCO. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This is a cannie laughie. It shows the dogs of many of the Foreign Legion. Excepetionally good short.

MAIL. Ambico. First animated cartoon from Russia. It has novel treatment. The dialogue is in Russian, sup to truth.

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'EVEN PAN from Brooklyn. Oh, yeah? Taffy blonde with bluest of blue eyes and peaches-and-cream complexion. The kind of a girl Technicolor men never forget. Educated in a convent and the Ziegfeld Follies. Wants to slide down the banisters in Buckingham Palace. Hates to go to bed or get up early.

You can't work in her company if you don't play contract bridge. Powder blue her favorite hue. One of four sisters. Family name Douras. Irish? Look at that tilted nose. And Killarney schoolgirl freckles. Father retired New York judge. A grand old chap. She gets every new phonograph record made. Except operas. Tomboy prankster. Wears sailor togs on way to and home from studio. Plays fast tennis. Shy of horses. Never been in an airplane. Always shopping but never has a thing to wear for a party—like any woman in Pickwick, Kansas, or Amityville, L. I.

Superstitious. Wouldn't have thirteen at the table if she had to invite the butler. No whispering in dressing rooms. Or camel-backed trunks. Or shoes on tables. Eight-minute ducks and hot dogs her culinary delights. Also corned beef and cabbage. And caviar. A Lady Bountiful in fact. Runs own hospital and clinic in Sawtelle, California, for children of the poor and disabled veterans. Distributes toys and foods to thousands at Christmas. Shuns organized charity. Gives without humbling. Acts while others talk. The idol of World War vets. Invited 3,500 to her Armistice ball. Five thousand showed up and all were fed. Living symbol of Kipling's "If." Might find her sitting on curb talking to street cleaner while on way to meet a queen.


Signs all own checks. Directs extensive real estate and investment operations as well as philanthropies. Rents four houses. Never drives an automobile. Lives at seaside but seldom goes in ocean.

Chews gum in quantities to gladden the heart of Mr. Wrigley. Pet bulldog, "Buddy," has special dispensation from Pullman company. Owns and reads remarkable collection of English history and biographies. Has no use for sulkers. Chocolate ice cream her favorite dessert. Dislikes opening umbrella that has millinery weakness. Chased fire engines in Brooklyn and still thrills at hook-and-ladders skidding around corners. Wild about roller coasters and chute-the-chutes. Never forgets old friends or tries to ignore her chorus girl days. Harbors no ambition to play "Juliet. Wants to make comedies at any expense of personal dignity. Never uses doubles for falls or slapstick scenes. Says she doesn't care who makes audiences weep as long as she can supply the laughs. Thinks "Little Old New York" her best picture and would like to make it a talkie.

A born mimic and clown. Her companies like picnics. Knows all the workers and their family histories with uncanny completeness. Same property man, Jimmy Sweeney, for eleven years. Would rather get a drink of water herself than ask for it. Has bungalow-on-wheels for mobile dressing room. World's champion telephone talker. Spurns advertising endorsements unless benefiting benevolences. Never been ill in her life but fears every known malady. Answers correspondence in striking, bold, handwriting.

Dreads travel but jaunts back and forth to New York like subway shuttle. Knows more people throughout the world than a Cook's Tour guide. Started work as a dress model when fifteen. George Lederer, stage producer, got her in films with Selznick after her Follies success. Side-tracked her ambitions to be school teacher.

Temperament? She can have anything she might ask for. But doesn't. Works like a trojan and jumps from one picture to another. A good listener. Has all the wit of her Celt ancestry. Utterly devoid of conceit. Loves a joke but not another's expense. A born match-maker. Enjoys dancing. Doesn't mind a shiny nose. Sees at least one picture every night in her home projection room. Her favorite? Mickey Mouse!
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By Patricia Gordon

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SCREENLAND

December
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How Love Changed Dolores Del Rio

The Soul of Garbo

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Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action...
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THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

FEATURES:

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HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

I said it once and I repeat that the fall crop of pictures is the best ever sent from cinemaland to a bored and depressed world.

From FLORABEL MUIR'S Nationally Syndicated Column in the N. Y. Daily News

and most of them are PARAMOUNT!

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed strength and vigor for the next. Go regularly and often—and take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about for days! "If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLISH CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.
Ray Cooke and Dorothy Dix in a scene from "Torchy," the first of a new comedy series. This is a gay short feature and Ray and Dot are amusing.

REVUETTES

Let us help you select your screen entertainment with these concise criticisms of current pictures

Class A:

BAD GIRL. Fox. A human document in celluloid. Sally Rider and James Dunn offer potent performances you won't forget. See it.

BOUGHT. Warner Brothers. Constance Bennett at her best. This film is grand entertainment. You'll like Ben Lyon and Richard Bennett, too.

FIVE STAR FINAL. First National. The best newspaper yarn to date, with the incomparable Edward G. Robinson starring. Marian Marsh makes a lovely heroine.*

LARCKY LANE. Warner Brothers. We recommend a new screen team—Joan Blondell and James Cagney. The story is a fast moving crook drama. A knockout.*

MERELY MARY ANN. Fox. Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are united again in a sentimental fairy-tale of a film—but you'll enjoy it.*

PALMY DAYS. United Artists. Not much plot—but goofy gags—lots of laughs—music—pretty girls, and plenty of Eddie Cantor. You just must see it!


THE GUARDSMAN. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. As introducing a show as the films have ever afforded. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne prove delightful. If you like wit, subtlety, and polished acting, this is your picture.*


THE UNHOLY GARDEN. United Artists. Ronald Colman does the Modern Robin Hood thing—but in Colman's inimitable manner. Lots of speed and excitement. With Estelle Taylor and Fay Wray.*

THIS MODERN AGE. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Modern "mother and daughter" drama and Joan Crawford giving a great performance. Pauline Frederick, as the mother, makes a grand come-back. With Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley.

TRANSALANTIC. Fox. Fascinating melodrama of the going-on-aboard an ocean liner. Edmund Lowe turns in a coiling job. Lois Moran, Greta Nissen and Myrna Loy are beautifully present.

Screenland will aid you in your search for screen diversion. Note particularly our Seal of Approval films. See Page 102 for casts of current films.

Class B:

BORDER LAW. Columbia. One of the most interesting westerns in a long time. Good story, plenty of action and pleasant acting by Buck Jones.

CAUGHT PLASTERED. RKO-Pathé. Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler cavorting in a drug store. Plenty of gags—some not so good. Dorothy Lee is the romance.*

DUGAN OF THE BAD LANDS. Monogram. The youngsters will enjoy this western because the hero is a very young lad and he captures the villain. With Bill Cody and Blanche Mehaffy.


GRAFT. Universal. Just another newspaper tale with Regis Toomey as a reporter and Sue Carol and Dorothy Revier as the feminine complications. Plenty of action but it lacks plausibility.

*Reviewed in this issue.

These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of Screenland's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 120)
Get acquainted with

Joe E. Brown
The Clown Prince of the Talkies

in

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"
with DOROTHY LEE
Based on a play by J. C. and Elliott Nugent
Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment... Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense!... this hilarious and uproarious comic!... the laugh-master of them all!... His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD".... Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre... You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
Welcome Home!

How they look when they land from their European vacations

Marion Davies came back looking smarter than ever in her new black tucked dress and hat to match.

Doris Kenyon's return was a triumphant one, after starring in concerts abroad.

Yoohoo! Lily! Did you have one gran' time in zat dear Paree, Mlle. Damita?

And here's the ever-popular Constance Bennett. Tell us, Connie, when will you marry the Marquis?
Popular Copyrights Are Abandoned

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TAKE your pick of the listed books on this page at the rate of 20 books for $1. Every one guaranteed a popular copyright unobtainable elsewhere. Exorbitant royalties and fees forced us to stop printing these. 1,500,000 books left; must be sold! Choose yours now! Last chance! Order today!

...
TRUE! (First Prize Letter)

People complain of the bad effect of movies on children, yet show no discrimination as to what they let them see. Parents know that all Shearer, Garbo, Dietrich and Bennett pictures are not always for children. Yet the theatres are packed with children from five to twelve years of age! When "A Free Soul" was shown, I asked a little girl next to me what she was doing there. She said, "Cause Ma's busy. Ain't Norma Shearer grand? I'm gonna be like her when I grow up!"

Now the real Norma is a splendid model for anyone, but—how was the child to know that the real Norma is a far cry from the roles she portrays? And that she would probably have been horrified if she'd heard the child! Parents, please—for the sake of the audience and for the benefit of your children, keep the latter from shows which hold no interest for them, and which they cannot possibly understand.

Eleanor Stewart, 372 Commercial St.,
East Braintree, Mass.

LADIES NEXT! (Third Prize Letter)

They're leaving us out! Why don't they make pictures for younger girls now and then? "Daddy Long Legs," "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn" were all successes. Why shouldn't a picture based on "Little Women" or another of Louisa Alcott's books be equally successful?

Some of Mrs. Alcott's books, I am certain, are just as dear to the hearts of American lasses as "Daddy Long Legs." "Jack and Jill" should appeal to the younger girls. And to boys, too! "An Old-Fashioned Girl," I think, is one of the sweetest books Louisa Alcott wrote, and a picture based on that book could not help but be a success.

LaVerne Porterfield, 1005 Bread St.,
Durham, N. C.

JOAN OF ART (Fourth Prize Letter)

My ideal! Guess who—

1. Two large, expressive grey eyes.
2. A nose that's exactly right.
3. A fine, generous mouth.
4. A mischievous, adorable smile.
7. A figure that defies description.
8. Legs that challenge Marlene Dietrich's. 9. One of the screen's foremost dramatic actresses.

Of course—it's Joan Crawford!

Muriel Marks,
2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
New York City.

CHEERS FOR NEW KIDS

Can't we please, just for one month, drop this Garbo line? We all admit Greta is a marvelous actress. So are Lonnie Bennett, Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor—but must we listen to a repeated history of their lives from one month to another? Why not give some of our newer American kids a break? They really deserve it, you know. Come on, now, drop out Dot Jordan, Mae Clark, and Loretta Young, and give them a big cheer. True, there are many who love Greta and who appreciate her talent; but our own have to have some recognition, and if Americans don't give it to them who else will? If America today is to reign supreme in motion pictures, it is the American actresses and actors that must do it, and they can succeed only with the help of the American people.

Helen G. Costello,
123 Ward Street,
New Haven, Connecticut.
HOME GIRL MAKES GOOD

I'm not following the conventional trend in SCREENLAND by discussing these German, Swedish and Russian importations that are continually being foisted on an uninterested or stupid public, but I'm letting you know that I, for one of millions, prefer by far our own beautiful Janet Gaynor.

She is marvelous—the greatest actress ever! Anyone can be "bad" in real life or "real" life, but how few can be so sweet and fine, so utterly adorable as the inimitable, glorious little Gaynor?

Dorothy De Long,
2053 Lincoln Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

HOW ABOUT "BAD GIRL?"

It seems that one can scarcely pick up a newspaper without reading that the Such-and-Such Film Corporation has just paid out a small fortune for the film rights to the current best-seller. Frankly, I have never clearly understood just why these producers part with these staggering sums.

Very few movies, reproduced from popular novels, resemble closely the stories from which they are alleged to have been taken. The theme of the story is usually changed, the characters either changed or distorted, and strangely enough, even the title is changed (thus striking out the possible excuse of "booktitle appeal!).

Why don't the producers go right ahead and film these stories on the quiet? No one, least of all the authors, would know the difference; and it would be money in the bank.

Blair Johnstone,
71 Glendale Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

HOWARD BOOSTER

Last year an appreciative audience applauded the sincere and sympathetic acting of a talented young Englishman, who helped make "Berkeley Square" one of the ten best plays of the year. Leslie Howard has a favorite's place on Broadway.

But now, out in Hollywood, where good actors are needed so badly, Leslie Howard is given a minor part in "A Free Soul," while Clark Gable is given a major role. Mr. Howard showed his ability in "Outward Bound" and gave to picture audiences one of the few splendid performances of the past year. Surely, it is the duty of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to give Mr. Howard a role worthy of his talents in return for what he gave them in "Outward Bound."

Miriam R. Flaherty,
27 N. Nashville Ave.
Ventnor, N. J.

ANOTHER CHEER FOR GABLE

The screen has a number of picturesque boys who can win the hearts of their audience in the rôle of the gallant young hero; it does not lack actors who can play villainous parts realistically and make their audiences hate them and applaud vigorously when they are "foiled again!" But to play menace-man parts and still make the fans love you—well, that's art in the first and last degree. And here's to the one and only man who can do it—Clark Gable!

He has looks, magnetism and talent. What more does it take to make a great star? If the size of his Houston audiences is any criterion, the answer is, "Nothing."

Estelle Wade,
Houston, Texas.

THE GREAT EDUCATOR

The talking picture has been a godsend to the aspiring polyglot. A roomate of mine at college, recently arrived from Spain, attributed his truly remarkable grasp of the English language to constantly attending the audible cinema. His incessant quest of new films has made him slightly ridiculous to those who class the product of filmland with chewing-gum and shining-shockers. I wonder if they ever connect his passion for pictures with the fact that he receives A's in English, and that his diction puts them to shame.

In my own case, I have made many valuable friendships among foreign students by my ability to speak French, Spanish and German; and in my study of these languages I have been aided not a little by the foreign versions with Ramon Novarro, Maurice Chevalier and others, to say nothing of those splendid UFA operettas.

And, apropos, let's go musical again. Music is the international language.

H. Richard Ackerman,
324 Beverley Place.
Tracy, Calif.

A TIGER AND THREE CHEERS!

It's an education to go to the movies—certainly if and when they show films like "Rango," "Africa Speaks" and "Trader Horn." I'm no movie fiend, and seldom go more than once a week. But just let jungle pictures of the excellence of those named above be shown, and I'll buy an all-year-round ticket for the front row!

Clint Read,
101 Abbe Ave.
Springfield, Ill.

BRAVE BUDDY!

Hooray for Buddy Rogers! He's not afraid to stand up for his principles! In a recent SCREENLAND article he admits that he doesn't care for booze or cigarettes, and that's some bravery in an age of ultrasophistication. For some reason or other the sophisticates seem to think that a he-man is one who goes the limit on the vices and is shy of any virtues, but the truth of the matter is that any sap can follow the leader while it takes real manhood to remain true to ideals. I call Buddy a real good sport, and Ramon Novarro is another. We like to know that some of the actors remain idealists in an age of materialism.

E. Cooper,
843 So. 4th St.
Alhambra, Calif.

MERRY MAURICE

The toast of gay Paree and the idol of America, Maurice Chevalier holds a position of high rank in the hearts of the (Continued on page 125)
It’s All Done With Mirrors!

Slavko Vorkapich, ace European camera expert, is now trick shot director at the Paramount studio in Hollywood. He’s responsible for many of those odd, imaginative shots that you come across frequently in pictures. Here he is (in background) directing a scene in “Girls About Town.” The fussy young lady is Adrienne Ames, who isn’t enjoying quite as much privacy as she may think she is.
S. V. E. We have no end of favorable comments about Estelle Taylor this month—and she richly deserves all the bouquets for her fine work in “Street Scene,” “The Unholy Garden” and her role of Dixie Lee in “Cimarron.” Estelle was born May 20, 1903, in Wilmington, Delaware. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has very dark brown hair and brown eyes. At one time she doubled for Dorothy Dalton in some of the earlier thrillers during the day—and at night, made her stage appearances. She has played in “The Whip Woman,” “Lady Raffles,” “The Ten Commandments,” “Beau Hunks,” “Singapore,” “Don Juan” with John Barrymore, and in “Where East Is East” with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez. Then she was Dixie Lee in “Cimarron.” Her latest release is “The Unholy Garden,” with Ronald Colman.

Laura J. M. You ask why is Garbo so mysterious, or is she? That’s the idea, is she? Constance Bennett is a natural blonde if you know what I mean. She admits she likes Joel McCrea and who wouldn’t? But it never was serious with Connie and Joel. In fact, Miss Bennett may be the new Marquise de Falaise de la Courdraye by the time you read this.

Arthur E. P. You shall have a dash of Ginger Rogers, though she is too young to have much of a past to reveal so here’s a review of the little girl’s life so far. She was born in Independence, Mo., on July 16, and not so long ago. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She was the best all-round athlete of her class in high school. She has a Ford and a Cord and can’t decide which she likes to drive the best. Her first picture was “Young Man of Manhattan” with Clary Scott and Norman Foster. She alternates stage with screen engagements—is in Hollywood right now. Ginger is in Colonel Smith’s film, “Suicide Fleet,” and with Eddie Quillan in “The Tip-Off,” for RKO-Pathé. She is divorced from Jack Dalepepper, a vaudeville actor, Movie star, Roy is giving Ginger a rush right now.

Betz W. I wouldn’t call you fresh for asking so many questions—I’m frightfully polite. Sylvia Sidney was born Aug. 8, 1910, in New York City. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 124 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. Her new picture is “Street Scene” with William Collier, Jr., Estelle Taylor, and several new screen personalities. Helen Chandler was born in Charleston, N. C., in 1909. She has blonde hair, blue-grey eyes, weighs 112 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. She is the wife of Cyril Hume, the novelist. She was on the stage when 9 years old; was Ramon Novarro’s leading lady in “Daybreak,” and appears with Richard Barthelmess in his latest release, “The Last Flight.” Joan Bennett is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes and was born Feb. 27, 1911, in Palmisades, N. J. Her last picture, made just before her accident in which her hip was broken, was “Hush Money” with Hardie Albright. Joan will be back at work soon—she is recovering rapidly.

Bobbie M. If you insist, I’ll try to get word to Barry Norton to reduce about 5 pounds or so—but why the gesture of distress when we were all dying to see Barry on the screen again, either fat or thin? His work in “Dishonored” should put him a few notches ahead and aren’t we glad? Billie Dove appears in “Age for Love” with Charles Starrett, Lois Wilson, Edward Everett Horton and Mary Duncan. Lloyd Hughes, Marian Nixon and Eddie Phillips are in “A Private Scandal,” another underworld story.

Frances K. If you ask me and I think you did, I’ll personally nominate Leslie Howard as one of the best bets in pictures, if the big boys at the studios will give him a chance to show his ability. He has played with Norma Shearer in “A Free Soul” in “Never the Twain Shall Meet,” with Marion Davies in “Five and Ten” and will appear with Ann Harding in “Devotion.” Leslie was born in England, is happily married, and has two charming children. In his spare time he writes clever satire.

Vivian G. I’m sorry I can’t produce the exact figures of the salaries of Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer but why worry over a big thing like a star’s salary? Norma’s next picture is “Private Lives” with Robert Montgomery, an adaptation of Noel Coward’s play of the same name. Reginald Denny, Una Merkell and Jean Hersholt have featured parts in Norma’s support. Joan Crawford’s next will be “The Mirage,” another stage play that won much praise from critics and paid admissions. Joan will have Clark Gable for her leading man. Lucky Joan, sigh the girls. “Lucky Clark!” say the boys.

Estelle Taylor

Since her stirring portrayal of the unhappy wife in “Street Scene,” Estelle Taylor has stepped into new screen popularity.

B. F. J. Thanks a lot. Marlene Dietrich’s songs in “Blue Angel”? K. Yoo-Hoo of the August issue may be interested to know she sang Naughty Lola and Falling in Love Again. Dietrich made Victor records of these songs and you may be able to secure them, through your Victor dealer. (Not an adv.) They tell me that Mickey Mouse gets more fan mail than Greta Garbo or Norma Shearer with something like 7,000 letters a week. Ho-hum, every mouse has his day.

Margaret. No, I haven’t gone Hollywood and my hats never vary in head size. My heart is in its usual place with the fans, for the fans and—who started this. (Continued on page 122)
Ray-Team!

Leading a cheer for the on the screen, Blondell and

Take Your Bow, Joan!

She hasn’t been in pictures very long, but she has made every scene count. Perhaps you saw her first as the breezy sister of Dorothy Mackaill in “The Office Wife.” If so, you remembered her and watched for her in other pictures, “Sinners’ Holiday,” “God’s Gift to Women,” “Night Nurse,” “The Reckless Hour” and “The Public Enemy” added to her reputation as a sparkling player of fresh, wise-cracking roles. But in “Larceny Lane” she has her first real chance, and she proves that she is far, far more than a clever “bit” player. She’s a very big potential star. She has the humor of a Mabel Normand or a Constance Talmadge, the sparkle of a Marion Davies, the vital, real, down-to-earthiness of a Clara Bow.
JOAN, JIMMY!
fastest and funniest team
Cagney. Watch them score!

Here
You Are,
JIMMY!

In 1929 a young actor named James Cagney acted in a play called “Maggie the Magnificent.” Opposite him was a young actress named Joan Blondell. They both scored. Both were signed for “Penny Arcade” next season. They scored again. Warners bought the screen rights and Cagney and Blondell went to Hollywood. The picture emerged as “Sinners’ Holiday”—and it sent James Cagney and Joan Blondell well on their way to screen stardom. You saw Cagney in “The Public Enemy,” “The Millionaire,” and “Smart Money,” so you know what a good actor and ingratiating personality he is. Now, in “Larceny Lane,” with Joan Blondell, he becomes definitely one of the great personal hits of the screen. We predict that 1932 will be a Cagney year.
DON'T blame me for this one—it's Eddie Cantor's.

Whenever two or three women get together these days, says Eddie, they talk turkey—it's "Gable—Gable—Gable."

I know it. And not only women. Men like him, too. They can't help themselves. Clark Gable isn't breaking up any homes. He is holding them together. Where formerly the Missus sneaked off to the movies alone to see her secret passion, because the Mister couldn't stand the sight of him, now the whole family goes forth in a body to see the latest Gable gabloid. So let's talk about him. Hollywood is talking of little else. And every other letter that comes in to SCREENLAND is a Gable rave.

They know he is married. It makes no difference. They know he's just a nice, comfortable guy off the screen, with no outstanding bad habits—but they refuse to be disillusioned. They have even heard that Mr. Gable says "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am" to lady reporters. They have heard him kidded by Cantor and Groucho Marx. They have read that Wally Berly calls him "the-man-that-a-Man Gable." (Just professional jealousy, that's all.) But what of it? The screen public has Gone Gable, with the same unanimity that it went Garbo. Not since Valentino has the world made such an idol of an actor—and not even then.

For Rudy was a little-Lord-Fauntleroy in comparison to Clark. The new man's career has been built upon curses and kicks, not kisses. I remember I first saw Gable in "The Painted Desert." He was the dirty villain who blew up the mine to get the girl from Bill Boyd.

In "Night Nurse" he was a caddish chauffeur who socked Barbara Stanwyck—and socked her hard.

In "A Free Soul" he was brutal to Norma Shearer—Mrs. Irving Thalberg!

In Garbo's "Susan Lenox," I hear, he behaves pretty well. But I hope that it isn't permanent. The Metro officials had better face facts right here and now—we want Gable mean. He started mean and we want him to stay mean. Pretty up the Menace of the Movies and he will lose half his following.

On the stage, too, Gable scored his big hit in the part of Killer Mears in the west-coast production of "The Last Mile"—a terrific rôle in a pulse-stirring play. This engagement led indirectly to his screen career—which, by the way, had more setbacks before eventual stardom than any actor's I can think of right now.

It was the same with his stage experience. Once he was up for a part in a Leslie Howard play. The part called for love-making—but Mr. Howard decided that Gable was emphatically not the type. Later, as you know, Messrs. Howard and Gable battled for the affections of Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul" and Howard had to kill Gable to get the girl.

Leslie Howard, one of the finest and most sensitive artists who ever stepped on a stage, has left Holly-
wood to return to the "legit." Gable stays—a great lover, a great menace, a great guy!

Mickey Mouse signs on the dotted line to give his future services to United Artists, where he will work on the same lot as his best booster, Mary Pickford. Buddy Rogers plans to leave the movies to lead an orchestra in a Manhattan hotel. Gandhi, in London, asks to meet Charlie Chaplin—"the man who has made the millions laugh." Anita Page will support Marian Marsh in Marian's first starring picture, "Under Eighteen." Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman are off on a long European vacation—Eddie says he needs a rest; some say it's contract trouble. Jack Holt will play Richard Cromwell's father in a new football picture. Add foreign competition: Mady Christians comes from Europe to star on American stage and screen. Elissa Landi may go home to England—hope not. Gary Cooper is the darling of the debs in New York this season. He is having a bigger social success than any screen star ever had with the exception of Tallulah Bankhead. But he would rather not have it mentioned for fear we'll think he is trying to crash in on big names. We know you better than that, Gary. George Arliss is so completely sold on motion pictures that he will devote all of his time to them in the future, giving up the stage entirely. And—what? Oh! Well, all right—if you want to see the first show of "Susan Lenox" maybe we had better get going. And speaking of Clark Gable—we'll give you his life story soon. Watch for it!

D. E.

STUDIO LOVE

The Director: "Now please, everybody—let's make this kiss a big success!"

A drawing by Victor De Pauw
Garbo herself read this story—and liked it very much. The only article on record about the great Swedish star which she consented to read and pass on. It offers an amazing theory—and, whether you agree or not, it will afford you thrilling entertainment.


ALL of these are Greta Garbo—but they are not all of her. Her very simplicity is so complex that it almost eludes analysis.

In spite of her Scandinavian blondness and her generous Nordic inches, there is an Oriental something in, about and through her. She brings to mind the half-authentic, half-legendary stories of the Mongolian "Hordes of Attila," the "Scourge of God" and others before and after him, who swept from Asia over northern Europe, conquering, laying waste, absorbing what they found. History knows them as Tartars and Huns.

Many a Greek and Roman mother frightened her children into obedience by threatening to give them to Attila...
The most unusual article ever written about Greta, in which the writer calls her "The Blonde Oriental"—and explains why

(who had been dead hundreds of years).

The trace of Tartar blood, the last stubborn vestige of their physical impress on the western world, is found very markedly in the peculiarly slanting eyes of certain types of Danes, North-Germans, the Swedes and the Norwegians.

The fascinating eyes of Garbo would seem to be the key to her obvious Orientalism. Beyond that, one feels it, senses it.

Her spirituality, her intuitive wisdom, her love of aloneness, silence—her uncanny ability to sit motionless for hours as an introspective student of Buddha might do—the droop of her thoughtful, brooding mouth—all of these pull our minds East!

East to the lands of repressed emotion, to the wordless, wise Sphinx, to the grace of old, old history told in verses of rhythm and romance! This is what we see in the depths of Garbo's eyes.

The apparent repose of the true Oriental seems to hold the memory of all human experience that has gone before.

The Orient has the poise and quietude of much knowledge in racial memories. (Garbo has this poise.) It holds lost secrets of architecture, forgotten sciences and crafts.

The charm of Garbo has nothing in common with the up-to-date girl. Hers is not the art of Doing, but rather of Being. This is the basic essence of all Oriental teachings.

A great part of Garbo’s power lies in the fact that she moves so little. Therefore every gesture has meaning, is unconfused by what has already filled the eye.

Her strength lies not in what she does, but rather in what she does not do—off screen and on. She does none of the things that a great star is supposed to do. This in one of her charms, hers alone. No other actress in motion pictures has ever been anything like her.

Withdrawn, aloof, curiously inquisitive, she attends strictly to her own business and expects—permits other people to do the same (a strong (Continued on page 108)
In the August issue, Screenland looked over the prospects in the way of new juveniles in pictures and was a little discouraged over the material at hand. It seemed as though there were really no promising gents coming along in the industry to take the places of Barthelmess, Colman, Gilbert, Haines, Novarro, and other present standbys.

And the producers, reading the article, immediately got busy and began signing up and developing a whole flock of new talent. Some of them will click in a big way and some will probably be back in a few months where they were when Screenland started things rolling.

Look them over. Get an eyeful and pick your favorite! The boy getting the biggest build-up of any of the newcomers is James Dunn, on the Fox lot. The studio has launched a publicity campaign on Jimmy’s behalf, sufficient in magnitude to put across a new brand of tooth-paste. The trailer for “Bad Girl” modestly proclaims him a combination of Mayor Jimmy Walker, the Prince of Wales and Lindbergh. The trailer was greeted with howls of mirth and derision but Jimmy is really one of the nicest boys you’ll ever run across. He’s as informal as Inf himself and the dignity that should sit weightily on a star’s shoulders is totally missing. Jimmy is everybody’s friend, and the wide, wide world is his pal.

Prop boys, electricians, filling-station attendants—anyone he meets who talks to him for more than five minutes calls him by his first name. He doesn’t really think he’s as good as the studio tells him he is, but as long as they have faith in him, he’s willing to stick around and work like a trouter to make good for them.

His schooling finished, he started work as an office boy in a stock broker’s joint in New York. He cleaned cuspidors—but didn’t like it. So, after five or six years, he quit and went on the road selling lunch wagons. After a couple of years at that he had cleaned up about ten thousand dollars in commissions. You can’t say “no” when Jimmy grins at you. At least, people can’t but the stock market ticker is something else again.

Jimmy went down into Wall Street determined to be a financial wizard. A couple of weeks or so was enough to finish him. He went over to Paramount’s Long Island studio and got extra work. Then he got a part in “Nightstick”—which reached the screen as “Alibi.” When “Nightstick” folded, Jimmy played in a couple of stock companies, followed those engagements with one in “Sweet Adeline” opposite Helen Morgan, and from there he came to Fox.

In addition to “Bad Girl” he has made “Sob Sister,” and is working in “Over the Hill” at the moment. He will play opposite Janet Gaynor in one of her new films.

He lives with his mother in a rambling house on the side of a hill, goes places with Molly O’Day, and when he isn’t working he dresses in the oldest clothes he can find.

If his grin gets across on the screen as it does when you meet him face to face, he should be high in popular
favor before the end of the year has rolled around.

With the possible exception of Donald Dillaway, Ray Milland has the most dynamic personality of any of the newcomers. He was born in Drogheda, Ireland, on January 3, 1905, and educated at King's College, Cardiff, Wales.

His father was a steel manufacturer and had picked out a mercantile career for his son. But Ray and the old gentleman didn't get along too well, so, after about three months in his father's plant, Ray packed up his troubles in his old kit bag and shipped on a potato boat plying between the Channel Islands and England.

When that wore out, he shipped on a Mediterranean freighter. Once, during this time, he and a friend of his landed in one of the Southern Italian coast cities—broke—of course. How or when they were going to eat was causing them no little anxiety. "While strolling in the park one day, in the merry, merry month of May—Ray was taken by surprise at the sight that met his eyes," etc., etc.—for lo, and behold! there was his father coming towards him dolled up like a haberdasher's vision of what the well-dressed man will wear: high hat, frock coat, gloves, cane and spats.

For once, Ray was glad to see him but the lovelight died in his eyes as his father brushed sleeves with him and strode on without vouchsafing so much as a glance of recognition.

Ray returned to England and got a job breaking in horses—hunters, racers, etc. He got about thirty dollars a month and his board and room.

From there he drifted over to a training camp for boxers which a friend of his was running. Ray was about eighteen at the time and plenty fast on his feet. Three days a week he sparred and three days he did road work. Once, one of the fighters took sick and Ray substituted for him in a professional bout. He won on points and got $25 for his work. A couple of weeks later, another one took sick and Ray substituted a second time, again winning on points and collecting $50 for that bout.

The third time he was matched under his own name. As he explains it, he liked to spar but he hadn't the killer's instinct. The idea of just sailing into a fellow and pummeling the life out of him didn't appeal to Ray. He sparred around the ring until his opponent, sensing that Ray wasn't going to hit him hard, left himself wide open and got to work on Ray, with the result that the latter shortly found himself with several broken and splintered teeth and several others missing altogether.

He quit boxing and wandered down into Spain. An aunt had left him $17,500 which

he was to get when he was twenty-five. When he was twenty-one—and broke—he wrote to his father, telling him if he would give him his inheritance he would never bother him again. His father sent the money and forty-eight hours later Ray was back in London.

For a year he lived high and handsomely. As the year came to an end, so did Ray's resources. One night he was down to his last fifty dollars. He took a picture actress—Estelle Brody—to dinner. The dinner over, and the money gone, she, knowing nothing of his predicament, suggested that he come out to the studio next day and take a test for the lead in her next picture. He did—and got it. Then he got a job doubling for another actor who was supposed to be a sharpshooter—but wasn't.

Just before he finished that engagement he had an offer of a lead in a big picture and when the director he
was working for refused to let him leave the picture in order to accept the new engagement, Ray snatched up a revolver and threatened to kill him. The director seized another gun and they faced each other on opposite sides of the stage, blood in their eyes and murder in their hearts. At that psychological moment, the door opened and the studio manager entered with the Prince of Wales and some friends. The S.M. was petrified and upon learning the cause of the fireworks, promised Ray his release if he would put down the gun.

Ray played the lead, all right, and was placed under contract by British International Pictures. At the end of the year, he refused to re-sign at the same salary and they let him go. He got a job with one of the Charlot revues featuring Beatrice Lillie and played in it for a week when M-G-M signed him and brought him over here.

His American screen debut occurred in "The Passion Flower," and his next was "The Bachelor Father." Following that, he played one of the leads with Constance Bennett in "Bought" and is currently working with Will Rogers in "Dollar Bill."

He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 168 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes and is one of the handsomest men in pictures. If M-G-M work with him he should be one of the best bets in pictures in a very short time.

Then there's Gene Raymond—as you know if you saw Nancy Carroll's picture "Personal Maid." Gene is young, blonde, wavy-haired—(natural)—and very, very fresh. He's the freshest and most likable youth who has swaggered across the screen since Billy Haines first made us chuckle. "Personal Maid" marked Gene's film début. On the stage he was very well-known as Raymond Guion. He changed his name because no two persons ever pronounced it alike.

A bit of biographical data about him? Well, he was born in New York City in 1908 and began his stage career at the age of five, when he appeared in several stock productions. He left grade school in his fourth year and entered the Professional Tutoring School, a training institution for the stage, where he remained until he made his first real début in "The Potters" on Broadway, in 1924. From then on, he was seen in some of the best plays and with some of the best stage people! It was in "Cradle Snatchers" that he made his real hit. Following this he was co-starred with Sylvia Sidney in "Mirrors." Some time later came "Young Sinners," which led to his screen contract. His rôle in his first picture, incidentally, is similar to the part he played in that show—that of a pampered scion of wealth who is kicked out of college. He likes such rôles!

Raymond has carried off blue ribbons in jumping contests in horse shows. He is interested in everything athletic. At twenty-two he is the youngest member of the exclusive Players' Club which was founded by Edwin Booth. Gene will be seen next opposite Sylvia Sidney in "Ladies of the Big House." Watch this boy—he is surely slated for stardom.

Alexander Kirkland is due for a change of name before his picture is shown. His friends call him Bill.

Here is a boy who has known LIFE in capital letters and who comes (Continued on page 107)
Here's a thumbnail sketch of a young old-timer

By Ralph Wheeler

Good Evans!
It's Little Madge!


In many ways like Norma Shearer. That straight-in-the-eye manner of talking. Brittle words. Wholesomeness. Charming frankness. She has no false scruples. Makes pals of her boy friends. But isn't trying to dodge romance. The kind of a girl men of the world hope to marry. And don't deserve. Remember her in those Fairy soap ads? Don't mention it. Or the brewery posters in the good old—(ahem!)—Anheuser-Busch days.

Started in pictures when six years old. Starred in "The Little Duchess" among others. When thirteen was leading lady, no less, to John Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson," Director who gave her start boarded in her house. Now a Hollywood extra. She wears sports togs mostly. And summery organdy frocks. Weakness for butterscotch.


Domestic or Foreign

In those first startled days when talkies made their début, things looked pretty glum for the foreigners. Hollywood decided pronto that accents wouldn't do. Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Victor Varconi, Vilma Banky, Jetta Goudal—oh, a sad exodus. We even trembled for Garbo. The best that could be hoped for them was foreign versions.

So it looked as if the domestic brand of actors would have a clear market and no competition. At least, the established film stars of silents felt that domestic stage stars would be their only rivals. These, heaven knew, were quite disconcerting enough, when the Broadway rush began.

But by and by came Maurice Chevalier. Yes, yes, Maurice complicated the situation a lot. His foreign accent was too quaint! Later was to come the thrilling announcement, "Garbo talks." Garbo talked marvelously in Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," and right then and there a new foreign invasion began. Hollywood had been made too darned safe for the foreigner.

In fact, Garbo was responsible for a wild hunt for Garbos. Every new find was dubbed "another Garbo."

Paramount publicly deplored the Marlene Dietrich comparison with Metro's precious Garbo. Metro was pervaded with that dazed look. How dared there be more than one Garbo? But Dietrich soared to glory with a voice not unlike Garbo's, with exactly the right throaty piquancy, and Foreign Accents stock soared. The doors were wide open. Even nice sweet American girls started acquiring accents! Fifi Dorsay, who had been willing to banish hers, acted up for all

With exotic lure in demand, what does the future hold for our own girls?

No competition can stale the infinite variety of clever Ruth Chatterton's acting.
Lupe Velez, Mexican menace, gave the home girls something to think about.

Elissa Landi combines English charm with an old European heritage.

Beautiful Lil Dagover represents Germany in the Hollywood League of Nations.

Charmers?

By Alma Whitaker

Pola of Poland. Will she score another victory for the Foreign Invasion?

the French that is in her. Such established charmers as Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson polished up their French and occasionally saucily confused it with their English on suitable public occasions.

Paul Lukas began attracting attention again, and at this writing becomes a star in "Bachelor." Ivan Lebedeff, who had been plugging along and getting nowhere in particular, was suddenly seen as a dashing romantic foreigner of matinée idol potentialities—with accent. Ramon Novarro, whose popularity never had waned, became more desirable than ever, and was able to promote a handsomer contract. Nils Asther now succeeded in edging back again. Greta Nissen, who hadn't proved so hot in silents, was fetched back and found utterly desirable. Lily Damita's temporarily dimmed glow began to shine forth again. Bela Lugosi was snatched by Universal as being such "an attractive foreign devil." Conchita Monte-

(Cont. on page 110)
The palate-making Page is now eligible for dates!

I ought to know—for I’m the lucky devil who had the honor of taking Anita out on her very first date. Was I thrilled? Well, what do you think?

Heretofore, even when such a notable fellow as Charlie Farrell—then unmarried—had asked her to such a respectable affair as a Charles Rogers party, her family went, stayed, and left when she did. Not that they mistrusted innocent old Charlie or any of the other famous screen lovers who wanted to take La Belle Anita out. Her mother and father are the most regular parents I’ve ever encountered. But “no-dates” was Anita’s story, and doggoned if they were going to fall down on it.

But now she’s broken down—or broken out, if you prefer. Just imagine my reaction when she said to me, “Yes, I’ll go out with you alone!”

Having known her for three years as Hollywood’s most sanctified, most inaccessible star, I could only gasp, “There is a Buddy Rogers!” Fortunately, I was leaning against Anita’s living-room table, and it was not one of those break-away pieces of furniture. And it didn’t take me long to revive when I saw she meant it.

“No-Date” Anita until now has been movieland’s quaintest and choicest legend. Nary a single date since her arrival in Hollywood. Sometimes a young man went along with Anita and her family to parties, premieres, and shows. But either her mother or father was always in constant attendance.

My guardian angel must have been instrumental in having me around when Anita and her parents decided that enough could be done with the best of schemes. She had never had any dates because she wanted to concentrate on her career. Now that she’s well established, and twenty-one, the time has come for her to go out like others her age.

Mary Brian and Marguerite Churchill and Maureen O’Sullivan had better look to their social laurels. You know what they say about gentlemen admiring blondes. I foresee a stampede when the good news about the emergence of Hollywood’s loveliest golden-haired maiden gets around to all the would-be boy friends.

I have dated just enough girls to know that appearances can be deceptive sometimes. Anita has been cast in a series of pretty dumb roles. Filmatically speaking, she’s always falling into passion’s clutches because her picture mama didn’t (Continued on page 113)
“Worrier” Robinson

Champ, king, sultan, ace, chief, etc., of worries is Edward G. Why? See this story. It’s exclusive, it’s hilarious, it’s true!

By Norman Krasna

Parson us while we boast! We’re quite proud of Mr. Krasna, who wrote this story. He has also written a knock-out play about Hollywood, “Louder, Please!” to be produced on Broadway any minute now. Read SCREENLAND for the live writers!

The champ, the king, the sultan, the emperor, the chief, the head, the ace, the premiere, the first, the Greatest Worrier in the World—Mr. Edward G. Robinson.

Head and shoulders, chest and shoulder-blades over his rivals, he can worry rings around anyone. And he does. Before pictures he worries what his next story will be; during pictures he worries how it’s going; and after pictures he worries both how the story just finished will go, and what will he do next? Worry, worry, worry, the King of Nazilia and Edward G. Robinson!

Perhaps the trick behind the cinematic success of Edward G. Robinson, exemplified in “Little Caesar,” “Smart Money,” and “Five Star Final,” lies in just that. Surely other actors worry, but none worry nearly as intensively and sincerely as Edward G.

It’s a very constructive worrying, not expended on anything but the welfare of his picture. He has an almost childlike naïveté in the opinions of others, and it is no strange sight for Warner employees to see the squat and energetic star hunch over a lunch-room table acting out a vivid piece of drama—to an electrician he picked out of his set.

To trace the personal attentions heaped by Robinson on one of his pictures is to follow the history of an entire production.

Beginning, first, with the selection of the story itself. Robinson can be depended upon, once a week, to walk into J. L. Warner’s office with a dozen manuscripts or magazine stories. “I was wondering,” he usually begins. Warner’s answer usually starts with, “But Eddie, we have stories for you for the next five pictures.”

Taking for granted that Robinson has finally approved a story, which is taking a lot for granted, since it includes his reciting the plot to so many persons for their opinions that Warners fear all the other companies will have the same story too, we come to the story conference.

A story conference is a collection of executives: director, story head, adapter, dialogue writer and the scenic designer, all of whom thrash out what they believe weaknesses and improvements in the story as it exists at the moment. Stars do not attend these conferences, by request, for very obvious reasons.

Still, a few of them are exceptions, notably John Barrymore, William Powell, Constance Bennett, Richard Barthelmess, who have both power by contract to help choose their own stories and also, which is the reason for that power, the native ability to recognize a story when they see it.

Robinson is one of the chosen few. For those who do not know of Robinson’s activities during the ten years preceding his Hollywood attack, it might be mentioned he was the Theatre (Continued on page 114)
How Love changed
Dolores Del Rio

Love has changed Dolores Del Rio from a thoughtless, extravagant girl to a thoughtful woman. A woman who feels that the love she has found in her marriage to Cedric Gibbons is something that should be placed on a firm foundation.

She is waking up to the fact that wolves lurk on Hollywood doorsteps!

Cedric Gibbons, well-known art director of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, husband of the Mexican star, is well able to club the wolf. He draws a nice, fat salary and is quite the man of the family, bearing every expense connected with the running of the Gibbons home.

Dolores has learned that life has a side that hits the most firmly entrenched families and the plumpest of bank rolls. She has had an ear to the ground during the financial depression. And what is more, she has listened, with the result that there is one more business woman in the movies, and one reckless spender missing.

The petted, pampered darling of the gods has been hit by domestic tribulation, divorce, the death of Jaime Del Rio, a serious illness, and a cancelled contract—in a few crowded years.

The same week she and Cedric Gibbons were married, a serious ailment struck her down.

These slaps of misfortune provided food for thought. And Dolores did plenty of thinking. The result is that a once extravagant, thoughtless, money-reckless girl has become a serious woman. Losing none of her charm, she has poise and understanding and thinks twice before she leaps into any orgy of spending, even offering a suggestion to help solve hard times.

"Pay your bills just as promptly as you can," said Dolores one afternoon recently as we sat in the patio of her Outpost Estates home. "That's what I'm trying to
Dolores, the Petted, Pampered Picture Queen, is a New Person Now! This Story Tells You of the Transformation of an Extravagant, Luxury-Loving Star into a Very Real Human Being

By

Harry D. Wilson

Dolores spoke with the seriousness of a Babson as she unfolded her well-thought-out plan. "I believe if everyone will try and do that and then spend money in a normal way, not buying extravagantly, not, at the same time, curtailing their expenditures, it would help greatly toward normalizing everything.

"You see," she continued, "investments in which I was interested were fluctuating. I could never tell what was going to happen. It was a great temptation to become alarmed. Not that I had to think about changing my mode of living, for Cedric gives me everything my heart desires. Our financial affairs are things apart. Cedric takes care of all my expenses and the management of my own salary is quite my own affair. He has nice, conservative ideas and our married life is just the same as any other young couple's.

"I used to be thoughtless in my spending. I admit it. I would buy things that even for the amount of money I was earning were extravagant. That is what less fortunate people resent—sheer extravagance. Naturally I would wonder at the large bills that came fluttering in every month.

"Loving beautiful things, I was a target for the merchants. They knew my weakness for tapestries; old silver services; lovely glassware. Before I knew it, my home was crowded with expensive things that I did not really need. I had no place to put them. My closets were filled with clothes that I sometimes wore but once or twice.

"Now I'm fully awake to that weakness. I'm learning that wisdom in buying is not meanness, and that I can be very well dressed with less than half the clothes that I was in the habit of buying. My tastes too, are simple."

As Dolores talked on, I realized there was a new beauty in her face—the beauty that comes from an appreciation of the real value of life, of thoughtfulness for the other fellow—as understanding of the community, not only the individual.

I asked her whether or not she had fallen in line with the Hollywood custom of having an investment counselor. She laughed and shook her head. "I should say not. Cedric is quite capable of being my investment manager. Quite a few of my friends have put their affairs in the hands of expert advisors. I think it's a wise move. Just think how many former stars who have had everything in the world are now in want—too old to repeat former success, even dying from starvation. Doesn't that make you think?

"You cannot imagine how many people try to interest the stars in ridiculous investments. I suppose every actor and actress in Hollywood is on the so-called 'sucker-list.' I know I was, but fortunately for me, I could never become interested in business investments sufficiently to write out checks. I loved pretty clothes and jewels and would buy a fur coat or an antique tap-
Taming a Tornado! Think It Can't Be Done? Read about Del Rio, who has Lost None of her Appeal in the Transition from Tinsel to Reality

entry rather than talk about oil stocks or wildcat promotion schemes. That's one time my love for the beautiful kept me from loading up with a lot of real estate that might have been tideland, and gold-lettered oil stock certificates that never saw an oil well.

"Now I look twice at everything before I buy. I'm running my house on a strict budget. My secretary, Emilia Levin, is certainly a good watch dog when it comes to checking on household expenses and other bills. Nothing escapes her eagle eye. Every meat bill, grocery purchase and bottle of cream is accounted for by those responsible. I am fortunate in having good servants. They work in my interests. In fact, I'm quite a dull person when the servant problem is discussed. I've never lost a cook nor have I suffered the embarrassment of having to invite my dinner guests to the Embassy at the last moment because my butler deserted me."

Dolores was called to the telephone, and Miss Levin, who had brought her the message, told me how the star had regular "give-away" days. She has a group of Mexican women friends who often come and spend a morning with her.

"She likes to lie late in bed," confided the secretary. "On these occasions, she props herself up against her yellow pillows with her less fortunate countrywomen sitting about her. Then she asks me to bring out this and that dress, or a certain cloak, or that box of hats and many other things. Then we spread everything out just like a shop. Her friends try the many things on and pose before the long mirrors in the room. During this part of the program, Miss Del Rio often speaks up saying, 'I think that looks adorable on you' or, 'yes, that's just the coat for you.' There is much chatter and laughter and then luncheon is served. They leave happily, each one carrying away lovely things to wear that were not allowed to hang unused in her closets."

Dolores returned at this moment with a suspicious smile. "What has she been telling you?" she asked.

"She says you simply hate getting up in the morning," I said, thinking that would settle the matter.

Here Miss Levin gave a startled look and seeing the expression on Dolores' face, we all laughed.

"Indeed I'm not lazy! I'm getting so business-like that I actually go to market. I walk down the boulevard and do lots of things like other people. I'm becoming quite American and haven't taken a siesta for months. I love to cook things and then ring up Cedric so he can bring some friends home to dinner and boast that his wife cooked the meal—that's life, real life, to visit the markets and look for things I know my husband likes, bring them home in the car, put on an apron and enter the kitchen knowing I can prepare dishes that will make my husband say, 'Isn't she a wonderful cook!' That's sweet praise. It's just the same sort of thrill that I get when I slip into a theatre and hear someone say they loved my picture. I'm like a child that way—I love to be praised."

The bell rang and as the butler opened the patio door, Cedric stood in the shadows of the archway. "Darling!" and Dolores threw her arms about him. "I've been boasting—I've been telling what a good housekeeper I am, now you tell them"—he told us in one happy look.

"Yes, and I told them how I run things on a budget, pay my bills promptly, and don't buy a chinchilla coat
every time I go to town, or tease you for a Rolls-Royce, and that I’m all out of style because I haven’t an investment counselor—that you are my only advisor!”

One thing Hollywood has bestowed upon one of its favorites, is an appreciation of the gift of love. It has taught Dolores Del Rio that no matter what happens, she has gained the love that seems to be safe when a star forgets she is a star and becomes a doting wife who proudly boasts that her husband is her only counselor.

Until the Del Rio-Gibbons romance flashed across the horizon, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were considered Hollywood’s most ardently devoted couple. They were quoted and referred to whenever marital bliss became the topic of conversation. They were pictured in hot love poses and

The haunting profile of one of the screen’s loveliest women. There’s a new beauty in her face these days—the beauty that comes from an appreciation of the real values of life.

below, Dolores checking bills with her secretary, Emilia Levin. Mrs. Gibbons is running her home on a strict budget, if you please. No more extravagance!

over Dolores with her marriage to Cedric Gibbons, one incident stands out vividly in this connection. One evening I had occasion to call on the Latin star. I found her swinging idly in a hammock in the patio. Never did she look so beautiful. Dressed in the simplest of white gowns with a red flower making a splash of color at the waist-line, with her hair drawn back in a simple knot at the nape of her neck and a look of serenity in her eyes, she was the picture of contentment. And she explained she was waiting for Cedric to come home to dinner. It was then long past eight.

“Can you imagine me waiting until this hour for dinner?” she said. Knowing Dolores of old and the imperiousness with which she demanded punctuality at the dinner hour—apt to become temperamental with any man who dared to keep her waiting—I couldn’t quite understand the patience she was showing with the tardy Cedric. I told her so.

“It’s perfectly all right! He’s busy. I understand—and besides, you must remember, I love him. You know a woman can always wait happily for one she loves.”
Everything looks rosy. Here’s one of the first pictures of the brand-new couple in their brand-new home. Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres!

I S TWENTY-TWO the best age for love? Lola Lane and Lew Ayres have the colony hoping and praying for them. The handsome screen heart-breaking youth and his sirenish, lovely blonde wife have just returned from their month’s honeymoon drive through the mountains of Wyoming. The process of settling down to a routine of domesticity is now on, and everyone is keeping his fingers crossed.

“We know that we shall live happily ever after!” they exclaim as they give each other affectionate glances. Thank heavens, they are not the gooey kind of newlyweds. But the question is: Will Hollywood careers and their strong individual temperaments let them?

Both Lola and Lew are twenty-two, talented, ambitious, and pleasantly disillusioned. Their elopement left a string of aspiring lovers with nothing else to do but go back into general circulation. In their strange, fate-decreed hectic days they have lived, loved, and learned at a high speed gait. They think that this is the real thing.

But their engagement was not a smooth one, and that’s what has Hollywood worried. No official announcement was made when they started going around together about a year ago. Their devotion was marked, yet they had several serious quarrels. Then for a time they would go out with other people, until jealousy and their unescapable attraction for each other drew them together again.

Lew is not a ladies’ man, despite the fact that he has occasionally plunged deeply into love’s tangles. Hollywood remembers when he played opposite Constance Bennett in “Common Clay,” and he and Connie
Will Hollywood's newest star marriage last?

were apparently head over heels in love. And one of the colony's favorite chuckles is over Lew's telling the Great Bennett where to head in when she, he thought, was trying to two-time him.

The tale goes that Connie's maid told Lew the mistress of the house was not in one evening when they had a date. Lew learned that another screen star was being entertained, so he called Connie up at midnight and shouted over the phone, "You can't make a fool out of me!" Whether he afterwards broke the phone, as gossips say, is beside the point. It shows that his affections are to be handled with care.

Lola has had a more spectacular love life than Lew. At the age of ten she eloped with a fourteen-year-old swain. Their taxi tour was halted by officers of the law, who caught up with them by dawn and returned them to their homes. When she first came to Hollywood it was said that she was in love with Paul Page, who made his début in the same Fox picture as Lola. More recently she was rumored in love with James Cruze. But for the past year she and Lew have been on-again, off-again sweethearts.

They have much in common to assure a happy married life. Their very rise to movie fame and fortune, for instance. Both came to Hollywood only three years ago and became overnight hits; both prefer acting to any other kind of work; and both are determined to continue making good in their chosen profession.

Lew and Lola have a background of struggle and hardship which gives them mutual understanding. They both had the most auspicious of beginnings, experienced the distress which no money brings. Grit, the will to hang on and fight a good fight, is the characteristic which has enabled them to transform themselves from nobodies into glamorous screen personalities.

It is another of those colorful Cinderella tales, this marriage of these two young stars. Lola began life as Dorothy Mulligan, one of six girls in a family which, to quote her own words, "lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks." Her father was a doctor in the town of Indianola, Iowa, and the three thousand inhabitants often shook their heads at the independence and determination to be individualistic which set Lola apart from all the other girls. She went to work when she was twelve and a half years old, playing the piano in the village movie theatre. There had been no money to give her music lessons, but the dollar a night salary was needed and encouraged her to play by ear.

Cooking three meals a day for the entire family, playing every evening in the theatre, and running a tiny hair-dressing shop which she established was Lola's after-school life until she was seventeen. Her combined income served to put her and two sisters through high school. Tragedy almost stalked them when the theatre installed an automatic piano and dispensed with her services.

But this particular Mulligan girl was born with a do-or-die attitude. Two years at Simpson College, a nearby seminary, were financed by two summers' work in Des Moines. She starred on the basketball team and won the Southwestern amateur tennis championship while at college. And how she had to hunt jobs to maintain those scholastic days!

The first summer she went to Des Moines she parked in an employment office. "Who wants a job in an ice-cream factory?" someone yelled. Lola beat the gun. Having majored in chemistry at school, she soon was head of the testing department with the magnificent salary of fifteen dollars a week. A few weeks convinced her that the frozen food business (Continued on page 109)
Tack a well-known label onto any motion picture actor and he will start running for cover.

When reviewers and interviewers say that a certain actress is another Clara Bow, that certain actress feels that the “double” jinx is on her. She has to battle the comparison and assert herself in her own right, or suffer the embarrassment of being characterized as an imitation.

Let’s consider the much-discussed Greta Garbo race, which always arouses popular controversy. The only difference between this race and an actual contest is that the contestants, placed in the running against their wills, are trying to scurry in the opposite direction.

Fredric March, after the production of “The Royal Family of Broadway,” shouted from the housetops that he was not another John Barrymore just because his characterization resembled

He’s a fascinating personality, an actor with years of stage experience—and he looks like Barrymore! Left, in the swashbuckling lead of “Honor of the Family”—a rousing role. Below, with Dolores Costello in “Expensive Women.” Thought he was John, didn’t you?

Here’s Warren William—and how you’re going to like him!

Prince Jack, both in face and in mannerisms.

And now there is another “John Barrymore,” so labeled from the beginning of his stage career, and who very coincidentally played opposite Dolores Costello, the wife of the “real thing,” in his first talking picture.

Warren William does not try to avoid the tag affixed to him by loudly disclaiming it. He is used to it, refuses to be bothered, and goes on acting in his own natural way, thereby trying to prove that it is all a matter of unavoidable resemblance. The hullabaloo raised by the boys at the studio when he first came to work did not even cause him to raise his eyebrow. In fact, he never raises his eyebrow, especially the left one—because that is the well-known Barrymore trade-mark and eccentric characteristic.

Here’s how it happened. Dolores Costello was staging her talkie come-back. Casting was going on assiduously for her vehicle, “Expensive Women,” and all that was needed was a leading man. Someone saw the stage production, “The Vinegar Tree,” in which Warren William was holding forth with great effect, and signed him for the part. The Barrymore resemblance had not entered into the bargain as yet.

As luck would have it, “Expensive Women” was under production at the Warner Studio at the same time that John Barrymore and Marian Marsh were doing “The Mad Genius.” The two sound stages which housed these production activities stood side by side.

Marian Marsh’s resemblance to Dolores Costello had been remarked and written about long before that and she was luckily passing out of the stage where that was being held in general comparison. But it came up again when someone happened to walk from one stage to the other and noticed that both teams bore a striking resemblance. The next morning, the newspapers carried pictures of all four players, calling attention to the uncanny likeness.

There was not a murmur of comment from Warren William one way or the other. It all seemed to pass over his head and he went on acting without any auto-suggestion throwing him in the way of Barrymore means and manners.

The next morning he brought an old news clipping down—a review of a play called “The Blue Peter,” one of William’s first roles. The reviewer was Alexander (Continued on page 116)
Close-ups of the New Mode

Fashion's Romantic Revival interpreted by Smart Screen Stars

The DEB'S WINTER WARDROBE

Marian Marsh shows you what the clever young New Yorkers are wearing this winter. Marian came to Manhattan to select her new clothes from the smartest shops. The camera caught her on Park Avenue wearing a day-time costume high-lighted by an informal fur coat, hip-length, of flat chocolate-brown kid with a scarf tying at the throat. Note Marian's gloves with the wide cuffs—very good! From Saks-Fifth Avenue.
OVER THE RIGHT EYE!
That's right, Marian! Your new hat observes all the rules. It's good for your eighteen-year-old face—not too sophisticated. It has the new derby crown, softened by a shirred front brim. From Jay-Thorpe.

A FUR COAT THAT'S YOUNG!
And not only Loretta, but every "under-twenty-two" loves a coat like this. It's of barunduki combined with a dull red tweed. The belt is very, very smart. If it can't be barunduki, muskrat is good, too.

HERE'S A FEATHER FOR YOU!
Oh, yes, there's a hat that goes with it—but the feather is the important item on Dorothy Jordan's new felt. It's tip-tilted, it has a side band of velour, it's Spanish tile in color, it's a nice hat!
You may remember when muskrat, a perfectly nice fur, was not quite—quite, you know. But now, this winter of 1931-32, it is stepping out on some of our best people. Here's Marian Marsh wearing a reversible coat of sheared muskrat and soft bright green cheviot wool. There's a wide green suede belt with swagger clasp. Of course it has a waistline—all good little fur coats have, this season.

From Jay-Thorpe.
You can't imagine a more dramatic effect for evening than "ice-white above black." Another important fashion fact is brought out in this picture—that it's the back that counts this season. Marian Marsh's black-and-white gown is deeply décolleté in the back, with moulded figure lines.

"ICE-WHITE ABOVE BLACK"
**BANGS ARE BACK!**

You may blame—or thank—the romantic revival for the reappearance of bangs. Or you may believe that Greta Garbo has brought bangs back in her new “Susan Lenox” coiffure. Whatever the reason, here they are! And if you can wear them as well as Loretta Young, below, go right ahead! Also note Loretta’s matching jewelry of pearl beads and rhinestones.

**THE FUR JACKET FOR EVENING**

There’s no more becoming wrap for a dainty girl of deb age or type than the white fur jacket. If yours can’t be ermine, like Marian Marsh’s, then why not the white hare version? Marian’s jacket was created by Hickson.
And don't forget the gloves!

You may be so carried away by the dress that you'll overlook the gloves—but please don't, because they are the most interesting item, really, in this beautiful ensemble. You can't find anything smarter than these new shirr-and-puff gloves of glacé kid. The gown is good, too! It has point venise above black velvet—luscious. Marian Marsh selects earrings of old paste to go with the gown. From Jay-Thorpe.
THE BRACELET’S THE THING!

Smart girls have been bringing back exciting new bracelets from Paris. Claire Luce, above, displays hers—a charming antique gold affair with a grape-vine motif. The necklace matches. Created in France by Marie El Khoury.

HOW VERY VICTORIAN!

Quaint, and all that, are some of the new evening wraps. But Marian Marsh can wear them. To the left she shows a coquette-red transparent velvet wrap bordered with kolinsky. By Milgrim.
If you are fashion-wise you will have at least one stripe-slashed costume this winter. Stripes are definitely with us. Loretta Young's winter-sports suit of blue and white has dark blue trousers with a wide light blue stripe, and her scarf is striped, too.
You girls who like to go North instead of South for your winter vacation will be interested in Judith Wood's new brown and tan wool outfit. Judith chose her gloves, socks, and beret in a matching shade of tan. And note that she has tilted that beret at exactly the right angle!
HERE'S TO REVERS!

You must pay some attention to revers! Ruth Hall has—her black satin frock is distinguished by two very wide revers, one of white satin, the other faced in lipstick-red wool crépe, which is repeated in the buckled belt. Ruth wears with this dress a black felt derby with a tilted black and white feather cockade. Recommended—unreservedly!

And here are fashions for the girls who dare to be
Look! Lacy Collar and Cuffs!

If it's knitted, it's pretty safe to say it's smart. Surely Claire Luce's ensemble is. This simple skirt and jumper of green worsted has huge lacy collar and cuffs—an inspiration of Kargère of Paris. A jaunty white worsted bonnet is finished in the same "tatting" design as the collar and cuffs. This is just one of the clever frocks Claire brought back from her latest trip abroad. We're showing you more in a minute!

the young sophisticates—dashing and "different"!
A far cry from the Estelle Taylor of "Street Scene" is Estelle in private life, wearing "one of the new hats"—but not one of the exaggerated models which have already had their day and fallen into the discard.

The chenille brim of Ruth Hall's hat lifts it right out of the commonplace. The feathered cockade is a bright note on the brown felt.

Karen Morley's suit of mixed black and white tweed is trimmed with black and white astrakhan.

THE NEW CLOTHES
CALL FOR YOUR BEST MANNERS!
Be gracious, be charming, be very, very feminine—to go with the new garb!

Not every girl can wear a costume created by Lucien Lelong of Paris. But be smart and adapt the features of Claire Luce's afternoon ensemble to your own needs. The jacket is white velvet trimmed with brown caracul to match the brown velvet skirt.

Black velvet and ermine! There's a luxurious combination! Estelle Taylor's formal coat, richly furred, is topped with a black velvet hat with white feather trim.
SLEEVES!
SLEEVES!
SLEEVES!

Sleeves are having their way with our fashions. Claire Luce chose this short wrap of navy blue velvet trimmed with ermine because of its—you're right!—its sleeves. From Lucien Lelong.
Ice-white satin! There's nothing more alluring; and when the satin is fashioned into an evening gown and worn by Ruth Hall, the result is pretty ravishing—ask Hollywood; it has seen Ruth in this dress. The coral-colored corded silk belt has a rhinestone buckle.
PAJAMAS
ARE PERMANENT!

Yes—pajamas are here to stay. No passing fancy, but a welcome addition to feminine fashions. Let's look at Marian Marsh in this simple black velvet pajama costume, with cape sleeves and very wide trousers. Pajamas are the debs' delight! From Milgrim.
He's no "Orchid Man!"

Ivan Lebedeff is living down that superfluous sobriquet

Orchid—a handsome, showy flower, often oddly shaped—embracing several species, wonderfully complex—valued for color, form.

—The Dictionary.

The description partly describes Ivan Lebedeff, but it is far from complete. The "oddly shaped" we can eliminate because the tall, well-proportioned Lithuanian is anything but that. Through heritage and military training in Russia his bearing is impeccable. Yet the unthinking, seeing him on the screen or on the street, impressed only by his meticulous continental manner, have dismissed him with a contemptuous "Oh, he is only an 'orchid man,' of the type all too familiar in pictures."

Sports writers had used the same appellation with Georges Carpentier when the Frenchman fought Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight title at Boyle's Thirty Acres, in the first of the late Tex Rickard's famous "Battles of the Century." Forgotten, or ignored, was the fact that the champion's opponent had won lasting glory through his ace-of-aces performances in the world war. The Croix de Guerre with Palms had not been awarded for any pugilistic prowess, but for far greater valor as an aviator. The other of the trinity of orchidaceous ones received his baptism from Irvin Cobb, I think. This was Michael Arlen, the Armenian writer. Possibly this was due to his novels dealing so largely with the world of orchids and ermines; possibly to the impression created by the man himself. That is for the Kentucky Cobb to decide.

Ivan Lebedeff rates the orchid title as little as Carpentier. His whole career since 1914 and his enlistment with the third Regiment of Dragoons of the Russian army at the front is a most eloquent refutation of the implied stigma. He is as little the powder-puff, drawing-room hero as was and is the better-known French war hero. The Lithuanian, whose poise and perfect manners on and off the screen have so often conjured up visions of that other polished man of the world, Adolphe Menjou, had a career in the world war and afterward in the Russian revolution that any soldier of fortune would gladly claim.

The Czar's government recognized Lebedeff's deeds and valor as generously as the French powers—that be had Carpentier's. Each man could well afford to ignore the sneers and covert innuendoes of those who judged them solely by their misunderstood manners.

"I smile to myself," said Ivan, "when people who do not know smile derisively at me and the way in which I conduct myself. I am not offended because each one is entitled to his own opinion. If they think they can offend me they flatter themselves. I try to be unfailingly courteous to everyone regardless of his station in life. It is instinctive, not a pose, as has been alleged. I think possibly the greatest tribute to me is that paid by the friendliness and unfailling attempts to help me on the part of property men, electricians and all others in what might possibly be called the humbler walks in life. That is a real tribute and I do appreciate it."

His popularity with the people on the set is unquestionable. I do not think I have ever seen a player more democratic than (Continued on page 105)
The Girl with the Garters

How the Magic of Marlene Dietrich makes a Difference in the Lives of Plain People

By Lynde Denig

Remember "The Blue Angel," and the lace trimmings? That German girl with the garters!

Manager of the Gem Theatre.

Marlene Dietrich? Sure, I remember, that German girl with the garters.
She’s a good-looker, all right; but my crowd doesn’t go in heavy for these dames from Europe.
Hey, Sam! They’re giving us a Marlene Dietrich for Thanksgiving week.
You know, the girl with the garters.
We got to think up something good to get the crowd coming.
Marlene’s a hot number, sure enough:

But I’m scared of the women and the kids.
Remember "The Blue Angel," Sam,
And the lace trimmings?
And how the old professor wanted to snap those garters!
Oh, here’s a break!
It’s a circus film:
Circus stuff for the entire family.
Wait a minute, Sam. Just a minute.
I’m getting an idea. It’s the big idea for your advertising.
It’s big enough to cover the whole town:
Men, women, children.
I’ve got it: all in one line.
Listen, Sam!
"The Girl With the Garters in a Sweet Story of Circus Life."
Proprietor of Lingerie Shoppe.

Let me see the paper, Myrtle. Humph! Don’t think much of the looks of that ad. Under Finkelstein’s, too.

Finkelstein is cutting hosiery prices. Listen to this, Myrtle:

“Ladies’ hose. Finest quality. All shades. Formerly $2.50. Now $1.49.”

The old shyster. We got to get back at him somehow. How about them green beach pajamas? We’ll call them Winter Greens. Guess they’ll do to sleep in.

Wow! What’s this?

“Marlene Dietrich, the Girl With the Garters, Coming to the Gem.”

Garters? Who said garters? We’ve got a couple of crates of garters in the cellar, right now—Pink, blue, red, orange, purple; a garter for every leg.

“You can’t look right without a garter.”

“When you see Marlene Dietrich at the Gem”

“Be sure of your garters.”

We’ll fill the window with garters. We’ll get Sam to give us a show-case in the theatre lobby. Let old Finkelstein peddle his stockings. It’s garters for us, Myrtle. Garters for us!

Amusement Editor of the Blade.

Sam promised me an autographed picture of Marlene Dietrich. But he never came through. That’s the way with those publicity guys. You give them the works, and then they forget.

This time I’d do a little forgetting myself, except I’m nuts about that German girl. I don’t like calling her The Girl With the Garters, either. She’s too good for that. She’s too good for this dumb town, anyway. Those eyes—those legs—that voice!

She sets me going, all right. Just to look at her, sets me going. And can she sing?

“I’m Falling in Love Again.” I’d fall in love with her. Would I?

What a chance! What a chance!

Wonder if she ever saw that piece I wrote about her. Sam said he’d see that she got a copy of The Blade. But you can’t count on Sam. Some day I’m going to Hollywood. I’ll forget all about this bum town. I’ll see her myself.

She’ll talk to me and listen when I tell her the story I’ve written for her. I’ll tell her to can that “Girl With the Garters” stuff. She’s The Girl With Everything!

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President of the Women’s Club.

The next subject for your consideration, ladies, is the report of Mrs. Doolittle, chairman of your literary and dramatic committee. It deals with the request of Mr. Solomon, manager of the Gem theatre, that we place “Four Rings,” starring Marlene Dietrich, on our Pink List.

As you will recall, Miss Dietrich is a German actress who appeared here in…

(Continued on page 119)
Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis as Marie and Wanda, the two gay Girls about Town. They find adventure and romance on their hectic careers of innocent crime!

Kay and Lil with the only high hat they ever put on. You'll enjoy this fiction version of the comedy-drama in which they are co-featured.

**Girls about Town**
THE first thought that came into Wanda Howard’s head when she awoke at five in the afternoon was that this state of affairs could not go on. It was all right for Marie, who enjoyed flirting and flattering, dancing and digging. But not for her! She was fed up with making millionaires believe they were dashing Don Juans. Fed up—fed up! With sessions at the latest in night-clubs where she beguiled “older men” into good moods so that Chase would have no difficulty putting over his deals with them. She always looked forward to the end of the evening when she could explain to her escort that “Mother” was waiting up for her.

“Perhaps tomorrow—” she would promise softly.

As she lay in bed wondering how she could break away from it all, Hattie, the colored maid, came in to ask about breakfast.

“Orange juice and aspirin,” Wanda said weakly. “Is Marie awake?”

“No, honey lamb. She hasn’t stirred since she come in at five this mornin’.”

“Well, it’s time she did.” She slipped into a dressing-gown and went into the next room where Marie slept. She sat down beside her and pulled her head up by the hair.

“Oh—let me sleep,” Marie groaned, and thereupon turned over. In a few minutes, however, she had to find strength enough to answer the telephone.

“It’s Chase,” she told Wanda. “He says those men last night came across with the proper contract—and now he wants us in on a party tonight.”

“Count me out. I’ve told you often enough before, Marie, that I’m through, and this time I mean it.”

“It’s a Mr. Thomas from Michigan, and he’s rich, handsome, and generous to a fault.”

“Anybody might be named Thomas. Doesn’t mean a thing to me.”

“Please, Wanda. It’s on a yacht, and such a gorgeous one, too.”

“No!”

“Then I won’t go—and I’m dying to. Refuse anything after this.”

“Oh, all right. I have nothing to lose.”

“It’s O. K.,” Marie called into the mouth-piece. “At eight, then.”

“Another night—another bore!” Wanda sighed. “Well, let’s pack up, Hattie.”

For some reason Chase thought that Wanda should have the rich and desirable Mr. Thomas—and Marie the young and charming Jim. But as it happened, the combination resulted in a poor party. Wanda was disgusted with her companion who thought that being entertaining meant inventing a thousand practical jokes, and Marie was bored with Jim who knew nothing about jokes at all. After the first evening out, however, it developed that Wanda would have loved to have Jim—and Marie was dying to get better acquainted with Thomas. Thus it was arranged between the girls.

At the next meeting Marie and Thomas lost no time in getting chummy. Marie studied his hand carefully.

“You can’t deny it. It’s right here in your hand.”

“Well, maybe you’re right,” Thomas assented.

“When’s your birthday?”

“In June.”

“The beginning of the month?”

“No, the 29th.”

“I knew it,” Marie told him excitedly. “You were born in the House of Gemini. That’s why you’re so fond of jokes. All Gemini people are.”

“That so?” Thomas was beginning to believe that here was an interesting girl indeed.

“And that means I’ve got to keep away from you.”

“What did I do?”

“People born on your date are water babies, and I’m a fire baby. Water overcomes fire. That means you’d have too much influence over me—”

And so it went on. Marie flattered him and laughed at his jokes, and Thomas was having the time of his life.

In the meantime, Jim and Wanda sat close together and watched the water.

“Let’s pretend we’re in love,” Jim said. “It will help to pass the time away, and nobody will get hurt!”

“Happy?” Jim asked. “Superbly,” Wanda answered. “Let’s pretend we’re in love,” Jim said. “It will help to pass the time away, and nobody will get hurt!”

Two girls with but a single thought: men! To Marie, men meant money. To Wanda, men meant one man.—Jim. But Jim was elusive—very.

time away, and nobody will get hurt.”

She settled into his arms and whispered: “Oh, my dear!”

“Yes?” Jim asked.

“Superbly.”

“Did I come just in time?”

“Another would have been too late,” she said.

“Before us lies a beautiful future—”

“Is it very beautiful?” There was a note of hysteria in her voice.

“How I love you,” he whispered, trying to outdo her.

“And I love you.”

“And I love you.”

But she could keep up the game no longer, and bursting into tears, she ran to her cabin. And when Marie came down later, she found Wanda lying on the bed, crying softly.

“What’s the joke?” she asked. “I want to laugh, too.”

“The joke’s on me,” Wanda sobbed.

“What’s the matter. Do you think you’re in love?”

“Yes.”

“I see. And he doesn’t love you.”

“The idea hasn’t even occurred to him. One doesn’t fall in love with my sort of girl.”

“Do you think I’d better keep an eye on you? Feel desperate?”

“Yes—no. I’d just start swimming—that’s what I’d do—and keep going.”

“I was curious about last night,” Jim told her in the morning. That sudden squall just blew our pretty game right out to sea.”

“What was your guess?”

“I thought you might have been hurt—because—well, all that we talked of wasn’t true.”

Wanda laughed—a sad little laugh. “Those tears were part of the game,” she said.

“I see.”

“Did I do it well?”

“Swell.”

“And did you find it amusing?”

“Quite.”

“Thanks. That’s all I wanted to know.”

Wanda drew off her robe and leaped into the water—with Jim after her.

“May I come along?”

“It’s anybody’s ocean.”

Wanda was swimming in a daze. “I’d just start swimming,” the words came back to her.

“Wanda!” It was Jim’s voice. “You’ve gone far enough.”

“I’d just start swimming,” a voice inside of her spoke. Then she seemed to grow very weak, and she was glad when she could rest against something. It was Jim—and she heard Jim’s comforting voice.

“You poor kid. Just rest against me.”
Town! Take a Peek into their—They Do Have Them

He got her to an anchored fishing boat with difficulty. "I was so worried," he told her as she lay snug in his arms.
"Does that mean you like me better than you thought?"
"That's what it means. Why did you try to drown yourself?"
"Can't you guess?"
"Oh, my darling!" His arms went around her, and his lips clung to hers. They took no notice of the fisherman in the boat.
"I love you," he said. "And this time it's no pretending."
"I'm mad about you!"

While Jim and Wanda were busy being in love, Thomas was occupied with one practical joke after another. He offered the girls aboard cash prizes if they could retrieve a golf ball which he would throw into the water. It was a special joke of his—for each ball melted as soon as it hit the water. And none knew but him—and Marie, who had seen him make the test when he did not know anyone was looking. It was her chance to make money. She remained in the background until the offer mounted to $3,000 and then dived in with a ball concealed in her bathing suit, brought it to him—and demanded the money. Marie did not get the money that day—for Thomas had suddenly become faint and retired to his room with a promise that he would pay up tomorrow.

That evening Marie understood many things she had not understood before. In the paper there was a notice about the famous Mr. Thomas which read:

**Michigan Copper King World's Meanest Man, Says Suing Wife—Waited Thirteen Years For Engagement Ring From Benjamin Thomas—**

"I'm going to dig that one," she confided to Wanda, "even though I'm not much of a gold-digger—and dig him plenty. Last night I was only fooling about an emerald ring I said I wanted. Now I'm going to get it and the $3,000 dollars I won from him on his phoney bet."

"There are other things besides money—"

"Say, kid, are you going straight on me?"

Wanda nodded. "Yes, and I love it."

Chase was more (Cont. on page 104)
Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

Five-Star Final
First National

Another smash from the studio that gave us "Little Caesar," "The Public Enemy," "Smart Money," and "Larceny Lane." These producers have put pictures into long pants. They are—what is that word?—red-blooded. Here's the most stirring drama of them all—highly dramatic, splendidly directed and acted, and actually impressive in its power. From the Broadway play, it records the ruin of a family by the revival of an old scandal in a tabloid newspaper. The newspaper editor, played by Edward G. Robinson, is forced against his will to play up the story to get circulation for his paper at any cost. Frances Starr from the stage gives a touching performance as the woman whose life is wrecked by the scandal. Marian Marsh plays her daughter with depth and feeling. Robinson is excellent. Strong stuff—but I wouldn't miss it if I were you.

The Unholy Garden
United Artists

Colman in bad company! A preposterous picture, really—but pretty good fun all the same. Ronnie appears as a Robin Hood again—this time in Algeria, managing a mob of meemies, eluding the outstretched arms of Estelle Taylor, and saving Fay Wray from himself. It's a yarn by those bad boys of literature, "Front Page" Hecht and MacArthur, meaning that it's rowdy and Rabelaisian, with pungent dialogue, bold and brutal characterization, and not much movie "romance." In fact, in the romantic passages the picture goes all to pieces. The boys must have had a time trying to bring Ronnie and Fay together in that prop Persian mosque—the worst movie set of the month—with Estelle sirening so strenuously. Colman plays the highly improbable hero with his elegant detachment. He's charming. Warren Hymer is good, too. Go if you like your hokum hot.

Merely Mary Ann
Fox

If you wonder how the same reviewer can like both "The Guardsman" and "Merely Mary Ann," let me explain—I want to be amused even as you and you and you and those people sitting over there; and whether the picture is a sentimental Cinderella story or a sparkling satire I don't care, if it is well done. And the Gaynor-Farrell films are. They are old-fashioned romances so shrewdly and expertly directed and staged, and so exquisitely acted, that they become bright, fresh entertainment. This latest offering is as sweet and sentimental as it can be without actually melting away in your hands—but it has Janet Gaynor, that great little artist, at her very best; it has Charlie, handsomer than ever; it has Beryl Mercer—not sweet this time, but shrewish—a grand performance. It has a pretty weak ending and it has Dicky, the Canary—but let's forget about that.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

FIVE STAR FINAL       LARCENY LANE
THE UNHOLY GARDEN      THE GUARDSMAN
MERELY MARY ANN        PALMY DAYS

Turn to page 102 for casts of current films:
Best Pictures

S C R E E N L A N D S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

The Guardsman
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HOPE you'll like this. A lot depends on it! If you applaud "The Guardsman" the producers will make more champagne pictures—that is, sophisticated, sparkling, heady stuff. If you don't—but please do. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne make their talking picture début in this screen version of Molnar's play. They are superb, these stars of the New York Theatre Guild—poised, subtle, charming. Mr. Lunt plays a temperamental, lovable idiot—an actor of the European stage married to a lovely lady star, whose affection for him, he thinks, is wavering. So he masquerades as a fiesty guardsman to try to win his own wife—hoping all the time that he won't. It's all delicious—the dialogue, the acting by Miss Fontanne—her voice is the most luscious you've heard—and an incomparably amusing portrayal by Alfred Lunt. See it!

Larceny Lane
Warner

W HAT can you do about a picture like this? It's not a family film; the children shouldn't see it—they'd only have too good a time and go out and try to do a James Cagney; it's another crock story—and yet it is the best all-round rousing entertainment of the month! Shoving all our scruples carefully to one side, we must admit that it is the speediest film on the screens. It tells you all about the rackets practiced by a bell-hop and a chambermaid. Their ambition is to crash the big town as accomplished gypsy artists. The story of their crooked career is crammed with excitement. Not very elevating for Aunt Ella—but a good time is enjoyed by everybody else. Greet the grand new team of Cagney and Blondell. These two are inimitable. They get our Honor Page this time. See "Larceny Lane" and you'll know why.

Palmy Days
United Artists

A L J O L S O N ushered in the talkies and Eddie Cantor will bring back musical movies—that's our prediction, anyway. Eddie was never funnier, and his picture keeps up a dizzy pace. Beautiful girls—effective dances—good songs sung in the contagious Cantor manner—and there's a plot here somewhere, too, but nobody knows and nobody cares. It's all mad nonsense. Imagine Cantor as a spiritualist's assistant—or never mind; don't try. Just see the picture. Eddie's partner in fun is the angular Charlotte Greenwood. And does Charlotte rough him up—and does Eddie take it? And did my mother—but no, that's another story. Eddie inadvertently becomes an efficiency expert in a cruller factory—yes, it's as crazy as that—and thinks he's in love with the boss's daughter, but Charlotte has other plans. Barbara Weeks is a pretty heroine.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:
Una Merkel in "Wicked"
Eddie Cantor in "Palmy Days"
Joan Blondell in "Larceny Lane"
James Cagney in "Larceny Lane"
Alfred Lunt in "The Guardsman"
Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman"
Gene Raymond in "Personal Maid"
Janet Gaynor in "Merely Mary Ann"
Edward Robinson in "Five-Star Final"
Warren William in "The Honor of the Family"

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt score personal triumphs in their first talkie, "The Guardsman."

"Larceny Lane" is thoroughly original, with that great team, James Cagney and Joan Blondell.

Eddie Cantor's hilarious comedy, "Palmy Days" is so good that it may bring back musical movies.
Some are—some aren't. Read on and learn about all kinds!

HOW would you like to live next door to some popular Hollywood film celebrity?

"Gosh, wouldn't I, though!" murmurs little Miss Fan. "It would be Seventh Heaven to me!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" snaps Mama Fan. "You don't know what you're asking for. These stars are a noisy bunch and probably would keep us awake half the night with their parties and such. Then, too, they're all stuck up—they wouldn't look at any of us. If they did, it would only be to give us a vacant stare."

“Oh, yeah?” cuts in Papa Fan. “Well, don’t kid yourself, Mama. Movie stars are all right—they’re only human beings like us, after all. And say, that little gal I saw at the Palace last week when she was making a personal appearance, was as cute as they make ‘em and not one bit ritzy."

"Is that so!" retorts Mama Fan, which quenches that argument, but which brings us right to the point of our story: Are stars good neighbors, or not? Do they make friends easily, or don’t they? Do they invite neighbors to their homes?

It all boils down to just this. There are stars and stars, and no two are alike. There are friendly ones, like Marie Dressler, who knows almost everyone on her street by name, who has a smile and a kind word for them all, and even swaps choice recipes, special samples of her cooking, and things like that with the two ladies who live next door.

There are others who keep aloof from their neighbors—like Garbo, Swanson and Negri—because it’s their “act” to remain mysterious, or because they feel they have few common interests and prefer, accordingly, to move among their own small circle of friends. Those in this group have been termed everything from dumb-bells to snobs, but they go merrily on their way, attending to their own affairs and disturbing no one.

There is, alas, a third group which is the least desirable of all. Those that belong in this gathering aren’t always seen by neighbors, but they are very much heard! They are good sports mostly, only too much so—being inclined to keep their neighbors walking the floor at night and tearing their hair.

Virginia Valli’s big romance, culminating in her marriage to Charles Farrell, began with neighborliness. It happened that she was vacationing at Malibu Beach, and Charlie Farrell was lounging about in his cottage next door at the same time. She was painting some outdoor furniture one morning when Charlie, in true neighborly fashion, called over and asked if there was anything he could do to help her. His offer was accepted and he went to work with a paint brush. By the time the furniture was finished, their romance had begun.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon, too, started their famous friendship by being neighbors on North Harper Avenue. Louise Fazenda knows all her neighbors—down both sides of the street. They often go on picnic parties with her, and there is a genuine friendliness about the whole community. In the boy who lives right next door, Louise has not only a picture fan but an enthusiast for her cakes and pies and cookies—something even more important.

Will Rogers would have to ride miles to borrow a pound of sugar! His huge ranch doesn’t make for neighborliness. Just look it over—Will won’t mind!

Marguerite Churchill and Elissa Landi live near each other, work at the same studio, and are the best of friends. They often ride together on the Beverly Hills bridle paths.
Good Neighbors

Don't let Vic MacLaglen's screen gruffness fool you. He and his wife make the most charming neighbors. Here they are in front of their Flintridge home.

"This lad seems to have an uncanny knowledge of each time I light the oven for cookies," laughed Louise. "He's always right on the spot to help with the mixing and the sampling, and sometimes he brings along his chum. One day he told me he didn't like the idea of my having to mix the dough by hand. A few days later he came to the door with a bulky package. It turned out to be an electric mixer! Finding that those in the stores were out of reach of his pocketbook, he had coaxed his father, an electrician, into getting parts wholesale for him and helping him assemble them. To me, it is one of the nicest gifts I have ever received. All my neighbors are the finest possible and I consider them real friends."

The James Gleasons live next door to a family in Beverly Hills who have a large tennis court. The Gleasons haven't one but they have a fine swimming pool. So the two neighbors have a reciprocity plan whereby each has the welcome to the other's luxury. It works out extremely well and there are many gay parties traveling through the garden gate to the pool or the courts. The Gleasons are friends with all their neighbors, particularly the Anthony Bushells who live across the street. They are very social and whenever a big party is being held, all their neighbors are usually among those present. The Gleason gatepost, adorned with silhouettes of James, Russell and Lucille, plus the family dog, stands for "hospitality." And they mean it, too.

Then there's Janet Gaynor, who, according to the lady next door to her home, is an exceptionally fine neighbor. "Janet is the dearest little thing I know," she declared. "I was always a fan of hers and now that I know her personally, I'm more than ever. She's always so quiet and she's friendly with all the folks around here. She seems to love her home so well, and incidentally, she is at home a lot. Every Sunday evening she has tea on her back porch and many a time she asks us over. Sometimes she entertains several of her neighbors. Indeed, every one of us loves Janet."

The Warner Baxters, likewise, are well thought of in their vicinity. An elderly gentleman, Mr. West by name, whose back yard backs right up against theirs, has this to confide:

"The Baxters, both of them, are awfully friendly folks and all the people around these parts speak well of them. Why, when I first moved in here, Baxter didn't know me from Adam, but one day he saw me out in the yard and called out the fence: 'Hello, there! Would you like to have some fresh avocados?' I was surprised, for I had heard that picture people were mostly a selfish clan, giving away little or nothing. But I replied, 'Why, yes, if you can spare them, and thank you very much.' 'Good,' answered Warner, 'I'll bring you some later.' And sure enough, that afternoon he brought over a large box of delicious ones. He's a neighbor worth having!"

Many stars have other stars for neighbors. Elissa Landi and Margaret Rutherford have only work at the same studio—Fox—but they're neighbors and the best of friends. They go for early-morning canters together. Thelma Todd and Raquel Torres have neighboring apartments in the same hotel. Sally O'Neil, Molly O'Day, Virginia Cherrill and Lola Lane have adjoining bungalows at the "Garden of Allah" and these four players get along beautifully together. Dorothy Lee, Belle Bennett, Billie Dove and the Richard Arlens are all friendly neighbors up in the Toluca Lake district.

Will Rogers hasn't any neighbors for miles around. He could stage a regular wild west show on his huge ranch every night and his nearest neighbor couldn't complain! Will, however, never could be the noisy type. Neither could Harold (Continued on page 124)
Perfumes make lovely gifts. Loretta Young knows the secret that perfumes are made for the skin and not for fabrics. And Loretta puts perfumes first on her list of gifts to her feminine friends this season.

Beauty Shopping

By

Margery Wilson

Glad tidings of great joy! You've heard of the wind being tempered to the shorn lamb? Well, all the cosmetic people and the perfumers have been doing the same thing—to wit, making their Christmas prices fit our pocketbooks. So holiday joy in gift choosing and giving remains at about par.

Alluring gifts may be had for a song. However, if you insist, it is still possible to invest your college education in perfume. Not that it matters, but I have often marvelled at the aplomb of the elegant soft-voiced salespeople, who approach you with plush manner and Oxford accent, and confidentially tell you that the gorgeous crystal bottle of rarest essence—the one you can't take your eyes off—is now reduced from $600 to only $450!

This, of course, gives you an urge to order at least half a dozen of them—but, instead, you get out somehow, mumbling something about the large size being a bit vulgar! On the other hand Helena Rubenstein is putting out a novel lipstick for $1. It requires only one hand to operate, as a single movement of your thumb on its side opens the top and raises the rouge. So, you do not even have to lay your pocketbook down in order to use it in a public place—meaning, of course, a dressing room, for it never has been and never will be smart to refurbish your face in really public places. I predict great popularity for this clever innovation. A convenient and welcome gift!

At Coty's I found an item that thrilled me and will certainly bring joy to the heart of any woman who loves
Make your Christmas gifts express beauty—novelty—charm! Our Beauty Editor's advice makes your shopping easy and alluring with these exciting, yet practical, suggestions.

For the small that is And comes Florida. Christmas could with What tact, Raphael's gifts known as California are up as drops. I have considered that the modest sum of $5. Coty has a powder jar signed by the great Lalique himself and filled with fragrant face powder done up in satin! And I made the breath-taking discovery that the windows in the Coty building are all designed by Lalique. Imagine! It was almost more than I could take in considering the expense of even small pieces.

Speaking of glass, Yardley has cleverly put thirteen ounces of their Old English Lavender perfume into a stunning cut-glass decanter with a sparkling crystal stopper, to sell for $12. After the perfume is gone the decanter can be refilled with lavender or used for rare brandy or liqueur. (Don't ask me where to get these last items. Probably in England where Yardley makes the original contents!) Finding just the right gift for the right person requires tact, patience, and that heavenly thing known as good taste. What blunders we often make with the very best intentions! I once sent a box of fruit from California to Florida. I am blushing yet.

It may be practical to select a gift that "suits" the recipient, but let me suggest that you drop that idea and get a present that will please. When giving books I always send funny ones to my intellectual friends and high-brow books to my "middle-brow" friends. They please!

Give sensible things to frivolous people and frivolous gifts to sensible people. Give a jar of dainty-colored bath salts, with a thoroughly useless satin bow around its neck, to a woman who does her own house-work, and watch her face glow with delight. Here is recognition of her personal fastidiousness! For this purpose Elizabeth Arden's new pulverized bath salts is ideal. It comes in a tall, square, smart-looking bottle with a huge flat stopper: $5. The pulverized salts dissolve instantly in water and last so much longer because it requires only a small amount to soften and perfume your bath. This is a charming gift for any woman you know well enough to give a touch of real art on her dressing table. If you have loved the glass creations of Lalique as I have (I am nothing short of a Lalique worshipper) you will be overjoyed to learn that the modest sum of $5, Coty has a powder jar signed by the great Lalique himself and filled with fragrant face powder done up in satin! And I made the breath-taking discovery that the windows in the Coty building are all designed by Lalique. Imagine! It was almost more than I could take in considering the expense of even small pieces.

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The idea of giving sensible things to frivolous people is a good one. For the gay woman is always grateful to the person who makes it unnecessary for her to think about mundane, practical things. Yet, every time she uses the "practical" gift she will think, "How sweet of you to look after my needs."

So pile up for yourself a lot of Christmas gratitude and give this girl several cakes of that most lasting Spanish soap, made in Barcelona by Myrrugia, the house that served the Spanish royalty with perfumes and toilet requisites. Myrrugia soaps come in several of the odors of their exquisite perfumes! If you don't know them waste no time getting acquainted. They're yielding, defiant, brilliant, brooding, laughing, subtle. They've taken Hollywood like Grant took Richmond.

A great favorite is "Maja" — (the j is pronounced h, you know) — because it is sunny and impudent with an over-tone of bravery, just like those gay women of the marketplace (the majas) who gave color and spice to living in times of peace and marched to war when danger threatened their beloved Spain. And the flower odors, so dainty and ladylike! They bring us the best of a land of flowers, a country where cities and streets are named for blossoms. "Orgia," literally a riot of blooms, may be had in a lovely suede case for $8. For mystery there is "Nardo," distilled from the Indian flower of the same name, ideal for wintry weather and chill hearts, for (Continued on page 112)
Introducing some nice little newcomers to screen society

Cecilia Parker, left. Meditative beauty; pensive pulchritude. Cinderella before the ball. Will she win a place among the serene and stately leading ladies?

Fay Pierre. Several sweetly solemn thoughts. Can she really be as demure as all that? At any rate, her "Palmy Days" have already begun—in Eddie Cantor's picture.

Marjorie King, above. "Come hither—but keep your distance," those eyes seem to say. She's John Gilbert's current idea of something real nice.

Frances Dean. A blonde in a brown study? You said an armful. Frances studies the stars—she wants to be familiar with her destiny.
Débutantes

They're pretty—they're piquant
—and they can act, too!

And here are the three Fox "débutantes." Top to bottom: Conchita Montenegro, brunette; Helen Mack, red-head; Linda Watkins, blonde. Like the color scheme?

Barbara Weeks. Quaintly coy—and with bangs, too! But don't overlook that saucy tilt in Barbara's eyes!


Elda Vokel, left. Another version of the new femme appeal: quiet, dimpled, Mary Brian-ish—and wholly charming. In fact, like a girl named Eida.
So says Alice White, who never really liked those jazzy rôles

By

Mortimer Franklin

Alice used to do those "Naughty Baby" and "Show Girl" things. Now she wants to be Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire.

SYMBOL of a hectic era—of a gay, gaudy, reckless period when everybody was happy, let’s go! Symbol of a pleasure-seeking age, when Flaming Youth was at its flamingest; the stock market, the gin output and the skirt length made all-time altitude records, and bankers and bootblacks liked their fun and liked it hot!

That was Alice White’s screen career at its zenith. And she didn’t care much for it.

Alice is pretty, and perky, and peppy. She is very, very little. And she can dance and sing and make her eyes speak encyclopedias. So, when she happened to swim into the directors’ ken at the height of a jazz era, it was decided that Alice must become the Jazz Baby Girl of the films. But Alice (see above) didn’t care for it.

"Thank goodness that’s over," she sighed, recalling those febrile days. "Now a girl can be herself again!" Alice will soon start being herself with all her might when she goes before the camera again. And that self won’t be a bit like her old screen self, either.

"All that hoopla stuff wasn’t my idea of acting at all," Alice insists. "But people had to have their heavy excitement then, and I was elected to be it! (Oh, all right, have your pun if you want it.) While I had it to do I did it well, too, if box-office records are to be believed. But all the while I wanted to do some honest-to-goodness acting—to play real, human people in three dimensions who led natural, believable lives and did other things besides going to parties, racing about in cars and necking with their sappy boy friends."

But alas for those artistic yearnings! Jazz baby they made her, and jazz baby she remained from picture to picture. Alice, after going through Hollywood High School (that unintentional training ground of so many screen actresses), had started her movie life as a script girl. After a while she was given a small part with Milton Sills in "The Sea Tiger," and did well enough in it to merit further minor parts. But her diminutive charm and her natural effervescence prevented her from remaining long in the background at a time when the public was calling for pep, punch and passion. Soon she broke into greater prominence in such pictures as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Mad Hour" and "Harold Teen"—each, you will remember, a little brighter-hued than the one preceding. So realistic was her hey-haying in the last-named opus that Alice was promoted to stardom, and made a series of pictures called, believe it or not, "Show Girl," "Naughty Baby," "Hot Stuff," and "Show Girl in Hollywood." Some of those names may sound funny today, but they were very much What the Public Wanted yesterday.

"Even while these gay doings were at their height," says Alice, "I tried to get them to cast me in a rôle that required some acting—something a fellow could get his teeth into. When ‘Bad Girl’ was first published I read it, liked it, and rushed to the studio with it insisting that I be allowed to make a picture from it. But the movies, in spite of all the prevalent whoopee, were shying away from the Facts of Life in (Continued on page 121)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

CHESTER MORRIS in "CORSAIR"
Why Clark Gable is the
Here's the Answer!

BECAUSE
He has the most sensational smile since Valentino hypnotized his audiences in "The Four Horsemen."

BECAUSE
He's a good actor. His talents and technique stand up even with Wallace Beery's in "Hell Divers." Here's a fight scene you will thrill to. It's a smash.
Most Popular New Man in Pictures

BECAUSE

He's real. There's no swank or pose about him. If a cameraman catches him for a picture when he has a few days' growth of beard, that's just too bad.

BECAUSE

He'd rather go up to the mountains and rough it than attend the first night of his new picture in Hollywood. In fact, that's what he did.

BECAUSE

Even make-up can't make him look like an actor! Gable would make his pictures without make-up if they would let him. He hates the stuff.

BECAUSE

He's no ladies' man, no blankety-blank matinée idol. Men like him, too. And that's why his popularity will be the rare kind that lasts.
DIETRICH, the girl you dream about, is doing a little dreaming on her own. But it's only between scenes of her new picture, "The Shanghai Express," in which marvelous Marlene is supported by Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.
THE Man I Killed" is the cheery title of Philip- lips Holmes' next film, after "An American Tragedy." When will they let this boy play a nat- ural, human part? He's a real actor—but he's too young to be typed. Let's have him happy for a change!
Jackie is having the time of his life "playing opposite" Wally Beery in "The Champ." And Wally is having a pretty good time, too. Wally and Marie Dressler are Jackie's favorite stars, outside of Joan Crawford and—well, maybe Greta Garbo.

Why Jackie Cooper is the most popular new man in pictures—next to Clark Gable!

Well, Just Look Around You!
Our Favorite Baby Star

Dicky Moore isn't a great, big boy like Jackie Cooper, but he is doing rather well, thanks, since his smash hit in "The Star Witness"

What wouldn't any one of the Wampas Baby Stars give to own a pair of eyes as big, dark, and expressive as Dicky Moore's! Dicky, so far, doesn't realize that his appealing little face is worth a fortune. He's just a natural youngster.
HERE'S Hollywood's most ingratiating smile, to us—right here! Junior Durkin doesn't look like Gary Cooper, exactly, but since "Huckleberry Finn" we have decided he has all the ear-marks of a great actor. See him next in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
PRESENTING a future screen star—Miss Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown. She is a real beauty and we are going to keep this photograph of her so that when she is in the big money she will have to beg us not to use it. Oh, yes—that's Joe E. Brown, the proud papa.
That Little Red and White Home in the West!

What a dining room! And what a girl, to think of a red and white house at Malibu Beach! Note the flowers at the windows—a grand idea.

That LITTLE Red and White HOME in the West!

Lilyan’s windows look right out over the ocean. White Venetian blinds and red and white damask drapes accent the windows.
The white walls are contrasted by chairs in red and white linen. Lilyan likes Wedgwood and milk-glass and beautifully bound books—and the books, by the way, also carry out the color scheme!

Here's Lilyan Tashman in her new peppermint palace at Malibu

Photographs by Bert Longworth

Here is the fireplace end of the drawing room. The floor is covered with a marble pattern linoleum. The lamps are of white parchment bordered with crystal diadems. Like the effect?
AFTER his dramatic success in "Silence," Clive Brook will brighten up for the leading rôle in "Husband's Holiday"—sounds gay, doesn't it? But depend upon Clive to do a good job. His new leading lady will be Vivienne Osborne, from the Broadway stage.
THERE is that amazing little actress you applauded in "Waterloo Bridge"—Mae Clarke. Her wistful smile-with-pathos packs a wallop. Mae is working now in "Frankenstein," and you'll also be seeing her as the heroine of "Reckless Living," with Ricardo Cortez.
THE edict, "No more gangster films," doesn't worry James Cagney. He made his hit as a racketeer, but he can play other parts, and he will prove it in "Taxi," in which he will play opposite—not Joan Blondell this time, but Loretta Young.
JEANETTE MacDONALD has wanted to play "The Merry Widow" on the screen for a long time. And what this lovely red-head wants she usually gets. Yes—she is all dated up to dance that dreamy waltz with Prince Danilo.
On the opposite page Gary says "I'm tired of Hollywood!" (Read the story.) But when he says it, Gary grins. The big boy is happy and working hard these days, and you'll see the pleasant results in his next film, called "His Woman."
"I'm tired of Hollywood,"

Says

Gary Cooper

By

Evelyn Ballarine

"I'm TIRED of Hollywood!" said Gary Cooper. This from one of Hollywood's favorite sons! "I want to see life," continued Gary. "After four or five years of Hollywood you get pretty stale, and a nice fresh ocean trip is good for you. Did you see 'Once in a Lifetime,' that burlesque of Hollywood life? Well, it isn't at all exaggerated—it's typically Hollywood!

"Oh, no, I don't intend to retire, and as for the Broadway stage—that's out. I don't know what I'd do on the stage, for one thing. I'd be all arms and legs—and wouldn't I feel like a fool! I like pictures, but I'm going to make it my business to take a vacation after every picture. And it's going to be a sea voyage, too!"

Aren't movies inspiring, though? Here was Gary all dressed up as a sea captain for his rôle in "His Woman," in production at Paramount's eastern studio. He was so interested in his part in the picture that all he could talk about was ships and ocean trips. We were having lunch and Gary even ordered fish! Who said actors don't live their parts?

"I'd like to live on a ship—a barge, I mean." And he certainly meant it, at the time. There was a far-away look in his eyes. We wondered whether a certain Mexican gal (Lupe Velez, to you) had anything to do with this sudden desire to get away from Hollywood.

"Say, you should have been with us when we made the exterior scenes for this picture! We'd get out, about forty or fifty miles from land where it was good and rough—it was grand fun!"

We managed to make Gary forsake his barge temporarily by asking him about his trip to Europe. "Gosh, I needed that trip. I'd just got out of the hospital and was immediately rushed into a picture, and by the time I completed it I was a physical wreck. I had jaundice, you know.

"I was abroad for about two months. I visited London and Paris, but spent most of my vacation in Italy. It's a beautiful place! I'd like to live there—not necessarily forever—but I would like to spend a good part of every year there.

"My visit to Rome really put me on my feet. Eat, sleep and rest—that's all I did. It was my idea of a real vacation—no personal appearances or anything of the sort. In fact, only one man connected with the Paramount Studios knew I was in Europe. He met me at the boat alone—no cameramen or reporters. I was just Frank Cooper from Montana, instead of Gary Cooper, the actor—it was swell!" (Continued on page 112)
There's Plenty of Room at the Top!

"Oh, yes?" says Robert Montgomery. "Try sitting on top of a ladder and see how you like it!" But Bob needn't worry. He is pretty secure up there, as long as he continues to give such corking performances. The next Montgomery release will be "A Family Affair," and it will be, for Bob is one of the stars whose pictures it is entirely safe for the young folks to take their parents and grand-parents to see! Good boy, Bobby!
What-A Silver Wedding Party in Hollywood?

Yes! If you don’t believe it, read this gay account and be convinced!

By Grace Kingsley

“I WONDER if there won’t be a lot of jealous folks here today, I mean people who couldn’t stay married for twenty-five years!” remarked Patsy, the Party Hound, as we made our way into the home of the James Gleasons, who have been married a quarter of a century, and who were celebrating their silver wedding anniversary.

We had had to park almost half a mile away, so many were the automobiles standing on the Beverly Hills street where the Gleasons dwell in a charming old English style house; and inside we found the owners of the cars. Some of the cars were grand, some very humble, for the Gleasons had invited everybody they knew and liked, whether rich or poor.

Mrs. Gleason greeted us at the door, and within we found a huge table covered with silver.

“Everybody is happy except the butler,” said Mrs. Gleason with a grin. “He groans every time he sees a new package of silver unwrapped, because he will have to polish it.”

Then she kidded, “Yes, I’m getting the cost of the party out of the presents!”

Jimmy Gleason we found in the big garden, where nearly all the guests had assembled. His lips and cheeks were smeared with red lip stick from allowing the lady guests to kiss him.

“Did you notice,” inquired Marguerite Churchill, “the copper plaque on the gate outside?”

We hadn’t, so we must satisfy our curiosity. Out there we discovered the copper plate with the household motto on it, “Let only happiness enter here.” Above were three little bronze silhouettes of Mr. and

(Continued on page 127)

Stuart Erwin and June Collyer are still honeymooners. They were guests at that unique silver wedding party, and are planning for one of their own some day.

Mary Brian is positively Russell Gleason’s favorite guest!

Russell—the Gleason son and heir and pride and joy.
George White's "Scandals."

AS CLEAN and sky-high a knock-out as ever hit New York!

The eleventh edition of George White's "Scandals" is the fastest and funniest musical revue I have ever seen. No time for yawning. Something doing every minute: laughter, color, beautiful girls, dancing, singing. You never get a breath.

Willie Howard in the sketches by George White, Lew Brown and Irving Caesar kept me rocking in my seat like a bald-head with the laugh-colic. This fellow is outrageously comic. He'll melt your ribs and all points south and west.

Rudy Vallée didn't do much outside of his charming smile, and his crooning—except a remarkably fine imitation of Maurice Chevalier.

Ray Bolger tapped and clogged. Ethel Merman sang the key song of the show, "Life Is Like a Bowl of Cherries." Everett Marshall has a terrific steam-shovel voice that I thought would crack at the great angel finale of the first act. But it held—and the house yelled and yelped.

And many more great and grand features, including the Gale Quadruplets, fine girls in fine dancing and singing.

The "Scandals of 1931" is the "Green Pastures" of revues. Get your standing-room early!

"Cloudy With Showers."

"Cloudy With Showers" is the first sell-out "straight play" of the season. It is a brilliant, well-made farce-comedy, in which its authors, Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell, put a shy, non-girly professor in a girls' college in front of an intellectual, modern sex-wise but "non-experienced," girl. They play them out until they are both in a roadhouse bedroom in the second act, where—of course, Adeline!—they had to go when the shower came up. And that's why Adam ate the apple!

The first act is a corking piece of intellectual fencing between the professor and the girl on the question of sex over a thesis she has written. The second act is complicated by one of the funniest hold-ups ever put on the stage. The third act puts the professor and girl back at the house-party in time to keep What Has Happened a dead secret. It's a high-class piece of work for a sex farce. Clarity is the strength of the play.

Thomas Mitchell is a good professor and the girl is splendidly handled by Rachel Hartzell. Adrian Rosley did a good bit as the Italian hotelkeeper. A play not to be missed for humor and for perfect all-round acting.
"The Vanities."

Earl Carroll has an eye. His eye is his brain. He believes that color and the sensuous world alone exist. Maybe he’s right. Whether he is or not, he has put on the most beautiful revue I have ever seen. Here are the great “purple patches” of Flaubert’s “Salammbô,” Théophile Gautier’s “Mlle. De Maupin,” and Anatole France’s “Thâis” made manifest.

On his new stage, revolving, double-jointed, and everything else, there is a parade of hallucinating beauty that knocks you clean out of your everyday make-up. The barbaric ballet of Ravel’s “Boléro” is simply colossal, overwhelming. “The Cromium,” “Parasols on Parade,” “Prehistoric Curtain” are a few of the other eye-fillers. But this combination Earl Carroll and Ravel “Boléro!”—it is alone worth any top price ever paid.

Four of the craziest funny men you’ve ever seen, Will Mahoney, Bill Demarest, Frank Mitchell, and Al Norman, broke my bones with laughter. The girls: Don’t ask me! I’m a respectable married man. Whooppee!

"Friendship."

I never cared for George M. Cohan when he was the flag-waving Yankee-doodle boy. But I like him immensely as a legitimate actor. He is as natural as John Drew. He is a born comedian. He achieves, with his curious but not exaggerated mannerisms, effects that other actors cannot achieve with a hundred motions of the legs and hands.

His new play, “Friendship,” swings around himself as Joe Townsend, rich man-about-town, and a girl he took from a night club. Louise Dale, the girl, goes for her. Lee Patrick was the Erring Girl and Minor Watson filled in with Cohan. The first act is the play. After that it cracks.

"Ladies of Creation."

This play by Gladys Unger wabbles considerably and for a time absolutely bobbinates in vacuo (up in the air to you!).

She is the head of a 57th street interior decorating business. She is also one of the ladies of creation who is putting it all over the lords of creation. But she doesn’t. She can’t get along without the low-born muscle-inner who is her business manager, and in the end she’s got to marry him. Incidentally, she’s not too modern to love him.

(Continued on page 118)
Here’s the latest, hot from our Hollywood spy!

Irving Thalberg’s private office is just as elegantly austere as those of most movie heads. But a delightfully irreverent note has been injected into it by Norma Shearer, who gave him her photograph with the inscription, “Sweetheart—from his Missus.”

Can’t you just imagine Mary Pickford, in years to come, saying, “I used to be a newspaperwoman myself”? For Mary has gone columnist, and is writing a weekly syndicated newspaper article. Cal Coolidge had better see that his stuff is good now!

Things must be looking up. George Bancroft, ZaSu Pitts and Laura La Plante have equipped themselves with those sixteen-cylinder kiddie cars to help them get around places.

In order to qualify for a part in “Flying High,” Kathryn Crawford took off ten pounds in one week by strenuous dieting. The result of the picture was a seven-year contract—which compensates for a few missed helpings of whipped cream!

If there is really anything to the reported romance between Ina Claire and Robert Ames it will be given every chance. For they will play opposite each other again in Ina’s latest picture, which is, as yet, unnamed.

Madge Evans, who has just signed a contract with M-G-M, appears rather remarkably like Norma Shearer in several scenes of “Sporting Blood.” After the Garbo-Dietrich affair this might be anything from chance to a publicity stunt.

Carman Barnes, the young lady who stepped out of boarding school as the author of a sensational book, right into the folds of Paramount studio, seems to be no more. Her contract with Paramount was mutually dissolved. Maybe there was an error in numerology somewhere. Ask Ina Claire, she knows.
One actress who seems fated to suffer for her art is Elissa Landi. First she tumbled (elegantly, of course) down a flight of stairs during the filming of "Wicked." Then, while shooting "The Yellow Ticket," she received a stab in the leg from a clumsy extra playing a Russian soldier. Elissa is now completely recovered from both mishaps, but she feels entitled to at least a couple of wound stripes!

The slightly faded screen girls who still insist on playing débutante roles haven't a thing on young Kendall McComas, the latest recruit to "Our Gang." Kendall, who is fourteen years old and goes to high school, plays parts less than half his age. He's been a cute little six-year-old for the past four or five years.

And while we're on the subject of boy actors, consider the case of Master Jackie Cooper. It seems that Jackie, who of course is one of the old-time stars, needs at least $1,600 a month on which to scrabble along. That was the minimum amount demanded by his mother, Mrs. Mabel Leonard Cooper, when she filed a petition in court to be appointed his guardian.

Among Jackie's assets listed in the petition were a $50,000 endowment insurance policy, $8,000 in cash and a contract scaled from $1,300 weekly in the first year to $4,000 in the third year. No shortage of nickels for ice cream cones in this quarter!

You'll see little Jackie in "The Champ" with Wallace Beery. They make a great team.

We are confidently anticipating four weddings this winter. Lady Inverclyde, known on the London stage as just "June," should become permanently attached to

Melvyn Douglas is one of the "new men in Hollywood."

A new Greta—Miss Granstedt, whose fine work in "Street Scene" won her a term contract with Howard Hughes.

Velez good, Lupe! The flaming Señorita shows Lawrence Tibbett some new rhumba steps, which is her idea of relaxation from shooting scenes in "The Cuban."
Lothar Mendes, Dorothy Mackaill’s ex. Oma Munson is also expected to become the second Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, and Sharon Lynn to become Mrs. Barney Glazer. Then there’s Betty Compson, whose interest in Hugh Trevor appears to have waned in favor of Irving Weinberg, a nice rich stock-broker.

In the meantime, the former Mrs. J. H. Gattis, Beverly society dame, is suing John McCormick, Colleen Moore’s former spouse, for divorce. The grounds are extreme cruelty. Everyone knows John still has a persistent Colleen complex, which, of course, could readily seem like extreme cruelty under the circumstances. Colleen is preserving an attitude of splendid indifference.

Grace Tibbett went to Reno to secure a quick divorce from Lawrence and get it over with. Everyone visiting the divorce mart brought back stories of Grace’s charm and social popularity there, so maybe she is not taking it too hard after all. The general feeling is that Lawrence was unable to stand so much glittering success, and his hats don’t fit so well any more.

Rumor persists that salary cuts are in order and that even such fortunate ones as Adolphe Menjou and William Haines have had to accept lesser financial status on new contracts. Eddie Lowe is understood to be asking for a raise—in vain.

The public, of course, will be able to bear this sort of news with equanimity, especially if, as hinted, theatre prices are to come down, too.

Jean Harlow announced that from now on she will be a virtuous woman on the screen, too. Jean is tired of
being the wicked vamp and intends reforming forthwith. Being everlastingly hard-boiled lacks glamour. She says she will, if necessary, dye her hair and take to Puritan costumes. She vows she is not tough, and wants the fans to see how pure and sweet she can be.

Which reminds us, we never are, but always to be, blessed. Most girls dedicated to "sweet and pure" roles yearn to play tough ones. Nice heroes ache to be rough and vulgar, as witness Conrad Nagel's recent strike against everlasting virtue. So there you are.

Mae Clarke says she must always say yes or no, doesn't like hedging of any kind, expects herself to know her own mind.

All the same, Mae, the best diplomatists warn us to "avoid ultimatums."

But then of course, there's Charles Bickford. Charles has been oozing ultimatums ever since he came to Hollywood, and has given the producers no end of worry. But he still gets jobs, in spite of his flaming head, his Irish temper, and his "I wills" and "I won'ts," so distressing in a profession which dotes on docility.

At present, RKO-Pathé is risking a tussle with him in "The Second Shot" with Helen Twelvetrees, although there is sure to be some fireworks before it's over.

Dick Barthelmess says he would like to do pictures like "The Bright Shawl" and "The Enchanted Cottage" over again—but not "Broken Blossoms," for fear he could not recapture the sweetness. And yet—oh well, he guesses it is always risky to try to recapture past enchantments, either on or off the screen.

Marlene Dietrich is sad because her German friends have never seen her in either "Morocco" or "Dishonored," since no German versions of these were made. It was in Germany, she says, that she made her reputation, and she would so love the folks at home to see she has made good in America.

There is much argument as to whether she will prove a successful Cleopatra. Anyway, she'll be settling the argument shortly.

It sounds to us a good idea. They are considering Junior Durkin for a talkie version of "Treasure Island." Maybe this time the powers-that-be can be persuaded not to graft a grown-up love story into Robert Louis Stevenson's beloved yarn. The silent version broke the hearts of boys familiar with the original book, with its mushy love scenes tacked on.

The gossips say Constance Bennett lost a lot of money at Monte Carlo, so she had to hurry back to her job to

![It's Seth Parker, by gum! Phillips Lord, radio star, brings him to the screen.](image1)

![Is it a 'permanent'? Here's Dorothy Mackaill with Neil Miller, her newest sweetheart (as we went to press). He's a radio crooner, but maybe she'll reform him at that.](image2)

![Ruth Chatterton goes back a few generations in "Once a Lady."](image3)

![Hardships of Hollywood! This is what Laurence Olivier had to go through in supporting Elissa Landi in "The Yellow Ticket." Doesn't he look like Ronnie?](image4)
Of course Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, with their adorable baby, their lovely home and Ann's preeminence in her profession, should be the happiest couple in all Hollywood. They are—almost. But it seems there must be a tiny fly in the ointment. Their fly is that while Harry Bannister has a job on the same lot as Ann, his star just won't seem to soar as hers does. He has done little since "The Girl of the Golden West," yet he is talented, likeable, and generally popular. Always so very unsatisfactory when all the kudos goes to one partner in a union.

Everyone is glad to see Sally O'Neil stage a comeback in "The Brat." She's been such a game little trouper and so very good to that large, exacting family of hers, which is Irish, unlucky, and usually in some sort of trouble through which Sally must steer it to safety.

Fredric March as Mr. Hyde and Boris Karloff as Frankenstein seem to be trying to out-do each other in horrible make-ups. Irving Pichel likewise seems to be about to follow in the footsteps of Lon Chaney in this regard.

Nina Wilcox Putnam comes to Hollywood for material for her magazine stories and brings a business manager along in the person of Arthur Jones Ogle—and marries him within a week. It seems they have known each other for seven years, but it took Hollywood to make the "business" a romantic venture as well.

Nina, by the way, says picture restore resources. Not difficult for Connie!

Harold Lloyd visited Aimee Semple McPherson's "Pageant of Moses" at her Angelus Temple and returned almost a disciple. "It was a perfectly beautiful performance put on by amateurs," he told us. "That woman is something more than a showman."
people are much more civilized than when she visited here seven years ago—cultured and all that. She thinks the stage recruits are responsible.

Good old Tom Mix! When he arrived in Hollywood from his trip around the country to appear in a circus locally, it was like a grand premiere, so many famous cinéastes turned out to greet him. Governor Rolph, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Lola Lane, Sally Eilers, J. Farrell MacDonald, Mae Clarke, Walter Huston, Leo Carrillo, Linda Watkins, Sidney Fox, Mervyn LeRoy, were just a few of the celebrated ones seen surrounding Tom.

Mix is to return to Universal to make a picture directly his circus engagement is over. It will be called "Destiny Rides Again," and if he is half as popular with the fans as he is with his friends, it should be a whale of a money maker.

Marian Nixon and spouse, Edward Hillman, report glad times in Chicago where they spent a vacation. They say Bessie Love's vaudeville act is great but Bessie yearns for hubby Bill Hawkes, and wants to get home to him in Hollywood. Paul Whiteman and Margaret Livingston she reports as positive turtles doves, and Paul is thirty pounds slimmer.

Because he resembles Knute Rockne, J. Farrell MacDonald gets another football coach rôle, this time in "Touchdown" for Paramount. Remember him in "The Spirit of Notre Dame?"

Hollywood has been reading Anna Pavlova's memoirs, in which she refers to some picture people. For instance, she says that Charlie Chaplin would have been world famous as a comedy dancer, had he only been properly trained. She says she enjoyed meeting Charlie more than anyone in the film capital.

Still, we can't help being glad Charlie did not get the dance training, under the circumstances. Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks are the only other picture celebrities mentioned.

James Cagney's fight with Warner Bros. was quite bitter for a while. It seems James had one of those option contracts, and when he made such a staggering success in such pictures as "The Public Enemy" he felt himself entitled to pay more in keeping with his stardom. Popular success, even when he played small parts, engendered that stardom. Cagney rebelled under what he felt was unfair treatment, so he wouldn't go to work on the next picture until Warners came through. He finally won his point and they've all kissed and made up now.

Another rebel was Barbara Stanwyck, whose contract with Columbia called for three pictures at $20,000. After two successes, she won a contract with Warners for $50,000 a picture, and didn't want to make the third picture for Columbia. But Warner Bros. insisted upon her being a good little girl and finishing up with Columbia first, a judge in court likewise feeling that way about it. So Columbia won, but I believe they gave Barbara more money for future pictures.
It's interesting about Barbara. She isn't conventionally pretty nor even conspicuously attractive, but she certainly has talent.

Her husband, Frank Fay, did not prove as great a success in Hollywood as his wife, so Warners bought in his contract and they parted with no ill-feeling.

Nancy Carroll was another who went in for a dash of rebellion. Nancy wanted to be starred properly in a certain picture and threatened to stay in New York if Paramount wasn't gentlemanly about it. Nancy won, and is now back on the lot smiling through her tears and all that. Once in a way a fight improves a lot of situations.

There were dismal rumors to the effect that John Barrymore was going to renounce pictures and be him back to the stage, between yachting cruises. So we went up to the hill-top house to inquire.

Nay, nay, quoth John, who by the way is a mellow, charming fellow these days, minus that magnificent arrogance that once was his. John says he wants to make two pictures a year, do at least one stage play a year, and use up the rest of the time on the precious boat, sailing the seven seas. He believes and hopes "The Mad Genius" is his best picture to date, but he kind of liked "Svengali," which was his own interpretation of the famous fiction character.

He also wants to put on a big open-air performance of his own special "Hamlet" in the Hollywood Bowl, which seats 30,000 people. He vows he is happier than he has ever been in his life.

Which brings us naturally to Dolores Costello and the baby — both entirely lovely. Dolores presides over an English tea-table every afternoon in the loveliest house imaginable, built on the lines of an old adobe hacienda, but with all the modern improvements tucked in. For instance, the door lamp may look a couple of hundred years old but it throws a fancy light, and the front door may look moth-eaten but it's several inches thick. Dolores says she doesn't care whether she makes any more pictures or not—that being a wife and mother is wholly satisfactory. Also, fortunately, she too likes the boat.

John Barrymore is immensely proud of Lionel's new success. He also declared that, after a week on the boat, sister Ethel had regained her health so well that she received the ovation of her life in San Francisco upon her return to work.

John has a study built off in a remote part of the garden which should, of course, induce profound inspiration. John says, however, that he chiefly uses it to sign checks in. He's a gay and handsome beneficent these days. The baby is his second daughter—his first, by his second wife, Michael Strange, being now eleven years old. John is forty-eight, but infinitely younger than when he first came to Hollywood for "Beau Brummel." It isn't only matrimony that has achieved this, but also the fact that pictures now talk. John was a most unhappy person in silents, which, he said, made him feel like a fellow locked in the washroom of a moving train when he wanted to get off at that station, shouting and gesturing, with none to hear. Now—well, someone has unlocked the door in time.

James Dunn is the nicest boy imaginable. His eyes
glisten with gratitude for the success of "Bad Girl," which has boosted him into prompt stardom. John Barrymore said he thought Dunn had achieved the finest piece of acting of the year to date.

Jimmy used to sell lunch wagons, and saved up $30,000 out of that business. Then he did some short pictures for Paramount and became an addict, although he never made any headway at the New York studio. He was then given a stage job and he was turned down. But in the elevator he met the author, who considered him the exact type and fetched him back. Unpleasant things happened to him in 1929, when unpleasant things happened to so many $30,000's. But a second success on the New York stage, "Sweet Adeline," began to give him a new heart, $30,000 begins to seem delightfully inconsequential. He loves music, and has a radio in his dressing room, to the strains of which he shaves. He is single, healthy, full of fun, and says he hopes he'll always be in love with someone. Personally, we suspect there is a special one, but he won't let on.

So Fox decided not to take up the option on Maureen O'Sullivan's contract! The good fairy that made the director pick her for "Song o' My Heart" with McCormick, while she was dining at a café in Ireland, seems to have turned her back. However, Maureen says she won't go back to Ireland just yet, but will stay in Hollywood and see whether there's anything to this freelancing.

Lupe Velez left for London, Paris and Berlin in great excitement, taking mama along. She didn't wait to get her clothes in Paris, either, but acquired enough of the Hollywood variety to startle the natives in those foreign countries.

Pat O'Brien is to play in Pola Negri's picture, "The Woman Commands." They have surrounded Pola with a good cast at Pathé, and she is devoting her every waking hour to giving it her very best, since this début in talkies will settle so many things.

Dorothy Mackaill's untiring swain these days is Neil Miller, who accompanies her everywhere. It looks pretty serious this time.

Plucky little Joan Bennett. Although in the hospital, Joan is going to take care of Eileen Percy's newspaper column while that young lady is away. Everyone goes to see Joan, and she is doing her best to keep her up. Fox is holding up a picture for her, because it was written especially for her, and also some movies have already been shot. But the doctor says it will be long siege yet.

Eddie Buzell is still giving Sidney Fox a rush — this may prove another winter wedding.

We still love devoted daughters. Little Anita Louise, aged fifteen, made the hit of the evening when she told the crowd that her dear mamma had been the big factor in her motion picture career, her beloved helpmeet. Most of the other girls tried to be humorous and entertaining, but Anita Louise's filial sentiment won the crowds.

Whew! Did you read about who carries the million-dollar insurance? William Fox, $6,500,000; Joseph
For minimum the or future
dis-
Claudia's
But that a
a
Al
Adolph
is
for
DeMille,
director,
stars
lone
box
and
in
and
Ben
Schenck,
Zukor,
$5,000,000; Cecil
DeMille, $1,750,000; Buster
Keaton
and
Norma
Talmadge, $1,-
250,000 each; Doug and Mary,
Al
Jolson, Eric
Vor
Stroheim,
Constance
Talmadge, 
Gloria
Swayne
all in the million class.
So we at least know these boys
and girls won't go on the county
in their old age.

Miss
Barbara
Bebe
Lyon is a
Ben Lyon-Bebe
Daniels production
of three months' standing
and so far seems to meet with
general public approval. However,
to date the cost of produc-
tion seems to have exceeded the
box office returns—but there is a
long run in view.

Yes, Gary
Cooper has just pur-
chased 5,000 acres in Coachella,
California, for agriculture experi-
mentation. Gosh, it doesn't look
so good for the movie industry
when they turn to agriculture, of
all things!

It seems the United Artist
stars are getting more choosy in their stories. For in-
cstance, Mary Pickford, Norma
Talmadge, and Eddie
Cantor say they won't play in one that isn't just suited
for them. Now if scenario writers will limit themselves
to subjects they are well versed in, we can place the blame
for bad pictures on either Will Hays, the producer, the
director, the camera man or even the weather. Simple,
what?

Kenneth
Harlan, former husband of Marie
Prevost, is opening a café in Reno, Nevada. Maybe he didn't like
her cooking, or is just biding his time—and going to get
even. Incidentally, Marie is still William Collier, Jr.'s
best girl.

Clark Gable has gone in for
poetry and berets—believe it or
not.

Edward
Everett
Horton was once a chorus man, and Wallace
Beery is a teetotaler. What's the
world coming to, anyway?

Claudia Dell is playing the lead
in "Leftover Ladies," a Tiffany
production. This is Claudia's
first serious rôle, and calls for
some strenuous work on her part.
Claudia is a blonde, and when
blondes get serious, you just can't
ignore them.

Helen Chandler seems fated
for "one-woman" pictures. First
it was "The Last Flight" and then
"Heart and Hand."

Ina Claire is studying numer-
ology as a pastime. She believes
one's moods, personality, and so
on are affected by numbers. She
can even tell if you are going by
the right name or not. We won-
der if these studies might affect
salary amounts in future con-
tracts? For after all, income should befit the
person's ability.

A New York actor scoring on the screen is Robert
Williams, who once vowed he would never, never suc-
cumb to the lure of the talkies. Bah, no money could
tempt him! But Pathe finally wore him down, via long
distance telephone to New York during the run of "Oh,
Promise Me," and now he has finished his fourth pic-
ture and is starred. Its working title was "Gallagher"
but it will probably be released as something else alto-
tgether.

"Rebound" with Ina Claire, in a rôle he first played
with Hope Williams in New York. "Common
Law" with Constance Bennett,
"Devotion" with Ann Harding, each
proved a step upward for Robert, who,
filmland has discovered, has a "qual-
ity" of that precious type which
convey a sad heart beneath a buoyant
smile. He's not tall, not good-look-
ing, but he has dimples and savoie
faire. He admires Leslie Howard above
all actors, and is idealistic about his
marriage of five years standing with
Nina Penn, also from the New York
stage.

Leslie Howard, by the way, who
turned his back on Hollywood, was most
unhappy in the film city, despite his
great success. He comes from a dis-
tinguished English family and likes
living in the manner of a country
gentleman, between stage plays. To my
mind one of the best scenes in "Devo-
tion" is that between the two men,
Leslie Howard and Robert Williams, in
the artist's studio. So much drama is
conveyed in such a minimum of dia-
logue.
Notice the vogue for English stories in pictures—"Devotion," "Waterloo Bridge," "Merely Mary Ann," "Chances," "Private Lives," etc.—and we hear several more are on the way.

Little Jackie Cooper lunched with the board of directors of his studio recently—to discuss the economic situation. Jackie feels that we are about to "turn the corner" of the depression.

Lionel Barrymore is likewise pleased with the economic situation. He says he has lost so much money that he didn't have to pay any income tax this year. Things are looking up.

Several fortunate friends have discovered that Nils Asther's mama is a very superior Swedish cook. Nils will start getting fat if he doesn't watch out.

Frances Starr has just received a copy of "Rosemary" inscribed "To Dear little Frances, with affection, David Belasco."

But the date is six years old. It seems that it should have been mailed in 1925, but was overlooked. Since David's death it was found among his belongings.

Since Lew Cody won back to fame, he has purchased Pauline Frederick's former beach home ten miles beyond Malibu. It is built like a lighthouse. Friends are swooping down on Lew for week-ends and what he intends to be "light-housekeeping" is becoming very heavy housekeeping indeed.

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, Sr., cashed in on some of the sumptuous hospitality they have entertained their European friends with in Hollywood. While in England they were the house guests of Lord and Lady Mountbatten at their country place. It was there Mary was able to show off the lovely Rolls-Royce Doug had bought for her in England. These two are planning another trip to Norway and Sweden soon, but Mary says she will make another picture first if she can find a good story.

As no one took any hints, Adolphe Menjou presented himself with a handsome cigarette case on his birthday, inscribed, "To Adolphe on his birthday from his greatest admirer, Adolphe Menjou."

A little girl named Helen Johnson was considered a star discovery by Paramount, after her work in "The Vice Squad." Now "Johnson" has little lure in the bright lights, so she was persuaded to change her name to Judith Woods, under which she has been signed for a long term contract. All the same Judith (or Helen) has already had a long career, arriving, on that upward fight, to the rôle of Conrad Nagel's wife in "Divorcee." Her new career really began with "It Pays to Advertise" when she was the bogus countess; but "The Vice Squad" is the first picture under the new contract terms, made before the picture was released. Judith is also a clever artist, sculptor and designer. And she once toured with Susse Hayskawa in "Broken Blossoms," in vaudeville.

Fred A. Kelsey says he has made over seven hundred arrests as a screen cop. He says he's been shot at and killed four hundred times—strictly as a screen detective.

Some babes are born to the purple, but others have grandeur thrust upon them. There are several lambkins in Hollywood whose lives would have been most unglamorous but for the fact that they were adopted by starry foster-parents. Gloria Swanson's little eight-year-old Joseph, for instance, and Harold Lloyd's Peggy. Then Mary Pickford adopted Lottie's little girl, now known as Gwynne Pickford. ZaSu Pitts took the small boy Barbara La Marr had adopted when she became so ill, and has now adopted him officially for her very own. Neil Hamilton recently adopted small Baby Patricia, and Constance Bennett has a small four-year-old Peter, whom she may eventually adopt, said to be the child of some English friends killed in an accident. He lives with Miss Bennett's mother, but visited "Aunt Connie" in Hollywood.

It sounds reckless to hear that Mary Doran has married a publicity man, Joe Sherman of Metro, but Joe is no ordinary p. a. He practised law in Seattle, became a bright writer for the Los [Continued on page 128]
THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY
First National

Don't overlook this naughtiest picture of the month, introducing Warren William from Broadway, as the screen's latest tempestuous lover. Director Lloyd Bacon does a Lubitsch with this Balzac yarn about the strong-arm methods of an ardent woman-tamer. Bebe Daniels is the woman. You'll enjoy Mr. William—and the picture.

SKYLINE
Fox

A picture that's as virile and sturdy as the skyscrapers built by its leading character, played by Thomas Meighan. You will find it entertainment somewhat out of the ordinary. Hardie Albright plays a lad torn between the sophisticated charms of Myrna Loy and the sweet appeal of Maureen O'Sullivan. Meighan is handsome and hearty.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE
First National

In which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is seen in the sort of rôle his dad used to do. But young Doug, with his inherent dignity and poetic features, is not at his best in this conventionally breezy story of adventure in Latin America. He is most charming in his romantic scenes with lovely Loretta Young. Fairbanks the second should be himself.

PAGAN LADY
Columbia

Not as torrid as it sounds. Lenore Ulric, who played it on the stage, was more pagan than Evelyn Brent who—fine actress though she is—somehow fails to bring to life the character of the bad little bar-tendress. A hint of "Rain"—heck, it's thunder and lightning!—Charles Bickford for punch, Conrad Nagel for good measure.

PERSONAL MAID
Paramount

A fresh, amusing little piece—to start with. Then it sags badly, smack in the middle, but by that time you are sufficiently engrossed to stay and see how Nancy Carroll, as the maid of the rich family, solves her problems—and theirs. Where's Nancy's old sparkle? You'll enjoy Gene Raymond, blond lad with plenty appeal, and Mary Boland.

SIDE SHOW
Warner's

This comedy of circus life is all Winnie Lightner, assisted by Charles Butterworth. What a team! Even if you don't revel in Winnie's antics, you're sure to like Charlie, who plays an eccentric suitor in his unique style. There's a "My Man" sob for Winnie when Don Cook prefers Evalyn Knapp—but otherwise it's all laughs.
on Current Films

WICKED
Fox
Liking Elissa Landi as we do, we wish we could applaud her latest, but that's practically impossible, since it's old-fashioned stuff about a martyr-mother woman, dogged by a cruel fate, deprived of her baby, but fortunately befriended by Victor McLaglen, whose wholesome presence does help. That cute Una Merkel is a knockout as usual.

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP
Columbia
Thrilling when it's under the sea, with its shots showing the salvaging of sunken vessels. But when it's on dry land, just another movie. The story will recall "Submarine," with Richard Cromwell instead of Ralph Graves playing Jack Holt's pal, and Loretta Sayers as the woman in the plot. Atmospherically this is often excellent stuff.

CAUGHT PLASTERED
Radio
If you crave the Wheeler-Woolsey brand of fun, try this one. The boys befriend a sweet little old lady, nicely played by Lucy Beaumont, and save her drugstore from the villain's clutches. And how they save it! Bert and Bobby make the most of their gags, good and not so good. Dorothy Lee, too. It's all pretty familiar stuff.

MY SIN
Paramount
Better than the first Bankhead film, but still not nearly good enough. The gorgeous Tallulah is not the type to suffer through a tame story like this. She is always fascinating to watch, of course, even as the good-bad girl striving to "live down" her past. Fredric March is nice. But it's a curiously stilted, uneven picture.

THE SPIDER
Fox
Here's your murder mystery tonic. It is pretty good, too, if you're not too critical. It concerns a murder committed during the performance of the Great Chartrand, master magician. You are treated to a good show of sleight-of-hand before the magician finally unravels the mystery. Edmund Lowe plays the lead, with Lois Moran.

THE BIG GAMBLE
RKO-Pathé
Like Bill—Screen—Boyd? Then you may enjoy this film in which Bill and Dorothy Sebastian appear together for the first time since their marriage. It's a mild underworld drama, with most of the thrills coming at the finish, in an exciting last-minute chase. Warner Oland is the mastermind, but less sinister than usual.
Matinée Idol Receives An Admirer

"Come on and give me your autograph, Mickey," begs Barbara Weeks, one of the millions of girls in love with that newest and greatest of Hollywood stars—Mickey Mouse. With the commanding personality of Clark Gable, the cultured ease of Montgomery, the finished artistry of Chaplin and the beauty of Phil Holmes and Ben Turpin combined, Mickey has danced his light-hearted way into the hearts of American fandom.
EVERYONE is a collector at heart.
Not the kind who wears down thumb tissue by constant pressure on doorbells of delinquent debtors. This reference is to collectors by avocation whose pet hobby in collecting usually costs them a tidy sum each year.
For instance, Hollywood has a famous director who collects salt and pepper shakers in every form—birds, flowers, miniature figures. Many of them are set in precious and semi-precious stones and mounted with silver and gold. A well-known actress is as avid as a fan on the subject of autographed photographs of film stars. She has dozens of them, beautifully framed, decorating the walls of her Hollywood home, and the collection is now spreading to her new Malibu beach cottage.
A western star collects signatures of his friends on a Spanish saddle which he keeps in the study of his home for this purpose. Each name, penciled on the saddle, is later burned into the leather by an expert leather worker. Still another actor has a platinum cigarette case on which names and drawings are permanently recorded in silver.
Roland Young, the English actor who has become popular in films through his humorous characterizations in "Madame Satan," "New Moon," "Don’t Bet On Women," "The Prodigal" and "Pagan Lady," has diversified collecting habits which have been developed over a period of years through his friends and his own efforts.
Sketches, penguins, canes, and china are the highlights in Young’s collecting interests.
The sketches he makes himself, the collection including caricatures of famous film people. A book of them is coming out soon. Some of these celebrities have been sketched on the set. Others in studio restaurants. Many from memory, as he has seen them on different occasions during his several years in Hollywood. One book, "Actors and Other People," has already been published, as has "Not For Children," a book of sophisticated humorous verse on bird, insect and animal life, illus-

At writing, at sketching, at collecting—and oh, yes—Roland is a good actor, too.

YOUNG MAN MAKES GOOD

By
Mary Howard

YOUNG’s hobby of collecting penguin figures dates back to his boyhood in London, when a visit to the zoo produced an enormous interest in the bird. He bought a penguin in bronze for a paper weight. That was the beginning. His friends heard of his hobby and sent him penguin gifts. He became an actor and his admirers heard of it. Big, bulky packages began to arrive at his house. Even now that he has moved his residence to Hollywood since making talking pictures, penguin gifts still arrive, until his house has begun to look like a "still life" cross section of the Island of Penguins, which is inhabited by millions of the birds.
John Barrymore sent Young two penguin figures for doorstops. Young figures they are too precious a decoration for the floor and has placed them as book-ends high up in the bookcase of his study.
The Copenhagen group of penguins was a gift from William Gillette. Mitchel Leisen, designer for Cecil DeMille, learned of the Englishman’s interest in the bird during the filming of a recent picture and added another piece to the already huge collection. Lloyd Baker, DeMille’s prop boy, whom everyone knows as "Brownie," directed his woodcarving talents penguinward. The result is a fine carving of a bird which now stands in Young’s home.
Young prizes very highly a photograph (Continued on page 117)

(Continued from page 100)

Below, portrait of the Young man as an artist—an acting artist whom you have enjoyed in many pictures.
The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be followed on the pages of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 2; Fox Films, page 3; Paramount, page 5; First National, page 7.
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Send Birthday Wishes to These December Stars:

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| Carmelita Geraghty | Charlie Murray |
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<th>Another of the &quot;New Men in Hollywood—but you probably are already!</th>
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"Secret Service," that good old stage thriller, affords Richard Dix a vehicle well suited to his two-fisted acting.
Girls About Town!

Continued from page 57

than pleased with the results, Jim and Thomas were having such a good time that they remained in town much longer than they had planned. Moreover, the deal had been closed and the contracts signed before Chase could even worry about it. He felt unusually grateful to the girls on the morning when he wrote out a check for $1,000 and sent them over by messenger.

Marie rushed down to the bank, at once, but Wanda tore hers into bits. She didn't have to be paid to fall in love with the most wonderful man in the world.

That afternoon when she and Jim met, he said quite casually that since they loved each other, they might just as well get married.

"Not so soon," Wanda objected. "But I've got to go back home and if you want to go with me—"

"Oh, I'll go with you," she assured him. "All I need is a ticket.

"Darling, don't you want to marry me?"

"Of course, dear. But what more can we have?"

"Well, all I mean is—you wouldn't be

happy out there unless you were married. You wouldn't have a friend in town.

"I wouldn't care.

"You would. But what's the difference, dear? You must have some reason for objecting—"

Wanda could not look at him when she answered:

"I haven't lived the prettiest life in the world."

"Now that's off your chest, we'll go out and get the ring!

"There's just one other small item. I am already married," she said quite low. It was difficult to say, but now that she had said it, she wondered how she could have been so foolish as to keep it a secret. Jim was, as always, understanding and helpful. Did she think she was the only one who had ever entered into a foolish marriage? Now she could remedy all that. He made her promise that she could call Alex at once and arrange for a divorce.

The day of Thomas' birthday party (for Marie would not have it that he go back home without a real old-fashioned party) the girls had a few surprises in store for

here. He hasn't even taken me to the flea circus.

"Sounds like Ben," Mrs. Thomas conceeded.

"Look here!" Marie stated. "You could have cured him."

"How?"

"If you cured, you could find a way. But you probably don't."

That was all the encouragement Mrs. Thomas needed to admit that in spite of the papers, her divorce action, and everything she had said against him, she was still in love with her husband. Marie urged her on, always sympathizing with her and blaming Ben Thomas for not appreciating the right kind of wife.

"Listen," said Marie, thinking of that gorgeous emerald that she was dying to get. "If we could get it for twenty dollars and a dime, we could keep the real money just once—even though it was on some other woman—it would make a different man of him. It's like taking that first plunge into cold water."

By this time the two had sat down cosily together, and Marie outlined her plan. The next day she and Thomas went to luncheon. She led the way back, quite

innocently, of course, past a jewelry shop. She stopped to look at the window display and managed to get him to enter the place quite against his will. She asked about the man's ring which, the salesman told her, was only seven thousand dollars.

"Seven thousand dollars!" Thomas repeated. "That amount on a good first mortgage at eight per cent interest would bring in five hundred and sixty dollars a year. What's that it would cost you to wear that ring?"

At that point they heard a woman's voice at the other end of the counter.

"Let me look at that ring again. I'll talk to it. And I've never seen it before."

"The name?" The salesman inquired.

"Mrs. Benjamin Thomas—Murray Hill Hotel!"

"Not the Benjamin Thomas!" the clerk exclaimed.

"I guess everybody's heard of Benjamin Thomas," the shrill voice continued. "But what everybody hasn't heard is how stingy he is."

"Is that woman your wife?" Marie whispered to Thomas.

"I wouldn't even have had a wedding ring, the woman went on relentlessly, "if it hadn't been left him by his mother. In all his life Ben Thomas never spent a dime he didn't have to."

"Imagine talking that way to a perfect stranger—a clerk," Marie said in astonishment.

"Where are those emerald rings?" Thomas roared at the clerk. "Let me have them—and anything else this girl wants. And let's see some pearls too."

Marie chose the best, and Thomas instructed the clerk to send them to his hotel.

"I'll give them to you to-night at the party," he told her.

The party was well under way. Wanda and Jim had had a long talk. She told him that Alex, her husband, had been to see her, and she had arranged for him to give her the divorce.

The guest of honor arrived late with all the jewels he had bought earlier in the day. His response to Marie's announcement that it would be a real old-fashioned party was that he was sick of Virginia reels, parlor games, and old-fashioned songs. He wanted jazz and a wild time.

It would have been a perfect party if not for Alex. It had never occurred to Wanda when she had casually mentioned the party, that he would turn up. He had come obviously to see what kind of a man Jim was. She tried to keep him away from Jim, but during the course of the evening Alex managed to corner Jim alone.

"You're coming between a man and his wife," he lied.

"What are you talking about?" Jim asked impatiently. "She wants to divorce you!"

"On what grounds? I've done nothing. I'm afraid that I should be the one to get the divorce."

"All right, then. If that's all you have to say—"

"And I shall name you as co-respon dent," Alex added, with a mocking expression on his face.

"You can't do that!"

"Perhaps not. But I could try."

"You're mad!"

"I might be reasonable—if you know what I mean."

Jim knew perfectly.

"How much will it cost me?" he asked.

"Say—ten thousand."
"And suppose I were to say never mind the divorce?" Jim inquired, even though he knew it was useless to ask.

"Still ten I need money, and you need respectability. It's a fair exchange; I could do you a lot of damage, divorce or no divorce."

Jim wrote out a check and handed it to Alex, but he could not resist giving him a parting blow which made him stagger out of the room.

Wanda found him in the room where he had had the interesting interview with Alex.

"Jim, what is it?" she asked excitedly. "Everything," he replied, with incredible calmness. "It worked like a charm."

"What did?"

"They don't come cleverer than you. You've got them all stopped."

"What did Alex say to you?"

"Said and took plenty. You'll get five thousand out of the little deal."

"He blackmailed you?"

"That's an ugly word, dear. Just a little hold-up. But maybe you won't split it. Maybe you're so close, it doesn't matter where it comes from."

"Jim, you must listen. I don't know what you're talking about—"

"Never mind. Good-bye. I wish you luck for your own venture."

Even if he had not left her then, she could not have spoken. She was stunned. For if it could be possible that he believed such a thing of her? She never wanted to see him again. It was horrible!

That night she thought of one thing only. Somehow, she must get the $10,000 to pay Jim. That she had to do. First, she would go to Alex. He would not put a thing like that over successfully if she knew about it. She hit upon a plan.

Next day at Alex's apartment, she found that this would not be so easy. In his absence a young girl came to the door and asked who was calling.

"Tell him Wanda. I must see him."

"Oh, Cousin Wanda!" the girl exclaimed. "Come right in. He's out now, but you can wait. I have so wanted to meet you. He's mentioned you often. I'm his wife."

Wanda saw that this innocent creature could not be part of all his plans. From what the girl said, Wanda realized that she knew nothing about him and that he had evidently been kind to her so far. Wanda couldn't bring herself to tell this girl the truth, but—thats ten thousand! She must get it somehow.

Wanda and Marie talked the situation over and came to the conclusion there was only one way to raise the money. They would auction off all their clothes, furs and jewels to "the girls"—gentle little golden girls who loved nice things—and could afford to buy them.

The next day Wanda and Marie called on Jim and Thomas at their hotel.

"The money I stole from you," Wanda said to Jim, handing him $10,000 in cash. "Jim stood there shamefaced.

"Wanda, I'm sorry," he said. "But why give it back?"

"Just the mood I'm in," she said bitterly. "My moods are funny that way. Sometimes I steal and sometimes I give it back. But blackmail merely bored me. It's beneath me. It's too soft. And besides, I'm through with my husband."

"Don't call him your husband," said Jim. "I happen to know better. I happen to know you've got a divorce. And now you know it—you didn't know before. I'm convinced of that—and I've been a fool ever to doubt you."

Meanwhile Thomas was confronting Marie. "Do you figure to keep all that jewelry?" he wanted to know.

"I will unless you promise to give them to Mrs. Thomas," Marie told him.

"But you see, Marie—"

"You'd better promise or I keep them."

"I promise," he said meekly.

"All right, Daisy," Marie opened the door and admitted the woman who had a few days ago said so many mean things about Benjamin Thomas in court.

"Why, Daisy!" Thomas exclaimed.

"How did you get here?"

"Never mind, Are these for me, Benjamin?" she said, fingering the jewels that Marie had put on the table.

"For you, my love."

"There's one ring here that I care nothing about. She picked up the emerald and gave it to Marie. "Perhaps you can use this."

"And by the way," Thomas said casually, "let me write out a check for that $3,000 I owe you."

With the ring and the check, Marie started towards the door. She looked back to see if Wanda was coming, but she seemed to be comfortable enough in Jim's arms.

"The torture you put me through," Wanda was saying. "I was jealous of him. I'd have believed anything."

"I'll never forgive you, but I can't live without you," she whispered.

"Honest, Daisy," Benjamin Thomas was protesting as Marie opened the door, "it's always been you—honest, Daisy!"

He's No "Orchid Man!"

Continued from page 51
demands. It is beyond a mere European's ability to solve, especially as many are so characteristically a continental viewpoint.

"The possibly understandable tendency to dismiss me as a poseur and dilettante, as if the picture acted alone, is probably behind a counter selling dry goods," amuses me, as I have said before, I think back on the thrilling, the sentimental, which I fed since the outbreak of the war in 1914. Many encounters with death on and off the battlefield have taught me that no slight egotism I have about having 'done my bit.'

Certainly Ivan Lebedeff's career entitles him to want to be seen doing more than just a motion picture actor. As proof of his bravery and achievements he possesses St. George's Crosses of the 4th, 3rd, and 1st classes, and was promoted to distinguished service and admixture to the first officer's rank, for which there is no equivalent in our army. One of his most amazing exploits was the capture with a mere handful of men of the German general, von Fabarins. The latter's headquarters were in the small village of Nevel, in the Pinski March district, afterward the scene of Hindenburg's annihilation of the Russian army. Lebedeff and his company sentries cut the telephone wires and surprised the German general and his staff at dinner. They were conveyed back to the front and exchanged for German prisoners of war. The exploit was almost without parallel in a war filled with daring deeds. This Lebedeff, who was then only 21 years old, received the following honors: Knight of St. George, 4th class; St. George Golden Sword, 3rd class; St. Anna, 3rd and 2nd class, and St. Vladimir, 4th class. He was also promoted to a first lieutenant-capitaine. That same year, 1915, the hero was wounded, poisoned by gas, and was made personal aide-de-camp to Admiral Vessilkin, the latter aide to the czar.

These were but a few of the thrills experienced by Lebedeff. There is scant wonder that he has an amused air of tolerance on his face, for who does not, in fact, compute him as an orchestral, merely an actor who belongs not at all in a so-called man's world. For a matter of fact, the good looking, suave, polished Ivan Lebedeff has lived a fuller and more heroic life than ninety-nine out of a hundred of his compatriots. Yet he is curiously modest about it all.

That he ultimately found his way to the screen in America seems incredible. He was intended for the Russian diplomatic corps, but the world war and the subsequent Bolshevik revolution changed his plans as completely as they did those of countless men and women placed even higher in the social world than was Ivan Lebedeff. His father was privy counselor to the empire. The son was educated by privilege, first attended from the high school with a medal in history and literature, a graduate from the University of St. Petersburg, where he took honors, and attended the Imperial Lyceum of Alexander the First. In the latter institution he trained for the diplomatic service. In 1914 Ivan Lebedeff, Corps of Pages of the Emperor, a privileged high military school for future diplomats and guard officers, was here one morning in the summer of '14 that the usually meticulously prompt professor, arriving late, curtly dismissed the class with: "The war has broken out again, there is no more schooling; you must all enlist."

They did. Ivan immediately joined the 3rd Regiment of Dragoons at the front. His career and bravery brought several of the decorations mentioned above and promotion to a second lieutenant after passing special examinations at the Czar's cavalry school in St. Petersburg. Lebedeff's career in the next two years included his appointment as commander of the district around Vilcovo, on the Black Sea where it is joined by the Odessa and passing examinations in the Foreign Office and Military Academy of the General Staff in St. Petersburg. He left the latter city for the front in May, 1917, and has never seen the capital since. The revolution had broken. Joining a flying corps at Ismail, Roumania, the youthful hero was wounded again, this time the bullet passing entirely through his body. His resignation from the army followed because of his disability. He was sent to St. Petersburg. By the end of 1918 he had accepted the civil position of aide to Colonel Essanoff, "Food Dictator" of Odessa. Then came a succession of occupations of that city. First the Bolshevists came: after that the German-Austrian and then the allied invasion. Under the latter Ivan was appointed commissar, evacuation of Odessa by the allies brought back the Bolshevists. Three times the Lithuanian, ex-czarist officer was arrested. He was finally condemned to death. He escaped to the French cruiser Towarek, but later returned to the city in August, 1919, when Odessa was once more captured by the allies. He entered with twenty men and again narrowly escaped with his life. It was fitting that this should mark the end of his military career. He left the service finally after Odessa had once more been reclaimed.

But his adventures were not at an end, merely shifted from a military setting to civilian life. A hectic struggle for existence followed. Sometimes he was successful; other times he starved. His wanderings took him to many countries and many cities. Constantinople knew him for a period as a broker in antiques and art objects. Then Vienna, because he had a scheme with which to make a fortune on the Viennese Bourne. It didn't work out. Frankfurt, Milan, Amsterdam, Paris, Zurich—all knew him in turn trying his hand at anything that would provide food and shelter. Ultimately this modern Jason in search of another golden fleece arrived in Berlin. It was predestined because the German capital was to see the start of his movie career. And, unless one be a fatalist, only then by the merest chance—because a stranger had stumbled against him in boarding an autobus and Lebedeff had, quite humanly, stared fixedly on the non-apologizing stranger.

He had never thought of the movies as a career but under the guidance of the former Davidoff, one of the greatest of modern Russian dramatists and actors, at his Colonne Studio, with the aid of presence and a dramatic delivery the young Ivan saw in the visitor's help additional assets for the diplomatic actor-dramatist. However, insisted that Ivan had such marked ability that he should adopt the stage as a career. The boy was interted, wanted to see the older man but attended whenever possible all worthwhile stage presentations. But in the end he gave up the idea and devoted himself to preparing for the world of diplomacy.

On the day years later when the encounter on the Berlin autobus occurred and Lebedeff stared his resentment against the older stranger who had bumped into him, the latter returned his stare. Finally he drew a card from his pocket, presented it and murmured: "If you aren't a personal acting in motion pictures, look me up.

The card bore the name of Arthur Robinson, president of the U.A. company. Lebedeff did look him up and was cast for a small role in "King Friederich," then being shot. Other pictures and parts followed.

From Berlin the restless Ivan went to Paris. There he played in several pictures. But he decided he wanted to go to America. Through the intervention of his old compatriots, he was given an opportunity to play in "The Shanghai Gesture" with Florence Reed and Mary Duncan. Had he done so he unquestionably would have received a speaking stage because the production made theatrical history in New York and elsewhere. Instead a casual meeting with David Wark Griffith brought on a personal contract and his appearance in the ill-fated "Sorrows of Satan" as his Satanic Major, a part of minor importance. Unfortunately for Lebedeff—possibly for the fans also—most of his scenes were left on the cutting-room floor. That was in 1922. Since that time Lebedeff and Lebedeff, the men who so much sugggest each other, in the same picture would have been interesting, but the fates decreed otherwise.

His career in motion pictures since then has been not at all spectacular although his acting and personality have intrigued some of the biggest men in the industry. After severing relationships with Griffith, largely because of the latter's departure from Famous Players after the "Sorrows of Satan" debacle, Lebedeff was with Cecil DeMille for a long time during the latter's tenure of the Pathé company. He came near playing with John Gilbert in "The Cossacks," but the fact that Nils Asther was under contract prevented that. Moreover, he was not fortunate enough to insist upon a contract calling for two successive strong roles. Metro would not agree. The Lithuanian was wise beyond his years recognizing that two good pictures can make an actor.

Henry King was so impressed with the actor that he sent the scenes which were cut from "Street Girl" and suggested putting him under his personal management. Pictures for Inspiration and Fox filled the interval between the DeMille engagement and the Asther flop. "Street Girl" with Betty Compson, his present leading woman, was his initial LeBaron picture. Now featured player in his own picture with stardom not far off!
Found! New Men in Hollywood

Continued from page 22

through with the naïveté of an adolescent. Carried out of a burning Mexican village on the American-Gram's-Mexico border at the age of eleven, he joined the Marine and aged seven at the time, his mother brought him back to the States, put him in school and returned to his father in Mexico City.

Bill grew up hating schools. From seven to eighteen life was one boarding school after another, until he discovered that the name he had been using all these years was the name of the world, haram. Once he took a house on the Riviera and overspent his allowance. Rather than write home for the additional funds that would have been forthcoming, he went to work singing in a cabaret.

His first picture was "Tarnished Lady," with Tallulah Bankhead. After seeing it he became discouraged with pictures and decided to stick to the stage. Coming West to visit friends and relatives, he had no thought of a re-entry into pictures and engaged neither a publicity agent nor business manager. An agent saw him on the street one day, decided Bill would be a good bet, and started on a round of the studios looking for an opening for him. The first studio happened to be Fox and the tour ended there. They signed him.

He lives at Malibu, thinks Hollywood is a sort of Arcadia, that everyone you meet is a friend, and that the world was made yesterday. He has looks, talent, and breeding—but so have a lot of other juveniles. But Bill has two other qualities most of them lack: enthusiasm and charm. Looking at him today, one cannot help but wonder what he will be like in a year or two when the bloom has been rubbed off.

However, Bill as he is now should be the answer to a lot of maidens' prayers. Another hot number is Donald Dillaway, who last probaly the most arresting personality of any of the new juveniles. He accepts introductions with a grin and two minutes later you're chatting as though you had known him a lifetime. Nothing matters much to Don except laughs.

Like all these others, he comes to films with a stage background. His work in the latter medium includes appearances in "House Party," "Fast Life," (in which he was also the "shag" in "Merton of the Movies"), "No Time for Comedy," "Chester's Way," "Merton of the Movies," and two productions with Otis Skinner.

It was the latter gentleman who was instrumental in getting him out here and who was also indirectly responsible for the contract he signed for "Cimarron."

While under contract to Radio for that picture, he was loaned to M-G-M for the part opposite Dorothy Jordan in "Min and Bill." Following that, he made a couple of shorts for Pathe, a small part in "Cimarron" and then landed a contract with another studio. Since then, he has made "Body and Soul," "Young As You Feel," and recently completed "Collaguer" and "Men In Her Life" for Columbia Studios.

His conversation is whimsically humorous and there is one thing that sets him apart from all other juveniles: he makes no pretense of being a "home-body."

"When I'm working on a picture, I'm naturally tired when I get home and generally stay in and study the next day's lines. But when I'm not working, don't ever picture me at home in front of an open fireplace with a look in my hand waiting for a photographer to happen along. I'd go crazy if I sat in night after night. I like people around me and the more amusing they are, the more I like them."

After ransacking high schools throughout the country, as well as the dressing rooms of the other studios, in their search for someone to play the male lead in "Are These Our Children?" Radio found Eric Linden.

Eric is twenty-one, five feet nine, weighs 140 pounds, has a shock of wavy brown hair and brown eyes. His father disappeared when he was about thirteen—Eric, I mean, not the father—and hasn't been heard from since. But he probably will be as soon as Eric's picture is shown.

Mrs. Linden supported herself and Eric as best she could and Eric swept through school so rapidly he was the youngest student entered at Columbia University. He spent two years there and then went on the stage—the Theatre Guild.

Asked how he got the job, Eric explained, "Oh, I just went in and was the charming, unsophisticated little boy, and the directors twitched my ears and patted my head and gave me a job."

Two years were spent with the Theatre Guild and then he branched out into more commercial fields of acting. "One Way Street," "Flight," and "Buckaroo" followed each other, capped by a season with the Berkshire Players of Stockbridge, Mass., and a season with an English repertoire company in Paris. Back in New York, he hit stride again with "Hilda Cassidy" and "Reunion." Between stage engagements he did a lot of work for the National Broadcasting Company, playing the juvenile in most of the plays presented over the radio.

In Hollywood he lives modestly in a small apartment, and his mother has just come out to visit him. Curiously enough, he does not think it's all too, too wonderful," saying that he much prefers the stage but that there's more money in pictures.

His ambition is to write. He has authored three plays and innumerable short stories. "The only thing that seems wonderful to me," he finished, "is the fact that I've at least got my foot on the first rung of the ladder. I'm beginning to be known—at least, I'm only twenty-one, and I've still got practically a lifetime ahead of me in which to do the things I want."

And, unless I miss my guess, this young man will come pretty near doing the things he wants.

You well may ask, "What of Paramount during all this?"

Well, Paramount got busy and signed up Tom Douglas. Tom is one of the best juveniles the legitimate stage has produced in a long, long time. He went to England shortly after his stage career started and proceeded to star there in "Merton of the
The last of this septet is Robert Young, whom M-G-M have recently placed under contract. Born February 22, 1907. During his boyhood, he sold newspapers, worked in drug stores and cleaning establishments to get money to pay for his schooling. Later, he was press man on a newspaper. His biography lists his "Athletic and other achievements" as "Yell Leader, Dramatic."

Leaving school, he cast his fortunes with the Pasadena Community Playhouse and appeared in a number of their productions. Then he went on a fifteen week coast tour with a theatrical company. Returning to Pasadena, he appeared in forty productions during the next five years. He has a Scotty, reads biographies, his favorite pictures are "Outward Bound" and "All Quiet on the Western Front."

He has a serious nature but doesn't like serious parts and thinks love scenes are silly because they never sound real. His first appearance on the screen was in "The Black Cat." Afterwards he played the part of Helen Hayes' grown son in "Lullaby," giving an admirable performance.

But, somehow, despite his undisputed ability he just doesn't seem to me to be the caliber of which screen favorites are made. Whether he is or not, you're sure, among the foregoing, to find someone to satisfy that inner romantic urge—some one whose picture will look well in that frame on your dresser.

All of which just goes to prove there is more truth than poetry in that old song Mary Pickford used to sing, could it: "Heaven will protect the working goil?"

Oriental instinct). Even when their business brings them into intimate touch with her, she neither blocks nor assists their efforts.

For instance, it is difficult to photograph her for she spends much time in the air building her strength, and often wears a light-colored evening gown over several shades of sunburn. She shrugs and leaves photography to the camera men. That is their business—hers is acting! She continues to expose her skin to the sun.

She prefers her hair to be arranged simply, severely brushed back from her face. Her real wish is to cut it off into a manish shingle, but the studio officials are firm against this. So she sits with a little tolerant, one-sided smile and allows the hair-dresser to coax her hair into the famous Garbo swirl or the soft curls of Romance. It is not an easy matter to be her hair-dresser, for she goes in the ocean once and often twice a day and the salt water does not add to the beauty of one's hair. However, that is the hair-dresser's business—hers is acting! She continues to swim for her health.

Dilapidated or extremely dainty clothes, she will, when it is necessary for her to be exquisitely gowned, stand patiently while that talented Adrian designs the most ravishing garments, but in which she displays not one single spark of interest. Clothes are Adrian's business—hers is acting!

Then she will wear what she does not dislike too much with a casual grace that is paradoxically enchanting. To watch Garbo move through a picture is like watching a slow dance. Too tall, without one perfect feature, she creates an illusion of loveliness, of liquid, flowing, co-ordinated movement that is sheer delight to witness.

A something of the unusual, that strange, magnificent heady fascination of the unknown, the unfamiliar, is her appropriate background. It is both young and old—and really ageless. It is what Rider Haggard wrote of in "King Solomon's Mines."

Garbo is not a woman—she is Woman! Sex, to her, is not merely a twentieth century vulgarity, but an ancient fire of the spirit of humanity, beating at the walls of imprisoning flesh to find its way to immortality.

She makes one think in terms of centuries, even.

There is a sweep, a magnificence, an escape from pettiness in her presence. She does not like smallness in anything. The dainty, delicate articles that women usually adore, Garbo passes by without a second glance. She likes large, heavy, handsome things—heavy furniture, massive effects at every point. Big pens and enormous pencils intrigue her.

In one picture she used an exquisite pair of small pearl-handled opera glasses. The director gave them to her at the end of the production. But she laid them down disinterestedly, saying, "Thank you, no. I do not like the funny little things."

She would probably have been delighted had they been a large pair of binoculars—heavy, leather-cased field glasses, through which she could look out for miles. Garbo takes the large view of everything and this enables her to see ahead from cause to effect—to calculate almost instantly, the result of a given line of action. This is not logic or reason, but with her large vision she actually sees the other end of the matter. This has protected her health, her personality and her bank account. The Hollywood racketeers have learned to let her alone.

Another and not so profitable side of this ability is to take life in at a glance, is that she must struggle with a most depre- cating sense of futility. Regarding the world, she sees so much movement, effort, striving—for what?

At such time life seems utterly meaningless—people seem like small animals pacing back and forth, forth and back in the cages of their own little lives. Sometimes this feeling comes flooding over her, enveloping her like a fog that will not lift for weeks. Then she is moody and sad, friendless and wanting no friends. Then there is solace in walking, walking, walking insistantly, madly, monotonously, as though she felt that if she could only walk long enough and far enough she might find the answer to the riddle of life. She walks for hours and miles along the sandy shore of the Pacific.

But the ocean always reflects her own thoughts, tormenting her with a sense of futility—again, its calm impenetrable depths speak a kindred tongue to the voice in her heart. Sometimes there is rhythm and grace in the ceaseless beating of the waves on the shore—again there is only futility, and the irritating, monotonous questioning of a child as to where the sun puts feetly back in the land.

Garbo loves the sea. And what more natural than that she should seek understanding there? Her more immediate ances- tors were seafarers and Garbo learned to watch the horizon where brine meets blue, and wait, wait, wait for the return of ships. No wonder she is somewhat at peace with the Pacific. The duplicity of life in the picture world of make-believe and wanderers along the sandy shore, silently communing with those things that are fundamentally real and familiar to her.

For the other edge of that vast, salty realm of the Pacific, lies the world where Garbo longs to travel. She thinks the Chinese and the Japanese have "such strange faces" and she wonders what is back of them!

Thus the soul of Garbo has circled the world!
The Low Down on Lew and Lola

**Lombard, Marian Marsh, Jeanette Loff, and Stanley Smith, was overlooked. All of them, diamonds in the rough, were given walking papers. But Paul Bern saw possibilities in Lew and got him the role of the adolescent lover in Garbo’s “The Kiss,” his first real screen part.**

“I never had a cent until recently,” Lew told me as we talked over his past and plans for the future. He was born in Minneapolis, but when his parents were divorced he moved to San Diego, where his mother and step-father now live. His own father, a court reporter, still resides in Minneapolis, and proudly treasures all clippings of Lew.

This domestic upheaval had a profound effect upon Lew’s childhood. He finally entered the University of Arizona, and was pledged to one of the best fraternities, Kappa Sigma. “But I hate even to mention that I went there,” he says, “because it was for so short a time.” Like Lola, he could not stand the restraints of conventional, small-town life, so he utilized his skill as a banjo player and his crooning voice to get jobs in various Mexican re-erps just across the border, where a handsome young American is a prime orchestral attraction.

Thrown in with all sorts, the kind who haunt these drinking and gambling places, Lew led a carefree existence. The tawdriness palled and he came to Los Angeles, much in the mood of Merton. “I dreame of continually being discovered by famous young movie beauty,” he admits, “Preferably by Garbo.” (With whom, strangely enough, he did play his first role!) “It is not true that I met picture people in Mexico who promised me film jobs. When I came to Hollywood I didn’t know a soul in the studio, no one on the inside at all.”

Because Mertons must eat, Lew strummed his banjo at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, The Plantation, and the Co- conaut Grove. Seeing the stars dance by only intensified his desire to be one of them. But even the opportunity of getting near them gave him no entrée. He quit orchestras and even to extra as long as no one cared to discover him. He was reduced to living on peanuts for a few days. Fortunately, Ivan Kahn chose to wave the magic wand.

“But social contacts and pull have never gotten me a thing,” Lew says today. “It was wonderful to me in getting me some good roles, but strictly in a detached business way. Why, I’ve never so much as been to his home or had dinner with him.”

Neither Lola nor Lew cares a rap about playing the social game in Hollywood. When I asked him where he went of an evening for his amusement he replied, “I never go out! I worked in night clubs and hotels for three or four years and got my fill of dancing. I’ll bet you don’t go around interviewing actors on your day off, do you?” Lola loves to dance, however, so if the two of them are seen much in society you’ll know who’s boss in the Ayres family. “I’ve only been to two premiers in my life,” says Lew, “and I have no intention of bucking the crowds to go to any more!”

The newlyweds will not follow, one gathers, in the social footsteps of Joan and Douglas and other young couples. Lola is no climbing vine, but she doubts the sincerity of Hollywood. Lew wants to live a plain, ordinary life, one in which he will not have to dress up.

He makes absolutely no effort to impress

*Continued from page 33*

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off-screen. His garb for an interview is likely to be a blue shirt, open at the neck, sleeves rolled up, and a pair of old brown cords. Most stars mean about what a nuisance their dear public is when they are sighted in the flesh. "I think all this you read of the stars being mobbed is passe now," Lew told me. "Perhaps I'm not popular enough, but I don't think the younger players in particular need fear being torn limb from limb. Very few people recognize me." This may be partially explained by Lew's disinclination to dress like a movie star.

"There have been stories to the effect that I was disillusioned with Hollywood," he went on. "That's not so. My ideas have changed, but I still enjoy the work as much as ever. When I was broke I plumed just what I would do when I began making big money. Now I realize that the movies are a business, just like any other. Those childish, high-flown ideas about Hollywood are gone. But I hope to stay in pictures another ten years at least! And if I don't have any time to do the things I used to plan—well, it's worth it to give up a few years to all work and no play in order to secure the future."

Before his marriage Lew worked for seventeen weeks straight through, with only seven Sundays off in the entire stretch. He didn't get a chance to go to the beach all summer, to lounge and frolic at Malibu, acquire a tan, or do any of the entranishing things you suppose a handsome young idol does.

Both these youngsters have smart business heads. "I know that right now I am not as high up as I was a year ago," Lew admits frankly. Because his name means a crowd at the box-office, his company has been following that old Hollywood custom of giving its leading star just so-so stories. "I think that 'The Iron Man' was punk; 'Heaven on Earth' just average. 'The Spirit of Notre Dame' holds a timely football interest and has a few good gags, but as a whole I doubt if it will set the world on fire." How many stars dare face the truth so ruthlessly? Not many, I can assure you.

Making the Notre Dame picture was a new experience for him. "I had never played football," he told me, "and when I started bucking that famous line—well, like Willie Shakespeare I screwed my courage to the sticking point!" This is just one little illustration to show you his gameness. He is a square-shooting, fine sport who asks only that he be allowed to live his life as he wants. The attitude of some members of the press puzzles him.

"I always give interviews when asked and try to oblige," he says in a wondering tone. "No one used to care what I thought, and I wasn't used to remembering names when I was introduced. Now it seems that one fan writer has it in for me because I failed to speak to him a year and a half after our one and only meeting. I don't even recall seeing him the second time, but I'm told that's why he slams me."

A year and a half ago Lola said, "If I ever marry I will have my own apartment, where I can hang my coat on the ceiling if I want to." Fortunately, in Lew she has found a man who also hates stiffness and formality. I venture to say that right now his coat is apt to be hung on the ceiling right next to hers.

Their common interest in music and astronomy will do much to hold them together. Lola has an amateur radio and Victrola. Lew can play close harmony with his banjo. Both used to earn their living by their singing, so the neighbors can rejoice that here is a couple who harmonize perfectly.

Her idea of a good time would be to buy a yacht, don a sweater, white ducks, and a pair of old shoes and sail the seven seas. His notion of a vacation is to go moose hunting. Compromise number one complete?

They both hope to attain financial independence, for whatever security they have had they have made for themselves. The thought of falling back into the obscurity and moneyless days hangs over their heads. Fate has given them a lucky break in enabling them to make big money. They intend doing as they can to stay on the Hollywood top.

Let's hope, on our part, that they will stay together—this dark young hero and fair blonde young heroine who, at twenty-two, have found true love and success by their sheer determination to get up and on in the world—Long live Lola and Lew!

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Domestic or Foreign Charmers

Continued from page 25

The girl who's all wrapped up in Chester Morris is Alison Lloyd. Looks like Thelma Todd? Well, she was Thelma Todd before she changed from comedy to dramatic roles. Good luck, The—er, Alison!

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Marjorie Gateson belongs to the willowy contingent among Hollywood girls. She skips rope with those pearls!

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nigro, at first considered suitable only for Spanish versions, made such a hit in domestic ones, that Fox offers her as a débutante star. Lupe Velez held her own without a struggle.

Then Patric brought Pola Negri back with loud huzzas from the publicity depart- ment. Jutta Goudal, out of work for months, is restored to grace. Dolores Del Rio, likewise overlooked for far too long a spell, is acquired for "The Dove." Lovely Nora Gregor, hitherto reserved for German versions of Shearer pictures at M.G.M., learns English in six weeks, plays opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a stage version of "The Man in Possession," and proves a buoyant success; hence her promotion to American versions is now in order. José Crespo, Spanish actor, formerly seen only in Spanish versions, is co-opted for domestic ones. Yola D'Avril, although not under contract, gets parts galore. Emil Jannings, we hear, has learned English well enough to attract Dickens to new Hollywood contracts. Sweet Anna Q. Nilsson, once the Swedish darling of silents, whom a dreadful accident laid low for so long, now returns from a visit to Europe, and finds herself in the pleasant position of being coveted by various studios. Anna's accent is pretty good American, but she came back from Sweden with the desired foreign tang, clever girl. It can so easily raise the ante on contract terms. Fern Andra left America five years ago, was raised in a family of many, made stage and picture successes there, and now, after a stage play in Los Angeles, enjoys film invitations against the day of her return from a road tour. Anna May Wong, Chinese actress, who didn't stand a dime's worth of chance of being starred when she left Hollywood, went to Europe, won fame and plaudits on both screen and stage there, and returned triumphant to the very studio that had snubbed her when she said "no" in "The Daughter of the Dragon." Together with Sessue Hayakawa, who had likewise dropped from sight in the U.S.A. Anna gets just ten times her old salary now, too.

So why wouldn't our native sons and daughters be pondering these matters? The competition is pretty stiff.

For instance, consider the case of Constance Bennett, Constance, who receives $5,000 a day when she's working or but $12 a minute. Is she that much more interesting and popular with the fans than, say, Garbo or Dietrich? In "The Common Law," now at the Apollo? Truth compels us to say that Connie's slouch and Connie's figure generally do not
lend themselves to our preconceived ideas of the perfections of an artist's model. Almost any of the foreign charmers would have looked the part as satisfactorily. Of course Connie can act, not a doubt about it. And so far the public seems to prefer her to any of the foreign stars except Garbo and Dietrich.

Ruth Chatterton has nothing to worry about; no one ever suggests that any foreign charmer could have surpassed her in any of the roles she has played, even when she adopted a Swedish accent as the drudge on one occasion. Ann Harding, too, seems to have made a place all her own, fortunately in pictures highly suitable to her type. But Norma Shearer in such pictures as "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul," ultra-sophisticated, is not entirely unassailable. Norma is excellent but she has been doing the same sort of story for months, and a change of role would help.

No danger of Marie Dressler being equaled by any foreign actress now known, and Winnie Lightner enjoys a niche safely her own. Joan Crawford, if they will only let her leave off being a hectic "modern American girl," is capable of fine stuff. Joan would like to try the sophisticated Shearer type of picture; in fact, she wants to grow up.

That's another thing about these foreign girls—they always give an impression of being grown up, comfortably mature. The flapper type has outlived our being. Dolores Del Rio, at 20, won us in "Redemption"—somehow we cannot imagine an American girl giving us such a performance at least until she is nearing 30. Then, too, with a few precious American exceptions, these foreigners seem so cultivated, so particularly well-informed. They speak several languages. Garbo speaks Swedish, German and English. Elissa Landi speaks several languages besides her perfect English. Even our Chinese Anna May Wong speaks German, French, Italian, English and Chinese. All the Spanish actors and actresses who are making good in English versions speak beautiful, cultured English far better than our native quality. Pola Negri is a remarkable linguist. This new, fascinating Lil Dagover speaks Dutch, German and French; and although her English is at present a bit startling, it is piquant, not ignorant.

And Lil has a Russian husband, so she probably speaks that language, too. She is impudent—and that's another thing. These foreigners seem to manage to make their impudence intriguing.

Ann Dvorak, just signed by Howard Hughes, after her splendid work in "Scarface," is to be the lead in "Sky Devils." Why not an American actress for that role? Well, Ann seemed more attractive. Besides, she has stood in for Garbo many a time and has learned her trade through playing extras. Ann, too, speaks several languages, even if she was a mere extra girl for so long.

Another interesting point to be considered is that most of our super-domestic charmers are married—Ann Harding, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, Barbara Stanwyck, et al., and rather brag of their marital happiness. Most of the foreign competitors, on the other hand, are lone eagles. Pola Negri is between husbands; Gregor is single; Garbo is single, Elissa Landi is separated from her husband by three thousand miles of ocean. Damita is unattached. Gaudal is married, to be sure, but gives no impression of domesticity, even in her kitchen. It seems to me the foreigners, as a rule, with Dietrich as the glittering exception, do far better free of marital ties, whereas it would seem that American actresses like this side of their life settled. Love affairs inspire foreigners, whereas they are apt to curdle American girls. Look at Constance Bennett, with marriage safely behind her, fussing until she marries again. And when she has finally married the Marquis, I am prepared to wager she will do far better work.

Samuel Goldwyn, who is famous as a picker, runs a great deal to foreign charmers—and is said to be bringing us a couple more presently.

In fact, the situation is making a lot of good American picture actresses anxious, especially those just easing up from the ranks. They are wondering if, like Anna May Wong, it might not be a good idea to sneak off to Europe, learn a few languages, and come back with a foreign name and a cute accent and start fresh. One thing seems pretty certain, girls with the sketchy education of a Clara Bow, no matter how pretty or appealing, will have a harder time reaching stardom from now on. Most of our most glamorous ones today, who are holding their own against the foreigners are educated, not necessarily with formal educations, but replete with the social graces, good form and a good style, and firmly grounded. They may be Cinderellas financially, but not intellectually. Even if they have to play "gamin" roles, they must be unusually intelligent and "sweet," on the same principle that it takes a highly sober man to play a drunk role convincingly!

Between friends
..and between smokes

When the embers burn low in the fireplace, and you're ready for that last smoke—refresh your taste-sense with the cool, minty flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. No, it's not just imagination—Beech-Nut makes your taste-sense keener—makes each smoke taste like the first one of the day. Try it yourself before you light the next one... And remember always, there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
"I'm Tired of Hollywood," Says Gary Cooper

Continued from page 83

"I weighed only 150 pounds when I left Hollywood—and that's a mean weight for a guy who's six-feet-two. I feel much better now." And he looks better. His skin is tan and has that out-doorsy look; his eyes are bright and he has gained some fifteen pounds.

Gary was quite surprised to hear that he was Greta Garbo's favorite actor; but he didn't return the compliment. He said he hasn't any favorites. He has met Garbo, and he liked her. And he has played with Marlene Dietrich. But he doesn't think they are at all alike. "There's nothing mysterious about Marlene—she's a very charming woman. I enjoyed working with her in 'Morocco.'"

We asked Mr. Cooper about his other leading women. He thinks Mary Brian is the sweetest girl in pictures—nothing serious here, though. According to Gary, Carole Lombard is lots of fun and has a grand sense of humor—and Claudette Colbert, his newest heroine, is a peach to work with. Gary said he'd like to play with Tallulah Bankhead sometime. (He and Tallulah have been doing Harlem and the Broadway plays together. But they're just good friends, that's all. We can't seem to track down any romances.) Gary has also been seen with Katherine Wilson, Broadway stage actress. (Remem-ber she was once reported engaged to Richard Barthelmess?)

Question: Can't a fellow have dinner with a girl without being rumored engaged? Answer: No, not when he's a movie actor.

During his stay abroad, Gary was the guest of Count and Countess Frasso. This past summer he has been at the Atlantic Beach Club with the latest in debutantes. He is society's pet lion this season. However, Gary doesn't feature it. He's still Frank Cooper, late of Montana.

Here's an incident which goes to prove that Gary is just a nice American boy and true to "his public!" We told him of a little high-school girl we know who is one of his most devoted fans; of the many pictures and scrap-books she cherishes, and her oft-repeated cry that she "just knows she'll meet him some day." It's an old story to Gary or any other actor—but he was interested and said he'd like to meet her. Now, girls—don't push!

Gary said that he wants very much to make "A Farewell to Arms." (Whose arms, Gary?) And he'd like to have Elissa Landi play opposite him. Now don't start snooping for love-interest here because Elissa is married and very much in love with her husband.

Gary saw Elissa play the feminine lead in the stage production of "A Farewell to Arms," and he thinks she's a fine actress.

We hope Gary's wish to do "A Farewell to Arms" is granted. But as for his leaving Hollywood for good—well, your guess is as good as ours!

Beauty Shopping

Continued from page 63

it is warm and—well, warm. Men adore it. They invariably sigh and ask what it is. "Maderas de Orient"—(wood of the Orient)—is $12. "Suspirio de Granada"—(breath of Granada)—in a package reminiscent of a Spanish dancer—$30. There is a tiny miniature of this bottle for $1.50. Myrurgia has created for Sally Milgrim an indefinable elegance in an odor called "Salymilk."

The cleverest loose-powder compact I have seen in a long time is made by Len-theric. With we are grateful to whom for this invention for it's an ingenious little corrugated roller that brings to the surface just enough powder for the moment, saving waste and fineness. This is a treasure! It may be bought separately for $1.50 or in a delightful gift box which also contains the popular Lentheric lipstick, a bottle of perfume and a silver and black pocket perfume atomizer, all for $10. Lentheric offers a Christmas bargain by reduc-ing their erstwhile ten dollar crystal box of powder (which can be used afterward for cigarettes) to $5. Bottles of perfume to match were twenty-two dollars and are now priced at $12. The little pocket atomizer may be had in another gift box with an assortment of six vials of perfume for only $5. This provides an excellent opportunity to experiment with the fad of a different perfume for each time of day, each dress, each mood.

Here is a hint! Lots of women adore smelling-salts, especially those ladies who recall the feminine era before we flaunted through the braque and practical age from which we are just now emerging, sadder and wiser, willing to take refuge behind plumes and ruffles to nurse the bruises of a disillusioned world. Smelling salts are smart today. A bottle may look a little embarrassed on a sophisticated dressing table, but if you look closer you will observe an air of triumph also. An offering on the altar of revived femininity! Grandmother and debutante alike will delight in it this Christmas. Grandmother will remember when it was ladylike to faint, and the debutante will find that its pungent fragrance will soothe a headache, comfort a "coward's head," and give her a meltingly feminine picture of herself. Yardleys $1.50.

For men, Lentheric has a gift set in a good-looking box ($3) which contains, in handsome uniform bottles, powder, after-shave lotion and scalp stimulant. This set has a chic and a gift value far beyond its price.

Isabey is another house that is putting out a group of perfumes in a single box for the holiday shopper—five floral odors for $5. Isabey also offers a new loose-powder compact whose tiny puffs are made of real lamb-skin. In several colors, green, red, brown, blue, and silver—all with black accents. The double compact is $2. Single, $1.50.

I Frenchman told me that Coty's Eau de Coty is the cologne most widely used in France. There is something especially satisfying about it—refreshing and something else besides. A friction rub after a bath, is a real waterspotter, and can cheer up a sick room amazingly. Give it to a fellow for anybody, for that matter. Give yourself a bottle, you'll enjoy it—$1.75, $4.00, $7.00.
Coty also offers a Manicure Travel Set in a cute container with liquid polish, polish solvent, cuticle remover, brush, and accessories in a glass tube: $3.50. They also have attractive sets for men priced from $1 to $5. And for women the Coty gift combinations in smart boxes are so numerous and clever that space here forbids anything but price quotations. Among them you will find a delightful selection from $2 to $200. I was especially attracted by a modernistic bottle and separate smaller held in a lovely silk-lined case, which is their way of presenting a wonderful perfume called "L'Amant," which means magnetic. And it is! This delightful gift has been reduced from twenty dollars to $15.

There is another perfume that is destined to great Christmas popularity—Caron's "Belladonna." It seems to belong to young love, a perfect companion for a honeymoon. And why not? It's very nice. A very unique and distinctive fragrance that is lovely to hold and wear in Italy where so many, many honeymooners go. Of course one always feels secure in having the well-known "Nuit de Noel," and "Christmas Night" in sizes from $16 to $450.


Molinelle's "Gardenia" is an enchanting odour. Roger and Gallet present a brand new one—Fou Follet—"Flame of Folly." Houbigant's "Bois Dormant," or the latest exquisite creation of these great artists: "Etude," or any one of the more familiar Houbigant odorants, such as "Quelques Fleurs," are gifts of rare good taste—and sweetness of smell!


For your Bohemian or exotic friends there are many ingenious perfume burners. Some of them have the little pockets where you touch a match to the perfume; others provide the electric bulb upon which you drop perfume and the warmth of the light releases the odor. No doubt you have heard of these perfumes made for skin and not for fabrics. The warmth of flesh brings out the best qualities of the fine ones. Powder sprays for the bathroom may be had for as little as $1.98.

That's a new and diverting idea—I like it! While perfumes make lovely gifts, any well-chosen present leaves its perfume in the memory of the recipient, binds friendships, and best of all, releases your own power to express beauty. Every gift is a part of your heart. I am so happy to make these shopping suggestions to you, not only to save you time, but to prevent your rushing around at the last minute and getting over-tired. My, how fatigue takes toll of your looks! So shop early and with the least possible effort; save your energy and looks for people and parties. May you have the merriest of Christmases! Whether you give or receive much or little really depends on your attitude toward giving.

The "No-Date" Girl

Continued from page 26

bell her. So, having been places with dazzling college co-eds and other movie charmers, I was especially interested to see how the Pride of the Pomares would act "on the loose." On our first date, Anita proved to be the most perfectly poised young thing I've ever seen out with. We went to the Blue Room at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. You can imagine what a kick it was to sweep the town. It's a pleasure to bask in the glow of their price quotations. Everyone recognizes Anita immediately. Most movie blondes are beautiful only by grace of their long, steady cameramen. But Our Modern Maidens require even harder work to believe in miracles when they meet her off-screen, Five feet four inches of superhuman finance charm! The hero of "Broadway Melody" was absolutely right when he said that "Nature patterned her and when she was done—she was all the sweet things rolled into one."

At the Roosevelt that night she wore a clinging black satin evening gown. We had a ringside table and made ourselves quite conspicuous by neither smoking nor drinking. Anita's not that type of blonde! As for her skill on the dance floor—well, everytime I'm seen dancing with tears in my eyes it's all because the girl in my arms isn't Knock 'Em Cold Page. She tangoes divinely.

Dumb? In the delectable flesh she's nobody's fool. Simple? Yeh—like a fox! Heaven knows she embarrassed my sister, who goes to Stanford, when we've worked out those question-and-answer problems that run in various magazines to test your knowledge! There's nothing low about Anita's I.Q.

On her first appearance sans the family, she failed to "kick over the traces" or act like the proverbial runaway convent girl. We danced until two a.m. and then went straight home where her mother led us out to the kitchen to forage in the frigidaire. Eating out of the ice-box is romantic when it's Anita who's rummaging with you!

In comparing her with other girls, I've come across several individual traits. She has lots of them bent for looks and wit. You've probably discovered how rare a sense of humor is in a beauty. Anita is as interesting to talk to as she is to look at.

She doesn't care much for bridge and she never eats candy. So you don't have to brush up on contract or present five pound boxes of chocolates.

Take sheet music when you go calling. I remember when her singing voice was weak and her ukelele manipulating sad. With instruction and much practice she has become an alluring songstress. She can render your favorite tunes in sweeter-than-sweet style. This morning I spent three hours with her looking through fan mail. When I left she was mastering the uke accompaniment to a new Broadway melody.
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Screenland

She likes to read romantic stories. Doubtless she takes her book romances more seriously than other girls because she has not dated so much. If you can hit a golf ball without losing your temper, she'll challenge you to a couple of rounds. She plays almost every day. Swimming is a professional hobby, but I've never seen her go very near the water when we've been at the beach.

Acting has engrossed her that she has few girls friends. Carmen Novarro (Ramon's sister) and one other girls who go to college are her only feminine intimates. She prefers her parents' company.

I have never known a girl who insists upon such strict hours for sleep as Anita does. When she makes a date she 'sleeps up' before and afterwards. Her gorgeous complexion and shadowless eyes prove that will-power pays. She's always prepared for a close-up. Dates with her are fun because she enters so wholeheartedly into things. One week-end my sister was down from Stanford and Anita loaned her a complete evening outfit because my sister had not expected to double-date with us for a formal dance. We went on the spur of the moment so Anita and my sister water-waved each other's hair an hour before we started.

Funny things often happen. One evening when we had gone to a hotel to dance a stoat man stopped at our table. Slightly under the weather, he made an elaborate bow and said, "You're Miss Page, aren't you?"

Being reassured that indeed she was, he carefully remarked, "Well, I always did say the most beautiful things in life were the simplest, and you certainly are beautiful!"

Whereupon Anita immediately replied, "I hope you don't mean to imply that I'm simple?"

The poor man beat a hasty retreat when he realized that his carefully worded compliment might be misinterpreted.

For a perfect date, try Anita Page. This morning her mother said the 'phone calls were droving her crazy. Some of the long-suffering swains must have heard about that brand new date book.

If the picture boys cut me out, I'll still have some grand memories!

Dorothy Lee, peppy little comedienne, is the incentive for some heroic tackling and line bucking in Joe E. Brown's football picture, "Local Boy Makes Good."

"Worrier" Robinson

Continued from page 27

Guild's outstanding satellite, that he is the co-author of the successful stage play and picture, "Kibitzer," that he has a classical understanding of half a dozen languages, and that he honestly does know more about music than ninetenths of the occupants of the Metropolitan Opera House's diamond horseshoe.

Robinson sits with the executives and worries. "But is my doing that really in character?" and "Maybe we ought to have another sequence showing the man when he was younger," and "Maybe," and "Shouldn't we," and "Do you think," until the executives swear to him that the story is perfect, fool-proof, and all right.

Having been so heartily assured of the extra fine quality of his new story, Robi-
Good Evans! It's Little Madge!

Continued from page 23


Years a trip to Honolulu. What is the latest Hawaiian lure? Doesn’t send postcards. Misses New York snow. And subway roars. Her patience the cameramen’s delight. Hasn’t any affectations. What a girl!
Speaking of New Men

Continued from page 34


unnecessary. He argued that if America had not entered
the war at that point, Warren, full of enthusiasm, would
have gone up and gone to France as a sergeant.
He soon learned that Sherman was not only right but quite conservative in his estimation of warfare. As a means of escape from army routine and drudgery, William managed to join an army troop of actors and made the rounds of the camps entertaining the soldiers. As an actor he became a favorite with the men, quite to his own surprise.

But as all wars have a habit of ending sooner or later, William once more found himself back in America, in civilian dodos with the burning question of "what to do." He tried the path of least resistance and landed a job in a one-night-stand company touring with William Le Baron's play, "I Love You." Despite the fact that the show folded up in Flint, Michigan, the embryonic actor was soon at work again, touring "the sticks" for the next two years. He was on the point of returning to Minnesota more than once to iron out the matter of a career with his father, but before arrangements for the trip could be made another theatrical job would pop up and he would lay his plans aside. Shortly after this the newspaper passed out of the hands of the family, so Warren had nothing more to worry about in that direction.
He had never considered the stage as his ultimate career. To him, it was just a matter of marking time until he could get himself straightened out.

"That is why I have grown to be a fatalist," he confided. "Even when I was shining brightly on Broadway I was working hard at marine engineering. While using my stage work to make a living, I worked on the side as assistant to Maurice Holland, director of the engineering division of the National Research Council. And this, too, when I was in "The Vinegar
of penguins taken during the Scott expedition to the Antarctic. It was Ernest Torrence who presented this gift, much to the recipient’s delight.

Penguins for hat holders, Penguins as salt containers, Penguins with blotter bases, Penguins as cigarette box tops, Penguins in tile plaques. In fact, it would surprise no one whom Young knows to learn that his Russian wolfhound ate his dinners from a decorative penguin platter!

With such a large interest in penguins, most people would find their collecting urge completely satisfied. But Roland Young collects canes with as much enthusiasm as he ferrets out new penguin poses in plaster and metal.

He has two or three dozen of them, each as different from the others as its individual history. He started the collection himself with one he bought in Paris after he had finished his schooling. Friends and relatives have steadily added to the group on birthdays and special occasions until Young could be a centipede and still give each limb individual attention in the matter of walking stick novelties.

Wilkes Booth, Abraham Lincoln’s assassin, once flourished a cane that is now in Young’s possession. John Barrymore presented him with an elaborately carved walking stick that is an amazing piece of intricate detail.

Others in the collection were gifts from Clark Fletcher, San Francisco sculptor, Alexander Woolcott and Robert Farquar. Still others came from Henry Howell and Ernest Truex. Another showing superb workmanship is from Alexander Korda, who is a close friend of Young’s.

Art objects in Beau Vaischino chinaware furnishes another collector’s interest for Roland Young. Two large black and white penguins in this ware decorate a shelf in a wall niche in Young’s home. They were gifts from Wilfred Pelletier, a director of the Metropolitan Opera. Others in the collection, including zebra, rabbits, does, giraffes, have been gathered from various places on the globe, and each has its special history—dear to the collector’s heart.

One of the beauty spots in the Young residence is the Chinese room. The first object to attract the eye on entering the room is a large woodcut by the famous artist, Hall. The cut of the Chinese horseman hangs over the wide fireplace, set in rare Oriental tiles. Everything in this charming room shows the influence of the Far East.

Young Man Makes Good

Continued from page 101

It is not necessary to give-in to that headache. It’s a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time takes some tablets of Bayer Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they’re fairly started if you’ll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort shopping; your evening’s pleasure at the theatre. Those annoying, nagging aches that bring a case of “nerves” by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after you have taken two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin!

The more serious your suffering, the more these tablets will help. If you get real aspirin, you’ll get real relief. In every package of genuine Bayer tablets are proven directions which cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and similar suffering.

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Another Hollywood "debut"—Dorothy Tree. Ah, there, Dorothy! We’ll see you in “Husband’s Holiday.”

A good idea goes up in yawns. A gang of college co-eds in the West have gone Russian. We are present at their antics in a mine, a speakeasy, a love-nest, and a psychoanalyst’s office. There is no coherence. It isn’t even good A nonsense. Still, I’ve seen worse stuff by far.

Jack Haley, David Hutchinson, Vera Marsh, Thelma Tipson, Jeannette Loi, and a whole raft of others cut various dummies. They all worked hard enough, but the real stuff wasn’t in the book or the score. With new music, it’ll flicker well.

“After Tomorrow.”

John Golden does not believe in tears, idle tears. He puts them to work, and makes ’em pay.

He opened the season with a great Lachrymosal Fest called “After Tomorrow,” knitted by himself and Hugh Strange out of the plays that your Aunt Hattie used to soak in when General Grant was President.

Two kids have saved up to get married. The girl’s mother jumps the traces with a lover. Father gets a paralytic stroke (and Donald Meek plays the old fellow better than he ever played). The kids’ savings go for doctor’s bills. The mother wires her back, changes her mind at the last minute, and the old gaffer croaks. She, however, sends a grand to the children with which she has changed her mind.

“Free for All.”

This is a comedy with music; hence neither the comedy nor the music in “Free for All” is anything that will take the hair off your head.

The play is immaculately cast. Mr. Goldwyn knows his job as director. Barbara Robbins, Marjorie Barrett, Ross Alexander and Josephine Hull did their top-notch.

“Singing the Blues.”

John MacGowan hit 12 in “Singing the Blues,” a cocking melodrama of the story of the pursuit of Jim Williams, craps king and cop-killer, through the boudoirs and cabarets of Harlem. In eleven scenes, the play snaps, moves, entertains. Jim beats the razzle-dazzle out of the crook, and we all pulled a cheer, for Jim as played by Frank Wilson (“Porgy”) got our sympathy glands. He didn’t mean to kill that white cop in the raid excited by him and his gang in Chicago; but someone put out the lights and Jim fired. What business had a cop, anyway, at a colored folk’s craps piggery?

And Jim really loved the Harlem warbler, Susan Blake, played well by Isabel Washington. And Susie was true to Jim. Besides the rattling good dancing and singing—in the Magnolia Club, while the drama is also being carried on—I have to record the beaming and spontaneous funny work of Manny Moreland, and Fred Washington as Elise Joyce looked detectable. An orginal song and a line-up to the street for a year.

“The Merry Widow.”

“The Merry Widow” seems to have entered the Gilbert & Sullivan class for the Immortal Stakes.

Lehar stems from Johann Strauss. The music of “The Merry Widow” saturates the listener and dissolves all his higher centres in romantic lubbo. The famous waltz, I Go Down to Maxim’s, and a half dozen other gems were as fresh and delightful to me today in this revival by the Civic Light Opera Company as when I heard them under the Roosevelt Dynasty.

Donald Brian has got the secret of Mary Rose and Peter Pan. By the Holy Pino- chle, he doesn’t look a day older than when I first saw him as Prince Danilo! The same grace, the same voice, the same youthful steps.

Virginia O’Brien—Mrs. Brian and Ruth Altman made a dent in my sensitive In- stinct for Beauty. Roy Cooper’s romantic voice helps the tops in the evening, seven million miles from Downey and Vallée and that hell-born saxophone!

“Just to Remind You.”

Mr. Davis (Owen) is getting serious. “Just to Remind You” is a good, wild, noisy talkie stuff produced on the legit.

The play concerns the woes of a laundry- man who won’t pay tribute to the Gang. The Gang ruins his laundry, and because the Poor Sap doesn’t like it, he’s bumped. The whole thing smacks of a coco machine and all the characters are the old-style Davis type: Police Gazette, 1881. (Robinson or Cagney’ll handle it better.)

But, hold! There’s Sylvia Field, more beautiful, more charming than ever. That repaid me for my lost evening. Paul Kelly and Peg Entwistle also kept up the interest.

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 87
Always a gentleman. "Extra," an airedale by profession, gives Minna Gombel a courtly handshake in appreciation of a ride on her rubber float. Many stars are fond of him, and such pup-ularity must be you-know-what!

The Girl With the Garters

Continued from page 53

Blue Devil" and "Algeria." I am not quite certain of the titles, but you know what I mean. There was some question about the propriety of Miss Dietrich's costumes in "The Blue Swan."

Mrs. Doolittle reports the outcome of several conferences with Samuel Mayer, director of public relations for Mr. Solonon. She has the personal assurance of Mr. Mayer that the costumes in "Four Rings" are modest. Mr. Mayer even goes so far as to offer his written guarantee. Furthermore, it has been found on investigation that Miss Dietrich is happily married and the mother of a seven-year-old daughter.

In reference to the line, "The Girl With the Garters," Mr. Mayer said that its appeal is on the side of modesty and in opposition to bare-kneed, stockingless fashions. Rather humorously, he referred to members of this club as being habitual wearers of garters.

It is the recommendation of Mrs. Doolittle that in view of these findings we place "Four Rings" on our Pink List. Will all in favor kindly raise their hands?

Thank you, ladies.

Town Beauty on Her Thirty-first Birthday.

Sam had a nerve, last night. Telling me that it wouldn't hurt to take a few pointers from that German actress. He's just sore because I turned him down. He ought to get wise to himself. Hanging around a theatre don't make him a licensed lover. He kept hinting that my looks won't last forever. As if I didn't know it. Personality-personality-personality! Who ever taught him personality?

I'm sick of the word. "The Girl With the Garters has personality," he says. "She's got poise," says Sam. "Every girl over thirty is going to lose out unless she gets. "Personality and poise.

"Watch her eyes," says Sam. "And the quiet way she moves. "Remember 'Morocco': How she sweeps her eyes over that boozing crowd in the dance hall. "And how they shut up. "She knows she's got more stuff than any of them," says Sam. "And the crowd hangs off. "That's personality. "If you've got enough of it, you're o. k. for a lifetime," says Sam. Whether I grow personality, or not, it will all be the same to Sam. For me, he's out! He talks too much.

Sam

Yes, Boss, I've covered everything. I've done a swell job; even if I do say so. The whole town is talking about The Girl With the Garters. She's on the Pink List. She's got window displays. She's everywhere. Just wait until you see the crowds. You know me Boss, when I let myself go.

It will be a panic. It will be an all-time record for the Gem. How about that little raise you were going to give me? I've sure earned it this time. And I may be getting married soon.

Just last night, I sold my girl on the idea of Getting a personality like Dietrich's. How about it, Boss? What's that—what? You just found out It's not a circus picture after all? The title "Four Rings" gave me a bum steer.

It means four marriages, Not a four-ring circus. Too bad—I'll say it's too bad. But say, Boss. To get back to that little matter we were discussing. It's o. k. is it? Five more, you say. Well, that will help. Thank you, Boss. Thank you!

How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.
Dancing SUNBEAMS in your hair!

Keep them there—or bring them back—this simple way!

Youthfulness—that charm that brings popularity, romance, happiness—now you can keep it always, in your hair! Just see Golden Sun Shampoo will bring it to you the way! Rich color, rich luster and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

HONOR OF THE FAMILY. First National. A highly sophisticated film with Bebe Daniels playing a slightly shady lady. Warren Williams and Fredric March are the principals.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE. First National. And you'll like the picture—it's light and breezy. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Loretta Young are charming.

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT. Tiffany. Nothing unusual about this murder mystery—everybody is under suspicion. Aileen Pringle, Hale Hamilton and Alice White are in the cast.

MY SIN. Paramount. Tallulah Bankhead gives a better account of herself in this second talkie, but the story is poor. Fredric March and Scott Kolb are the rivals.

PAGAN LADY. Columbia. Good man saves bad girl as Will Hays cheers. Good acting by Evelyn Brent, Conrad Nagel and Charles Bickford make it a passable picture.

PERSONAL MAID. Paramount. Nancy Carroll, as a "personal maid," crashes into society and marries the rich boy. Gene Raymond, new and interesting, and Pat O'Brien are rivets for Nancy's affections.

SIDE SHOW. Warner Brothers. The circus is in town—but don't get too excited. However, Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth hand out a fairly steady stream of laughter.

SKYLINE. Fox. Here's a good movie, Sky-scrapers, vamps, young love—Thomas Meighan, Myrna Loy, Hardie Albright and Maureen O'Sullivan.


THE BIG GAMBLE. RKO-Pathe'. Warner Oland is folded again in a fairly exciting melodrama. Some thrilling sequences plus Bill Boyd and his "real" wife, Dorothy Sebastian.

THE BRAT. Fox. The return of Sally O'Neill. Sally plays a hoyden and takes it big. Virginia Cherrill and Allan Dinehart do justice to their roles.

THE MAD PARADE. Liberty. Women only—in the cast. An interesting new angle in war pictures but it doesn't quite come off.


WATERLOO BRIDGE. Universal. The war serves as a background for a tender, touching romance. Mae Clark and Kent Douglass are superb as the lovers.

VERSATILE. Ken Maynard, besides playing Western roles, also plays the violin, the banjo and the guitar. (We don't know about the ponies.) And now he's fliriting with the piano.

WICKED. Fox. Eliisa Landis contributes a fine dramatic performance in a weak mother-love yarn. Una Merkel pep things up.

Short Features:

DANGEROUS TRAILS. Vitaphone. One of the "Adventures in Africa" series. Despite crocodiles—and a forest fire, it's neither hot nor snappy.

FACING THE GALLOWS. RKO-Pathe'. A well-acted detective story that will hold your interest.

FLY HI. RKO-Pathe'. An Aerop Stable insect film, and with the tribulations of a loving couple who are saved from the wicked, wicked spider. Amusing.

ISLE OF ISOLATION. Imperial. All about the

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THE WORLD FLIER. Educational. The comic adventures of a round-the-world flier, done in color. Some unique shots.

TORCHY. Educational. Nice amusing comedy everybody will enjoy. Ray Cooke and Dorothy Die are refreshing youngsters. 20,000 LEGS UNDER THE SEA. Paramount. A rather clever talkie dealing with fishy goings-on under the ocean.

WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE. Pathé. One of the Teresa Vagabond series. Fairly entertaining.

WHERE MEN ARE MEN. Vitaphone. Joe Penner does well in a cowboy comedy that will keep you laughing throughout.

Let's Be Serious!

Continued from page 66

those days, and the Hays thumb came down on it. The same thing happened with 'An American Tragedy'—I wanted to do a picture of it, but they told me the movies could never never produce such strong stuff! So I continued on my show-girly path.

"But now that the world has sobered up a bit, just you watch Alice get down to business. And what's more," she added suddenly, "don't you go giving me any of those 'Grandma-you-must-be-tired' looks, either!"

My critical interviewing stare, carefully concealed behind the mirror, turned to a look of hurt surprise.

"I mean," Miss White elucidated, "that I'm pretty sick of the way writing ladies and gents have been talking lately about my projected 'come-back.' What do they think I am, anyway? When I read that sort of goss, I begin to feel like eighty-six going on a hundred!"

"Come back from where, I'd like to know? Or from what? How can I stage a 'come-back' when I haven't been anywhere? No, I haven't made any pictures for awhile, but there's been no withdrawal of any kind. The studio and I got into a pretty serious flap, and I'm enjoying a little quiet sulking. So when I return to pictures it won't be any sort of come-back but simply a matter of taking up where I left off.

"My fancy isn't turning toward starring roles any more, either. I don't know of a greater handicap to naturalness and freedom in acting. A leading character in a film or a play can seldom be a natural character. It's by virtue of the very emphasis laid on one or another of their characteristics that they stand out. It's in the supporting parts that you find the real people—they're more normal, rounded and human, like the people you and I know."

"Besides, stardom is a precarious business. A star, once he gets to that stage, never knows what's going to happen next—and quite frequently it happens. That doesn't make for good acting, and so stardom too often means the beginning of the end. Featured roles for mine, thank you."

During her period of "sulking" the blonde little lady hasn't been letting any alfalfa grow under her nimble feet. With a sizable company, some tricky new tango steps and a unique film introduction to her act, she has put on a busy season of vaudeville in the East and the Middle West.

"Have I missed the movies? Well, sort of. But there's a thrill in playing to a visible, flesh-and-blood audience, and having it respond to you, whether favorably or unfavorably, that the films can't ever give you. Yes, I'll be glad to get back to Holly-wood—but I've been having a lot of fun behind the footlights, too."

Miss White is the proud holder of a record almost unique in movie annals. She

LET ME DEVELOP YOUR FORM LIKE THIS...

Are you flat chested? Do ugly sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is so easy to have the full, firm form that Fashion demands!

YOU, too, can have an attractive, well-developed figure. My wonderful Nancy Lee Miracle Cream Method quickly fills out the hollows, builds rounded, youthful flesh, gives you lovely feminine curves. Thousands of women all over the world are grateful for the new, shapely beauty obtained from this easy home treatment!

One woman writes: "How can I thank you for what you have done for me? I was so discouraged about my figure. But now I am one of the happiest girls alive, for your instructions and Miracle Cream have done wonders for me. My friends have all noticed the improvement."

Results in 30 Days

Yes, in just thirty short days you see the splendid improvement. Those thin, undernourished tissues plump out to pleasing proportions; those sagging, drooping lines become firm and youthful.

Fill Out the Contours This New, Easy Way

Just the simple application of my dainty Miracle Cream and instructions will work wonders. Absolutely harmless, safe and scientific. No matter what else you have tried, no matter how discouraged you may be, you owe it to yourself to try this new easy method that has accomplished such splendid results for other women. Mail the coupon at once with only ONE DOLLAR for a large jar of Miracle Cream and my special Figure-Moulding Instructions. I will also include my great new book on developing a lovely feminine form absolutely FREE.

FILL OUT THE COUPON

This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the Ideal proportions of perfect womanhood now all the vogue. Accept my great Special Offer at once: Mail coupon with only $1.00 for large jar of Miracle Cream and complete instructions, together with my priceless new book.

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Dear Nancy Lee: I enclose only $1.00. Send me large jar of Miracle Cream and Instructions. Also your new Book FREE.

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One Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A highly Dramatic Fictization of MIRAGE in Jan. SCREENLAND

Mirage ... new resounding screen hit offers Joan Crawford and Clark Gable one of the greatest opportunities of their meteoric screen careers.

A deep and powerful drama built around the solid foundation of a tremendous plot ... Mirage is a story that will capture your interest both on the screen and in print.

You will want to see Mirage at your theatre—but before you see it—read the gripping fictization as it appears in the coming January issue of SCREENLAND.

Illustrated with exceptional pictures from the film, SCREENLAND's fictization of Mirage is a story you mustn't miss. Remember to read January SCREENLAND—the magazine of the screen that gives you the most for your money.
has been engaged—and to the same man—for three years. Although since her entrance into the films her troth has been plighted to Cy Bartlett, now her manager. "Probably the longest engagement in motion picture history, I know," she chuckled. "But what of it? Lots of 'em can't even stay married that long. Cy and I will be taking the leap almost any year now. (That is, one is tempted to add mentally, if you kids


Charles W. Don't blame your favorite actor because you haven't seen him in a recent picture; go after your local exhibitor—ask him for his Forbes numbers and get him to buy what you want. Ralph has been assigned to "Love Bound," produced by an independent company. Stanley Smith hasn't made a film for some time; he's been too busy filling stage contracts. In Barbara Stanwyck's picture, "The Miracle Woman," the portrait bust of her, used in the film, was the work of Richard Cromwell who made such a stir in "To be Able David." Richard is a talented sculptor as well as a good actor.

M. J. P. You're right about Rose Hobart—she's a promising actress, knows her P's and Q's and can really work with the best of them. She was born in New York City about 22 years ago, is married to a non-professional, and has a fine stage record. She has the feminine lead opposite Charles Farrel in "Lilium," a featured role in "Chances" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and her most recent release is "East of Borneo" with Charles Bickford. Francis is 28 years old and is the wife of Kenneth MacKenna. Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell are in "Fifty Fathoms Deep." Libyan Tashman's latest films are "Murder by the Clock" with William (Stage) Boyd, Regis Toomey, Sally O'Neil and a long list of other well-known actresses. "Girl from Now Town," with Kay Francis and Joel McCrea.

Lillian H. If I told you Lewis Frederick Ayer and Dorothy Mulligan were married on Sept. 14, 1931, in Las Vegas, Nevada, you'd probably say, "Well, what of it?" But to give you the low-down on the news, translated in the best Hollywood manner, Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are one—and which one they'll have to decide themselves. Richard Dix is 37 and is still bachelor-minded, Ralph Graves played with Jack Holt in "Hell's Island." Winnie Lightner was born in Greenwich Village, N. Y. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has light brown hair and grey eyes, is married and has a young son. Bob Steele was born Jan. 23, 1906. Not married. Bobs' first screen appearance was in a series of out-door pictures called "The Adventures of Bob and Bill.

Elmira McP. You're a nice little 10 year old girl to write such a sincere and friendly letter and I'm glad you met me last week. El Brendel was born March 25, 1891, in Flemington, Pa. He is married to Flo Burt, a professional. Alexander Gray was born Jan. 8, 1902, in Wrightsville, Pa. His wife was killed in a motor accident. He played in a picture recently, "The Great Meadow" and "Millie."

It will be interesting to observe the new Alice White on the screen—to see what she can do in her coming role of straight, honest-to-goodness acting. And it will be a relief, too, to see her behaving quietly and demurely, without devil-may-care nonsense.

A girl named Alice quite properly should....
A Garrick Fan. With some people, the more they read, the less they know—case of being well read, don’t you think? But that doesn’t apply to our SCREENLAND readers. John Garrick played in “Just Imagine” with Maureen O’Sullivan, Frank Albertson, El Brendel and Marjorie White. John was born August 31, 1902, in Brighton, England. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and has blue eyes and blond hair. His real name is Reginald Dandy and his wife is Harriett Bennett. No relation to Connie or Joan.

Florence P. Many varieties of “thank you’s” for your admiration of my efforts to entertain and amuse you through my department. You refer to Marion Byron, whose nickname is “Peanuts.” She was in “Girls Demand Excitement,” played the role with Buster Keaton in “Steamboat Bill Jr,,” and was the baby vamp in “His Captive Woman” with Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill. Marion was born March 16, 1911, in Dayton, Ohio.

Clara W. Nils Asther has not deserted the screen—he has been perfecting his English and making personal appearances and of these days, you’ll see your favorite again. He will appreciate your interest and a friendly letter to him at the M-G-M studios, will show your heart’s in the right place, with your hand on the purse, ready for his next picture.

Dorothy S. You’ll have to overlook the lack of information about Natalie Morehead’s age, and so on—if they don’t pass us the dope on their private lives, we can’t give it to you. For we aim to tell nothing but the truth. Natalie was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and is the wife of Director Alan Crosland. Chester Morris is 29 years old, is the father of a young son and daughter, and the wife’s name is Sue Kilborn.

George W. I wouldn’t dare tell you who is the most handsome man in pictures. I have my suspicions but I can’t prove it—I’m going to leave the decision to you. Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers is 26. His latest release is “The Road to Reno.” You want more Technicolor films, do you? I’ll see what can be done about it. Did you see Mary Brian, Geoffrey Kerr, Marie Prevost and Johnny Hines in “The Runaround”? Film was made under the title of “Waiting at the Church.” That picture was in all Technicolor.

Montreal-er. It keeps me busy thinking over-time to keep the feature films all set and ready to show with the various casts, but when the old serials come along, I’m sunk. Norman Kerry played in “Lorraine of the Lions” in 1925; but in the serial, “Queen of the North Woods.” I have only the principals to give you: Walter Miller and Ethelyn Claire.

RAE JUVENAY now presents American women with a great new skin culture discovery that has amazed the most severe beauty critics of the Continent. An ingenious little suction cup moved over the face instantly evacuates the densest skin pores and leaves the skin immaculately clean. The smooth, rounded flange of this suction cup, at the same time, threads the nourishing cream deep into the tissue and draws a richer blood supply to the skin surface. It brings a natural rosy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. The revolating power of the vacuum suction cup used with Rae Juvanay cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkle lines with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced only as $2.50, cream $1.50, suction cup $1.00. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. HARRIETTE ARMS LABORATORIES, 544 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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A Ruth Hall phantasia. Here is an impressionistic camera study of the new little girl who plays the part of a dancer in “Local Boy Makes Good.” It looks as though Ruth will, too.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
Floyd C. L. Back in 1920, Famous-Players-Lasky produced "What's our Husband Doing?"! Sorry I haven't the cast to give you—that was made long before my début into the picture game. Margaret Livingston, the girl with so many meanie parts to her credit, was married on August 19, 1931, to Paul Whitehead, the nationally known orchestra leader. Fred and Shandon, another red-head of the screen, was born in Fine Bluffs, Ark. She played with Clive Brook in "Silence" and with Buddy Rogers in "The Road to Reno."

Miss E. L. I'm not tempting anyone to a heavy bet on the return to films of Clara Bow but I have a couple of old Empress Eugenie flat tops, that say she will make a grand and glorious come-back. But that girl has that gift and a good story and a good director will help put her over with a smash. Clara, I mean.

B. Sue. I might be Sue but I'm not. So—don't sue me. (Let it go!) A daughter was born the first of August, 1931, to Bebe and Bette Lyon. Her name is Barbara Bebe. Greta Garbo's new picture is "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."

Jennifer Thorpe Love? Jennifer Thorpe...

What Matters But?

Jennifer Thorpe Love?

... she danced like a wind curled flame... in her twinkling toes, her supple body was the magic of life and youth. In her soul was the bravery of a woman who gave all... for love.

Young, with a glowing, fragile beauty, she was adored by a great artist but she thought her happiness rested in the hick eye of a man who worshipped tinsel, bright lights, illusionary joys. "Marriage," he told her, "is impossible." Jennifer laughed. "What matters but love."

Jennifer's story, "Blizzard," is a rare, gripping, soul catching epic of flesh and blood reality. It's a story you must read. And in the current December issue of Everybody's Magazine it's one of more than a dozen big features.

Your Story... and Mine

Everybody's Magazine is new... it's different. Its stories are pictures from life... the great human dramas—the big, unforgettable moments that blaze in the lives of men and women. Stories that might be your story... and mine.

If you like thrilling, satisfying, inspiring reading you'll relish Everybody's Magazine. Only 10c at all newstands. Remember the name—Everybody's. Buy the current December issue—today—at your local newspaper.

Lloyd. Harold's estate, too, is very se-culed, but that didn't stop some of his neighbors from complaining about the howling they said his fifteen Great Dane dogs set up nightly! When Lloyd first heard of the complaining he promptly gave away all of his extremely valuable dogs. A very thoughtful neighbor is Harold. A number of other stars scarcely know they have neighbors. Either they, too, are secluded or keep such irregular hours that their neighbors are rarely able to catch a glimpse of them.

Connie Bennett doesn't know who her neighbors are. She hasn't that Garbo wouldn't know it if she had wild Indians for next door neighbors! Evelyn Brent, Betty Compson, the John Barrymores, Chaplin, Ina Claire, Estelle Taylor, Ruth Chatterton and Ramon Novarro form their friendships with a chosen few and don't as a rule get acquainted with their neighbors. Some, like Lew Cody, don't have time to cultivate new friends. Lew lived next door to Bertha Millhauser, a film writer and executive, for six years before the two became acquainted. Then, it was only brought about when Amos and Andy took Cody to a party at Millhauser's.

On the other hand, there's Victor Mc-Laglen, who's English and should be reserved, but isn't a bit. Vic recently moved into his beautiful new five-acre home in Flintridge, about a few miles from Hollywood, and the first thing he did was to go around and say "howdy" to his new neighbors. He plans to have them over at his place for many real English teas. And they won't feel a bit out of place, for Vic and his lovely wife are charming hosts.

Mrs. Zwischen's Apartments on Havenhurst Drive, has Lila Lee, William Collier, Jr., Clara Kimball Young and Clarence Brown, the director, for neighbors.

"And they are the best I could find any-where," she said. "Occasionally they en-tertain with a large party of, say, over a hundred guests, but these affairs are always well conducted and never, to my knowl-edge, have any of their neighbors been annoyed. Speaking for myself, I can say that many times I have greatly enjoyed listen-ing to the music rendered by famous or-chestras. I have always lived near to one, and have never found it to the whole. I think I'd rather have them for neighbors than any other class of people."

She and Carol and Nick Stuart built their new home on the hillside in the region of Vermont and Los Feliz Boulevard, mainly because they liked the "nice quiet neighborhood." After they had moved in, Sue one day noted the fact that several little chil-dren lived a couple of houses below them. They quickly discovered the neighbor's small children plus a couple of others congregated before the Stuart domicile. They waited for Sue's "hello, kiddies," and then just as she and Nick stepped onto their front porch, the kids began yelling: "Sue Carol's got a fella! Sue Carol's got a fella!" She was amazed, but Nick only grinned. "One on, Sue, they don't know any different." "Well," laughed Sue, "I'm going to tell them." So she turned and exclaimed: "Nice you children! "I don't know how you boys can say things like that? That is my husband, Nick, now I want you all to shake hands with him and be like little neighbors of ours." "Course we will, Miss Carol," piped up one small voice.

The next week Sue had to work on a film nights and so, accordingly, she slept days. One afternoon, these neighborhood kids were at her gate hollering: "Come on out and talk to us, Sue Carol. We l tilted for you." "Tell you what, Sue. I was napping. She got up and went to the win-
dow. "If you'll let me sleep a little while, kids—good rule for Sue. Great big party next week," she yawned. "You bet, Sue," they chorused in agreement. "So that was that!" laughed Sue. "Now that the kids know that, they won't say things like that together. And, believe it or not, we wouldn't trade our attractive little neighbor-hood for any other in Hollywood or Beverly Hills!"
THE GOOD OLD "MELLER"

I recently witnessed a talking playlet, "Stout Hearts and Willing Hands," presented by the Masquers Club. A melodrama, suh! the heroine, played by Laura La Plante, was the proverbial little ray of sunshine; the hero, True Blue Harold (deliciously portrayed by the sophisticated Frank Fay), was a gorgeous imitation of all the old gaa-gaa heroes; and Lew Cody played the mustache-twirling villain.

The climax, showing police, air corps and marines dashing to rescue the hero from horrible death in a saw mill; the final goofy love scene, and the fade-out showing the American flag waving over all, were finishing touches to a priceless piece of burlesque.

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 11

American people. With his smiling countenance, his charming manner, and his magnetic personality, he is instrumental in the momentary alleviation of the burdens of the working man in transporting him from the dull, drab, humdrum existence of everyday life into a maelstrom of gayety, wit, love, laughter and song, created by the effervescent and irresistible Chevalier.

Morpheus refreshes the body, Chevalier renews the spirit. Whenever the inimitable Chevalier with his infectious gaiety is projected on the screen, thousands of tired, drooping souls lift up their weary heads with renewed vigor and laugh with him. Being thus revived, they can meet the world with a new warmth of heart—a new sparkle of the eye—a new and dauntless courage.

That's Chevalier!

Anna M. Kranz,
Main and Summit Sts.,
Darby, Pa.

The audience laughed heartily throughout. How pictures have changed!! How standards have improved! I remember the time when such a picture would have been accepted seriously by audiences accustomed to just such cinematic trips.

Motion pictures are definitely grown up now!

Margaret Kelly,
365-25th Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

SO SAY LOTS OF FOLKS

I am going to express my opinion of Greta Garbo. To me she is like a rare flower. She has exquisite loveliness, mystifying glamour which the world needs, and a talent which no one has ever equaled. Greta Garbo is great enough to put over any picture given her.

Think of the many moments you have gazed on her portraying intense emotions. Think of the love scenes in her pictures. Remember the girl who came from Sweden, new to the American screen, who made an astounding success in "The Torrent," who worked to achieve the pinnacle she has gained today.

Give three cheers for Garbo, the one and only! May she live in the hearts of the movie fans—forever.

Glenn Pressler,
1807 South Harrison Street,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

THERE'S LOTS IN A NAME

Producers and writers of movie stories seem to take a special delight in using the incidents but changing the title of the tale to suit their convenience. Occasionally mention is made that the story is taken from the novel by a certain author, and we

WHEN YOU WRITE TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION SCREENLAND
**FLASHES**

Clara Bow has contributed to the screen the best performances ever seen.

Viola Thompson, Levesque Ave., Wynne, Ark.

One of the swankiest women in Hollywood is Thelma Todd, the gorgeous blonde girl of two-reel comedy fame, more recently doing bits here and there. Here's hoping Thelma Todd-les to stardom!

E. G. Blumenfeld, 823 E. 173rd St., Bronx, N. Y.

John Boles has more "Romance" in his little finger than sleepy, bashful Lew Ayres (King of the Movies) has in his whole body. Boles is the nearest yet to Rudolph Valentino.

Elfreda Mannes, 935 Nebraska Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Many of the Kay Francis fans would like to see her starred. She is better than Dietrich, and far surpasses Garbo, so why not give her a chance, and have the public recognize an actress when they see and hear one?

Dorothy Steventon, 357 Division St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Three Cheers for all the actors and actresses!

Jay Loir, 24 Dahlia Ave., Baldwin, L. I.

Even though it is risking my life to admit it, I must express my opinion that Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll are not so much born actresses as hard workers.

Jean Brown, 9841 51st Ave. S. W., Seattle, Wash.

They say Tallulah Bankhead knows all the answers, but let me say she is the answer. She is an actress of unlimited resource and certainly can put "it" over.

Lillian Rack, 22 Court St., Valley Stream, N. Y.

Where is our beloved Mickey Mouse? I have been to five pictures in the past two weeks, and Mickey Mouse was absent from all of them.

After viewing all of these daring underworld dramas that the producers have been feeding us the past six months or so, I think we need something new, fresh, and interesting, and nothing can satisfy our appetite for comedy so well as Mickey Mouse. Let's have more of him!

Marguerite Beitzell, 119 C. Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

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**TRANSATLANTIC.** Fox. From the story by Guy Bolton. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Monte Blue, Edward Lowe, Judy Kraker, Louis Marostica, Jack Moran, Frank Morgan, Kermit Maynard, Caroline, Greta Gismon; Rudolph Kramer, Jean Her- noud; Kate Graham, Myra Loy; Halsey, Earle Ponton; Hodges, Billy Bevan; Laury, Doris Dug- netty; Peters, Goodies Montgomery; Bauer, Jesse De Vorka; The Bride, Rosalie Roy; Captain, Claude King; First Officer, Crawford Kent; Gamblers, Henry Selby, Bob Montgomery, and Louis Nathawat.

---

**WICKED.** Fox. Adapted for the screen by Adela Rogers St. John. Continuity and dialogue by Kenyon Nicholson and Kathryn Botsford. Produced and directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: Scott Barrow, Victor McLaglen, Mrs. Robert K. Young, May McAvoy, Ethel Gage, Theodore Von Eltz, Miva, Una Merkel, Blake, Allen Dinichert, Junior Luther, Oscar Apfel, Marion, Blanche Payton, Mrs. Robert K. Young; Petersburg, Stella, Eileen Percy; Arlne, Max Bauch; Mrs. John- son, Blanche Fredericks; Princess, Louise Courland; Marlowe, Alice Lake; Fanny, Ruth Donnelly; Mrs. Luther, Irene Rich.

---

**GARBO AND NOVARRO!** For the first time since she played opposite John Gilbert, the great Garbo consents to be co-starred—with Ramon Novarro. Read about it in the January issue of SCREENLAND, on the stands December 1st.
Mrs. Gleason and her son, Russell.

Back in the garden, we discovered Russ
and was given her thimble. Quite surprisingly sh
looks much better than she did before her
operation.

Among the other guests we met were Mr.
and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn, Joan 
Mangold, Frank B. O'Neal and
and Mrs. Russell. We told her that
was amiable, and would even eat
his meals in the pool if he could per
se. It is a real delight to him.

And anyhow," he said, "ma objects to
in the pool. She's fussy that way.

Then I've practically got it right now," said
Russell.

Mrs. Pastell Pratt came in just then, and
showed us her gift—a silver vessel

tected with silver dollars!

That made us pause again besides the
gifts, and we found that Gloria Swanson
had sent an antique silver sugar shaker and
cream pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mck
had bestowed a silver cutlery suite.

To Dorothy a silver vase; Anna Q. Nilson
a picture frame of Swedish silver and
workmanship; Ann Harding and
Harriett, also, gave her the same silv
jug; Mr. and Mrs. William Beaudine,

sandwich tray of rare old china with
silver trim; Charlotte Greenwood, cigarette box;

Eugenie Ayres, a spool of thread and
art; Una Merkel, mayonnaise dish;

Johnny Mack Brown, individual nut dishes;

William Bakewell, antique silver clock.

But fill all my space with descriptions of
gifts, if I don't look out. And
then there were the flowers!

"Too many for anything but a high
class funeral," murmured Joe E. Brown.

The flowers were from June Colyer and
Stuart Erwin, Robert Z. Leonard and
Gertrude Olmstead, Hoot Gibson and Sally
Eilers, Lou Ayres and others.

Some of the telegrams were very amaz
ing, too, including one from Mr. and Mrs.
Earl Douglas, New York, who wired:

"Don't be satisfied with silver, for there's
gold in them there hills," while Harry Rich
man thought she was so lovely he could
ask her to dance with you, but my heart's wish and
my best love belong to you." The Pat
O'Brien's message was "Can offer you
tomorrow's five dollars over the same route.
You're a clitch. Proud to know you." John
Medbury sent word, "Nice work, folks.
Most couples miss the silver wedding an
iversary by about twenty-four years," Mr.
and Mrs. Irving Cummings wired.

After this short trial, we sincerely hope
your marriage will prove to be a huge
success.

Jimmy Gleason had a few more lip-stick
marks on his countenance when we saw him
next, and Marguerite Churchill chided him.

"Well, can you blame the girls?" Jimmy
inquired Consulting.

We met Irene Rich, who was wearing an
Empress Eugenie hat at exactly the right
angle, she being one of the few women we
saw hanging on the hat she had on,
and who can wear it without making her

tally do a complete flip-flop in her granda.

"Well," confided Irene when we con
gratulated her, "maybe that hat didn't
look so well on the Empress, either. But
when we're married I'm sure she hasn't got
her hat on straight!"

In an easy chair under a tree in the shade
we caught sight of Marie Dressler.
She said it was the first time she had been out
in the garden since her illness. Quite surprisingly sh
looks much better than she did before her
operation.

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Screen News

Continued from page 97

Ivan Lebedeff writes a story—sells it for a picture—then acts in it. A paradox, but nothing of it. His latest are "Kisses by Command" and "The Marquis." He has prominent roles in both.

René Adoree has spent a long time in Prescott, Arizona trying to recover her health. The last we heard she was doing fine, and expected to return to Hollywood; and then—we'll be looking for you, René.

Dorothy Mackaill has Hawaiian tastes, now definitely established. She says she will positively marry R. Neil Miller, planter and radio crooner, this fall. We approve of the planter part but are concerned about the crooning.

Duncan Renaldo, young Rumanian actor of "Trader Horn" memory, was given the blessing of the U. S. Immigration Bureau and will be allowed to stay in this country and finish his picture career. Now, Duncan, you have something to live up to.

The Dietrich-Von Sternberg case has us all agog, with sympathy entirely on the side of Dietrich, her husband Rudolf Sieber and Josef Von Sternberg, as far as Hollywood is concerned. The ex-Mrs. Von Sternberg probably has her sympathizers elsewhere, but in Hollywood we feel she has not played quite fair.

Rudolf Sieber says he came out here to aid his beloved wife and their mutual friend Von Sternberg, and, as he is making himself very popular, it is some aid.

George Arliss does some sightseeing—in the British Museum, of all places! This popular star's journeys to his native England, after so much time spent in Hollywood, are pleasure trips as well as homecomings.

William Powell and Carole Lombard return to Hollywood honeymooning. They have promised us faithfully not to consider a divorce for years.

June Collyer's marriage to Stuart Erwin has changed the lady. Where formerly she wore much gay jewelry, her wedding ring is now her sole ornament.

Right after the wedding June's mamma and papa arrived in Hollywood to look their new son-in-law over.
Adrienne Eagels, cousin of the late Jeanne Eagels, is one of the thousands of extra girls out in Hollywood. She has been doing extra work for almost two years now, keeping her identity unknown. She closely resembles Jeanne, and it was Jeanne who first suggested she go in for acting. Adrienne now rates among the first of the extra girls—and all on her own, too.

We like relations like Adriane, and we bet there are a lot of stars who wish there were more of her kind.

Bill Haines is still interior-decorating as a side-line hobby. Now it's Leila Hyams' new Old English house. Bill has insisted upon bestowing on another old bobbies' bench on Leonas Mehanol, that's wasn't used or up against when you get interior-decorated.

Mae Clarke's stock rises. Time was when it looked as if she would be a fizzle in pictures and the unhappy divorce from Fannie Brice's brother didn't help matters. Now, since "Waterloo Bridge," they are papping her into good roles right along.

Lew Ayres is growing his hair long for his next picture. The effect is most disturbing. The p. a. sent out word that Lew had his hair cut but it isn't so date. At a recent dinner dance June McCloy said she felt as if she was dancing with Buffalo Bill.

The Notre Dame grid heroes, working at Universal, will charge a stone wall, but nothing will induce them to don any greasepaint. So we shall have to take their complications as-is or shall we say "are"?

When an actor was raging about having to work on the lot during the violent hot spell, Lionel Barrymore remarked caustically, "I feel sure anyone of the five million unemployed will be glad to fill your place when you are ready to quit."

Joel McCrea becomes a star. Constance Bennett's eye upon him helped in that. He's a Los Angeles boy of nice family, but this will be the first time he's had so much money and glory. Don't let it turn your head, Joel, old dear!

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Continued from page 103

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
Luna Alman
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Warren Hayer
Richard Kollane
J. M. Kerrigan
Elsie Landis
Cecelia Loftis
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Sharon Lynn
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Conchita Montenegro
Luis Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Maureen O'Sullivan
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Roxy Rose
Sue Tracy
Elda Voken
Linda Watkins
John Wayne
Marjorie White
Studio Slants

By Catherine Manfred

WE'RE off to the Paramount eastern studios! Want to meet Tallulah Bankhead, Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper and Irving Pichel? Then come along!

First let's drop in on Tallulah's set. She is making "The Cheat" with the extremely interesting Irving Pichel. George Abbott is directing.

A tall, blonde girl is sitting on a couch. We jump over cables and what-not to say hello to Tallu, but it isn't Miss Bankhead at all! It's her "stand-in"—Miss Terry Carroll. Yes, Nancy's sister, but she looks more like Tallulah than like her own sister. Just then Tallulah emerged from her dressing-room, wearing a beautiful pale blue velvet evening gown.

"We've been rehearsing all morning and we haven't accomplished a thing," Tallulah lamented. "Every time we get ready to shoot we get a signal from Gary Cooper's set to be quiet, because they're taking talking scenes. You see, they're finishing 'His Woman' this week—we only started working in the studio today."

Tallulah seems to radiate nervous energy—she is all vitality, force and drive. There are no lapses into quiet, moody restfulness for her. When she talks, words flow from her in a hurried, urgent stream:

"Look, look!" (Sotto voce.) "See that Japanese boy and girl over there? Well, they're That Way about each other! They work in this scene with me. Edie!" (She's La Bankhead's secretary, companion, maid) "Edie, I'm thirsty—let's have some coca-cola—and I want a cigarette—no, not that kind—and I want some music—please play the victrola. Oh, never mind it all, I've got to rehearse now." And off she strides to the stage where Director Abbott had the cameras and microphone in readiness for the scene.

The scene we are about to witness, ladies and gentlemen and you, too, takes place in a gorgeous Chinese den. It belongs to Irving Pichel, through the courtesy of Paramount! And when you hear three bells it doesn't mean it's three o'clock—it means "Quiet, please." And don't get caught sneezing!

We watch Tallulah and Irving Pichel enter the Chinese room. Mr. Pichel presses a button. A panel slides open and reveals a hidden room from which he takes a beautiful mandarin coat and offers it to Tallulah—but the girl says "no." Sounds simple, doesn't it? But they went through it five times before Director Abbott was satisfied.

Later Tallulah confided to us that she wants to do a comedy next. "I'd like something like 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney' or 'Her Cardboard Lover,' which I played on the London stage—but these have been already made into pictures," Mr. Abbott came over and drank some of Tallulah's coca-cola and then suggested that they run through the scene again. Having had our fill of Chinese dens, we departed for the "His Woman" set.

We greeted Gary Cooper and Director Edward Sorman and inquired about Claudette Colbert, but nobody seemed to know where she was.

A huge barge had been built in the studio for the interior scenes of "His Woman." We watched Cooper enact a scene on the barge. It's foggy and Gary's peering out to sea—no, not to see Claudette, silly, but to see that all's clear ahead.

We watched this scene about six times, and then, beginning to hanker for dry land again, went back to Tallulah's set escorted by Gary. And who should be there but Claudette! A regular "Old Home Week" on the Bankhead set.

Upon inquiring where Miss Colbert had been keeping herself we received this answer: "I received a call for ten o'clock and haven't done a bit of work all day, so I dashed around the corner and played miniature golf. People probably think I'm crazy—I went out in this make-up." "This make-up" consisted of a tight sweater and short skirt; and her face was made up for the camera—false eyelashes and black make-up on the tip of her nose. Claudette uses the black grease-paint so that her nose will photograph better. However, it's a very nice nose—with or without make-up.

There's a nice friendly atmosphere at the Paramount studio—no temperament—no fireworks, at least not when we were there. We're going again!
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January, 1932

THIS MONTH’S PROGRAM

Vol. XXIV, No. 3

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"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY"
with CLIVE BROOK
Charlie Ruggles, Vivienne Osborne, Juliette Compton, Harry Bannister

"WORKING GIRLS"
with PAUL LUKAS
Judith Wood, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Dorothy Hall and Stuart Erwin.
Directed by Dorothy Arzner

"LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE"
With Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond
Wynne Gibson, George Barbier.
Directed by Marion Gering.

"THE FALSE MADONNA"
With Kay Francis and William Boyd.
Directed by Stuart Walker

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With Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan.
Directed by Norman Taurog.
Same cast and director as "Skippy"

You want to see the stars everyone’s talking about . . . they’re Paramount stars! You want to see the greatest Broadway stage hits, the most popular novels and magazine stories . . . Paramount has them! Paramount is your "buy" word because Paramount gives you what you want, SUPREME ENTERTAINMENT—always good, often great, never a doubt that "It’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!"

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REVUETTES

Class A:

★ **BLONDE CRAZY.** Warner Brothers. We recommend a new screen dream—Jean Blondell and James Cagney. The story is a fast-moving comedy-drama. A knockout.

★ **DEVOTION.** RKO-Pathe. The story is pretty obvious but the splendid acting by Ann Harding, Robert Williams and that very interesting Leslie Howard make every minute of it absorbing.*

★ **FIVE-STAR FINAL.** First National. The best newspaper yarn to date, with the incomparable Edward G. Robinson starring. Marlon Marsh makes a lovely heroine.

★ **MERELY MARY ANN.** Fox. Janet Gaynor and Charlie Chaplin are united again in a sentimental farce-tale of a film—but you'll enjoy it.

★ **MONKEY BUSINESS.** Paramount. Hilarious downing by the Four Marx Brothers. This time they are stowaways on a ship. See it by all means.*

★ **PALMY DAYS.** United Artists. Not much plot, but goofy gags—lots of laugh—music—pretty girls, and plenty of Eddie Cantor. You just must see it!

★ **STREET SCENE.** United Artists. The side-scale of New York—drama, comedy and pachy. Sylvia Sidney, William Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor are splendid.

★ **SUSAN LENOX.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Must we tell you to see this? Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in a grand story, well directed.*

★ **THE GUARDSMAN.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. As intoxicating a show as the ships have ever afforded. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne prove delightful. If you like wit, satire, and polished acting, this is your picture.*


★ **THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Helen Hayes puts over this self-sacrifice mother love drama with her marvelous acting.*

★ **THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME.** Universal. Dedicated to the late Knute Rockne, this film delivers thrills and action from the real Notre Dame team. With Lew Ayres, J. Farrell McDonald and William Bakewell.*

★ **THE UNHOLY GARDEN.** United Artists. Ronald Colman does the Modern Robin Hood thing—but in Colman's inimitable manner. Lots of speed and excitement. Estelle Taylor and Pay Wray for paltritude.

READ OUR RELIABLE REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT CROP OF FILMS

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD. First National. Joe E. Brown as a shy college student who makes the track team through the persistent efforts of cute Dorothy Lee. Good comedy.*

PENROD AND SAMP. First National. Leon Ames and Nancy Coleman are funny in this well-made film based on the Booth Tarkington stories. Make the kids take you.*

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE. Fox. One of the better Westerns, with George O'Brien. Bad men, pure women, a handsome hero, barking Cohn, and beautiful scenery.

ROAD TO SINGAPORE. Warner Brothers. Love in the tropics. William Powell is good as the ladies' man. Doris Kenyon and Marlan Marsh are the feminine influences.

SHANGHAI LOVE. Columbia. A melodrama of the sea with romance by Sally Blane and Richard Cromwell. Noah Beery is the menace.

SMART WOMAN. RKO. How a wife out-smarts a blonde gold-digger and preserves happiness in her household. With Mary Astor, Robert Ames, John Halliday and MacDonald Carey. Nothing to get excited about.

SOB SISTER. Fox. Reporters—scops—gangsters—melodrama—love. Linda Watkins and James Dunn. And what more do you want?*

THE BELOVED BACHELOR. Paramount. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are excellent in a somewhat sugary but often amusing story.*

THE GAY DIPLOMAT. RKO. Politics, 1919, war and the hand-kissing Ivan Lebedeff surrounded by such beauties as Genevieve Tobin, Betty Compton and Elke Chase. Nothing to get excited about.


THE HURRICANE HORSEMAN. Wills Kent. A Western melodrama with a weak story but plenty of action supplied by Lane Chandler. Marie Quillian is the girl.

THE LOVER'S STORY. British International. A well-acted English Irish Sea island with "dat ole devil sea" as the background.

THE ROAD TO RENO. Paramount. An unconvincing tale of the divorce mill—amusing in spots. Buddy Rogers, Lilyan Tashman, William Boyd and Peggy Shannon make up a fine cast.*

24 HOURS. Paramount. The combined talents of Clive Brook, Kay Francis and Marlin Hopkms, in a story by Louis Bromfield, "Different."

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER. Tiffany. A so-so picture, notable chiefly for a splendid come-back by Clara Kimball Young. Marian Nixon and Maurice Murphy also do good work.

CLASS B:

EAST OF BORNEO. Universal. This will make your hair curl for the ceiling. Jungle thrills, frankly melodramatic, but exciting. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart are the leads.


HEARTBREAK. Fox. War and its effects on a young aviator and a beautiful countess played very nicely by Charles Parrell and Madge Evans. Don't expect too much.*

HOMICIDE SQUAD. Universal. Good acting by Leo Carrillo and Noah Beery lends some interesting moments to this rum-and-revenge melodrama.*

LEFTOVER LADIES. Tiffany. A sophisticated yarn by the author of "The Divorcée," with Claudia Dell and Walter Byron.*

LET SCREENLAND BE YOUR GUIDE TO BETTER SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT. PAY PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO OUR SEAL OF APPROVAL. SEE PAGE 103 FOR CAMPS OF CURRENT FILMS.
Jim's back! with a brand new LINE!

"BLONDE CRAZY"

with James CAGNEY

and JOAN BLONDPELL

NOEL FRANCIS

Here's Jimmy, in a red-hot laugh-riot!... He’s just crazy about blondes... Tall ones!—short ones!—fat ones!—They go to his head... They go to his heart... The blonder they come the harder he falls... And what a team Jimmy and Joan make!... Sizzling!... A love team loaded with laughs! Don't miss seeing our red-headed rascal put over his new line in "Blonde Crazy."

RAY MILLAND
Story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

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Hollywood Transformation
(We Don’t Believe It!)

B E F O R E

Once upon a time there was a little Swedish home-girl named Greta Gustafsson. And here, they tell us, is her picture, taken in 1922, when she was seventeen. Yes—the bathing girl.

A F T E R

And here, at the right, is Greta Garbo. The Hollywood influence has done its work. Mystery—lure—more mystery. And no more one-piece bathing suits, thank you!
IS THERE A SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes PRESENTS

"The AGE FOR LOVE"

FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S SENSATIONAL NOVEL

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BILLIE DOVE · CHARLES STARRETT
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EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

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**BEAUTY AND THE BEASTLY PLOT**

(First Prize Letter)

Most movies, of the talkie as well as the silent variety, have suffered from an overdevelopment of plot and a paucity of aesthetic effects. The plots of even the more sophisticated films are something to weep over, but the photography is usually excellent, and there are occasional flashes of artistic beauty. To name a concrete example, there is "Trans-Atlantic." The glimpse of the skyline of Manhattan through the porthole was in itself worth the price of the show. The various impressions of smokestacks, of turbines, of sea-washed decks—these constitute the real thrill of this picture.

What I am arguing for is more such impressionism in pictures, and less "plot." Surely the American film producers are not going to let the Germans and the Russians capture all the honors for artistic pictures!

Lawrence B. Fishbeck,
155 Park Street,
Gouverneur, N. Y.

"IF I WERE MOVIE KING"

(Second Prize Letter)

I'd let Greta Garbo choose her own stories and directors, just to see what would happen.

I'd produce "The Merry Widow," music and all, with Jeanette MacDonald in the leading rôle.

I'd cast Myrna Loy as Madame Storey, the lady sleuth, in some of those extremely interesting stories by Hulbert Footner.

I'd produce some of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod stories.

I'd bestow upon Mr. John Gilbert a medal for being the only one to date who aroused a Baltimore movie audience to applause.

I'd produce "Ivanhoe" on a large scale.

Let's talk about the talkies!

and choose Mr. King Vidor as the director.

I'd probably go broke or be guillotined for even thinking the above.

Joseph H. Bohamion,
441 Augusta Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

HEAP GOOD MEDICINE

(Third Prize Letter)

When you buy a ticket to a talkie, you check your cares with the cashier. When you leave the theatre, it's your own fault if you reclaim them.

I have never failed to feel better after hearing and seeing a talking picture. If the film is a good one, the reason is obvious. Fine actors, a good story, excellent mounting and intelligent direction and photography create an illusion that makes for happiness and contentment even if it is only temporary. It opens up new lines of thought—it even eggs on dormant ambition.

On the other hand, a bad talkie accomplishes the same results as far as I am concerned—although by comparison rather than directly. To be able to recognize an inferior picture gives one something to fight inferiority, which is a necessary stimulant when things are not breaking so well for one.

Depression is largely mental—let a talkie, good or bad, talk you out of it.

Joseph A. Moran,
44-15 43rd Avenue,
Long Island City, New York.

WELCOME THE YOUNG IDEA!

(Fourth Prize Letter)

There has been much comment regarding the influx and "rapid" rise of a number of worthy young players, among them Sylvia Sydney, Peggy Shannon, and Joel McCrea. There are those who heartlessly divine the introduction of a new prospective star among the old favorites; and, although their protests are as futile as protest against the appearance of a new planet, they continue to condemn.

I am one of those who heartily commend the practice of giving opportunities to new and worthy people. Is it not better to give several people a short lease on almost perfect happiness, even if they do not become established stars, than to overwork old favorites and tarnish their brilliance with too much familiarity?

The old stars cannot endure forever; new ones must be prepared to take their places when the opportunity comes.

Kathleen McCarthy,
3846 Millbrae Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

**A RISING STAR**

In my opinion, one of the coming stars is Madge Evans, of whose recent performances in "Singing in the Rain" and "Guilty Hands" enough praise cannot be said. She is rapidly developing into a strong dra-

(Continued on page 102)
You whose children have food this Yuletide
Give unto those who are starving

Scent of holly in the air... a gay tree brimming with holiday blessings... perfume from the kitchen where a generous Christmas dinner is being readied by you and yours... and a mother, her happy, healthy children in her arms, looking out upon the serene night, in which celestial candles gleam and glitter. Home... sanctuary... gifts... food... protection.

During good times or bad, the average American home manages to approach the Yuletide season with joyful anticipation. And the sympathetic urge to help those who are less fortunate, is, always, a national characteristic.

But today... the need for "having a heart" is more tragic, more urgent, more terrifyingly necessary, than ever in the world's history. American children and children of many nations, are STARVING. As the facts accumulate, this situation might well cause us to shudder with horror... "Starving Children"... not a pleasant thought!

What a beautiful thing it will be for YOU, this Yuletide, to give, if but modestly, to these tiny sufferers to whom even a crust of dry bread will come as a blessing. "GOLDEN RULE WEEK" is a constructive opportunity in this direction. The long arm of its vast charity reaches out and finds these hungry youngsters... feeds them. You will do YOUR share, we know.

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Lincoln Building, 60 E. 42 St.
New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, kindly send me your booklet, "The Golden Rule, A. D. 1931," giving information and suggestions concerning Golden Rule Week.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE GOLDEN RULE WEEK
DECEMBER 13-20

THIS SPACE IS CONTRIBUTED BY
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
LUNCH!

Eat, drink and be chatty with the film folk

Where the film folk eat—a view of the Paramount Studio café in Hollywood. Look and you shall see — director René Moreau, Rose Hobart, Fredric March, Nancy Carroll, and others.

Are Regis Toohey and Phillips Holmes plotting a gag? Wonder if Eugene Palette is the victim? He can take it—but oh, how he can dish it out, boys!

LUNCH time at the Paramount studio is a friendly affair where the great and the near great hash things over while eating their hash. It’s all one big happy family! Clive Brook talks over his newest film with the film editor; George Bancroft discusses his current picture with a studio publicity man. No snobbery here—script girls, cameramen, directors, actors and writers exchange ideas over their coffee cups.

Pick out George Bancroft, Joel McCrea, and Frances Dee, left.

The lunchers here are Karl Strauss, cameraman, and Charles D. Brown, actor. At the other table, Jane Loring, film editor, and of course you recognize Clive Brook.
Robert Williams—Hail and Farewell!

Just as we go to press the sad news comes that Robert Williams, one of the most promising and popular stars on the screen, died in Los Angeles. We know that an appreciative public will want to read the paragraph about him which appears below, so we are not changing a word of it. He was an actor— and a gentleman!

Lucille C. Time has a habit of flitting along and Frankie Darrow has kept pace with Old Father Time, so we find Frankie growing up, as the best bed-time stories say. He was born Dec. 22, 1918—Frankie, not Father Time. Among his notable films were "Ki'i" in which he appeared as the newsboy with Norma Talmadge; and the boy in "So Big" with Colleen Moore. His greatest success was with Tom Tyler in Westerns. I haven't a record of any recent films in which he appears.

Miss Mary J. My assortment of tall picture actresses is short, but how will Jetta Goudal do at 5 feet 7 inches, to start the ball rolling? (Would Jetta stoop to ball rolling, do you think?) Charlotte Greenwood has won fame and gets the laugh every time with her height and personality—plus. Alice Joyce and Gwen Lee are 5 feet 7 inches and are among the taller ladies of the screen. Elissa Landi is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has auburn hair and green eyes. Latest releases are "Body and Soul" with Chas. Farrell, "Always Goodbye" with Lewis Stone, "Wicked" with Victor McLaglen, and "The Yellow Ticket."

Kitty W. You'd like a few birthdays thrown in along with the ages of your favorites—just as you say. I'm the sure-short-shot on celebrities. June Deynour was born Oct. 6, 1907, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet tall, Robert Montgomery was born Mar. 21, 1906, has dark hair and blue eyes. Maurice Chevalier was born July 18, 1899, weighs 160 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall.

Nancy L. Grand Rapids, Mich., claims Phillips Holmes as her favorite son; Dothan, Alabama, became world-famous on the map through John Marsh Brown; and Olathe, Kansas, was discovered through Charles (Buddy) Rogers. Phillips was born July 22, 1909. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Lew Ayres was born Dec. 28, 1909, in Minneapolis, Minn. He weighs 155 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. His first film was "The Kiss" with Greta Garbo.

Winnie G. Sooner or later we always get our man or woman, as the case may be. In this case it was Rosalie Stewart, formerly of the Paramount studio editorial staff, whom you asked about. She has recently returned from Europe and announces she will resume stage producing. Miss Stewart's stage successes include "The Show Off" and "Craig's Wife."

Dennis K. F. I do not know that John Boles worked his way through the University of Texas by singing in choirs, weddings, and so on, but I do know that he taught French and music to earn his way through a course of voice training in New

(Continued on page 124)
She looks like just a sweet little girl in the picture above, doesn’t she? But Helen is much more than that. She is a great big dramatic actress in a petite and pretty package! “The Sin of Madelon Claudet” is Miss Hayes’ first motion picture, but you’d never think it. She displays the poise and power of a screen veteran. She is a great find for the films.

One of the most touching characterizations you have ever seen on the screen: Helen Hayes as the self-sacrificing mother, Madelon Claudet. She will wring your heart. A triumph of make-up? Yes. But make-up alone could never account for the pathos of this bent, worn figure. Helen Hayes is a superb trouper. All the futile misery of childless old age is expressed in this portrait of the woman who endured a living death that her boy might be “a great man.” It is a poignant portrayal.
The Greatest Performance of the Month is given by a Little Actress from Broadway, in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

If Helen Hayes were not herself a mother, could she have portrayed with such appeal the mother rôle in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet?" What do you think? How much is technique, how much feeling? There is an interesting question here. But whatever the answer, audiences are weeping, unashamed, at the scenes of Madelon's reunion with her baby—a big boy now! The youngster with Helen Hayes is a fine little trouper, and his naturalness lends reality to their tender scenes together.

In the middle years: Madelon Claudet, broken, bitter, but undaunted in her determination to educate her son, who believes his mother is dead. Helen Hayes rises to real heights in this, her very first work for the screen. Hollywood should sign up this splendid little actress—and Broadway had better bid one of its favorite daughters a fond farewell! Helen belongs to the movies now.
An Open Letter to Phillips Holmes

Dear Editor:

Speaking of Phil Holmes, I hope you are right in calling him "Tomorrow's Big Star." He has slews of fans behind him; but after having seen "Confessions of a Co-Ed" I begin to think that something is holding him back. "An American Tragedy" may contain wonderful acting, but a character like Clyde Griffiths does not make for popularity. We want our Phil heroic!

Another "Her Man" rôle would snap him right into the electrics. Won't you see what you can do?

Sincerely,

Betty Clement,
P. O. Box 56,
San Francisco, Cal.
DEAR PHIL:

There's something I want to talk over with you. And since you are working in a Hollywood studio, and I am sitting at a desk in New York, this is the only way we can get together right now. And it seems pretty important to me to deliver this message to you without further delay.

Here it is:

Be a hero!

Whether you like it or not, I'm going to talk about you—right out in print, too. So stop blushing and pay attention. First, look for the letter printed elsewhere on these pages. Read it carefully. Because this letter started it all. And it was followed by other letters—until the file marked "Mail from Fans" in my office was full. When that happens, I know that something is stirring in that large body of watchers you call your Public. When that happens, we have to get busy. Where do you come in? Well, a lot of those letters were about you, and the burden of their song was—"Be heroic!"

I know what you are going to say. "Who wants to be a so-and-so hero? It isn't done any more. Look at Gable—look at Beery—look at Bancroft."

Yes, Phil; I'm looking. And then I look at you—and I say, "Betty C. is right. All the rest of them are right. You are cast for heroes—play 'em!"

Whether you like it or not, you are somewhat unique, my boy, among movie actors. You are more, if I may say so, the poet type. You're not a jolly old murderer—not the type, Phil, not the type. Your audience knew perfectly well while watching you attend to Roberta's drowning in "An American Tragedy" that the whole business was a little out of your line. The Holmeses just don't in for that sort of thing. You can't be cussed. It isn't in you.

No—you can't go on being a Clyde Griffiths all your life, Phil. Ah, now you're mad. Wait a minute. I know I'm stepping on your actor's toes when I say "You're not the type," I'm not denying you're a good actor. I know you are—I saw "The Devil's Holiday." But you can't make a Dr. Crispin out of a Sir Galahad and it's a waste of time to try, to say nothing of a waste of great box-office material. You have much the same charm as the late beloved Wally Reid. But playing murderers won't help you at the box-office.

"Her Man"? That was different. In that you were a fighter, granted—but you fought for an ideal, in the person of pretty blonde Helen Twelvetrees. When I say you're the poet type I'm not being insulting. I merely mean that you are capable of achieving rather lofty heights and that your screen portrayals, unsympathetic as they have been, can't help revealing this quality—although never for a minute denying that you have feet of clay. Feet of clay are pretty important to a screen hero—and I don't care if Will Hays does hear me. Let's have that happy medium. It's rare, but you can reach it.

I haven't seen your latest, "The Man I Killed," which Lubitsch directed, and in which you and Nancy Carroll are featured with Lionel Barrymore. But I have seen the pictures of you taken in the rôle, and you don't look happy. You look downright miserable. I am reproducing one of those pictures on this page to give your friends an advance indication of how many hankies to bring along. I don't doubt that you will give a grand performance. But do you always have to suffer like that?

Look here, Phil—can't you do something about it? You've had your taste of tragedy on the screen. You've proven your worth as a rather remarkable young actor. Only twenty-three—and already you have played a murderer, a weakling, and a cad—not a bad record. Won't you be satisfied now? You can safely play a long string of pretty good boys, please your public, pack the theatres, and still look ahead to a lifetime of mean parts—if you still want to play them, which I doubt.

As a matter of fact, you weren't very happy playing Clyde Griffiths, were you? Of course, "An American Tragedy" is rated a "big" picture, an important picture. But those letters—the spontaneous expression of opinion from the people who paid to see you—beg you not to play a part like that again. It seems practically unanimous, Phil.

Will you see what you can do? Why don't you come to the studio early some morning and take a few lessons in mimicry from Mitzi Green, and then surprise the directors by out-grinning Jack Oakie? Or ask Buddy for instructions on the sax, practice in your dressing room, and when they beg you to stop, hold out for the next pleasant part that comes along? Even George Arliss unbends now and then and plays a comedy scene with James Cagney. Gloria Swanson has played farce—and Garbo in "Susan Lenox" does a comedy bit with a fish.

Don't be proud. Come right out and ask Professor Paramount to put you in the hero class—and no time like the present, when the Gable Menace is raging, and a hero of the good, old, courtly school would be a novelty. Anyway, try it, won't you, Phil? And you will please not only Betty C., but

D. E.
He's not afraid of Garbo! Or anybody—or anything. Clark Gable is in a class by himself. A big kid playing with fireworks. Gray eyes that pierce like shrapnel. Six feet one and all muscle. Weighs almost two hundred pounds in the bathtub. Smokes a pipe and needs a new one. Don't miss the chummy close-up of Clark in the story on the opposite page.
Menacin' Man! Read this Intimate Pen Picture of your Big Boy Friend


Wants to quit work while young and travel. Likes the smell of earth and stables. Hates wing collars. And patent leather shoes. Never wears button-aires. Pennsylvania-Dutch extraction. First job in Akron rubber factory.

Golfs and swims. Wears old sweaters and flannel trousers when not working. Smokes a pipe and needs a new one. Quits a $12.00-a-day job in the Oklahoma oil fields to go on the stage at $10 a week. Born lazy and admits it. Six feet one and all muscle. Weighs almost two hundred pounds in the bathtub. Drives his own.


Likes to write left-handed but isn't. Has a salad named after him already—avocado, lettuce, grapefruit and cottage cheese. Girls in Hollywood aflutter when he passes. What would they do in Ypsilanti?

"How'm I doing?" his favorite greeting. Juciers swap slugs with him. Hides behind the set when powdering his make-up.

By Ralph Wheeler

Used to be an extra in Hollywood and almost starved. Has no high-hat illusions. Stock companies put him on his feet. Came into pictures backward. As a villain. Can't stand suspenders.

Flops as a bridge partner. Smokes brown-papered cigarettes. Wears low-cut black shoes. Thinks Wally Beery a great pal. What a team of tea danseant gogo-llos they'd make! Enjies fellows who don't work for a living. Shaves himself with a straight razor and always nicks his chin. Never gambles but likes to watch the ponies run. Hasn't gotten over blushing. Ears stuck out like palm fans when he was a kid. Looks upon hero worship with misgivings. Hates ice cream in malted milks. Walks as though about to break into a run. Were the cops ever after him?

Seldom wears a necktie. Hasn't forgotten how to press pants under the mattress. Loves to hunt but hates to shoot deer. Throws newspapers all over the floor Sunday mornings. Sees all the new movies. Had a stepmother he adored.

A good sailor. Dangles one leg over the other when he sits down. Enjoys beef stews steeped in garlic. Mickey Mouse his pet comic. Can't stand dripping faucets. Or flapping window shades. Hates to write letters. Who doesn't?


Likes animals, peanuts, thunderstorms, roomy shoes, nine-course meals, and having nothing much to do. Has good taste in shirts, but thinks you're kidding him when you mention it. Seldom reads Kant, Dostoiefsky or Schopenhauer. Always borrowing matches, but has never been known to return any. Would like a million dollars. Here's luck!
A beautiful blonde, a handsome man, a dreamy tango—and a lot of cameras and lights and assistant directors and things! Just friendly co-stars, these two.

Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon are reunited in "Her Majesty, Love"—for screen purposes.

The
Lost Loves of Hollywood

"Can't we be friends?" The answer is "Yes"—sometimes

WHERE are they now, those lost loves of Hollywood?

Can't you see their ghosts haunting the studios and the dressing-rooms and the swimming pools and the Brown Derby and the Embassy? Hollywood is full of ghosts—the ghosts of little lost loves.

But somehow, in Hollywood, there's nothing sad about it. These lost loves are gay ghosts, merry and bright and playful. They do not mourn. When they meet in passing it is with a swift "Saluté!" and off they go, whistling "Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries."

In fact, Hollywood is the one place under the sun and the stars and the moon—mustn't forget the moon—where
lost loves may meet and greet and answer the question, raised last season or so by an inquisitive lyric writer, "Can't we be friends?" in the affirmative. Friends? Well, rather! Buddies, pals, no less.

Hollywood, you see, in spite of the stories you may have read and heard, is really the cleanest, sanest, most wholesome place you can find. There's the sun. There's the broad, pure Pacific. There're the beautiful beaches. There's good fellowship and there's good humor, and there are a million swimming pools. It's 100 per cent clean. There can be no bearing of old grudges, no hanging on to old loves, no mooning over "Maybes" and "Almosts" and "Might-Have-Beens" in this Hollywood.

It's nice, that's what it is. Ex-husbands and ex-wives meet again and make up and are friends. Ex-fiancées encounter present fiancées at parties and extend hearty congratulations. And the great romances of yesterday become, pretty often, the honest friendships of today.

You're going to see some of those lost loves re-enacted on the screen soon if present plans carry through. And will it be thrilling! Listen: Garbo and Gilbert may meet again— in "Grand Hotel." The glamorous Greta may once more beguile the handsome John—Greta playing the famous, bored ballet dancer of the great continental play, and Jack—ah, what a dashing fig-

Ah! What wouldn't audiences give to see Garbo and Gilbert playing scenes like this again? They'd give their good admission money, that's what they'd give!

Remember the hectic love scenes of Gary and Lupe? Those days are gone forever, say the two principals. But can't they be friends?

ure Jack will cut as the gay Baron, who conquers a lady's heart—and purloins her pearls. Whether Greta can look like Pavlova is something else. Can she dance? She is supposed to be learning for "Mata Hari," her present picture; so we may see her pirouetting on her toes in "Grand Hotel." But such things matter little against the overwhelming fact that Garbo and Gilbert may be reunited—if only for a film. I'll be there,—won't you?

Even if John's words once whispered seriously into Greta's ear are repeated at a director's business-like orders, there will be romance on that set. There will be the pleasant ghost of yesterday's great love, Hollywood's hottest grande passion, hovering over the lovers in a "Bless you my children" attitude. Won't it be fun?

And take another case. When you see "Her Majesty, Love," you will witness the reunion of dainty Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon. You know Marilyn and Ben were very nearly wed, once. It was a real romance, Marilyn had married and divorced Jack Pickford. It may be that the unhappy ending of that romance made Marilyn altar-shy. At any rate, though she and Ben were supremely happy when together, they did not marry. Ben was so fond of Marilyn that he used to keep a framed little-girl picture of her always with him. And it was no secret that Ben was "Babe" Miller's idea of a man to love. But—it wasn't to be. It never happened. Ben and "Babe" went separate ways, Ben to marry the real love of his life, Bebe Daniels. Marilyn to dance and sing and smile through Broadway triumphs and Hollywood pictures. And to be seen with one personable young man or another: Michael Farmer—the same "Mike" who may yet be Mr. Gloria Swanson the Fourth: a society scion; and, lately, Don. (Continued on page 116)
The GIRL who Refused to go into PICTURES

By Brian Herbert

She’s Faye Hanlin—and she prefers hair waves to sound waves

BEAUTY is not all that is needed to get into the movies. Opportunity, or “a break” as they call it in Hollywood, is also an important factor.

But what would you think of a beautiful girl who had plenty of opportunities (plural) and turned them all down, preferring to remain a hair-dresser?

Believe it or not, it’s true. Faye Hanlin has worked for Warner-First National Studios for three years, during which time she has planned and carried out coiffures for any number of eminent feminine heads. She really enjoys her job. She is interested in the different people she works with, not because they are great stars but because they are absorbing subjects for her work.

Just recently she was assigned to Marilyn Miller during the production of the latter’s latest picture, “Her Majesty, Love.”

Miss Miller was entranced with her.

“I don’t see why a girl of your beauty doesn’t get out and get work as an actress,” the star said, “With your connections in the studio you should find it easy.”

What Marilyn Miller didn’t know when she said that was that Faye has been hearing the same thing for three years!

Directors and stars have not only suggested it to her, but they have even urged her to take certain bits and parts in pictures which they were making. They offered to coach her and help her in getting further work. But Faye has merely laughed it all off.

“There must be something wrong with me,” Faye confided. “I have never had the desire to act—to go on the stage or the screen. So many people will not believe me when I say that. It is the general opinion that every girl is born with the desire to act. I don’t doubt that it is largely true; but as far as I am concerned, it isn’t.”

This young girl has a very level head. She knows the whys and wherefores of every one of her likes and dislikes.

As there is no use tempting her with the thrills of a thespian’s career, many have tried to convince her on the grounds that as an actress her income would be so much higher...
Confessions of a Lonely Hollywoodian

News! Screen star really writes a piece! And it's good, too

By David Manners

This business of being an actor is, in most respects, no whit different from being a worker in any other trade, as far as the regular course of life is concerned. We have the usual trials and tribulations which only sound different and perhaps more glamorous when newspaper and magazine writers enhance them with a romantic glow of words.

The only difference in our more personal lives is the faculty of using the tricks of our trade—unconsciously, of course, because it has become a habit—in vesting ourselves with different personality in order to escape the reality of the one which brought us pain.

It is a matter of standing off at a distance from oneself and making oneself act differently by manipulating invisible puppet strings. It is emancipation of a sort—a detachment that works for a certain length of time until one becomes conscious that one is acting a part.

Of course, it takes certain hard knocks in life to make one act this way—as it did me. The outcome of my not too fortunate marriage left me with a puzzled wonder at the meaning of one word and what it meant in life. That word was "Freedom."

We have all heard people talk about the glory of freedom: freedom from responsibilities, obligations, conventions, love, or what have you. We have heard the self-sufficient person lauded. We have even said to ourselves: "If I could be like Jim or Betty, so happy-go-lucky, so free from ties—then what fun life would be!"

We have fallen in love, suffered, and sworn never to be dependent on others for affection or inspiration. We feel we must, at all costs, be free and independent human beings and lead our own lives. We must assert our individuality!

And now it's time for me to laugh—even if the joke is on me.

You see, I was one of those (Continued on page 111)
Clark Gable in his Greatest Rôle So Far! Joan is More Stunning Than Ever

As if to fortify her courage, she kept telling herself that she would never regret the step she had taken. Yet, she stood at the door several minutes before placing her finger on the bell.

Marian Martin’s trip to New York was something she had been planning for a long time, but her coming here was fantastic, indeed. She wondered if he would remember her. It had all happened so suddenly—the train pulling in at the Erie station as she stood waiting to cross the tracks. Then the perfectly strange man leaning over the observation car to hand her a cocktail!

She recalled how easy it had been to talk to him. What was it he had said that precipitated her decision to go away? It was something about her standing there looking in, when she ought to be in looking out. No, she could not possibly regret anything. No matter what happened in New York, it could not be worse than what she would have had at home. There she would have continued to work in the box factory, or she would have struggled for the rest of her life as the wife of a laborer. She was nothing; she had refused Al—and his five dollar a month wage.

As she waited for the door to be opened, she gulped that she had decided, that behind everything that was sordid and ugly, this was going to begin a new kind of existence. The door would just have to help her.

A butler showed her into the living room where Wally Stuart sat, a deciding gown, mixing him a drink. He stood up and looked at her blankly.

“You told me to keep it up in case I came to New York,” she explained simply.

“I told you,” he replied, “I never saw you before in my life. Besides, I’m very busy!”

“I can wait,” she said with determination, taking off her hat and sitting down on the sofa.

As the hat came off, Wally remembered.
The First Screen Smash for the New Year, with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable!

Thrilling Fiction of a Big Picture—Rich in Drama and Romance

“I know!” he exclaimed. “You’re the girl that came out of a paper box.”

“And threw the box away,” she added.

“Now look here, I’m awfully busy. Suppose you run along now and give me a ring tomorrow. We’ll have lunch or something.”

“I—I don’t know where to go.”

“Do you mean to sit there calmly and tell me you’ve come to New York to throw yourself on my defenseless bosom?”

“I just thought you’d advise me,” she said unruffled.

“What do most girls do when they come to New York?”

“Listen to me! There’s only one way a girl like you can get on in this town, and that’s for a man—a rich man—to help her. But you’ve got to keep a cool head. When you meet a man, don’t look into his eyes. Take a peek at his pocketbook.”

“How do I find men like that?” Marian asked innocently. But Wally Stuart refused to unbend further.

“That’s your affair. I’m not going to do anything to help you, and I’m not going to introduce you to my friends.”

As she pulled on her beret, Wally was touched with her obvious effort to appear brave, but he turned away quickly so that he should do nothing foolish. She was a strange type, and he did not know exactly how to treat her. It was best not to tie himself down to any promises. Therefore, he let her understand that the interview was now at an end—and that he could give her no further assistance.

She walked forlornly to the door.

“Thanks, anyway,” she said. “I’ll remember everything you told me.”

Near the elevator two distinguished looking men swept by her and rang Wally’s door bell. It took Marian only a moment to decide what she should do. Perhaps she
A new Marian—now known as "Mrs. Moreland"—lovely, poised, gorgeously gowned and jewelled, has captured Mark Whitney's heart completely. But the world does not judge their love by their own standards. Marian is humiliated by the parallel between herself and a dizzy blonde.

"POSSessed"

is adapted from the play, "The Mirage," by Edgar Selwyn. Treatment and dialogue by Lenore Coffee. Fictionized for SCREENLAND by Eve Bernstein. Directed by Clarence Brown with the following cast:

Marian Martin ............ Joan Crawford
Mark Whitney .............. Clark Gable
Al Manning ................ Wallace Ford
Wally ...................... Skeets Gallagher
Travers .................... Frank Conroy
Vernice .................... Marjorie White

"I wouldn't have had you hurt for anything in the world," said Mark. "But what is the difference between that girl and me?" answered Marian. "I feel as if I were walking on the edge of a precipice."

had done a rash thing in coming to New York, but since she was there, she was going to make the best of every opportunity. When the men had disappeared, she stuck her hat in her pocket and returned to the apartment.

"Oh, Mr. Stuart," she lied glibly as she pushed past the disapproving butler, "I think I lost my hat."

Not at all perturbed because the handsomer of the two strangers pulled her cap out of her own pocket and handed it to her, Marian thanked him profusely and suggested that Wally introduce her.

It was a new experience for Wally. He was a little annoyed with the promptness with which she had put his advice into practice, but at the same time he could not help admiring the sincerity and simplicity with which she went about the business of "getting on in New York."

In five minutes she had found out that of the two men Mark Whitney was the more desirable. That was Mark's fault, for he himself admitted that he was rich and unmarried. In half an hour
When Al Manning came to New York Marian was glad to see him and help him. But Al soon made it clear that he wanted to marry her—and that he had told Mark Whitney so!

she and Whitney were leaving Wally’s place—for some quiet restaurant where they could dine. And that dinner decided her future—and Mark Whitney’s.

* * *

Mark Whitney looked at his watch and hurried out of the house. Once in the car, he settled back in the soft cushions and smiled. Things were working out nicely after all. He had made a million at law. Now those other fields he wanted to conquer did not seem so far away. Even Wally wondered what his new friendships meant. Would he be the power behind the political throne or someone more active?

Now that he thought of Wally, he recalled their conversation of the afternoon. Why the devil did Wally have to mix into his affair with Marian? It was none of his business if he chose not to marry her. On second thought, however, Wally was really quite harmless about it all. Still, it made him wonder if he was doing the right thing, and he didn’t like to think about it. He and Marian had had three wonderful years together. Why take the chance of losing their happiness? He could still see the glaring headlines that ended his previous marriage:

“Millionaire lawyer discovers love nest.”

He was glad when the car pulled up in front of Marian’s apartment so that he should not have to think any more about it.

A few moments later, standing beside her at the dressing table, he was helping Marian to adjust her ear rings.

“We bought these in Monte Carlo on our first anniversary,” he reminisced. “You lost one that same night in the Casino—”

“And you had a new one made for me the next day,” she added.

He opened a box on the French dressing table and took from it a flashing solitaire.

“And this we bought in Vienna on our

“I should have said this to you before, Marian—will you marry me?” “I’m going to marry Al Manning,” she answered.
second anniversary," he continued, slipping the ring on her finger.

"Remember the pearls?" she asked taking them from the case.

"Our third. And let's not forget this." He held up a diamond wedding ring between two fingers.

"That we bought on the day you decided I should be called Mrs. Moreland," Marian supplied.

"In order to make your position more... pleasant," Whitney added, "Regrets?"

She drew him down to her and kissed him.

"I left school when I was twelve. I never learned to spell regret."

"You darling!"

His lips sought hers again, and his arms encircled her waist. She clung to him passionately, as though they were together for the last time. He kissed her again and again, and her lips responded to his caresses eagerly, warmly.

"I'll keep saying this forever," he said. "I love you—love you."

At Mark's house later, "Mrs. Moreland" shone. Since that first year Marian had always arranged Mark's dinner parties. She had learned quickly to select everything that was in the finest taste. She was a charming hostess and a splendid entertainer. Guests always waited for her songs, which she could sing, charmingly, in several languages.

It was toward the end of the evening that something happened to spoil everything for her. A friend of Mark's, the same friend he had been with that first day he met Marian, called up to say he had just arrived in town with his wife. Mark, delighted, asked them to come. Marian went upstairs to subdue her make-up and remove some of her jewels. She had heard that Travers' wife came of a fine family, and wanted to be dressed as she pictured her to be.

Soon Travers arrived, but with him was a strange woman, an obviously cheap type, with exaggerated make-up and too many jewels. Mark could not conceal his surprise.

"I thought you were bringing your wife," he said.

"What, bring my wife here?"

Mark was ready to say something, but Marian put a restraining hand on his arm. She led the girl away to introduce her to the guests, and listen to her insane chatter. In the meantime Mark took Travers to task.

"Where on earth did you pick up that cheap little tramp? With a wife like yours, I can't understand."

"When you're fed squat on toast every day," Travers elucidated, "corned beef and cabbage isn't so bad."

"You had no business coming here with a woman like that!"

"Why not? You've got her here. Why shouldn't I? What's the difference between them?"

Suddenly Mark was conscious of some one at his...
side. He knew almost before he turned that it was Marian.

"If you weren't drunk," he said to Travers, "I'd wipe
the floor with you. You can apologize to Marian tomor-
row when you're sober."

When the guests had gone, Marian stood in the library
weeping.

"I wouldn't have had this happen to you for anything
in the world," Mark said, taking her tenderly in his arms.

"He was right," she answered. "What is the dif-
ference between us? That's
the sort of thing I've laid my-
self open to."

"My dear, there's some-
thing I want to say—"

"Oh, I know everything. Speech one—the beauty of
a relation like ours is that we are held by honor. Speech
two—the surest way to lose a woman is to marry her.
Speech three—even if you were married to me you
couldn't respect me more than you do. Oh, Mark!"

She clung to him almost frantically. "I'm frightened.
I feel as if I were walking on the edge of a precipice."

"I'm holding you. Marian, do you remember when
we were in Venice, and used to go to Floria's for
coffee? We used to feed the pigeons every day."

"Yes, why?"

"The same pigeons came there day after day and year
after year. None of them was chained!"

It was a long time since Marian had
seen anybody from home. When Al
Manning, the boy she would have
married if she had stayed in Erie,
suddenly made his appearance, she had
to admit to herself she was glad to see
him. She let him talk on about the big
things he was going to do, happy for
him that he had pulled himself out of
the rut at the factory. He had come
to New York to get a big paving job.

During his visit with Marian, Whit-
ney arrived very inopportune. There
was nothing to do, of course, but pre-
tend his was just a friendly call. Al
was flattered and pleased to be able to
talk to a man of such power. Even in
Erie people had heard of Mark Whit-
ney. It occurred to Al that Whitney
could be influential in introducing him
to the man who would give out the
contract. It amused Marian to see
how aggressive Al had become in the
last few years. He lost no time in
mentioning the purpose of his visit in
New York and ask-
ing for an introduc-
tion to the man he
would have to see.
Whitney suggested
that they talk it over
at his office. He felt
that he ought to help
the boy if he was an
old friend of Mari-
an's.

After Mark left,
Al made Marian
promise she would
go to Coney Island
with him the next
night. In the mean-
time he would keep
his appointment with
Whitney and have
much to tell her when
he saw her. There
was something else
he wanted to say—
and he came right to
the point.

"Do you like me
any better than you
did before?"

"It isn't a question
of liking—"

"Is it someone
else? You surely
(Cont. on page 109)
Emotions? Mae Clarke has them!

T HIS started out to be a story of the loves in Mae Clarke’s life. I had agreed if she would give me the story to let her see it before it went into print. The story written—and good, too—I gaily took it out to show her.

Mae opened the door, herself, clad in a pair of brown silk pajamas. “Come in,” she smiled, and then halted in dismay. The chairs in the living room were piled on tables, a vacuum cleaner whirred, and a maid on her hands and knees was waxing the floor.

In the dining room, another maid was at work. In the breakfast room, Mrs. Clarke sat sipping coffee and munching toast. Through the open door of a bedroom one could see furs and coats piled high on the bed. It was “house cleaning.” Yes, they have it even in the homes of movie stars. And it was ten o’clock in the morning.

Mae regarded me perplexedly. “Let’s sit out on the porch,” I suggested.

She scanned the story hurriedly and gazed off into space. A soft breeze whirled leaves around and caught up tendrils of her hair, impartially. But Mae said nothing.


“Cheap?” I echoed. “There’s nothing in that story to hurt you. Show it to your mother and see what she thinks.”

“It isn’t a question of what she thinks. She’d probably agree with you. I know there’s nothing in it that will hurt me—as far as the public goes. But can’t you understand that it’s like having all the sacred, private, intimate little feelings and emotions—all the things you’ve guarded and kept to yourself all your life—your whole lifetime—crammed into nine pages of manuscript and set out for everyone to gaze at—and snicker, if they want to?”

And that’s why you’ll never read the story of the men in Mae Clarke’s life.

She is one of the most curious composites of human emotions I have ever met.

She has a keen sense of humor and, no matter how serious the problem she is discussing, she discusses it facetiously for fear she’ll be laughed at if she lets you see she’s in earnest about it.

She’s moody as the devil (Continued on page 113)
The best story ever written about two boys who just happen to be movie stars

Two Bad Boys!

By Weldon Melick

The Paramount ranch is a plot of ground in the calorific San Fernando valley thirty miles from Hollywood, where picture companies go to shoot sequences they can't take on the studio stages. For instance, if you wanted to make a sound version of Dante's "Inferno" you would undoubtedly do it at the Paramount ranch—you'd never find a more authentic locale—barring the contingency of renting the historic spot itself.

I spent several midsummer days in "Hollywood," as I shall politely designate the Lasky suburb, listening to the cows squeak as they gave powdered milk, and watching the "Huckleberry Finn" company take their raft scenes on a tiny lake which was the one incongruity in this stygian restoration.

Upon that refreshing pool were fastened the covetous eyes of Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin after the sport of taking the blindfold test had pall'd on them—both boys being absolutely unable to distinguish between an electric fan and a blowtorch.

They simmered pathetically on the platform built for the cameras over the edge of the pond. Six times in the last half hour they had been ordered to stand by—six times they were told that their dramatic services would be required "in five minutes." While others floated lazily in the cooling depths, Jackie and Junior had to keep their hair dry for the scenes that were to be taken.

"Please insult us, Mr. Taurog," they pleaded, "tell us to 'go jump in the lake.' Our hair would dry in no time—this sun would singe it before you were ready for us."

The director reluctantly shook his head. "Not now, boys. We're already behind shooting schedule, and I'll need you in just a few shakes—as soon as we get the cameras set up."

Coogan and Durkin, alias Sawyer and Finn, sadly eyed the forbidden blue. Then they looked imploringly back at the grips, assistant cameramen and electricians, who were ordinarily as willing for horseplay as the boys themselves. But after the director's mandate, not one of them would presume to lend a friendly little push.

Thoroughly disheartened, Tom and Huck moved back on the temporary pier and went into conference. They were enticingly close to the edge again, wearing grins and B. V. D.'s when, a few minutes later, a grip reached for his cigarettes and found them in a pocket full of ice water—and a piercing shriek from the script girl announced the discovery of a fish in her vanity case.

Even these strokes of strategy failed to evoke the desired shove. The swimming situation began to look more and more hopeless—until one of the cameras went on the blink, occasioning an hour's... (Continued on page 105)
Made-To-Order Reputations

No matter what actors are really like, they're stuck with their studio stories

By

Ben Maddox

"Gentle as a dove," the traditional story says of Nancy Carroll. Fair enough—but when Nancy starts working on the set it's nice to have something handy to duck behind, just in case!

BROWNING once remarked, "It is good to see one's name in print."

That's what every movie star thinks, too. But oh, the publicity pains!

When starting out on a career, any line which distinguishes from the crowd is welcome. For an actor, someone else usually thinks of the snappy tag. Actors love to let George do it.

Labelled as a thus-and-so by press agent or studio publicity department, you thrive on it for awhile. Of course, it's a bit surprising when a total stranger comments familiarly on odd failings or virtues. These for-benefit-of-the-press abilities never seem quite an integral part!

Whether your Hollywood life is henceforth made miserable by your useless attempts to live down your manufactured reputation, or a path of roses because you don't have to live up to the gag, depends entirely upon the story you've picked. Be wary at the choosing, for all your subsequent talk cannot change the public's mind. A good story is believed for ever and a day, regardless of the facts.

Personal idiosyncrasies are the pet choices for high-powered embellishment. Inviegled into emphasizing (for the press) a natural attitude beyond all sensible propor-

You can't tell anyone Bill Powell isn't an impeccable dresser. Now that that's established, Bill wears any old thing, any old time—and it makes no difference!
Jean Harlow is the well-known "sex menace" of the films. What though she actually is rather sedate off-screen? That's the story, and it sticks to her!

her own battles without much advice should have seen her take care of herself when she was in a New York chorus!
Can Charles Rogers live down his "Sweet Buddy" handle? Paramount is mighty sure that they overlooked his collegiate Phi Psi connection and made him such a paragon. None of his fraternity brothers emerged as innocent as they once claimed Charles to be.
Silent Gary Cooper is the great open-spaced man who crabs when he's recognized or asked to talk about himself. Yet last Spring when he was in the hospital a neighboring girl patient found him very different from his publicity self. Because she showed no thrill at meeting him, Gary finally demanded to know if she realized who he was. She pretended never to have heard of him. Such astonishing treatment resulted in Gary's breaking down and telling his life story and all his troubles in detail. Too bad she wasn't a reporter, wasn't it?
Since everyone knows that William Powell is always impeccably groomed, he can go around in any old thing. Publicity poses of Lew Ayres invariably picture him as particularly well-groomed. Guests at a Sacramento hotel were shocked when he lounged around the lobby in bedroom slippers, baggy pants, and an unsuspecting shirt. In a week's stay he failed to appear once in a suit! Yet Jack Oakie, notorious for his sweat-shirts and sloppy array, can't make an impression with his smart wardrobe!
What a hardship it must be for El Brendel to preserve the public's illusions about him. He has never been in Sweden, and would not know what Garbo was talking about if she said "hello" in his supposedly native tongue. His dialect was evolved in vaudeville.
Once gentility is established, you can ride roller coasters, eat hot dogs. (Continued on page 114)
China Doll

Anna May Wong talks about love—listen!

By Gene Levant

A MING vase filled with the soft echoes of a Gershwin melody and, over all, the culture and sophistication of Mayfair—that’s Anna May Wong, she who shatters Kipling’s famous proclamation that East shall not meet West. But then, Mr. Kipling could not have foreseen that a laundryman’s daughter, at twenty-four, would become the toast of two continents and have been entertained by royalty. Will she use this power one day, and thereby write a new and happier ending to all the stories and plays that have featured the union of Orient and Occident? Or will she revert to the fatalism of the East and decide that, for her, love may not be fulfilled?

From a fascinating but more or less unsung girl who played exotic parts in the silent pictures, Anna May has conquered the camera coast all over again. It is not strange that Hollywood is intensely interested in all that she has accomplished, and will accomplish; for Hollywood, like a mother bird, watched Anna May grow up and leave home to try her wings in the outside world. Now, that world joins the film capital in wondering what she will do about love and marriage.

“I’ve never experienced the so-called Grand Passion yet,” she laughed, “so, of course, the problem can scarcely be said to have arrived. Unfortunately for some people, love can’t be turned off and on like a convenient radio. If it does happen to me I don’t think I’ll try to do anything about it. It’s such a gamble, love is, and so is a career. I gambled on a career, and so I’ll take a chance and gamble on love and marriage when the time comes.”

She is convinced, however, that love—the real sort—cannot be successfully mixed with a career.

“If I love a man, I want to be with him twenty-four hours of the day. That isn’t possible if I must give part of myself and my time to the stage or screen. I believe thoroughly in the idea of concentrating upon one single thing at a time. If I fall in love, then that will automatically end my career, and I’ll devote myself to being a wife.”

Just now, though, she (Continued on page 121)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Constance Cummings and Robert Young in "THE GUILTY GENERATION"
YOU'LL be seeing Jack Holt soon in a football picture, titled "Yellow." Richard Cromwell will play Jack's son.
HE IS Mr. Charles Rogers now! Watch for him in "Working Girl," with Paul Lukas, Judith Wood, Stuart Erwin, and Dorothy Hall.
THE screen fails to do her piquant beauty justice, so that Sylvia Sidney has won film fame strictly on her merits as an actress. And what an actress! She follows "Street Scene" with "Ladies of the Big House," with Gene Raymond as her leading man.
Lady in Black and White!

Lil Dagover, in her first American motion picture, "The Captain's Wife," will appear all in black, all in white, or in black and white! You see one of her interesting costumes pictured here—a dashing black velvet suit with a splashy big white bow, white cuffs, and a saucy, and smart, excuse for a hat.
Encore!

And here's Marilyn Miller, also in black and white. It's good!

Lovely in evening ensemble. The gown is white and the wrap black and white. Not the trickily cut dress of cut. And Miss Miller wears it with just the right touch of rather casual grandeur. These Hollywood girls can wear clothes—make no mistake about that!
LORETTA YOUNG knows that a charming frock must be enhanced by accessories—and perhaps the most important of these are—shoes. Here Loretta has chosen sandals of interlaced straps of black satin, edged in silver. Her bag is beaded, in black and white.

**CHOOSE YOUR SHOES WITH CARE!**

TO WEAR with her rough wool “town-and-country” coat, Ruth Hall selects shoes and bag of black suede, lizard-trimmed. Spanish tile is the coat’s color, and the fur is lynx.
FUR WITH A
SENSE OF HUMOR!

FUR can be fun this season! It is used in most amusing manner, far from the old sedate fur fashions. For instance, Peggy Shannon's brown coat has perky little inserts of ermine. And, of course, it's belted.

ILYAN TASHMAN, one of those "best-dressed women of the screen," selected this pancake hat trimmed with astrakhan to wear with a suit of gray covert cloth.
SOMETHING pretty fancy! Metal cloth is good again, and Peggy Shannon goes in for an ensemble of it. The three-tiered frock is clever, and the short jacket with its fur-trimmed scarf collar and puff sleeves is decidedly different.

KAY FRANCIS wears a chartreuse satin jacket that is almost completely concealed with platinum fox. This is one of the few heavily-furred evening wraps which would be just as becoming to a little, fluffy blonde as it is to the tall, statuesque, raven-haired Kay.
LILYAN TASHMAN wears them, and they boast a long-sleeved wrap and a divided skirt that is skilfully pleated. How about copying this costume? You could substitute your own idea for the elaborate jewelled belt that Lilyan is wearing.
THE NEW "NIKKI"

YOU might almost say that Fay Wray was the first, only, and original Nikki, for she was her husband's inspiration when he wrote his stories. And John Monk Saunders always wanted Fay to play his favorite heroine. But somehow or other Helen Chandler, not Fay Wray, played Nikki when the stories were filmed as "The Last Flight." Now both Mr. and Mrs. Saunders are happy, for the musical version of "Nikki" is playing on Broadway, with Fay Wray starring. She's a charming Nikki, is Fay. She says she loves the stage so much that she doesn't miss pictures. She is having a grand time being a Broadway star "in the flesh," not a movie. And she never looked lovelier!

OF course you remember Kent Douglass, the interesting actor who scored in "Waterloo Bridge" on the screen? Here he is, playing with Fay Wray in "Nikki" on the stage. He has resumed his own name of Douglass Montgomery, and he, too, prefers the stage to the screen. We hope both stars change their minds!
Welcome, Westerner!

We have had lots of letters asking us to pay some attention to the western pictures and their stars. So every month we'll present a leading actor of the outdoor drama, in recognition of the fact that there is a large public preferring westerns to almost any other screen entertainment. First, Lane Chandler. Remember Chandler in "The First Kiss" with Gary Cooper, and "Red Hair" with Clara Bow? Now he is the handsome breezy star of "The Hurricane Horseman" and other action films. Below, Lane with Marie Quillan, Eddie's sister, in a scene from his latest. He wears no make-up—he believes the boys of all ages who flock to see westerns like their heroes natural and human. And this hard-ridin', shootin' guy aims to please!
Leslie Howard scored in "Devotion" with Ann Harding, only to leave Hollywood for England. Hurry right back, Mr. Howard!
AFTER completing "The Cuban Love Song" opposite Lawrence Tibbett, gay little Lupe Velez sailed for a European vacation.
YOU'LL see Helen Chandler in "Heart and Hand"—the only girl in the picture! Read the story about her on the opposite page.
She's the only girl!

LIKE people who do silly things," admitted Helen Chandler. "They make me feel better, because I always seem to be doing the wrong thing myself somehow. And then I get bawled out by somebody, even though the practical thing is apt to be so stuffy!"

Remembering Miss Chandler's engaging portrayal of the delightful little Nikki in "The Last Flight," I had expected to find in the real Helen some of Nikki's appealing qualities. What I had hoped to encounter was a somewhat bemused, somewhat sad, somewhat gay young lady, demure yet unconventional, "nice" yet impertinent, and above all supremely off-hand about things.

And I was quite right — for that's Helen Chandler. Here is a face not easily fitted into any of the prevailing types of beauty. You wonder what the large blue eyes can be seeing with that far, far distant look; what adversaries the chin, almost absurdly defiant, is tilted against; what the irreverent mouth is getting ready to smile over. And, as she talks, you discover in her a pleasantly casual outlook that enables her to avoid the mistake of taking anything too seriously.

This was at tea during a visit to New York, and Helen Chandler, movie actress, chose the creamiest and plumpest of all the available pastries, biting into it with a cheerful disdain for all the dietary taboos ever heard of.

"I remember the terribly, terribly impressive opening of 'Outward Bound,'" she pursued. "It was my first important picture, and I got all dressed up swell, and sailed through the crowd and down the aisle like a real lady. Was it my fault if the theatre was hot, and I fell fast asleep fifteen minutes after the picture started? I don't go to openings any more — I sleep better at home."

"And then one time, when I started working in a lot of pictures and making money, I thought how nice it would be to become an investor, and have certificates, and be somebody. That was sensible, wasn't it? So I put everything I had into the Guarantee Building and Loan Company in Los Angeles, and some smart man in the company ran away with all of it and ten million other dollars. But the joke's on him — I still have the certificates!"

Somehow, as is apt to happen during interviews, we got around to the subject of Helen's home life in Hollywood with Cyril Hume, her author husband.

"We keep sort of to ourselves," said Helen. "You see, we both work pretty hard all day, and when night comes it seems like a good idea to renew our old acquaintance. Our house is up on a hill outside the town, so there aren't many neighbors dropping in. Cy and I like the other picture people, but we like each other better. Is that too fantastic, our not mingling with the crowd and still being in love with each other?"

When I assured her that it was, on the contrary, quite refreshing, she took heart, and presently I was being scolded for having appeared (Continued on page 116)
COLOR!

By Doris Denbo

DO YOU know that the zodiac has something to do with the reason you like or dislike certain colors—why you feel unhappy in some shades, exhilarated in others?

Just as you have given characteristics—good or bad—presented to you at birth, you have certain color vibrations and color influences in your life plan bestowed by the heavenly constellations.

At least according to Cheiro, the English astrologist, numerologist, and palmist, color is a definite science of vibration controlled by the zodiac. Each color has its own message to each individual.

Cheiro is now in Hollywood. He has written books on astrology, numerology and palmistry. He is known in Europe—and now the screen players go to him. Cheiro refuses to read for anyone for less than one hundred dollars, but he agreed to give me the color influence of the zodiac for SCREENLAND readers.

"Study the color chart according to your birth date," says Cheiro, "for happier and more successful results. Do not make the mistake of thinking that you will necessarily like the colors of your sign best. However, you will find when surrounding yourself with the right colors that you will attract more good things and get better reactions out of your human contacts. You will subconsciously feel better when the right colors predominate."

It would have been unfair to our readers to accept Cheiro's color chart without putting it to a fair test. So our earthly stars of stage and screen were queried to prove that the heavenly constellations don't lie.

The screen stars questioned had definite ideas on colors and their own reactions to them. Most of them, however, had no idea that their birth dates had anything to do with their emotional reactions to colors.

First we will give you the chart and then apply its statements to our friends of the screen and their color reactions.

CAPRICORN and AQUARIUS subjects, or those born from the 21st of December to the 20th of January, should wear dark gray, black, dark purple or dark blue.

(But suppose you don't happen to like them? Well—!)
What are your colors—and why? The stars tell you!

**SAGITTARIUS** or **PISCES** subjects, or those born from the 21st of November to the 20th of December, or from the 19th of February to the 20th of March, should wear some shade of mauve, violet, or purple, or some touch of these colors should always be with them, also in the rooms in which they live. All shades of blue, crimson and rose are also favorable to them, but more as secondary colors.

**LEO** subjects, or those born from the 21st of July to the 20th of August, should wear, as much as possible, all shades of dark and light brown, all shades of yellow or gold, also they may wear what are called “half-shades,” half tones or electric colors. Electric blues or grays seem to be their luckiest colors.

**CANCER** subjects, those born from the 21st of June to the 20th of July, may wear all shades of green from the darkest to the lightest, also cream and white, but as far as possible they should avoid all dark colors, especially black and purple.

**GEMINI** and **VIRGO**, or those born from the 21st of May to the 20th of June, or from the 21st of August to the 20th of September, should favor all shades of light gray, white and glistening materials. These people can wear all shades of colors without harm but they should wear dark colors as rarely as possible.

**TAURUS** and **LIBRA**, or those born from the 20th of April to the 20th of May, or from the 21st of September to the 20th of October, should favor all shades of blue, from the lightest to the darkest, also all shades of rose or pink, but they should distinctly avoid wearing black or dark purple.

**AIRES AND SCORPIO** subjects, those born from the 21st of March to the 19th of April, or from the 21st of October to the 20th of November should favor all tones of crimson or red, also rose tones and pink. Blue may also be worn by people under these signs.

In summing up color influences in the life of an individual Cheiro says, “It is as important for the individual to know what influence color plays in one’s life as it is to study what lines most become one in dress and what people make one happiest to have around.”

Ann Harding is a Cancer subject, and true to her sign she favors all shades of green. (Continued on page 107)
In spite of their faults—

Yes, yes—we love them just the same. Do you share your favorite screen star’s idiosyncrasy?

By James M. Fidler

Lilyan Tashman has a trick of swinging her slipper from the tips of her toes, as she sits talking. Harmless and even cute, if you’re as graceful and svelte as lissome Lil!

I was chatting with Neil Hamilton one recent day, when I noticed that the floor around his feet was littered with tiny scraps of paper and small paper balls. Neil became aware of my astonished gaze and grinned sheepishly.

“One of my worst faults,” he confessed, indicating the messy floor. “Any time I talk and have a paper in my hands, I tear off little corners, which I either chew or let fall to the floor. After a protracted conversation, I have a nice collection for the waste-paper basket.”

I laughed. “Don’t worry too much about that, Neil,” I advised him. “Most of us have little eccentricities we would like to be rid of. They are generally nervous peculiarities that are so trivial we don’t bother to banish them; rather, we humor ourselves by allowing them to persist.

“Lilyan Tashman told me the other day she has a trick of swinging her slippers from the tips of her toes, half off, as she sits talking. Because she does it thoughtlessly, she has on many occasions found herself among a group of strangers with a slipper dangling on her toes. Usually their amused stares arouse her to the fact that she is indulging her favorite idiosyncracy again.”

“That is interesting,” Neil commented. “Know of any other instances?”

“Scores of them,” I said. For the next half hour or more, Neil and I swapped anecdotes concerning the eccentricities of the motion picture stars.

Jimmy Gleason has a habit of lighting matches with his thumb nail and feels he could get along quite nicely if he could cure himself of it. Often pieces of phosphorus lodge beneath the nail with painful results, but even these burns have not ended a life-long custom.

If you have ever seen John Boles’ profile, you may have noticed that his nose is quite sharp at the end. Ever since he can remember, John has had a habit of pinching the point of that proboscis. He does it with a snippy little air that he began when he was a kid, using the thumb and forefinger.

Almost anyone can understand George Bancroft’s weakness. During telephone conversations he sketches figures on pieces of paper or other flat surfaces within reach. The failing has proved embarrassing when Bancroft has ruined costly table covers or fine wall paper with his artistic musings.

Wynne Gibson’s idiosyncrasy—slipping rings off and on her fingers—has also been costly. On several occasions, she has indulged her mannerism in the darkness of motion picture theaters and has dropped rings, which rolled to mysterious nooks beneath the rows of seats.

Any friend of George O’Brien has seen him throw out
his huge chest when he stands in a group of conversationists. George does it unconsciously, but because he is known to have a splendid physique, many have misunder-
stood the habit to be a prideful gesture on O'Brien's part.

Take the case of Eddie Quillan. Normally the co-
median believes in signs. But not when they read: WET
PAINT. Eddie an only admits that he has yet to pass
one of these warnings without gingerly applying a prying
finger to satisfy his curiosity. Most times, he reveals, the
signs are correct.

Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery profess the
same annoying fault—tapping on hard surfaces when con-
centrating. They are the best of friends, and recently,
when they attended a party at which guessing games were
played, they kept up such busy drumming with their
fingers and pencils that others were driven to near dis-
 traction until someone called attention to the disconcerting
noise.

Shy by nature. Bette Davis has an embarrassing habit
of rushing forward to greet guests in her home, shaking
hands effusively—then leaving them standing wherever
they happen to be. It is an eccentric fault Bette has tried
valiantly to overcome. She isn't intentionally rude; she
is unusually self-conscious and runs away to hide it.

Both Lois Wilson and Charlie Farrell have the habit of
running their hands through their hair. In Charlie's case,
the fault is minimized because his hair is naturally curly
and quickly falls back into place. But Miss Wilson is
usually tidy about her appearance and it embarrasses her
to discover she has disheveled her marcel. The fault
doesn't go well with her usual orderliness, at all.

Whenever he is engaged in serious conversation. Doug-
las Fairbanks, Jr., may be observed picking up tiny bits
of dust, paper or other debris on nearby table or desk
tops. If the specks are too tiny to be picked up, young
Doug will wet his forefinger with the tip of his tongue
and apply it to the spots, which generally stick to the damp
finger. If the conversation waxes earnest, Doug becomes
as busy as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger until
no single spot remains to be removed.

Clara Bow had an interesting habit, when in the midst
of serious problems, of placing the tip of her finger on
nearby smooth surfaces and tracing imaginary lines or
figures. Many broken nails have testified to the fact that
Clara sometimes picked surfaces not quite so smooth.

Before Edmund Lowe began wearing wrist-watches,
he habitually drew his chain and charm from his pocket
and swung them until the chain wrapped around his
finger, then he would rotate his hand in the opposite di-
rection until it unwrapped and re-wrapped again. Lowe,
on several occasions, absently swung the watch end of
the chain and numerous broken crystals or springs
made his eccentricity rather expensive.

By placing the tip of the tongue against the roof of
the mouth and forming a slight suction, then jerking
the tongue suddenly away, a popping sound may be produced.

That is one of Sue Carol's most annoying little faults.
Unconsciously, she will repeat the noise again and again
until it becomes as bothersome as a hydraulic hammer, if
not as rapid or loud.

"I wish you wouldn't handle that glass so carelessly,"
Neil said to me suddenly, while we were exchanging
eccentricity stories.

I placed the thin, expensive goblet carefully beyond
my reach.

"Dick Arlen and I admit the
same addiction," I explained.

"We thoughtlessly balance
glasses on edge and roll them
along flat surfaces. I have
broken lots of them and Arlen
tells me he has left a trail of
shattered glass miles long."

"Hereafter, when you and Dick visit my home, you'll drink
out of pewter cups," Neil com-
mented, removing the goblet still
further (Continued on page 119)

"Wet Paint" signs are an
invitation to Eddie Quillan,
who just has to find out for
himself if the signs are
correct. Usually, admits
Eddie, they are.
Garbo and Gable in "Susan Lenox."

**Susan Lenox**  
*Metro Goldwyn Mayer*

You don't have to be told to see "Garbo in the arms of Gable"—not if you are as smart as I think you are. Here's the most human and sympathetic picture Greta has had. Perhaps Gable has something to do with it—at any rate, the goddess goes modern, gets friendly—and the result is that "Susan Lenox" is more like a chummy evening at home with Greta than the prima donna's premiere. Garbo and Gable have some enchanting scenes together before the plot begins to rear its head and snort and paw the ground—before our Greta begins to suffer. Losing Clark, she follows him to the ends of the earth to win him back. Garbo pleading with a rough, uncouth Gable provides a dramatic smash. Gable's terrific punch dominates this picture—dominates even the star in some scenes.

Helen Hayes and Lewis Stone in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

**The Sin of Madelon Claudet**  
*Metro Goldwyn Mayer*

I saw this picture at a private screening for reviewers before it was released. I didn't expect much—except perhaps an interesting film début by Helen Hayes. Then the projection room went dark and the picture started. Before long I knew that something was going on here. When the lights went up after the final fade-out I never heard such a sniffing in all my life. Everybody, it seemed, had contracted a hard cold shortly after Helen Hayes had her first big scene with her son. Red eyes, chokes, and quavers—we were a fine lot of hard-boiled critics. All I can say is, take a lot of handkerchiefs. It's a melodrama of mother love—the old story of a maternal martyr's sacrifice for her son—nothing very new. But all poignantly real, beautifully performed. Recommended for the big cry of the season. Great cast. See our Honor Page for the rest.

The Spirit of Notre Dame

**Universal**

Here's a welcome change from all the hectic film fare of the month. It's a breezy, boisterous he-picture glorifying the great American pigeon. No torrid love scenes, no problems, no purple passages, no patter of little feet. Just good, clean, collegiate gridiron goings-on. Dedicated to the memory of Knute Rockne, it is a pretty good account of the football defeats and victories of Notre Dame. Of course, it has Lew Ayres. And Billy Bakewell. And the original Four Horsemen. Lewis is featured as a bad little boy who permits personal prejudice to interfere with the Game, but comes to his senses in time, and Lew is always believable. Bakewell turns in a corksire performance as Lew's rival. The girls? Where are they? They never will be missed. You can go with the whole family to see this one without blushing—or being too bored.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:  
MONKEY BUSINESS  
SUSAN LENOX  
DEVOTION  
THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME  
THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET  
NEW ADVENTURES OF WALLINGFORD

Turn to page 103 for casts of current films:
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND’S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

“Devotion” is a charming picture.

Devotion
RKO-Pathé

“Devotion” breaks all the rules. It has no story to speak of. It is as slight as a Sylvia patient. It wanders amicably along with nothing but grace to hold it together. And yet—it looks as if it will break some box-office records, too. Women love it. They adore Ann Harding, who has never been so gracious; they like Robert Williams a lot for his fresh and original charm; and they will find a new favorite in Leslie Howard, who, for the first time, is given a screen role worthy of his talents. It was a toss-up for the Honor Page this month between Leslie and Helen Hayes. Mr. Howard bowed out in favor of Helen. But here’s a special sprig of laurel for him right now. Ann is pursued by the two interesting gentlemen through this wholly delightful film—a triumph of charm over continuity.

New Adventures of Wallingford
Metro Goldwyn Mayer

So William Haines was slipping, was he? Well, if he was, he pulled himself up short when they gave him this assignment, because he is a bigger bet than ever now. Watch the crowds lining up to see him in person with this new picture, and you’ll agree that the boy is hitting his new stride. And what competition he is up against—Jimmy “Schnozzle” Durante, not to mention that splendid actor Ernest Torrence. Crooked but clean, these new adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. The boys are changed into legitimate business men before you know it. But let me tell you about Jimmy Durante. He has taking ways in this picture, appropriating everything from cars to checks; and he would have stolen the show from Haines if Bill hadn’t nailéd it down with his most engaging performance. Leila Hyams is the Girl, and she is prettier than ever.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Ann Harding in “Devotion”
Leslie Howard in “Devotion”
Clark Gable in “Susan Lenox”
Greta Garbo in “Susan Lenox”
Linda Watkins in “Sob Sister”
Robert Williams in “Devotion”
William Haines in “Wallingford”
James Durante in “Wallingford”
Joe E. Brown in “Local Boy Makes Good”
Helen Hayes in “The Sin of Madelon Claudet”

Monkey Business
Paramount

Even if you can’t tell Groucho from Harpo or Chico from Zeppo, you can enjoy “Monkey Business” without worrying, for the Four Marx Brothers are even more insanely scrambled than usual. United they stand, divided they fall all over each other, and the fan who tries to separate them might as well give up right now and laugh at all of them at once. “Monkey Business” isn’t quite as funny as “Animal Crackers” probably because—to me—there isn’t anything as funny as that—but it’s amusing enough. The outrageous quartette start as stowaways and work their way up to the first-class quarters, gradually outwitting a gang and eventually grabbing off several beautiful women. Groucho talks, Harpo honks, Chico plays the piano, and Zeppo—fooled you that time, Zeppo is the hero. Thelma Todd dances the tango with Groucho divinely!
Spend a hectic afternoon with Irene Purcell—it's no hardship

By Betty Boone

IRENE PURCELL'S calendar pad for the afternoon had two words written across it—"informal pictures."

Sounds simple and pleasant. Wear pretty clothes, look happy and smile, and remember to play up your best photographic angles. Then, after the camera has clicked a few times, dash off to a tea, perhaps, and to dinner with a nice person some nice place afterward!

Be prepared for disillusion. It's not that way at all. For every picture of a pretty actress found in a film magazine today there is a story of hard work and ingenuity that would do credit to the technique of a big game hunter.

The appointment was for two o'clock. When the photographer rang the bell of Irene Purcell's bungalow on the grounds of a Hollywood hotel, there was only a silence after the reverberations of the bell had passed.

She planked herself down in a wicker chair in a shady corner of the patio and observed to himself that there was probably something in this talk that a person could master the French language while waiting for appointments to be kept. Only, in his case, it could well be the Chinese language, which takes an enormous amount of hard study and application.

Not that film actresses are slackers about keeping appointments. But something is always happening to give their daily lives a "Royal Family of Broadway" hue.

Passing up all cultural advantages, the photographer was dozing when Irene arrived on the run, a strand of honey-colored hair blowing behind her where the wind through her open car had unloosed it from the soft little knot at the back of her neck.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to be late. Sidecar started things by drinking too much soapy water this morning—" She had the door open by now and was putting make-up on her face and calling to her maid for her bathing suit.

Sidecar, it developed, was not a motorcycle accessory, but a tiny cocker spaniel who adores lapping up soapy water when Irene takes her shower in the morning. Today he had imbibed too freely of his favorite drink. A little home treatment, however, had brought him to a point of health where by noon he was in condition to ransack the open refrigerator and gobble, with the aid of his brother, Mike, two pounds of meat.

Two very sick dogs were rushed to the doggie hospital, where Irene stood around anxiously while the stomach pump and unpleasant looking bottles were used in dealing with her pets.

The bathing suit, it developed, needed pressing. The (Continued on page 112)
Good Guy!

By Garret Fox

WALLY BEERY is big, good-natured, and loves adventure of any kind. All his life he's been adventuring—trying out new fields, new thrills. He started as a section laborer on a railroad when he was a great hulking lad of fifteen, then got a job in a circus and wound up as chief elephant trainer for Ringling's herd—largest in the world.

He tried his luck as a dancing comedian—and clicked. Then he played grotesque old ladies on the stage. He started his picture career playing a Swedish servant girl in a comedy—and now is a star with "The Big House," "The Secret Six," "Hell Divers" and other hits to his credit.

But though today he's a star, and one of the biggest box-office bets in show business, he's just the same Wally Beery that he was on the section gang, in the circus, or in those early comedy days.

He's had other jobs, too. He's been an electrician and carried a union card; he's been a director; he's been general manager of a studio; he's taken a movie company to Japan as an executive. He started with Henry W. Savage as a chorus man, and wound up as his featured comedian. So Wally Beery has seen a lot of life.

That's why Wally so understands life—and when you know his background you can understand the great love of humanity, the broad tolerance, and the vast sympathy for his fellow-man that is Beery's. These are the qualities that lead everybody at the studios, from the laborers to the biggest stars, to know him as "Wally."

He's eternally at play. Between pictures one may hear his bass voice booming in the publicity department or the commissary, in the script department or in the shops—always kidding.

He brings his fishing rods or guns to the shops at the M-G-M plant and repairs them himself. He is an expert machinist.

He goes about with his amateur movie camera filming this and that, experimenting mostly with color film. Color intrigues him. His proudest possession is a film he made of a beautiful pink rose—not because it was a rose and beautiful, but because it is one of the most nearly perfect pieces of color photography ever achieved.

Beery sniffs at stardom. He just wants to do a good job in any role. Hence the "good guys" who make him a favorite with audiences.

He loves to hunt, fish, film and fly. He gets in his big plane, flies to June Lake, catches a mess of trout and flies back—then distributes the trout to everybody at the studio as long as they last. As an aviator he is one of the best pilots in the country, and boasts the highest aviation license Uncle Sam can bestow—the full transport pilot's ticket. He has crossed the continent several times. He is a leader in the movement to encourage safe and sane flying among private owner pilots, for the good of the aviation game.

His home at Beverly Hills is a cross between an art gallery and an armory. He has rooms filled with rare stationary, paintings and objets d'art. He has other rooms filled with guns, with fishing tackle, outboard motors, aviation and navigation instruments. This is his own domain. He has rifles for hunting deer and bear in the Kyibab; shotguns for hunting fowl in the Sierras. He has trout rods and bass rods, tackle for every kind of fishing. Fishing and hunting are his greatest hobbies—outside of flying.

Rita Beery, his wife, doesn't like to fly with him—not that she doesn't think he's the safest pilot in the world, but because she likes to keep her feet on the ground. So Wally scouts about the studios and finds friends who will fly with him. He and Lewis Stone go hunting together every now and then.

"Brownie" and "Sister" are two of his greatest pals. They are setters, his hunting dogs, and love to fly to hunting grounds with him. In fact they're as enthusiastic about the plane as most dogs are about automobile rides. He calls them the only aviating bird dogs in the world.

And incidentally, Wally has a big swimming pool at his Beverly home, used principally so that the dogs can get daily swims to keep in trim for the duck-hunting season. Also he has a tame canary that sits on his shoulder or on his foot!

Wally's history is an odd one. When he was fifteen he left school and got a job on the railroad.

"I figured it out that if I stayed in school the rest of my life I'd never get out of the Fourth Grade," he remarked. "So I thought I might as well go to work. It's a funny thing—the other (Continued on page 124)
The Beauty of your Hair

Your charm, your health, your chic are reflected in your hair. How does yours look?

By Margery Wilson

When in doubt about your appearance, nine times out of ten it's your hair that needs help. It is so important! For it reflects YOU more clearly than anything else about you. Your health, your tidiness, your chic or lack of these three ladylike things show with indisputable finality in your hair.

The history of humanity's habits is all tangled up in its hair. The thread of romance follows the trail of tresses back through the ages offering love, intrigue, religious significance, tribal customs and black magic! It was the custom to shave a witch's head before she was burned at the stake, for her hair was thought to be a major source of her witchery.

Well, our bewitching moderns in Hollywood today, weave spells with the aid of their carefully cultivated hirsute adornment that hold the wide world fascinated. Sorcerers who understand the magic of a lovely head of hair!

Since time immemorial hair has been acknowledged to be a sex attraction. Poets have sung its beauty! (How does yours look?) Many a brave man has gone into battle with a lock of an adored one's hair lying on his heart. One wonders if any lover of today asks for a lock from his lady's bob!

Funny thing about the bob—with all its convenience and chic, we've always been a little self-conscious about it. We have worn the bob as a defiant gesture of freedom, which is rather a joke on us, for short hair has been, for thousands of years, the mark of slavery, subervience, the stigma of the conquered. Perhaps, like Samson, our power lay in our hair, for shorn of it, women are...
HERE’S TO BEAUTY!

You may have all the beauty help you need from Margery Wilson, our Beauty Editor who is a beauty herself! Make her department your guide to charm. If you wish a personal answer to particular problems, just write to her and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

and conflicting ideas—but they were all agreed on massage, airting, and brushing as the best aids to hair beauty. While there is nothing new in that particular knowledge, it would be something of a novelty if all of us put it into practice.

Which reminds me of a story of an anxious mother who went to a great specialist with her baby. The learned doctor examined the little thing and told the mother to go home and put a mustard plaster on the baby chest. The mother was astonished at such lonely advice from such a great physician, and exclaimed, “Why, doctor, mustard plasters are so old-fashioned!”

“Yes, madam, they are,” said the doctor, “but so are babies very old-fashioned!”

One famous expert claimed that by vigorous and persistent massage of the scalp most of the hair-growing elements in the body could be drawn there, thus weakening and, in some cases, destroying the unsightly growth on legs and arms.

You who have oily hair will discover that at first vigorous massage will make it more oily. But if you keep it up it will so tone and normalize the scalp that the excessive oil will disappear. Too much oil is a sign of weak glands. Massage will strengthen them. Resist the temptation to shampoo oily hair so frequently. Better to give it the dry shampooes. Bran and a good tonic rubbed well on the scalp and through the hair, then brushed out carefully, make a splendid substitute for soap and water.

But no matter how healthy and beautiful your hair may be, let me urge you to care for it for the time will come when you will (Continued on page 120)

gradually losing those things that mean happiness to the feminine heart. With short hair (perhaps by coincidence) we have short marriages, short romances and short sentiments. Our Delilah was the lure of fashion and she betrayed us into the slavery of disillusion. Now, more than half of us are growing back into our little feminine paradise at the rate of six inches a year, as that is the normal growth of a healthy head of hair.

An early Saxon marriage custom in England was to cut off the bride’s long tresses so that she would be unattractive to another man. The conquering Manchus compelled the Chinese to shave their heads leaving only an absurd pig-tail as a badge of subservience. But not a hair was ever cut from the head of any member of the royal family of the Frankish Empire for to do so was to renounce the throne! The old Hebrews used to cut their hair in grief. Practically all the religious orders required either shaved or shortened hair as a symbol of renouncing the pleasures of the world and complete slavery to their particular spiritual ideal.

It has always been known that there is a vital connection between personality, individuality, and hair. Certainly every modern woman knows that there is a vital connection between her hair and her happiness. She also knows or she should know that she can add greatly to her appeal by improving her hair to a luxuriant, soft silkiness. And she can do it quite easily.

Desiring to give you the very latest truths about any part of beauty culture, I visited some of the best authorities on hair to see if there were any brand new discoveries worth passing on to you. I found some very interesting

Everyone enjoys the sheen of the silky texture of Bebe Daniels’ hair. A loose, soft wave is smarter than a set-looking one.

Kay Francis, (left), has a distinguished, sophisticated, smart coifure. When in doubt about your hair, keep it close to your head.

And don’t forget to dress your hair so that you look just as trim and smart in profile as full face. Note Constance Cummings.
The Stage in Review

Keep in touch with Broadway—here's the line-up of new plays you'll want to know about

By

Benjamin De Casseres


"The Streets of New York"

WELL, we made some old-fashioned whoopie at the opening of Lawrence Langner's New York Repertory Company in Dion Boucicault's ancient wheeze, "The Streets of New York." We sang Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines and Whoa, Emma! hissed the fine work of Moffat Johnson as the bank villain; wept and wept (and laughed) at the exquisite performance of Dorothy Gish, the poor little ex-milliner who tried to con, and then wandered around in a snowstorm; admired with breath-taking and saucer-big eyes the pulchritudinous heroines (handsome-guy stuff to you) of Rollo Peters as the aristocratic Mr. Livingston fallen to poverty in the bank crash of '87; laughed ourselves into a colic over Romney Brent as crook, hero and policeman, who burlesqued the part superbly—and—and—and! But it was a night!

Mr. Langner has a fine company for his enterprise. His first play was a knock-out (and right up to date with its panics).

And, believe me, they are writing worse plays today—considering our advances in sophistication—than this old Boucicault melodrama. You must see it when you're in New York.

"Payment Deferred"

This is one of the greatest murder stories ever written. Nothing like it since "The Rope." And it brings to us a great English actor, Charles Laughton, and two fine actresses, Cicely Oakes and Elsa Lanchester. All of which must be credited to Gilbert Miller, who does what he does perfectly. "Payment Deferred" is done superbly.

You'll never forget this play or the biting portrayal of Conscience and Fear in the hands of Laughton. You actually weep for this poor, flabby, weak, agonized soul, who has buried the body of his victim in the garden and is finally hanged for the murder of his wife (which he never committed)!

She took cyanide when she discovered he was carrying on a liaison with a vamping and blackmailing French milliner. The irony of it! And I seemed to hear the corpse in the garden chuckling.

No pistols, no police, no phones in this powerful play. It is Murder—and what goes on in your skull and nerves after you've done it and feel remorse. Cicely Oakes as the wife is a superb actress, and Elsa Lanchester as the murderer's daughter is good. A grimly humorous touch, one of a dozen, in this play is that Marble, the murderer, objects to his daughter smoking cigarettes. Dorice Fordred was a startlingly beautiful vamp.

But I can't tell you—no one can about this play. See it! It's a masterpiece of Thrill. And Charles Laughton takes his place with the great actors.

"Nikki"

"Nikki and Her War-Birds" got on the speaking stage at last. Nikki, as you may recall in "The Last Flight" and elsewhere, is that curious young post-war girl who takes a lot of done-over aviators through various adventures. You saw the Richard Barthelmess film, I suppose.

Fay Wray, who is Mrs. John Monk Saunders, wife of the author of "Nikki," is charming as this curious Lady Bountiful. There is some music—although nothing extraordinary—in this curious and often mentally puzzling entertainment. It might have been done better. I think, as straight comedy-drama. Douglas Montgomery, the "Kent Douglass" of the films, notably in "Waterloo Bridge," has returned to the stage as the star of this play. He's good.
"The Father"
When Strindberg put his knife into the Woman Question he never left a question mark. He chipped the thills to Kellogg breakfast zephyrs.

"The Father" is the most tremendous massacre of Woman ever done. It is, in the hands of Robert Loraine, Dorothy Dix and Haidee Wright, the greatest performance ever seen on Broadway. It ranks with the few great dramas and tragedies of the ages—"Edipus," "Lear" and "The Cenci." It brands your brain, your nerves, and makes your soul weep and scream.

It is the story of how a woman, Laura, a combination of Lady Macbeth, Medusa and Electro, made a big, strong, intellectual husband a raving maniac by throwing doubt on the paternity of his beloved daughter in order to dictate the daughter's future—"you have bought our bread, given me a child—maybe!—now you're through! I have no further use for you!" So the old nurse puts the straitjacket on him as he goes stark crazy. It is the quintessence, the final word in Tragic Terror.

Robert Loraine's acting is overwhelming and blasting. I could pick flaws in it, but I won't. It is memorable. Dorothy Dix did not, I think, get all values out of Laura, the most terrible woman in all dramatic literature; but no actress ever has. She was very good. Haidee Wright's old nurse would have wrung tears from Iago.

A great event! Thanks, Mr. Shubert!

"The Breadwinner"
"The Moon and Sixpence" is, to my taste, one of the great novels of the century. It is the revolt of the Artist against all the stupidities of every-day life. W. Somerset Maugham has taken the motive of his famous novel and made of it a brilliant, biting three-act comedy. It's a gorgeous sight to see a man leave his family after tossing them his fortune—knowing that that is all they want out of the poor old grind. That's what Charley Battle, London stockbroker, does. He comes home and quietly tells his brainless wife and children that they bore him stiff, that they are worthless, that he's sick of slaving for them—and so goodbye!—I'm off to live the life of a man, sell matches, apples, anything! There's a girl, a niece, I think, who begs him to take her along. Back to your marbles and hoops, little girl! Charley Battle isn't a blackguard—he's going to be a man! And Charley goes. It's a man's show, you see; and it will make a superb picture for the sophisticates.

A. E. Matthews is fine as Battle. He made me chortle. His quiet, cold-blooded manner recalled the days of Wilkie Collier when that fine comedian was in his hey-day. Marie Lohr as the wife and Eleanor Woodruff as a friend who also tried to vamp Charley to stay in Stupidia were convincing. Eric Cowley as a Mr. Fix-it friend was comical and adenoidal. A grown-up comedy for grown-ups. It is the reverse of "The Father."

"The Left Bank"
"The Left Bank," Elmer Rice's latest pictorial, heavily-padded, amusing and splendidly acted tale of a brace of American wife-swappers living en bohème on the Left Bank of the Seine, is about the best thing he has yet done. It often wheezes, it is labored, and certainly lacks all inspiration. Nevertheless, the dialogue snaps and slashes in spots, and the dramatic interest is cumulative and well-sustained.

David Braham is excellent as an American who is—by Gosh!—polygamous and highbrow on principle. Katherine Alexander, Donald MacDonald and Millicent Green were all extra good in the Old, Old Story—so old that it took a lot of "atmosphere"—(Chic Salacious in parts) —to keep up the interest.

"Lean Harvest"
A powerful lecture, my children, on the evils of riches, Nigel Trent accumulates a million pounds, leaves his wife and his first girlish sweetheart, and dies at the top of his market sweepstakes of paralysis while a thousand voices howl in his ear—the voices of the men on 'change. It's a pounding scene.

(Continued on page 117)
LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Warners

And does he! Here's Joe E. Brown's best picture, with his most legitimate acting to date. He plays a college boy who aims to be another Luther Burbank but becomes a second Charlie Paddock instead. It's corking entertainment. Joe does little or no mugging—he is really funny. Dorothy Lee is a dainty vamp and Ruth Hall a lovely heroine.

THE BELOVED BACHELOR

Paramount

Like Paul Lukas? Then you will find this pretty fair entertainment. The suave Paul plays with unctious a charming bachelor who adopts a little orphan girl, and proceeds to fall in love with her when she grows up into Dorothy Jordan, and who can blame him? It's all very sentimental. Vivienne Osborne and Charles Ruggles help a lot.

HOMICIDE SQUAD

Universal

The gangster gets his in this picture. Pretty soon there won't be any more bad boys left on the screen and that will be all right, too. Leo Carrillo is the menace here, and with Noah Beery as a police captain on his trail he doesn't have a chance. Those nice youngsters, Russell Gleason and Mary Brian, provide the romance. Nice kids.

SOB SISTER

Fox

Here's Jimmy Dunn again—not quite so devastating as before, but then "Sob Sister" is not "Bad Girl" by several sobs. It's a bright, human little picture, nevertheless, about two young reporters, Jimmy and Linda Watkins, rivals on the job but sweethearts after hours. You'll like it. Miss Watkins is a perfectly charming newcomer.

EAST OF BORNEO

Universal

Here's your thrill film for the month—a "Green Goddess" with effects by Ringling Bros. It's a highly fantastic melodrama which is a lot of fun if you are not too fussy. Rose Hobart, the proud beauty, wooed by a jungle prince, turns to big Charles Bickford for help. Wild animals, native atmosphere, earthquakes, everything! Miss Hobart is lovely.

LEFTOVER LADIES

Tiffany

Meet another ex-wife—enacted by Claudia Dell this time. And if you think Norma Shearer led a hectic life, you should see the adventures of Claudia. She leaves Walter Byron to seek a career, but you aren't surprised to find her in Walter's arms again for the fade-out. Why the brunette wig, Claudia? The story is from the pen of Ursula "Ex-Wife" Parrot.
on Current Films

PENROD AND SAM
First National

More movie than Booth Tarkington, but good entertainment anyway. Leon Janney is the immortal Penrod and Junior Coghlan plays Sam. The familiar adventures of this irrepressible team are amusingly enacted. Kids will love it. And any film that will bring children back into the theatres deserves encouragement. Give "Penrod and Sam" your support!

THE ROAD TO RENO
Paramount

Or, the diversions of a divorcée. She is played by Lilyan Tashman, on the trail of a fourth husband, but handicapped by an idealistic son and an attractive daughter. It's all highly improbable and only occasionally amusing. Charles Rogers, pretty Peggy Shannon, and Tom Douglas are nice, and Lilyan's striking gowns will bring some gasps.

24 HOURS
Paramount

You'll either consider this "different" and interesting or you won't like it at all. From Bromfield's novel, it relates the adventures of an oddly assorted group of New Yorkers—upperworld husband and wife, underworld blonde and boy. Miriam Hopkins is picturesque as a torch singer; Clive Brook and Kay Francis are convincing as the élégantes.

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE
Warners

Powell in Singapore! You expect some refined excitement, and you get it. The Powell charm combines with the temperature to induce romantic interest. Lovely Doris Kenyon captures the debonair William's heart, with Louis Calhern as the third member of this tropic triangle. Several of Doris' costumes are beautifully flimsy—but then, so's the story.

SMART WOMAN
Radio

Again Robert Ames plays the rôle of wandering husband, who has strayed into the clutches of a designing blonde, Noel Francis, while his young wife, Mary Astor, is in Europe. It's up to Mary to win him back—and there's your plot. The charming players, especially Miss Astor, do their best; but the unconvincing story is too much for them.

HEARTBREAK
Fox

Charles Farrell makes love to another girl here. She is Madge Evans, and altogether charming. It isn't the fault of this romantic team if the picture lacks reality. It's pre-war stuff, but without much kick. The world war tears the lovers apart, but comes the armistice, and a happy ending. You'll find this nice, but not very important.
TAKE the physique of a swimming champion, the vitality of a college yell leader, an exciting and intense voice, lots of spontaneous laughs, spirit which leaps out of the eyes, blond hair, a business-like manner; and, ladies of the motion picture theatres, you have a new thrill!

The name is Gene Raymond. Remember it. If the stage managers had much to do with it, you probably would never have seen Gene Raymond on the screen, this story would never have been written, and somebody else would have appeared opposite Nancy Carroll in “Personal Maid.” You see, these days the New York theatres do not like to lose a personality like Gene Raymond's.

But Paramount now has the young actor under contract. It happened like this. Gene had done dozens of shows in New York. But one week two years ago people of Broadway all of a sudden realized what a swell performance Gene Raymond — as Raymond Guion — was giving in the leading rôle of “Young Sinners.” Motion picture scouts weren’t slow either. The boy received offers from every major studio in Hollywood but he also had a contract with the Shuberts. Consequently, he forgot the motion picture contracts, or tried to forget them, and played “Young Sinners” through its Broadway run and on tour for almost two years. But the motion picture scouts did not forget Raymond, and Paramount managed to sign him when he returned to New York.

Gene is now in Hollywood and will remain there until he finishes the leading rôle opposite Sylvia Sidney in “Ladies of the Big House.” Then he has to return to New York for more stage productions.

You can usually tell what men players have a chance to succeed on the screen by asking the secretaries of Hollywood studios. All the typists of the Paramount “lot” seem to agree that Raymond is an interesting man — if you get what I mean. He is natural and has some of the little boy quality about him without being boyish. His hearty laugh indicates a grand disposition besides revealing a perfect set of teeth. He has a sense of humor and on certain occasions gets a wild gleam in those eyes. The secretaries are endorsing him in no little way.

Gene is not married—yet. He came out to Hollywood with his mother and brother, several years his junior. His mother took the train and the two boys drove a new Ford. The boys couldn’t have had a more exciting trip if they had flown across the Pacific. Raymond was supposed to be in Hollywood as soon as he could get there. He could have taken a plane to the film colony, but he didn’t even board a fast train. He drove a Ford. Naturally the trip was rather rapid. To complicate the situation, Gene also wanted to stop and see some friends in Chicago for several days on the way west. So he and his brother drove 700 miles from eleven o’clock one night until eleven o’clock the next in order to have time in Chicago. They narrowly escaped death when a tire blew out as the car was traveling at a high rate of speed. The brother was driving and Gene was sleeping when the blow-out turned the car around three complete times and threw it into an embankment.

Once, they drove 911 miles in thirty-six hours and were determined to cross a ridge of mountains until a garage man stopped them by saying it was almost suicide for them to continue after driving for that length of time. They crossed the Mojave Desert at night expecting their lights to go out at any time and leave them stranded. They were stuck in the mud three hours one morning. Raymond arrived in Hollywood four days late only to find that he wouldn’t work for two months.

Variety is Raymond’s life. Everything about him changes at certain intervals. Tiring of New York hotels, he was determined, when he came to Hollywood, to find a big home with lots of gardens in which to move around. He looked for days at all the show places in the motion picture colony. He turned down one of Greta Garbo’s old homes and stopped at nothing less than Jesse L. Lasky’s large, old seventeen-room home with an enormous swimming pool, tennis courts and extensive gardens and trees. He’s paying (Continued on page 104)
The Story of
Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell
in "DELICIOUS"
told in Pictures

Sweetest Romance
Janet and Charlie
have ever made!

"Delicious" is a Fox picture, story by Guy Bolton, screen adaptation by Guy Bolton and Sonya Levien. Music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin. Directed by David Butler, with the following cast:

Heather Gordon .................................................. Janet Gaynor
Larry Beaumont .................................................. Charles Farrell
Jansen ................................................................. El Brendel
Olga ................................................................. Manya Roberti
Diana Van Bergh ................................................ Virginia Cherrill
Mrs. Van Bergh ................................................... Olive Tell
Detective O'Flynn .............................................. Lawrence O'Sullivan
Susche ............................................................... Raul Roulien
A Scotch girl pays—a visit. *Heather Gordon*, a little orphan girl from Scotland, is voyaging to America by steerage to make her home with an uncle in Idaho. The steerage deck is enlivened by the singing and dancing of a happy-go-lucky family of Russian entertainers bound for New York to fill a cabaret engagement. *Heather* spends a jolly evening with them, much to the delight of *Sascha*, a young pianist and composer in the talented troupe.

The lovely *Olga*, whose dark Slavic beauty lends a touch of sadness even to her gayest moments, does a Russian folk-dance to her brothers' music.
Later, Heather and Sascha steal away by themselves to a quiet corner of the deck and discuss eagerly the great event that the morrow is to bring—their arrival in America. "It's awful thrilling, isn't it, Taunty?" Heather addresses her little Scottish terrier. Sascha is depressed at the thought of having to leave Heather tomorrow. "Maybe I can come out to Idaho on Sundays to visit you," he says hopefully.
A "big shot" makes his appearance, and is surrounded by the admiring foreigners. Jansen, who is valet to Larry Beaumont, famous young polo player returning from Europe on the same ship, calls on Olga and tries to impress the Russians by posing as an American social light. "You speak the English so perfect," says Olga. "It bane come joost natural by me," Jansen replies modestly.
Meanwhile Sascha, who is deeply smitten with Heather, tells her of the song, "Delicious," which she has inspired him to write to her. Greatly pleased and excited, Heather insists on hearing him play it at once. They venture into First Class quarters in search of a piano, hoping to escape detection long enough to give Heather a chance to hear her song.

"You're so delishious, and so caprishious, I grow ambishious to have you care for me!" Them's Sascha's sentiments, as expressed in his song to Heather: and who can blame him?
Their first meeting, and love at first sight. Heather, prowling about the open deck with Sascha, is seen by a suspicious steward as she strolls below, where she comes upon Larry Beckett, polo champion, visiting Pancho, his favorite pony, in the ship's stables. Mistaking Larry for a groom, she chats freely with him and wins his heart completely with her beguiling freshness and innocence. He promises to see her next morning before the boat docks.
Heather's troubles start! Upon arrival at Ellis Island, she is detained by immigration officers, who try to prevent her from landing because her uncle has refused to undertake her support due to financial losses. "Uncle always talks that way," Heather pleads, and demands to be taken to Mr. Ellis himself. When her pleas go unheeded, she escapes to shore and takes refuge in the East Side home of her friends, the Russians, who welcome her gladly and give her a silent part in their act.

Diana Van Bergh, New York society girl and Larry's uncertain sweetheart, wasn't sure whether she wanted to marry him or not. But now that Heather has appeared on the scene, the calculating Diana begins to make some little plans of her own.
Larry, having received a wire from the helpful Olga telling him where he may see his little Scotch friend again, comes with Diana and her mother to the cabaret where the troupe is to perform. He is so fascinated in watching Heather that he completely forgets his companions, to Diana’s obvious annoyance. But she’ll fix that!

A rare combination! There’s more than just a drop of Scotch in this little Russian lady. New life is infused into Heather’s performance when she peeps out and sees Larry’s appreciative eyes fixed upon her.
Heather gives a charming performance as Katinkitschka, quite captivating her entire audience. All, that is, except Immigration Officer O'Flynn, whom she eluded at Ellis Island and who has dropped in, still on her trail, to see these Russian friends of hers on the chance of picking up some information. O'Flynn questions Jansen, who is also present and in festive mood, and who is about to drink something out of an interesting-looking bottle. "Yust in time to see me taking my tonic," Jansen greets him. "I suppose you know I'm a Federal Officer?" says O'Flynn threateningly. "Sure," replies Jansen, "but we got plenty likker, thank you."
O'Flynn, Heather's Nemesis, having seen Katinkitschka in the Russian act, decides to do some investigating and goes around to her dressing room. "It won't do you no good to see Katinkitschka—she's married," says the ever-watchful Jansen, following him. But his efforts to prevent the officer's going in are in vain, and as a last resort he decides to use emergency measures.
A good bottle of beer is saved when Olga, wearing costume and make-up identical with Heather's, comes out of the room and tries to convince O'Flynn that it was she, and not Heather, whom he saw playing Katinkitschka. "Thisa poora fishka alla wetski," says the clever Jansen to her in impromptu Russian. But O'Flynn has his doubts, until Larry arrives and prevails upon him to go away.
Larry renews his friendship with Heather, and is plainly happy at having found her again. "Night after night I've stayed awake worrying about you," he tells her. "There's something terribly important I've wanted to ask you."
Diana and her mother barge in. Feeling that it is time to assert her proprietorship over Larry, Diana interrupts his visit with Heather by haughtily asking the latter to bring her troupe to perform at a party at which her engagement to Larry is to be announced. Larry, taken by surprise, is obviously dismayed, but doesn't know what to say; and Heather tries to conceal how hard she has been hit by the news.
Heather, bitterly disappointed in Larry, turns to the devoted Sascha and accepts his offer of marriage. "It's wonderful to feel somebody wants you," she says wistfully.

A few days later—Heather's and Sascha's wedding day. Heather, bravely going through with her bargain, is ready to marry the young musician. But Sascha unwittingly brings Larry back into her thoughts again. The prospective bridegroom turns on the radio, and they find themselves listening to an account of a polo match in which Larry is engaged. As they listen, an announcement comes over of a severe injury sustained by Larry. Forgetting everything else, Heather rushes away to go to the man she really loves.
Found again!

Larry asks forgiveness, swearing that he has never really loved anyone except Heather. But Heather tries to feign indifference.

Pleading for love!

Larry supplicates, pledging his undying love if she will only accept him. Heather, who really adores him, begins to relent.

Unconditional surrender!

Convinced of his true devotion at last, she willingly gives in, and Larry clasps her in his arms.

Larry, his recovery hastened by the thought that Heather has cared enough to come to him, asks her forgiveness and her love. In spite of herself she is unable to resist him, and the couple are reunited once more.
Larry, having won back his little Scotch waif after nearly losing her forever, insists that they be married at once, and Heather needs no urging. Thus we leave them in each other's arms, blissfully reunited, and destined to live happily forever after, at the very least!

And so that famous screen couple, Janet and Charlie, complete the latest and best of their series of popular film romances!
The Private Life of Mr. James Durante

Wherein Handsome Jim makes a big splash with his dream girl, Greta

By Gary Gray

Mr. James Durante lolled luxuriously in the deep cushions of the limousine. Lazily, he exhaled the fragrance of his cigarette from mouth and nostrils in one simultaneous convulsion. As the smoke drifted upward about his ruddy countenance it achieved a wreath suggesting a misty ring around a full moon.

"Swell car," we observed by way of starting conversation, "Is it a Cadillac or Lincoln?"

Mr. Durante shifted from one elbow to the other and prodded the liveried chauffeur in the back of the neck.

"Hey, James, is this hack a Cadillac or Lincoln?" he barked, carefully maintaining his attitude.

"My name isn't James," responded the driver.

Mr. Durante shrugged his shoulders and tossed the cigarette butt through the window. That is, the stub would have gone through the window had the window been open. He chuckled as he picked up the smouldering butt and tucked it in his vest pocket.

"I forget," he laughed, "my little nephew is saving 'em!"

As Mr. Durante turned profile we discovered the most appalling proboscis we have ever seen outside of an ant-eater farm. This nasal organ, or nose, extends a distance of what appeared at least nine inches from the regular contour of his face. (Exact measurement later revealed this estimate to be incorrect. It is only six inches and a quarter from stem to stern, or vice versa).

Now and then, to emphasize remarks, he would tug at this astounding protuberance, sometimes tweaking it savagely, at other times caressing it with wondrous affection.

But we digress.

"Mr. Durante," we finally spoke, "just what is this talk about you and Greta Garbo?"

A mad fire leaped into his eyes. His eyebrows jumped almost to the back of his neck.

"No gentleman would make admittances about a lady," he sputtered. "Back on Hester Street we put the slug on guys for less than I have to revelate. However, I am a slave to my public. I will wrench my heart out by the roots. Remember, it is in strictest constancy. Not a word to anybody but your readers. Radio rights I make reservations for. Listen, and be engulfed. It is a story oft told but never stated off a witness stand. I don't know how to start so I will. (Continued on page 110)"
The PENALTIES

Beauty is in distress!

No longer is the customary description, "As beautiful as a movie star!" apt. In these talkie days, sheer superiority in physical appeal is proving a severe drawback to its once proud possessors. And, unless there is a reaction from the fans very soon, the gorgeous, dream-like heroines and the romantically handsome heroes will be a totally extinct species.

Superlative good looks were the prime requisite for glory in silent pictures. Innocence and youthful strength haloed each stellar head, invariably topping a pretty face and a well-proportioned physique.

Have you stopped to realize that our talkie favorites are not the outstanding examples of perfection which yesterday's idols were? Voice, maturity, and sophistication have so gradually replaced beauty as the important assets that many people have not noticed the decline in the potency of eye-appeal.

So much emphasis has been placed on these new qualities that exquisitely modeled features and well-developed bodies are proving a deterrent to many really worth-while actors. Beauty has been erroneously associated with dumbness in too many cases. The situation has become such that Venus and Adonis types have to put themselves across to producers as actors in spite of their looks!

Jump into my invisible Austin and we'll take a lightning tour of the studios and note the perils faced by the pretty girls and boys.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the chances for pulchritude are appallingly nil. Dressler, Garbo, Shearer, and Crawford are the four leading women stars. Exhibitors say Marie is queen of the box office. Not even her most enthusiastic admirers would call her beautiful.

Garbo, with her tall, angular figure, big feet, and severe features, is hardly a candidate for the conventional beauty contest. Norma's features are not exactly classically arranged. The camera brings out a lure in Joan's face which is not so apparent face to face. Greta, Norma, and Joan are all rather too slender to be regarded as buoyantly healthy types of young womanhood.

Clever photography magnifies Marion Davies' nice features and pretty form. Dorothy Jordan is progressing. Her looks don't worry the bigger women stars. While Anita Page, a really luscious blonde, hasn't been getting the breaks.

Among the men the same thing is taking place. An actor, once upon a time, had to have a profile and a husky build, stream-lined, if he wanted to be a hero. Yet Wallace Beery, lacking physical attractions, is the box-office leader, and Robert Montgomery who is not, strictly speaking, really handsome or well-built, is the fair-haired boy on this lot.

Ramon Novarro, who is probably the best-looking man in pictures, continues to rank high with the producers because he has produced a fine singing voice and unquestioned acting ability to counteract his face and figure. John Mack Brown and Reginald Denny, with the qualifications of the old-time hero, are not getting

Your face can be your misfortune now—if it's too faultlessly beautiful

Vic McLaglen. His is the face that launched a thousand yips—but not of aesthetic appreciation!

She's pretty, talented, and all that. But Marion Davies is hardly another Miss De Milo.

Would Sylvia Sidney (left) have come along so fast if her features were more in the classic tradition?

Yes, awfully cute—but not a beauty. Perhaps it's better for Lois Moran's movie hopes.
What—No Love Life?

Karen Morley has been too busy—so far

YOU wouldn’t pick Karen Morley out of a crowd as particularly beautiful. Yet if you paused to talk to her for a moment you would discover she is.

Her unusual beauty, however, is not in chiseled features, undulating curves or languorous eyes. It is in the flaming personality that lights her face in conversation or thought. She has a peculiar ethereal quality that intrigues. Hers is a compelling magnetism. She might wear an ugly hat and you would never be aware of it.

There are no comparisons to draw with Karen. She is utterly individual. She is a sophisticate but softly feminine. Her years are few but her wisdom ageless. She is cultured, gifted. There is a bit of the Celt in her ready wit. Her contacts with the world have left no bruises. She knows the gnawing of ambition. And its realization.

“I’m afraid I am not much material for a story,” she smiled, waiting in the dim background of the gigantic film set to work with Lawrence Tibbett. “I should have some mystery or love life to reveal. Alas, I have been too busy trying to get an education and make a living!”

The name Karen Morley seemed to fit perfectly this unusual young person.

“Of course it isn’t my own! I was christened Mildred Linton back in Ottumwa, Iowa, where I was born. Numerology had nothing to do with it. I don’t believe in such hocus-pocus. The ‘Karen’ I took from the heroine of Martha Ostenso’s ‘Dark Dawn.’ Not that the character supplied me with an ideal, the name somehow struck me as a pleasing one. It just seemed to belong to me. I never knew anyone by the name of Morley. I decided it would fit well with Karen one day when I was reading one of Christopher Morley’s books, I hope he will forgive the piracy of his famous name.”

Had family finances gone well, Karen probably would be riding on the back of ambulances as an internee now. She started out to be a doctor although the acting urge had her playing in amateur theatricals from childhood. Reared in the small Iowan town, she came to Hollywood when she was thirteen and enrolled in the Hollywood High School, training ground for so many of the screen’s younger set.

“About the first thing I did was to join the dramatic club. I played some parts on the stage but mostly acted as scene shifter, handling ‘props’ and trying my hand at direction. We did one-act plays of all sorts, usually from Shay’s Collection. My best study was English, and when the class graduated in 1927 I delivered the valedictory. I had intended going to Stanford. I was going to study medicine. Things weren’t breaking very well financially, however, so I went to U. C. L. A. and continued with English and sciences.

“But this time the acting fever was in my veins and after a year and a half I quit. I joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse and worked back-stage with the lights, operating sound effects and painting scenery. I rustled up ‘props’ by conducting borrowing campaigns from stores. The first role I played was the Javanese heroine in ‘Lasmi.’ The matter of actually getting paid for work was something else again, so I began (Continued on page 118)
SCREEN
NEWS
Through the Hollywood looking-glass—read 'em and peep!

WE'VE been conscientiously trying to get Richard Dix married for years, and at last he's a benedict. The fair maiden is Wini fred Coe of San Francisco, whom he met four years ago in correct family style at the home of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Brimmer. Although the Coes and Brimmers have known each other for years, the romance is said to have blossomed suddenly, a mere month before the wedding.

Dick's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer, so he tried to conceal the marriage news by skipping off by plane to Yuma, Arizona, and using that name on the license. Incidentally it must have been a typographical error, for newspapers reported "Dix gave his age as 27 and his bride's at 23." Dick has been 27 for quite a while.

The wedding party included his father, E. C. Brimmer; his sister, Josephine Brimmer; his sister-in-law and niece; Mrs. Winfield Scott Coe, the bride's mother, and J. Walter Ruben, director. They were married by a justice of the peace.

Mildred Harris Chaplin McGovern has finally received her final divorce papers from Everett Terrance McGovern—on the charge of desertion.

Dolores Del Rio looks peculiarly lovely on the set in "The Dove." Having survived sorrow, illness, matrimony for the second time, she appears a chastened and sweeter Dolores.

This, her first talkie, means so very much to her. She has lacked the stage experience which helps so greatly. She is anxious and nervous, so that Leo Carrillo and Director Herbert Brenon have a protective air towards her. There isn't a sign of that arrogance that was creeping in during those Edwin Carewe days of "Ramona."

At the same time, Dolores' mamma, who would have feared to say "Boo" to a goose in those days, now wears a confident smile, speaks English delightfully, and is an altogether gay person. Perhaps it was because mother found herself needed again during daughter's tribulations.

Leo Carrillo, by the way, is deep in his autobiography, which will really be a piquant history of California, since
Leo's forbears unto the third and fourth generation were grandees, his grandfather being the first governor of the State under U. S. occupation. His grandmother and aunts made the flag for Commodore Stockton to march into Los Angeles with.

Hence Leo is often teased for being the sole actor in the movies who is completely acceptable in Society, with a big S. Leo says the only reason is that his couple of thousand relations have stood by him. He also explains it is because their working hours don't fit that so many actors fail to break into society—they work while Society plays.

Leo, by the way, receives $5,000 a week at R.K.O. and does stage plays between. So he can afford to be nice when some third cousins get into financial difficulties.

Robert Williams is making a great hit in films. Remember him as the non-chalant artist-murderer in "Devotion"? He has that whimsical quality that Barrie notes as charm, so it doesn't matter that he really isn't a bit good-looking. Both in "Rebound" and "Devotion" you saw him as the lover who did not win out. He has dimples, too, which cover a multitude of beauty inexactitudes.

One's impression is of the arch-gentleman—yet he began his career on a showboat, where mamma and papa were entertainers. He says he had vowed, cross his heart, never to let money tempt him into the movies from his beloved New York stage. But you see how dangerous it was to expose himself by going to Los Angeles for the stage version of "Rebound." He owns a home in Beverly and has the misus out and everything now.

You'll see him next in "Gallagher," as a starving newspaper man, although they may change the title before release.

Evelyn Brent is getting a mean deal. Her star seemed about to ascend again with "The Mad Parade," but because of the cutting or something, that picture didn't take. It was such a mean picture to work in, too, crawling through real mud and rain on hands and knees for hours, for instance, and getting beautifully daubed with the good earth.

However, Evelyn has a nice husband, Harry Edwards, a pretty home, and a pleasant disposition, so she will probably weather the test. There's a little escritoire in her boudoir heaped and weighted down with knick-knacks of every conceivable type. I'd hate to have to keep that thing dusted!

"The Struggle"—but there's no sign of it here! This is Zita Johann, formerly of the stage, and Hal Skelly playing a scene in the forthcoming super-super by D. W. Griffith.

Well, well! That's how Evelyn Knapp feels now, after winning a plucky fight back to health since her recent injury.

Shady business? Kent Taylor, one of the newer Hollywood lads appearing in "The Road to Reno," runs an amusing emporium with his father between scenes. Business seems to be good, judging from their faces.
Anna May Wong sprung a delightful Chinatown party for some of her friends, where we met Jimmy Wong, her young brother, college graduate and a perfect dear. While Anna went to perform in her stage play, "On the Spot," Jimmy took us through Chinatown—after a Chinese dinner de luxe. Did you know Chinese children attend American school all day and Chinese school for three hours every night? Anna's little brothers and sisters were among the students, and the most courtly youngsters imaginable.

Ever occurred to you how difficult it is going to be for Anna to select a husband? Her tastes are so very oc-cidental, her friends of romantic genre all Americans or English. It would be so hard for her to marry a fellow countryman in the Chinese parental manner. Yet should she wed an American, no one knows better than Anna how hard it would be for any children, since neither nation claims these mixed bloods. There's a scenario in that situation.

We had just comfortably decided that Lupe Velez was going to soothe her broken heart by marrying a film executive, when off she goes to New York with Jack Gilbert, and confidently expected to join that gentleman in Europe.

Of course Lupe addresses everything in trousers as daring, dearest, sweet babe, and is free with her fiery kisses, but the current affairs both had the earmarks of watchful she went all through a play in odd shoes," says Lillian. "And I take care of all her finances and investments for her."

"Yes, and keeps me so short of pocket money I haven't even a nickel for a newspaper," counters May.

A delightful pair this. Lillian is an actress too, but is content to let May do all the shining.

Lots of excitement amongst the English actors. C. Aubrey Smith, actor from London, who is also one of England's most famous cricketers, has started a Hollywood Cricket Club. When he called a meeting he
Jesse L. Lasky, Jr., scion of the vice president and production head of Paramount, looks as though he could do big things on the screen himself.

Feeling chilly? Not at all—she's just showing off her twin bracelets, is Claire Luce. Jewels by Mauboussin.

expected about ten men to turn up, but the crowd numbered 80, including Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Anthony Bushell, P. G. Wodehouse, H. B. Warner, E. A. Anson, James Gleason, David Torrence, who all accepted office or positions on the team.

The university has lent them a lovely lawn pitch and tea is served out there during the intermission. All the English actresses and wives turn up in style—and the students are having a glorious time, since it is part of the bargain that they be allowed to attend, and even learn to play, if they wish to.

Margaret Livingston confesses that she made Paul Whiteman shed fifty seven pounds of too much tummy, and go sternly on the water wagon "forever," for six months prior to marrying him. She loved him, sure, but a little reformation was in order. Hence Paul's mama aided and abetted prospective daughter-in-law right along.

In spite of the fact that Margaret has been chiefly associated with improper lady roles in pictures, and has red hair and a serpentine figure, she had lived in an Adamless Eden with mama and sister prior to her marriage to

Paul, and he is her first real love. She is in Hollywood fulfilling a contract made with Columbia before the wedding, but they telephone between Chicago and Hollywood every evening. She tells us she and Paul are so, so happy, in spite of the fact that she is Paul's fourth wife. She feels that the former marriages were handicapped by Paul's penchant for hotel life. She has spent $20,000 of his money on a lovely apartment for him now, along bachelor lines.

Virginia Valli, Charlie Farrell's bride, jumped right into a stage play after they returned from their honeymoon. It wasn't a good play and only ran two weeks, but we had a chance to see Virginia in considerable

"Skippy" goes calling. Jackie Cooper spends an afternoon with King Vidor, the director, and Eleanor Boardman (Mrs. Vidor). "Auf Vidor-sehen, but not good-bye," said Jackie later.
undress, flaunting Parisian pretties, and doing it well.

Virginia has usually been deserted by her husbands or lost her fond mother or things like that in pictures, but as Mrs. Charlie Farrell she is wearing that top-o'-the world look these days. They are living at Virginia's former home in Beverly, and the Anthony Bushels have rented Charlie's former bachelor domain at Toluca Lake. They have two cars, a grand one and a Ford. They positively fight for the Ford, probably because each is trying to be gallantly unselfish these days.

Oh, Mr. Bromfield! Your "24 Hours" was reviewed in a fan magazine and Rupert Hughes, instead of you, was credited with being the author of the novel. They said, "Why change the title of Rupert Hughes' fine story, 'Shattered Glass'?" Why, indeed! We see no reason why they should change the title of "Shattered Glass"—we even suggest that they make a film of it. But what's that got to do with an interesting picture called "24 Hours" which was written by Bromfield?

Clark Gable continues his upward soar—and loves it. But he confides that he was turned down by studio after studio in years gone by and seemed doomed to small stock companies on the stage until a little mild glory on Broadway, New York, helped his amour propre. But it was when they sent for him to go to Los Angeles for "The Last Mile," stage version, that the good things in his horoscope began to function. Even after that, Universal, Fox, and First National all turned him down.

**Arlene ("Good Morning") Judge and Wesley Ruggles spend a pleasant hour reading some congratulatory messages from their friends and admirers on their recent marriage. Here's ours, folks!**

**Jim Cagney, that old villain, now seeks the company of nice young girls. Loretta Young, for instance. They are together in "Taxi."**

**Madge Evans' yachting jewelry—don't you luff it? Get the signal-flag design on the matching necklace and bracelet.**

**He has had film offers and will accept as soon as Broadway can spare him—Brian Aherne.**
Mustn't they be sick about their judgment now! But Pathé gave him a part with Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way" and whoopee! You know the rest.

Funny that this young Gable, so handsome, winning, romantic, should have twice married women older than himself. The first was Josephine Dunn, a dramatic teacher in Los Angeles, who probably did much towards Clark's artistic education. They parted friends, gracefully. Now it's a widow with two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is 12, and he and Clark have struck up a firm friendship—go to the football games together on week-ends when the boy is home from military school.

Can you imagine it? Gable once took a business course at school with a view to becoming a stenographer or book-keeper.

We have weaned our woman director away from films and back to the stage for a brief spell. Laura Hope Crews, famous New York actress, came out to Hollywood to direct Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser." After that she went to Pathé as associate producer, and now fills that position at United Artists for Samuel Goldwyn. But she is taking time off to do "The Silver Cord" on the stage, just as a kind of holiday.

She is an alarmingly clever person, not only acts, directs, supervises, but writes as well. She was co-author of "The Trespasser," for instance.

Laura says she always makes up her mind exactly what she wants and then helps Destiny to give it to her. She wears that happy successful look so perhaps it's the right system.

A terrible day for the Gleasons when the invited Prince and Princess of Siam failed to turn up at their 25th anniversary wedding garden party, after accepting. It seems the Princess was sick. But the Gleason butler stood rooted to the portal all day, sternly prepared to greet and usher in the royalties. Nothing would move him. Nor would he permit tea to be served to the rest of the multiple guests until word finally came that their Highnesses would not be present.

Which reminds us, her highness smoked a fancy brand of personal cigarettes, which she carried around in a very grand case. But she never once offered a solitary person a sample. She would praise their superiority over other brands, puff out whiffs of enticing perfume and generally torment the senses—but they remained exclusive to herself.

Louise Fazenda broke a rule and accepted an invitation to speak at the Women Bankers' convention banquet. She was terribly scared until her turn finally came, but she received such a fond greeting that her fears departed and she made a corking good speech. She told some stories of her career, notably when she had to have a trained seal follow her lovingly around on the set, and the seal declined to follow. She had no lure for him whatever.

So finally some bright soul thought of smearing her body all over with fish. After that the affection of that seal was most disturbing.

John Medbury, writer and travel-reel creator, had an awkward experience. Invitations were sent out in formal style to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. John Medbury requested the pleasure, etc., etc., to meet Miss Marian Stokes. Now as John's parties are something rather special, telephone acceptances began pouring in, whereupon John snorted that he knew nothing about any party and it certainly was not at his house. Consternation! Later it transpired that Marian lived in the house next door and the press agent had had the bright idea of using John's name. Which, of course, was hard on Marian, stage actress from the East, and gave her a bad send-off.
It seems this is the second or third time that bit of impertinence has been put over on the Medburys. So now they have a slot-lock on their gate, and all their personal friends have a lead coin to get in with. No coin, no admittance.

Elsie Janis, who has retired from the stage at the height of her fame, sensible girl, and has been writing scenarios and dialogue for the movies, has just completed her autobiography. She did it with a nice eye to publicity, up in an airplane hovering over her hometown.

Elsie, as you know, has never married, but she says it isn’t true that her mother dominated her and shooed off beaux. We asked her just how frank she had been in her book, and she admitted she only got a little reckless in the last chapter. Elsie is gay, witty, and although she is at least 37, she looks about 25. Likewise most of her close friends these days are men.

There’s a love of an old Colonial home in Tarrytown, New York, that is 246 years old, which Elsie Janis owns, but somehow she prefers to live in her frisky Hollywood one.

Mary Astor, bride of the month, is working out at R.K.O. She is a sweet and pretty dear and no one would guess she is so short-sighted that she has to wear glasses all the time off the screen. But it’s surprising how almost becoming the horrid things seem on her.

Mary did not wait quite ten months after the death of her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, in an airplane crash, before marrying Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. But oh, dear, so many nice men stood ready to comfort the widow that it’s a wonder she waited that long. They slipped off to Yuma by plane and tried to keep it secret by using Mary’s real name, Lucile Langhanke, but it’s hard to put anything over on reporters.

The reason for secrecy was probably because she is involved in those damage suits against the airplane company—and the damages for a lost husband seem less tragic when a new one has been acquired.

Raquel Torres has her family in Hollywood all excited over the rumors of her engagement to William B. Leeds and reported rides in his airplane. They both deny everything, but then of course, Leeds’ divorce from the Princess Xenia of Russia is not yet final.

Herbert Brenon, the director, now working on “The Dove,” is so alarmingly painstaking that he acts out every bit of action for the players during rehearsals, no matter how experienced and celebrated the dears may be. This often occasions much concealed merriment, as when, for instance, he shows a Carrillo or a Del Rio how to make love. Oh, really, now, Herbert!

Lawrence Tibbett is the envy of the envious. Grand opera, concert tours, radio contracts, pictures in nice variety throughout the year, all paying him huge money and smothering him in praise—it is enough to turn a fellow’s head.

And now, with Grace Tibbett returning from Reno, Lawrence joins the eligible ranks.

He was making a picture on location where some school children take their agricultural classes. Imagine the excitement of these baby fans! One small girl wasn’t going to pass up a chance like that, so she pushed up to him and beamed, “My sister wants to get into pictures, Mr. Tibbett.”

She had to repeat it three times before Lawrence said “Yes!” and turned away. It would have been nice if he had remembered
that the baby was only ten years old and had probably been taught the American creed of opportunism.

Lew Cody is making a frightful threat—vows he will write interviews with some of the newspaper people, with trimmings. Lew, you see, gives corn-beef-and-cabbage dinner parties—and you know how seriously one can get off one's guard in a case like that. You see, Lew will be an editor in his next picture, "X Marks the Spot."

Lew also has a swimming pool adorned with a sandy beach all around it. He says he throws Arbuckle in to make the waves!

Carmen red and autumnal browns are the chic colors in filmland this year, with tweeds a strong favorite.

One jolly thing about Pola Negri's "A Woman Commands" is that it called for three thousand extras in the mob scenes. A lot of actors ate their first square meal in months that week.

Pola's new leading man is Reginald Owen, who is one of those quiet decorous Englishmen who can sit at parties without talking much, and generally gives that "strong and silent" effect. He had all the girls guessing at a dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Grant's last week.

At that party too, was Mrs. Leslie Carter and daughter Mary. Mrs. Carter is a marvelous old dear. She coached Norma Talmadge for "Du Barry," and later played in "The Shanghai Gesture" on the stage in Hollywood to crowded houses.

She has one naughty

Here's a new and charming little girl, Shirley Chambers. Her face is pretty, too, if you'll only look at it.

illuminating phrase when she says, "I'm going to ask you to my house, dear, directly I get back from Seattle, I mean it, you know, I'm not like Hollywood."

And, of course, it's true that Hollywood is apt to scatter vague invitations and never do a thing about it. But we always forgive them.

Mary is quite a big girl now, very jolly like mamma, and apparently on the best of terms with Mrs. Carter's present spouse, Mr. Bayne. Nice family, all in all!

In spite of that $30,000 a week, we find ourselves saying "Poor Constance Bennett." Because you see, she has been flooded with begging letters, sarcastic letters, threatening letters just because of that huge salary. No wonder she fled to Europe for a respite. Hollywood seems confident that she will ultimately succeed Gloria as the Marquise de la Falaise de la Condray.

Miriam Hopkins says an appearance of boredom in public is the best way for a girl to blight her popularity. So that makes us wonder about Garbo!

Yola D'Avril is having a dreadful time deciding whether to be married or unmarried to Edward Warx, the composer. They quarrel, seek di-
But Maureen has been a very naughty girl—too many speed tags, and some, so it is alleged, ignored. Los Angeles County is about to slap her wrist—expensively. Caught without an operator's license, too.

What with Reginald Denny flaunting his new Reginald, Jr., so braggishly, you might suppose it was frightfully clever to have an heir. Of course, Vivian Duncan Asther would arrive home from Europe with her baby to steal the Dennys' glory. The Breakfast Club has pretty well decided to have a baby's day and be done with it and let all the new fathers crow instead of singing "Ham and Eggs" that morning, including Ben Lyon.

White satin, the soft clinging kind, with golden shadows, is the popular material for evening wear in Hollywood. It looked like a bridal parade when the starry ones attended the opening of a grand new theatre this week—Marilyn Miller with her real diamond necklace and ermine wrap, probably looking most like the bride. Clark Gable made his first speech over the microphone that night and I regret to state he only echoed the usual, "It's wonderful to be here. Hello, everybody." And he is such an intelligent looking man, too!

Clara Bow and Universal did not get together on "The Impatient Virgin" after all. Instead she goes to Sam Rork, for, 'tis said, $150,000 for one picture—(oh, Connie has a rival now!)—and is to begin work on Dec. 1st. She blew into Hollywood and opened her Beverly Hills home for a few days, showed us her hair was good and red again, signed some papers, and fled back to the Nevada ranch, where we heard modern plumbing is at last being installed. Clara has been washing under a faucet and taking her baths beneath an outside shower up till now.

Because Claire Maynard, Brooklyn society girl, looks like Joan

"Snow, snow, not that!" cries Frigid Fred, turning pale as Anita Page gets ready to ball him up.

voice papers, make up, cancel the plea, quarrel again, take out more divorce papers, and generally are a bonanza for the lawyers. At this writing they are preparing to unmarry again.

W. S. Van Dyke, the director of "Trader Horn," has written a book about the filming in Africa. It is one of those books that one pops on a shelf and looks well in the light, and you promise yourself maybe you'll read some day.

Ramon Novarro is now learning German and can write love songs in that language. He is also putting on weight. We don't mind the German, Ramon, but for the rest, if it means dieting, we must be firm!

Now what will the story-writers do? Whenever they wanted a fictitious name for a picture studio they have been using "Patrician Pictures, Inc." Now there really is a company thus titled. Its first picture will be called "Thirty Days" and Maureen O'Sullivan will have a part in it, so she won't have to go back to Ireland just yet.
Crawford, Winfield Sheehan, meeting her at a party, invited her to Hollywood. It seems her screen test was great and she's already booked for five roles.

Gary Cooper has gone into the dude ranch business in a big way. You can now stay as his guest at so much per day, play with the cow-punchers, feed the moomow, ruminate with the hogs, give the horsey a hump of sugar and, if you're good, come back with Gary's very own autograph, if you time your visit nicely between pictures.

Clark Gable says, since he had to learn to ride a horse in a hurry for "The Painted Desert," his pet sport is to go bear-hunting with Wally Beery. He admits he was scared stiff when he saw his first bear and nearly fell off his horse, but he's getting braver all the time. Mrs. Gable will have a houseful of bear-skin rugs to sprawl around the place before she knows it.

Marguerite Churchill, who has been dedicated largely to trembling maiden roles in films, has concluded her contract with Fox and is back in New York. If they'll let her do a husky role on the stage, she'll return to screenland more content.

Ruth Chatterton finally goes to Warner Bros. at a salary of $325,000 annually. The Marx Bros. received $200,000 and a share of the profits for "Monkey Business." Ann Harding's new contract spells $1,000,000 for two years. Harold Lloyd makes around a million

on every picture he makes. Connie Bennett gets $350,000 annually. Chevalier, Powell, Garbo, Shearer, Will Rogers are in that class, too. What do you mean, depression?

Remember Monroe Owsley, the weak younger brother in Ann Harding's "Holiday"? Well, the studios appeared to have typed him so damned completely as a weak younger brother that he jolly well couldn't stand it. So he's renouncing Hollywood, along with Leslie Howard, Ann's cultured lawyer beau in "Devotion."

"Tis said Howard Hughes means to make a star of 19-year-old Ann Dvorak. She's already in "Scarface" and "Sky Devils" and her performances rate high. And to think Ann's talents have been buried as a dancing instructor at M.G.M. for three years, with an occasional extra bit in a crowd! She is an August baby, born in New York, daughter of Anna Lehr, stage ac-

tress of former days. Ann is also a brilliant musician. At the moment she feels more like Cinderyella than anyone.

Hollywood pawn shops report big business this year, with redemptions at less than 30%. Grand cigarette cases and lighters are being turned in by the score. Rings and bracelets average next highest. Tourists buy 'em when they're not redeemed, and pay more if names and initials are engraved thereon.

Edwina Booth, the "Trader Horn" girl, is liable to be a one-picture maiden. She's through at M.G.M. and no other offers are in sight at this writing.

A court order allows $1,600 a month for Jackie Cooper's education and support. His mama is the eight-year-old's guardian. Mrs. Cooper testified she divorced her husband in 1928. The lambkin gets $1,300 a week for 40 weeks a year, with the next option at $2,000, rising to $2,500.

Elissa Landi's mama and stepfather, Count and Countess Zenardi Landi, are to return with Elissa from London for a visit in Hollywood. So the butlers will have another chance to spread themselves for the haute monde.

Rita La Roy, aged 23, married Ben Hershfield, 42, the day after his decree from (Continued on page 127)
Their "First Night" Faces!

Hollywood stars put on their best smiles for a picture premiere

Miss Metro pays a tribute to Mr. Paramount. In other words, Norma Shearer, wife of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's eminent Mr. Thalberg, appears at the first night of a Paramount picture. Norma is being presented to the listeners-in by Freeman Lang, radio announcer.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin. Or Miss June Collyer and her new husband, if you prefer. Anyway, they are Hollywood's latest most happily married couple.

With Phil. Holmes is his pal, Russell Gleason. Now where was Mary Brian? Don't forget our Editor's advice, Phil—see page 16.
Left, Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of Paramount, with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Lasky. It isn't often Mr. Lasky lets himself be photographed. But this was an occasion.

That courtly Russian, Ivan Lebedeff, escorted pretty blonde Virginia Cherrill. Why didn't he send the girl some orchids?

Regis Toomey does the grinning for the family. And it's a good grin. Little Mrs. Toomey is charming, isn't she?

Remember Jobyna Ralston in pictures? We've missed the Ralston smile and curls, so we're glad to see you tonight, Joby, with the young man who took you away from the screen. Folks, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen.
ONCE in a while, in the beauty world, some genius comes along with a marvellous, new idea that upsets all previous methods and gives us a simple answer to a heretofore complicated problem. And this month I'm going to tell you about a grand, new idea—that is so simple it makes us wonder why we didn't think of it ourselves. It's so easy when you know how!

Like Columbus standing an egg on end. Quite obvious once you see it.

Some new findings make us think of what a darkly said when he was told about Columbus discovering America. "Um-m-m!" he drawled, "I don't know why—for you says Columbus discovered America. Hits so big I don't see how he coulda missed it!"

All of which brings us around to the subject of those wonderful, new, artificial eye-lashes called "Ey-Teb." They're positively ingenious, being simple and easy to apply, and no end effective.

They do the most delightful things to the expression of your eyes. These silky, long lashes give just the accent and emphasis that lend a soulful depth and a velvety beauty that is—well, devastating!

And they are wicked, base deceivers, for you can stare right at them in broad daylight without suspecting they didn't grow right where you see them. They are put on so cleverly that they are really just extensions of your own lashes.

Hereofore artificial eye-lashes have been a little fringe of hair on a tiny thread of fish-skin which was glued to the eye-lid close to the lashes. But with "Ey-Teb" each single hair is glued to a single hair of your own lashes. And they cling like a mother's love. If you are careful with them, they will last from three weeks to a month. At least, mine did. And an artist who was painting my portrait and consequently studying my face deliberately, failed to detect them as artificial.

An Ey-Teb package contains an envelope of lashes, a bottle of mucilage, a bottle of remover and a tiny little receptacle in which to put the mucilage while you dip one end of each hair into it. The trial package is $1. And if you have short unsatisfactory eye-lashes you will waste no time getting them.

They have taken the country by storm, shows that we were needing them—and just waiting for clever Mrs. Maxine Burke to discover them for our benefit. And what a busy lady she is these days! With stores and beauty parlors all over the country clamoring to have Ey-Teb, she and a (Continued on page 120)

Ey-Teb—a grand new idea! Mary Lee tells you all about it in her department, below, and the Aber Twins, vaudeville stars, illustrate the Ey-Teb eyelashes above.

The Truth about Cosmetics

Make this page your monthly guide to the newest, the smartest, the best in cosmetics. Mary Lee will tell you the results of her research in the fascinating field of powders and perfumes and soaps and other lovely and fragrant things, and advise you in their selection and use. A real service feature of this magazine, every month!
Write to the Stars As Follows:

Helene Chadwick
Helen Chandler
Dorothy Christy
June Collyer
Claudia Dell
Marion Doughlas
George Fawcett
Carmelita Geraghty
Albert Gran

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.
William Collier, Jr. Bert Lytell
Richard Cromwell Dorothy Revier
Constance Cummings Loretta Sayers
Jack Holt
Back Jones Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Oliver Hardy
Ed Kennedy
Mary Komman

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Ruth Roland
Edward Dowling

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astrid Allwyn
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
Harry Carey
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Madge Evans
Julia Fay
Lynn Fontanne
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo

Send Birthday Wishes to These January Stars:

William Haines
Vilma Banky
January 1st.
Marion Davies
January 2nd.
Ray Milland
January 3rd.
Loretta Young
January 4th.
Glen Mix
January 5th.
Monte Blue
January 6th.
Chester Condon
January 7th.
Rosalie Roy
January 8th.
Kay Francis
January 9th.
Bebe Daniels
January 10th.
Barbara Kent
January 11th.
Katharine Cornell
January 12th.
John Asther
January 13th.
Nille Asther
January 14th.
Lillian Bond
January 15th.
Noah Beery
January 16th.

Lilyan Tashman's new immemorial hair—navy blue felt, brimmed with saucy feather in front.

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Henry Armetta
Dorothy Lee
Evelyn Brent
Phillips Lord
Sue Carol
Ernest Marshall
Joseph Cawthorn
Joel McCrea
Ricardo Cortez
Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson
Pola Negri
Lily Damita
Edna Mae Oliver
Bebe Daniels
Lawrence Oliver
Deloris Del Rio
Roberta Robinson
Richard Dix
Lowell Sherman
Irene Dunne
Ned Sparks
John Howard
Heddy Lamarr
Johanna Hovland
Loretta Young

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen
Winnie Lightner
George Arliss
Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore
Lotti Lodi
Richard Barthelmess
Ben Lyon
Joan Blondell
Dorothy Mackaill
Lillian Bond
Maude Madison
Joe E. Brown
David Manners
James Cagney
Norma Shearer
Ruth Chatterton
Merna Kennedy
Irene Dunne
Helen Kane
Fred Kohler
Otis Skinner
Bebe Daniels
Ona Munson
Irene Delroy
Marian Nixon
Dorothy Dell
Dorothy Petzold
Fredric March
William Powell
James Hall
John Randolph
Walker Stubs
Walter Huston
H. B. Warner
Frank Albertson
Edward Woods
Naomi Swann
Loretta Young

Frank Albertson
Warner Baxter
Harde Albright
Joxl Bennett
Luna Almanzi
Humphrey Bogart
Robert Ames
El Brendel

(Continued on page 122)
Hoots and Hoorays!

(Continued from page 10)

matic actress, and will surpass Shearer, if given a real chance; this, too, in spite of the fact that Norma Shearer is one of my favorites. A wonderful bit of acting was done by Madge Evans in "Son of India" with Ramon Novarro, in the scene where he cut her arm—which scene, in my estimation, was poignantly done.

Gladys B. Hughes, P. O. Box 121, Jacksonville, Fla.

"BEAUTIES OF HOLLYWOOD"

I disagree with most of your selections for the " Beauties of Hollywood.” Here are mine:

Jeanette MacDonald’s beautiful, red-gold hair. Ann Harding has lots of hair, and it may have a lovely sheen, but it isn’t the crowning glory that Jeanette’s is!

Frances Dee’s strong profile. It has character.

Claudette Colbert’s eyes. Garbo’s are lovely and mysterious, but Claudette’s are exciting and beautiful.

The Colbert figure—and that includes the legs. I never could understand why Marlene Dietrich’s limbs are considered so lovely. Perhaps we think unconsciously that she wouldn’t display them so much if they weren’t perfect.

Miriam Hopkins’ smile. It is so naïve—so innocent—so naughty!

And NO dimples—please! I can’t bear them!

Pearl A. Katzman, 71-05 Polk Ave., Jackson Heights, L. I.

BACK TO NATURE!

To one who longs for travel and adventure, the film of faraway and mysterious places of the world bring untold delight. My sincerest admiration goes to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson and the others who give us pictures of adventure so different from the gangster and murder stories we read in the newspapers.

I am glad to read that the makers of "Chang" and "Grass" are going to take scenes for "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" in India. I am eagerly awaiting that treat.

No picture made last year was so funny and yet so pathetic as "Kango," so beautiful and romantic as "Tabu," or so exciting and thrilling as "Trader Horn." I don’t think anything is wrong with the movies as long as they offer such entertainment.

Alice MacFadden, 615 Montgomery St., Ogdensburg, N. Y.

CAN’T WE HAVE BOTH KINDS?

If there must be pictures about gangsters, stick-up men and slick society crooks, then for our moral health’s sake let’s show them up in their true light as cowards, bullies, sneak and thieves, and don’t make them such dangerously attractive and charming gentlemen as Ronald Colman in "Raffles" and Edmund Lowe in "Good Intentions."

Noeline Carrer, 63 Estabrook St., Athol, Mass.

A BANKHEAD BOOSTER

Thanks a lot, Screenland, for Tallulah Bankhead’s life story. It is as intensely interesting as this marvelous actress herself.

I consider Miss Bankhead the most fascinating woman on the screen today. Her charm cannot be analyzed by comparing her to Garbo, Dietrich, or the late Jeanne Eagels. She is distinctly an original personality—all the old superlatives fail to do her justice.

A new set of adjectives will have to be originated for Tallulah!


MUSIC IN THE AIR!

Strike up the band and give three cheers! Musical pictures are coming back! Is everybody happy? Indeed we are—with the prospect of hearing John Boles and Marilyn Miller sing again.

I know Marilyn is now making a production with music, but what about John Boles? We all know John is a splendid actor after seeing "Seed," and we are anxious to hear him sing again. Won’t the producers please come to the rescue?

Elfreda Manns, 933 Nebraska Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

GOOD HERE!

All the Garbos, Bankheads, Harlows and Dietrichs put together cannot surpass the acting ability of the one and only Constance Bennett. She has beauty, charm and sophistication that make her the most admired star of today. She is my favorite actress and always will be. I wouldn’t miss seeing her for anything in the world.

Agnes Marcia Steiber, 1216 Youn Street, Racine, Wis.

REALISM PAYS

Although the talking pictures are constantly patronized, I believe that to bring people to the theatre, the producers have almost outdone themselves in some of the outstanding pictures recently filmed. Let me offer them congratulations. Above all they have appealed to the realistic, the human viewpoint. An example is "An American Tragedy."

Perhaps the producers will give us fewer pictures like "Confessions of a Coed." A member of the great group of co-eds, I resent that picture’s example of a typical situation. The hero was a weakling and the man who should have been the hero was a cheat.

Margaret K. Bertram, 315 McKee Hall, Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa.

(Continued on page 127)
**NEW ADVENTURES OF GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD**. Minnelli-Hayes-Jaycox. From "The Wallingford Story". Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Eddie Simpson, Eddie Cantor; Miss Martin, Charlotte Greenwood; A. B. Clark, Spencer Chamberlain; Joe Clark, Barbara Stanwyck; Joe-the-Frog, Leon Raitt; Yolanda, Charles B. Middleton; Steve, Paul Page; Peg Mayhan; Harry Wood.

**PENROD AND SAM**. First National. From the book by Booth Tarkington. Screen play and dialogue by Waldemar Young. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: John, Leon Janney; Sam, Junior Coghlan; George, Billy Lord; Sidney, Santos Alber; Mrs. Seldinger, Dorothy Peterson; Mr. Seldinger, Matthew Marks; Mr. Murphy, John Murray; Mrs. Otis, Miss Turtle; Mr. Pensmore, Chester. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Edward Sutherland; Miss Martin, Charlotte Greenwood; A. B. Clark, Spencer Chamberlain; Joe Clark, Barbara Stanwyck; Joe-the-Frog, Leon Raitt; Yolanda, Charles B. Middleton; Steve, Paul Page; Peg Mayhan; Harry Wood.

Here's an ideal sports costume—particularly for golf. Ruth Hall's skirt is of dark green wool and her jacket is of light tan suede. A brown felt hat and brown oxfords complete the ensemble.
for it but at least he's getting what he wants—variety.

Raymond is studying French and German in Hollywood but most of his time is spent on horseback. He is taking polo lessons from “Snowy” Baker and plays with Will Rogers, Will Rogers, Jr., and Director John Cromwell. When Gene played in “Young Sinners” in Chicago, he arranged his entire day so he could learn to jump hurdles on horseback. He leaped from nine to ten in the morning, had breakfast and went immediately to the riding academy. He practiced every day all day and after two-and-one-half months of work entered the hurdles contest of the Chicago Annual Horse Show. After his performance at the theatre on the night of his event, he dashed to the horse show, arrived a few minutes late, but, nevertheless, won the blue ribbon for the four-foot jump.

He's proud of that ribbon.

One summer in Florida, Gene studied aquaplaning by himself until he could ride standing on his head. Try it sometime and then you'll know what Gene accomplished. He prefers sailing boats to power yachts. And now he plays a great deal of tennis with his brother on his own courts in Hollywood.

Raymond was born Raymond Guion in New York and began his stage career at the age of five, when he appeared in several stock productions. None of his relatives had ever been on the stage but Gene and his brother drifted into theatrical work.

He attended grade school in New York and later entered the Professional Children's School. From time to time managers selected him for roles in productions but his first real success was in “The Poters” in 1924. Raymond created the rôle of the dumb Swede in “The Cradle Snatchers” in New York and toured the United States for over two years in the production.

Raymond looks upon the part of Gene Gibson in the play, “Young Sinners,” as his greatest rôle. It was in that rôle that people started calling him “Gene.” So when it came time to select a more practical name for his motion picture début, he decided that Gene, coupled with his real first name, Raymond, would be as good as any.

When Gene was a youngster working in “Why Not?” with Margaret Churchill, he became so enthusiastic about radios that he wanted to become an electrical engineer immediately. He attempted to make a small radio in a box two inches across and four inches high. Margaret Churchill was the only one in the theatre who had confidence in his venture. The two kids used to sit for hours turning dials, holding earphones up to their heads and trying to hear music. Finally, Raymond heard loud music one afternoon and almost broke up the show with his shouts, “I’ve got it! I’ve got it!”

Gene says he never laughed so much in his life as he did when he worked in “The Cradle Snatchers.” Every night during its three months' run, Edna Mae Oliver, who was his pal in the production, made it a point to force Raymond to laugh during his long, passionate speeches to her. She would give him funny looks, wave her hand in the air, cross her legs or kick him. Edna once became so hilarious during one of the comedy embraces that they both fell flat on the floor—Gene on top of Edna!

Both had to separate to opposite sides of the stage until they and the audience stopped laughing. One night Gene talked to the stage manager until the man was on the wrong side when he heard his cue for the sound of an automobile horn, which announced the arrival of the three college boys. The stage manager dashed around but realized that he could never make the horn and so stopped and yelled, “Honk! Honk!” out to the audience. It broke up the entire cast on stage and audience for five minutes.

Gene hopes, of course, that he will be a success in motion pictures, but he is in Hollywood primarily to satisfy his love for variety. He is not much interested in clothes. He dresses nicely only because he thinks it's good business. He wears light suits most of the time. He is not precisely handsome but has an excellent body and spends time keeping it in condition. He talks rapidly and impulsively. He smokes cigarettes. He dislikes jewelry on men. He once appeared in the stage production of “Mirrors” with Sylvia Sidney, with whom he is working in his first Hollywood-made motion picture. He has beautiful teeth. He doesn't like taking “still” pictures. He makes friends very easily.

Gene likes three and four week rehearsals of stage productions and cannot accustomed himself to the quick methods of making motion pictures. He objects to not having enough time to work out “business” for every scene so that he is acquainted with the surroundings of the set. Raymond's brother resembles him a great deal. But the younger will not follow in his brother's footsteps because he is mechanically minded and is not much interested in acting.

With your individuality, Gene, you'll either be a great success or a "dope." All present indications point toward success.

Gene!
Continued from page 66

Roughing it! Gene Raymond, who "Forded" his way to Hollywood, changed his mode of living when he got there. Tennis courts, swimming pool, and a big rambling house, are now part of his Hollywood life.
Two Bad Boys!

Continued from page 31

of all known varieties of fish, including "pickled" herring.

In their unstrung and ecstasy, they fiendish
ly upset a canoe and then cheerfully
asked its ex-occupant if he could swim.
Fortunately the youngster possessed that
ability and will be able to tell his grand-
children about the time he was turned by
the reincarnation of Twain's heroes.

Eager to share further the delights of the
cool lake, Tom Coogan and Huck Durkin
climbed back on the platform, intent on
doing the script girl a favor—as they saw
it. She screamed for mercy as they grasped
her by legs and arms and carried her to
the water's edge, with the rest of the com-
pany applauding perversely.

Nesta employed every threat and ca-
jorery. Then, as they held her over the
lake and dipped her nether portions into
it, uttered a last piteous petition—which
proved fatal. "Please don't, she entreated,
—my ribbon will get wet!"

SPLASH!!

But some modern Raleigh had rescued
the little blue hair-ribbon in a droll burst

of chivalry. It was protected scrupulously
and presented to the script girl uncalled
when she climbed out dripping and sup-
planted her moist wardrobe with some
twice-too-big overalls borrowed from one
of the carpenters.

The camera mechanic incurred the un-
dying resentment of the two young stars
by being prompt and altogether too effi-
cient. He had the trouble ironed out in
a jiffy. (People like that should get tooth-
brush bristles caught in their windpipes.)

"Well, you've had your swim, boys," the
director suggested apprehensively, dread-
ing his duty.

"Do we have to come out, now, Mr.
Cromwell?" mimicked the undersized mil-
lionaire. (Both boys like to taunt Mr.
Taurog by reminding him of his prede-
cessor, the director of "Tom Sawyer").

"Of course you don't, Jackie Cooper."
(Nor is Mr. Taurog, who directed "Skipp-
py," reluctant to remind young Coogan
that there are other kid actors.) "Stay
right where you are and I'll have the script
rewritten so you can be in the water dur-
ing the whole picture."

"Gee, that's swell—how will you manage
that?"

"We'll have you drown in the first reel."
The company roared its approval.

Jackie was completely flooded—or as
completely flooded as it's possible to be
while treading water. The jibes hurt a
little bit. Even millionaires aren't alto-
gether impervious to ridicule. He racked
his brains for a come-back.

"Get the cameras ready—you can take
that scene now," he challenged, holding
his arm up to mark the spot.

"Fooled you and don't come up, Jackie," a
meanie suggested.

"I might as well—I don't seem to be
so important around here—goodbye."

"Farewell, old pal," the director clowned,
leaping sorrow.

"If I go down, it'll be the end," Jackie
warned half seriously, hoping someone
would be taken in by his threat.

"No, it won't, Jackie," Mr. Taurog
mockingly consoled. "—you'll probably
sink at M. Chopin's." (Both directors
at M. Chopin's.)

"Here I go," the Kid herculean, trying
to ignore the instigation, "Do you think
I'll get on the front page?"

"Yeah," the director flashed back, "if
something happens to Robert."

That was too much. You simply can't
do anything serious like committing suicide
—forty people last time you did it
would be sacrilegious. Jackie capitulated,
and pulling himself out of the water, took
a less vulnerable position, sitting with the
director against his partner in crime.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself,
Durkin—holding up production this way,"
Jackie pronounced gravely without crack-
ing a smile. (The boy is an actor—there's
no doubt of it.)

"Give you just two minutes to get out!"
Mr. Taurog ultimated to Junior.

"Thanks—I'll take the two between fifty-
one and fifty-three," the modern Huck
defected.

"Then you've had your last swim on
this picture."

In that case, I'd better make it a good
one while I'm about it." Junior regarded
antagonizingly. But the director's silent
black gaze wilted his bravado. He emerged
sheepishly from the water and approached
with caution.

"It's swell of you to let us play, Mr.
Taurog—I wouldn't take advantage of you
for the world." He hesitated to note the
effect of this speech. The black gaze was
unperturbed. "I'm going to show my ap-
preciation, too," Junior vouchsafed.
"I wouldn't do this for anybody but a pal—"
And he abruptly jumped in the lake again!

"Come on, Junior—be a good sport,"
Jackie ingratiated, with a side glance at
the director."I wasn't Mr. Taurog been
nice to us? Don't be pig-headed."

Jackie's attention was precipitately trans-
ferred to his own indiscretions when a
Mr. Jack Coogan, Senior, appeared on the
scene with a foreboding glint in his eye.

"I hear you're quite a pusher, son," he
remarked blandly. "You make a business
of going around pushing script girls in
the water, do you not?"

For a moment there was silence, save for
the added rigorous of the wind going out of
Jackie's sails. Then—"Why, no, Dad—we didn't
do any such a thing—that is, the first time
we didn't."

"Never mind the Lindbergh stuff. I'm
talking about you—not We." Nesta said
you pushed her in the water—"

"She's all wet, Dad—"

"Granted. That's why I asked her how
it happened."

I mean she just didn't get things strung.
Jackie always, Jackie always. You men
women don't always see everything that goes
on. They hardly know what's happening
when they get hysterical. He wiped the
perspiration from his brow. It might have
been the heat—partly.

"An excellent psychological hypothesis,
Jackie—but it doesn't hold water," Mr.
Coogan countered. "You can't say a Woman
—very much. I've never been able to put
anything over on your mother—that is,
more than once or twice," he qualified jest-
ingly.

Jackie brightened. "I'll have to men-
tion those times to her. Are we pals?" he
asked.

Mr. Coogan dropped his facetious mien.
"Did you push Nesta in?"
“Why—we held her over the water and— and she sort of dropped. Honest, Dad— I didn’t.”

“So that’s the kind of son I have, is it? A big, sixteen-year-old baby who pushes girls in the water—pardon me—I mean drop them in. And upsets canoes as a sideline, to say nothing about his specialty of annoying directors. Boy, you’re going to have plenty to mention to your mother when I get through with you tonight— PLEN-TY! Now snap yourself into that scene. There’ll be no more fun for you today, believe me.

There were sanctioning murmurs from some of the spectators of this castigatory prologue—including the fellow with the Frigidaire on his shoulders. And a girl who had a new pair of silk stockings accidentally ruined by the boisterous photocrat. They emphatically felt that a young movie star should be disciplined for infractions the same as any other child.

But some expressed adverse convictions.

“The old man shouldn’t have any kick coming, no matter what Jackie does,” an opinionated grip argued. “Isn’t the kid his bread and butter? He oughta show a little appreciation of what he’s got. If he pleases and not interfering with his fun. A juicer who looked as though he might have a family of his own took up the babbling for his” parenthood: “Do you think that youngster could have got where he has if hadn’t been for his Dad?”

He admitted it to his, but who kept him towing the line all the time?

Various other members of the company joined in the controversy. Should a sixteen-year-old millionaire be spanked? Or should the breadwinner of the family have unrestricted freedom as to his pleasures, regardless of age?

And then the screen was grimly blocked with the grip who thought Jackie had earned the right to follow his own dictates without parental intervention. Then an assistant cameraman put in, “Anybody who can raise a kid in pictures and keep him mated deserves a Congressional medal. Movie kids usually get so spoiled and precocious they’re nauseating. But not Coogan. He’s just as wholesome and fun-loving as any normal boy his age—I tell you it’s all in the way they’re brought up.

“Jackie’s not that way,” the assistant cameraman defended. “His parents have managed to offset those influences some way or other—and I’ve got a good hunch they did it with a hickory stick. Anyway, the kid is regular.”

“If you don’t think so, you should have seen him on the Fourth of July.

“We were on location in Rio Vista. Jackie and Junior didn’t complain about working on the holiday at all—did their stuff like troopers—and it was hot as Hades. But in the evening they behaved exactly as you’d expect any red-blooded boys to.

He told how the youngsters, instead of choosing some fitting amusement for “pampered darlings” of Hollywood, simply bought two bags of torpedoes and proceeded to see which one could make the most noise.

The two directors ventured forth from their stuffy hotel at what proved to be a most inopportune moment, and their intended leisurely stroll developed into much more vigorous exercise. The boys chased them the full length of the main street, penguin torpedoes at their flying feet, to the ribald amusement of the town’s population which lined the curbs for the un

scheduled Olympic event.

The distinguished movie nabobs, puffing furiously, and having lost the last vestige of dignity, finally found shelter from the bombardment in a small spot covered with soft earth. The boys couldn’t see the condition of the ground and were at a loss to understand why their barrage of missiles suddenly refused to explode. They tried all the best major league pitching technique—to no avail. Whole volleys of the toy grenades fell harmlessly at the feet of the enemy. The nonplussed warriors returned to their flying process and were about to return to the store to demand their money back—when the directors gathered up all the unexploded weapons and started the kids to a more ingenious and speedy retreat.

But the strategy department was working overtime, and the whole army—both members—made a bee line for the nearest filling station. They planted themselves by the gasoline pumps and couldn’t be enticed an inch outside that admittedly “neutral” territory until an armistice had been signed at their own terms.

The seminar in child training was broken up by the necessity of making a Paramount picture entitled "Huckleberry Finn." At last the cameras were placed at the right angle, the sound apparatus was cleared off the dressing rooms, and the movie-makers were titled on the subjects, the raft was started moving at the proper speed, autos in uniform let off the Steam gun, the wave machine chomped up a horse, the tree on the raft was lit once more, the director called for action, and the show went on.

Hollywood is the last place I ever expected to find authentic counterparts of those immortals, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. But I can assure you that Coogan and Young Jackie have furnished Mark Twain material aplenty for a whole "raft" of Sawyer-Finn epics.

The Girl Who Refused To go Into Pictures

Continued from page 22

persuasion, to make the star "see the light. She usually manages to overcome severe cases of stubbornness, and the long run she is thanked profusely for her suggestions.

She must be able to read character and analyze features. The hair is then arranged to match the personality. She must know how to soften or accentuate certain features of the face to suit character or camera requirements. She can change the very contour of the face or neck merely by the simple twist of a lock of hair.

And then the twist that simple twist lies the secret of her art and the source of the enjoyment she gets out of it.

She finds her work a great thing for the training of her own character. With her, patience is not only a virtue but also a necessity.

Besides being ever sweet and even tempered with people who are finicky about their hair, Faye sometimes finds jobs that would try the well-known patience of Job. In the new "The Big Sleep," Evelyn Knapp wore an eighteenth century powdered wig in a costume ball sequence. She had love scenes with John Darrow—and you can just imagine what a love scene can do to a delicately curled wig. After every take, Faye would have to go over the same work, over and over again. Then, during two days of shooting a rather stiff wind was blowing outside the sound stage. Whenever Evelyn Knapp would go out, to lunch or to her dressing room, she would return with the wig in utter disarray. She would take a lot of time putting the thing in perfect order again. Any other person but Faye would be dreaming about that wig for a month afterward.

Wigs are Faye’s forte. She did nothing but dress wigs at the studio until she got her first opportunity.

A long memory is another quality she has cultivated. One of the things she has to watch is that an actress, in the final screening of a picture, does not exit from one room and enter another in the dark. Faye has had, with an altogether different style of hair-dress.

There are many times when one scene which immediately follows another is made perhaps two weeks later, and in the event of retakes even later than that. Faye has to remember to a hair just what the player’s crowning glory was and match it exactly.

Faye finds it all so exciting. There is no regular grind to it. She is able to learn and create new ideas, and Faye has at all times a time of experimentation when everyone concerned is having a grand time putting their new ideas to work. It is sometimes a time of great argument to convince the players when the right thing is hit upon.

Part of the credit for Bebe Daniels’ charm in "The Honor of the Family" is due Faye Hanlin, the little hair-dresser who’d rather stay out of the pictures.
Some pictures are fairly easy to handle. Faye finds Marilyn Miller a delightful subject, reasonable and understanding. But there are times when work piles up thick and one has to be flexible. This was the case in "General Crack" when male wigs of the eighteenth century as well as the female players' hair had to be attended to.

Color! Continued from page 53

"All shades of green are restful and inspiring to me," said Ann. "It has always been my favorite color. Some shades are creative and forceful, others are restful and refreshing."

"When I was a very, very young girl I wanted a dark purple dress more than anything in the world. Of course this color would never do for me at this time, and by the time I was old enough to wear it I realized it would be all wrong for me."

"I have reversed things, I think. There was a very definite urge in my very young days to wear sombre, dark colors and matronly things. I seemed to be years older in spirit than I am right now. Today, I love bright, cheerful colors, and definitely feel an emotional and physical response to them."

"However, here's a strange thing, bright orange or orange in any of its shades is a positive affront to me. I feel irritated and upset every time I see a big splash of orange anywhere. I know just how a bull must feel when he sees something red!"

Cheiro explains this antipathy of Ann's in the following way. Orange vibrations suggest light and heat and are cheerfully aggressive. In its duller shades it is typical of primitive, undeveloped minds. Halves of almost any race delight in orange. Ann Harding being an altogetic, is sufficiently and cheerfully aggressively personal, subconsciously resents the scientific vibrations of orange. She has a mind that is quick and cultured, which subconsciously resents the stupidity and crudities of dull orange. Therefore, orange in any of its degrees is a direct challenge to her own personality and vibrations.

It is amusing to note that every six people out of ten will tell you that blue is their favorite color.

This is especially true of men. John Boles, Edmund Love, Frank Albertson, Victor McLan, Maurice Chevalier, Frederic March, Charles Farrell, Warner Baxter, Charles Bickford and—well, you can almost name your own hero and it's a cinch he will choose blue as his first love, brown as his second!

Men seem to be less responsive to color vibrations than women. Perhaps this is largely because it is the women who select the colors in the home, and the colors of their gowns—and the men have to like it!

Most men will be embarrassed when you ask them their favorite color. They will immediately become self-conscious and say, "I've never thought much about it—but now that you mention it I believe I like blue better than any other color. Brown to wear, and blue to look at or in shirts, ties, and the bits of color we are permitted to wear."

Yet when hard pressed most men will admit they like color and feel a certain physical and mental stimulation in a group of women dressed in rainbow colors. But none of them have ever analyzed their color reactions and know nothing concrete about it.

"Ah, but the women do!"

Joan Crawford, born under the Aries sign, favors blue in all its softer shades. Her dressing room is a symphony in Alice blue, and her gowns when working are most often in the same shade.

"There is something calm and soothing about soft shades of blue," says Joan. "There is something substantial and reliable about the shade to a tense nature like mine. I like vividly hued sports clothes for summer and black and white for winter. There is a somberness in black for winter that seems to add to the personal appeal of any woman."

Joan is excessively dramatic and intense. She is moody—high one day, low the next; never is she completely relaxed and altogether normal in spirits. Therefore, her selection in colors is much like her nature, moody and erratic. And she is obedient to her zodiac, in that she prefers blues and all rose shades.

"Concrete evidence of what a great, yet subtle, influence color has upon us is the manner in which the color of the furnishings and their temperaments was given me just a short while ago," said Joan.

"Doug and I had our Spanish home properly decorated in heavy reds and oranges when we first moved in. We had the absolutely correct color scheme for the architecture but it was proven incorrect for Doug and I.

"We were restless and ill at ease at home. We never seemed to just fit into the atmosphere. One day I told Douglass that I was sure it was the colors made us so fidgety. We immediately had the house redecorated according to our own tastes and needs and you could never guess the difference in the atmosphere of that house!"

"I cannot advise young people too strongly to decorate their homes in their own color preferences. One is very apt to find just the proper thing for the house atmosphere is just the wrong thing for yourself. Homes should carry the personality of its occupants—not the atmosphere of a country or a period!"

Joan Swanson is also an Aries subject and she too selects the soft shades of blue, preferably poudre as her favorite color.

"Aldre blue seems to bring me a feeling of efficiency and quiet force. I never seem to get so easily ruffled when gown in this shade as I do in other colors. I had never really stopped to realize the fact before, but I do know that if I have a particularly trying day ahead of me I will invariably pick a costume with poudre blue predominant to wear."

"In my surroundings I like chartreuse. This is a color that is not obtrusive, yet it is an energetic shade to me, restful and pleasant. The softer shades of this seem to complement my more restful moods."

Thus, you see, Gloria proves the stars don't lie!

Mary Brian, though born under the Pisces sign, selects this same soft shade of blue as her preference. This is permitted because color is a secondary choice for her. Also she prefers the softer rose shades.

"It seems to me when I wear poudre blue am surrounded with an aura of peace and security. It is hard to explain but I feel tolerant of the whole world, optimistic and safe in this color. Sounds silly, but I know it is definitely true."

Marlene Dietrich, distinctive individualist, has her own likes which have nothing to do with her stellar influences. Born under Capricorn influence she should surround herself with darker shades, so says the chart, but Marlene positively selects pale shades of blue and soft rose red.

Blue is distinctly an inspirational color.
Leo subjects, it will be remembered, should favor half tones, and electric gray is a lucky shade for them.

"I like green in my surroundings more than in my costumes," explains Norma. "There is a restfulness about the delicate pastel shades which give me a certain gentle stimulation and a feeling of feminine daintiness and I have no fear of it."

Thus Norma answers the call of her sign while earnestly believing green her own personal choice as a favorite color.

Ruth Chatterton coming under the same sign as Marlene Dietrich obeys her color chart in every particular. She prefers dark colors in her costumes. She rarely, if ever, wears light shades. "Light shades are too neutral and without character," she says. "Brilliant colors seem to absorb my vitality, rather than to feed it. And, indeed, I must have raspberry red. I receive a direct physical stimulation from this color."

"Often if I am very tired and emotionally exhausted from a heavy dramatic scene, I will come to my dressing room in which this color predominates. I will lie down and relax. Strange as it may sound, I am positive I am physically fed by the colors in the room."

Lilyan Tashman, who would sacrifice any personal desires for style, pays no heed to her sign, which is Scorpio. "I like grey in all its moods. Grey predominates in my home and I usually have some touch of grey in my clothing. However, I adhere to blacks, grays, whites and nayy blues in my costumes because there is a certain dash of sophistication and smartness to these colors that grey can never acquire. For some reason people feel they are not a smart and sophisticated color; it is, however, restful and satisfying to a restless spirit. Therefore I need it in my home and person."

Janet Gaynor, true to her sign of Libra, acclaims her favorite color is blue. "I like blue in everything, but I also like almost every color of the rainbow if harmoniously blended and in dainty tones. Colors carry a happy and uplifting message if they are just right, but a dark, dismal, or dull shade depresses me. But if I must make one selection I know my true favorite is blue."

And Janet did not know that that was all right and proper according to the zodiac when she said it! Jeanette MacDonald, born under Gemini, says, "I like all colors but I feel best in tans and browns. I have so much vitality that I need to surround myself with colors which are not stimulating. However, I like pastel shades for afternoon and evening wear and in my home and dressing room."

Light shades are advised for Gemini subjects so Jeanette obeys the stars in part, if she dons pastel shades, which is not mentioned in her color chart.

Maureen O'Sullivan, true to her Irish traditions, prefers green in her furnishings and surroundings and true to her sign of Taurus she states blue is her favorite color. "If I am going through any special sort of mental ordeal I will carefully dress in blue," says Maureen, "I really like all colors that are pretty. No one color ever annoys me, unless it clashes with another uncomplimentary shade, then I cannot bear to look at it."

"On the other hand there is Dorothy Mackaill who states emphatically, "Anything but red! I just naturally have an antipathy for red as great as the proverbial bull. I do not know why this is, but I have a tendency to turn away as quickly as possible when I see a big splash of red anywhere. If I meet someone dressed in red, an instantaneous dislike arises in me for that person in spite of myself. I have never been able to understand it."

Dorothy comes under the Pisces sign and should abound surrounded by all shades of crimson and rose. Yet these shades violently antagonize her!

Some time in her life something has happened to her to make her either frightened or repulsed by her violet. In some way this event is associated in her mind with the color red. This is an unnatural antipathy which has a subconscious cause not normal to the girl herself," says Cheiro.

This is the only color reaction Dorothy seems to feel in any way. It is so powerful as to neutralize any other color impression.

Marie Dressler has her own definite color preferences which have nothing to do with her sign. She abhors the deeper shades of green and all shades of yellow. Yellow is indicative of wisdom, cheerfulness, optimism. All shades of yellow are stimulating and invigorating. Green is creative, restful, inspiring and cool.

"I love the cheer and optimism of yellow. My home is all in the yellow and green tones and it does not matter the mood I may be in when I come home, the color seems to neutralize any tenseness. It is restful, calming, and soothing. Green seems to feed me physically."

By all means white is my favorite color," says beautiful Billie Dove, "I feel peaceful and secure in white. There is a certain individuality and poise in white which no other color seems to lend me. I like certain shades of red, too. Just tinges of it, rather than anything all red."

Billie is a Taurus subject and white is her own personal preference, her leaning toward reds and rose shades comes naturally with her sign.

And there you have it! You see if you respond to the right color influence in your life you will feel and look just right! You will attract harmonious forces and repel none. You will be moving in your lucky aura and will attract good things to you.

Why don't you try it? I'm going to! I was all crossed up in my color scheme but Cheiro straightened me out—and I am wearing colors I have never worn before—and liking it! Maybe there is something to it!

Margaret Livingston, the new (and head) Musical Paula Whitman, made him shed fifty pounds. That's making new man of Paul!

Ann Andrews, who has been prominent on the stage herself, supports Tailulah Bibe in "The Cheat."
"I left school when I was twelve, I never learned to spell regret," Marian tells Mark.

"I don't still care for that—Mr. Moreland?"

"No. It isn't he, and no one else wants to marry me."

"Then I'm going to keep right on asking you.

The next evening Al and Marian took in the sights of Coney. They went on all the rides and ate hot dogs. Sitting on the horses of the merry-go-round, Al started to philosophize.

"You know we men are all pretty much alike. We like to think we stand alone—but there's generally a woman standing beside us."

"Where did you ever get a line like that?" she said laughing.

"Oh—me and Mark Whitney were discussing women today. He's going to do great things for us."

"Of course."

"Sure. I told him landing the contract meant as much to you as it did to me. You know, a little sales talk. Young man anxious to get married needs big opportunity. I thought it would make a hit with him."

He talked on, never noticing that Marian had turned white as a ghost. She suddenly felt an intense hatred of Al and a contempt for all his stupid bragging. There were a great many things she could have said, but she chose not to waste time. The thing to do was to see Mark at once and tell him the man was lying. She suggested that they stay on for another ride, and as Al felt to get the tickets, she slipped down and disappeared in the crowd.

Later in the evening she was at Mark's waiting for him to return. Soon she heard voices in the hall, and not wanting to be found there when he arrived with friends, she went into a room adjoining the drawing room to wait. The voices were deep. She could help hearing. At first she could not understand. It was the first intimation she had had of it. In a few moments, however, it was all clear to her. Mark was being offered the nomination for Governor. There were congratulations and handshakings—and suddenly she heard this.

"What are you going to do about Mrs. Moreland? You can't run for Governor unless you give her up. There's such a thing as respectability, you know."

She waited for Mark's voice.

"I assure you, gentlemen, you have nothing to worry about. I shall be married to Mrs. Moreland before I am announced as your candidate."

"You can't do it," a strange voice argued.

"There'd be a whispering campaign—"

"I'm not your man then!"

More talk to which Marian did not listen. She had heard enough to know what should be done. She waited till they had gone and then slipped out a side door. After a few minutes, she arrived formally through the front entrance.

"You didn't meet anyone outside, did you?" Mark asked after an affectionate greeting.

"No. Perhaps I shouldn't have come unannounced."

"It isn't that. Only tonight it might have been awkward if you'd run into them."

"Why don't you get me a book of rules," she shouted, trying to work herself into a temper, "and tell me what hours to come? You know—employees of this organization will observe the following conduct during working hours. Only I work a 24 hour shift. I'm sick of it!"

"Oh, my dear. You've a right to say these things. I've been stupid. I should have said this before—will you marry me?"

"The cleverest lawyer in New York, but a fool with women. Your vanity is magnificent."

"What do you mean?"

"That I'm through with you. I'm going to marry Al Manning."

"So what that small-town job hunter told me was true? I thought he was lying. That you wouldn't let me get news like that from anyone but you."

"I intended you should hear it from me. That's why I came here tonight."

"You love him?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it. No woman could pretend to love a man the way you loved me."

"Oh, yes, she could—if that was the way she earned her living."

That was the parting stab. It had to be something like that to send him away from her disgusted enough never to want to see her again. There had been no other way out unless she wanted to ruin his whole future.

"Do you realize," said Al a few days later, "that we've been engaged ten whole minutes and you haven't kissed me?"

"Not until I tell you the truth about something you should know. Then perhaps you won't want to."

"Not me—I've waited three years for that kiss."

"That's it, you see," she explained, trying to break it gently. "I haven't waited."

"You mean—your husband—"

"There wasn't any husband. All this Mark Whitney is responsible for."

"So that's what you are," Al shouted. "And I was willing to marry you. Well, I don't want you now."

"Don't talk to me like that!"

"How do you expect to be talked to? Like a decent woman? I should have known the way you'll turn out. You wanted clothes and money and jewelry. And how did you get them? A politician—a sportsman—Mark Whitney."

He would have said more, but the name, Whitney, recalled something to his mind. A strange expression came over his face.

"My contract?" he said almost in a whisper. "I won't get my contract! Listen, Marian. You've got to square me with Whitney. Perhaps I spoke too quickly. You had a right to live your own life. Fix it with Whitney, and I'll marry you."

Very calmly Marian walked to the telephone.

"A gentleman is just leaving my apartment," she told the operator. "Will you please call a taxi?"

Just before election Mark Whitney was talking to a crowded auditorium in New York. Since his recent speaking tour, his

Clark Gable, who used to play those rough-hewn, man-of-the-soil roles, fits nicely into a drawing-room as a wealthy and successful man in his newest picture. And Joan Crawford is lovelier than ever.
The Private Life of Mr. James Durante

Continued from page 83

"First, you must know my depressiveness is complete. I am retracted to the limit. I can't eat but three or four meals a day. I can scarcely keep my attitude. Here I am, just a youth on the loose, a child of the gods, strong, handsome—well, strong, anyway—wealthy, famous, and fond of little children. And where is she—where is she?

"Well, to make a long story short, or maybe you want a long story, I dunno—but anyway, I comes out to Hollywood and when my signs mislead I don't want to listen to no business. What do I want to go to work for? Well, they tells me about the reductions of working for M-G-M. Then, I have a burst of the big shots. I'll be with. Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, John Gilbert, Buster Keaton, Lawrence Tibbett, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo—and they gets to Greta Garbo and I lets out a shriek. I lams on the desk and puts it up square to enthuse. I says, do I work with Greta Garbo and they says sure you work with Greta Garbo and here's the pen sign on the dotted line. Am I hysterical? I wrote my right name, for the first time since I voted twice for Al Smith.

"Eighteen days pass I don't work with Greta Garbo but this guy Gable wants her all around the place in a part I wanted. I waits for Gable and one day I finds him in the barber shop. So I ups to him and he ups to me but I manages somehow to keep my attitude. You're only a shrimp he says and laughs and I says you're only a shrimp and laughs too and he laughs some more and I laughs some more so he pays his check and I pay mine.

"The scene now "shifts" to Garbo's dressing room. It's in the cool of a perfect morning and the world seems to be down on its knees singing "Mammy." I changed my tactics and decided not to take the situation up with the Producers' Association. I bought me a new shirt and I wear a tweed overcoat. I even go for a hike and I pack a Swedish dictionary under one arm and a box of "krackerbrot" under the other.

"I sing the Swedish anthem a couple of times and throw gardenias at the dressing room door, shouting in fluent cadenas, "Oh Greta, may I come in?" Along comes a cop and he puts on a big effort and starts assuming things and saying you can't hang out here and I says Garbo is waiting for me and he says Garbo ain't waiting for you or nobody else and I says she is and he says she isn't and then somebody throws a shoe over the transom and struks us both with a coincidence.

"It's weeks later and I'm still in complete rejection. I've pressed my suit and been to the Brown Derby. I carry a cane. I'm on the beach at Malibu feeding seagulls and a little birdie, out of appreciation, whispers something in my ear. I can't believe my eyes but I know what I hear. Garbo has just eaten a big meal of "smorgasbord, lutfisk and julgrob" and is
high-minded beings who envied Jim and Betty; and if you have ever been tempted 
to become a Jim or a Betty, just listen to 
the confession of one who tried it and 
what he found out.

The only success that I can claim in this 
business of complete emancipation is that I 
did attain a state of ridiculous detachment 
from myself. In her words, we gave the 
fair break and a chance to perform the 
miracle of perfect bliss; but Old Man 
Bliss would have none of it, and he very 
imperceptibly marched off in the 
opposite direction.

That state which I visualized and 
adoring was, in form, a sort of personal 
Monroe Doctrine. No entanglements, 
alliances, no treaties, and no concessions. 
This meant that no one person could be the 
object of any affection or sentiment 
on my part.

"Love the world and all in it!" said 
boldly, with the martyrred look of the 
hero in an ancient melodrama.

Yes, I actually believed it could satisfy 
that natural craving to love.

At first, I got a kick out of playing God 
(for that is really what it amounted to). 
I began to think that the lives of the 
garbage collector and the bootblack were as 
worthwhile a career as those of my imme-
diate family and long tried friends. I am 
sure Pollyanna was never as gay and 
cheerful and as concerned for a stranger's 
laughing as I was. I was subject to so much suspicion for being either 
a lunatic or a salesman as during that 
attack of love-your-neighbor.

I had always been a smoke screen, 
and a very inefficient one at that. It was a 
desperate attempt to avoid being hurt by 
allowing affection to center on no one 
person. Life was free all right—and how!

Jimmy Durante, impersonat-
ing a zebra wearing pants,
tells one to Lawrence Tibbett.

Confessions of a Lonely Hollywoodian

Continued from page 23

I had to give account of myself to no 
one. There was no one concerned about 
what I did or where I went. I became so 
busy being an individual and living my 
own life that I forgot for the time being 
to notice how desperately lonely and empty 
life was becoming. I killed myself by 
saying that it was only the change that 
I would soon get used to it. But it 
got worse.

My new-found freedom became the 
worst prison I ever hoped to find myself 
in. I began to long for someone to care 
enough to be interested in whether I was 
alive or dead. Surely there must be some 
haunted medium between an all-consuming 
love for one, and social suicide.

Then one day I got a new angle on the 
whole business. It came apparently as an 
accident, but I honestly believe it was the 
manifestation of a very definite plan.

I was ushered into a sunny room in 
the rear of the house where, to my astonish-
ment, I saw a very beautiful girl stretched 
on a rather worn chaise-longue. She 
smiled, but it was not a smile of surprise—
rather of welcome. The lad explained 
my presence and she insisted upon looking 
up the number of the garage for me while 
I waited. He returned eagerly, saying that 
of the garage and was told that a car 
would be sent immediately with a can of 
gas, but that it would be at least five 
minutes on the way.

In those five or ten minutes that I had 
left, I had one of the most delightful 
emotions that I have ever had. I dis-
covered that the girl was the lad's sister 
and that she had been crippled from baby-
hood. She had spent all of her twenty 
years of life in the chair in which I now 
found her.

Here was a sample of apparently the 
most imprisoned being I had come in 
contact with; but to my utter amazement I 
found her at the same time the freeest 
of free beings. She possessed a wonderful 
quantity of intuition, and without my stat-
ing any of my complex troubles, she 
seemed to divine the whole miserable af-
fair of my disastrous marriage, my dis-
appointment and failure. She got her 
point, and stopped, speaking to a very friendly fox terrier which ran down the steps to greet me, I 
rang the bell of the house, hoping to be 
outside enough to purchase a gallon or two 
of gas or else telephone to the nearest 
garage.

A fair-haired lad—just a youngster, 
really—answered my ring, and when I 
explained my difficulty, informed me that 
both his mother and father were away in 
the car, but that I might use the telephone 
if I wished.

following me?—I approach the victim. 
Soon I will have Greta Garbo in my arms. 
The thought runs up a temperature and the 
water boils like a cauldron.

"At last I reach her! She has her hat 
jammed over her face and is throwing her 
arms around wild. I slug her in the jaw 
and lift her to the back. The crowds are 
alarmed. I just dined. I just dined, and 
looked. What do you think I saw?"

Mr. Durante's eyes burned like hot coals. 
"Greta Garbo," we suggested.

"No, Polly Moran!" he gasped.

"She up to me and socks me, bawling 
me out for interfering when she was 
trying to scream loud enough to attract Clark 
Gable's attention!"

Mr. Durante was now in tears.

"And what did you do?" we asked kindly.

"Oh, I up to her and threw her back 
in the ocean!"

The chauffeur turned in his seat and 
yanked Mr. Durante by the collar.

"Hey, you mugs," he snarled. "Get out 
this car—here comes Mr. Tibbett and he's 
in a hurry to get home!"

Editor's Note: For those who are in-
terested in some of the more sober facts 
about the incomparable zany whose heart-
rending story is told above, here you are: 
James Durante was born in New York City 
in February, 1894. He went on the stage at 
an early age, and later became famous as 
vaudevillian and later as a member of the 
team of Durante and Durante. His latest and 
best talkie was with William Haines in "The New Ad-
ventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."
within, I must return to life, accept its hurts, heartaches, disillusionments, and fear no pain.

Something dropped from me like a coat thrown aside on a warm June day. In this sunny room with this amazing creature, there came the first peace and surety I had experienced for a long time. I felt that I wanted to kneel and thank her, but I had to be satisfied with shaking her hand. However, when our eyes met, I knew she was aware that I had received her message.

I hurried home with a new understanding and a new zest for life and love and companionship and come what may! Although I am now hopelessly tied with responsibilities of my own invention—obligations, duties, ties of affection and friendship—I am conscious that I am living and loving it and have found a new freedom whose secret lies in not caring what actually happens to our hurts or pleases yours truly, but in being sure that whatever it is, it serves to strengthen, fortify and mollify that rebellious thing called Ego.

**Picture This!**

*Continued from page 58*

Once in the pool, it took a great amount of persuasion to get Irene out again. "Do you know," she called over her shoulder as she moved from eight to twelve feet of water, "someone dropped me in a lake when I was a youngster, believing the Spartan method was the best, and the result was that I was petrified of the water until I was seventeen. From then on I loved it. Look at this." She demonstrated a new stroke. "Sure, I know," agreed the photographer, cocking his eye in the direction of the sun and wishing the actress' interest in the water would not continue with such avidity. Next for riding clothes. Everyone in the menage looked for the last resting place of the bootjack. When it was tracked to its lair, Irene turned from her mother's letter with its news about her "kid" brother planning on paying her a visit to what appeared to be the impossible task of getting on the boots. Irene tried to remember when she had last been unpacked; after they had been unpacked from that last trip to Carmel. At last, with everybody's help, Irene went into the boots with a thud and the party moved on to Griffith Park, where inquiries were made for a very old and very gentle horse.

Horses, like water, were another case of Irene's childhood coming face to face with her present. A fearless rider as a child, she had been thrown from a horse and had experienced the usual fright ever since when brought in the vicinity of a stirrup.

"The first day I worked in my first film, 'Just a Gigolo,' they got me into a riding habit and explained the scene, which was to be mostly on horseback. I had to admit my fear, so they dug up—almost literally—the oldest nag in California, a horse so old she nearly collapsed before the scene was over."

The horse that afternoon in Griffith Park was ancient, but not too much so to lack staunch ideas. Apparently she didn't like being photographed.

"My sympathy, Horse," said Irene, "I can work all day on the set and it doesn't bother me at all, but still pictures give me the shivers."

Twenty minutes passed while two grooms tried to make the nag raise her ears in nice photographic points.

"Whom are you photographing, the horse or me?" Irene asked with a great deal of interest.

"All right, if you think the great American Public would be interested in seeing a picture of you on what looks like a donkey, okay," said the photographer.

Just then the work of the two grooms was rewarded. After those twenty long minutes of brandishing sticks in the air in the hope of bringing the horse's ears to alertness, the elderly animal gave an amazing bray. Had it been for the fact that Irene had insisted on a western saddle she would have been somewhere else but in the saddle.

It was discovered at this point, after a great deal of checking under the black hood of the camera, that the horse was not an excellent photographic specimen. She was dismissed in ignominy, her screen career blasted in its incipient state, and a mare brought out who had a distinguished white forehead mark and stumpy legs.

The camera shutter clicked many times for the horse "art," as photographs are called in the profession, before the photographer got just what he wanted.

A group of interested spectators, attracted by the combination of pretty girl whites of the maid's eyes began to show enormously in her dark face. Would missy ever forgive her, but she took home the flat iron to do up her chillen's best dresses and she forgot to bring it back!

Irene assured her that the heavens were not going to fall in bits over her woolly head, and jumped into the deep blue bathing suit and then into the deep, blue tile swimming pool for the first pictures.

The water splashed up around her make-up, spoiling it for the camera. That meant bringing the cosmetic kit to the edge of the pool and repairing her make-up before the official business of the afternoon could be started.

Irene Purcell's bridle day (note the spelling carefully). After a fall from a horse at the age of eight Irene thought she was cured; but she had to take to the saddle again when filming "The Man in Possession." Now it's a daily habit.
and good-looking horse, had to be continually shooed away from the focus of the camera by the photographer's assistant. Had there been no assistant the Irene Purcell negatives that afternoon would have been filled with the backs of heads of people who loved to ogle actresses and pet horses.

A little boy balanced his bicycle against a tree trunk and joined the sightseers. He considered a promised photograph a fair exchange for the use of his bike.

"But I've never been on a bike in my life," objected Irene, laughing at him.

"If you divorce yourself from the focus of the camera by the photographer's assistant, Had there been no assistant the Irene Purcell negatives that afternoon would have been filled with the backs of heads of people who loved to ogle actresses and pet horses.

"But I've never been on a bike in my life," objected Irene, laughing at him.

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"But I've never been on a bike in my life," objected Irene, laughing at him.

Moody Mac

Continued from page 30

with me and I'm just no good for anything while I'm in the throes of one."

"What in the world have you got to be depressed about?" I asked curiously.

"I've juggled if I know," she responded.

"I tell myself, 'You've got a good job, you're young and healthy, you've got your family here, you've got a nice home—of course, it isn't all paid for yet, but still, I've got it—you get nice notices for your work'—but it doesn't do any good. All I can think of is to talk back to myself and say, "Very well."'

Mae is a gourmet of the emotions. She lives on them. Nothing that happens to her can be dismissed from her mind until the last drop of emotion has been squeezed out of it.

Once when she first went on the stage, someone told her she would never be a great actress until her heart had been broken. Mae wasn't even remotely in love with anyone at the time. Then she met a personable young chap who showed her an interest in her (platonic) and she worked on herself until she was firmly convinced she was desperately in love with him.

Having achieved that state, she deliberately picked a quarrel with him one night and could hardly get rid of him quickly enough. No sooner had the door closed on him than she flew upstairs to her room to see how she looked with a broken heart. Not noticing much difference in her appearance, she put on the last glass, struck different poses and assured herself in dramatic tones: "Your heart is broken. He's gone out of your life—forever. He's never coming back. You'll never be the same carefree girl again.

She laughs about it now but, at the time, it was very distressing. Her heart has been broken in earnest several times since then.

Once, in one of her moods, she said bitterly, "I just can't go on living like this."

I suggested one fight against falling in love, try to make myself remember how I've been hurt before—and discover it's no use. I found I'm in love in spite of anything I can do. And I started idealizing, put all my hopes and faith in the person and—crash! Everything comes tumbling about me. Life shouldn't be like that. You wonder what you're here for.

"You think too much about yourself," I said, transfixed by the thought that about yourself so much you've lost all sense of proportion and values."

"You're right," she agreed promptly.

"But what am I to do? Pictures are hard work in that you have to be on the set for such long hours at a time, but there are long, long waits between scenes. No one has enough thoughts on other things to occupy all those stretches between shots. You can't read constantly and even if I were the type who worried, I'd find myself thinking as I stitched. I think," she finished facetiously, "I'll go on a farm and be a milkmaid and wear myself out so I'll be too tired at night to think."

She worries and frets continually. One thing she hates more than anything else is confusion. She's extraordinarily intelligent. "I sit here talking to you," she said, "and worry over every word I utter for fear I'll not express myself clearly."

I only wish that I could express myself as well!

"I think," she went on, "I must educate myself so I can start reading a history. Then we can alludes to something that preceded the era I'm studying. I get another history to look up those references and find that alludes to something else. And before I know it, I'm in a hopeless muddle. So I throw down the books and wonder what in the world I can ever make of myself."

Before she married Lew Brice, Mae and Barbara Stanwyck were inseparable chums. Barbara preceded her to Hollywood. When Mae arrived at the Fox lot, the first thing she did was to look up Barbara. They had lunch together; a couple of times but the old camaraderie was missing. Whether it was that both had married, whether it was the fact that, at the time, Mae was scheduled for great things and Barbara was having a dull time trying to hold on to pictures, or whether it was just that they had grown away from each other, Mae has never been able to figure out.

All she knew was that there sat with the dearest friend I've ever had and there was a constraint between us as though we were strangers. It seemed to me there was something I could do to get it back to the old footing. It seemed as though if I could just bridge those silences everything would be all right. So I began jabbering. It was when I was scheduled to make 'Big Time.' The studio had promised me big things and, as there seemed nothing else to talk about, I chattered about that picture. The picture didn't mean half as much to me as getting close to Barbara again.

She listened. And afterwards she told someone I was getting high-hat. And all I could think was 'Frank Fay is a big success out here. She's going to be a big now and she doesn't have to have anything to do with me because I'm a link that binds her to her past. And, in the end, although we were good girls, we weren't ladies.']

Poor Mae. Poor Barbara. Even now, after almost three years, Mae still worries and struggles to bring back to life a dead friendship.

Barbara has recently settled her difficulties with Columbia and returns to them to make "Forbidden." Mae is to go over there to do a picture, too. "We'll be there at the same time," she said, and added wistfully, "then we can get together and straighten things out."
When she is in one of her "moods" she is addicted to the practice of going to fortune-tellers. "No," she explained, "that is believe what they tell me, but they talk about me, which bolsters up my ego, and they prophesy great things for me, which makes me feel good even though, as I say, I don't put any stock in it."

She is five feet three inches tall, weighs around a hundred and ten pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes. She is an expert swimmer, plays golf and is fond of fishing. When prompted to cry over anything she writes poetry and one of her efforts— "Just a Bust"—has been taken by an editor for early publication.

She likes to ride horseback but says, as a rule, she is scared to death of the horse, and whenever she starts out on a ride, takes a bag of loaf sugar along for her mount. She gives him a couple of pieces before they start to cultivate a feeling of good will and lets him see her put the rest in her pocket in hopes he'll understand that if he behaves himself he can have the rest when they get back.

Her closest friends are Mary Brian and Florence Lake, and the three of them bang around Hollywood together.

Florence once explained carefully to me that they aren't the domestic type and none of them even knows how to boil water. And when they try to arrange flowers artistically in a bowl, the result looks like a radio message in Sanskrit.

As stated, Mae has a grand sense of humor and is always good for a million or so laughs. But it's when she's in one of her moods that I like her best, because then she quite worrying over what people think of her and whether or not they like her. Words come tumbling forth, fairly tripping over themselves, and it's then you see what she's really like.

You can take it from one who knows, that the girl you see on the screen is not half so charming as the one who laughs bitterly and says, "We were good girls, but we weren't ladies!" and who for that hopes that the admission shocks you and that you might even believe it—which you never, never do!

Black and white ensembles predominate this season. Mary Nolan's white blouse is trimmed with black fox fur, and her small black felt hat has a little touch of white. Take a tip from Mary girls.

Made-To-Order Reputations

Continued from page 33

and lounge in backless bathing suits. Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, and Kay Francis are three of our foremost ladies. Their sympathy with the rules of Emily Post is so well known that in real life they never fear social criticism. A lady is a lady, no matter, what she does. Ruth Chatterton may say, "I'm a bum!" but you don't believe her unless you give ear to Clara Bow's "I'm a sap!" declaration.

For sweetness and light, who can approach Lois Wilson? She is famed as the movies' Elsie Dinsmore. Actually, she has more fire than La Bow. Lois knows what she wants and heaven help you if it doesn't materialize. Nancy Carroll also has a cherubic look. But if you worked with her you wouldn't describe her as having a mild disposition.

When you think of Gloria Swanson, what immediately flashes into your mind? Money! She's rolling in it. All the world, except Gloria and her banker, knows that.

You've heard what a versatile boy wonder Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is. He longs to paint, write, and draw. The truth is that he follows these alternative muses only for the remuneration forthcoming. At that, Joan has to sit him down and make him work at his vocations.

All interviewers step up to Richard Barthelmess prepared for the worst. He's always so rude to strangers, one hears. When he fails to bite, the writers are positive that he has mistaken them for someone else. To an authentic reporter, Barthelmess is exceptionally gracious. His fierce reputation staves off bores.

You can bet that Jean Harlow is pretty gay! Remember those skin-tight gowns Jean inevitably sports? Her close friends, strange to say, find her dignified and sedate. Sad, but so!

Now, honestly, how could Janet Gaynor and Helen Twelvetrees have stood the terrific strain of progressing from nowhere to stardom if they were as fragile as you think? Who would live with John Barrymore if he were as odd as "The Royal Family" insinuated?

Adolphe Menjou hasn't purchased a new tuxedo in four years. Why should he? Everyone knows that he must get several each month. You don't catch the cunning Adolphe spending cash to prove an accepted fact! So the fans have their vision of the impeccably dressed Menjou, and Adolphe saves money on clothes, and all's well.

I could go on endlessly relating the discrepancies between our stars publicity traits and their honest-to-gosh characteristics. But what's the use? You already are certain of what every one of them is like. Thousands of dollars have been spent in convincing you. Who am I to argue that they are otherwise?

One might as well join the overwhelming majority which accepts as gospel the initial impression it gets of a star. I'm about to shut my eyes and ears to what I encounter. As Uncle Aeb says, "It's better to agree with people as much as you kin. It makes them feel good-natured, and you don't have to listen so much back talk."

Anyway, I will remind you of this little thought in closing: Many of the footprints on the sands of time are pointed the wrong way!
Name This Girl
Win $1500.00!

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay $1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name—and $500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this $1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name
What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this $1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, $500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the $1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that $500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do
Certainly this $1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to do—no coupons to clip. This $1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this $1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as $4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

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A. S. WEILBY,
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The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

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CO-ED Face Powder
Send your name suggestion within three days and we will send you a Free Sample of lovely CO-ED face powder De Luxe with our reply.

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 308, CHICAGO, ILL.
She's the Only Girl!
Continued from page 51

just in time to interrupt her reading of a letter newly received from Mr. Hume on the coast.

"I like Cy because he's nice. And clever. And I enjoy reading his novels, mostly because he doesn't make me read them. I'm not allowed to telephone him when I come East; I'm being economical since my money ran away, and I bring along just enough to do my shopping and to live on. So then when I get here Cy keeps sending me more money and calling me up afterwards to find out if I need it. You know, it's fun economizing."

Is nothing sacred any more? Why, she even waxed irreverent about those most infallible of beings—interviewers.

"You won't be like that funny man who interviewed me once and then wrote a story all about how I got my start by chasing a goose around the streets, will you? That's what I got for telling him how I rushed downtown to get a stage part in 'The Wild Duck' long ago."

But in spite of her casual way with matters of moment, there is no lack of good, serviceable common sense in Helen Chandler's blonde head. It must have taken plenty of that valuable commodity to win her first stage part when she was eight years old, in Arthur Hopkins' production of "Barbara." It must have taken more to enable her to keep on as a successful child actress, until at the mature age of fifteen she won the unanimous acclaim of the New York critics with her portrayal of the little girl in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck"—a splendid production which she came near to stealing outright from the leading lady. Other stage parts followed, as the girl grew older, in such pieces as John Barrymore's "Richard the Third," Lionel Barrymore's "Macbeth," and in "Penrod," "The Constant Nymph," "Faust," and others. Even as a child actress Helen earned her living and considerably more besides—an especially happy circumstance since the Chandlers are an old Southern family, and Papa Chandler, lately transplanted from South Carolina, encountered perplexities in competing with life in the bustling North.

When Helen received her summons to Hollywood she was destined to vindicate the attractions of free-lancing for actors. During her first year, which was spent under contract with Fox, she made nary a picture; in the year or more that has since passed she has made nine, with no relief in sight.

"The idea of me had to sink in gradually with them," is her brief comment. Her more recent pictures have been "Dracula," "Daybreak," "Salvation Nell," "Fanny Foley Herself," "The Last Flight," and "Heart and Hand." The last two pictures afforded her the unique opportunity (as well as the unique responsibility) of playing the only feminine role of any importance in the cast.

These last two pictures are Helen's favorite ones to date, although she insists that the lack of feminine competition has nothing to do with this circumstance. She didn't care so much for the kind of thing she did in "Dracula" and "Salvation Nell," but Nikki, she thought, was a girl you'd like to know. And this flightily matter-of-fact sort of person—a character such as Barrie might have created if he had been Ernest Hemingway—is indeed a "natural" for her. Perhaps it was the consciousness of some affinity with Hemingway's staccato personalities that made Miss Chandler long to play the part of Cather- ine Barclay when "A Farewell to Arms" was produced on the stage last season. The job went to Elissa Landi, but Helen still hopes to play it in a picture.

She's another. She thinks, for instance, that it would be nice to make talkie versions of some of our favorite fairy tales—hers, yours and mine. There she goes—the "wrong thing" again! When every proper movie actress' ambition should be to emote all over the place in dramatic, "woman-scorned" roles, Helen Chandler wants to be a children's heroine in "Hansel and Gretel," "The Golden Fleece," and the rest of those believe-it-or-not yarns that are waiting for just the right touch to make them come beautifully alive on the screen. Hemingway would have to take a back seat in these characterizations; but one has a feeling that Helen Chandler is equipped to create a dreamy, moonstruck, gloriously unreal fairy-tale heroine such as to cause the grown-ups to elbow the kids away from the pictures.

Something else is on Helen's mind, too. She thinks it would help her career if she would be settled upon as a domestic personality with which she would become identified in the minds of the public, as well as the casting directors. And just how is she to achieve such a singular personality, and an appealing one withal?

Well, here's a valuable tip, Miss Chandler—Oh, don't mention it! As Aristotle practically said, "Just be yourself, kid!"

The Lost Loves of Hollywood
Continued from page 21

Alvarado, who dances a most divine tango.

But Ben and Bebe—there's a romance that is fine, and real, and workable. If Ben gives a splendid performance in Marilyn's picture, "Her Majesty, Love," and Bebe does; he was never better—it's a triumph of pure technique! If his love scenes with Miss Miller are exciting, it's wholly because the script suggests it. Ben is a fine actor and he proves it beyond dispute in "Her Majesty, Love." For all that the role he was playing these love scenes with Marilyn, he was thinking of Bebe—and of another young lady, named Barbara. Those scenes were filmed while Bebe was in the hospital and little Barbara Bebe Lyon was very much in her infamy.

Gary and Lupe! Of all the lost loves, perhaps only the Cooper-Velez has its touch of sadness—perhaps some tinge of sadness. Because it was so terrific while it lasted—and rather bitter when it began to burn out. Lupe laughs along—but sometimes there seems defiance in her laughter. Gary stays the same—except that he is a little more listless, a trifle tireder, more definitely a bore, slenderer—than he should be. Young man. There's a hint of tragedy here—so let's hurry on.

Dorothy Mackaill is the gay girl, the play girl, the girl with the greatest sense of humor in all pictureville, must often be stubbing her toe over a lost love. Dorothy is popular. Dorothy is a lot of fun. And

Dorothy Mackaill and Donald Cook staging a love scene for you and director William Wellman and for "Safe in Hell." Not so long ago Dorothy and Donald were reported romantically interested in each other.
Dorothy always has more beauitx than she knows what to do with. The only beau she ever took seriously enough to marry was Lothar Mendes and Dot swears she proposed to him. Don't know about that—but certainly it is Dorothy's fault that there are so many ghosts hanging around her doorstep—ghosts who did their darndest to become Mr. Mackaill the second—and never succeeded.

Remember the reports that Walter Pidgeon was a candidate? And Donald Cook was quite a cynical candidate? And Dorothy takes love scenes together in "Safe in Hell." Perhaps in the case of Mr. Cook, and considering Miss Mackaill's million dollar appeal, it might be better to leave out the word "in" in that title and substitute a dash. The only man who would be absolutely safe with Dorothy Mackaill would have to be stuffed. And through no fault of Dorothy's, That charm of hers is natural. She doesn't have to fake it. She just can't help it.

Of course, the last we heard Neil Miller was still very much in the picture. No, not in "Safe in Hell." Donald Cook is in that. I mean in the Hollywood picture. And Dorothy seems more serious than usual about Neil. The good-looking crooner is definitely not yet a member of the company of Lost Loves.

There are different brands of ghostly loves out there. Some of the almost-romances might include Mary Brian and Jack Oakie—that looked very serious for a while; and Marguerite Churchill and Russell Gleason; and Lew Ayres and Constance Bennett—and Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea; and Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor—can't they be friends? They can—they are!

Gloria Swanson chose Ben Lyon for her leading man in "What a Widow!" They were once the bright spots in one another's existence. Miriam Hopkins and Robert Montgomery used to play in stock together—and did you know that? Now they are both in Hollywood, and Bob is crazy about his wife and baby. And Miriam? Why, she is still good friends with her husband, Austin Parker, the writer—even though she is getting a divorce. Yes, we can be friends! And why not?

In a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently,

"Yes, but she spoils it all by smoking a cheap cigarette."

Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros.

Florence D. Walden

MARLBORO
America's finest cigarette

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The Stage in Review

Continued from page 63

Mr. Leslie Banks, gives us a superb portrait of the man that money has eaten up—a Balzacian portrait. Vera Allen was good as his wife. But the best "bit" in a play that contained six scenes and twelve scenes was the character work of a cynical British bounder by Nigel Bruce—flippant insolence to the life! The settings by Lee Simonson are one of the reasons for the success of this gripping play.

"Lean Harvest" will be a whole of a picture. It contains all the elements of a box-office knockout.

"The Cat and the Fiddle"

Max Gordon, with Jerome Kern, Otto Harbach and José Ruben (who staged it) knocked a hole in the ceiling with "The Cat and the Fiddle." It is all music! Waltz, boleros, mazurkas, and the rest of the romantic inspirations. Melodies. Scenery, sound, atmosphere, love spells, aura that will make me yelp for more of this kind of anti-jazz entertainment.

"The Cat and the Fiddle" tells a love story. It is laid in Brussels. But that's of no consequence. It's the delicious music and humor that make this one of the most charming, imaginative and resourceful entertainments of many seasons.

Betina Hall, Lawrence Grossmith, Eddie Foy, Jr., Doris Carson, Georges Metaxa, George Meader and José Ruben, with a swarm of others, keep this show going from the rise of the curtain to the fall with never a yawn. And the scenery and effects are Art.

"Two Seconds"

This play, by Elliott Lester, in a prologue, fifteen scenes and an epilogue, for all its ephemeral entertaining value, lacks psychological and philosophical gizzard; and any drama that aims at the Big Thing must have both.

From a scene in the electric chair we are flashed back into the life of a riveter. We see what happened in the last two seconds in his brain. Eduard Pavley does splendid work as the Spiritual Riveter and Blythe Daly as the music-hall dancer, who was the moral superior of this meany, was good but not great by any means.

"The Guest Room"

Charlotte Pavers, a female pest who is always trying to be some one's guest "in order to do them good," is quite an unusual study in the hands of Helen Lowell. She breaks up several families and is a general all-around-annoyance in her attempt to make people's lives un-lonely when they are quite satisfied to remain un-solitary. Her portrait inspires comic rage—that is, you laugh at her and want to shoot her dead at the same time.

The Guest Room is quite "different." Beverly Sitrinards, Otto Hallet, Joan Kenyon (a beautiful and charming actress) and Herbert Warren helped the laughs along.

"The Good Companions"

This is a play done from a book by Messrs. Priestley and Knobloch. It is in sixteen scenes all over England, detailing the adventures of a runaway carpenter with a company of strolling players who talk all of the English languages from Cockney to Shetland, pony piots.

To me, there wasn't a living, vital character in the play. I did not smile once, and the dullness became so dense that I actually got interested in seeing what was coming next! It's all adapted from J. B. Priestley's book, you know.

Valerie Taylor, Vera Lennox, George Carney and Hugh Sinclair were among the players.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
discussed Sue Carol, one of the prettiest Brunette ingénues in the business. Three years ago everyone was fighting over her. Today both Sue and her good-looking husband, Nick Stuart, once a Fox star, are finding the free-lance game none too profitable. Irene Dunne has loads of charm—the charm of intelligence.

Take a peak in at Paramount. June Collyer, their most beautiful girl, is no longer on contract. Clara Bow, a real beauty, is not among those present in future Paramount pictures. Mary Brian, and Jean Arthur, pretty girls, have been replaced by Sylvia Sidney and Lilyan Tashman. Oddly attractive women, but hardly beauties.

Ruth Chatterton, Paramount's leading lady, is a grand actress. Like Marlene Dietrich, who is Garbo-like and rather mysterious looking, Ruth does not seriously vie for top honors when it comes to ranking the truly eye-filling women. Marlene in person reminds one of Garbo, whose pale face has magnetism rather than perfection.

Rising satellites such as Tallulah Bankhead, Claudette Colbert, and Carole Lombard stress sophistication, Claudette and Carole, in particular, have marvelous figures. Nancy Carroll admits, herself, that her face is too round to get her into the beauty class.

And shed a tear for a handsome man who wanders onto the Paramount lot! Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen are relegated to the background, while George Bancroft, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, and Maurice Chevalier get the breaks. Not much encouragement for a youthful masculine specimen of the lifeguard type. True, Phillips Holmes is attractive, but he succeeds because his dramatic ability overshadows his facial advantages, or should one say now—disadvantages?

In the old days of eye-appeal a lovely girl could talk in a Boreway accent, a manly hero in a whisky tenor. No one off the set could bear them. The directors could stop shooting at any time to give minute instructions. Indeed, some players had their expressions numbered and waited for the director to call for (ear), hope, love, or anger by its allotted digit!

These players are gone forever. The dumb stars have been eliminated. But are we not in danger of swinging to the other extreme? This is an age of sophistication, one in which experienced men and women portray life. All well and good, a tribute to the industry for coming of age.

Yet the silent screen served a very worth-while and deeply felt need in presenting super-beings for us to worship and enjoy. Mary Pickford, with her golden curls and bland innocence, was a wholesome influence. Valentine's flashing physical perfection was something to emulate. Corinne Griffith, the orchid lady of magic glamour, touched a spot in our hearts that all the cold, realistic actresses can never reach.

It seems to many that beauty has a definite right to a place in the talkies. The old phrase, "beautiful but dumb!" was not infallible. It is possible to have both looks and acting ability. We don't want a resurrection of the clothes-horse, vain, stupid type of beauty. Let that kind rest in peace and be thankful they are not being trayed by the microphones.

But I do believe we should give the lovely girls and the handsome men who have survived the talkies their chance to act. With the roles that have been given other less attractive stars, Anna Page could develop into a first-rate dramatic actress. June Collyer might be trained to be as effective as Ruth Chatterton, Sue Carol to register as well as a lesslookable actress.

Recall that Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen, for example, made their first big hit in strictly dramatic roles in "Wings." What a routine of insipid parts have come their way since! And if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spent more time finding appropriate and worthy vehicles for Ramon Novarro and less trying to make an actor out of Lawrence Tibbett, the fans who want romance as of old would give a cheer.

"Beauty is its own excuse for being," a wise sage said. The talkies are disregarding this tried and true principle. Will there be a revival of interest in the players who are easy on the eyes? Nobody knows, but a lot of us care.

What—No Love Life?
Continued from page 87

camping on studio doorstep trying to get a hearing. I finally registered as an extra in the Central Casting Office. My card is still there in the files, I guess. It never brought me a single call.

Karen's first work before the movie camera, contrary to general belief, was not with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration," the picture that won her instant recognition.

It was in "Through Different Eyes." Through a friend she obtained work as an extra. For two weeks she sat on the courtroom set and watched Edmund Lowe, Mary Duncan and Sylvia Sidney working in the featured roles.

After that Karen persuaded local stage managers to give her a chance. She made her first public appearance as a model in "Little Orchid Annie" for $20 a week. Next came a "screaming" hit in "Night Hostess." She understudied Brenda Forbes in "Rope's End" but never got on the stage, supplying off-stage yells and playing the victrola while waiting for the leading lady to fall ill. In "And So To Bed" she was a maid. Then came the chance to play a regular part in "Fata Morgana," which earned her some mention from local critics.

"My real break came when I gained admittance to the office of Ben Thau, casting director at the M-G-M studio. While I was trying to persuade him to make a test of me, Robert Montgomery came in for his lines with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration." He asked Thau if he might have some girl to read Miss Garbo's lines to him for a test Clarence Brown was waiting to make. Thau suggested I try it. The rehearsing with Montgomery got me that part of Diane in the picture.

Karen's recent role in "Scarface" gives her a brand-new opportunity. It takes her away from more or less stereotyped heroine parts and offers stark characterization.

"My one big fear is that I will be 'type' and cast only in one kind of part. I want to play all kinds. I don't care one way or another. I'm willing to try different and offer a wider field than straight ingenues. Most of all, I would like to play sophisticated comedy of the Frederick Lonsdale and Noel Coward kind. Of course, I hope someday to be a star, but that possibility is so distant I don't even think about it.

"Exotic roles do not hold any particular fascination for me. I don't believe I am exactly the type for that kind of work. But I wouldn't balk at anything—not even custard-pie comedies."
Revuettes

Continued from page 6

BALMY DAZE. Simple Simon. A grand comedy, original and well-acted. There is one continuous chuckle punctuated with frequent guffaws.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY. Max Fleischer. A cocking story novelty cartoon with clever comedy.

MANHATTAN MARINERS. RKO-Pathe. A fast-moving launch takes us on a cruise around Manhattan Island, with a running description of the sights of New York and Interesting and worthwhile.

SPEED. Educational. Funny business by Andy Clyde, Marylee Beebe and Alberta Vaughn, involving a trim aerocar; airplanes, Indians.

THE CLYDE MYSTERY. Vitaphone. A murder story, but more impressive for its comedy, which is good, than for its thrills. With Donald Meek and John Hamilton.


WRESTLING SWORDFISHER. Educational. An exciting, eight-minute picture showing the efforts of two men to land a big swordfish.

FAST AND FURIOUS. Universal. Daphne Pollock in an imaginative muddle of old slapstick stunts.

FOOTBALL FOR THE FAN. Educational. How college men, aided by a gallery of other famous coaches, explains the history of the forward pass with graphic demonstrations. Accessible to the fan; interesting to everyone.

GYPSY CARAVAN. Vitaphone. Giovanni Martinelli, in excellent voice, renders several gypsy songs and models an appealing appearance.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS. Fox. One of the "Magic Carpet Series." South Seas Isles stuff, but with nothing particularly new.

LA SCHNAPPS, INC. Paramount. You'll grin and giggle at this film. So will Dale, equipped with swell laughs, bring humor into the clothing business.

THE STARBUCK DIAMOND. Educational. A good crook drama, featuring William J. Burns himself, who uses the tables on the dastardly diamond-grabbers.

L' Spite of Their Faults

Continued from page 55

from my reach. "Those glasses cost me just seventy dollars a doz—"

To tell, massaging her gum as if she were trying to get all its sweetness before

What are your sins against charm? Are you self-conscious? Do you lack poise? Do you fail to express your personality vividly, glamorously? Do you know how to make people like you? Send for the "Charm-Test"... and find the key to personal triumph.

MARGERY WILSON

America's authority on Charm whose advice on this subject has been sought by the socially prominent as well as by actresses of note, and whose fascinating book called "Charm" is used as a test in exclusive finishing schools. Would you like to have Margery Wilson's personally, privately, how to develop your own natural charm? Send for her interesting "Charm-Test".

TRIBUTES OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

Charm is in evidence everywhere. Here's Margery Wilson's book if you would love to own.

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("Gigolo Clemmie")

Anything that impresses a person with the importance of charm is invaluable. I don't see why anyone interested in life can afford not to read your book.

D. W. GRIFFITH

("The Great Liar")

To capture the elusive spirit of "Charm," and analyze it for personal cultivation, as you have done, is indeed a wasted art that has taken you years. I give you my wholehearted approval.

You are dealing with a subject close to every woman's heart and you have handled it delightfully.

MARY PICKFORD

All you pretty, charming little girls who want to catch Hollywood you will be more charming after you have learned Miss Wilson's method—and its conception of red-blooded manhood appeals to me.

JIM CRUZE

You have given in your book a practical solution. You have solved the true mythologies of charm and shown that it is available to the honest, the poor, the ignorant and the ill so to the beautiful, the rich, the sophisticated and the young. People who will follow your advice will have charm and enjoy its many powers.

Your secrets of charm are delightful, and with as much knowledge you are interested in the subject, and who is not?"--James C. COMPIER

I wish that everyone in the world could have a copy of Margery Wilson's fascinating book called "Charm." I trust that you will be pleased with this edition of the book. The chapter on "How to Foster Charms" alone is worth the price of the volume.

BEBE DANIELS

Margery Wilson's "charm" is all that the title implies, and more.

RUTH CHATTERTON

You have covered the subject exceedingly, giving a sensible cultivation of charm; rather than resorting to vague theories.

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trained corps of operators are traveling all around showing people just the right way to apply them. However, if you just follow the simple directions in the package you can soon put them on perfectly.

So far so good. There's no doubt they give a marvelous appearance. But—and here is where I began to worry about the effect on your own lashes; began to wonder if such a procedure would be injurious. I determined to give SCREENLAND readers only absolutely dependable advice in this department, I inquired further into the matter.

I have been assured that not only is Ey-Teb not injurious in any way, but it is absolutely beneficial. The added weight on each lash strengthens the hair root and thus stimulates the growth of your own lashes. The handling, brushing, and manipulation of hair always strengthens it. Of the nice things about Ey-Teb is that it gives you long lashes with that natural look that is so smart these days. Of course, you can cut them to any desired length, and after they are dry you can curl them up more with your fingers, if you wish. They're wonderful! Right here before me are two new items that are sure to be of interest to you in these winter months when it seems so hard to keep hands looking nice. Max Factor has given us a new, improved hand lotion—smooth, creamy-white. It softens the hands without leaving them sticky and greasy. You can put your gloves right on as soon as it is absorbed. Max Factor seems to be always alert to new ideas and improvements.

And here is just a love of a new manicure set put out by Glazo. The last word in sophistication, it contains a bottle of nicotine remover—(shades of our grand-mothers!)—but it will also remove less worldly spots, even those of the humble potato peelings. The cuticle remover is a crème which dissolves away the loose particles of skin. There is also a nail-white pencil. A tube containing cotton, file, emery boards and orange sticks completes this splendid set. The polish may be had in several shades, but the most popular is the natural. It is set in a clever balekite tray which can be removed from the green and gold box that houses it very handsomely. A world of convenience for $1.

Since Miss Wilson is writing about hair in this month's beauty article, I feel justified in reminding you of the nice sheen you can give your hair with Golden Glint Rinse. It is for brunettes as well as blondes. By the way, if any of your friends who are synthetic blondes are having trouble with the harshness of their bleached hair when it is wet, tell them to try shampooing it with Lux, occasionally. It will make a difference! And now listen! How's this for news? The Pompeian people—yes, that's right, the "Beauty in every jar" company—are giving us a new scientific body powder that has as many virtues as a D. W. Griffith heroine. It is simply perfect! Daintily perfumed with a delicate scent that lasts, it clings with the tenacity of a best friend—but it also has serious work to do, for it is both deodorizing and antiseptic. It was produced under the supervision of Professor Richmond, head of the Chemistry Department at Elmira College for Women. Only the highest grade ingredients are used in this Pompeian Dusting Powder Plus. It doesn't soil the pores and it doesn't dry the skin. And you may buy this modern marvel for $1! Wrapped in cellophane—and of course, there's a puff—in the package, I mean!

The Truth About Cosmetics
Continued from page 100

The Beauty of Your Hair
Continued from page 61

Thomas Meighan in the living-room of his bungalow at the Fox studio. It's a typically Irish cottage, originally built for John McCormick. Doesn't Tom look at home? "Sure, it's a great place to be living in, and I Meighan what I say," says Tom.
Honesty now, have you a good hair brush? I don’t mean that pretty thing that ornaments your dressing table. You must have a brush with long business-like bristles. So good that it will break and split your hair and not so soft that it won’t penetrate deeply. Get a good one that will last a while. They are not inexpensive and it is money well invested.

Brush your hair every day thoroughly. You can’t go wrong on the old-fashioned prescription of one hundred strokes a day. Brushing also lengthens the life of your thinning lace by shifting dirt and other things between the thinning. It cleans the hair too. For this and every other reason keep your brush perfectly clean. It should be washed much more often than you wash your hair.

In massaging move the scalp itself in a rotary motion. Take small bunches of hair close to the head and pull it gently. (Don’t tell the children about that one.)

Dandruff, except in extreme cases, is not nearly so harmful to the hair as it is popularly supposed. But if your dandruff fails to respond to the ordinary treatments, go at once to a physician, not to a hairdresser.

Just because brushing takes some of the wave out of your hair, you should not mind it. Besides, loose, soft waves are much smarter than clipped, set-looking ones. I’d like to brush out most of the waves I see. Women, following each other like sheep, have formed the habit of agorizing over straight hair—when, actually, one third of us who rush to be waved, kill our individuality with a curling iron. Many a face that is refined and distinguished with straight hair becomes worse than ordinary with waves. Understand, I’m not advocating straight hair for everybody. I’m only trying to remind you that you should not be a slave to habit-thinking, but you should calmly and critically decide your own hair-csembling.

Since there are no more ugly women, it is scarcely the height of any one’s ambition to be merely pretty. The object of the game these days is to look distinguished. And if, for you, that means loose waves or none at all, then, for goodness’ sake, have the courage of your convictions and go your own way.

But whatever you do, you will derive the most benefit from it if you act joyously, with pleasure in the doing. Don’t brush your hair as if you were mending it. Work up some interest and enthusiasm and let that fire of the spirit give an added electric energy to the good work.

You’ve heard it said that flowers grow better for those who tend them lovingly. It’s true. It may be simply because they do better work, or it may be that some force actually flows from interested hands and hearts that nourishes and stimulates the object of its devotion.

Tend your hair because you love beautiful hair. Watch the light's play on the sheen of its silky texture and enjoy it. Other people like to see it—why not you?

When you are all dressed, having done the best you can, and yet you feel that you are not effecting your full stand in front of a full length mirror and study the image. What is it that keeps you from looking distinguished, sophisticated, smart? The very first thing to do in such a critical time is to remove, one at a time, your ornaments, jewelry, flowers, bows, and trimmings of whatever nature until you have only one note that decorates an otherwise elegant simplicity. If there is still something wrong—it’s your HAIR! Do something different with it. If it’s up, put it down. If it’s down, put it up. When in doubt keep it close to your head.

If you are not an attractive woman, you can make your hair so lovely that other faults will be minimized. There is no excuse for ugly hair. I once heard a man say, “A woman may have nothing more than a soft voice and silky hair for me to be her slave!”

Down in their hearts men resent the feminine invasions of their provinces. We have gradually entered their businesses, their tobacco shops, their tailor and barber shops until now there is grave danger of their retailing with beards again! I believe it has already started in England. Can’t you anticipate the smug smile behind a new-grown beard as its owner sees a modern woman’s astonishment? Its owner will probably be thinking, “Hah! I’ve got you this time. Go home and try to raise a beard!” Well, poor dears, they’re entitled to something of their own, if it’s only a beard.

With just the right method it seems possible to accomplish anything we wish in improving our appearance. If in these monthly talks I do not take up your particular problem, please write me personally. I will be so glad to help you with special advice.

China Doll

Continued from page 34

doesn’t want that to happen. Her work is too important. She’s too happy. Travel and meeting different people, are things which appeal strongly to her.

“Love,” she said, “is rather selfish and concerned with the self. In love the self has little or no feeling for any other than the one loved. Always, since childhood, I’ve loved people in general, not individuals. Now, I am often taken for a mild lunatic because I used to slip along the street and all but hug the crowds of pedestrians and simply because I was happy to be alive and wished to love the whole world. Now, when I step out on the stage I feel that same diffusion of love and happiness toward the audience. People are never just a crowd to me; they are somehow personal and near. I don’t want to lose that feeling, but falling in love might chafe me.”

After her stage triumphs in London and Berlin, and in New York, during which she devoted much time to study and the acquisition of a soft, modulated Oxford accent that is even more British than that of Ruth Chatterton, Anna May Wong returned home a polished, poised, and thoroughly charming woman. To those who are so fortunate as to know her, it matters not the least that she is of another race.

In fact, her personality is so wholly and unaffectedly Western that it is difficult to remember that she is Chinese. Certainly it is not that of the Hollywood Beau Brummels, give the matter a race any thought when they view with each other for the privilege of escorting her in a picture of the men in her the composite of all women—feminine, mysterious and not effecting her stand in front of a full respect and chivalry that is often de ned her Western sisters in this era of ultra-independent womanhood.

Two men actors, that never really learn the meaning of love. They never seem able to leave off acting even when they are far from the footlights.

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Write to the Stars as Follows: Continued from page 101

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Ann Doran
Sally Elters
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor

Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Gaston Lofthus
Emilie Landi
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Helen Mack

Kenneth MacKenna
Sally O'Neil
Mona Marris
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Conchita Montenegro
Loris Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien

Marjorie White

Costs of Current Films Continued from page 103


"STREET SCENE," United Artists. From the play by Elmer Rice. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: Rose, Sylvia Sidney; Sam, William Collier, Jr.; Abe Kaplan, Max Montor; Mr. Maurrant, David Landau; Mrs. Maurrant, Estelle Taylor; Sawyers, Russell Hopton; Easter, Louis Natheaux; Moe Jones, Greta Granotelli; Emma Jones, Bredah Bowd; George Jones, T. H. Manning; Vincent Jones, Matthew McHugh; Ola Olow, Adele Watson; Karl Orion, James Wray; Shirlee Kaplan, Anna Kossen; Alice Simpson, Nora Cecil; Walter Maurrant, Lambert Stem, Diet de Baco; Allan Fox.

Panorama, Cecil Cunningham; Robert Lane, Ian Keith.


"THE GAY DIPLOMAT." RKO-Radio. From the story by Ivan Lebedeff. Adapted by Doris An- derson. Directed by Richard Boleslawsky. The cast: Otto Kruger, Dorothy Lamour, William Tabbert, Robert Newcomb; George Meeker; Captain Orloff, Ivan Lebedeff; Diana Dorsley, Gene- rous Tolles, Barretts Carri, Betty Compson; Mil- lita Chasen, Colonel Gour, Parrish Pratt; Natalie, Esta L. Rocy; Gamble, Colin Campbell; A. Associate, Edward Martindell; The Sware Man, Arthur Edmund Carew.

"THE GUARDSMAN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Adapted by Ernest Vajda from Ferenc Marics' play. Directed by Joshua Wallis. The cast: J. Carstairs, William Powell, Alice Terse, Rita Silvestri, Allison Skipworth, Wm. Smith, Louise Hayes; Dr. George, Myron Bozansky, Louise Carter; Ethel Graff, Mr. Everard, Arthur Clayton; Dr. Mann, A. E. Anderson; Simon, Douglas Gerrard; Pick- ock, E. R. Pollock; Reginald, Colin Campton; Klaw, A. M. Sharps, Al, Alexson Ansari; Nelson, Terrell Davis; Mrs. Margaret Martin.


"THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE." Paramount. Based on a romance by Robert Louis Stevenson. The cast: Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Edmund Lowe, Joseph Schildkraut; William Tabbert, John Qualen, John Loder, Gladys George; Mr. Steven, Brian Donlevy; Mrs. Tabbert, Eve Arden; Mr. Taylor, Robert Taylor; Mr. Schildkraut, Joseph Schildkraut; Mr. Lowe, Edmund Lowe; Mr. Qualen, John Qualen; Mrs. George, Eve Arden.

"THE SIN OF MADELEN CAUDET." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "The Lullaby" by Edward Knoblock. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: Madeleine, Helen Hayes; Curtis, Judi Helm, Lewis Stone; Larry, Neil Hamilton, Dr. Claude, Robert Young, Vail, Cliff Edwards; Dr. Bick, Jess Horschel; Rosalie, Marie Prevost; Alice, Karen Mace; Photography by Robert Kruger; John, Alan Halsey; Roget, Hallwell Hobbes; St. Jacques, Louise Page; Claudette, Russell Powell.

"THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME." United Artists. Based on a story by E. Richard Schaeffer and Dale Van Every. Directed by Royce Mack. The cast: Buck O'Brien, Law, Alyre, Jim Stewart, William Bickel; McCarthy, Andy Devine, Harg, Harry Barris; Coach, J. Farrell McDonald; Frank Carideo, Frank Carideo; The Four Horsemen, Tom Miller, Elmer Layton, Jim Curley, Harry Stableford; Attorney Couh, Nat Pederson; Peggy, Sally Blane; Addy Walsh, Addy Walsh; Rosalee, Rosalee; John, Robert Couch; Louise, Louise; Paul, Paul; Moon Mullin, Moon Mullin; Art, Art; Marion, Marion; Al, Howard; Al, Howard; John, John; Brian, John.

"THE UNHOLY GARDEN." United Artists. Original story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by George Bernard Shaw. The cast: Barring- ton Hunt, Ronald Colman; Camille, Fay Wray; Hume, Mrs.; Elsa, Eliza Taylor; Thomas de Jonghe, Tully Marshall; Smiley Cohen, Warren Hymer; Colonel Von Alpp, Prince Nicolas Pollockoff, Mischa Auer; Captain Krager, Morgan Wallace; Dr. Sh抟, Lawrence, Nick; Hugo, Henry Armatte; Kid Twist, Kid Guard; Major Louis, Lenfield; Cater, Cater; Lavalter, Lavalter; Arnold Korf, Alfred, the Baron's Brother, Charlie Maller; Native Dancer, Nadja.

"24 HOURS." Paramount. From the story by Lewis Boundsdale. Directed by Marston Goring and Dudley Murphy. The cast: Jim Loween, Clive Brook; Fanny Oumour, Kay Francis; Rosie Dugan, Miriam Hopkins; Tilly, Tilly; Trever, Ted; Champion, George Barber; Ruby Wintringham, Adrienne Ames; Charlotte, Charlotte; Philip Halstead, Philip Halstead; Michael Charles, Michael Charles; John, John; Morgan, Morgan; Watson, Watson; Dr. Dachsbach, Dallente, Dallente; Pat Bailey; Nate Becket.

"WOMEN GO ON FOREVER." Tiffany. A play by Susan R. Robins. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Daisy Bowman, Clara Kimball Young, Happy, Marion Nixon; Eddie, Eddie; Jack, Jack; John, John; Mary, Mary; Nick, Nick; Diana, Diana; Elizabeth, Elizabeth; Gladys, Gladys; Jane, Jane; Morgan, Morgan; Pete, Maurice Black; White, Lorie Baker, Tommy, Maurice Murphy.

Ronald Colman is the star in this screen portrayal of Sinclair Lewis' famous novel and he says of it— "The finest picture I have ever made." The first time Colman has ex- pressed an opinion on any of his pictures!

February Screenland features an exceptional fiction version of 'Arrowsmith' just this month! You will see it on the screen. The story will be illustrated by beautiful scenes from the picture in which Helen Hayes, celebrated actress from the Broadway stage, plays opposite Ronald Colman.

Of course you will go to see this screen hit but—first be sure to read the story version in February Screenland—on sale at all newsstands, Thursday, December 31st.
Good Guy!  
Continued from page 39

day Will Rogers and I were watching a couple of young relatives graduate from a school in Beverly Hills. I remarked to Will how lucky we both were that we managed to get into a racket where we didn't have to be educated. "Not that education isn't a great thing," he said. "I'd rather get mine hunting, fishing, flying."

Wally next gravitated to the circus. "The first time I got on an elephant I knew I was a grand-norn—and threw me off," relates Wally. "So I looked around and saw what the other bull men did. Then I soaked that elephant with a ball- bottleneck, and cussed him with all the profane words I knew. As soon as he heard that, I figured I was an experienced man, after all. From then on was my pal. Once a black leopard got loose in the animal tent. I just bucketed over that elephant, and he swung his trunk and put that leopard through the tent like a golf ball. I've never played golf—because I could never develop a drive like that elephant."

Later, after playing on the stage in musicals, Wally got a job at the Essayam studios in Chicago as a comedian. Then he became a director. When they opened their California studio they sent him out as studio manager. But being a movie executive wasn't in Wally's line. "I didn't like that," he confesses. "I hate to have to say 'No' to people. And a studio manager has to be as hard-boiled as I look. As a matter of fact, look's is the only thing I'm hard-boiled about. So I started for Japan with a troupe to make pictures there. The war blew that up, so I came home and went to work for Paramount as a comedian."

It was then that he developed his "genial heavy" characterization. "It's just life," he explains it. "Nobody's all bad or all good—so I try to mix both elements in a role. It works."

He thinks his biggest role was that of Richard the Lion Hearted, in silent pictures; and probably Butch in the "Big House" in talkies. Recently they made him a big bridge star. He was rather dubious about it. "I'd rather just play parts and do a good job and be a good guy," he declared. "But no matter what happens, Wally's never going to lose that. He'll always be a good guy."

Ask Me  
Continued from page 13

York City after he decided upon a musical career. He graduated from the University of Texas as a physician but the world war changed his plans. He has a captivating personality and a charming singing voice. One of his outstanding successes was "Seed" with Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin.

Skinner. No trouble at all to give you the information you want. In fact, the more information trouble I have the better I like it. "The Dawn Patrol" with Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton was reviewed by Delight Evans in the October 1930 issue of Screenland. Write to the Circulation Department and make your request for that issue. Richard Barthelmess' first wife was Mary Hay—the present Missus was Mrs. Jessica Sargent. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s first wife was Miss Nancy of Dong, Jr. Beth is now the wife of Jack Whiting of musical comedy fame and for the past two years of the screen. One of Dong, Jr.'s latest films has been "I Like Your Nerve" with Loretta Young. "Flying Eagles" will be along soon—with another title, perhaps.

A Vermonter. For your convenience and all other admirers of Bette Davis—she is on contract to Twentieth Fox and has appeared in "Bad Sister" with Sidney Fox and Conrad Nagel, her first film; and in "Waterloo Bridge" with Kent Douglas and Mae Clarke. Bette was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1908 and was on the stage two years before signing up for the talking films.

Iowa Lass. How am I to figure out just what bunch of saxophone players appeared in what picture I have a jiffy touch on, and for what reason? Clara Bow and Richard Arlen played in "Ladies of the Mob." James Cagney and Joan Blondell are a great team in "Blonde Crazy," formerly titled "Larceny Lane." Jimmie is another big-city boy who has made good in the pictures— contacted the Minis, or as we know her, Dorothy Lee. This is because the former Missus was a movie star and that of Nancy is a World War I nurse. Lee's first marriage was with James Cagney in 1930—"Caught Plastered," and she also appears with Joe Brown in "Local Boy Makes Good."

Lillia R. So you want to see Phil Holmes do a tough part again as he did in "Her Man" and will I see that he does it? Phil's next picture is with Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed." I don't know how "tough" he is. Read "An Open Letter to Phil Holmes" on Pages 16-17, this issue.

Phil T. You are not alone in your wish to see more of Charles Morton on the screen—letters keep coming in, asking for a glimpse of your favorite. He is on the stage again but insistent demands from the picture fans may bring him back. His last pictures were "Caught Short" with Marie Dressler, Polly Moran and Anita Page, and "The Dawn Trail." Another favorite of yours, Donald Keith, is in "First Aid," with Marjorie Beebe and Grant Withers. Larry Kent appears with George O'Brien, in "Seas Beneath."

G. E. H. Mad and thrilled through and through about Leslie Howard, are you? The gorgeous accent you speak about is not assumed, nor his charming manner, for he is an English gentleman and I don't mean perhaps. He has a lovely wife and twin children. No wonder he plans to be an independent. Mr. Leslie played with Marion Davies in "Five and Ten," in "A Free Soul" with Norma Shearer, in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and in "Devotion" with Ann Harding.
J. K. V. Tell you how to strike up a correspondence with your two favorite stars? Would that I could! Go ahead and write. Phillips Holmes and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are two of the busiest young men in pictures, but if your letter claims their attention, who knows what might happen. Phil is 23 years old, was educated in the New York City public schools, Trinity College, England, in Paris and at Princeton University. His first film was with Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian in "Varsity" in 1928. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born Dec. 7, 1907. His first screen appearance was in "Stephen Steps Out," in 1923. His current release is "I Like Your Nerve" with Loretta Young.

Mildred. It would take pages to tell you the names of my favorite stars—and more diplomacy than George Jessel in "Disraeli." Helen Twelvetrees was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 1/2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her real name is Helen Jurgens, but her stage name is Frank Woolsey. She was divorced from Clark Twelvetrees in 1930. Her outstanding releases are "Millie," "A Woman of Experience," and "Bad Company" with Ricardo Cortez.

Viola J. Sorry I can't send you a picture of John Darrow or his home address. Harry Simpson, or John Darrow to us, was born July 17, 1907, in New York City. He is 5 and 1/2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He entered pictures in 1926 but fortune was rather backward in her smiles until the tangles claimed him. His late releases are "The Bargain" with Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon, "Everything's Rosie" with Robert Woskey and Anita Louise, and "Fanny Poly Herself" with Edna May Oliver and Helen Chandler. John is not a brother or cousin of Frankie Darrow.

Miss E. R. Gloria Swanson's new picture will be "Tonight or Never." Her last release was "Indiscreet." Playing with her were Ben Lyon, Monroe Owsley, Arthur Lake and Barbara Kent. You can reach her at United Artists Studios.

J. M. L. Sylvia Sidney is a grand leading lady or a fine co-starring partner and was a box-office bell-ringer in "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene." It's not possible for me to say if she will be cast with Phillips Holmes in another picture but if she is, many fans will shout their approval. Phil's new picture will be with Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed." As far as I know, he is not engaged to say one and that goes for Mary Brian too.

Eff Key Ess. I wouldn't say that you are uncase gullible in believing Richard Barthelmess personally wrote you a letter of appreciation for the word of favorable comment you sent him in regard to his new work in "The Dawn Patrol." Dick is a fine guy, as we say on Broadway, and it's possible he really read your letter; then again, the world is full of unusually tactful secretaries—but let's stick to our first decision.

John M. S. Sorry I can't rush answers but I won't let you down—everything in this department is on the up and up. Jeannette MacDonald's first stage work was Ned Wayburn's Revue at the Capitol Theatre in New York City. Her next engagement was with "Night Boat," followed by "Irene," "Tangerine," "Fantastic Fricassee," "The Magic Ring," "Yes, Yes, Yvonne" and many others. Her pictures, "The Love Parade," "The Vagabond King," and "Monte Carlo" are all outstanding successes in screen history, showing Jeannette's lovely voice and winning smile. Now she is to play with Chevalier again in "One Hour With You."

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There are women whose "beauty minds" are lopsided. They give finest care to their faces, but shamefully neglect their hair! Are you guilty? Are gray hairs stealing your good looks? NOTOX is your saviour, if you have gray hair, which is diseased hair! As undeceptively as Nature colors your hair, so does NOTOX, by a decidedly new and strictly scientific method. Instead of crusts the hair with a surface plate of dye, as do all old-fashioned "clear hair restorers," NOTOX gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the hair shaft. Your hair remains as fine, lustrous and supple as ever, so natural in appearance that washing, waving, sunning NOTOX does not affect it in the slightest. Resent a substitute—a like product does not exist. Buy it for home use at smart shops everywhere.

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10c

The next issue of SCREENLAND Will be on sale Dec. 31st

Lillian M. If I knew the home address of Lew Ayres, I'd be haunting his door step, hoping to get a peep at the boy himself, to say nothing of ringing his telephone. I'm not much of a Hollywood fan, S. N. So I don't know it's in Chicago or Hollywood, impending.
Ladies' "Sunrise," in Chicago, or Hollywood, impending, and are mighty proud of their son Bill. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 148 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He was married in mid-summer to the former Indiana girl who has made good in a Jollywood way. She was born Oct. 6, 1909, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Jane Peters, left with her mother and brothers to make their home in Los Angeles, at the age of seven years. First appearance in film was in "Wives of Scoundrels." After graduating from the custard pie school, she made her debut in dramatic roles. Now she is a Paramount featured player.

A Tobin Fan. Speaking of marriage and you did, didn't you—some marry for love, some for money, and a lot of them for only a short time. Why don't you write to Genevieve Tobin and make a request for a photograph? The new screen ex-stag...
Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 102

Gallantry was never so elevated a figure as it is with them. They skillfully blend plain facts with sweet nonsense about our favorite heroes and heroines, for our pleasure, entertainment and illusion. They make us feel that life is wonderful—in short, they make us happy!

Marjorie LeBrecht,
1700 E. 15th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A GRAND YOUNGSTER

Producers for the most part think the public demand nothing more elevating than sex appeal, gangsters and mistresses, judging from the current run of releases. One producing company, however, deserves the laurels for turning out such clean, wholesome stories as “Father’s Son” and “Pentrod and Sam,” a true exponent of American boyhood.

Congratulations to you, Warner Bros. These two stories are to me the cleanest and finest so far produced, and are unquestionably made so by the natural act-
ing of that clever and intelligent little girl. This little artist has such wholesome charm, keen intelligence and sincerity of expression that one viewing the photoplay fairly lives it with the young star.

It has been my pleasure to know young Janney personally, and to know this little star offstage; and to see him with his charming mother, a woman who is understanding and who certainly knows how to raise a boy, convinces me that Leon’s screen pictures are merely a page of his every day life. I don’t think there is the slightest doubt but that Leon E. Janney is the screen find of the day.

Arch Deacon,
Morgantown, W. Va.

Screen News

Continued from page 97

his first wife became final. Rita’s real name is Ina Stuart. They were mar-
rried in the synagogue. Sue Carol, Claudia Dell, Sally Blane, Lola Lane, Lita Chirvet, Roberta Gale and Jane Clyde were the bridesmaids. Rita looked too ut-
terly demure to ever be able to play those menace bussies she does so well.

Claudia Dell, a beautiful blonde of Hol-
lywood who has been doing exceedingly well here, has deserted us for a New York musical written by Irving Berlin and Moss Hart. We wish her luck—but we do miss our blondes.

Fans of Tom Mix will be glad to hear that he is through with his circus engage-
ment and has returned to Hollywood to make two new pictures. The first is to be entitled “Destiny Rides Again” and the other “Let’s Have Action.” Stars may come, and stars may go, but Mix rides on forever.

Can you imagine Hollywood on a coffee jag? No, not yet, but it is probable. What with Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes and Lionel Barrymore slogging for rare coffee recipes anything along that line is possible. Nancy has gone in for French drip while Phillips and Lionel lean toward

Introducing Samuel Barrymore Colt. Yes, he belongs to the Royal Barrymore clan. This young Colt makes his screen début in “Working Girl.”

SHE LOVES ALL THE WRITERS!

Reams and reams have been written about the motion pictures and stars. But who ever writes about the writers? And yet, what would the movies be without them? And where would the stars be? If there were no writers, there would be no motion pictures, no stars, no theatres. Don’t forget that! I love all writers. What a dauntless lot they are! Patiently they dig things out for us—and make us glad. Subtly they chal-
lenge us to dig—and make us mad!

the Turkish making. And heretofore cof-
fee has just been something that kept us awake. Oh, well—

Little Jackie Searl, who played Sid in “Tom Sawyer,” is off for financial inde-
pendence at the end of his five-year con-
tract with Paramount. His father is an oil driller and is keeping right on the job. Jackie and his mother walk to the studio every day while father drives the family car. All Jackie makes is spent on him or goes into government bonds for him. He gets five dollars spending money at the beginning of every picture. Won’t he be thankful in the days to come that his mother was novel enough to rate a headline in a Los Angeles paper “Movie Mother Keeps Head.”

Nothing slow about Jimmie Dunn. Jim-
my, who has skyrocketed to stardom, is an ardent attendant at the Ascot speedway in Los Angeles. Not only that, but he has bought a racing car of his very own. He says it’s a great old life if you can stand the pace.

Instead of advertising, we would rather term this consoliation to the poor down-
trodden stenographer: Ruth Chatterton chews gum!

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
Rod La Rocque, who is semi-retired from the films, is certainly not among the idle rich. Rod builds telescopes and cameras. Just at present he is building a telescope for Conrad Nagel's little girl. He himself gazes at the heavens and honeys with Milikan and other great scientists.

Ever since Warner Baxter played the lovable "Daddy Long Legs" he has been besieged with letters from orphans asking for help. It's impossible for him to help all—but they make him very sympathetic when he knows of their troubles.

Janet Gaynor is playing the sympathetic sister role to a young South American actor who is playing in "Delicious." When she found him having difficulty in a scene or two, she took him under her wing. They are quite timid and having trouble with the English language. So Janet is helping him with his English and bolstering up his morale. She may be little in body but her heart is larger than normal.

Lola Lane, lovely actress, has just recently voluntarily declared herself in bankruptcy. Lola says she did this in order to protect her husband, Lew Ayres. These debts were all contracted before she married Lew and she doesn't feel she should be responsible.

Marion Davies says Europe is on the verge of Robin Hood type and not Empress Eugenie. So she brought home a good number of them from Paris.

Some people crave the great open, silent spaces. Then again—the R. K. O. sound department is very proud of the fact that it can produce on a moment's notice some 2,304 different noises. A crying baby, or a snoring father—it's all the same to them—just another noise.

On the same occasion Buddy Rogers smoked incessantly.

Mrs. Dick Barthelmess is proving a highly popular social asset in Hollywood. She distinctly won the title of the Madame Butterfly, which sets off her handsome diamond bracelets and brooch most exquisitely.

Eric von Stroheim, who still wears his head shaved in the German military manner, attends dances quite often, but rarely dances.

They've named a fantasy sail after Anita Page, with lots of whipped cream in it—and Anita has to count her calories! Awful to be able to see one of her own sails with her own name on it. Anita craved sympathy from Polly Moran over lunch. Polly said she wished they had some chop suey after her, since her professional eating just thrives on chop suey.

On the other hand Greta Garbo adores American cheese. She has generous portions sent out to her dressing room with a cup of black coffee every afternoon, together with some cheese. Maybe that's a magic diet that some other actresses we could name should try!

Joan Crawford often takes her own sail dressing to the studio, so her diet calls for mineral oil instead of vegetable. Joan adores French salad dressing, though, and always doles it out in a double order when she feels reckless.

Charles Bickford is particularly partial to cold corn beef. Marion Davies never eats at the commissary, but has her meals cooked in her private bungalow. Ramon Novarro eats the 75c lunch.

One of the sights of Hollywood is Buster Keaton solemnly motoring down the boulevard in his sporty Austin roadster with his huge St. Bernard dog, Elmer, gravely perching upon the seat beside him. There's hardly room for Buster, once Elmer settles himself comfortably. Elmer pretty much goes anywhere the car up, if some careless street sweeper starts brushing the Austin down a drain.

Elmer had a rude shock the other day. The studio wanted to get a gag picture of Elmer and little Buster, the canine hero of so many barks. Elmer was willing to pose, but got no, so the colony, Buster, who gave Elmer one patrolling look and turned away. No sir, no highly paid actor could be expected to divide a close-up with a mere extra.

All the same, Buster (the dog) completely ruined a melting love scene in which he was engrossed in the set recently. As his film beloved was about to fall into his waiting arms, he spied his own personal lady-love, Friday, trotting along on a leash gratis, and funny. He left his leading lady flat and dashed over with a couple of barks to Friday, and it took twelve directeurs to coax him back. What's acting any way when one is a serious family man? You see, Buster and Friday recently became the proud parents of five future barkie stars.

Gloria Swanson uses no electric lights in her dining room, only scores and scores of candles in silver candlesticks—just as they used to back before electricity. The effect is very soft and becoming to pretty well any complexion. One almost can't use too much rouge in a light like that.

Vivienne Osborne plays opposite Clive Brook in "Husband's Holiday." There's a little drop of Scotty in the picture, too!

On the New York set, where Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper filmed "His Wife," the following extras were found:

An old British sailor who spent his life on the seven seas.

A former wrestling champion.

An ex-leading man; a victim of temperament.

Motto: When in doubt become a movie star.
Marian Marsh, John Barrymore's petite leading lady, is almost always accompanied by brother Eddie Morgan, especially when they go on jaunts to Palm Springs. Marian is 17 and big sister Jean intends that she shall be properly chaperoned.

Meet the gentleman who introduced Mary to Dong. The name is De Witt Jennings, and it happened in Toronto in the long ago. De Witt was playing in the stock company show, called "The Little Red Book House," and the most appealing little blonde girl named Gladys Smith was in the cast. It was her very first play and she was anxious about her lines. Dong Fairbanks, a featured juvenile, happened to town and went with De Witt to see the settings he was braging on. Gladys was a little behind stage, so De Witt introduced them. Dong patted her kindly and told her he hoped she'd grow up to be a great actress. Later she not only fulfilled his hope as Mary Pickford, but also became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

Ever tried to read and digest three books a day? That is what E. H. Griffith is doing just now, in the hunt for a story to equal "Rebound" and "Holiday." Well, he knows that any story which falls below the high quality of these two, will impair his new precious standing.

Once in a way the daughter of a studio executive gets a break. You'd be surprised how often these young ladies, while receiving handsome educations and all the advantages of wealth, nevertheless have to be satisfied with social background. But Sonya Schulberg, daughter of B. P. of Paramount, has just returned from a tour of Europe, on which she was officially an Envoy of Friendship. In this guise she met the Prince of Wales, Lady Astor, President Hoover, President of France, General Pershing, et al. and had a glorious time. She says the Prince of Wales is a darling and "doesn't act or look like a prince—meaning, doubtless, like a film prince.

Sessue Hayakawa tells us that "The Sheik" was originally bought for him but that he left the company to be an independent producer, so that Rudolph Valentino got the part—and became the superstar.

Will Rogers calls Fifi Dorsey "Froggzum." She can only hope it's complimentary.

Joan Peers, a clever little newcomer to films, has a queer taste in pets. She carries around a messy little horned-toad around with her in a perforated box. We hope the toad is properly appreciative.

A tempest in a bungalow was narrowly averted by the Metro executives when the question arose as to which star was to move into the splendid bungalow built for them, as it was found that several of the company's stars regarded themselves as logical contenders for the honor, the problem was diplomatically solved by installing the reading department in the bungalow.

And now it's free dental services that plague the newcomer in Hollywood. She is faced with their salaries on new contracts. At least that's what Greta Nannette's contract with Fox calls for; and the dental work is supposed to be compulsory if Fox's big molar men think she needs it. Nothing like ensuring a pearly screen smile!

In the meantime Clark Gable declines to be limited, says he isn't any "second Valentino," that he isn't tall, isn't handsome, and was merely lucky in finally getting the breaks.

Ann Harding declares she has never waved or curled her hair, never used any bleach on it, and mostly just shampoos it in plain soap and water herself.

Constance Bennett wears a chain bracelet which she never takes off, but she won't tell us what the sentiment is, attached to it.

Can you imagine the excitement when Greta Garbo appeared unheralded at the Mission Inn, Riverside, Cal., for dinner last week, in riding knickers and a blue film. But Garbo looked scared of being recognized and hid out with her man and woman companion. No one, however, intruded on her privacy.

The story goes that Sylvia Sidney was on the Fox lot years ago and won no attention whatever, finally leaving almost in tears. Then the New York stage—and now, watch that little girl soar! First the Bow role in "City Streets"—now "Street Scene" and "American Tragedy" to command admiration. No more subs for Sylvia now!

When a Los Angeles critic rang RKO studio the other day to ask what children they had under contract the P. A. said, "Children? hm—well, there is Bert Wheeler." And Bert is such a nice fellow, too!

Oona Munson, one time musical comedy star who sang and danced her way into pictures, goes on record as wishing to take her talents along those lines and do real acting—with no music. "The day of choruses on the screen is over," says Oona. "Now there's a chorus girl with 'em'—brains, we mean.

James Gleason, actor and scenario writer, says, "never write a play or a role without having a definite character in mind." For instance, he wrote his own part in "A Free Soul" and in "Beyond Victory." Said of "God helps them who help themselves" doctrine. Not bad at all—when it works!

Nina Wilcox Putnam, famous writer, thinks motion pictures are on the trend to be cleaner and more wholesome subjects. No more gangsters, no more sex.

They say Billie Dove enjoys tennis and golf, and is now an enthusiastic aviatrix. That she paints and plays the piano for hobbies. Oh—and she maintains a kennel of prize-winning Scotch terriers on the side. She acts, apparently, only in her spare moments—if any.

Marlene Dietrich, while on the "Shanghai Express" set, lunched with her charming young daughter every day. Little Maria Dietrich and her mother don't allow mere acting to come between them at all.

Jofel Von Sternberg, who is directing the "Shanghai Express" has encountered a new difficulty. He has some thousand Chinese on the set who insist upon staring into the camera. Just plain curiosity seems to be the cause. In order to overcome this Von Sternberg has had to erect a dummy camera for the orientals to appease their curiosity upon—and incidentally keep them from embarrassing the little birdie in the real camera.

WHY didn't the star reporter write the big story that would have sealed the slayer's doom? "X Marks The Spot" is charged with the electric tempo of newspaper drama, crammed with new breath taking thrills.

Featuring
LEW CODY
SALLY BLANE
WALLACE FORD
FRED KOHLER
MARY NOLAN

"Keep Your Eyes On Tiffany Pictures". Watch Clara Kimball Young's triumphant return to the screen in "Women Go On Forever"—"Murder At Midnight", the picture which broke the week-end record at the B. S. Moss Broadway, New York—"Leftover Ladies", based on an article by Ursula Parrott, famous author of "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss".
BING!

It's Mr. Crosby

Here he is, a good reason for bringing back theme songs!

By

Evelyn Ballarine

SINCE the trend of pictures seems to be in favor of musical films again, we decided to discover someone new and interesting for you to smother with fan letters. So—we herewith present Mr. Bing Crosby. Mr. Crosby—your public!

Of course, he's not exactly our discovery. Mr. Mack Sennett seems to have had the same idea, for he's already signed Crosby to a nice long contract. And the radio people also had an idea that Bing has the goods; and then there are thousands and thousands of radio fans, and—oh, well, what's the use? America was discovered by Columbus (or was it Leif Ericsson?), but it wasn't until the Pilgrims—anyway, you get the idea. Before it becomes too involved, let's unravel our way back to our original subject—he's history, too—radio and movie history.

The scene of our interview took place not in a movie studio, but a broadcasting studio. We whizzed up to the twenty-second floor of a huge New York skyscraper to hear our favorite baritone deliver his "torch songs" over the air. And when Crosby sings a song he puts it over with a Bing—we mean a Bang!

The atmosphere in a broadcasting studio is very tense—this radio business is very serious. The artists are in earnest—there's high tension all about, even in the hook-up cables. Everything is done in a terribly business-like way. When you hear your pet crooner warble a song it's all so romantic—for you. Of course, you're all nice and comfy in your living-room, and the lights are low. But Mr. Crooner has a big clock staring him in the face telling him he has just fifteen minutes, or maybe sixty seconds, to throw his personality into a cold, black microphone. But why go into that? Why spoil your fun, and ours and his? Why, indeed!

Anyway, Crosby exudes romance. For one thing, his romantic signature song, The Blue of the Night, which he sings when he starts his broadcast and when he ends it, is dedicated to Dixie Lee. Dixie, to whom he sings it over, the ether every night, is Mrs. Bing Crosby, if you please—and even if you don't. They've been married a little over a year. You remember Dixie in "Fox Movietone Follies" and "Cheer Up and Smile," don't you?

Bing manages to look very nonchalant while he's broadcasting. He keeps his hands in his pockets and sings with an almost casual air; and if it weren't for the earnest, dreamy look in his blue eyes you'd suspect that he had become hardened to the microphone. But he rehearses the hour before every night before broadcasting, and lines up his songs well in advance. His favorites are I Surrender, Dear and Just One More Chance. Remember seeing him in the pictures which he made for Educational under these titles?

Mr. Crosby is very much interested in a movie career. He hopes to make long nature pictures, but doesn't think he has a chance. Yes, he's that modest. Bing made his movie debut in "The King of Jazz," with Paul Whiteman. He played in Whiteman's band for three years, being featured with two other lads as "Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys." Later he decided to venture forth on his own, and when Whiteman returned to New York Bing remained in Hollywood to sing at the Cocoanut Grove. The result was a personal triumph for Bing; and it was during his Cocoanut Grove engagement that Maestro Sennett "discovered" him and signed him for pictures.

As a radio personality Bing, of course, is decidedly there. And as a movie lead we just know he'll be there, too. Thanks, Mr. Sennett, for being so far-sighted.

Bing has never studied voice culture—it's a gift. His speaking voice is amazingly husky. He has light brown hair and very nice blue eyes with very long lashes and he's five feet seven inches tall. He was christened Harry—Bing is a nickname which he acquired when he was a youngster.

His time is up, and Bing is now signing off, singing Where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day someone waits for me. Quite right, Bing! Mustn't keep Dixie waiting, Mr. Crosby. So long!
THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"

He loved this boy of his more than anything else in the world — but knew that the best thing he could do for him was to go out of his life forever... a world of pathos and cheer in a picture you will never forget!

WALLACE BEERY  JACKIE COOPER

The CHAMP

with Irene RICH — Roscoe ATEs

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Story by Frances Marion  Dialogue Continuity by Leonard Praskins

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER  Picture
This year you can give

FRESH cigarettes

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year—because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobacco—in cigarettes which stay fresh till the last Camel in the last package has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the moisture-proof wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy—and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons—Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System—every night except Sunday

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette

CAMELS
Mild . NO CIGARETLY AFTER-TASTE

©1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Garbo and Novarro Together!

Donald Colman in "Arrowsmith" from Sinclair Lewis' Novel
THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME, men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, betrayed their country, gave up their lives! Here is one of the truly great dramas that has come out of the war—based on the incredible adventures of Mata Hari—called the most dangerous woman who ever lived. Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange, exciting personality! Who but Ramon Novarro could play so well the part of the lover who is willing to sell his honor for a kiss! See these two great stars in a picture you will never forget.

Greta Garbo

It was beyond the powers of mortal men to withstand the lure of this siren.

Ramon Novarro

The lives of a million men—she destined the destinies of nations—these were the stakes she played for.

with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
and
LEWIS STONE

Directed by
George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
DANCE TEAM

with

JAMES DUNN
SALLY EILERS

All dressed up and going places where Broadway lights are brightest. From dance hall hoofers to society’s favorite night club, the stars of “Bad Girl” glide to fame in each other’s arms...stepping to the rhythm of love in the season’s smartest romance.
THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

FEATURES:
- COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN BLONDELL
- ANNOUNCEMENT OF CONTEST WINNERS
- GARBO AND NOVARRO TOGETHER!
- RICHARD DIX TELLS WHY HE MARRIED
- ARROWSMITH
- CONFESSIONS OF MICKEY MOUSE
- WHAT HOLLYWOOD TALKS ABOUT
- RICHARD DIX TELLS WHY HE MARRIED
- ARROWSMITH
- JUST AMONG US KIDS
- CONFESSIONS OF MICKEY MOUSE
- WHAT HOLLYWOOD TALKS ABOUT

PERSONALITIES:
- NOT TOO TOUGH!
- WHAT JOAN WANTS FOR LEAP YEAR
- MONTGOMERY'S MASK
- VOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD
- PAT AND THE "MIKE"
- MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—AND PROUD OF IT!
- OL' MAN RIVER'S STEPCHILD

SPECIAL ROTOGRAVURE ART SECTIONS:
- PRETTY PICTURES
- SPECIAL FASHIONS
- PORTRAITS

DEPARTMENTS:
- REVUETTES
- ADDRESSES OF THE STARS
- HOOVES AND HOORAYS
- ASK ME!
- HONOR PAGE
- EDITORIAL
- REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES
- SISTERS UNDER THE CHIN
- THE STAGE IN REVIEW
- CRITICAL COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS
- SCREEN NEWS
- THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS
- CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS
Marlene Dietrich

SHANGHAI EXPRESS

with CLIVE BROOK, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and Eugene Pallette. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg

All men desired her, this ravishing, mysterious creature whose scarlet life held many men—whose Love only one had ever known! Parted, they meet again, on the Shanghai Express—seething with intrigue, desire, hatred—hurtling through the night with a dead man at the throttle... Marlene Dietrich in the year's greatest melodrama—another Paramount "best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
REVUETTES
Screenland's guide, so that he who reads may run—to the best pictures

CORSAIR. United Artists. From football to prison-revolting—that's Chester Morris' career here. The picture keeps up its fast pace. Allison Lloyd (Thelma Todd) is the girl.*

EXPENSIVE WOMEN. Warner Brothers. Dolores Costello's screen 'comeback'—but unfortunately the story doesn't equal the star's charm.

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF. RKO. Fairly interesting drama built around a mother who is also a vaudeville headliner, played by Edna Mae Oliver.

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY. RKO-Pathe. A really intelligent Western that stands well above its type. Thrills, humor, music and fine direction.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS. RKO. A routine drama in which Adolphe Menjou saves Lily Damita from her wicked husband, Eric Von Stroheim. Damita over-acts.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN. Paramount. A sophisticated story concerning two sophisticated gold-diggers, and what happens when one falls in love. Kay Francis and Lyanne Talman fascinate.*

HER MAJESTY, LOVE. First National. A charming musical film with Martha Scott and Ben Lyon. W. C. Fields and Leon Errol for comedy.*

MISBEHAVING LADIES. First National. A nice, innocuous little story, showing a lady's escape from the toils of scandal. Lila Lee and Ben Lyon are featured.

NECK AND NECK. Sono-Art. A comedy-drama with a honey flavor. Oliver Lynn's comedy makes it bearable.

ONCE A LADY. Paramount. Ruth Chatterton builds up another marvelous story with the forces of her unique talent. Jill Esmond does nice work.*

PLATINUM BLONDE. Columbia. Robert Williams' last picture, giving clear proof of his great talent. Joan Harlow and Loretta Young do good work in an entertaining story.


THE CISCO KID. Fox. A colorful Great Outdoors film with Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe as the rivals. Conchita Montenegro is the incentive.*

THE MAD GENIUS. Warner Brothers. An interesting film with John Barrymore giving a realistic performance as a crippled genius. Marian Marsh is the heroine.*

THE PHANTOM OF PARIS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. John Gilbert gives a good account of himself, in this tragic drama. All ends well. Leila Hyams is the girl.

THE RULING VOICE. First National. The "inside" of the milk racket. With a weak story. Walter Huston, Loretta Young and Doris Kenyon make the best of it.*


THE WOMAN BETWEEN. RKO. Lily Damita, O. P. Heggie and Anita Louise struggle gamely with an uninspiring yarn.

THE YELLOW TICKET. Fox. Elissa Landi at her best in this Russian war drama but Louis Barrymore steals the show.*

TOUCHDOWN. Paramount. A grand football picture with an adult story. Particularly by Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. Peggie Shannon is the girl.*

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of Screenland's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 122)
“I see the first star... The first star sees me... she's under eighteen... amazingly lovely... a creature of fire and emotion... blonde... petite... talented... This beautiful girl stole your hearts as Trilby—thrilled you in "Five Star Final"... You made Marian Marsh a star... Now see her triumph in the perfect story of youth in love with love... Superb drama! Superbly acted!”

Screen play and dialogue by Chas. Kenyon and Maude Fulton...
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO who directed Constance Bennett in "Bought"

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE
It's off because it's off! But Gary Cooper will be a smooth fellow after a while!

"Aw, nicks!" cries Paul Lukas, that debonair man-about-movies. Be careful of that mustache!

"I'd rather be doing anything else but this," Dick Arlen confides to his reflection.

Now you strop that! Stuart Erwin has lots of pull with his razor.

Jimmy Dunn shaves like an actor—at his dressing table. He's "on location!!"
Write to the Stars As Follows:

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Richard Arlen Edward Phillips Holmes
William Austin Miriam Hopkins
George Bancroft Carole Lombard
Ralph Bellamy Paul Lukas
Eleanor Boardman Fredric March
Clive Brook Georges Metaxa
Nancy Carroll Rosita Moreno
Maurice Chevalier Barry Norton
Claudette Colbert Warner Oland
Jackie Coogan Eugene Pallette
Robert Coogan Gene Raymond
Gary Cooper Charles Rogers
Frances Dee Jackie Searl
Marlene Dietrich Peggie Shannon
Leon Errol Sylvia Sidney
Stuart Erwin Charles Starrett
Skeets Gallagher Lilyan Tashman
Wynne Gibson Regis Toomey
Harry Green Allen Vincent
Mitzi Green Judith Wood

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robert Armstrong Alan Hale
Constance Bennett Ann Harding
Bill Boyd Eddie Quillan
James Gleason Fred Scott
Russell Gleason Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Lew Ayres Dorothy Janis
Rex Bell Nyrau Kennedy
John Boles Barbara Kent
John Mack Brown Tom Mix
Mae Clarke Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis Eddie Phillips
Sidney Fox Slim Summerville
Jean Hersholt Geneviève Tobin
Rose Hobart John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.
Don Alvarado Al Jolson
William Boyd Evelyn Laye
Eddie Cantor Chester Morris
Charlie Chaplin Pat O'Brien
Ronald Colman Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks Gilbert Roland
William Farnum Gloria Swanson

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.
Gertrude Astor Ralph Graves
Misha Auer Hale Hamilton
Leo Carrillo Lloyd Hughes
Helene Chadwick Paul Hurst
Helen Chandler Ralph Ince
Dorothy Christy Wallace MacDonald
June Collyer Ken Maynard
Claudia Dell Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Doughlas Geneva Mitchell
George Fawcett Charlie Murray
Carmelita Geraghty Jason Robards
Albert Gran George Sidney
Bob Steele

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.
William Collier, Jr. Bert Lytell
Richard Cromwell Joan Peers
Constance Cummings Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt Loretta Sayers
Baron Jones Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Charley Chase Harry Langdon
Michie Daniels Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy Our Gang
Ed Kennedy ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.
Marjorie Beebe Andy Clyde
Ann Christy Bing Crosby

Harry Gribbin Daphne Pollard
Eleanor Hunt Lincoln Stedman
Patsy O'Leary Nick Stuart

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astrid Allwyn Hedda Hopper
William Bakewell Leila Hyams
Lionel Barrymore Dorothy Jordan
Wallace Beery Buster Keaton
Charles Bickford Barbara Leonard
Edwina Booth Alfred Lunt
Harry Carey Joan Marj
Jackie Cooper Adele Pope
Kathryn Crawford Joan Crawford
Jean Crawford Susan Peters
Marion Davies Una Merkel
Reginald Denny John Miljan
Marie Dressler Adolphe Menjou
Cliff Edwards John Miljan
Madge Evans Ray Milland
Madjay Pannonie Grace Moore
Marie Dressler Polly Moran
Cliff Edwards Karen Morley
Madge Evans Conrad Nagel
Madjay Pannonie Ramon Novarro
Stan Laurel Edward Nugent
Our Gang Anita Page
ZaSu Pitts Marie Prevost
Thelma Todd Esther Ralston

Send Birthday Wishes to These February Stars:

Clark Gable February 1st.
Helen Chandler February 1st.
Ronald Colman February 4th.
Chester Morris February 8th.
Mary Brian February 12th.
Lew Cody February 15th.
Joan Bennett February 17th.
Stuart Erwin February 26th.

(Continued on page 128)
GOOD ADVICE!
(First Prize Letter)
It seems, in my humble opinion, that many of our best and most talented stars (not the ones from the stage, curiously enough) have developed mannerisms which prevent their characters from being true-to-life. With such players, however, polished their performances may be, one can never forget that one is seeing Sally Swell or Dorothy Delicious, no matter what part said star may be portraying.

There they are, surrounded by beautiful settings, wearing beautiful clothes, themselves the most beautiful of all—and yet, in the most dramatic scenes, one feels, "What's all the shouting for? It isn't real!"

I don't mean to be hard on these very clever stars. I would only like to suggest that they either develop such clever technique that we, the audience, cannot discern it as such, or that they forget themselves and be natural for a change.

Edith Chauncey,
32 Brunson Ave.,
Columbus, O.

CHARMS AND THE FAN
(Second Prize Letter)
"The influence of motion pictures is robbing the American girls of their charm." This rather startling statement is being made by numerous people, particularly foreigners. "The American girls," they say, "have become artificial and affected and are assuming ridiculous poses of boredom, gushing gayety, or sophisticated aloofness, as portrayed on the screen."

If the American girls are losing their charm—something which I sincerely doubt—it is hardly the fault of motion pictures. On the contrary, movies help us to discover ourselves. They show us the importance of good grooming. They teach us to dress intelligently, to make the most of what we have, and they give us many, many happy hours.

What more can we ask?
Katherine Bryan,
732 Berkeley Ave.,
San Bernardino, Calif.

THE USHER'S VIEWPOINT
(Third Prize Letter)
As an usher in a movie theatre I receive many comments by patrons which indicate that they are tired of seeing ultra-modern pictures and want more romance and action.

One interesting comment was made by an old man who spends all his time in going to the movies. He said he hoped that Will Hays would stop this gangster epidemic in the movies and start making pictures in the class of "The Big Parade" and "Ben Hur."

Many companies have been putting out mediocre pictures in great numbers with an eye to making money. But public opinion and the dropping off in crowds in theatres have forced them to adopt a new policy of making fewer but better pictures. This has been apparent by the production of such fine, sensitive pictures as "Daddy-Long-Legs" and "The Smiling Lieutenant."

J. Gulezian,
25 Arch Ave.,
Haverhill, Mass.

VALE ROBERT WILLIAMS!
(Fourth Prize Letter)
This letter, written straight from the heart, is in memory of that actor, genius, and gentleman—Robert Williams.

Of all the men who have graced a Broadway stage, or faced a camera, never has one rendered such a fine piece of work as he did in "Devotion." Why was greater success denied him?

He found a deep spot in my heart from which Time, Space, and Death cannot erase him. I had the profoundest admiration for him, and my only regret is that this letter is being written too late. Too late for him to know what I think of him, but not too late to pay my respects to the actor.

"The world is poorer for his having gone, but greater for his having lived."

Lorraine Hay,
227 E. Ninth St.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

OH, LET THE BOYS BE!
My ideal actor would have:
The physique of Robert Montgomery; The voice of Charles Farrell; The sex appeal of Conrad Nagel; The boyishness of William Haines; The reserve of John Barrymore; The brutality of Charles Rogers; The aristocratic air of James Cagney; The ears of Clark Gable; The coherence of Harpo Marx—Put them all together, they spell "MOTHER."

Janet Graves,
922 W. Lehigh Ave.,
THE NEW GARBO

Greta the Great has scored heavily in "Susan Lenox," her surprise picture. For when her many rivals and imitators seem determined to out-Garbo Garbo herself, she changes, in "Susan Lenox," to a Greta devoid of Garbo mystery. Her life is laid bare before us, stripped of all mystery from the moment of birth. A Greta minx, exotic and glamorous surroundings, for what could there be of glamour in her bleak home life, the tawdry circus? A Greta young and appealingly innocent, instead of the usual woman with a past. But, withal, a Greta more alluring than ever.

And who said Garbo had no sense of humor? Her comedy moments are simply delicious—so naive!

Zelma Smith, 759 Third St., Beaumont, Texas.

GABLE IN THE DESERT?

Let's have more revivals of old films. There are dozens of splendid pictures that younger people, who were mere children at the time these productions were released, would like to see. And I am sure that the older generation would eagerly go to see them again.

The one I would particularly want to see is "The Sheik," with Clark Gable. He is fascinating—a dynamic personality, a most excellent, versatile actor, and with the most expressive, magnetic eyes I've ever seen.

Gable would make a marvelous Sheik!

Sally Meyers, Buffalo, N. Y.

LET THEM REST IN PEACE

Good pictures may come and go, but flops go on forever.

An author puts out a novel that flops, critics give it a few caustic moments, and it is promptly forgotten. But let a picture company put out one flop picture during the year, and you read about it for years afterward. The producers are roasted, directors are fired, contracts are not renewed, and extras probably starve to death.

Naturally the public does not like "flops," but neither do the ones who make them. When so many pictures have to be turned out annually it is impossible for them all to be perfect. So let's forget all about the failures, and give the producers and all who help make such wonderful entertainment for the public, a great big hand!

Mary A. Cameho, 378 Main Street, Randolph, Mass.

A BOUQUET FROM HOME

David Manners is the most delightful and appealing actor I have ever seen. I think that we of the Maritime Provinces are very fortunate in having such a fine person as David to represent us in Hollywood. Could anyone truthfully say that he was not marvelous as the blind boy in "The Miracle Woman," and as the aviator in "The Last Flight"?

I hope, and I'm sure it is the hope of practically all of Canada as well as of the United States, that David will be starred many times in pictures worthy of his talent, and that in the future his successes will be even greater than those of the past.

Lena M. Earle, 2 St. James St., St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

ELEGANT ELISSA

I have just returned from seeing an actress whom I consider one of the most wonderful in the world. She's so real, so beautiful, so altogether sweet—that describes Elissa Landi! I have had many favorites, but from now on Elissa Landi is the only one for me. And I am sure millions will feel the same way when they see this gorgeous creature in "Wicked" and "The Yellow Ticket."

Here's hoping for bigger and better pictures for Elissa Landi.

Catherine Louise DeLong, Coral Gables, Florida.

FOR BETTER OR VOICE?

What's the matter with Ramon Novarro—Is he afraid of his voice? He has the best singing voice on the screen, and I think the rest of the fans would enjoy his singing as much as I would.

Ramon did well in "Daybreak" and "A Son of India," but without his singing his pictures seem comparatively dull. Why

(Continued on page 121)

WANTS HER NEWCOMERS CHAPERONED?

I have just read in a magazine that a certain producer is going to make "A Story of Modern Life," and is casting for type rather than for names. This means that the cast will contain scarcely a name known to the fans.

I think this is a mistake. For people with modest incomes, who can afford a limited number of shows, such a picture will hold little allure.

The world is full of such people right now, and they will choose their favorite stars' pictures every time. If I were a producer I should include a popular star in the cast when introducing a newcomer. That, in my opinion, would be giving a better break both to player and to public.

Frances Faith, 506 E. Main St., Denison, Texas.

Unanimous! The adoring look which David Manners is receiving just about sums up the contents of many of this month's letters to Hoots and Hooyas. David, judging from his work in recent pictures, is headed for Big Things.
Here are the winners!

The following are the winners of the Star Shadow Contest which appeared in the July, August, September and October issues of SCREENLAND.

1ST PRIZE—$1000
Clever and ingenious Doll's House, with the correct Star Shadows pasted in the windows. By Helena Culion, 63 Hopper Street, Prospect Park, N. J.

2ND PRIZE—$500
Coffee Table, with each tile a correct shadow, carefully drawn. By Jane Langley, 5013 N. Fitzhugh, Dallas, Texas.

3RD PRIZE—$200

4TH PRIZE—$100
French Doll with hand-made dress and bag of taffeta. By Ruby R. Lockwood, 346 Scenic Drive, Monrovia, California.

5TH PRIZE—$75.00
Silver Theatre, all hand-carved. The stage shows all the Shadows which revolve when a handle is turned. By Mildred Damush, 1488 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York.

TEN PRIZES OF $50.00 EACH:

Lighthouse—hand-made jewelled lighthouse with the correct Shadows pasted in the windows. By Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Mitchell, 304 Walles Ave., Farrell, Pa.
Jewel Case—brass case containing bright gems and the Shadows. By Margaret Reis, 117 Bank Street, New York City.
Old-Fashioned Album—a quaint gold-clasped book which dates back to 1850. The correct Shadows are pasted on the pages. By Claire Ross, 63½ West Broadway, Butte, Montana.
Train—clever train of cars with the Shadows in the car windows. By Mrs. W. A. Reiser, 949 Kney Street, Memphis, Tennessee.
Cottage—a charming cottage with electric lights at the gate and doorway, and a hedge of the correct Shadows. By C. W. Threlkeld, Marion, Kentucky.
Cabin—interior of a log cabin with fireplace, table, lamp and a figure seated in a chair holding a book containing the Star Shadows. By E. G. Payne, Jr., 921 Rose Avenue, Clifton Forge, Virginia.
Small Leather Album—hand-tooled, simple and lovely, with the correct Shadows pasted on the pages. Paty Hambly, 1121½ London Road, Duluth, Minnesota.
Easel with Portraits—silver easel with original drawings of the stars and also the correct Shadows. By Mrs. Mildred Luppay, 2907 East 115th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Ship—miniature sailing ship with the correct Shadows pasted on the sails. By Kathryn Schmidt, 1329 N. Parkway, Memphis, Tennessee.
Stage of Theatre—an elaborately made set with dolls standing on steps bearing banners of the Star Shadows. By Mrs. A. Lauritzen, 2968 Date Street, San Diego, California.

FIVE PRIZES OF $25.00 EACH:

Red Velvet Chest—especially made for the contest. With square peephole through which Star Shadows pass when handle is turned. By Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hetting, 1425 E. Gonzalez Street, Pensacola, Florida.
Telephone—large model of telephone and index book, with the correct Shadows on the pages of the index book. By Mrs. Alfred Glockler, 3808 W. 64th Place, Chicago, Illinois.
Hand-Painted Album—beautiful velvet, hand-painted album with the correct Shadows in different colored settings. By Sarah Rhein, 2326 Highland Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama.
Silk Easel—large artist's easel with cleverly embroidered heads of the stars and a palette with the real Shadows on it. By Margaret Dolan, 400 Brown's Avenue, Portland, Oregon.
The Answer Girl is here to answer your questions on this page. Please be patient and await your turn—and consult Page 99 for the casts of current films, and Page 9 for stars’ addresses, before asking your questions. Address Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

featuring Jackie Coogan, Jackie Searle and Mitzi Green.

_**Rita C.**_ I’ve been called many times and many things but here’s a new one—Miss (Correct Answer) Vee Dee and it almost hits the nail on my head at that. Sorry I can’t give you the private life of Dwight Frye but he is an actor from the Broadway stage. He has been playing in “Dracula” and “Frankenstein, for Universal. You can reach him there.

_Queenie._ So you wouldn’t buy SCREENLAND if it wasn’t for my department. Say that louder, please! Wynne Gibson plays in “The Road to Reno” with Lilyan Tashman, Peggy Shannon, Charles (Buddy) Rogers and Tom Douglas, who is one of the best juveniles the legitimate stage has presented to the screen in a long time.

_Eloise A._ Thank you for giving me time out for your answer—it really wouldn’t surprise me at all if that thoughtfulness hasn’t some bearing on this speedy reply. Billie Dove played opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. in his silent film, “The Black Pirate,” in 1926. Billie’s new picture is “The Age for Love” with Charles Starrett, Lois Wilson, Mary Duncan and Edward Everett Horton. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1908; and Sue Carol on Oct. 30, 1908. Ann Harding isn’t interested in ages and Kay Francis says Friday, January the 13th is her birthday but neglects to tell the year.

_C. E. F._ Winning a state beauty contest, started the run up the ladder to fame for Thelma Todd. She was Mitzi Maychuck-sets and that led to her selection by Paramount for its school of acting, while she was teaching school in Lawrence, Mass. Thelma was born July 29, but doesn’t divulge the year. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and grey eyes. She has a long-term contract with Hal Roach but is often loaned to other

(Continued on page 100)
To a Great Actor, Jackie Cooper. His Art is Envied by Every Star in Pictures. "The Champ" Makes Him a Star of Stars. And He is Only Eight

Just a kid? More than that! He is one of the truly fine artists. His talents and his technique are admired and envied by the biggest stars of the screen. In "The Champ" he gives the most amazing performance of the month—and many other months.

The sweet and touching scene at the end of the picture, "The Champ," in which the brave little son of the dead prizefighter finds comfort in his mother's arms. This scene will get you; you'll remember it a long, long time.
Wally Beery is such a great-hearted fellow that he gladly throws his picture, "The Champ," Jackie Cooper's way. Beery is just about perfect in his part—and we know he is big enough to hand this Honor Page night over to his little co-star.

We are proud to present our most coveted prize to the grandest little actor of them all. Jackie—take your bow, boy!
Broadway Bows to Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD does nothing to keep its name in the papers except make pictures.

It gets up early, goes to bed early, and works, works, works. It sends the results out into the world and waits. Sure enough—the results bring the rewards. And now Broadway, good old Broadway, is doing its share to keep the name of Hollywood alive and flaming.


Of course, the plays all aim to lampoon the Capital of the Motion Picture Industry. They make wild, fierce fun of our Hollywood. They ridicule, they expose, they flay. But far from engendering disgust, they advertise Hollywood and its inhabitants so colorfully that, on the first night of the latest movie play, I heard a girl say to her companion on the way up the aisle: "I want to go to Hollywood this winter. I must see it!"

You have already heard all about "Once in a Lifetime." Now there is "Wonder Boy," which tells the story of a boy who was forced into the movies against his will—and just as forcibly kicked out again. And there is "Louder, Please," which I think is the funniest Hollywood play of them all. At the first night Tallulah Bankhead, all ethereal in white; and her boss, Jesse Lasky; and Sue Carol, and Joan Bennett with George Jean Nathan, and other film celebrities were in the audience—laughing louder than anybody else. James Cagney may do the play in pictures.
"Louder, Please" was written by Norman Krasna to kid the publicity methods of the picture companies. Mr. Krasna was a press agent himself and knows all about it. He got the idea for his play while he was turning out publicity stories in the public relations department of one of the major film companies in Hollywood. The "hero" of "Louder, Please" is the harassed young publicity head of one of the biggest studios. The "front office" orders him to put over a new star, Polly Madison, in record time—or else. The p.a. groans—and goes to it. He stages a disappearing act for Polly to play in—and makes the front pages, but only after he has all Hollywood in an uproar, the studio swarming with detectives, the star on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and his boss eating out of his hand.

Krasna swears it isn't exaggerated. Certainly the late Harry Reichenbach staged far wilder stunts. Have you ever heard how he put over Francis X. Bushman? Seems Francis X. was only a rising star at the time. He came into New York and the press agent Reichenbach met him at the station to escort him to the film company offices. In Reichenbach's pocket were a thousand pennies. As they walked up Broadway the press-agent scattered pennies along the street. Soon a crowd was following them. By the time they reached the office the street was black with people. All Reichenbach had to do was to point out of the window and say: "Any actor who can attract a crowd like that is worth $1,000 a week!" And Bushman got it. This and other amusing movie anecdotes make "Phantom Fame," the Reichenbach book, worth reading.

No—Hollywood isn't worrying. Hollywood lives its own life. When Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, idols on Broadway, reported for work at the Metro Studios the doorman wouldn't let them in. Didn't know 'em, he said. And of course you've heard the Hollywood response to one of the stage's greatest actors: "Leslie Howard—who's that?—a man or a woman?"

Hollywood knows the answer to that last one now, however. Howard recently turned down its offer of five thousand dollars a week to stay on the stage. That's Hollywood!

D. E.
Garbo and Novarro TOGETHER!
A new, a thrilling, an amazing screen couple! Has Garbo found her perfect screen lover at last?

By Ben Maddox

GRETA and Ramon! What a gal! What a man!! What a combination!!

The depression in love is over. When her cool Swedish restraint met his impetuous Latin fervor something was bound to happen. And in the love scenes of "Mata Hari" it does. The screen may not actually sizzle, but you get an awful wallop when Garbo and Novarro look at each other that way.

Hollywood has been astounded by their eagerness to play sweetheart and lover. These two ace romancers who, in real life, never fall in love. For years they have reigned on opposite screen pinnacles, excelling in contrary kinds of romantic lure. Neither has ever shown the slightest interest in each other—up until now.

Garbo, the utmost in sophisticated passion. Novarro, the living essence of youthful idealism. Thrown into each other's arms before the cameras, no lovers have ever seemed more unlike in technique.

Yet Greta and Ramon were more than anxious to play with each other. So willing, in fact, that both set an absolutely unheard-of stellar precedent. Neither of them looked at the tests that were made of them together before actual production began, and neither saw any of the rushes! Such mutual confidence is almost unbelievable in Hollywood where every star keeps a close and jealous tab on every scene filmed.

"For the first time in my career," Ramon told me, "I did not watch the rushes or worry about my rôle. I enjoyed doing 'Mata Hari' more than any picture I have ever made. I threw overboard all the usual worries about how I was photographing and how I was doing in the part. Implicit trust in the director, George Fitzmaurice, and in Greta was sufficient."

The teaming of these two is the most important, the most dramatic, the most astonishing thing that has ever happened to either of them. Ramon says so frankly. Garbo, as usual, refuses to be quoted directly, but she has told studio officials that this is the first story about which she has ever been thoroughly enthused. And I heard around the sets that she got along with Novarro better than with any other hero she has had.

Co-starring them at this time is a rare bit of psychology. Greta's supremacy is being threatened by Dietrich, Bennett, Shearer, Crawford, and Bankhead. Ramon has such formidable rivals right on his own lot as Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery.

The public is always seeking the new. For ten and almost five years, respectively, Ramon and Garbo have individually held the hearts of millions of fans. If other stars have begun to win away some of their followers, what better way to recapture interest than by this double venture?

Amazing! That seems to me the only adjective that fittingly describes their screen union. Can you imagine...
the boyish Ramon wooing and winning woman-of-the-world Greta? Neither could I. They figured this was a way to give us a new thrill. Can you visualize the dignified Garbo doing a hot, hip-rolling Javanese dance? Well, if we thought she was going to let Marlene's legs get the better of her, we didn't know our Gustafsson!

Their different accents would seem to present an insurmountable problem. But Ramon explains that there is nothing strange about the combination of their innate, unescapable vocal peculiarities. Nevertheless, it does seem novel, to say the least, to hear a Mexican "I love you" alternating with a Swedish "Dolling." Especially since in this picture Garbo is supposed to be Dutch and Novarro a Russian. Perhaps this talking oddity is just another trick to pique our interest!

I had a long talk with Ramon during the making of "Mata Hari." Maybe you don't think he was getting a real thrill out of playing opposite Garbo. During production he cut out all social engagements, except for Saturday nights. He went straight home from the studio, refusing to see any friends on week nights. He was determined to do his very best in this part.

Listening to him explain his philosophy of life made me realize a surprising thing. Although he and Greta seem on the surface to be just opposite types, in reality they think and live alike!

"Concentration and simplicity are the cause of whatever success I have attained," Ramon says. I feel perfectly safe in ad libbing the same speech for Garbo. Neither of them cares a whoop about Hollywood glitter. They are introverts, wanting to be by themselves all the time. Crowds distress them.

"People wonder why I don't go out to premieres, dances, and parties, why I don't make personal appearances," Ramon continued. "The truth is this. It is assumed that I am sacrificing good times for my career. That is not so. I am living as I want to live. I like the simple life. It would be much more of a sacrifice if I did go out a lot socially.

"I cannot gush over the supposed joys of public adulation and recognition, either. Flattery brings to my mind but one thing: I am just a passing fancy. Where are the others who were once stars, too? My time will come as it did for them. Popularity is fleeting. So why should I be dazzled by a material success which is bound to end?"

Doesn't that sound exactly like Garbo's theory? She, like Ramon, has an extremely comfortable home which is more attractive to her than any place else. She never attends premieres, gives interviews, or makes a bid for public recognition off-screen. She, too, takes her work with extreme seriousness. There is no doubt but what concentration and simplicity have enabled her to stay on top, also.

What effect will "Mata Hari" have on their careers? Garbo's contract is up next summer. Of course, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will be glad to give her another and even more remunerative one. Although she is now one of the biggest draws in talkies, there are other actresses who get more money. Greta will be in the position of demanding and getting the terms she wants. If they are not met she will go back to Sweden. Novarro wants to stay in pic-
Greta, the essence of passion under restraint—Ramon, embodiment of idealistic youth—read how they met in their first screen romance!

"Metro wanted me to sign a new contract for three more years," he told me. "I refused. I have been playing leading roles for ten years, which is a pretty long time. I'd rather quit before I'm thrown out. Unless I get better parts I am certain that within less than those three years Mr. Thalberg would call me into his office and say, 'Mr. Novarro, we'd like you please to get the hell out of here!'

"That's why I want to have some say from now on in the choice of my stories. 'Daybreak' was not a box-office hit, and I am glad because I insisted that it was not the right thing for me. I didn't want to do it at all. However, I was delighted to do 'Mata Hari.' It gives me an excellent rôle, one for which I am fitted.

"To me the play is the thing. The stellar idea has been over-emphasized. I like the co-starring plan. When one person alone is featured, the story is distorted to stress one character. And as a result the picture cannot be as dramatically effective.

"Mr. Thalberg wants me to do a college boy part next. Maybe I shall have to, but not without protest. I am thirty-three years old, people have said, 'Why do you tell your age when you look younger?' But I am proud of it. I have always admired and respected age. After thirty something happens to you. You get a more serious outlook on life.

"I wish my fans would write in to the studio and ask for more appropriate rôles for me. I told Mr. Thalberg I ought to have my face lifted if I was supposed to be a twenty-year-old college boy! I'd very much like to do 'The Student Prince' over in the talkies. Think of the wonderful musical possibilities. But the studio merely considers it and then postpones action. I told them that by the time they were ready I'd be more suited to the rôle of the Prince's father!"

Garbo, being a woman, does not find it necessary to plan years of future work. Having made a small fortune, she can (Con. on p. 117)
Richard Dix Tells Why He Married

The harder they are to get, the harder they fall! Richard Dix has finally capitulated.

Lovely Winifred Coe, wealthy San Francisco society girl, has succeeded in doing what Hollywood's most famous women had failed to accomplish.

"I asked her where she'd been all my life!"

He-man hero of countless films, and known off-screen as the movie colony's foremost admire-em-but-don't-marry-em artist, Rich smilingly admits that he was so overwhelmed by his new wife's charm that he actually pulled this old line when courting her!

He told her a lot of other things, all those tender lover's phrases which for the first time were uttered sincerely, when he realized that he had finally found the perfect sweetheart. The story of their secret romance is one of the nicest you have ever heard.

"I don't want a lot of foolishness written about my marriage," he emphasized to me. "Our love is too real to be gushed about."

This desire of his for dignity when talking about the things that really matter to him was the cause for his surprising Hollywood with his elopement to Yuma, Arizona. There was none of the usual stellar fanfare of intimate publicity. Marriage, to Rich, is not a circus to
Hollywood’s Favorite Ex-Bachelor Gives His Own Account of His Romance. Here’s the Real Story!

By Dickson Mortey

We local observers of the stars had begun to be pretty doubtful of his ever marrying. Oh, certainly, he has looks, money, fame. Everything the choosiest woman could want. But a bachelor of such long standing—he’s thirty-seven—is likely, so they say, to have grown too set in his ways to make the compromises marriage demands.

And since he had a big home in Beverly Hills where his parents reside, a six-hundred-acre gentleman’s ranch somewhere north of Hollywood, plenty of good masculine friends, and an address book full of acquiescent Loreleis, we were more than anxious to find out what kind of a girl it took to make him forget the joys of his free and easy life and move into the Ambassador Hotel as a dutiful bridegroom.

Well, we should have known that Mrs. Dix would be just like Winifred Coe is. For although Rich has been an irresistible flirt, a hearty, sophisticated play-boy, he is really very conservative. All the time he wanted a wife who would be a true mate in every sense of the word. Divorce has never held any place in his scheme of things. Not because of religious scruples, but because he knew that when he finally met the one girl it would be for always.

During the past ten years of picture stardom he has been rumored engaged with amazing frequency.

“It got so bad,” he said, “that I was afraid to pick up a morning newspaper for fear I’d read of my unsuspected marital intentions towards another girl!”

He had a way with the women that led them to hope. At various times he showed marked attention to such film beauties as Lois Wilson, Marceline Day, Mary Brian, Thelma Todd, Jean Arthur, and Alyce Mills. Non-professional girls were mentioned in a romantic way with his name in the papers, too.

But Rich shied at wedding bells until he met Winifred.

“We were introduced in the home of my brother, a Los Angeles physician,” he fondly explains. “Winifred has for years been the best friend of my sister-in-law, and was down visiting from San Francisco. That first evening we got along splendidly.”

Naturally, for Winifred was thrilled at meeting the famous relative about whom she’d heard so much, and whose films she had seen regularly. Rich started out being his customary Lothario self. Then gradually it dawned upon him that this rather tall, slim, brown-eyed beauty was a terribly interesting person. Although only twenty-three, she was dignified, regular, and,

above all, entirely bewitching.

“We began to compare notes. I was born in St. Paul and attended the University of Minnesota. Her birthplace was right across the river, Minneapolis.”

The Coe family moved to Portland when Winifred was still a younger, and students at the Jefferson High School there six years ago will recall the present Mrs. Dix as one of the belles of her class. She later went to the University of California when her father, a very successful wholesale merchant, moved his family to San Francisco.

“After that night Winifred and I didn’t meet again for two, almost three months. She went back home and while I often thought of her I was particularly busy at the studio at the time and had a chance to do nothing but eat and sleep when I finished work.

“But one evening I went out to my brother’s for dinner, and whom should I find there again but Winifred. She was down for another visit with my sister-in-law. And believe me,” he added emphatically, “absence surely had made my heart grow fonder!”

A second evening brought him to the point of realizing that a man is a fool to play around all the time. One ought to settle down and have a real home and a family, a wife of whom he could be proud. He began to suspect that he had at last found the one who could be all-in-all to him.

“Winifred was the first girl I’d ever met who honestly enjoyed doing the things I liked. That was no clinging vine line, either. I’m awfully pleased with the way she rides horseback. She is a good swimmer, golfer, and tennis player, too. And yet she’s not one of those muscle women. We took long moonlight drives and I discovered that I had never before known what perfect companionship means.

“Day by day we grew to depend upon each other more. Winifred is not interested in a career for herself. So we didn’t have that Hollywood bugaboo to fear.”

Winifred liked his hide-away ranch. There he retires whenever he wants to be away from the active and demanding world. A faithful couple act as his housekeepers and his secretary brings up the necessary messages. She liked his thirty-five thoroughbred dogs that over-run the place. But what was most important, she too realized that here was the one man for her.

Their wedding plans were carefully guarded. They had attended a few film parties and openings, but Hollywood, long used to Rich as a man about town, thought that nothing serious (Cont. on page 118)
THE driver of the wagon swaying through forest and swamp of the Ohio wilderness was a ragged girl of fourteen. Her mother they had buried near the Monongahela—the girl herself had heaped with torn sods the grave beside the river of the beautiful name. Her father lay shrinking with fever on the floor of the wagon-box, and about him played her brothers and sisters.

She halted at the fork in the grassy road, and the sick man quavered: “Emmy, ye better turn down toward Cincinnati. If we could find your Uncle Ed, I guess he’d take us in.”

“Nobody ain’t going to take us in,” she said, “We’re going on jus’ long as we can. Going West!

They’s a whole lot of new things I aim to be seeing!”

That was the grandmother of Martin Arrowsmith.

CROSS-LEGGED in the examining-chair in Doc Vickerson’s office, a boy was reading “Gray’s Anatomy.” His name was Martin Arrowsmith, of Elk Mills, in the state of Winnemac.

There was a suspicion in Elk Mills, now, in 1897, a dowdy red-brick village, smelling of apples, that this brown leather adjustable seat which Doc Vickerson used for minor operations, for the infrequent pulling of teeth and for highly frequent naps, had begun life as a barber’s chair. There was also a belief that its proprietor must
Sinclair Lewis’ Great Novel Comes to the Screen, and We Give You the Complete Fictionization!

Once have been called Doctor Vickerson, but for years he had been only The Doc.

Vickerson was concluding a description of the covered wagon and of its brave little driver.

"And that," he said, "was your grandmother, Martin.

Fine stock to come from. Pioneer stock. Stubborn stock. Make a medical man of you if anything will! Make a real scientist of you if you live up to it. Make you want to find out things for yourself! Not like me. Poor old sawbones!"

As Martin grew older he attended The University of Winnemac. There are twelve thousand students at Winnemac, and beside this prodigy, someone has said, Oxford is a tiny theological school and Harvard a select college for young gentlemen. The University has a baseball field under glass; its buildings are measured by the mile; it hires hundreds of young Doctors of Philosophy to give rapid instructions in Sanskrit, navigation, accountancy, spectacle-fitting, sanitary engineering, Provençal poetry, tariff schedules, and rutabaga growing. Its president is the best money-raiser and the best after-dinner speaker in the United States; and Winnemac was the first school in the world to conduct its extension courses by radio.

Martin was twenty-one. He still seemed pale, in contrast to his black smooth hair, but he was a respectable runner, a fair basketball center, and a savage hockey-player. The co-eds murmured that he "looked so romantic," but as this was before the era of sex and petting parties, they merely talked about him at a distance, and he did not know that he could have been the hero of many "amours."

If he was not entirely ignorant of caresses but he did not make an occupation of them. He consorted with men whose virile pride it was to smoke filthy corn cob pipes and to wear filthy sweaters.

On his first day in medical school, Martin Arrowsmith was in a high state of superiority. As a medico he was more picturesque than other students, for medics are reputed to know secrets, horrors, exhilarating wickednesses. Men from the other departments go to their rooms to peer into their books.

There was a prairie freshness in the autumn day but Martin did not heed. He hurried into the slate-colored hall of the Main Medical, up the wide stairs to the office of Max Gottlieb. He did not look at passing students, and when he bumped into them he grunted in confused apology. It was a portentous hour. He was going to specialize in bacteriology; he was going to discover enchanting new germs; Professor Gottlieb was going to recognize him as a genius, make him an assistant—

Martin stood before the great professor. The old fellow looked up, irritated with the other’s presence.

"Ja?"

"My name’s Arrowsmith. I’m just starting medical school. And I thought I’d take my bacteriology with you this fall without waiting until second year, if you don’t mind."

"But I do mind."

"But I’m not going to be just an ordinary doctor,” Martin protested.

"No?"

"I’m going to be a research scientist like you, Dr. Gottlieb. Oh, not as great as you, of course! I mean, I’m not interested in just giving people pills. I’d rather find the cure for cancer. I’m not afraid of hard work."

"Now you speak more sensibly. To be a scientist, that is born in a man. It may be born in you, but go first and be a medical student. Learn the names of diseases. Learn to see blood flow without fainting. Go get your M.D., and then come back!"

So Arrowsmith left Gottlieb and pursued the long hours in medical school. Eight, ten hours for study, and no time to eat or sleep. But the years rolled

Here is the Novelette of the Picture hailed as a Sensation! Sinclair Lewis, Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature—Colman and Helen Hayes—and this Story of a Lasting Love, unfolded against a Grim Background of Science and Self-Sacrifice. You’ll be Touched and You’ll be Thrilled. Read On!
Arrowsmith liked this little girl. "I am Dr. Gottlieb's assistant," he said. "How about dinner tonight?" "I don't mind," said Leora.

on and the day for his first ambulance ride as an interne arrived. Arrowsmith found himself holding on the back of an ambulance by its strap. He was being projected through the city in a mad dash to a tenement where someone's baby was about to be born. He and the driver owned the city. Traffic stopped for them, people gaped as the dashing, red-lighted engine propelled itself down the street.

His first case was a success. And several of the others were successes.

MARTIN left his hospital and returned to Gottlieb. The urge to become a scientist was stronger than ever. He wanted to find out things for himself. It was too much to expect any doctor to ask people to stick out their tongues and then be helpless to prescribe the cure.

But Gottlieb told him to search further.

Leora, now his wife, was always there to cheer and encourage Arrowsmith. He turned their kitchen into a laboratory—and worked!
“Arrowsmith,” a Samuel Goldwyn Production. Based on the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by John Ford. United Artists Picture. Fictionalized by Morris Hurlin. Enacted by the following cast:

Dr. Martin
Arrowsmith
Leora Arrowsmith
Sondelius
Professor Gottlieb
Joyce Lanyon
Dr. Tubbs
Dr. Terry Wickett
Cecil Twyford
Miss Twyford
Sir Robert Fairland
Mr. Tozer
Mrs. Tozer
Bert Tozer

Ronald Colman
Helen Hayes
Richard Bennett
A. E. Anson
Myrna Loy
Claude King
Russell Hopton
Alec B. Francis
Florence Britton
Lumsden Hare
Dewitt Jennings
Beulah Bondi
Bert Roach

“They have a case of African sleeping sickness in the County Hospital,” he told Martin. “Perhaps you will get a strain of bugs to work on. It is quite a nice disease. In Africa some of the villages are wiped out entirely by it. I think you will enjoy sleeping sickness!”

Arrowsmith beamed and went to the County Hospital for his specimens.

It was there he met Leora Tozer. She was a smallish figure muffled in harsh blue denim and white apron. Arrowsmith approached her.

“Nurse, I want to find Ward D.”

“Do you?”

“Can you direct me?”

His first two years in New York bore little or no fruit for the scientific Arrowsmith although his life with Leora had been a happy one. But he threw himself into his research, and there was one night when he worked until dawn.

“I could, yes.”

“Well, if it isn’t interrupting your work—”

“This isn’t my work. Nurses aren’t supposed to scrub floors. The superintendent caught me smoking a cigarette. You go back for Ward D, turn right and then left.”

Arrowsmith instantly liked this spirited little girl. He decided to punish her.

“You may be interested to know that I am Dr. Gottlieb’s assistant. I shall report you. What’s your name?”

Twenty-four hours later Arrowsmith found himself famous. The newspapers screamed: “Greatest Medical Discovery of Modern Times by Young Scientist!” But Martin raged: “I’m through with you and your front-page science. I’m no quack, no faker!”
"What's yours?"

"Arrowsmith, you're not reporting me, you know."

"Gee, there I go again. My name's Leora Tozer. Silly name, isn't it?"

"What's wrong with it? I kind of like it. In fact, I've decided to overlook reporting you! How about dinner tonight?"

"I don't mind."

A superintendent was approaching. Martin began walking away.

"You will telephone me the patient's temperature and I'll look in again at seven," he called back over his shoulder.

Later, in the Acropolis restaurant, Martin dropped a nickel in the automatic piano and soft music emerged.

"I'm afraid I've talked too much," Martin was saying, "you haven't bored me. It made me feel intelligent."

"Well, at that, you gotta get used to hearing my ideas. You're going to marry me."

"You don't tell me! Well, now, you know I shouldn't wonder if you were right."

Martin leaned closer to her.

"I've found you! My life's begun!"

He was in earnest about marrying Leora. He had fallen in love with her the first moment he saw her scrubbing the hospital corridor. And he told Gottlieb that, too, when the professor called him in the next day to make a startling announcement. Gottlieb, it seems, was called to the great McGurk Institute in New York, the greatest scientific plant in the world. And he wanted to take Martin along as his assistant.

But Arrowsmith was adamant.

"You're the greatest man I've ever known, professor, but I can't—I simply can't—drop everything and go to New York with you. I'm going to get married. A man can't get along on what an assistant makes. I've got to practice."

Gottlieb gave in but not without a last admonition.

"Remember," he said, "you will be a bad doctor for a while. Then you will find your way back to the laboratory. Let me know when you do, and wherever I am I will have a place for you. So! Good luck to you!"

They shook hands with deep feeling and Martin left. He married Leora that same afternoon. Martin wanted to know "what now?" and Leora settled it immediately by having him buy tickets for her home in Wheatsylvania, North Dakota. Arrowsmith was going to become a country doctor!

When they arrived at Leora's home and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Tozer and Leora's brother,
"We do not bring you any magical cure," said Arrowsmith. "We have, as yet, no notion of what we can do for you."

Bert, the reception wasn't any too warm.

It was not until dinner that the family discovered Leora's wedding ring. Leora was nervous at first and her mother almost fainted with exclamations about her daughter's almost having broken her parents' hearts. Bert popped in with a speech about "not one single red cent going to Martin just because you've married into the family."

"I'm not asking for money. All I want is your good will," Martin told them. "To help me start in practicing here."

Leora rose to the occasion.

"Martin may not be asking for money, but I am! Pa's going to lend Martin a thousand dollars to start up his office and Martin will pay interest on it, unless of course, Pa wants to give it to us for a wedding present!"

And that's how the Arrowsmiths became established in Wheatsylvania, in a little house that might have rented for twenty dollars a month. Leora wanted Martin to wear her father's old Prince Albert, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"You're a pillar of the community, Martin! You've got to make the young folks get married when they ought to and make them stay married when they don't want to, and keep the old folks happy about them and send the kids to school, and lecture the big boys on the evils of drink and do your own drinking with the shades pulled down! You've got to see that the milk's fresh and the meat's fresh and the backyards are kept tidy. That's what being a country doctor means, Martin. I'm proud to know you!"

"Three hundred and sixty-six human souls in this town all depending on me to keep 'em fit!" Martin felt the weight of responsibility lowering on his young shoulders.

Martin's first case was a failure. His patient died. Leora tried to comfort him on his return, but it was no go.

"I'm NO good," Martin told himself and Leora. "I can't face people when they hear about this. I'm a rotten doctor. Gottlieb was right."
Arrowsmith tried to forget. He went to a neighboring town one night to hear Sondelius, a well-known scientist, lecture. Arrowsmith invited him out for a drink after the lecture. They found an old beer garden and ordered up. They drank deeply of the delicious beer. Sondelius enjoyed every moment.

"I should get to bed by midnight, but it is a sin to interrupt good talk. Yust keep on tempting me! Tell me about yourself."

Arrowsmith bemoaned his country-doctor fate. He told how he once was assistant to Max Gottlieb. Sondelius knew him. They drank and talked for hours. Arrowsmith felt invigorated.

"I've got a new lease on life out of this party!" he said.

He repeated the same thing the following morning to Leora at home. He declared that he was through stagnating. That he was just beginning to live. He said he would show the town where it "got off."

His opportunity came sooner than he expected. On his trip to the country store he was unexpectedly met with bad news. The scourge of the middle-west farms, blackleg, the dread disease, had begun its insidious operations on the cows of Wheatsylvania's farmers.

"Blackleg, eh?" Arrowsmith turned the word over in his mind. "I've heard about blackleg. I think I'll have a look around."

He coaxed the State veterinary into giving him a blood sample from some of the affected cows and some capsules of the serum being administered which seemed so useless. Then he went home. He turned his kitchen into a laboratory and worked over the specimens for hours, days. He neglected his practice in his effort to discover the blackleg germ and its cure. He made up some flasks of his own serum.

Henry Novak's cows were dying anyhow so he figured he might as well let Doc Arrowsmith try some of his new-fangled stuff in his expiring animals. The experiment was a success. Novak's cows stopped dying, some of them even recovered fully.

When Arrowsmith went down to the general store some days later the State veterinary was there waiting for him. There were words, with the veterinary accusing Arrowsmith of doing things stealthily. Finally the argument came to blows and Martin knocked the other down.

Leora was lonely, desolate with pain. She dared not start on her long journey without his hand to comfort her.

Martin, returning, came upon the sight that almost killed him that moment. Leora

—Leora
Arrowsmith returned home. "I guess there's a time when things begin to happen!" he told Leora. "I guess this may be our cue to move on!" Outside on the table in the hall a telegram from Gottlieb awaited Martin. It was a call to come to New York.

NEW YORK seemed the whirlpool of traffic and buildings to Martin and Leora that they had dreamed in. When they arrived they were attacked by the scurrying humans and taxis, besieged on all sides by the rush and high tension common to New York. With some difficulty they found the location of the Mc- Grurk Institute and Martin was lifted unceremoniously for twenty-five floors while Leora waited downstairs. She was afraid to go that high the first day.

Once inside the Institute Martin was ushered into the palatial offices of the Director, Mr. Tubbs, instead of being shown to his old friend Dr. Gottlieb. Tubbs was very enthusiastic about Martin's work with blackleg and congratulated him at the same time, welcoming him as one of the Mcgrurk Institute family.

Sir John Davies, a world-famous English surgeon, was to perform an operation for the members of the Institute and Martin was able to meet all the distinguished scientists at one time. He was also to meet Terry Wickett, who later was to become his lifelong friend.

"Which are you?" Wickett wanted to know immediately.

"How do you mean?" Arrowsmith countered.

"Are you one of the dressy advertisers like Tubbs, or a rough-neck like Gottlieb and me? That's what I'm talking about," Arrowsmith didn't hesitate long. No frills for him!

"A rough-neck, I guess!"

They proceeded into the medical arena to watch Sir John perform.

It was only after the operation that Martin was able to get to Gottlieb. The latter was profuse in his greetings. There were many expressions in idiomatic German that served to inform Martin how glad his old teacher was to have him with him again. There were many more minutes spent in inspecting Martin's laboratory and talking over his future. Then Martin suddenly realized that Leora was waiting downstairs all this time.

For the next half hour she listened to his rhapsodic account of the Institute's marvelous facilities. He rushed to the elevator, and down. Leora was still there—the patient, kind Leora.

"Oh, Martin," she exclaimed after he had described to her his magnificently modern laboratory, "and how much are they going to pay you?"

"Gosh!" Martin scratched his head and laughed. "I forgot to ask!"

TWO long years dragged by. Martin and Leora had settled comfortably in a little apartment overlooking Riverside Drive. They had been two years that bore little or no fruit for the scientific Arrowsmith although his life with Leora had been an uncommonly happy one. But his old feeling of failure was returning. He had pangs of sterility in his work. He complained to the ever-patient Leora that he was worse at science than at doctoring, and a failure at both.

At the Institute, Dr. Tubbs was beginning to feel the same way about Martin. His expensive laboratory had been unfruitful for two years and he didn't show any particular promise in his work. It cost money to run a place like Mcgrurk and every device of the honeycomb of laboratories had to give something to merit staying within the portals of the structure. He'd have to look into this Arrowsmith case.

It was on another of these long nights holding no promise for the future that Martin returned home, dejected. He threw himself into a chair and drew on his pipe. Leora tried to encourage him with words about his "being on the threshold of a career" but Martin would hear none of it. Suddenly he arose from the chair.

"I think I'll go out for a walk, Leora."

"I'll go, too."

"In this snow?"

"I love snow! Just let me turn off the gas stove and we'll hike across the park. It'll be like the Canadian Northwest tonight."

Downstairs a blizzard was blowing wildly. Martin walked blindly along, forgetting that Leora was with him. Before he knew it he had come to the Mcgrurk Institute. Leora went up to his lab with him, although he seemed oblivious of her.

He stood for a few minutes and then went to his incubator where he took out one of his flasks. Holding it up to the light he exclaimed at what he found.

"I left this flask chuck-full of some bugs I was working on. They ought to have been doing great. Now they're dead. What killed em?"

"Does it matter?" Leora wanted to know.

"Does it matter? I'll say it matters. Bugs don't commit suicide. Suppose it turned out to be—no, I won't say it. I won't throw any luck. I'll work it out!"

And with that he threw himself into his research, forgetting Leora, forgetting the world of snow that swirled outside his window. He had been converted into the scientist in a moment. The machine of science!

Leora went downstairs so as not to be in his way, and waited in a cab. Soon she was asleep. She slept fourteen dollars worth and was awakened at the first streak of dawn by the taxi driver's pleadings that they "go somewheres." But Leora only (Continued on page 105)
Twinkle, twinkle,
little stars!
Don’t grow up for
y’ars and y’ars!

By
Alma
Whitaker

There never was a time when so many bright
babies twinkled so prosperously in motion
pictures. Shining contracts are being handed
to them on golden platters. They are being insured
for million dollar policies. Courts are seeing that trusts
are formed to take care of their vast earnings for them.
And their parents are looking pleased and proud.
Just take the case of little Jackie Cooper, just turned
eight. He is under contract to Metro, who bought him
from Hal Roach after he had been loaned to Paramount
and made his sensational success in “Skippy.” Jackie’s
contract salary began at $1300 a week and rises to $4000
a week by the third year. The court permits his mother
to spend $1000 a month on his support. He has a 13-
year endowment policy which assures him of an income
at the ripe old age of twenty years.

Can’t you imagine the excitement in a family when its
small boy turns out to be such a young gold mine? No
wonder Hollywood is infested with ambitious mamas
trying to catch a favorable glance from some director or
producer upon little Johnny or Baby Mary.

It was Charlie Chaplin who really started the thing
when he picked a little tike named Jackie Coogan for
“The Kid” in the old silent days. But in spite of Jackie
and Baby Peggy and a few others of those times, it was nothing like the bonanza the kids are wallowing in today.

Jackie Cooper isn’t spoiled yet. And he knows he has the breaks. Because, you see, he was living with mama and grandma, the former a musician at the studio, and his very own uncle Norman Taurog was director for "Skippy." All of which helped a lot. His first chance was when Fox Studio wanted a small boy to sing and dance in a musical revue and his mother suggested that Jackie be tried for the part. He won over dozens of children tested. He was five years old then, and Hal Roach decided he’d do for "Our Gang."

After "Skippy" it was all jam. He could have all the ice-cream he wanted and he has a prodigious appetite. He has a tutor who teaches him between scenes on the set and he’s a wonder at learning his lines easily. He can swim like a fish, loves to write lurid detective stories, walks with a funny little swagger, adores being a host, and can cry beautifully when the part demands it. He does the latter by conscientiously thinking of "something sad." He hopes to become an engineer when he grows up. His latest role in "The Champ," in which he is co-starred with Wally Beery, has ensured a life-friendship between these two, just as "Donovan’s Kid" made him Richard Dix’s firm pal. His two other best friends are Mitzi Green and Robert Coogan.

Jackie Cooper is an ardent football fan and has already planned to join U.S.C. and become a quarter-back.

Mitzi Green herself was the first youngster to be put under contract in talkies. Mitzi is insured for a million dollars, but the terms of her contract have not been made public. Mitzi is going on eleven now, a child of vaudeville in which her parents, the Joe Kenos, played for many years. Mitzi was born while Joe was in a musical with Mitzi Hajos, hence her name. She has been before the public since she was six months old, and as a wee girl she started imitating grown-up acts with such success that they took her on the stage and let her get paid for it. That began her own individual career. At six she was sending audiences into hysterics imitating the Two Black Crows. She was eight when Paramount was looking for a bright girl for "The Marriage Playground," in which she was the precocious half-sister of Mary Brian. That was her screen début, and she’s been going strong ever since. But although she played in the "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" pictures, likewise "Skippy," the boys stole most of the glory.

In fact, boys are successful in much greater numbers than girls as twinkling kid stars.

Paramount also has Junior Durkin, Bobby Coogan, Jerry Tucker, and Jackie Searle under "long term contracts." All good box-office bets, too. Junior Durkin, as you all know, won his fame in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," even stealing Jackie Coogan’s glory in that first one. Jackie Coogan is at the awkward age now, which all boys have to go through. But Junior is still a real boy, exactly as he acts in the pictures, a bit shy and wiggly under stress. He’s swamped with females at home, a couple of sisters and mama, who have all been on the stage. Junior is turned 15, so he is now allowed to drive a car, and oh-boy-oh-boy, what a spree it was buying his personal Ford! Junior, too, began a stage career at around two years of age, in a New York musical comedy. His first picture for Paramount was "Fame," and then came "Spanish Acres" with Mitzi and everything has been hunky-dory ever since.

Bobby Coogan, age 5, is, of course, Jackie’s baby brother. He made his début in "Skippy," and we all remember with what riotous success. When Bobby was born, Jackie, his big brother, was the arch-child star of movies. Bobby is a docile and obedient little actor, but hopes he won’t be an actor when he grows up. He has a grave inquiring manner that is quite delicious, and he is liable to enrich the Coogan exchequer beyond all dreams of...
HE DOESN'T like to sock people.
He especially doesn't like to sock women.
But socking both men and women has become one of the things for which young James Cagney is gaining a reputation. A certain movie critic tells the story of going several times to watch Cagney plant an escalloped grapefruit in the face of a young woman in "The Public Enemy," a young woman whose only fault was loving him too much. The act, the critic said, gave him a certain feeling of having accomplished something he had always wanted to do but never had dared.

Cagney is the rowdyism, the cool cruelty and brutishness, the reckless daring of 1932 wrapped into a package five feet nine inches tall and weighing 155 pounds. His square, capable hands—boxer's hands—lash easily and quickly into a pair of fists that jab with lightning and devastating effect against the jaw of anyone who opposes his rather arrogant and egotistical will.

All this in his pictures, of course.
But you can't do things even in pictures, which you are wholly incapable of doing in real, not real, life.

And James Cagney has been using his fists to advantage since he learned to defend himself from the tough newsboys who hung about the New York Sun when he was an office boy there at the age of fourteen. He used them in amateur boxing at high school and at Columbia University.

But when he had to walk behind a bar and knock down a kind-looking old barkeep in one of his pictures, it cost him a little on the score of mental anguish. The South American republic which has named one of its battleships "O'Higgins" knows something about the race of people from which Cagney sprang. But that's not the only side. The Irish are fighters, but they are also a race of poets, players and singers. Their imaginative literature is one of the greatest in the world.

A curious story illustrating the point rather neatly is told by one of the executives of the studio where Cagney is under contract.

"The Public Enemy" was just completed and had had a rough assemblage and cut, and was being shown one evening to a group of executives and publicity people for advance information on the picture.

They sat spellbound as reel after reel of terrorism, murder, and gang war unfolded before them. They went dizzily out of the projection room with that sickeningly realistic view of the dead Cagney falling over the threshold into his mother's house—and incidentally into the camera, into their faces; and, because of its unusualness, into their very minds.

They walked over to the lunch room on the lot and sat around a table saying little, thinking over the amazingly real representation of a gangster that Cagney had just given them, and especially of that last horrible shot.
And into this somewhat (Continued on page 114)
Remember the Max Beerbohm heroine who didn’t know much about Art, but knew what she liked? These portraits of prominent picture personalities may be Art—we don’t know. We suppose they are because Ferenc, famous imported camera artist, made them. But we know we like them! Don’t you?

PRETTY PICTURES!
What Joan wants for Leap Year

That's right—she wants her Darby. And wants him soon

By Carlisle Jones

JOAN BLONDELL is ready to meet love half way. She will go fifty-fifty with romance and, if necessary, she might make it sixty-forty. She wants to get married—and how!

This is no public appeal for offers of marriage for the wise-cracking Wampas Baby starlet who shares honors with James Cagney in “Blonde Crazy” and with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr, in “Union Depot.” Reports of Joan’s probable marriage in the near future have never been specifically denied. Certainly Joan herself has never been caught denying that she wants love and hopes for marriage.

“Good heavens, no!” she exclaims emphatically. “Ever since I’ve been able to think, I’ve been thinking about a home of my own and a husband and family. The studio has kept me too busy lately to let me give much time to romance, but I’m thinking about it, just the same.”

In her brief lifetime Joan has been around. She’s looked the field over in a general way such as is not often given to a young and impressionable girl. She has, in her own energetic and direct terms, “had offers of marriage from numerous nationalities and several colors.”

Some of these came by fan mail. A few of them were so insistent that it was necessary to turn their missives of determined affection over to the postal authorities. Some of them came first hand during Joan’s long tour over the world with her theatrical family. None of them was ever very seriously considered, although they helped to keep life interesting during the years before Joan found Hollywood, success, and romance all within the shadow of the same city hall.

There was an Indian chief near Albuquerque, who made Joan’s father a flattering offer in arid desert lands and imitation antique Indian pottery for the hand of his sixteen-year-old daughter, whom he had seen in a traveling show troupe.

And there was an East Indian potentate of lesser importance than some, but with more money than many, who tried to persuade the blonde little Blondell girl to preside over his palace and string pearls for herself out of his over-supply. But Joan never took his offer seriously. Then there was a boy, a nice boy, in Australia, where Joan spent several years with her father’s theatrical company, but she was too young then to consider his proposals of marriage.

These and other affairs in out-of-the-way corners of the world as well as still others in New York, Lansing, Michigan, and Crab Orchard, Nebraska, and many of the other thousand and one one-night stands where Joan has played in her long career on the road—long because it started at the tender age of four weeks—have prepared Joan for love and marriage when, as, and if they arrive as scheduled by Dame Rumor and the daily press.

In matters of love as in matters pertaining to her career, Joan is not one to sit by the fire and wait for opportunity to wear out knuckles on the rough outside of a closed door.

“I don’t know why the woman shouldn’t be allowed to do the pursuing, openly and obviously, if she wants to,” Joan declares. “She does it anyway in her own subtle way if she likes the man, but she tries to make it appear that he is doing all the stampeding. I haven’t ever exactly stampeded, myself, yet, but I would if I thought the man I wanted was about to get away from me without his knowing I wanted him. What’s the use of equal rights for women if we don’t exercise ’em? Anyway, 1932 is leap year.”

Joan Blondell’s boisterous, good-humored, smart-cracking screen roles are not altogether assumed for the screen. She is that way. She’s a hale fellow, well met, a threadbare descriptive phrase never more pat than when applied to her. She’s a back-slapping, open-handed, even-tempered, rough (Continued on page 102)
Confessions

Mickey tells all! Read the thrilling story of the great mouse's life and loves!

"M. Mouse—Private"

An August attendant ushered me in through the door on which the above legend was emblazoned in gold leaf.

Here, then, was that thrilling moment, the culmination of weeks of hoping and planning, when I was at last to interview the famous screen star, Mickey Mouse!

The opening door revealed him at the far end of a large room, reclining in a swivel chair behind an enormous glass-topped desk. The office exuded swank—deep, plushy rugs, heavy carved furniture, expensive-looking tapestries, exquisite floor-lamps. All was enveloped in a gentle half-light that seeped in through drawn curtains.

Miss Bloggs, the secretary who had granted me the appointment, met me at the door and presented me to my host. Some such greeting as a cheery slap on the back and a "Hi, Mickey!" had been in my mind. Instead, thoroughly awed, I took his paw almost reverently and mumbled, "Good morning, Mr. Mouse."

"Do sit down," he said indolently. "Do you prefer Russian cigarettes or Egyptian? Gold-tipped or straw?" He twirled a whisker elegantly, and I thought I detected more than a trace of the Oxford accent in his speech.

We lit our cigarettes, and then Mickey Mouse, without waiting for questions, began to talk rapidly and more than a bit pompously.

"I am deeply attached to my Art. To me it is the most important thing in life. I do not merely act my roles—I live them. My favorite poets are Shakespeare and Oscar Wilde. My favorite novel is 'A Tale of Two Cities.' My life's ambition is to play Hamlet. I am profoundly thrilled by the Essence of the Cosmic All, and yearn deeply to know the Inner Meaning of Life."

I sat there and gazed at him, forgetting to close my mouth, while he paused to take a breath. Then, as he observed my slightly deranged look, something suddenly happened to the young actor's face. Without otherwise changing his expression, he had given me a solemn wink!

"Oh, by the way, Miss Bloggs," he called, "would you mind running down to the bank and seeing if that statement is ready for me? And Wiggins—this to the hovering attendant—"run over to the studio, won't you, and see if you can get a script of my next vehicle?"

After the door had closed behind his guardians, he listened for a moment. Then a broad grin overspread his face. Mr. Mouse, the tragi-comic artist, disappeared; and Mickey, the gay, raffish, rowdy rodent, asserted himself.

"Whoops, it worked!" he cried, leaping out of his chair and executing a few rhumba steps on the top of his desk. "Now we can relax a bit. Here, have a real smoke!"

Kicking aside his beautiful jade cigarette holder, he opened a drawer in his desk and fished out a couple of swell nickel cigars. We lighted up forthwith.

"You know," said Mickey, gesticulating at me earnestly with the burnt match, "it's like that all the time. Since a couple of highbrow critics discovered that my stuff was Art I've had to live up to it and be a dogged artist instead of a plain, honest, fun-loving mouse. But you look like a regular guy—here, follow me."

In a jiffy he had climbed down from his chair and scuttled across the floor to the bookshelves that lined the opposite wall. There, behind a book on the bottom shelf, was a tiny hole in the wall through which Mickey dived before I realized what was up. As I stood nonplussed, wondering whether I was supposed to crawl in after him, a nearby tapestry lifted, and there stood Mickey in a little...
of Mickey Mouse

By

Mortimer Franklin

secret doorway, grinning broadly and beckoning me in.

"This is my den," he said rather proudly. "Come on in." It was a bare little cubby-hole whose only furniture was a small tin box, on which Mickey now squatted, and a three-legged stool, scarcely higher, to which he waved me. On the walls were a large-sized portrait of a young lady mouse, and a rough drawing of a cat's head to which clung some remnants of antique tomato.

"Target practice," explained Mickey, jerking a thumb toward it. "Ain't—isn't this a swell little dump? Nobody else knows about it—fixed it up all by myself. I often sneak in here for a quiet snooze, or to have a little snack. Look what I've got!"

Opening the lid of the tin box, he drew forth a small round whitish object.

"Cheese!" said Mickey joyfully, though quite superfluously. "Good old Limburger! Genuine pre-war, too!"

I declined a helping of the tidbit, and he fell to nibbling at it with great gusto. "I always keep a hunk of it in here," he explained between mouthfuls. "It's the only chance I get to enjoy the real stuff, since all this arty hoop-de-doo started.

"Walt wouldn't like it if he saw me ducking through holes—think it's too undignified. He's Mr. Disney, you know—the boss. I always call him Walt, except when speaking to him. He's a great little guy, all right—made me what I am today. Only thing is, he's been getting rather strict lately. And so has everybody else.

"What's the use of being a big success in the movies if you can't enjoy life? In the old days, when my films were just funny pictures, I lived a jolly, carefree existence. Now it's all different. Why, they've even made me learn how to read and write! Imagine! Well, they can make a gentleman out of me, but they aren't going to take my Minnie away from me, and that's flat!

"I suppose you want to know all about my love life," continued the lad who made America mouse-conscious, "I'm engaged to Minnie Mouse right now, and it looks like the real thing this time. She's a field mouse, you know, and I always did like the out-door girl type." He leaned closer, and spoke in confidential tones. "It isn't generally known, but I've been married five times already. Four of 'em divorced me, and one was nabbed by a cat. So a mouse with my experience ought to know the right girl when he sees her. Minnie doesn't want to get married just yet—thinks it would interfere with her career. But just you watch me bring her around.

"My income?" Mickey seemed embarrassed for a moment. "Well, I really don't know how much I get, you see. Walt always takes most of it and puts it in the bank for me. But sometimes I manage to hold out a small roll, and then I have a swell time. I like the one-dollar bills best—they're nice and soft and juicy, and have a flavor all their own. Hundreds are good to chew on, they're so delightfully crisp. I don't care so much for the tens, but Minnie is saving them to make me a nice bath mat.

"I don't think (Continued on page 116)
Since the first day he arrived in Hollywood Robert Montgomery has worn a mask!

It's a mask of gaiety—flippant gaiety. Half of it really belongs to Montgomery. And it serves to cover the serious thoughtfulness which is the other half of Bob's self.

This was one of his serious days. He was dressed in a dark blue suit with a carefully knotted tie and a soft gray hat. He was sitting in a chair in his dressing room. He wasn't running around from here to there in white ducks and a brilliant sweater with a tennis racket tucked under one arm. He was actually sitting still, smoking a cigarette and wearing shoes instead of canvas or woven leather sneakers.

His dressing room looks like Bob. It couldn't belong to Clark Gable or Lawrence Tibbett or Ramon Novarro. It doesn't need a name-plate or a number on the white door to proclaim its ownership. Anyone, knowing the gay Robert at least fairly well, would recognize it immediately.

Somehow places where people spend a great deal of time take on the personality of their owners. Janitors may work havoc or order with cleaning brushes and brooms, but the old spirit is there.

Bob Montgomery's dressing room is the neatest one on the studio lot. Everything has a place and everything is in its place. Panelled doors on one side of the room slide back to show rows of neatly hung suits and topcoats and sweaters. A trick drawer can be pulled from beneath the long, built-in divan and opened on a line of polished, cleaned, carefully- (Cont. on page 119)
ACCENTS!

Help or handicap? How some stars like 'em and others lose 'em

By

Colin Reynolds

THERE is a piquant lure to the foreign accent. We would not really wish our foreign charmers, male and female, to speak just regular Main Street American.

But an emphatic accent can limit the type of rôle a foreign player can perform, which is a pity. It is also distinctly desirable that we completely catch the meaning of the subtleties of dialogue emanating from the talking screen. It's tantalizing when, because of a too marked accent, or because of a dull monotony of tone, its finer nuances are lost, if not misunderstood altogether.

In fact, voices are as important as looks and dramatic talent. Hence an abiding interest in Hollywood is the constant improvement of voice and accent. Foreign players, in particular, must be able to discard their accents at will if they do not wish to limit themselves to foreign rôles.

Do not suppose that this is an easy matter. Most of the voices that please us exceedingly belong to people who have taken infinite pains to perfect their articulation, to acquire a control of accents, to project their voices effectively.

Greta Garbo, for instance, although she has declined to take lessons, has her own method of careful study. For instance, she hires English servants and converses constantly with them. She admires the voices of certain people, listens intently, carefully notes correct pronunciations, and rehearses her English parts over and over.

All the same, there is room for improvement in Garbo's voice delivery. Her attitude is, however, that if the studio doesn't like it she will gladly take the next ship back to Sweden! But Garbo's voice has a deep quality, emanating entirely from the chest, whereas inflections on the upper keys should be strictly head notes. Hence in "Romance," when her double sings a coloratura song, it strikes a discordant note to hear Garbo's speaking voice afterwards. Even the least informed amongst us knows Garbo did not sing that song herself. Fortunately Garbo's gifts and charms rise superior to this voice problem, but it would blight a lesser charmer's success.

Curiously enough, however, the eager seekers of pleasant voices are mostly Americans. The foreign stars, for the most part, either really have pleasant voices already, or rely upon self-teaching. And this, usually, only to control accents.

For instance, Marlene Dietrich has taken no lessons, but she is an attentive listener. She will concentrate for hours on the (Continued on page 110)
A big pow-wow about—what? Pictures, players, salaries? Richard Dix and a group of serious thinkers talk it over at lunch.

What Hollywood

Love or Literature?
Babies or Bank-rolls? Listen In!

NO DOUBT you've heard that all we talk about in Hollywood are motion pictures and sex appeal. 'Tain't so!

In spite of "Once in a Lifetime," inhabitants of the film city can wrap their tongues around words other than "studio," "camera," or "kisses."

Pola Negri, returned from abroad, declares that Hollywood players talk far less of pictures than when she was here before.

"Conversation now touches on world-wide problems rather than local ones," says Negri. "You remember when a whole evening was spent over So-and-so's chances of coming back in a picture? But not any more. People are becoming less selfish, and are trying to find spiritual as well as economic reasons for our troubles. They talk of European politics, of the Russian experiment, of how to help feed the children.

"I am glad; I feel more at home. I like it!"

Just for fun, I listened in on conversations at a round of social affairs.

Lawrence Tibbett's singing at a tea suggested to Helen Chandler the tragedy to a singer of a lost voice.

"I've given a good deal of thought to what I'd do if that happened to me," said Lawrence. "I think I'd be a farmer. Unless I became a butler! I've seen so many incompetent butlers, I'd like a chance to show that butlering can be a fine art."

Someone else wondered if a singer cast on a desert island would continue to sing and
Tea hee! Mae Madison, Lillian Bond, Evalyn Knapp, and Polly Walters have a conference. And are other girls' ears burning!

Talks About!

By Ruth Tildesley

Lawrence thought not. "Twould be no fun, he thought.

"Singing is like talking—a means of contact with fellow human beings. If I were alone, there would be no contact. Unless I stood on the edge of the shore and sang to the ocean, and that would be only a dramatic gesture!"

A clairvoyant's prophecy that in another year we shall all be able to buy cheap little wing attachments enabling us to fly as we will was mentioned at an informal dinner at the Lawrence Grant's.

Cornelius Keefe thought the air traffic laws would have to include regulations that flights must be made at varied levels; so many hundred feet for short distances and so many hundred feet higher for longer ones. When a flier reached his street intersection, he could come down to say twenty feet about street level and continue his flight to his front door.

William Austin thought it might be better to have landing places on roofs where the wings could be parked and their wearers then proceed to the street.

And Mrs. Leslie Carter observed that she shouldn't care to have her feet just dangling helpless from the clouds; she would insist (Continued on page 101)
The Champ
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Here's the most appealing picture you ever saw. It's guaranteed to break down the defense of even the hardest old meany. As for the rest of us, we revel in the heart-warming adventures of a little boy and his father—who is a broken-down ex-prizefighter to the world, but a great hero to his son. Not even the lovely lady who turns out to be his long-lost mother can coax the boy from his touching allegiance to his dad. Jackie Cooper, the greatest actor on the screen save Charlie Chaplin, plays the part of the boy, and walks away with our Honor Page for the second time in his brief career. There's comedy, there's pathos, there's a great prizefight, there's everything that is human and real in this grand picture. Wallace Beery is splendid and self-effacing in the title rôle. Irene Rich is charming. See this!

Over the Hill
Fox

You'll have a good time at "Over the Hill." What? You think you're too 1932 for this sort of thing? Well, see it and find out just how modern you really are. If you can watch Mae Marsh as the little mother without fighting down that lump in your throat; if you can look at the beating of the bad brother by Jimmy Dunn—and not cheer; if you can see Sally Eilers and Jimmy in their love scenes and refrain from a sentimental tear or two—then you don't deserve a good, old-fashioned evening at ye movies. Yes, it's a talkie re-make of the silent classic, with last-minute trimmings. It marks the come-back of Miss Marsh in a touching portrayal. It gives James Dunn another nice rôle—ditto Sally Eilers. There are some appealing and clever children in the cast. Olin Howland is perfect as the mean son who sends his old ma to the poor-house. But then came the Dunn, and all's well.

Ambassador Bill
Fox

Will Rogers looks less like Clark Gable or Jimmy Dunn than any other star on the screen. But he is an idol in his own way, and his hungry public will gobble "Ambassador Bill" and beg for more. This is the best Rogers film in some months, with Will expertly cast as a one hundred percent Yankee who brings his homespun virtues to soothe the seething kingdom of Sylvania—just around the corner from Graustark. He proves a pal in need to the nice little boy king, lovably played by Ted Alexander; he comforts the pretty queen, Marguerite Churchill; he thwarts the crooked prime minister—always a 'helpin'. Youngsters will like this picture, particularly the scenes in which Ambassador Bill teaches the little king to twirl a lasso, play baseball, and talk slang. Clean? It's got to be clean.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

THE CHAMP
OVER THE HILL
AMBASSADOR BILL
POSSESSED
STRICTLY DISHONORABLE
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

A scene from "Possessed," with Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.

Possessed

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Glamorous entertainment, thanks to a brilliant performance by the star, Joan Crawford, the presence of Clark Gable, and the magnificent mounting. As a moral lesson, "Possessed" can't be recommended. (Just a hint to parents with growing gals who take the movies seriously.) Joan plays a small-town factory girl who comes to the big city to find that the wages of sin is health, wealth, and the pursuit of Clark Gable. The drama occurs when our heroine learns that she is standing in the path of her man's political career, and bows out—only to have him follow her. And why not? Joan never looked more beautiful, with her hair its rightful shade, her gown gorgeous, her talents in trim. Gable takes second place here; it's not much of a part for him. This film is Joan's—all Joan's. Give Gable a better chance next time, Leo, old lion.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Jackie Cooper in "The Champ"
Wallace Beery in "The Champ"
Will Rogers in "Ambassador Bill"
Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill"
Olin Howland in "Over the Hill"
Joan Crawford in "Possessed"
Sidney Fox in "Strictly Dishonorable"
Richard Arlen in "Touchdown"
Jack Oakie in "Touchdown"
Eric Linden in "Are These Our Children?"

"Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks."

Around the World in 80 Minutes

United Artists

Thanks, Doug! And when I say "Doug," I mean the one, only, and original Doug—Mr. Fairbanks the first. He is the youngest star on the screen today. And his high spirits, his naiveté, his humor, his boundless—and bounding—energy are on full display in his first travel film, in which he grins and gabs his way around the world. Fairbanks has found a new career for himself—he loves to travel, he knows everybody worth knowing, he likes them, they like him. His camera has caught scenes and celebrities never before photographed. He is no snooty de luxe traveller. He likes to get tired and hot and dusty; he also likes to play golf, and does. Get the family; go to see this.

Lukas and Sidney Fox in "Strictly Dishonorable."

Strictly Dishonorable

Universal

Here's a delicious comedy. If you saw the stage play by Preston Sturges from which the film was made, you'll be surprised and pleased and probably even touched to discover that the screen has taken the best of the play, thrown away the worst, cleaned it up for family consumption, and yet retained the original "Strictly Dishonorable" flavor. Don't ask me how they did it. I only know that the picture is well worth seeing—a gay, modern, fast-moving entertainment. Paul Lukas has his first real sensational chance as the interesting grand opera baritone who meets the fair flower of southern girlhood in a Manhattan speakeasy, announces that his intentions are "strictly dishonorable" and then proceeds to fall very old-fashioned in love with her. Sidney Fox is adorable, accent and all, as the girl. I mean "ado'able."
The stars can tell you that the real "danger line" is the line of the throat and chin. Here's what to do about it!

By
Margery Wilson

PILLOWS are just scenery in Hollywood! The voluptuous, luxurious, downy, silky, satiny, lacy, fluffy bolsters and pillows that make the stars' beds resemble those of fairy princesses are, after all, just props. They are never used except for decorative purposes or to serve as background in publicity stills. The inviting pillows are grimly piled on the nearest chair and the feminine star snuggles down to sleep on an honest-to-goodness baby pillow as flat as a pan-cake and not much larger than an air-mail stamp. For she wants to keep her throat slender and chin single and firm!

The stars can tell you that the real "danger line" is the line of the throat and chin. Rupert Hughes has spoken of age as "Time, that old thug, who always grasps a woman by the throat before he chokes her to death!" And the camera warns stars of twenty-five and even less that they can't be careless about their chins.

There's nothing like sleeping on a baby pillow or no pillow at all to avoid double chins, heavy necks, and dowagers' humps. Oh, don't you know what a dowager's hump is? Pardon me! It's that bulge at the base of the neck in the back which is developed by women who read in bed, their heads propped at an angle of forty-five degrees by at least two good-sized pillows. It is also to be found on all well-bred hippopotamuses. And it isn't very attractive on lady or animal. Get a mirror and see if you have one. They begin often at the age of sixteen.

Many and mysterious are the means of preventing such things happening to the throats, chins, and backs that are worth big money in Hollywood as long as they are lovely. There are also ways of getting rid of the "collar of years" that accumulates around and about the neck, if we are really in earnest.

And what is good for prevention is also used in the cure, so I'm talking to the whole family!

The most important thing is correct carriage of the head, posture. For no matter what sort of treatment you give your neck, if you continue in a bad posture you may as well save your energy.

See that your head sets back on your shoulders; now let your chin come forward a little and up a little. There, now, doesn't that do nice things to your neck and chin? It gives you a look of poise—a patrician air. It makes your head look as if it really were a part of you instead of something hung on rather badly as an afterthought.

But if you still prefer to look up at the wonderful man from a lowered head, as Constance Bennett sometimes does, be sure to keep your chin well out, the Bennett way. Don't bury it in several folds of your throat as the average girl does when she lowers her chin.

In sewing, or reading, use some means of keeping your work high rather than in your lap where you have to double up to get at it. Use a lap table, which may be one of the fancy ones with a newspaper tilt, or just a simple board that reaches across the arms of your chair. One girl I know lacquers and decorates thin boards for this use to give to her friends. Lacking these, I'll let you use a pillow in your lap when you sew or read. At last a sensible use for a pillow! Once you try it you'll always do it.

If you get into the habit of good posture while you're still young, your beauty problems will be half solved as you grow older. For when the head and chest are held correctly, the nerves are free and uncramped, the muscles in normal position allow a good blood supply that keeps the eyes bright, the skin fresh and the brain clearer. How's that for a big reward! So much for the future. If you want to look happy, alert and keen for the moment now do the same thing—put your head back on your shoulders, chin forward a little and up a little. Youthful! Zestful! Alive!

Theoretically, the thing to do is to keep the muscles of the chin firm, so firm that they simply cannot sag. Cold water is splendid for this purpose, and ice rubbed regularly on your neck will tend to keep it taut and smooth. If you can attach your shampoo hose to the cold water

OUR BEAUTY AND CHARM SCHOOL!
Consult Miss Margery Wilson when you wish advice on beauty problems. She will help you—not only is she a leading authority on charm, she's a real beauty herself, and knows whereof she speaks! If you wish a personal answer, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND,
45 West 45th Street, New York City.
The great Garbo and the little extra are sisters under the chin! Not every woman can have a chin-line as lovely as Greta's—but every girl can keep her throat slender and her chin single and firm. Read Margery Wilson's advice—and follow it.

Vigorous treatment may break the tiny veins. I'm going to repeat that—do not pat the face too heavily, not even to reduce it, for broken veins are unsightly on any kind of a face. But on your double chin you may use all the energy you care to punish yourself with. You can surely whip it into submission.

Along with the destruction of the fatty tissue under the chin the skin loosens as a natural accompaniment and special attention must be given to keeping it tight. A good astringent will do this for you if it is properly used. Never put a strong astringent on your skin without preparing for it. The shock of too quick a contraction is liable to be followed by a spasmodic laxity. One extreme invites another. Using cold water or ice, followed by a mild astringent, you may safely work up to the strong astringent.

To get quicker results here is a suggestion that only a few will act upon. Having finished your pats and having used ice and astringent, tie your chin up before you go to bed—pardon the repetition—without a pillow!

Nearly all the prominent beauty experts sell a chin-strap for that purpose and they are splendid if they fit. They can be made to order especially for you. Some of them are impregnated with an astringent herb that pulls things together all night. When its strength has vanished it may be sent back to the maker to be fortified with fresh herbs.

In the meantime, take a silk stocking, cut off the foot and tie it around your chin and over your head. You may look as though you had the mumps but the muscles of your chin and face will be lifted and held firmly all night by the caressing pressure of the silken mesh. In case your husband objects, you can wear it about the house when no one is looking. It slips off instantly.

A girl must be fully aware of the value of her youthful appearance before she takes measures to preserve it. Lovely, gorgeous youth! The Nineteen-thirty-two girl is clever. She knows that life is not a bed of roses. She knows you can't get something for nothing. She knows that if she lets disillusionment and disappointment eat her heart, it also hardens and lines her face. She knows she must clear out of her mind and body every destructive thing, for she wants to be as fresh and up-to-date as the new petticoats and panties with ruffles on them.

The modern girl knows that competition is sharp, but that she can best get there by fitting herself rather than fighting others. The girl of today is able to play and laugh and think all at the same time. That's (Continued on page 128)
Vocal Girl Makes Good

Estelle, still going song, tries to choose between stage and screen roles

By

Arthur McArthur

She used to be known as one of the most amusing girls in the movies: fresh and breezy and impudent, always good for a chuckle. Lately, as you may have heard, Estelle Taylor has had her ups and downs—the latter, as usual, being more widely publicized than the former. And how does the whole Jack Dempsey episode, as it fades into history, leave Estelle?

It leaves her one of the most amusing girls in the movies: fresh and breezy and impudent, always good for a chuckle!

No, there is little comfort from her direction for the good souls whose taste runs to rue, ashes and shattered hearts. "Are we downhearted? Phooey!" is Estelle's attitude toward the whole business. "I'm just as good a mixer as I ever have been. Yes, I know a lot of dear people thought I ought to hie me to a nunnery or something; but if you ever catch Estelle doing anything like that it'll be a new hie for all time!"

Just now Miss Taylor is an undecided brunette. Ho, ho! fooled you that time! It isn't her hair at all, but the rest of her future, that she's undecided about. The question that's puzzling her at the moment is: New York and the stage, or Hollywood and the screen? And you can go home thanking your stars that I didn't call this story "A Taylor Two Cities."

What a fix for a girl to be in! Here she's just completed a ten weeks vaudeville tour of the biggest cities at a fairly spectacular wage; and now a persistent old stage producer keeps waving a musical comedy role at her on one hand, while on the other hand an equally important screen producer besieges her with the part of Carmen for a screen opera.

"So it's up to me to choose," explained Estelle. "Of course, I am very fond of pixies—"

"And just what have little elves to do with all this?" I demanded.

"You apprehend me inaccurately," she replied, with simple dignity. "I am referring to the moving pixies!

"But now that they've decided I have a voice," she went on, "I think it would be fun to take a turn on the musical comedy stage, and see if I can't make them feel sorry."

Estelle is like that—always belittling Estelle Taylor. Having heard her sing three or four songs in the theatre before going around to her dressing room, I had decided that the gal, while no Jeritza, certainly did have a voice. But it was hard work getting her to admit it. Her light-hearted attitude toward her own talents is summed up in the flipp remark she is credited with making to a Chicago audience in the early days of her tour. "First you paid to see me while I was learning to act in the movies."

Estelle informed them: "Now you're paying to hear me while I learn to sing!"

Then take her acting on the screen (but you probably have already). Of her performance in "The Unholy Garden" she moaned: "I couldn't do a really good job in that picture; maybe it was (Continued on page 116)
Pat and the "Mike"

Here's the latest Irish story. Blame O'Brien

HEARD the latest story about Pat and Mike? It was all over "The Front Page" last year and since then it is one of Hollywood's best stories. How one Pat O'Brien, late of Broadway triumphs and years of tramping, made one of those instantaneous hits over the microphone in the part of the dynamic newspaperman Hildy Johnson, and since then has been one of the talkies' best bets.

Even the way he got the part would make a best seller. It was on the rehearsal night for "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," which was to open on Broadway in several days with Pat O'Brien in a leading part, that a long distance call came from Hollywood.

"Hear you played in 'The Front Page' company on the road," buzzed the wire.

"Right!" admitted Pat.

"Can you come to Hollywood to play Hildy Johnson?" queried the 'phone.

That was a sticker! Pat had played the editor, Walter Burns, but he neglected to mention that. He accepted, got a friend to pinch-hit in the Broadway show, and sped to the West Coast. Only when the talkie was half finished did he admit stretching the facts a little and admitted he played Burns and not Hildy Johnson!

But who cares then? And who cares after seeing Pat in the show?

Brought over-night to movie fame—yet his success wasn't won over-night. It came after several Broadway successes, after years of tramping, of barnstorming all through the south, after weeks of stock company and tramping the great white way looking for jobs. Now that he has come into some measure of his own and movie gold, he's taking it big, indulging in some perfectly human gloating—full of chuckles. For as Pat himself says, "You may be in possession of all five senses, but it's the sixth sense that's important. And that's a sense of humor." And everything Pat does is colored by that sixth sense!

Here's a chuckle at some of Pat's gloating.

About to do a big scene on a movie set he caught sight on the sidelines of a man he once applied to for a job. The man looked over his polished desk and summarily turned him down. Now Pat called: "Hi, there! I'm sure glad to see you. This is my big scene. Watch it closely and tell yourself there is the man you wouldn't hire!"

There is the time he was sold down the river, as they say, to a studio and sent to New York for a picture. He met one of the minor executives on the lot, a man he knew who asked Pat where he was staying. Pat told him at the St. Moritz. The friend seemed to think Pat was splurging a little.

"Sure we are," said Pat. "Call the hotel and you'll find Mrs. O'Brien ordering caviar with six butlers bringing it in. We don't pay for it. You do. Once I sneaked in here through some underground passage to beg a test (Continued on page 103)
The Stage in Review

Great plays on Broadway, "caught" by our famous critic

By Benjamin De Casseres

"Mourning Becomes Electra"

For all its defects of length and a too-insistent obscurity of its Greek model, with a tendency on the part of the players to act in an automatic way, "Mourning Becomes Electra," by Eugene O'Neill, produced by the Theatre Guild, must be voted an Event in the annals of the American stage. When I read it in script form I pronounced it a "colossal masterpiece." Nobody but O'Neill could have written this drastic incision into the inhibited New England soul.

The story concerns the doomed Mannon family of a small New England town. Christine Mannon poisons General Mannon, her husband. She shoots herself after her son poisons her lover. The boy commits suicide. His sister, Lavinia, is the great character in the play.

Still, hard, revengeful in the hands of Alice Brady, the portrait of Lavinia is memorable, marred only by a tendency to a too wax-like imitation of the classic Electra. But Nazimova as Christine, the mother, is superb. She is the one perfect, pathetic, appealing, human portrait in the long 14-act play—too long by far. The other parts were played too automatically with the exception of the Captain Brant (Christine's lover) of Thomas Chalmers. He was moveable in his portrayal in his every scene.

"Mourning Becomes Electra" does not to me equal those other four masterpieces of O'Neill, "The Emperor Jones," "Strange Interlude," "Lazarus Laughed" and "Desire Under the Elms." Nevertheless, it is a memorable play.

"Reunion in Vienna"

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne fairly hit the stars in Robert E. Sherwood's "Reunion in Vienna," produced by the Theatre Guild. No such perfect, gay, scintillatingly brilliant comedy has been seen in years. It uncovers every laugh-bubble in you and sends the seas of merriment thundering up and down your what-is-it, washing away every atom of megrims.

Lunt as an Austrian Grand Duke, a bold, bad, brutal, necking, ranting, drinking, amiable, romantic fellow, simply smashes all records hereabouts for character acting. And Lynn Fontanne, as the wife of a celebrated psychoanalyst that the Grand Duke comes to Vienna to reclaim as his mistress (and gets what he wants) never looked handsomer or acted with a more knowing suavity. The love-scene on a couch in the second act—
well, go see it! It's nothing like you ever even imagined.

Minor Watson as the husband was fine, and Henry Travers and Helen Westley helped toward one of the greatest, most glorious and tickling nights I ever spent in a theatre.

"Brief Moment"

Alexander Woollcott got the whole town out on this latest Behr
man show. Like Mr. Brown, he's a fat deb. In this sophisticated and, in spots, highly entertaining comedy of New York's swanky bootleg-cabaret-millionaire-polo set Mr. Woollcott plays a combination of Willis P. Sweatman, Oscar Wilde and a dyspeptic La Roche
foucauld. He reclines on a lounge while he punctures the universe with some wise and witty remarks.

The play, which boasts of Francine Larrimore, Robert Douglas, Louis Calhern and Paul Harvey, bristles and breezes around the woes of a millionaire saxophone player who married a torch singer. It all winds up in Foxlot style. I liked that sentimental bootlegger put on by Paul Harvey. La Lar
rimore looked and acted well. And what a picture this should—and probably will—make!

"Cynara"

For a fine mixture in equal measures of sentiment, romance, humor, cynicism and drama it would be hard to beat "Cynara," by H. M. Harwood and R. E. Gore
Browne.

It is a study in the man who didn't want to and the little girl who loved him so passionately she committed suicide when the man's wife came back from the Con
inent. It touches the heart and the very quick of life profoundly. There are no "bad" and "good" people in this play. It is some
ting straight out of life. Domi
nating the whole catastrophe, which ends in a coroner's room, is the brilliant, cynical wit out of the mouth of Henry Stephenson, the kind-hearted husband's Mephisto.

The hit of the show is an Eng
lish actress, Adrienne Allen, who plays the shopgirl who loved sim
ply and fatally the married barrister. She has restraint and the gift of the compelling tear. Philip Merivale as the reluctant husband who was seduced by the girl (so beautifully and tenderly!) was at his best, as was Phoebe Foster as the wife. A brilliant, filling play! A superb picture for some intel
lectual director.

"The Social Register"

It was, as I said once before, Saint Anthony who achieved his famous triumph over Libido in the desert because Lenore Ulric did not appear before him.

In "The Social Register," by John Emerson and Anita Loos, made from the latter's "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," Lenore is the whole show. Unlike the Lost Lenore of Poe's "The Raven," this Lenore stages a come-back when she, as Patsy Shaw, one of Earl Carroll's nautches, gets mixed up with the ultra-ultra Park avenue set. There is a Rich Boob in love with Patsy. Family tries to frame her. But Pat floors 'em.

It's funny in spots, pretty thin, and is a thousand miles from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." But it's a show—
for there is La Ulric to make old boys young again. Sidney Blackmer is her leading man.

"Louder, Please"

The talkies take it on the chin for the third time in Norman Krasna's "Louder, Please"; but that chin is made of steel, for the night I was there I saw a lot of picture executives and publicity drum-beaters (Cont. on page 108)
Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks—and Proud of it!

Mary's favorite rôle is that of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Right now she is doing over "Pickfair" from tip to toe, and having the time of her life doing it.

What Mary Pickford is really like—today

By Betty Shannon

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks gets back from chasing tigers and riding elephants and maybe escaping bandits in India and Mongolia and Manchuria, he will hardly know "Pickfair," the Fairbanks and Pickford Beverly Hills home.

"Pickfair" is all being done over from its tip to its toe. The beach house is being renovated. And the new guest house will be finished when he returns.

And in the meantime, Mary—in the rôle of being very much Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks—will have a perfectly grand time supervising the redecorating, and being as domestic as she pleases—which, she has learned of recent years, is just about as domestic as possible.

In between making a picture on the order of "Tess of the Storm Country," which Miss Pickford considers her best. And gets. I hope, a great deal of fun out of the new red evening dress without any back which she bought in New York.

Before she and Douglas married, and the organization of her own company made it possible for her to say how many pictures she would or would not make a year, she had always been too busy professionally to give her home-making tastes wide range. She did not even have the experience of the usual child which has its quota of work to do around the house. Her theatrical life began, of course, at the early dishwashing age of most little girls, and she was playing the boards while they are playing house.

In fact, Miss Pickford says that one of the reasons why she has not made more pictures the past few years is that she has been so busy keeping house, entertaining, answering telephones and giving orders. Difficulty in finding suitable material has been only one of the reasons why Mary Pickford fans have had to mourn her infrequent appearance on the screen.

It is the same old story that every woman with a house on her hands knows about, whether it is a tiny one or a palace. And Mary just loves it, in spite of the details.

"I come down singing like a lark every morning," she told me, "because I am so happy to live in a house like mine. I love every room and everything in them, and I get up early just to walk around and look at things, before the telephone begins to ring. I love being home at night too, reading. One thing I've learned on my visits to New York is that I'm not a 'Night Life' person."

"One of the things I have been learning"—the mistress of "Pickfair" is one of these people who will always be learning things—"is how important it is for a woman to have a background. It is far more important for her to have a home in which she can entertain and be her best than it is for a (Continued on page 104)
A NEW Hollywood blonde? Guess again! She is your little old friend, Mary Pickford—pretty as ever, and about to star in a new picture.
In the Forbidden City, Pekin. Fairbanks leaps around the world and takes us with him. His travel films are great stuff.

Doug and his party starting for a tiger shoot at Cooch Behar, in northern India.

Above, a scene from the first Fairbanks travel film, "Around the World in 80 Minutes."

Douglas Fairbanks goes on another "travelogue vacation"

Goodbye, Hollywood! Hello, World!
THE title of Ann Harding's new picture just fits! It is "Prestige"—and this lovely blonde lady has lots of it, all honestly and brilliantly earned.
Gloria!

A new picture, a new husband, a new career! The new picture is "Tonight or Never." But there's always a "tomorrow" for Gloria Swanson. Her latest film is a sensation; it presents her in her finest rôle. See her in a scene with Melvyn Douglas, above. Her husband, Michael Farmer, is young, handsome, devoted—there he is, at the left. "Gloria Swanson" has bowed out in favor of Mrs. Michael Farmer, but we hope she will come back to Hollywood—"tomorrow."
GABLE with his hair brushed! He was in no fighting mood when this portrait was made—but just wait until you see him in "Hell Divers." Wow!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Billie Dove and Chester Morris in "Cock of the Air"
A Sweet Study in Fashion Accessories!

Our Teacher: Miss Leila Hyams

Leila Hyams wears a black velvet, train-finished gown with a beaded over-blouse carried out in white beads that graduate to black beads on the flaring peplum. Her wrap—at the right—has a luxurious ermine collar bordered with black fox.

Accessories are important, and Leila knows it. Here are her gloves—black—for this costume.

And here is the evening bag, carrying out the black and white bead design of the blouse of Miss Hyams' gown.

Black velvet opera pumps complete the black and white ensemble effect. Please note that the jeweled buckle is small and smart!

Photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull
A Pretty Blonde—A Pleasant Afternoon—and The Correct Clothes!

There's nothing nicer than a "dressy" cloth suit, says Leila Hyams. Hers has wide fox fur elbow-cuffs, and she wears with it a drooping-brimmed hat.

In the panel above, note the accessories Leila has chosen to complement her suit. They include a gold and jeweled necklace of the "antique" type, brown gloves, brown purse and matching brown pumps with an ornamental buckle. Leila knows that, with those splashy fox fur cuffs, her accessories should be as simple as possible.

Clarence Sinclair Bull
Important for Sport!

What girl wouldn't go in for the big outdoors in a whole-souled way if she looked as smart as Leila Hyams? Here's a hint: get yourself one of these suede leather jackets, a jersey skirt, the low-heeled, laced oxfords below, the white pigskin perforated gloves above, and the battle is more than half won! And don't forget the gay little beret!
That
"Sunday Night Supper" Ensemble

The velvet suit with its brocaded and fur-edged blouse, and circular ankle-length skirt worn by Leila Hyams, left, calls for smart accessories. See the gold necklace and the wrist-length suede gloves.

Leila's envelope purse which she carries with this costume is black velvet with a crystal ornament, discreet and dainty.

Black suede slippers of the simplest and smartest possible cut are correct with the elaborate "Sunday night supper" ensemble worn by Miss Hyams.
Marion's New Paris Clothes

“Angel-skin” crépe fashions the evening gown by Redfern brought back from Paris by Marion Davies. The enchanting little jacket is American Beauty velvet, with collar and interestingly flared cuffs of ermine.

Here’s how that fur collar of Marion’s suit looks when she wants to turn it into a hood! She wears it in “Polly of the Circus.”

Also by Redfern is this clever suit of dark blue with green checks. The lynx collar becomes a hood at a moment’s notice. Note that Miss Davies wears her skirts at a sensible length.
An idea to toy with—and perhaps to copy! If you find that the sleeves with their lavish bands of fur are inconvenient when dining or dancing, make use of Dorothy Jordan’s idea of attaching the fur to the gloves, and removing at will!

Clarence Sinclair Bull

Here is a sports dress chosen by Marion on her European vacation. It’s of gray wool with a lovely green-printed scarf arranged around the throat and caught under a diagonal slit in the blouse and under the waistline belt. Her brimmed hat of gray felt with its green feather is from Rose Descat.
Black wool and white ermine—a dashing combination as Dorothy Mackaill wears it. The vest of the fur is awfully smart; note, too, the deep fur sleeves. Dot's hat is a tiny brimmed affair of black and white wool.

Miss Mackaill is a convert to the evening pajama. She gives as her special reason this ensemble of green satin, cut very full to resemble a dress. The triangular girdle and bolero jacket are of rose, green, and silver metal cloth. In the picture at the left, Dorothy is wearing the jacket. Smart, isn't it?
SHE may be the Marquise La Bailly de la Falaise de la Coul-
draye to some people, but she is always going to be little
Connie Bennett to us!
THIS is the smile Lew Ayres will wear when, some time in the not too far distant future, he assumes the new and thrilling rôle of father!
WE'VE liked this lad for a long time. And after "Touchdown" we are prepared to prophesy that Arlen will hold his own against the Montgomerys and Gables.
ARLEN MINUS MAKEUP

Here's a picture of Dick, absolutely unretouched!

"The first day I got in New York I stepped into a taxi—the driver recognized me and asked me where I'd left my horse!"

Richard Arlen speaking, "And I haven't made a western in over a year! But, somehow or other, people still associate me with those good old 'hoss operas.' "I'm through with those six-shooter stories," he continued emphatically. "But I'm going to go gunning after the next guy that mentions western pictures or horses in my presence."

Dick Arlen, if you met him in the street, might strike you as a college sophomore. He has youth, charm and good looks—and in spite of all that, he has intelligence. And besides that, he's a regular guy.

This was his first visit to New York in seven years and he was as enthusiastic as a schoolboy. The vast crop of skyscrapers, in particular, gave him a huge kick. "I wanted to crowd in as much sight-seeing as possible in as many hours as possible. Boy, the big-town certainly did change since my last view of it. I looked over everything from the Empire State Building to Grant's Tomb, but I got so weary. I passed a toy shop and saw some dogs lying around in the store. The animals looked so tired and sleepy and I felt so sorry for them and myself that I immediately got a dog-complex and bought a half-dozen of them and we all went home to sleep. Just a small town boy in the big city."

Just then Regis Toomey hove in sight and Dick called him over. And introduced him as Jack Oakie! Toomey grinned. The two boys are pals. In fact, they had "Charley Horses" together when they made "Touchdown." And there's nothing like a "Charley Horse" to strengthen friendships. (There we go speaking of horses again. Sorry, Dick.)

Arlen has had as rough a time making pictures as some of the long-suffering heroes he has portrayed on the screen. He broke his wrist while making "Beggars of Life," thereby saving Louise Brooks from a bad fall. You see, he's a hero off-screen, too! A broken arm was the result of his strenuous work in "Burning Up."

Worse still, when Dick made "The Border Legion," Eugene Pallette accidentally shot a gun in his face. He was in the hospital for about sixteen days and went through the painful process of having the powder removed from his skin and now Dick is forced to use makeup on his face for the screen. His skin photographs too dark without it. "And that hurts—gosh, you can't imagine how I hate having this goo all over my face," said Richard with a woe-begone expression.

"You didn't think I liked making some of the pictures I've had to grind out, did you?" We hastily assured Mr. Arlen we didn't. "I'm tired of being the 'good boy' of the lot. I wanted badly to play in 'Young Man of Manhattan,' and it took me a long time to get over losing (Cont. on page 129)


**Critical Comment**

**TOUCHDOWN**

*Paramount*

Hurrah for our side—we always knew Richard Arlen had the stuff and in "Touchdown" he proves it! The picture is all his, even though Jack Oakie is prominently and comically cast. This is the best football picture we ever saw. The story is adult—it deals with the buying and building up of players. See it and cheer! Arlen will be the "new" rave!

**ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**

*Radio*

Distinguished by a superb performance by a new boy, Eric Linden, this film is worth seeing. But be warned—it's heavy and depressing. Wesley Ruggles wrote the story and directed, and he has done a good job. He gives us his slant on some of our high-school boys and girls, and points thunderous morals. The clever cast of good-looking young folks deserves your applause.

**THE CISCO KID**

*Fox*

Warner Baxter in his popular rôle of the O. Henry character is the reason for seeing this one. It's not another "Old Arizona," but if you like Baxter at his romantic best you'll find it fairly entertaining. Once again Edmund Lowe plays a big-hearted Sergeant, at odds with the Cisco Kid over the girl—Carmencita, this time, played by the vivacious Conchita Montenegro.

**THE RULING VOICE**

*First National*

Walter Huston is a white-collar rajah of racketdom in this one, which has its thrilling moments showing us the "system" of making merchants pay for protection. Doris Kenyon upsets the Big Shot's lawless operations, leading to a startling climax. Love interest is by Loretta Young and David Manners, and very nice, too. Miss Kenyon is, as always, more than charming and capable.

**THE AGE FOR LOVE**

*United Artists*

Billie Dove's "come-back" picture proves one thing—that there's a place for this lovely and clever actress. Not even her present unconvincing vehicle can dim the lustre of her very natural and charming performance. She plays a successful working girl who gives up her career for love, then gives up love for her career, and then—but see it. Edward Everett Horton helps a lot.

**THE MAD GENIUS**

*Warner*

John Barrymore enjoys his rôle and whiskers and you will, too, even if it is the reverse English of Massa Svengali. This is the story of a club-footed maestro of the Russian Ballet who endeavors to make his adopted son the dancer he could never be. Marian Marsh is pretty as the girl who upsets his plans. Interesting—that is, if you crave a weird Barrymore characterization.
on Current Films

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN
Paramount

Here you have two of the "three best-dressed women in Hollywood" in one picture. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wisecrack and look lovely as two gold-diggers with hearts to match. This comedy is aimed right at the box-office and frankly achieves its purpose. Joel McCrea is the handsome heart interest. You'll like Eugene Pallette and Lucile Gleason, human and humorous.

HER MAJESTY, LOVE
First National

Marilyn Miller is prettier than ever, and she is also becoming a better actress. This picture begins as a charming Viennese extravaganza, then goes top-heavy with the droggy plot. But there's plenty of romantic atmosphere; W.C. Fields is funny, Ben Lyon is fine, and it's all good clean entertainment. Too bad the talents of Leon Errol, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin are wasted.

THE YELLOW TICKET
Fox

Good, hearty melodrama of the weighty type, with one of the best casts of the month. Elissa Landi does by far her finest work; Lionel Barrymore tears into his powerful part as a mean baron; while Laurence Olivier, young actor from England, gives an ingratiating performance that puts him in the front ranks of leading men. You'll have a thrilling time. Recommended.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE
Radio

Two very charming people—Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien—make a slender story interesting. There's more than a dash of "Rebound" and "Smart Woman" in this comedy-drama of marriage problems. The delightful Miss Dunne gives an appealing performance, and O'Brien brings all his exuberance to his part. Myrna Loy is decorative, John Halliday and Matt Moore likeable.

CORSAIR
United Artists

Here's a real movie. Action, action, more action—it never lets down for a minute. Chester Morris plays a college hero turned hijacker, fighting with Big John, (Fred Kohler), king of the rum-runners. There's excitement all the way. It's a movie most men will like. The love interest is always secondary, even though pretty blonde Alison Lloyd, ex-Thelma Todd, is the girl.

ONCE A LADY
Paramount

It seems there was a Russian girl named Anna, who is really Ruth Chatterton decked out in amazingly unbecoming clothes. Marrying Geoffrey Kerr she moves in on his sedate English family, each member equipped with frigidity. Anna keeps saying, "You tr-r-ricked me!" and darned if he didn't. Unworthy of our Ruth. Ivor Novello and Jill Esmond are grand.
TO THE movie-going public, Neil Hamilton is a screen lover, a handsome and debonair young fellow who plays heroes opposite Joan Crawford and other famous stars. But in his own little circle he plays a rôle even more interesting. As a practised magician, he loves to perform the most baffling of sleight-of-hand tricks for his friends. So skillful is he that, if he were to take his "bag of tricks" on the stage, he might prove a formidable rival for Leipzig or Thurston or Dante or Blackstone.

For years sleight-of-hand has been Hamilton's hobby—ever since, as a small boy, he learned "to vanish" a coin by snapping it up his sleeve. He was a friend of the great Kellar, when that famous magician, retired from the stage, made his home in Los Angeles. From Kellar he learned many tricks; as well as from Floyd Thayer, who builds the great illusions for the professional magicians and has a big "magic factory" in Los Angeles.

Hamilton, like the professional magician, presents his tricks with carefully rehearsed "patter," and never does a trick until by careful rehearsal, usually before a looking glass, he has made it perfect. His repertory runs from the simplest parlor tricks to baffling illusions that would grace the act of a Houdini. He has a vast library of magic in which are the works of Hoffmann, Thurston, T. Nelson Downs, Goldston, Houdini, and other writers on the gentle art of illusion.

He is a member of the Society of American Magicians, to which all leading magicians of the world belong, and of the Los Angeles Magicians' Society.

Screenland, knowing that among its readers are many who take a keen interest in magic and sleight-of-hand and would like to be able to do baffling tricks to entertain their friends, has induced Neil Hamilton to conduct a course through its pages.

He will give lessons in the art of magic, going into the subject from the ground up. He will teach you how to perform tricks of magic—how to use the right "patter," or talk, to make them effective, and how to cultivate the art of misdirection.

Sleight-of-hand, when properly done, is no mere collection of "parlor tricks." With a little spare-time study and practise you can acquire a repertory of magic stunts that will absolutely amaze your friends and add a novel fillip of zest and amusement to any gathering. Coins vanishing and reappearing in the oldest places; cards and dice misbehaving strangely; handcuffs and chains being reduced to ineffectuality by the wave of an arm—these are tricks that can be made to baffle the shrewdest observer and yet are easily learned. And they're no end of fun!

Hamilton's articles, the first of which is printed in this issue, will be of the utmost value to the amateur—and will perhaps even help the professional!
NEIL HAMILTON'S 
Magic Corner 

Want to flabbergast your friends? Then follow these easy lessons in sleight-of-hand, given by a screen star who is an equally accomplished magician. Here's Lesson No. 1

The amateur magician, before he begins the study of any trick, should learn something of the reasons why a trick is mysterious, why it is entertaining, and how it is effectively performed.

Properly presented, a simple trick may be astounding to an audience, and, improperly performed, an elaborate trick may fall flat and its secret readily guessed by that same audience. In other words, it isn't what you do—but how you do it—that counts.

The magician, to make a trick convincing, must practice it until its motions are second nature, and present it as if he really believed that it was a miracle. In other words, he is in effect an actor playing the part of a magician.

Another thing to bear in mind is that the adage about the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye is a myth. Misdirection is the real secret. You have to direct the attention of the audience to what you want them to see—and away from what you don't want them to observe.

As an instance—suppose you want to "vanish" a coin. You exhibit it in your right hand, held by the edges between thumb and second finger, palm down. As you direct the audience's attention to it you look at it fixedly yourself, and keep talking, explaining that it is just an ordinary coin, and so forth. Then bring the left hand over it and close the fingers about it—but, as the fingers close enough to prevent the coin being seen, let it drop into the palm of the right hand.

Then let the right hand, holding the coin, drop carelessly, while the left fist, supposedly holding the coin, is held aloft with a flourish—THE EYES OF THE PERFORMER FOLLOWING IT. Keep gazing fixedly at it and wiggle the fingers as if rubbing the coin away—and the audience's eyes will remain on that empty hand, while you can, with the other, drop the coin unobserved in the pocket—especially if you turn so that the right side is away from the spectators. After a little rubbing, slowly open the hand, still fixedly gazing at it—and show the coin gone.

The idea is—if you follow something with your eyes, the audience will usually do the same thing. Of course, practice the trick before the mirror. The idea is that your hands must simulate exactly the real act of picking up the coin and holding it aloft. The audience, used to associating the removal of the coin from one hand to the other with the motion you do, is misdirected into thinking you have done the natural thing. And by keeping your attention on the empty hand and drawing theirs to it, you keep their attention away from what you (Cont. on page 121)
Quick, Henry, the Glycerine!

Here's one way a movie actress gets hot! Dorothy Mackaill, making scenes for "Safe in Hell," has to do some perspiring in the picture, so Director William Wellman rises to the occasion by spraying her face with glycerine. It makes beautiful perspiration, standing out on the forehead in big, agitated drops. Notice Nina Mae McKinney, who's in the picture too, trying to keep out of the deluge.
Ol' Man River's Stepchild

Irene Dunne is no water baby. Here's the reason—and a new slant on Irene!

By James M. Fidler

OWN along the waterfronts of cities that perch on the banks of rivers, there is a breed of children known as river urchins. They are the young of shantyboat dwellers, born and reared on the shores of rivers; children who learn to bathe in muddy river water before they ever hear of tubs and showers. Their parents toss these urchins into the water early and they learn to swim even before they can walk. Wise parents, they know the youngsters will tumble into the river, and they teach them how to fight their way to safety in the event of such accidents.

One must have lived on the waterfront to be able to interpret the early life of others who spent their childhoods there. One must understand the language of the river and one must appreciate that the swirling, eddying rivers are like live things to be loved or hated or feared. I lived on the waterfront and I love the river. But I understand why Irene Dunne fears the same river I love—the grandest of all rivers, the Mississippi, Father of Waters. Although Irene did not live on the river, nor near it, her grandfather was a builder of boats and during her childhood, whenever Irene visited him, she spent carefree weeks playing on the banks of the mighty river. Even before she reached her 'teens, Irene was democratic and wise enough to be equally at home with both classes.

As a girl, she knew the chill of flood times, of bursting levees. She had heard the piteous whimperings of helpless animals, floating down the eddying, dangerous current when the rivers were at their highest and when they washed away houses and barns and people and beasts. And today, the woman reflects in her character much of the simplicity and strength of character and the mystery of that great Father of Waters, the Mississippi. Despite a childhood spent on the river banks, Miss Dunne can not swim. She fears water. "The tragedies of the floods and the great Slocum disaster are the reasons," she explains. "The Slocum disaster was a water tragedy that occurred in the East River, New York. An excursion steamer, loaded with... (Continued on page 112)
WILD celebrations in the Harold Lloyd household! The incubator heir can not only say "Da-da" but has two new teeth! In fact, his young Highness, who only weighed a trifle over two pounds at birth, celebrated the tenth month of his life by tipping the scales at 17 pounds, going talkie, tickling his own toes, and treating the family to wide smiles that exhibited the aforesaid teeth.

And he thereby made the front page of half the newspapers in the country.

Fond and boastful parents have a competitive time at parties in Hollywood these days. They almost have to have a chairman with a gavel to let 'em all have a fair turn at the floor. The Reginald Dennys, the Ben Lyons, the John Barrymores, the Neil Hamiltons, the Harry Bannisters, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich, et al., all vie with one another to tell cute things about their precious mighty atoms. Even Irene Rich brags about her clever daughter playing her first rôle on the stage back East, with Francine Larrimore in "Brief Moment."

Oh, yes, Hollywood is going domestic and parental with the same wholeheartedness that it does most things!

Lionel Barrymore used to be the ugly duckling of the royal family. Since he won the award for the best piece of acting of the year for his rôle in "A Free Soul," however, he has been able almost to patronize brother John. We will have two Barrymores, John and Lionel, in a picture together, "Arsenie Lupin." That ought to put 'em on their mettle. A case of out-Barrymoring Barrymores.

You won't see Lawrence Tibbitt in another picture for months. After "The Cuban Love Song" it was concert tours, and now he starts rehearsing for the Metropolitan Opera Co. That will last until May. So the best we can hope for is a new picture around next Thanksgiving Day.

Oh, yes, and talking of Lammile, Jr.—there are three young ladies who enjoy his escort to parties—Sidney Fox, Sylvia Sidney, and Anita Page.

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., decided not to make that second travelogue after all—at least, for the time being. After setting sail on a tour that was to embrace Morocco, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, China and Manchuria, he was beset by homesickness, cut the trip short, and returned to Pickfair. He'll soon be off again, though, if we know our Doug!

Telephone girls on the Universal lot wallowed in their very first grand première recently, at $3 per. Sidney Fox was the fairy godmother. Here these girls had been seeing and serving movie stars for years, yet they deemed it the best thrill of their lives to visit a grand première and stand around the lobby gaping like any tourist!

Frank Albertson, who now gets co-featured in "Racing Youth," had tried to break into the movies for years. It was when he was standing in line at the Fox studio that a call came for someone who could ride a horse. Frank was it, and out he hopped. He was only an extra that day, but he has played real parts ever since. He's an automobile racer in "Racing Youth."

Bela Lugosi tells us that a city of 50,000 inhabitants has been built on his Hungarian estates. Now does Bela receive the taxes or how does glory like that work out?

Bachelors are scarce in Hollywood, as distinct from grass widowers, so Universal brags about having three bona fide specimens—Leon Adams (formerly Waykoff), Andy Devine, and James Flavin. Needed competition in the second-hand husband market.
With St. Valentine's Day in the offing and Dan Cupid being covered as usual with his frequently undeserved honors, let's observe some of the young man's recent machinations.

For instance, is he or is he not prepared to accept full responsibility for Gloria Swanson's new romance? Think how that girl must have thought she loved Michael Farmer of Paris to risk rushing maritally into his arms before the decree from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Courdraye was signed. Talk about your hot-headed youngsters. And Gloria such a poised sophisticate, too!

And, of course, the presumption is that Gloria considers Michael vastly superior to (1) Wally Beery, (2) Herbert Somborn, (3) the Marquis. The pluck of the girl. Most of us give up after we've sunk for the third time!

But Cupid has been playing tricks with the Marquis, too. On the very day the divorce decree was final, his lordship was encountered slinking into the Los Angeles courthouse, craving the final signatures on that document. They made him bring Connie in person to get the license, and she was plenty mad! A day later he proudly and pub-

They took a flyer! This picture of Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller was snapped just after their return flight from Yuma, Arizona, where they flew to get married.

The Oakies—and the little acorns. Jack's sister, Mrs. G. A. Lindbergh, and her two daughters, Evelyn and Virginia, came out to Hollywood to visit Jack and Mother Oakie.

licly escorted Constance Bennett to the Academy banquet, which was tantamount to an announcement under the circumstances. Next day Connie was dodging questions artfully and assured us she didn't believe in elopements. You all know by now that Hank and Connie were married on Sunday, November 22, at the home of the George Fitzmaurices.

See how persistent Dan Cupid is. He pulled a boner when he handed Connie her first spouse, Chester Moorhead, and that marriage had to be called off in 1923. Next he allowed Connie to wed Phil Plant, who, when he was returned to circulation in 1929, had to pay Connie a million dollars. There is a little three-year-old Peter in charge of Connie's mama—an adopted baby. There was an interval during which Cupid seemed to be hesitating between Joel McCrea and Hank for Connie's third choice, but Hank seems to have won with hardly a struggle.

Tom Moore was another chap for whom Cupid encompassed a third chance. He and Eleanor Merry were married in October at Tia Juana, another one of those impatient love matches. But if one interviews Dan Cupid on the subject of Alice Joyce and Renée Adoree, whom the young gentleman once considered perfect mates for Tom, he changes the subject hastily.

Another poor girl that Cupid as been practising on through the years is Dorothy Mackaill. She recently became Mrs. Neil Albert Miller, wife of a young man who is long on crooning and short on vivid personality, just a nice, small-town boy. It's Dorothy's second attempt to discover love's young dream. Her first was Lothar Mendes, the director. There were hesitant intervals with (1) Walter Byron, and (2) Colleen's ex-spouse, John McCormick. Cupid had a time making up his mind.

Or consider Marjorie Rambeau. She was originally one of the reckless dears who experimented in marital happiness with Willard Mack. Next Cupid tactfully steered her to Hugh Dillman, also an actor.
With barefaced impudence the little muddler has now argued her into marrying Francis A. Gudger, a nice rich Arizona business man, and into promising to give up her career forever! Marjorie gave her age as 39 years, and acted 20 during this flutterful period. It seems they were school sweethearts long ago.

Walter Huston has been inveigled into overlooking a past bungle by Cupid. He married Ninetta Eugenia Sutherland, in his attorney's office just before Thanksgiving. His first try was with Bayonne Whipple, who, at Reno earlier in the year, placed Cupid on record as a no-account little meddler.

Irene Rich shook a fist at Cupid early in November, when she said an emphatic goodbye to David Blankenhorn, real estate man, after four years. Both she and David had two children—his boys, hers girls. But it was not the kids that begged to differ.

David was Irene's third attempt. Her first was Elvo Deffenbaugh, her girlhood romance. Next came Major Rich, a charming person with sketchy ideas about finance. David was understood to be nice and rich, but nevertheless his woes with Irene were mostly about money. The 1929-30 flurry intervened, you see, and Irene objected to becoming a mere checking account.

Another tiresome rift within the lute appeared in the Lowell Sherman-Helen Costello ménage. These two were married in 1930, with the Barrymore clan and sister Dolores helping in the celebrations. It was Cupid's second offense as far as Helene was concerned.

New enterprises on the part of Dan Cupid include Richard Dix, one of Hollywood's rare perennial bachelors for years, who took to wife Winifred Coe, a strictly non-professional; Grace Moore, the fascinating Tennessee opera singer, of Jenny Lind fame in pictures, who married Valentin Parerra in Cannes and brought him to Hollywood in November; and John M. Stahl, the director, who slipped off to New York and married Mrs. Roxana McGowan Ray, a nice non-professional.

Richard once told your correspondent that he would never, never marry an actress. Then when the girls started ragging him about it on the set, he retracted and retracted. But now he brags Winifred doesn't know a dashed thing about pictures and hoorah!

Grace Moore met her Valentin romantically in the second class cabin on the ocean liner Ile de France. She was down there arranging for a ship's concert. She and the young man fell in love at first sight. She was thrilled that she had seemingly found love in unexpected places. He was equally marveling that such a sweet,


Here's beautiful Billie Dove, who was chosen, appropriately enough, to play in "Cock of the Air." She's a real aviatrix.

And right next, even more appropriately, is that air-minded young director, Howard Hughes, whom it seems, Billie may marry after all.
dashing girl should be apparently traveling second class.

Then on the night of the concert they found they were really both first class passengers, and Valentin was alarmed to discover his lady love a prima donna. You know, "Merely Mary Ann!" stuff in which fair heroine turns out to be heroine instead of lodging house drudge. Valentin is an actor, famous in Spain, speaks almost no English, and they apparently adore each other.

Lily Damita admits to having been engaged to be married at least ten times. The current beau is a gentleman with the staple name of Sid Smith, described as a "wealthy New Yorker," brother-in-law to the Vanderbilt clan, at whose house they met. Since then Smith has followed the fair Lily around, even unto Hollywood, and it may be that Cupid will hop in and aid him yet. Especially since Cupid evidently did not work with proper enthusiasm for Prince Ferdinand of Germany, who even came to Hollywood and tried to get work here, so as to be near the fair Damita. He had to leave, sans work, sans Lily, and we hear he is working for Henry Ford in Detroit.

Lily tells us Sid is "a charming boy, very smart, maybe I marry him, maybe I don't," which, of course, seems to lack decision; but you never can tell.

You cannot expect Frances Marion, brilliant scenario writer, to consider Cupid any great shakes. She has just parted definitely from her fourth spouse, George Hill, the director. There were two marriages for Marion prior to the late Fred Thompson. We have sort of noticed that the year Frances wins prizes and things for super-scenarios, she is apt to begin losing husbands. Maybe the stories prove too powerful competition.

What has Cupid in store for Russell Gleason and Maureen O'Sullivan? He seems to be concentrating in that quarter these days.

Also, which of course may not be Cupid's affair at all, Carole Lombard insists she is not going to have any babies until she finishes her career.

Arlene Judge, the attractive, competent little person who was recently wed to Wesley Ruggles, and is seen in her very first picture, "Are These Our Children?" directed by her spouse of weeks, insists that Cupid is a dear chap and knows his job. Arline only left school two years ago. Jack Donahue popped her into vaudeville, through which she received a good Broadway part in a Raymond Hitchcock production, where an RKO studio executive saw her and decided she was a find. A few "bits" to get used to the microphone, and behold her now, both a leading lady and a married lady, all inside of a year.

Leslie MacFadden, son of the Congressman, is trailing Constance Cummings these days, with a decisive look in his eye.

Nancy Carroll seemed genuinely unhappy about her discussed separation from her spouse, Bolton Mallory.

It seems Nancy had sort of promised to quit pictures when she married—after she had done just one really hang-up good one. This picture which Lubitsch is directing might easily be this superior vehicle. But now—"Oh, I may as well go on," sighs Nancy. "And anyway, Bolton is only disgusted when I have to be away from him. If I only do two pictures a year it need not be so bad."

Marriage versus career stuff, you see.

A naughty somebody secretly recorded a hefty argument between Pola Negri and her director on the set of "The Woman Commands." They added a little violent storm music—and then amused the studio people by running the record. Ho, hum. The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la, had nothing to do with the case.

Maurice Chevalier, winning all hearts with personal appearances in Los Angeles, says his golf is really very good but the American clubs are not yet used to his French drives and putts.

He and Doug Fairbanks played golf together. Doug is not at all sure what Maurice's French remarks meant under stressful circumstances. He hopes it was something about hands across the sea.
Meet one of the very newest Hollywood stars. Her name is Carol Laemmle Bergerman, and she's entertaining her grandfather, Carl Laemmle, Sr., of Universal. Carol says that if Grandpa is good to her she'll help him become somebody in the movies.

All Chinese of one name consider themselves relations, we are informed. Well, there are 42 Wongs working on the set as extras in "The Shanghai Express" with Dietrich and Anna May Wong, so Anna is being daily assured "Me, I'm Wong. Me your cousin."

The Motion Picture Academy was curiously in error when it supposed that 2000 very famous screen people had gathered to hear speech-makers tell us about pictures being in their infancy, pictures bringing entertainment to millions of people, pictures being of great educational value, etc., etc., far into the 1 A.M.'s. I mean speeches like that lasted five solid hours, yes, really.

And 200 newspaper publishers from all over the country were there and what they really wanted was to get a good look at Marlene Dietrich in her high-necked black velvet dress, escorted by Von Sternberg; to be allowed to stare frankly when Constance Bennett flitted across the hall with Henri de la Falaise de la Condraye; to crane their necks at Marie Dressler and Norma Shearer, and so on.

And I don't believe they would have minded if there hadn't been a single speech!

The girls knew how to make it snappy. When Norma Shearer presented Marie with that award for the best piece of acting of the year in "Min and Bill," she said it tenderly, proudly, in three sentences. And Marie replied in two, ending with, "I feel so important that I think Mrs. Dolly Gann should get up and give me her chair."

You will recall that Dolly Gann is the vice-president's sister and once staged quite a fight for her social status in Washington—and won! Vice-President Curtis was Hollywood's guest of honor.

Both Marie and Norma hovered on the verge of tears at this emotional little moment—Norma in expressing the love, Marie in receiving it.

The only other bright spots at that heavyweight banquet were Lawrence Grant's witty toast-mastering; George Arliss's speech conferring the acting award upon Lionel Barrymore, and the editor of the Little Rock Gazette, Marilyn Miller sits, smiles, and looks her loveliest—but it's Ben Lyon who steals this picture with his imitation of Eliza crossing the eyes. They're together in "Her Majesty, Love."

Arkansas, who, as a Democrat amongst Republicans, explained how "Us Democrats can't hardly wait until election time," and went on from there in a brief naughty speech that gave the stars the best laugh of the evening.

Otherwise it was five hours sitting on dubious seats and ruining that spot on velvet gowns which can be so
paintedly noticeable. Velvet gowns, ahem, are marvelous for standing in. Ask Dietrich.

A mean landlord refused to let them keep a dog in their apartment so Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers are buying a house in Beverly, where it is hardly decent not to keep a dog.

Which reminds us. Edward Everett Horton has gone in for kennels in a big way—pedigreed dogs galore, aristocrats all. He held another of his Sunday morning breakfasts recently (which begin about 11 and include banquet fare, not omitting liquid ambrosia), and admiring the dogs was part of the entrance fee as it were. There is also a gorgeous swimming pool which he has christened Doug—because it was built out of the money Doug paid him for "Reaching for the Moon." Eddie's house is like that—grand things added after every profitable picture.

Dig you think Myrna Kennedy had taken the veil or something? Remember her in Charlie Chaplin's "Circus?" Well, she hasn't worked for a year, but she's coming back in style in "Lady With A Past," with Constance Bennett.

In the meantime James Hall has been a constant consolation. We kind of expect announcements when Jimmy gets back from the East.

Joe E. Brown is annoyed. He not only had to open his mouth for a dentist last week, gratis, but that, it, it cost him $25 next day as well.


Did you know that Edward G. Robinson, screen bad man, never touches alcohol? Teetotaler and all that. Just another of those movie paradoxes.

Howard Hughes and Billie Dove are being seen together again. There was a period when this romance seemed completely off. During those days Dorothy Jordan, Frances Dee, Mary Brian, and other pretty little things were invited on Hughes' yacht, Hilda, but Billie wasn't along. Hollywood wants this affair to come out neatly in the last reel.

Howard Hughes, handsome, rich, clever young man that he is, has one handicap. Most of us have at least one, you know. Howard doesn't hear very well and he resents it so and tries to seem nonchalant about it. One of Billie's charms is the sweet patient way in which she addresses him, full face, so that he can always hear what Billie says. And if there is general conversation Billie will manage to repeat the gist of it, unobserved, so as to save Howard any embarrassment.

Leon Waykoff, who is playing with Sidney Fox in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," is really quite a well-known stage actor, but the studio has decided his name must be changed to Leon Adams. He's quite philosophic about it, even when Sidney teases him wickedly. This is his first picture, but he comes from Broadway where he shone in such plays as "The Wild Duck," "Broadway," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and so on.

When cute little Sidney Fox, five-foot-nothing, came to Hollywood, her guardian, her agent, her manager, all expected her to be beset by dis-
honorable gentlemen, so they equipped her with a chaperone in nice Victorian style. The chaperone has moved now—Sidney finds the Hollywood situation so nearly like that in her first starring picture, "Strictly Dishonorable," with Paul Lukas.

Sidney has adorable baby ways, but a keen little head on her shoulders. She assures us she is such a good housekeeper that her cook holds her in the greatest respect. Back in New York she has an adored mother and a stepfather. "It was good for mother to marry again, she needs to be taken care of," beams Sidney maternally. One rather imagined her arranging the marriage pleasantly to her satisfaction.

By the way, it was clever Cissie Loftus who taught Sidney that piquant southern dialect for "Strictly Dishonorable." Cissie used to be a famous mimic in the long ago and she can imitate any known dialect perfectly. Such a sweet, clever, witty gal, too. She also coached Joan Bennett, Ann Harding, and Janet Gaynor, the latter for "Merely Mary Ann" cockney.

Marie Dressler is getting into the Doug and Mary class. She is entertaining the sophisticated, beautiful Lady Ravensdale as a house guest these days. Milady is a sister to Lady Mosely, whose husband is so important in British politics.

Oh, yes, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Grant have been entertaining the peerage, too. Lord and Lady Ebrington arrived with letters of introduction, so Lawrence took them on the "Shanghai Express" set in which he plays with Dietrich. introduced them all around, drove them about to show off their California charms, escorted them to Universal City, and generally did the movies credit in the guise of host.

Lady Ebrington rushed up to Von Sternberg ecstatically—said she wanted to meet him more than anyone. Lord Ebrington, however, did his rushing towards Dietrich.

Lawrence was lucky, for they are a young, charming, dashing couple. Some of the titled nabobs that get landed on the movie people are just stupid old bores, and it's no catch to have to entertain for them.

When they reached the Universal lot, little Sidney Fox was sitting demurely on the set crocheting for dear life. That's how she fills the time waiting around between shots—dozens of crocheted berets and tams for everyone. She says it prevents her getting nervous.

Olga Baclanova, who suffered sadly when talkies came in and terminated her contract with Paramount, made a great hit in a stage play in Los Angeles, called "The Silent Witness." She has not been idle in the interval, you understand. There's the nice husband, Nicholas Soussanin, the lovely baby boy, the marvelous and now perfect English, and, on the side, she managed to lose a lot of money through a fellow Russian promoter. So it was a busy two years.

She looks very beautiful, more so than before. So she will be joining the foreign charmer contingent in pictures again soon. Half a dozen directors were in the house on the opening night of the play, going back-stage afterwards to congratulate her.

Lawrence Tibbett went social and gave, of all things, a tea party. We managed to persuade Lawrence to sing for us. Three songs, with us all crowding round—he's never stingy with that glorious voice of his like some prima donnas we could mention.

There's a puppet show known as the Yale Puppeteers, run by three Yale men, in a queer little Mexican street in Los Angeles. The night they put on "Caesar Julius" which is a naughty skit on
for February 1932

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Lil Dagover’s first picture, “The Woman from Monte Carlo,” is regarded as such a success that, even before it is released, Lil has been persuaded to do a second picture. This, however, will be done in February, after she has filled a stage engagement in Berlin.

Latest news is that Mitzi Green’s contract with Paramount will not be renewed. This little girl is reaching the awkward age, that none of them seem able to dodge. Also Mitzi is so very precocious for her age, that she seems older than she is. So Mitzi will probably fill in with vaudeville for a spell. She really is a swell kid, but everything conspires to prevent these youngsters remaining natural and simple in this business.

The sudden and tragic death of Robert Williams, who had won so many friends in Hollywood, appearing notably in “Devotion” with Ann Harding, left Pathé in a quandary. He was in the midst of “Lady with a Past” with Constance Bennett. So Ben Lyon was hastily put under contract and filled Williams’ place, scenes in which Williams had already appeared being retaken.

Marlene Dietrich missed her first Christmas in Berlin. “Shanghai Express” couldn’t possibly be finished for Marlene to fit back to Europe in time, and there were re-takes and all that. But as she has little Maria with her she didn’t mind so much. Last year, with the little girl in Berlin, it would have gone hard with Paramount to keep the lady leashed.

Dear old Alec B. Francis, found wandering with amnesia, had been working very hard on “Mata Hari” with Garbo, and was so excited about being in this exceptional picture that his nerves gave out. However, he pulled himself together enough to finish the last sequences and was smothered in congratulations upon his spunk.

Monroe Owsley wasn’t so fortunate in recovering from his nervous breakdown so quickly. But he’s out of the hospital and taking new tests for pictures. Here’s wishing Monroe the best of luck.

Carole Lombard, who hasn’t worked for five months, is now working on “No One Man.” Yes—at Paramount, husband Bill’s former film home.

Tantalizing! One poor chap whose name must not be mentioned, received a call to a studio to fill a role in a hurry. He was told to go away and get his moustache shaved off, secure a brown suit, etc., etc., and get back pronto. When he returned the producer declined to o.k. his engagement and he is out a moustache and a new suit.

Little Lucy Beaumont, adored grandma of the films, was hauled into court by some people who said they had sold her a beach cottage and were demanding $18,000 for failure to fulfill the contract. But Lucy hadn’t signed a thing, hadn’t made any payment down, and as, in addition, the plaintiffs got their dates all wrong, the judge decided in Lucy’s favor without hesitation.

Wouldn’t we all be selling real estate in a large way if there was no need for signing on dotted lines and making down payments to clinch bargains! Still it cost Lucy weeks of worry and when the verdict was given in her favor she fainted away in court from sheer relief.

Mrs. Edith Shearer, Norma’s (Continued on page 130)
The Truth about Cosmetics

News About the Make-up of the Moment

By Mary Lee

I HAVE a real surprise for you. Another new lipstick! Absolutely different from anything before it and it may change the present method of applying rouge. I mean that adorable, new, black and gold lipstick by Jacquet. They call it a highly appropriate name, "Petit-Point," which immediately makes you think of very exquisite, carefully-wrought things.

"Petit-Point" is a cream rouge in a lipstick case. When you remove the top, you can see a concave metal disk with a tiny hole in center. You give the bottom of the stick a little twist and a point of rouge appears—just enough to apply with your fingertip to lips and checks. Thus your rouge is always fresh and immaculately clean, for it is protected from dust. If you have ever dropped your lipstick on the floor you will readily appreciate the advantage of "Petit-Point." It certainly is the last word, and it is not only dust-proof but waterproof, for you have just a little at a time as you use it.

Isn't that clever? It simply delights me to find ingenious gadgets in the cosmetic trade provided they are really inventive and simplify our efforts toward beauty. This is the only kind that I will record on this page. I almost forgot to say that "Petit-Point" lipstick sells for $1.00.

The next thing—I feel as if this were sort of a beauty menu, what will you have? is a grand discovery from Paris. Who but the French would ever have thought of combining cream and powder in a convenient tube from which you may squeeze out just the amount you want?

You can use it any time of day, but it is certainly the most ideal finish for neck, shoulders, arms and hands for evening. They call it "La Velouty de Dior." I wore it the other night to a charity ball and the debs almost mobbed me in the dressing-room to find out what made my shoulders look so lovely! Nicest thing about it is that it doesn't rub off easily—no tell-tale smudges of powder or liquid-white on black silk lapels. And it is so clean to use—always ready. Their own advertisement says "Remplace la Creme et la Poudre sans tacher" meaning that it replaces cream and powder without mussiness. It's all true!

Here before me is a clever contrivance. Who could resist this novel arrangement for carrying and applying eyelash cosmetic called "Lashpac"? It resembles a pocket knife, one blade holding a thin cake of the cosmetic which pushes up like a lipstick, the other blade being a good little brush. It is small and dainty, just the right size for your purse or evening bag, and is flat enough not to protrude to spoil the line of the bag.

The brush is made of excellent bristles and is very businesslike in spite of its tininess. It is not meant for use in applying the cosmetic. It is used to brush the lashes and the brows after the cosmetic has been applied directly from the stick. You'll want several of these for yourself and your intimate friends. They would make nice bridge prizes. Guaranteed to cause much comment and conversation—and costs only a dollar!

This "Lashpac" is put out by the Kurlash people, who make that scissors-like contrivance for curling (Continued on page 115)
**CASTS OF CURRENTS**

*Reviewed in this issue*


**ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?** RKO, From the story by Evelyn Hugon, adapted by James Edward Grant and Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Eddie, Vibert Linder, Mary, Rochelle Hudson, Sid, Ben Alexander; Florence, Arline Judge; Giggle, Robin, Roberta Gale, Giffie, Beryl Mercer, Edie Dugmore, Bessie Korman, Robert Heriot, Quirk, Heinz, William O'Donohue; Bobby, Billy Butts.

**BAD COMPANY.** RKO-Path. From a story by Jack Lewis. Dialogue by Thomas Buckingham and Tay Garnett. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: Helen, Helen Twelvetrees, Gillie, Lora, R. C. Skerritt, Stev, John Garrick; Butler, Paul Hurst; King, Paul, George, Dan, Frank McHugh, Rachael Narth, Ethel Home, Eunice, Emma Dunn, Henry, William, John, Robert, Beulah Becher; Miss, Arthur, McPair, Harry Carey; Buzz, Tom Kennedy; Prof., Robert Keith.


**CONSOLATION MARRIAGE.** RKO, From an original story by Bill Cunningham. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: Mary, Irene Dunne; Stev, Pat O'Brien; Jeff, Charles Brie; Ethel, Mati Moore; Adele, Millie; Lester, Earl Vail; Eunice, Myra Loy.


**DEVOTION.** RKO-Path. From the novel "A Little Yellow Bird" by Dorothy Kyer. Directed by Rollo Lloyd and Robert Ross. The cast: Lina, William, Lina, Robert, William, Mr. Muntz, E. P. Regis, Mrs. Muntz, Louise, Claire, Mada, Serge, Louis, Dudley, Mrs. Daglies, Cagion, Allie, Skipworth, Pare, Doris, Lloyd, Margaret, Ruth, Westmore, Joan, Carl, Elsa, Joyce, Cade, Derek, Douglas, Scott, Bridge, Temple, Sigri, Faye, Yarn, Frances, Harvey, Mad, Margaret, Dally, Young Man, Pat Somerson, Mr. Trent, Oliver, Dell, Mrs. Trent, Charlie, King, Willy, Don, Boy, Donald Stewart, Roy, Cyril, Delveaux.


**FRIENDS AND LOVERS.** RKO. From the novel by Maurice de Kock. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: Captain Robert, Adolpho Menjou, Abe, Sangiorgio, Lily Danieli, Lieutenants Michael, Lawrence Olivier, Michel, Von Stroheim, Mr. Nelles, Hugh Herbert, General, Na- mane, Robert, Darius, Jean Lefary, Wana, Urvati, Vidalin, Ursula, Vismam, Nocoma, Lal Chand, Midha, Nancy, Robert, O'Leary, French, Corn- maid, Kay Deslys, English, barnmaid, Dorothy Wilbert.

**GIRLS ABOUT TOWN.** Paramount. From the story by Julien Dressan. Directed by Raymon Griffi- th and Brian Marlow. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: Wanda Howard, Kay Francis; Jim Baker, Linda Watkins is in the racket—the tennis racket—and she challenges you to a game. Her next picture is appropriately titled "Good Sport."


**NEW ADVENTURES OF GET RICH QUICK WADDINGTON.** "The Wallingford Stories." by George Randolph Chester. Directed by Frank Lloyd. From the novel by George Randolph Chester. The cast: Greet, George, Harry, J. C., Jimmy, Vincent, Casey, Pink, Tom, Jack, Jill, Es- mond, the Child, Susan, Rowen, Frances, George, Freeman, Geoffrey, Kerr, Lady Edith, Doris Lloyd; Roger, Fern- wick, Herbert, Burton; Fred, Fern, Madeleine, Bilby, Logan; Alice, Winchett, Stella, Moore, Caroline, Gaye, Edith, Kingdom, Allen, Corin, Hiram, Fletcher, Miss, Fletcher, Ethel, Griffiths, Harry, Cudler, Theodore, Miss, Hill, Gregory, Claude, King; Jean, Vernon, Lilian, Rich.

**OVER THE HILL.** Fox. Based on the poems by Will Carleton. Screen play and dialogue by Tom Hess and John Furthman. Directed by Henry, King. The cast: John, James Dunn, Isabel, Sellers, Mr, Mae, Martin, Pa, James, Rose, Kenneth, Tommy, Edward, Cranfill, Phyllis, Charles, Maynard, Ben, William, Power, Sue, Alice, Hollis, Susan, Joan, Peers; Bill Collector, David, Hartford; Minute, Eduard, Morgan, Douglas, Walston.


companies for feature pictures. That's how you happened to see her, as Alison Lloyd, in "Corsair" with Chester Morris.

Emily C. You have been told that many of the famous stars have false teeth and what do I know about that? If they have, they are a marvelous advertisement for their dentists. Corinne Griffith and Florence Vidor have retired from the screen and they say they are happy home-bodies, content to give some other poor workin' gels a chance; but even so, a lady can change her mind some time, can't she? Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906, in Stockholm, Sweden. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her eyelashes are her very own. The cute little blonde in "The Third Alarm" was Anita Louise. Ruth Roland has been in vaudeville lately.

Inquisitive Miss. The constant appeals from the fans for life stories of the old favorites and more appeals for the same of the new crop of leading men, keeps me all a-twitter; but good old scout Miss Vee Dee will do her bit by trying to give you all she can in each issue, so stand by. Samuel Barrymore Coli, son of Ethel Barrymore and nephew of John and Lionel, launched his screen career recently when he was signed for a role in "Working Girls," at the Paramount Hollywood studios, under the name of Sam Coli. He is 21 years old and promises to attract the attention of all fans, young and old. He will support Paul Lukas, Judith Wood, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Dorothy Hall and Stuart Erwin.

Laura R. D. Here he is—this new screen find, and apparently he has come to stay for a long, long time. He is Laurence Olivier, the handsome Englishman, who reminds us of Ronald Colman, though he is decidedly Olivier and original in his methods of appeal. He has a featured role in "Friends and Lovers," with Adolphe Menjou, Lily Damita and Erich von Stroheim. Olivier was the creator of the original part of Starrhome in "Journey's End." He played with Edna Best in the London production of "Paris Bound" and in "After All." His first American screen appearance was in "The Yellow Ticket" with Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. He is married to Jill Esmond, that attractive girl you saw with Ruth Chatterton in "Once A Lady."

Devotee of Screenland. You want the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you Miss Vee Dee, about Leslie Howard. I wish I could tell you that he is playing in so-and-so and to watch out for him at your favorite theatre but he sailed to England to go back to the stage. He is an important man in London and here he had some rather dreary parts thrust at him in Hollywood, hence his departure for home and appreciation. Mr. Howard is scheduled to do a stage play in New York sometime this season.

Edith B. M. If you love youth and who doesn't, you'll have the time of your life watching the youngsters in RKO's dramatic picture, "Are These Our Children?" Seven principals who are between 16 and 20 years of age are Eric Linden, who is often, rope-thrown be-man of Judge, Roberta Gale, Mary Koruman, Ben Alexander and Robert Quirk, in parts that fairly sparkle, and in addition you'll see Beryl Mercer whom you have loved in many fine character parts, and William Orlamond. That's a swell cast which will make a hit with you and me and you and you, too. Eric Linden, the boy lead, made himself famous last year by outstanding dramatic performances in the New York Theatre Guild. Rochelle Hudson, impersonating him, is the "discovery" girl from Claremore, Oklahoma; Arline Judge was on Broadway last year, and Ben Alexander, now 18 years old, stole a big picture "Hearts of the World," when he was only 7. Then there is little Mary Koruman, who used to be the Sweetheart of Our Gang outfit.

J. T. H. It's about time I was called in for a conference and to settle all friendly agreements. Neil Hamilton has been in pictures since 1922, although he played "extra" for about four years between stage engagements, before getting his first big chance in D. W. Griffith's "White Rose," Wheeler Oakman appeared in "The Half Breed" in 1916 and in "Son of The Wolf" in 1922 but a complete picture such has appeared in would be impossible to give you. Both men are rated as "old-timers" in the picture industry even if Neil is only 32 years old.

Ronnie. You've boiled down your questions to just a few so I won't have to give you so much space. Your idea is a fine example to all fans—then you will all get an early hearing. The screen brothers in "Son of The Wolf" were Alvarado and Duncan Renaldo. Raymond Hackett was the leading man with Norma Shearer in "Trial of Mary Dugan." Ralph Forbes played opposite Dolores Del Rio in "Trial of 98."

Kentucky Belle. Helen Hayes, famous on Broadway stage, who made her screen debut in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," plays opposite Ronald Colman in his forthcoming picture, "Arrowsmith." The baby girl in her first screen appearance was Helen's own baby Mary. Her child grownup was Robert Young, another newcomer to screen. When the girls sit up and beg for more. Read the fictitious-a "Arrowsmith" in this issue.

Eager. Don't tell me you didn't see the lovely picture of Mae Madison on page 95 of the November Screenland. In "Honey Moon Lane," starring Eddie Dowling, you saw his wife in real life. Mae Madison, one of Broadway's best comedienne. You remember George Duryea—he is now Tom Keene, a two-fisted, hard-riding, straight-shot buffalo hunter in "Long Haul." His first release for Pathé was "The Sundown Trail" with Marion Shilling and Nick Stuart.
on her wings being equipped with a foot-
rest!
Ruth Chatterton says her favorite topics of
conversation are music and painting. But
when I happened on her, she was lying in a
garden chair, clad in cool pajamas. Her
friends, Frances Starr and Lois Wilson, in
like informal costumes, were discussing
china and cushions flanked by frosted
glasses of iced tea.
They were talking about life and how
they would change it if they had it all to
do over again.
"I wouldn't alter a thing," announced
Frances. "I've made dozens of mistakes
but I learned something from each."
"I'd have a different education," decided
Ruth. "I went to a private school devised
to prepare débutantes for society careers.
I'd choose a good stiff college course in
stead. And I'll live a few years in France."
"I can't decide," murmured Lois. "Some-
times I think that if I had it to do over
again, I'd have married when I was a
youngster. I've been rumored engaged so
often, but been actually engaged only once,
and that time nobody knew! Perhaps I
should have accepted one of the men who
urged me to marry him later. I don't
know. But most of the time I think I'm
happier as I am. I know I've had a far
more interesting life than any of the girls
I knew at school."
Moving to another group, I heard James
Gleason telling about the time his colored
chauffeur fell in love and the Gleasons
turned their house over for the wedding.
Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were discuss-
ing the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming,
where they honeymooned, with some of
Lew's pals who were hoping for vaca-
tions—Marguerite Churchill contributing
Indian sign language on the side.
Tom Mix was dividing a sandwich with
one of Russell Gleason's dogs and holding
forth on his favorite topic, which is that
eighteen ought to be the age at which a
boy votes.
"At that age boys are eager to become
men, voting is important to them, they are
serious about questions of the day. By
the time they are 21, they are more sophis-
ticated and certainly more cynical. They
don't always value their voting privilege
and sometimes scoff at reform."
Norma Shearer, sitting at a painted table
set in the wintry sunshine, was answering
a New York visitor's quip that stars
weren't "real."
"But I think successful people are more
real, more capable of being their true selves
than those who haven't arrived," argued
Norma. "When a girl or a man is struggling
for a foothold, he or she often puts on a
false personality to cover self-consciousness.
They think they have to act a part, to
pretend to be something they are not.
"You know how really great and import-
ant people are always easier to reach than
those who merely think they are important.
Success brings self-confidence."
For Miss Mary Dresser's, conversation
may range from French cooking to world
politics. Marie is a grand cook, and she
knows one prominent person you can mention.
However, at dinner there the other night,
talk drifted to a recent murder that had
driven all the other news off the front
pages of yesterday's papers.
"Do newspapers decide what the public
wants to read, or do readers demand what
shall be published?" mused John Roche.
"I think newspapers ought to realize that
America is a sensation-loving country and
if one paper won't give them the details of
a murder mystery another will, and that
one will get the circulation," said Marie.
"But I do think newspapers develop the
public's taste and often educate their read-
ers to appreciate certain kinds of reading
by setting it forth in attractive and inter-
esting fashion."
Passing from table to table in the M-G-M
café, I heard Joan Crawford expounding
her theory that no woman could be at her
best mentally unless she was sure she was
at her best physically.
"It's a woman's duty to make herself as
charming and attractive as possible, and
she can't do that from one end of the
world to the other if beauty does need to be
revamped."
In another corner, Ramon Novarro was
talking about happiness.
"There's no such thing as an active and
positive happiness," he was declaring, earn-
estly. "Real happiness is peace of mind.
The things that make up what we com-
ture when I see them now. Carole is fur-
nishing the new house she and husband
Bill Powell have taken and says they spend
most of their walking hours discussing over-
curtains and chintzware. Claudette clingsto
the subject because she longs for the
day when she can begin to fix up the home
she joins husband Norman Foster here for
good.
Conversations at the Embassy Club
one day last week, heard only in smatches,
were:
Constance Bennett discussing possible
football plays with a university enthusiasm.
Marlene Dietrich talking about daughter
Madi.
Genevieve Tobin explaining about dif-
f erent varieties of lace. She collects it.
Rose Hobart talking about the opera.
A group including Mary Astor, Lestrice
Joy and Sylvia Sidney wondering who will
be the next bride, since every other person
in town seems to be getting married.

"The Greeks Had a Word for It"—and it must have been a swell word! Ina
Claire, as one of the three feminine gold-prospectors in the picture, shows
us one of the celebrated twenty-one style creations furnished exclusively
for this film by Chanel.

Ricardo Cortez entertaining friends with
an account of his recent trip to Reno. No,
he isn't married, so he wasn't there for the
usual reason.
"Jack Dempsey called me to come into
the ring," he was relating as I came along.
"He shook hands and I took a seat as in-
dicated. Then he seemed to be making a
speech. I heard him tell what a great guy
somebody was and how he'd had his place
in the ring and was well liked, etc. I
looked around to see this great guy; but
couldn't locate him. Then Jack paused,
waited his time and said: 'Here he is, folks
—Ricardo Cortez.'
"Helen Myers, lunching with director
Edward Knopf, saying: 'Just won my law-
suit against those dogs who rented my
beach house and wrecked it.'
Eddie: 'So? I was just sued by the
owner of the house I vacated.'
Carmel: “But my people did wreck it. I sued for a thousand and got nine hundred. You can see I was justified.”

Eddie: “My landlady sued for eleven hundred and offered to settle for one, so you can see I was justified!”

William Collier, Junior, joining the party: “I don’t know what to eat. I feel so fat!”

At Joseph Cawthorn’s, reminiscences were in order.

“Back in the days when it took ten days to travel by train from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, our show closed and three of us bought ponies and started to ride to Cincinnati. We haled along, fishing and hunting, but after a while time pressed and we decided we had better sell our horses and make the rest of the trip by train.

“I had paid $32 for my horse and had bought a new saddle, bridle, gun and fishing rod besides, but when I tried to sell the outfit, the best I could get was $5. I was fond of the beast and figured that anyone mean enough to offer $5 wouldn’t be good to the horse. So I rode out a little way, got off the horse and told him goodbye, giving him a smart slap on the flank. Then I turned my back and hiked back to town where we were to take the train.

“Whenever I think of that horse, I hope some kind person found him.”

Evelyn Knapp tells me that out here all anyone says is “O.K., let’s scram!” but Miriam Hopkins declares it depends on who is in the party.

“Lilian Tashman talks about clothes; Kay Francis about boats because her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, bought a new sailboat this year; Fredric March chatters about what he’s going to do if he ever gets a vacation; and Herbert Brenon about tennis; and Richard Dix talks about his new bride.”

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister discuss aviation, gardening, books and daughter Jane with impartial enthusiasm.

A call at the Hal Roach Studio at the noon hour found Charlie Calef reading from a biography of Thomas Edison and speculating on the possibility of anyone succeeding the famous scientist.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, in the intervals of rearranging a gag sequence, disagreed as to the chances of anyone building a rocket that would reach Mars. The balloon trip into the stratosphere brought that up, but it seems that the comedians are vitally interested in scientific experiments.

Oh yes, we do talk about pictures in Hollywood.

But don’t they talk about the price of wheat in the Middle West, the cotton crop in Dixie, and the gangster problem in Chicago?”

What Joan Wants for Leap Year

Continued from page 51

and ready girl. She’s no blushing violet but she has ideas and ideals. And a discussion of love and marriage sets them both to gong, full speed.

When she learned recently of the unexpected marriage of one of her girl friends, she sat down suddenly in the too-tight dress she wears for many of her roles, including one scene in “Union Depot,” and the tears started in her eyes.

Her gayety, sophistication, self-confidence mysteriously collapsed, like an exploded paper bag. She was all at once starry-eyed, feminine, wistful and a little pathetic.

“Gee,” she said softly, “That’s wonderful. I am so glad for her.”

Then she shook off that soft mood with a shrug of her shoulders and a swish of that revealing skirt and said:

“Why didn’t the poor little chicken tell me? She might have known I’d be interested.”

In spite of the sensational nature of some of her romantic experiences in various countries, Joan clings to rather simple romantic qualifications for the man who has—or will—win her heart and the promise of her hand.

“He must be a perfect lover,” she once expounded, “but if he looks it, I’ll have nothing to do with him.”

“I want him to be modest and I don’t mind if he’s shy. I can do enough wise-cracking in public for any one couple. But I don’t intend to carry that into my home either, to any great extent.”

“I don’t believe in love at first sight—but it might come pretty soon after that.”

Caught in a more pensive mood at another time Joan put down a few other rules which she has formulated in the course of her very busy twenty years of observation and experience.

“I don’t intend to work at marriage. So many of them fail because one or the other works too hard at being married.

“I want to play marriage; play keeping house; play at raising a family.

“You probably wouldn’t believe it,” she confided, “but a theoretical child is just like any other child. I spent much of my childhood ‘playing house’ among the ‘pros’ back stage in small theaters. Once a curtain went up unexpectedly when I thought I was safe behind it for the afternoon, and revealed me bathing my six or seven best dolls in the high silk hat belonging to the man who played the heavy. He didn’t need the hat until the last act and I never quite forgave him for saying I ought to be

George Ernest, who was graduated from a high chair not so long ago, wonders whether he’ll ever have one of these studio chairs of his own, with his name on it, and everything.
spangled and put to bed without my supper. Anyhow they couldn't do that, because they needed me for that last act, too.

"But they couldn't discourage me. I've played house and put my dolls to bed in half the theaters and hotels of the United States. I always knew I was to be an actress of one kind or another but I always thought I was going to be a wife and mother some day just the same."

So Joan Blondell flounced on and off stages and screens building up her reputation for giddiness and planning for the time when she would show the world that that reputation wasn't altogether deserved. She disagrees with the admonitions of the marriage ceremony; she intends to enter the marriage state lightly and unadvisedly, trusting to her intuition to choose the right man and to her sense of humor and her determination to be a wife and mother to make that marriage a success.

A very modern young woman, with up-to-date ideas.

"When any girl tells you that her career is so all-important to her that she has no time to think of matrimony, mark her down as one who exaggerates or who has been disappointed in love. A career never keeps a woman from wanting a home. A few weeks ago a writer, collecting information about motion picture people for publication, asked me, 'What do you want most in 1932?'" "And I answered the only honest answer I could make now that I'm of age and know my own mind and my own plans. I said, "'I want a baby.'"

"And that's that."

Joan Blondell has an interesting family and theatrical background. Her father, Eddie Blondell, long a vaudeville favorite and famous comedian, is remembered best as one of the original Katzenjammer kids and as the creator, while droves of office boys flew around, Pat O'Brien, late of the front page, sat in solitary splendor in the projection room and watched the test of one unknown actor, O'Brien. And he admits honestly that it was certainly terrible! That's one thing, Pat is perfectly honest. He puts on no side, no pose. He admits he likes the limelight, likes to be an actor, likes the applause and acclaim. He smokes cigarettes eternally, has a charming but unpretentious house in a not particularly fashionable part of Los Angeles, two Ford cars, and a maid who can cook. Besides a wife. Or that is, especially the wife. Soon after his arrival in Hollywood he sent for the one and only girl, Eloise Taylor, whom he had been proposing to for over four years. It was at the same place to the same clerk where the cameras had photographed Hildy Johnson and his girl applying powder. Pat O'Brien. Few weeks later answered the same question with Eloise Taylor. But that fact never landed on the front page. His was no publicity marriage but the culmination of four years' persistent wooing. Is there a Romeo below? Joan Blondell, effervescent and popular little star, does a Juliet on the balcony. Isn't she pretty in the soft studio moonlight?

They met while playing the Chicago company of "Broadway." It was love at first sight with Pat, and he kept telling her so, mostly by letter, for the next four and half years. This year they plan their first Christmas together, bringing on both sets of parents to fill the small stucco house to overflowing for the holidays.

It's a far cry from Buffalo Bill to Pat O'Brien, and yet it was Bill Cody who gave Pat his yen to be an entertainer. Two of the youthful Pat's cousins were in Buffalo Bill's troupe, and twice a year they would stop in Milwaukee, the O'Brien home town. Imagine how breathlessly a kid of ten would hang about the famous Bill! After that no other kind of life would satisfy. However, it wasn't until Pat was discharged from the Navy when the war was over that he had a chance to spread his acting wings. His first job was in vaudeville introducing to his audience a strong man who chewed nails! Finally he got a one-line part in a musical comedy in which our brawny George Bancroft had the lead. Then he got a two-line part in another musical with Raymond Hatton. In the summer he found himself back at the home place with a very scant wreath of laurels on his thespian brow, so he let his father persuade him to try law. He entered Marquette University with this intention but found most of his time taken up with college theatricals and after his success as the aunt in 'Charley's Aunt,' he knew he was born to be an actor and nothing else.

His father persuaded him to get a little training if he must go on the stage, so he and Spencer Tracy took advantage of the $30 a month the law offered ex-service men who wished to attend school and enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. Kay Francis, Monroe Owsley, and Eddie Robinson were classmates.

After a few months of this, Pat landed a small part in a show. Then it was one stock company after another. He was in the Gleason's stock company in Milwaukee with Lucille and Jimmie Gleason and Robert Armstrong, where Russell Gleason played his first part. He was in the first showing of "Is Zat So?" before it struck Broadway, and was then called "Thursday Night." He played in every small theatre throughout the South—one he remembers was above a slaughter house! He played in road companies of "Broadway" and "The Front Page." His first real part was as a gangster, Curly, in "The Up and Up." Then he received praise for his interpretation of the role of Martin in "Overture." Then came "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" for a picture. I took it but could never find out what happened to it. Now we've been sent for and we're doing some heavy gloatting. And, by the way, I'd like to see that of Pat's and Eloise's. Pat is a charming fellow, and he entered the marriage state lightly, unadvisedly, trusting to his intuition to choose the right woman and to his sense of humor and his determination to be a wife and mother to make that marriage a success. A very modern young woman, with up-to-date ideas.

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Continued from page 63
which was destined to open without Pat, "The Front Page" and Hollywood. His latest, "Consolation Marriage" with Irene Dunne.

And now Pat is as tickled with it all as a kid with a licorice stick. In fact, there's still quite a likable bit of the small boy about Pat now. Why, when the circus came to town he and Mrs. Pat took at least twelve of the neighbors' kids to see the sights from side-slows to wild animals, and arrived home laden with balloons and popcorn balls. Now he buys practically every magazine that's printed because very youthful agents have the O'Brien house marked with a white spot! Hollywood, according to Pat, has one big fault, and that is everyone coming up to take things too seriously. But not Pat, He has too much of that sixth sense for that!

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks—and Proud of It!

Continued from page 66

They play a wicket game! Croquet, that perennial among genteel outdoor sports, is enjoying a revival in Hollywood. Here are Helen Chandler, Gertrude Short, Marion Nixon, Mary Brian, Ona Munson and Marguerite Churchill enjoying a little game.

man. And decorating a home and keeping it gives expression to so many instincts in women which make her more interesting as well as interested, which is a thing which the really clever women of the world know. I have met many of them in my travels—and one thing they all know is interior decorating.

The idea of re-doing "Pickfair" all came about this way, it seems. There never had been enough bedrooms in the place adequately to take care of the great host of friends who continually drop in from their travelings about the world.

Mary—while she has always had a room of her own, and a room which most of us girls would think enormous—like the mistress of many households has had to give up her room to visitors to make room for every one. It did not inconvenience Mary who is most adaptable to move all her clothes to some other part of the house for a week-end—but it was most distressing to her maid who has been with Miss Pickford seven years. The idea of having her mistress moved about like a piece of furniture was too much for the important person who keeps the Pickford rugslets in a state of perfection equal even to modern millinery on a minute's notice.

The feelings of a woman who has mastered the intricacies of a Second Empire coiffure was too valuable to risk.

"So I decided, after both of them had been after me long enough, to take more space than Douglas to myself, and started in to fix it up," said Mary. And Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is glad I did. It is perfectly adorable. Everything in it is white—the walls, the beds, the taffeta curtains at the windows. The chairs have white chintz with colored figures. The only red spots of color are the flowers, and they are in white vases.

"When Douglas saw what was happening to my room—he got awfully hurt. His room had always been the most important room in the house before, you see. And nothing would do but for us to start in, fixing up his room, too."

"And that just made matters worse. With our two rooms dressed up, the rest of the house looked shabby and down-at-the-heels in comparison, and we decided to get out all the things we had stored away in the attic and basement—things we had brought back from China and other places—and use them, and do over the entire place."

Since lamps are a very important adjunct to a house, Miss Pickford had reserved buying her new lamps at a lamp studio she knew of until she arrived in New York with Douglas to see him off for the Far East.

"If a lamp is miscast," she thinks, "it is as terrible as if an actor is miscast. Nothing else good about the place and play can make you forget it."

So it was my good fortune to be permitted to go along with her while she was doing the lamp buying. It was the morning after Douglas had sailed at midnight, and Mary had spent the night at the home of her great friend Lillian Gish, because she could not bear to go back alone to the suite at the Sherry-Netherland overlooking the park, which she and Douglas had occupied during their stay in Manhattan.

She was looking lovely—even more attractive than when she sailed on her return from her honeymoon trip to Europe, and I shall never forget how sweet she looked in her little pink French linen dress. She has become more chic. More a woman of the world. Her figure, which was given to a certain chubbiness, is now quite svelte and she looked much longer waisted in her red tweed suit. She was interested in knowing that I thought she had changed—she always wonders if people see a change in her. She hopes so, for she is constantly trying to improve. She was happy, too, for another reason which her secretary told me about. It was only a few hours since Douglas had sailed, and yet she had had a wire, a letter, and a bunch of poses to remind her that she was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

Miss Pickford has always been a terrible favorite of mine, but she is an even greater one now. A woman who can shop for lamps for an hour without beginning to throw them, wins my admiration. A woman who can remember how big or how small nine lamps ought to be, without getting cross at the attendance of a medal. Especially when she carries on an interview at the same time, gives memo-randa to her secretary. Remembers to buy two white and gold candle pots to hold bulbs for Lillian Gish's mother, whom she dearly loves since the days when the two families used to live together between the last seasons in New York and treats you with the courtesy of a hostess at a party—even to letting you share the corner of her chair.

She must have been a great satisfaction to the young woman who waited on her. She knew exactly what she wanted—and she didn't make any change.

She got one pair of adorable white Chi-noiserie lamps (and knew how to pronounce the word, too) for her new white room and white shades to go with them. And a pair of lamps with white parchment drums for shades, with colored French porcelain soldiers inside Douglas's loomed with drumsticks, too. Boom, boom! And carved wooden vases painted white to go along with the rich rugs and hangings of the dressing room. For she knew the difference between antique and modern Porcelain and Italian and French. She liked the antiques best.

"I just love old things," she said. "I think all women do. Our guest house is going to have lots of English antiques in it. I love early American things especially. I should like for us to have a house in New England, furnished with old treasures. Perhaps we will some day!"

Doesn't that sound as if Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks were going to go right on occupying "Pickfair" as they have since the beginning? Oughtn't that satisfy the questions of all the people who have been hoping that happy days would come again to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks? If indeed they have ever been away!
bided her time and went out and got a fresh pack of cigarettes for Martin, and a roast beef sandwich and a pint of whisky.

Then she left him and went home to Toni.

Hours later Arrowsmith, bedraggled and exceedingly weary, dragged himself into Gottlieb’s laboratory. It was late afternoon and Gottlieb and Terry were just preparing to leave the place.

When they saw Martin they both rushed to him.

"Are you the love of Pete!"

“Martin, what is it?”

“Been working,” he told them wearily.

“Thirty-six hours. Forty hours, 2 am minutes. I dunno how long. Couple of weeks, maybe, search me.”

He gave Gottlieb his notes. Gottlieb examined them at some length and said:

"I’ll be beginning work in earnest now, Martin. I am very glad.”

Twenty-four hours later when Martin had awakened from an exhausted sleep in his bed at home he found a newspaper on the chair beside him. Attracted to the screaming headlines he picked up the sheet and read:

GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF MODERN TIMES!

Young Scientist at McGurk Institute Makes Acrobatic Out of All Disease.

Director Tubbs Announced Last Night.

Martin jumped out of bed and dressed as hurriedly as he could. Leora watched him in surprise.

“What is it, Martin?”

That cheap publicity-hound Tubbs is the matter! Murder’s the matter! Make a fake out of me, will he?"

He left the house, Leora calling after him to wait for her.

At the Institute the reporters were awaiting Arrowsmith’s arrival in the reception hall. There were exclamations of “Great stuff, doc,” and requests for an interview, but Martin brushed past all of them. He found Tubbs at his desk. Throwing the newspaper in front of him Martin demanded:

“Are you responsible for this?”

“I don’t deny the responsibility. I claim it. We can’t afford to let anyone steal a march on us! A slight over-statement to catch the public’s eye—”

“A slight over-statement! You tell the papers I can wipe out all disease when you know I haven’t even cured whooping cough yet, and you call that a slight over-statement."

“I understand your surprise, my dear fellow—”

“My surprise! I’m only surprised I don’t twist your fat neck for you. You’ve made my name smell from one end this country to the other!” Arrowsmith yelled at Tubbs. “As a quack and a faker and a racketeer. Now you call those reporters in and tell ’em I’m through with you and your front-page science and that I’ve resigned from your cheap-jack institute!"

At that moment Gottlieb came in the office, waving a medical journal in his hand.

“There’s no sense to all this,” he told them. “Martin’s discovery is not so new as you might imagine. Here in this paper a Frenchman, D’Herelle of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, reports the same thing as Arrowsmith. You got into the newspapers too soon, Dr. Tubbs. You may not be the discoverer of the stuff, Martin, but you may still be the man to test it out!”

Arrowsmith
Continued from page 31

Jerry Tucker, one of the kids who played in "Skippy," has a term contract now.

Sondelius, the old Sondelius who chased plagues all over the hemisphere, was the first to sound the alarm at the McGurk Institute. He was speaking to Gottlieb and Dr. Tubbs.

“Believe me, gentlemen, there is bubonic plague in those islands,” he was saying. Three stowaways, dead as doormats, I tell you, from St. Hubert’s Island. A most respectable colony, I may say investigated.”

And that’s how Sondelius and Arrowsmith came together again—for Dr. Tubbs, having decided that the McGurk Institute was to have the major honors in killing off the plague, had decided to send Martin and old Sondelius off to the islands to see what could be done about this miserable epidemic.

The little group that assembled in Gottlieb’s laboratory just before Arrowsmith’s sailing was a partly sorry, partly happy lot. There were Gottlieb, Arrowsmith and Terry Wickett.

“We had called you in here, Terry and I, to give you your final instructions, Martin.” Gottlieb was proud now.

“Yes, chief.”

“They are instructions that you had best keep for yourself. Dr. Tubbs would not be pleased with them. They would not look well in the public prints.”

“What are they, chief?”

“You agree that it will be of value in epidemics yet to come to know what this stuff of yours is worth?”

“Why yes, of course!”

“If you could give your injections only to half your patients and sternly deprive the other half of them, then you would know. That is the experiment we mean, Martin. What is it, Martin?”

Martin hesitated a moment. “I couldn’t do that.”

Jerry jumped at him. “Why couldn’t you?”

“Sit by and watch half my patients die? It wouldn’t be human!”

“Sure. I am a country doctor, after all.” Terry was acid.

“We are not asking anything of you we would not ask of ourselves, Martin,” Gottlieb told him. “And we do not ask this of you as a man, nor yet as a doctor, but as a scientist.”

“Yeah, but I’ll have to face both men and doctors when I get there!”

“We scientists have had doctors and men to face before and stood our ground while they reviled us. And men and doctors have had good reason to be grateful that we did stand our ground. I am counting on you, Martin, to put your scientific conscience before your human sympathies! I am counting on you as a seeker after truth! Are you going to fail me?”

There was a moment’s pause and then:

“All right, chief. I see your point. I’ll try not to fail you.”

They shook hands all around. Terry warned Martin to keep his notes up to date and clear and Martin realized that this was because of the fear of his dying that they wanted to know exactly what he had accomplished. It was a big venture he was embarking on.

Gottlieb, Terry, and Leora came down to the boat to see them off. Sondelius promised to drink the old doctor’s health in rum. Leora came to Martin and kissed him. Then the steward came around and asked which cabin the trunk was to go in. In Dr. Arrowsmith’s cabin, of course,” she told him.

“Whose trunk is that?” Arrowsmith wanted to know.

“Mine,” Leora said simply.

There was a short argument and the boat sailed—with Leora aboard!

IT WAS night when the steamer St. Buryan sailed over the glassy water near St. Hubert’s Island. The yellow lights on shore that were reflected were from the little town of Blackwater, one of those hit hardest by the plague.

As the three descended the steep stairs into the launch they were, dressed in a clean-cut, crisp-spoken man in a spotless uniform. It was Dr. Isecheape.

“We all do anything these days,” he informed Martin. “I’m surgeon general on the Governor’s staff. The port doctor died a few days ago.”
On shore the little group marched down the narrow street. The school was turned into a hospital with a hundred cases in it. There were broken limbs and the patients became delirious and tried to break out. He also added that there were a thousand cases on the island at the moment and probably ten million rats.

They were shown to their quarters in Penrith Lodge. It was formerly the port doctor's house and had been turned into a hospital. The patients became delirious and tried to break out. He also added that there were a thousand cases on the island at the moment and probably ten million rats.

"I hope the bug that bit him moved out by now," Sondelius quipped.

Inchcape reassured them.

They all sat back to back and then went to bed. The next morning they woke to a broiling, jarling, green and crimson day, yet ghastly still; awoke and realized that about them was a strange land, as yet unseen, and before them the work that in distant New York had seemed dramatic and joyful and that stank now of the charnel house.

They walked through the town. They found a street dying with fear. House shutters were closed, hot shuttled patches in the sun; and the only traffic was an empty trolley car with a frightened motorman who peered down at them and sped up lest they come aboard. Grocery stores and drug-stores were open, but from their shady depths the shops-keepers looked out timidy, and when the three neared a fish stall, the one customer fled, edging past them.

Down a grim street of coal yards they found a public square, and here was the stench not of sleep but of ancient death.

The square was rimmed with the gloom of mango trees, which shut out the faint-hearted breeze and cooled in the stale lifeless heat, in which misery the teary silence was the more dismaying.

"It's too hot to walk," Leora said. "Perhaps we'd better go back."

At the Lodge again Arrowsmith was all for starting his work at once, and on his own party first. He got out his needles and loaded them with his serum. First he injected Leora and then himself and then asked Sondelius to come forward. But Sondelius was timorous.

"No, Martin," he said. "I am a humanitarian with a job to do. My life belongs to the job and must be risked. It's just a matter of conscience.

"Conscience be damned!" Martin was in a huff. "I've heard all I want of your remorse. If this government and I give orders. What becomes of greenhorns like Lee and me if they cart you off in one of their wagons and leave us to shift for ourselves here? Roll up your sleeve!"

Sondelius was adament. He wouldn't listen to reason. He would have none of it until "his people," the inhabitants of the island, had been given it. So Martin gave in.

The next day the Governor's council, under the leadership of Sir Robert Arrowsmith, gave Arrowsmith a welcome.

"The vacant chairs you see about this town," said Sir Robert, "are filled by "gave you who can come more eloquently than words. We understand that you bring with you a serum to which we may look for our salvation."

"We do not bring you any magical cure for this plague, Sir Robert," replied Arrowsmith. "Our serum is still untried outside the laboratory. We know what we can do with guinea pigs and rats. We have, as yet, no notion of what we can do for human beings."

"What is it on us? Can't you save the rest of us?"

"Eager as I am to save all of you, I am required, before all else, to submit this serum to a scientific test. That is, I shall divide a group into two halves. To one I shall give injections of our serum. I shall deprive the other half of any injections whatever. I shall then watch both halves to see which results the plague more successfully. When I have done that, I shall know what my serum is worth!"

Those in the chamber jumped to their feet.

"The man's a lunatic. What a proposition! Barbarous—foulish—it's murder—out of the question!"

"Do you mean to say you couldn't find any other way to test your serum?"

"There is no other way!" Arrowsmith told them.

Sir Robert rose to his feet and with the cold scorn of one who touches no pitch said, from his dais that honor in the name of civilization!"

Martin lost his plea. They wouldn't hear of it and if the island were not quarantined Sir Robert was for driving the group off.

At the door of the council chamber Martin was approached by a young man.

"My name," the unknown said, "is Oliver Marchand. Dr. Marchand, I have my Ph.D. from the University of California. I have been listening to your proposal, doctor. I need hardly say that it has my complete sympathy, may I offer you an alternative?"

"I wish you would," Arrowsmith told him.

"My district is the native island of Carib, off the coast. My village is the worst hit in the entire colony. We don't attempt to isolate cases there. There's death in every house. If you care to come along with me, I believe I can provide the opportunity you're after."

Arrowsmith listened hard.

"How soon shall we start?" he wanted to know.

Sondelius and Martin packed their things and their scientific appurtenances. Leora, after much arguing, consented to be left behind. In a short while they were off for Carib and anxious to start experimenting.

When Martin left her at the Lodge, in the leafy gloom high in the hills, Leora felt a shock of the strange. They had been so little apart since he had first come on her scrubbing a hospital floor,

The afternoon was unwinding; each time she heard a creaking she raised with the hope that it was his step, and realized that he was not long gone. Dinner was mournfully eaten of course. When Martin was at the little and then he had returned to her sometime before dawn. Tonight she had to live up to the Barbour who served her as though she were a dinner party of twenty.

She sat on the porch after. She knew the direction of Carib. She concentrated on this wondering. He might not have a signal from him, but she could get no feeling of his looking toward her. She sat long and quiet.

In the afternoon a few days later, the battle heard that his sister had been taken to the isolation ward, and he went down to Blackwater to make arrangements for his niece. He did not return, no one ever learned what had become of him.

Toward dusk, when Leora felt as though a pinthrash herself, the maids discovered she she'd fioed into Martin's laboratory. It seemed filled with his brimming presence. She kept away from the flanks of plague, but just picked up, else it was his, a half-smoked cigarette and lighted it.

Now there was a slight crack in her lips; and that morning, fumbling at dusting, her call to the laboratory at the business against disease, a maid had knocked over a test-tube, which had trickled. The cigarette was dry enough, but in it were enough plague germs to kill a regiment.

Two nights after, when she was so desperately lonely that she thought of walking to Blackwater and finding a way to go to Martin, she woke with a fever, a headache, her limbs chilly. When the maids discovered her in the morning they fled the house. While the little mother said to her, she was left alone in the isolated house, with no telephone. All day and night, as her throat cracked with thirst, she lay longing for some due to help her. One she could go to the kitchen for water. The floor of the bedroom was an endless heaving sea, the hall a wailing dimness, and by the kitchen door she dropped and lay for an hour, whimpering.

"Got to—got to—can't remember what it was," her voice kept appealing to her cloudy brain.

Aching, fighting the ache, she struggled up, wrapped about her a shabby cloak which one of the maids had abandoned in her flight, and in the darkness staggered out to find help. As she came to the highway she stumbled and lay under a hedge, unprovingly like a hurt animal. On hands and knees she crawled back into the Lodge, and between times, as her brain went dark, she nearly forgot in the pain in her longing for drink.

She was bewildered; she was lonely; she dared not start on her long journey without his father to come and help her. She was not hungry. He came, trampled on the shoulder to him—listened—tasted with listening."

"You will come! I know you will come and help me! I know. You'll come, Martin!"

Then she slipped into the kindly coma. There was no more pain, and all the shadowy house was quiet but for her hoarse and struggling breathing.

O N CARIB, Arrowsmith and Sondelius, little suspecting Leora's plight, were making some progress. They had burned the village, sacked the stores for supplies and taken the Twyford plantation houses for barracks for the natives.
At 39 she laughs at Birthdays

You can share the screen stars' secret

"Of course I am 39," says Frances Starr, famous stage and screen star.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin, and I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

Countless lovely stage and screen stars agree with Frances Starr!

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Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty.

Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care. They find this luxurious soap, for their convenience, in the dressing rooms of theatres all over the country!

Lux Toilet Soap — 10¢
Order began to arise out of the chaos. Hospital order of clean white cots and nег- 
grung lined up on two sides. Half of the 
islanders were being inoculated for Mar-
tin's great experiment. The other half was 
to go without the needle.

Martin met Joyce Lanyon there too. She 
was 'Twyford's niece, beautiful and anxious 
to help. She was from New York so there 
was some bond between the two. 
Sondelius, without the injection, had 
managed to catch some of the fever after a 
while, and his case, for the first time, 
was showing symptoms of seriousness. 
Arrowsmith rushed to his cot when he 
heard that there had been a turn for the 
worse.

"What is it, Gustav?"

"I guess maybe it's got me, Martin."

"You wouldn't take your shot before, 
you'll take it now!"

"At my age, Martin, I was yust thinking. 
I am almost sixty. It is my turn now! 
Haf you ever thought, Martin, about the 
jobes God plays?"

Sondelius turned his eyes up at Martin.

"I am not afraid, but yust once more I 
would like to see Fifth Avenue on the 
day the first snow falls and have one good last 
drink. I am very peaceful. It hurts some. 
But life is a good game. Oh, Martin, let 
science go! Save these poor people if you 
can! Send all of them—did not think 
people could hurt me so!"

With that Sondelius died.

Later Arrowsmith talked to Joyce about 
his old friend.

"He used to troup all over the country 
lecturing on heroes of health. Well, he was 
one of them."

"I've always heard that science was so 
cold," Joyce exclaimed. "But now it turns 
out to be the most hair-raising melod- 
rama."

Joyce Lanyon was visibly affected by 
Martin's work. There was a sort of mu-
tual feeling between the two for the saving 
of life and they felt it without speaking of 
it.

On the terrace of the Twyford house 
Martin explained things to Joyce. He 
liked to see this lovely woman here in this 
romantic setting, even though death lay 
just around the corner.

"Don't go in yet. I've never learned 
about women like you. You belong to the 
great class of things I've had to give up 
for work. You make my life seem sud-
denly empty—but terribly exciting!"

"You're too heroic to mean that. You're 
stone!"

"I wish I were!"

"You couldn't really care a hang about 
me. You'd be just curious, that's all. I 
daresay it's lucky I realize that tonight!"

And with that she left him and went 
into the house. Twyford came out in a 
little while with a message that Marchand 
wanted to see Arrowsmith. Marchand 
came in with news.

"Something regrettable in Blackwater. 
The surgeon general decamped."

"Then you'll have to go over, of course, 
Marchand. And look in on my wife, 
Marchand, and tell her not to worry."

The next morning the phone in the 
Twyford house tingled persistently. It was 
for Martin. Marchand was at the other 
end and spoke in some sort of a jumble 
and then rang off altogether. But Martin 
had heard a reference to Leora in that jumble 
and instinctively he knew something was 
wrong.

Frantically he banged at the telephone. 
Twyford ran to him and promised him his 
motor speed boat immediately. An hour 
and a half later Martin was rushing up 
the front walk of Penrith Lodge. Opening 
the door to the living room he came upon 
the sight that almost killed him that moment. 
Leora still lay where she had fallen. 
Leora—his Leora!

Later, having recovered partially from 
the shock of Leora's passing, Martin 
talked to the Governor's office. The 
planters of the island were there as was 
the Governor himself.

"Give them all serum!" Martin cried 
with reckless, drunken abandon. "Shoot 
'em full of serum! The hell with the ex-
pertise! The hell with science!"

In NEW YORK they were waiting for 
him at the pier when he arrived. Tubbs 
was the first to congratulate him on his 
hollow victory.

"Good for Martin! Never been anything 
like it! Letters from the Government! You 
have ended the plague." 
Terry Wickett was there too.

"Hello, Martin?"

"Hello, Terry."

"Sorry, Martin."

"Thank you, Terry."

"How was it, Martin?"

"Bungled it, Terry!"

"Afraid you had, Martin."

"What'll Gottlieb say, Terry?"

"You'll find that out, Martin."

But Gottlieb had little to say to his pupil. 
He was disappointed, confused, and finally 
collapsed before the crowd of photographers 
and reporters.

Tubbs was making speeches for Martin. 
"And your salary will be fifteen thou-
sand a year, eh? If you are a lucky—if you 
Terry interrupted with a side word to 
Martin.

"I tell you what I'm going to do be-
cause I wouldn't wonder if you'd want to 
do it with me! I'm going to clear out of 
this swell joint with all its swell equipment 
and publicity and build my own lab in the 
Vermont woods and work and do nothing 
but work, Martin!"

Then Terry left.

Tubbs was ready to lead Martin into the 
reception luncheon. But Martin didn't see 
or hear. His head was swimming with 
funny dreams in which Leora, Gottlieb, 
Sondelius and Terry figured. He rose to 
his feet, groping towards the door. 
Department head, eh? Fifteen thou-
sand a year, eh? Glory, eh? Friends? 
And Gottlieb used to say that the 
man who couldn't make a laboratory 
of toothpicks and a bit of string.

And with a shout of triumph, he whirled 
a chair over his head and swept all the 
superb equipment from the work bench. 
Running down the long corridor he 
shouted:

"Hey, Terry! Hold your horses!"

Bursting through the crowd of guests in-
vited to the luncheon in his honor, he saw 
people nodding. All he could do was to 
shout over and over—

"Wait for me, Terry! I'm coming with 
you! Leora and I! We're both coming 
with you!"

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 65

Laughing their heads off at the curious work 
of Lee Tracy and Robert Gleckler, two of our 
record-breaking fast talkers.

"Loud, Please," is a dig—and a pretty 
still one—at Hollywood publicity ballyhoo. 
It is pretty thin in parts, but is certainly a 
vehicle for explosive laughs and thrills. 
It's all about Lee Tracy getting the police 
and the Coast Guards to hunt for Polly 
Madison, the blonde star of Criterion Pic-
tures, who is really sequestered in the 
Ambassador Hotel. Well, the cops (headed 
by Gleckler) get sore, and—
The whole show belongs to Tracy and 
Gleckler. It's not so sold on its pins as

"Once in a Lifetime." But The Dying 
American Drama is putting up a yelling 
right!

"The Roof!"

Galsworthy dropped his jeans in this play. 

A drunken guest sets fire to an old ram-
shackle hotel in Paris, patronized by Eng-
lish people, because he was peaved at 
the waiter. We see a hoomeyoeming couple, 
an elderly English couple and various other 
Grand Hotelers in their rooms and we see 
what they did when they've all got to make 
for the roof when the staircase gives way.

It is all unconvincing and sometimes un-
telligible. The fire scene on the roof was 
just grand. Reminded me of good old Biograph 
days, when the three-alarm ades 
ragged on every screen.

The fellow that set the fire rescues the 
waiter who peved him and goes to Harp-
land. A scene inside Charlotte Gran-
vile and Ernest Cossart as an old married 
English couple in bed was the high-spot of 
the show. The waiter, Édouard La Roche, 
was humanly convincingly. Henry Hull, 
Anne Forrest, and a lot of others filled in. 
For the great Galsworthy, "The Roof!" hits the 
cellar.
“The School for Scandal”

As Lady Teazle Ethel Barrymore took her position at last in the great Drew-Barrymore tradition. She has wobbled hitler and thither; but she is, I wager, going down to posterity as Lady Teazle, just as her great aunt, Mrs. John Drew (Uncle Jack’s mother), did.

The Barrymore Teazle is a compound of grace, beauty, sophistication and dramatic power. She makes of her an eternal character, a woman who, married to old Sir Peter Teazle, can cast longings looks elsewhere, but who, when the moment comes, as it did in the famous screen scene, can ride down her feminine hatch and emerge a woman with a firm grip on herself. Ethel Barrymore did this scene superbly. And she was gorgeous to look upon in her modish eighteenth century hats and gowns.

See “The School for Scandal” and you’ll discover where most of our domestic farces and comedies are cribbed from. It is still a brilliant and up-to-date satire. Charles Codker-King was a splendid and vivid Sir Peter Teazle. McKay Morris did not grasp at all the character of the hypocritical Joseph Surface. The rest of the company was good. But Ethel of the Tribe of Barrrymores is the high light.

Hazel Dawn gives an amusing performance on the stage in “Wonder Boy.”

“Laugh Parade”

Ed Wynn is the reverse of Bobby Clark, Eddie Howard and Joe Cook. He is in a class all by himself—out genuinely, as Mae West would say.

In his coonskin cap, his goggles, his lost-in-the-woods air, his quiet way of dragging an explosive laugh out of your vest it is incomparable.

Never has he ridden higher than in “The Laugh Parade.” He is almost the whole show, with due salutes to the Di Gatanos, who stage a whirlwind Apache dance that is savage enough to almost make you hologer—“Quilt it!” There are also Fran Healy, who dances well, and La Jeanne Aubert, who is la la!

“Wonder Boy”

The pictures take it on the chin again in “Wonder Boy,” by Chodorov and Barton. This time the New York executives are poured to a frazzle. And it is one long laugh from beginning to end. For

Will You Give Me 10 Days to PROVE that I Can Give You Perfect Health and a Slender Body?

Do you want to take off excess weight?

To reduce your waistline, hips, legs? Do you want glowing health, sparkling energy?

Do you want to build a symmetrical, muscular development?

Do you want to keep physically fit, in the "pink"?

Let Walter M. Hoover, famous oarsman, show you what rowing will do for you—real rowing, of the racing shell variety—the finest, most enjoyable form of exercise in existence! Try his “Hoover Conditioner” 10 days FREE. A few minutes a day on this entirely different rowing machine will work wonders!

Exercise? It’s FUN—and what it will do for that body of yours! Get sensational offer NOW—without cost or obligation.

Enjoy the Thrill of the Real Racing Shell Stroke! FULL ROWING STROKE WITH EVEN PULL THROUGHOUT.

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Have you ever swung up the river in a racing shell? It’s like floating on air! Now get this same thrilling, exhilarating sense of free, rhythmic motion on your home rowing machine. No tugging and straining on make-shift spring exercises, but the full sweep of the racing stroke, as light or as strong as you want it! Walter M. Hoover, Olympic champion oarsman, designed the “Hoover Conditioner” for his own use, built it on racing shell lines, “tuned it right” for comfort, made it adjustable to a child’s strength or an athlete.

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The “Hoover Conditioner” is unlike any other rowing machine on the market. It’s not a motor driven machine. Buy it for yourself, rent it for your friends, then for an ever increasing demand. Yet he won’t use up to 10! Probably the most economical exercise machine built. The Franklin Iron Works is the only manufacturer of the “Hoover Conditioner.” You will have found a valuable aid to your health routine otherwise...

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Compare the strength, even action of the “Hoover Conditioner” with the jolting spring exercises. Notice the smooth spring action. Hooper,

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Light and strong—ideal for every type of exercise—strength or endurance. Why pay more for an inferior machine? You will have the ideal rowing machine for your home or club—easy to use—health giving—ideal for every purpose...

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Why spend money on make-shift, so-called “rowing machines” when you can have the genuine “Hoover Conditioner” at LESS THAN HALF THE REGULAR PRICE! Get the facts of this sensational “experimental” offer at once. Learn the exclusive features of this trim, handsome conditioner that gives you dynamic health, energy, a perfect figure, in only a few minutes a day—and slides under the bed when not in use.

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
sheer ha! ha! it beats "Once in a Lifetime," although it is not as solid a piece of work. No one will laugh at it more than the picture people.

The saga is about a boy who wanted to be a dentist. The Paragon people tried to make a picture star of him in fourteenunreadable.s scenes, but Pete Hinkle flopped at the Capitol, and so the Biggie of the Paragon Pictures Corp. turned to a Russian dancer as the curtain goes down. Ballyhoo! Hoop! Applesauce! It's a corker!

This is an all-star show, with the big medals going to Gregory Ratoff, Hazel Dawn, William Challee and Jeanne Greene. Will they have the nerve to film this?

"Counsellor-at-Law"

Elmer Rice's latest is an entertaining play and is sure Hollywood-bound. It gives all the low-down on the New York lawyer, George Simon in the hands of Paul Muni is a sizeable and human creation.

Simon is an East Side boy who has risen to Untermyer heights. His office is a rialto of good and evil of all sorts of people, Communists, chorus girls, poverty-stricken women, and one fellow who runs off with George's wife. George is about to take the leap from the 108th story when he gets a phone call from U. S. Steel—a big case! He grabs his secretary, and hits the old trail—a "Front Page" idea.

Paul Muni is the show, surrounded by a long line of most excellent actors and actresses, of which the best are—almost everybody in a company of twenty-eight. This play glows with life, but sprawls and dawdles a little.

Accents!

Continued from page 55

Pola Negri was hailed by London critics as a "super-linguist." When she speaks her mind, as in "A Woman Commands," she can unboast a varied flood of language to give even the bland Roland Young a headache.

correct pronunciation of an English word new to her. Before embarking on a scene, she, too, like Garbo, rehearses her part with almost parrot-like persistence. When she is sure the words and pronunciation are correct, she concentrates on the delicate nuances of their meaning before speaking for the microphone. She is very quick, and everyone likes teaching Dietrich new words.

Languages come easily to the foreign stars; it is the control of the larynx which calls for long practise. Paul Lukas enjoys excellent throat control, and to combat his foreign accent he listens patiently to radio announcers by the hour, carefully selecting those whose English is the most desirable. He can imitate the manner of speech of all our very nicest and most cultured radio announcers. Of course, in a picture like "Strictly Dishonorable" he still uses the accent, but you will note how cleverly he has it under control and how distinctly every word gets over. But when talkies first came, they had an English double to speak for Paul in "The Wolf of Wall Street." Paul knew no English at all then. His next picture will be "No One Man."

Pola Negri went to England itself to defeat her accent. She can, when she will, speak perfect English, with scarce a trace of accent. So much so that London critics hailed her as the super-linguist.

Lil Dagover, German screen sensation, found that being "discovered" by Warners entailed the mighty problem of mastering English in a few weeks. And Lil annexed an English tutor and concentrated forthwith with amazing success. She still studiess with this tutor between scenes, going over every tiny nuance of the words she must speak. Of course, she still has an accent—enough to lend piquancy—but she knows how to take care of that for "mike" purposes. Lil is delicious, as you'll discover when you see her in her first American picture, "The Woman from Monte Carlo," with Walter Huston and Warren Williams. She also has a diabolical sense of humor and adores acquiring startling American slang and springing it on people unexpectedly. If she has some original pronunciations of these, never fear the naughty girl knows all about it. And, like so many of these charmesses, she speaks five languages perfectly—when it suits her.

Both Lupe Velez and Fifi Dorsay can speak good American when they want to. Both these girls, however, know the value of a soupcon of accent under certain provocative conditions. Lupe will lapse into an accent at just the right moment, after gabbing away in American for several minutes, the sly minx. As for Fifi, one suspects her of deliberately cultivating the accent and reminding herself not to forget.

Bela Lugosi, whose "Dracula" brought the highest box office returns of any picture at Universal for the year, tells how, when he played his first English part on the stage in "The Red Poppy," he knew no English whatever. He learned lines like a parrot. Later, when he had to take many bows and there were calls for a speech, he didn't even know what the audience was yelling for. He didn't dare speak for fear of giving himself away. But he hired a tutor right after and his English has long since been well nigh perfect. He still practices daily to keep the accent in check.

Tala Birel, Universal's new find, says her dad is Viennese, her mother Polish, and she herself was born in Rumania, so she spoke three different languages from babyhood. Now languages are a sort of hobby with her. If she can live in a country even the shortest time, she just absorbs the language without more ado. When she first went to England on location, while making a German picture, however, she felt her English was a bit inadequate for the situation, so she struck up a friendship with some English electricians and mechanics and they delighted in adding to her learning. Often, on this account, Tala gives an English word just a slight cock-
ney flavor. In Hollywood she went to the man who taught Joseph Schildkraut his excellent English, Francis Fay, who makes her utter every single word dozens of times until he is satisfied. Tala still has enough accent to add piquancy, but there is no ridiculous mispronunciation of words. She also has a keen aptitude for reproducing all sorts of sounds.

Ramon Novarro, having lived so long in Los Angeles, has never had to study English. Indeed, his English is often vastly superior to the American brand.

Lots of English-speaking players have awkward accents that need correcting, too. For instance, a southern accent is most unsuitable in many roles. On the other hand, Cissie Lotus, the English actress who is a master of dialects, as also is Elsie Janis, coached little Sidney Fox in that engaging southern accent which she used in "Strictly Dishonorable." It is quite a knack, slipping into these dialects. Remember how difficult Mary Pickford found the southern tinge in her first talkie, "Coquette"?

When an American actress essays a foreign accent for a role, it is not often a success. These foreigners seem more clever at acquiring our tricks of language than we are at theirs.

Leo Carrillo, who has lived in California all his life and yet is pure Spanish, has the gift of imitating pretty well any accent, even English cockney. Warner Baxter, pure American, on the other hand, is one of the few who can simulate a Spanish dialect, without being a real Spanish scholar. That's why he has been such a hit in the "Old Arizona" and "Cisco Kid" type of picture.

Dolores Del Rio has been improving her English right along, but fortunately in "The Dove" her Spanish accent is pleasantly suitable. But Dolores can speak almost without a trace of accent now when she cares to.

Olga Baclanova had great difficulty learning accentless English. Which is one of the reasons she lost out at Paramount when talkies came in. Now, however, she has improved so remarkably that she is appearing in an English stage play in Los Angeles.

Dr. Mario Marafioti says the Latins have a much easier time with voice projection and accents; they seem to have a natural-born gift for singing correctly, for instance.

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Complete Fictionization in March Screenland

GARBO AND NOVARRO’S

"MATA-HARI"

Garbo and Novarro at their superb best in this glamorous romance of the famous dancer spy. Love, divine love reared to dizzy heights and tragedy, stark and cruel, culminating before the guns of a firing squad provide gripping material for a great fictionization of this outstanding film. Surely you'll see the picture but first read the story—complete—in March SCREENLAND.
children, turned on its side and scores were drowned. Irene's father was among the city officials who previously condemned the boat and in the subsequent investigation, honors were heaped on his head. His mother could not think of the honors; she could think only of the scores of tots who were drowned. And she hated the rivers and feared more and more the visits of her own two babies to the grandfather who built boats. It was with trembling in her heart that the mother would leave her two children, when the time came for the annual visits with Granddad, not to go too near the river.

Like most children, the dare of defying parental wishes dwelt in Irene's heart until one day she and her brother joined a group of their river-urchin friends and went swimming in the Ohio. A treacherous undertow swept her beyond her depth and she fought a silent struggle for breath and life, too frightened to scream and too weak to wage a successful battle. A passing fisherman saw her plight and rescued her, a shaming, teary little girl who vowed never again to disobey her parents and who stared with distended eyes at the water that had nearly ended her stay on earth.

She has never overcome the fear that overtook her that day. The occurrence was fifteen years ago but today, when Miss Dunne determines to fight off the phobia and visits the ocean or a pool, her arms and legs become powerless and she is overwhelmed with a desire to get out of the water.

When she was about ten years old, Irene visited friends of her grandfather, a family living near Memphis. It was at this time that several river kidnappings had taken place and parents had been warned to keep their children away from the waterfront. The family Irene was visiting owned a motorboat and one day the children slipped aboard to play. In a moment of heedlessness, Irene left the boat and boarded a craft alongside. While she hid beneath a tarpaulin, the boat was mysteriously driven far out of its moorings and drifted away from the dock. When she finally peered from her hiding place, Irene had floated several hundred yards from the river.

Her screams attracted the attention of the other children and they, frightened, ran home and confessed to their parents that Irene had been taken away on a strange boat. Pandemonium followed. The police were informed and the river patrol started in search of the kidnapped child. Within a few minutes most of the city was aware that another girl had been stolen.

The police overhauled the runaway boat a few miles below the city and returned craft and girl safely. Of course, the kidnapping theory was laughed at but once again had little Irene discovered a reason.

voices have a natural lift to them, as, for instance, Helen Hayes' voice in the first scenes of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Little Janet Gaynor is getting more character into her speaking voice all the time. Of the men on the screen, Conrad Nagel is considered as having the finest, richest voice. Conrad makes many public speeches, too, often being selected by the industry to represent it at big civic banquets, mainly on this account. Anything Conrad says seems twice as interesting because of his rich voice. Lawrence Grant, the Welshman, also has a rich speaking voice. Leslie Howard is regarded as having the best dic-

The few mentions of a rich voice are partly due to the slightly chilly, nasal manner of voice projection of many American voices and which have startled foreign audiences when issuing from the lips of lovely Amer-

There is no necessity for voices to be flat and monotonous. Voices can acquire per-

sonality and charm by a correct understand-

ing and utilization of the throat, the teeth, the lips, the tongue, all of which contribute to tone and enunciation. Some

screenland

Ol' Man River's Step-Child

Continued from page 89

He's little, but he can play big scenes. This is Buster Phelps, one of Hollywood's sizeable army of kid stars.

to stand in mortal fear of the water. "Despite my fears, rivers and oceans have a strange fascination for me," Miss Dunne says. "I get a tremendous thrill when I go yachting. When I crossed the ocean, I experienced a great kick. But whenever I went to the ship's side and looked down into the water, I almost ran back to the safety of my stateroom." She attributes this to the memories of her childhood—the part of her childhood spent on the waterfront.

"I can remember some of the river kids I played with," she says. "My two particular chums were Mickey O'Brien and his sister Molly. Mickey had more freckles than any kid I ever saw and his broadest boast was that he could swim the Ohio, which at that point was half a mile wide. Molly was about seven and she could swim like a fish. She had a swimming suit made from a flour sack from which the four corners had been cut, as well as a hole in the top. Through these four openings provided holes for her arms and head. When she plunged into the water, the improvised suit held air and she looked for all the world like a balloon with legs.

"One day I took a beautiful new doll to the shanty-boat on which Mickey and Molly lived. Some way, in hunting for one Molly dived after it without pauseing to remove her dress. Her mother was terribly angry and gave her a spanking. I was so sorry that I insisted Molly should keep the doll. 'Because,' I explained, 'it would have drowned if you hadn't rescued it, so now it belongs to you.' Molly's tears dried up immediately and she took motherly possession of the doll. At home, I had to explain I had lost my toy because I dared not confess I had taken to the river with it."

Whatever fear she may have of water, Irene does not lack grit. A recent picture contained a scene in which she was called upon to fall from a yacht into the ocean. The director, who understood her fear, offered to secure a double. "Will a double make the scene realistic?" Miss Dunne asked.

"Well, no, not quite," the director admitted. "With a double, it will have to be taken in a long shot, which will not be as effective as a close-up."

"Then I'll do it," Irene said. And despite the fact that fear nearly paralyzed her heart, she stood on the deck of the launch, leaped, and fell backwards into the ocean. The sudden expression of fright that twisted her face was not acting. Irene Dunne was scared!

Expert swimmers may scoff at her, but let it be here explained that many humans are possessed of phobias of one sort or another. Of course, they will not admit it, and others cannot bear to be locked in a small room or underground tunnel. Miss Dunne's fear of water has not kept her away from one of the corners of the United States, nor will she live beside the broad Pacific. She will build a home that will face a great body of water and from the safety of her rooms, she will watch and satisfy her haunting fascination that centers in her heart.

She will have children of her own, she says, and one of the first things they will learn will be the art of swimming. She will see that a competent instructor attends to this phase of their childhood.

"I am not going to have my children afraid of water," she says quietly. "They will love the rivers and oceans."
A pair of Jacks! The Messrs. Cooper and Searle examine the script of "Sooky," the Percy Crosby story in which they will soon be seen with that other seasoned troup, Bobby Coogan.

Just Among Us Kids
Continued from page 33

avarice, even in the movie world.

Jackie Searle is a California boy, who started as a radio buddy at three years of age. Two years ago he crashed the talkies, since then he has been in all the kid pictures put out by Paramount, and was peculiarly successful in that picture first released as "Let's Play King" and later changed to "Forbidden Adventure," which was a skit on movie children. He's in his seventh grade, and he wants to become a baseball pitcher and by by. He already has fifty-two pictures to his credit.

Dickie Moore is just five years old now. He and George Ernest, another cute baby, have just won long term contracts with Warners. Dickie is really an old-timer all the same. His first part was with John Barrymore as a baby in "The Beloved Rogue" when he was eleven months old. That happened because a United Artist production manager happened to be making a social visit to the Moore's—another break. Since then he has been employed most of the time, his latest pictures being "Seed," "The Squaw Man," "Star Witness," "Union Depot," and "Manhattan Parade."

Dickie's first ambition was to be a garbage man, but now he thinks a traffic cop's job might be more interesting. He hates to go to bed. He likes the school on the lot. He rides a little tricycle and tags people for speeding. He adores dogs and barks bitterly when his pet ran away. He adores having the dentist clean his teeth!

George Ernest is ten years old and a natural organizer, he has just founded a strictly invitational club which he made the boys assist in building, for which they swiped lumber, bits of linoleum, and old drapes. The dues are a penny a week: members bring their own lunch. George also works on toy airplanes. He's Danish and has two sisters and two brothers all older than himself—a very homey family. He's in B from school but he has three bebes noirs—to help wash dishes, to eat spinach and to get dressed. His three passions are chocolate cake, baseball and football. Delmar Watson is a clever, cunning youngster—one of the many little Watsons working in pictures.

Jerry Tucker, another of the kids who won glory in "Skippy" is the son of a boxer-manager, and was born in Chicago. He played lots of bits in pictures before "Skippy" won him a contract.

Studios try to keep the details of contracts for child players a dead secret—because mothers get mad when some other lambkin gets higher pay than their own snotty boy.

Besides those under contract, lots of children are free-lancing and doing very well, thank you. For instance, Wynonah Johnson, a woman writer, has seven sweet children, three of them almost constantly employed in the movies. Dickie Winslow, who appeared in both "Seed" and "Tom Sawyer" is one of her bright babes: Carmencita Johnson, age 7, is seen as Greta Garbo in her childhood, in "Susan Lennox"; and the baby, just a year old, is in constant demand, as for instance in Billie Dove's "The Age for Love." Remember how the father wakes up the baby and it cries and cries—that's Wynonah's baby, a cooey angel that everybody loves.
Now, Dickie and Carmencita get $150 a week when they are working, which is in about four pictures a year for several weeks. The baby gets anywhere from $7.50 to $25 a day, according to how long mama has to hang around between scenes. When Dickie Moore played in "Seel," before he was under contract, he received $200 a week. His contract is understood to be twice as good as that. It is interesting to note that both Dickie Windlow and Junior Coghlan, playing the same sort of rôle with the same number of lines in a Bobby Jones golf picture, received $75 and $25 a day respectively. One of the mamas, you see, was less good at bargaining. Many bright children receive $100 a day for two or three days' work. That was Junior Durkin's fee before he was under contract. It is said to have begun at $500 a week rising to $4000 a week in a couple of years.

Actually these movie children are amazingly well disciplined. They know that if they cut up and become a nuisance, it will be back to the suburbs for them. They are a good-tempered bunch of youngsters for the most part, very philosophical, and well aware that temperamental outbursts will make them a nuisance to studio, and they can act. Consider dear little Marilyn Harris in "Frankenstein," the baby the monster drowns. She only has a bit, but you'll never forget it. Or the bright galaxy of kids in "Over the Hill," Tom Conlon, Nancy Irish, Julius Molnar, Jack Sachey, and again, Marilyn Harris. Are they worth $150 a day? You bet they are.

The studios declare that children from the local families are invariably better disciplined than those from non-professional homes. However, Wynonah Johnson is a newspaper woman and her children work all the time, because they are such well-behaved youngsters.

If they are ever going to be spoiled, it usually comes after the success marked by fat contracts. Then so much depends on the quality of the home and parents in the background. The spoiled smart Alec youngsters are, however, happily rare. And there are clauses in contracts to protect studios against that, so parents find it highly worth-while to keep the home influence right.

Child stars, however, are not allowed to wallow in spending money. Jackie Cooper, for instance, gets about $3 a week and has to work for every dime beyond that.

Tad Alexander, seen with Will Rogers in "Ambassador Bill," being a newcomer, gets only 50 cents a week. Jackie Searle is a photocrat on $5 when he starts making a picture, and not another dime until it's finished. Then he celebrates. Even in his palmiest child-actor days, Jackie Coogan had to get his spending money in occasional dollars, not even a regular allowance. Bobby Coogan doesn't know anything about money yet—but he'll learn. Brother Jack's fortune, in trust for him, is said to be nearly $5,000,000.

Not Too Tough!
Continued from page 34

solemn little group walked Cagney himself, and climbed up on a stool at the lunch counter. It was like looking at a corpse, the executive said.

Spellbound, they waited to hear if the corpse would speak. Then Cagney's voice came to them, in modulated scholarly tones:

"I'll have a tomato salad with mayonnaise and a pot of black tea," it said.

You could have heard a goat whisper in the lunch room!

There is, so to speak, a mayonnaise and black tea side to this Irish Cagney. It is evidenced to you perhaps first in his exceptionally long blonde eyelashes and large blue eyes, and silky red hair that might have been his mother's pride and joy.

You get another bit of it when he quotes you a line or two from "John Brown's Body" by the poet-novelist, Benet. Or when he analyses a sequence in one of the Russian pictures. Or when he points out that the humor of Rene Clair's excellent picture, "Le Million," was essentially Gallic, and therefore forever impossible of emulation by the Anglo-Saxon.

You get still more of it when he talks about his own brand of art, his own acting, sketching for you some of the reasons for the change in public opinion which has made it possible for such former heavies as Wallace Beery, Chester Morris, Clark Gable and himself, Cagney, to slip across the thin dividing line which separates villainy from heroism.

Intelligently, he tells you what speech has contributed to this effect, giving as his reason that speech shows the man, reveals the well-springs of his inner emotional make-up as action alone can never do.

"When you hear a man talks," he says, "you get a notion of how his mind works. And when you know how a man's mind works, you realize something of his similarity to yourself. Once that's accomplished, you can't bring yourself to hate everything the villain does, because if you do you begin to hate yourself, knowing that you yourself are capable of the same action. Circumstances alone have made the difference."

And if that isn't shrewd reasoning, then the old French proverb which reads that "To understand all is to forgive all" is a lot of applesauce.

Perhaps by this time you are thinking:

"The fellow is one of those so-called highbrows."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. How can anyone be highbrow who played over a vaudeville circuit for five years? How can anyone be highbrow who began his career upon the stage as a chorus boy in a cream-tart called "Pitter Patter?"

His sports are boxing, punching the bag, swimming, playing tennis and baseball, and driving his car—none of them very highbrow.

I have said he drives a car. He does. But his wife has to tell him when to put water in the battery, when to have it recharged, when to fill the tires, when oil goes, and what spark plugs are. It's all a Chinese puzzle to the heir of the Cagney fortunes.

Don't know what makes my watch run, do I?" he asks. "Why should I have to learn about this juggernaut?"

And as a consequence he had to have his Cagney roadster insured. "I got it started for a period of almost a week before I discovered that the battery was dry. Then his wife had to tell him. She helps him in other ways.

Together they slip into the neighborhood theaters where his pictures are playing to listen to the reaction of the audiences.

"How do you explain the fact that women like your pictures?" I asked.

"You must admit that you're not exactly the straight story book type, the story books glorify and make feminine hearts got pitty-pat.""It's because women are more or less fascinated by bravishness," he answered. "Listen some night at a prize fight. It's always the women who are thirsty for blood, who yell for a knockout. They
It's just Kookak-on-the-Los-Angeles," he said.

There still exists in Hollywood, and especially among old-time motion picture people, the superstition that stage actors imported from New York like to speak lines. Cagney certainly is a stage actor, and he is from New York. He has played in such hits as Maxwell Anderson's "Outside Looking In," "Women Go On Forever" and in the "Grand Street Follies." And with Joan Blondell, he was the hit of George Kelly's play, "Maggie the Magnificent."

But it doesn't follow that he likes to speak lines merely for the sake of speaking lines.

I sat by him while he pored over a bit of the script of his present play, "Taxi," at the Warner lot in Burbank. Burbank lies in the San Fernando Valley, which has a penchant for heat. The day was hot, the stage was hot, and it would have been comfortable to sit and merely hold between calls to appear on the set.

But he was going over the lines, mumbling them, and between them mumbling something that sounded strangely like "Ten-twenty-thirty"—but I can't be sure.

Of this much, however, I am sure. I saw him go over to Director Roy Del Ruth, saw them put their heads together, saw Del Ruth nod in agreement a number of times as Cagney talked.

And when they shot the scene, which was a long love scene with flowery lines, most of the talk that I had read in the script was left out, and instead of acting the love scene with talk, he acted it with motion and a gag.

He took Loretta Young in his arms and jigged her about a bit, whistling; and as they danced he slipped a ring on her hand, which lay lightly on his shoulder. She saw the ring in a mirror behind him and stopped dancing to look at it. Then she looked at him, still speechless. He kissed her.

It became all at once a natural, simple and delightful little scene, and perfectly in character. And it revealed something of Cagney's intelligence.

To the casual observer Jimmy Cagney appears to be a happy-go-lucky Irish boy set down in the sunshine and pe of Hollywood. The close observer will find a serious-minded young actor who would like to play on the stage in London, because there is to be found the most critical and discerning audience in the world; and one who is hard at an art in which success is sometimes found by the lucky, but which, nevertheless, has its own rewards for those who put in long hours and hard labor mastering its intricacies.

The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 98

into the roots, you can encourage their growth splendidly. Persistence is necessary, however, in the growth of lashes—but there's never any use in being discouraged. Get right after them.

If you're just bewildered by all the many different perfumes, you'll be safe in buying "Feu Follet" made by Roger and Gallet. Ask for "Flame of Folly" if you don't know how to pronounce the French. Its charm, however, is perfectly understandable in any language. In fact, it says a great deal to the senses—and that's a universal tongue. N'est ce pas?

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
Vocal Girl Makes Good
Continued from page 62

Louise Dresser, one of the foremost screen mothers, is guaranteed to increase the consumption of handkerchiefs whenever she hits her stride.

the kind of part I had. How can anybody be convincing as a sly, sinking charmer in Algeria?"

And of her still better acting in "Street Scene," which won her wide critical approval: "It was a lucky thing for me that I was among such a grand bunch of actors. You couldn't go wrong with that cast to back you up."

As a singer, yes. As an actress, decidedly. But as a critic, she leaves a lot to be desired.

It was while Estelle was relaxing from the arduous of picture work that someone decided, without bothering to seek her opinion, that her low, vibrant voice should have a future if set to music. So she was dragged, kicking and screaming (though on key, be it said) to the studio of Francis Stuart, that veteran voice teacher who has had a hand in the development of many of the current operatic magnificos. Her singing voice, surprisingly enough, is soprano, and better in the higher registers than in the lower. After one audition, Maestro Stuart told her that she definitely belonged, and every one else who has heard her has agreed; and some day, perhaps, Estelle herself may come around to their way of thinking.

If Miss Taylor should choose the path of musical comedy for a season it will be certainly a return to an old love, for her first acting experience was gained on the stage. When she was eighteen, after an early unsuccessful attempt at marriage with one Kenneth Peacock, she decided to fulfill a childhood ambition to act, and came to New York from Wilmington, Del., her birthplace, to enter the Sargent Dramatic School. Her début on the stage was made in "Come On, Charlie," with Lynn Overman. After continuing for a time in minor stage parts she found her way to the Coast, and before long was being seen in such pictures as "The Ten Commandments," "Honor Bound," "Singapore," and "Don Juan," the last-named with John Barrymore. Her later roles in such outstanding pictures as "Cimarron," "Street Scene" and "The Unholy Garden" have brought her into still greater prominence as a featured screen player, "Carmen" would merely be one more logical step forward. However she may choose between the two well-carpeted paths that now stretch out before her, Estelle's future is, for the time being at least, no cause for great concern. As to marriage, she isn't thinking about that. But her trimming spirits, her still abundant youth, and her general unsuitability for the chaster sort of life will probably settle that question for her. Estelle, in short, gives the lie to another old proverb—for it would never take nine Taylors to make a man!

Confessions of Mickey Mouse
Continued from page 33

so much of that endorsing idea, though of course I've been approached since I became famous. But I think maybe I'll let them use my signature on my favorite brand of hats—they're so nice to sleep in. I wouldn't take the money, of course; my idea is to use it to start a fund for the abolition of mousetraps. Talk about hobbles, that's mine. You know what they say about the man who makes a better mousetrap than his neighbor—that the world will beat a path to his door? Well, my idea is to change the slogan to: 'The world will beat him senseless.'

"How do I do all those acrobatic stunts like rushing through a window with my tail and getting off my head and carrying it under my arm? Well, that would be giving away the secrets of the trade—but anyway, Walt taught me all of 'em, and believe me it was a grind. But it's a cinch when you've learned how. Look!"

With one step he had crossed the room and was running up the wall. He trotted carelessly up to the ceiling, where he did a brief tap dance, ending by stretching his tail down to touch the floor and sliding down it fireman fashion.

"Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, just try it some time!"

"Things aren't so bad with me at that," he added after a moment's reflection. "No use kicking, especially when I think of all the deserving mice who haven't even got a job. I'm well taken care of, and have my career, and all—except one thing." A shadow passed over his face.

"What's that?" I asked sympathetically.

"Why, it's those danged extras who support me in my pictures," he said slowly. "I mean especially the fellows who furnish the menace, whose job it is almost to get me on the screen. Well, how do I know but that some big bruiser of a hungry dog or cat won't get absent-minded and actually finish me some time while we're shooting? I interview every applicant for a part personally, give 'em intelligence tests and everything, but suppose sometime—just suppose—Oh, golly!"

"MICK-EY! MICK-EE!" came a voice through the thin wall of the den.

"Sh-h-h! They've missed us," said the boy star. "Come on—and you won't blab on me, will you?"

He flung open the little door, we glided through and out from behind the protecting tapestry, and busied ourselves looking at

On location! Mickey Mouse and his leading lady, Minnie, hike out into the desert on location for one of Mickey's thrillers.
the books on the nearby shelves. A quiet-looking, bespectacled, gentlemanly strode over and grasped Mickey firmly by an ear.

"Where have you been, young fellow?" he chided, trying not quite successfully to suppress a smile. "Playing hookey again, eh?"

"Wh-why, no, Boss," said Mickey, "I was just showing this visitor my first editions."

"Has he been filling you up with all that bunk about his love life?" laughed Mr. Disney. "Mickey is an awful rone, isn't he? Come on now, old timer, you've got to rehearse some scene where you play a saxophone solo on an elephant's trunk."

"So long," waved Mickey. "And say," he added in a whisper, "droop in again next week. I'm getting in a new stock of fro-mage—genuine stuff, right off the shelf!"

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Garbo and Novarro Together!

*Continued from page 21*

John Gilbert is the only actor who has ever worked with Garbo in a succession of pictures. Their screen love almost developed into a wedding. They got to the point of taking out a marriage license, when Greta backed down. Since then she has shown no personal interest in any of her heroes.

Is there a possibility that Ramon did his love scenes in "Mata Hari" so well that Greta will become really interested in him? Two of them have such a great deal in common. When the cameras started to click they forgot everything else, throwing themselves wholly into their work. And, if it's of any importance, they made all the love scenes first—before getting around to the rest of the story.

Gilbert failed to see anything permanent to Garbo because he is totally different in temperament from her. He is the typical American who likes crowds, gayety, noise. Ramon is no more like the average American than is Greta. He craves solitude, and lots of it.

They say, the Hollywood gossips, that Garbo was in love with Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director who got her contract and then, a flop himself, went back to Sweden and died. But all hearts will heal with time. It has been more than three years since she showed the flicker of interest in Gilbert. Must her lonely life not pall sometimes?

Ramon has never been in love. That is, as far as Hollywood knows. He outlined for me such a definite philosophy on the subject that I almost suspect he has had love and lost. He has been living a broken heart all these years, perhaps time has healed it and through the magic of camera love he may find the woman who will bring him happiness.

"I do not believe in trying to hold love," he told me. "The dramatic declaration which most every man or woman makes to his or her sweetheart when the other one has grown cold: 'I gave up all for you!' is the most foolish statement I have ever heard. That shows that one has loved selfishly.

"If you really love a person you want them to be happy. Their joy is paramount, rather than your own. If the fire of your love and want to be with someone else, you will gladly sacrifice and relinquish. You get your reward in doing for them. Every day you are helping your loved one to get your own happiness. Be honest and not selfish."

Anyway, suffering and grief make us appreciate happiness, there is no such thing as earthly happiness, to be truthful. All of us have something to worry about. Money, fame, position, success—even with them you can be unhappy. The best we can attain is a sort of inner peace. A clean body and a clear mind seem the best road to it."

"I think we take ourselves too seriously. What are we but little bits in a great phenomenon? We should realize that we are but little bits in a great phenomenon? We should realize that we

---

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are all in God's hands. Life, to me, is like being afloat on the ocean. It is better to put your faith in God and drift than to struggle defiantly and drown. Surely, I believe in making an effort. But I am sure we are guided by some power above us."

Garbo's sweeping disregard of Hollywood adulation shows even more eloquently than words that she agrees with Ramon. She is the only feminine star in the history of the colony who has refused to be feted and entertained.Serene and indifferent, she reigns supreme. Individualism is a fetish with her. Personal habits,likes and dislikes, are strictly her own affair. Let others blindly follow fads. She will have none of them. And her whole career has been based upon a naive faith that all will come out right if it is so meant.

Certainly no two people are as agreed on the value of the simple life as Greta and Ramon. Long, solitary walks and energy-giving sun baths constitute her daily routine. Ramon arises at seven a.m. every morning, including Sundays, and takes a cold shower and exercises. He will admit that he doesn't always feel like it, even as you and I! But he insists that it's the only way to get results. System! Concentration! Success! Just like that.

I had hoped I could get him to tell me more about how it felt to be working with Garbo. But he is a true gentleman. (One more reason why she likes him better than any other actress she has ever worked with.)

"The first day both of us were nervous," he admitted. "After that we got along fine together. I admire Greta's artistry even more, now that I have acted with her. People have no idea how painstakingly she figures out lines and situations.

"And," he added significantly, "I admire her far too much to dislike her in any way! You know how she resents having those who know her make printed remarks about her, no matter how complimentary. Therefore," he tossed off my queries with that charming smile of his, "I will kindly not be asked what I think of Miss Garbo's personal characteristics!"

I came away from him, however, with the impression that he thinks she is grand. He wouldn't answer such silly (but interesting!) questions as: How does it feel to be Garbo's screen lover? But he praised her acting and sportsmanship in no uncertain terms.

"Wouldn't it be a super-romance if these two love-ly idols really fell in love? If you like them well enough in "Mata Hari" to demand repeat performances of their screen love scenes, perhaps they might take their work so seriously that—oh, well! It would be a thrilling combination, wouldn't it?"

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See Page 12 for the announcement of the winners in SCREENLAND'S Star Shadow Contest

Richard Dix Tells Why He Married

Continued from page 23

Merely a sedate handshake! The dignified Dixes—Richard and Winifred Coe—are one bridal couple who insist on exercising restraint whenever there's a camera anywhere about.

would come of their being seen together. Only their families knew of their intentions. Needless to say, both sets of parents highly approved of the match.

You may suppose that as important a star as Richard Dix would have plenty of time to get married, but you're mistaken. The studio, not dreaming of his bridal plans, demanded his time more than ever. He had to be at work every day. Then came a short lay-off. That was their chance!

Richard chartered an airplane and the whole wedding party elapsed to Yuma. (Dorothy Mackaill, June Collyer, and Mary Astor recently went to the same city to be married. California has a three-day marriage law, you know. Imagine a movie star trying to get a little privacy when the reporters are warned in advance!)

"Accompanying us were Winifred's mother, Mrs. W. Scott Coe, of San Francisco; my father, E. C. Brimmer; my sister-in-law; and J. Walter Ruben, who directed my last two pictures and who was our best man. We were married in the county courthouse.

"And then the trouble began! We had a three-motored plane and intended to get back to Los Angeles early the same evening of the day we left. But as we neared Palm Springs we ran into an awful fog.

Added to that was a terrific head wind. The pilot radioed to Los Angeles for instructions. By that time I was consoling myself with the fact that the wedding had taken place before we got up there in that predicament. The way we were tossing about it looked as though our marriage had been made on earth but was going to end in heaven!

The pilot was instructed to land. So we had to make a forced landing near Palm Springs. Men made an impromptu field by turning their automobile headlights on a bumpy piece of land. So with only those dim lights and the airplane's landing lights we tried to come down to earth.

"The first time the pilot tried it the ground threatened to cooperate in a manner not at all to our liking. We tried to land a second and a third time, unsuccessfully. The fourth time we made it. Whew!

"The rest of the honeymoon was enjoyed on land. We managed to get several cars at Palm Springs and drove on in to Los Angeles. Then Winifred and I spent a week at Seabreeze, a very rural part of my life, or need I add that? Wasn't I glad that I had kept the ranch's location a secret? You bet!

"This one week is the only honeymoon they have had so far. Rich had to get back to work, and week-end trips to their mysterious hide-away must suffice in place of a real wedding trip. They are living at the Ambassador for the time, too engrossed in each other's company to settle down to house-keeping for a while yet. They intend to rent a home in Beverly Hills as soon as they can get around to picking one out. Winifred is the type who can't do everything just so and she has all sorts of wonderful plans for an ideal house which will suit Rich's every whim.

The marriage marks the beginning of a new chapter in Richard Dix's life. He has had a colorful one since the day he hor- rified his family by quitting college to adopt the drama. He was graduating Johns Hopkins University and Rich was slated to follow in the elder son's medical footsteps. But he was stage-struck and insisted upon picking his own life work.

When he ended his college course he got himself a job in a St. Paul architect's office,
Montgomery’s Mask
Continued from page 54

and attended a drama school at nights. Eventually he got a regular job in a local stock company at fifteen dollars a week. His family were not at all impressed and predicted a dismal future if he persisted in his foolhardy course.

Rich, full of youthful ambition, went to New York feeling sure that he would conquer Broadway. Instead he soon found himself glad to get jobs in second-rate companies touring small towns. He did this for three years until he decided to take a chance on conquering the Los Angeles rialto. Fate was considerably kinder and if he had failed to make a dent on Broadway’s heart he made up for it somewhat by becoming the matinee idol of Los Angeles. For two years he was leading man for the Moroso Stock Company.

The first time he thought of the movies his hopes were squelched by Charlie Chaplin’s assertion that he wouldn’t do at all. Charlie said Rich would not screen well. Fortunately, First National did not pay any attention to the comedian’s opinion and in 1921 Rich was signed for his first picture, the lead in “Not Guilty.” A two-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn followed, during which he built up a name for himself in comedy dramas.

His first opportunity to do a real drama on the screen was “The Christian.” He went to Paramount and for five years was outstanding there, gradually changing from a juvenile into a seasoned actor. When the powers-that-be at Paramount forgot his stage training and doubled his talkie ability, Radio grabbed him. They made a mint on his marvelous characterization in “Cimarron” and have promised him more fine roles. His latest is “The Lost Squadron,” which looks like another hit.

Today Richard Dix is at his zenith. Success and the perfect companion are now his. Hollywood is truly glad that its favorite bachelor has at last found the girl of his dreams. He himself answers the question of “Why did you finally marry?” with this old, but ever-new phrase: “I fell in love.”

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Bob Montgomery with the leering mask that grins down at him from his dressing room wall—symbolic of the mask behind which Bob himself habitually retires.

any success, enough so that people were interested in me, I'd make a sharp line between my personal and professional affairs. He liked anything, work and things like that, but not about my own private life.

"But you can't do it, because your two lives get so mixed up that you can't tell them apart. You say to people outside the profession that you envy their privacy, their ability to go places and buy things and eat and dance without being noticed. But deep down in your heart you know that, if all that attention were taken away from you, you'd miss it like fury. It grows on you."

Bob grinned with the admission. After all, he's only twenty-odd and plenty human.

"The other day I was up at Reg Denny's mountain place. There's one spot where Reg's friends can go and get away from the entire world. I got a hurry call to report immediately to the studio. It happens that I know one of the county motorcycle policemen. He met me in one of the little towns on the way back. Traffic was thick and I had to make time, so he offered to clear the way for me and take me in.

"That was a real thrill. He rode in front of me, sounding his siren, and we passed everything between the mountains and San Bernardino. I felt like a king, or, at least, a president. It had been only three days before that I had informed my friends that I was going into the mountains to get away from people. I had to laugh at myself."

That explains the leering mask over the dressing table. Bob is determined not to take himself seriously. He is going to laugh at himself and to continue to do so.

But Bob takes everything else seriously. Particularly his work. When he first came to Hollywood, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer put him in one picture after another, sometimes in two or three at once. He jumped from the leading role opposite Norma Shearer to a brief bit in a Buster Keaton comedy.

He uttered not one word of complaint. Having come from the New York stage. He kept his mouth closed, listened to direction, learned his lessons in a screen technique utterly foreign to him, was pleasant and courteous to everyone. And he emerged as one of the scant half dozen or so who stayed to reach stardom.

Now, sitting in his dressing room, he can talk about those years with a smile. But he is frank to admit that there were times when he wanted to throw the whole thing up, to pack his trunk and go back to the stage. He made few friends and clung to his old New York companions, Elliott Nugent, Chester Morris and a few others. He hid his unhappiness and fear under a mask of bravado and flippancy.

He used plain, common sense and won.

"I have learned one thing and that is not to expect anything, just to take things as they come," Bob said for a fresh cigarette. "For two years I looked forward to new trip back to New York. I planned and dreamed of going back. Then, when I did get the vacation, I was sick almost all the time. I made up my mind that I'd never plan again."

The telephone bell rang. Someone knocked at the door. Bob grinned and put on his mask. He wearily flipped over the phone. He made flippanc remarks to the person at the door. He called foolish nothings to Joan Crawford who was passing the open windows. He disappeared for a moment and returned, dragging Reg Denny with him.

The show was on. Over the dressing table that horrible face grinned down at the goings-on. And Bob Montgomery grinned right back at it!
Neil Hamilton's Magic Corner

Continued from page 86

don't want them to notice—the hand that really holds the coin.

This is the secret of misdirection, on which all tricks depend, from the simplest coin "vanish" to the most elaborate state illusion. Houdini used to say that if he could grip the audience's attention firmly enough and hold it on himself, they could walk an elephant behind him on the stage and the spectators wouldn't notice it.

With this in mind as the first lesson, I am going to describe a little trick that is perfect at the dinner table, or at a gathering of friends.

"I would like," the performer remarks, "to borrow a half dollar—not because I haven't got one, but because it's always better to take risks with the other people's money."

He drops the handkerchief over it, so that the middle covers the coin, then with his other hand, grips the coin, through the handkerchief, holding it by its edges.

"Will you hold it as I am doing?" he requests one of the company. When this is arranged, he holds the glass of water under the handkerchief, and below the coin.

"Drop it," he instructs. The coin is heard to drop in the glass—but when the handkerchief or napkin is whisked away it has vanished.

The performer can find it on the floor, in another person's pocket, or under a napkin on the table—or pull it out of somebody's sleeve.

In the next issue I will explain the exact method of doing the trick, which I believe is one of the most effective small tricks, and perfect for the amateur as it requires a minimum of sleight-of-hand, and only a move that the most unpracticed can easily master.

How is it done?

Think it over—and see if you can explain it yourself.

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 11

can't he sing more in pictures like "The Pagan," "In Gay Madrid," and "Devil May Care"?

Without Novarro's singing, his pictures scarcely seem Novarro pictures.

Charles Markum,
81 Ward Street,

KEEP THE PLOT BOILING!

Why is it that the critics seldom, if ever, give us a real criticism of the stories of photodramas? They always find some fine point in each picture to exalt, such as the scenery, acting, costumes, or some such feature. The story is the thing; and today more than ever we need good stories. Some of the finest of talent, and huge sums of money, are spent on entirely worthless plots. The critics have it within their power to create the general atmosphere of motion picture productions.

Let the critics take more interest in the story, the foundation of each picture. If

Color combination—red and gold. Helen Mack, red-haired young film "debutante," gets an earful from the blonde Minna Gombell.

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they insist that we have better stories, we undoubtedly shall have them, as there are plenty of writers waiting to create original stories when they can find a friendly reception for them.

Wilson Irving,
40 St. James Park,
Los Angeles, Cal.

ANOTHER "YOUNG" ACTOR

Speaking of new men, how about the very handsome young man who played Sally Elters' lover in "The Black Camel," and Dr. Claudet in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet?"

THE UNACCOUNTABLE GRETA

Greta Garbo—the name itself is suggestive of an exotic personality, mystery, romance, and something more.

It is that something more that makes Garbo what she is. It is nothing definite, nothing we can point out. It is not beauty; there are thousands of beautiful girls in Hollywood. It is not charm; practically all the actresses are charming. Then what is this thing that makes her appear different? No one knows. We can only sit and worship. Yes, we do worship her.

I can never understand why Garbo fans fear a usurper to her crown. There are, without doubt, many good actresses, but they just can't compare with this quiet person with a name untouched by the long tongue of scandal. She stands on a pedestal all her own. She is beautiful, alluring, glamorous, exotic—mysterious—but what is it? The main thing is, she's GARBO.

Mae Delgrego,
747 Dixwell Ave.,
New Haven, Conn.

Revuettes

Continued from page 6

good. Laurel and Hardy, with a screamingly funny story, do a burlesque on the Foreign Legion theme.

BEHIND THE MICROPHONE. Paramount. Authentic inside stuff on radio broadcasting, showing how a dramatic skit is projected over the ether. Well done.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. Vitaphone. Ripley, the big-bellied-it-or-not man, trots out some interesting oddities of North Africa. Novel and engaging.

CHINA. Educational. An amusing Terry-Toon with a new stunt, based on an Oriental idea.

FREE AND EASY. Vitaphone. A ventriloquist comedy that starts out great but sags badly. Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist, is good.

ONE MORE CHANCE. Educational. Despite a slight story, Bing Crosby's expert crooning makes this an agreeable croon.

OUTPOSTS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION. Educational. At last—some Foreign Legion occurs actually taken in Africa. An interesting Multicolor film.

PACK AND SADDLE. RKO-Pathé. Granthall Rice gives us a Spotlight with rather limited appeal, showing the joys of deer-shooting in the Rockies. If you're a huntman you'll enjoy it.

PAJAMA PARTY. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Don't let the title alarm—or intrigue you too much. Everything's on the up-and-up, and Thoma Todt and Ruby Petts make a funny comedy team.

SCRATCH AS SCRATCH CAN. RKO. Clark and McColough as a couple of resourceful agents corner their victim in a gym, and a hilarious workout results.

SEALED LIPS. Universal. One of the Shadow Detective Series. Pack with thrills and action.

SKIMPY. Tiffany. A Chimp comedy. Has a few laughs, but falls below the usual Chimp standard.

SELLING SHORTS. RKO-Pathé. Louis Barts dress his familiar waggish act in a funny film about a traveling salesman.

THE FLY GUY. Pathe. An Aesop's Fable about Mr. Fly, Miss Fly and the Big, Bad Bug. It's amusing.

TICKLE ME TOOT TOOT. RKO-Pathé. A musical film of light comedy. Has a few musical burlesques, but little else.


THE ROAD TO MANDALAY. Vitaphone. A picturization of Kipling's poem. Good travel film, out of the ordinary.

Short Features:

BARS AND STRIPES. Columbia. Your old pal Krazy Kat leads a military parade of musical instruments. Krazy is comical, and the music is snappy.

BEAU HUNKS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This is

A new Alice—and her name is Doll! Her work in "Her Majesty, Love," and "Safe in Hell" shows lots of promise on Alice's part.

Cast of Current Films

Continued from page 99


THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "The Collary" by Edward Knoblock. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: Madelon, Helen Hayes; Carlos, Helen Broder; Lewis Stone; Larry, Neal Hamilton; Dr. Claudet, Robert Young; Victor, Cliff Edwards; Dr. Dole, Jean Hersholt, Roxy, Marie Prevost; Alice, Karen Morley; Photographers, Charles Winninger, Hubert, Alan Hale; Roxy, Halliwell Hobbes; St. Jacques, Lennex Pawle; Claudet, Russ Powell.

THE SPECKLED BAND. Warner Brothers. From the story by Conan Doyle. Directed by Jack Raymond. THe cast: Dr. Rylott, Lyn Harding; Sherlock Holmes, Raymond Massey; Helen Stoner, Angela Baddeley; Dr. Watson, Athol Stewart; Mrs. Stilton, Nancy Price.

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME. Universal. Dedicado to the memory of Knute Rockne. From a story by E. Richard Schayer and Dale Van Every. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: Ruby O'Brien, Lew Ayres; Jim Stewart, William Balsam; Trudy Alladin; Andy Devine; Watty, Barry Barris; Coach, J. Farrell McDonald; Frank Carideo, Frank Carideo; The Four Horsemen, Don Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Harry Stoobred; Assistant Coach, Nat Pendleton; Peggy, Sally Blane; Adam Walsh; Ruby O'Connor; Moon Mullin; Moon Mullin; Art McManmon, Art McManmon; Al Howard; Al Howard; John O'Brien.

THE WOMAN BETWEEN. RKO. From the play by Irving Kaye Davis. Adapted by Howard Sudberry. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The
Ask Me!
Continued from page 100

V. M. The actor who played Bruce in "Not Exactly Gentlemen," was David
Worth. Richard Dix and Miss Winitred
Coe, a San Francisco society girl, were
married Oct. 20, 1931, at Yuma, Arizona.
Dix gave his name as Ernest Carlton Brimmer,
age 37. Josephine Brimmer, his sis-
ter, was bridesmaid. Don't miss the real
story of the Dix romance in this issue.

Just a Fan. I haven't any information
on Eddie Garr, the RKO vaudeville
performer you ask about. If he should go
Hollywood, I might get the low-down on
him. Robert Frazer's films of 1929 were
"Sioux Blood," "Women I Love," "Care-
ers," "Drake Case" and "Frozen Justice.
Robert was born in Worcester, Mass.,
on June 29, 1881. He is 5 feet 11½ inches
tall, weighs 168 pounds and has black hair
and brown eyes.

Thelma G. M. Thanks and many of
them to H. M. C. of Newport for the prin-
cipals of the cast of "One Exciting Night,"
a D. W. Griffith production of 1925. Carol
Dempster, Henry Hull, Irma Harrison and
Porter Strong were featured. Carol Dempo-
ter has retired from the screen; Mr. Hull
is on the stage, and Mr. Strong died in
New York in 1924. Miss Harrison plays
occasionally in D. W. Griffith pictures.

Jim Woo C. You tell me if I keep up
my good work in the "Ask Me" depart-
ment I'll find myself an editor some
day. Can I depend on that? I've been looking
for an editor for a long time. The studios
that employ child players have teachers

How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer
make no allowance for the trying time
of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstru-
aturing must not interfere with her easy,
effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career
was closed to any woman whose periods
were too severe. But this handicap has
now been removed. Women of the stage
(and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister
drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact,
is as harmless as the aspirin you take for
a headache. But one little tablet stops all
discomfort five to seven minutes after
it is swallowed! And if you anticipate
your time and take Midol just before,
you won't have even that first twinge
of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother
the dancer who has learned to rely on
Midol. She is always in line, on time,
on her toes and smiling. This merciful
medicine protects her from the possibility
of such pain for hours at a stretch. It
brings complete comfort, and it does not
interfere with the natural, normal men-
strual process. So, it's folly for any woman
to suffer at any stage of her monthly
period. Any drugstore has the slim little
box that tucks in your purse. Just ask
for Midol.
provided for them, embracing all the grades up to a certain limit. Jackie Coogan has been attending a military academy when not in pictures and Bobby Cooper is in school on the Paramount lot.

Burton G. B. When extras were called to appear in a scene of "Tonight or Never," Gloria Swanson's next picture one of the players proved to be Nick Caruso, a cousin of the late Enrico Caruso, the greatest operatic star of all time. Nick has been in pictures for two years. With the exception of Allison Skipworth, all of Gloria's supporting cast were in the original Broadway production. Gloria is now Mrs. Michael Farmer, and has gone to Europe with her new husband.

Curious Sally. What this world needs right now is a one dollar laugh for a nickel, but if you can catch me you can laugh at me for nothing. Una Merkel gives us a lot of laughs with her quaint perky little Merkel-isms and droll way of poking fun at her film partners. Una was born about 23 years ago in Covington, Ky. She has blonde hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet, 3 inches tall. She played with Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs," with Elisita Landi in "Wicked" and in "Terror by Night" with William Collier, Jr., and ZaSu Pitts.

Pentland C. The stars do not lay such stress on age as we fans do so when I fail to give the exact date of their birth, please don't hold that against me. Joan Marsh, real name, Dorothy Rosher, was born July 10, 1914, in Porterville, Cal. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. Sylvia Sidney was born Aug. 8, 1910, in New York City. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 164 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. Mary Doran was born in New York City but the year isn't mentioned. She is 5 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has blond hair and brown eyes. Margarette Churchill was born Dec. 25, 1911, and if I'm wrong, call me down. Her latest release is "Ambassador Bill" with Will Rogers.

Lisbeth L. Here's a suggestion for you: on themes played during the showing of features and serials—make a mental note of Director, Words and Music, Camera-man, Ensembles, Author, Editor, Scenarioist, Dialoguer, Title, Costumer, and so on down the line. If everything goes well, you may have time to tuck away a good map before the action begins. I haven't been able to get the name, if any, of the music used in the serial, "The Vanishing Legion," with Harry Carey, Edwina Booth, and Frankie Darro. I'll keep on trying and will slip you the good news if I hear it.

George S. Many a picture has had the acting line-up changed almost with the batting of an eyelash, so don't feel you are not correctly informed as to the movements of your favorite stars. They are assigned to a role, then taken out, titles changed at will and we are not consulted, but who cares, we see our favorites in some grade pictures, don't we? Tom Keene is not in "Suicide Fleet." Bill Boyd, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason are featured with Ginger Rogers and Harry Barrnnister in the film. John Wayne appears with Buck Jones and Susan Fleming in "The Range Feud."

Colin G. You are the first to ask about Ruth Hall but you won't be alone in your thirst for information about the promising young lady for just let SCREENLAND start something and you couldn't quell the riot with machine guns, and who wants to? In the December 1923 issue, you'll find Ruth making good as a dancer in Joe E. Brown's latest picture, "Local Boy Makes Good," with Dorothy Lee, Edward Woods, Edward Nugent and others. The film is from the play, "The Poor Nut."

Morris, Mary Brian Fan. Hollywood is not unlike any other town; happiness and heartaches, big money and no money at all—it's a gay life if you don't lead it. Mary Brian is holding her own very nicely, thank you, and she has not forsaken jumping gelatines. She plays with Leo Carrillo, Noah Beery and Russell Gleason in "Hom-i-cide Squad," her most current release. It is true that Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were married on Sept. 14, 1931.

Dorothy C. I have no cure for the heart trouble you enjoy when Anthony Bushell appears on the screen and it may cause a sharp twinge when I tell you he is happily married to Zelma O'Neal, the little red-headed cut-up of stage and screen. They've been married since Nov. 22, 1926. Anthony was born in Wesham, Kent, England, about 26 years ago. He has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. He attracted a lot of attention on the New York stage in 1927 when he played with the late Jeanne Eagles in "Her Cardboard Lover." He made his film debut with George Arliss in "Disraeli." He was splendid as Lieutenant Hibbard in "Journey's End."

Dorothy D. The class in pronunciation will please stagger forward. Joan Crawford's first name is one syllable, Joan.
Strange doings in the gas-house district! A whole crowd of men with queer-looking machines came around to listen in on Regan Toomey's and Marian Marsh's conversation. The picture is "Under Eighteen," Marian's first starring film. Watch for it!

Tibbett, Lupe Velez and Jimmy Durante. And incidentally, Jimmy's first screen entrance was with William Haines in "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." I'm still laughing.

Sunny, of South Africa. You are bubbling over with curiosity even since you became a film fan and I'm bubbling over with eagerness to welcome you to my department and ask you to come again. And that makes us film friends in a big way. Dorothy Lee is not related to David Lee, the tiny actor who played so delightfully with Al Jolson in "Sunny Boy." Dorothy's real name is Marjorie Millsap. She was born in Los Angeles, Cal., May 23, 1911. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 95 pounds and has curly brown hair and blue-grey eyes. She was married in 1930 to James Fider, a writer. They are now divorced. Bert Wheeler, one of the trio of Wheeler, Woolsey and Lee, has been married twice—the present wife is Bernice Speer. They have one child. Robert Woolsey was born Aug. 14, 1889, in Oakland, Cal. His wife is Mignon Reed, non-professional. Maurice Chevalier is 32 years of age. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. And have you noticed his contagious smile that lifts one out of the this and that? Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford have no children. Joan's latest film is "Possessed," with Clark Gable. Doug Jr.'s new picture is "Union Depot," with Joan Blondell.

The Heavenly Twins. A couple of ah's and yeah's for that one! "Possessed" is the final title of Joan Crawford's new picture. She heads a cast which includes Clark Gable, Wallace Ford and Skeets Gallagher. Nils Asther and Jimmy Durante have been added to the cast of M-G-M's adaptation of "Her Cardboard Lover" with Buster Keaton heading the list. This is Nils' first role since his recent signing of a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Vivian Duncan is Mrs. Asther, and there's a very ingratiating baby girl in the family.

Richard McG. Here we are all dressed up and every place to go and searching high and low for a record of the picture you ask about. Sorry to disappoint you. Jean Arthur is not on contract to any one studio but time flies with Jean for a nice fat part is always just around the corner for her to catch. Her latest releases are "The Virtuous Husband" with Elliott and J. C. Nugent and Betty Compson; "Ex-Bad Boy" with Robert Armstrong, and "The Lawyer's Secret" with Clive Brook, Richard Arlen, Charles Rogers and Fay Wray. Jean may take a flyer on the stage.

H. M. Whoopee. Are you one of the Rover boys or an Elsie Dinsmore girl? Constance Bennett was 26 on Oct. 3. Clark Gable is 30, William Collier, Jr., is 28, and Maurice Chevalier is 32.

Kathryn, Conn. Jeannette MacDonald is not married to Bob Ritchie but is thinking of it—and seriously. Billie Dove's bobbies are dancing, yachting, motoring, and traveling. Leila Hyams is 26; Dorothy Jordan is 21; Evalyn Knapp, 23, and Joan Blondell doesn't tell. You want to know all about Jack Oakie's latest flame—he has so many "latest flames" you can't pin him down to any particular one.

Leonard, N. Y. City. All the boys in the world must be movie-minded to judge from the number of letters in this month's mail. Joan Blondell, Lilyan Tashman and Natalie Moorehead are three gorgeous blondes. Edwina Booth was born 25 years ago in Provo, Utah. Her real name is Josephine Constance Woodruff.

C. A. B. So you've been a movie fan for years; as far back as the Bronco Billy days when movies were silent and the admission was five pennies and the packed-in audience all talked at once. You deserve a crown or a new feather in your cap. Marie Dressler did play Marion Davies' mother in "The Patsy," and Dell Henderson was Marion's screen father.

Betty B. I'm not able to quote salaries of the stars but I hear they are paid in a great big way. Olive Borden was a star,
Old Money and stamps

WANTED

POST YOURSELF: It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Martin wanted New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. P. at home $18 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

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252 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Dorothy Hall is all natural one— but not "just another one!" She's from the New York stage and she's good!

Blondes, blondes, blondes! Blondes, blondes, blondes!

Then a featured player, but marriage put a stop to her film work. She was married on March 28, 1931, to Theodore Spector. And the latest is that her marriage is on the rocks. Too bad.

N. H. H. What do you fans do with all the birthdays I give you? Here's another collection to paste in the hat. Marjorie Beebe was born Oct. 9, 1909, in Kansas City; Mrs. Leatrice Joy, Aug. 19, 1897, in New Orleans, La.; Monte Blue, Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1890; Stan Laurel, June 16, 1893, in Ulverston, England; Charlie Chase, Oct. 20, 1893; and Edward Everett Horton was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., but fails to tell the date.

Virginia H. You'd like to have a joint celebration and family reunion on August 20 of each year with some cinema star and who's the fortunate candidate? Sorry, but my Ethel's are all out, but would Jule Collyer and Leatrice Joy do, with Aug. 19 as a close second? Did you see "Forbidden Adventure" with Mitzi Green and a new kidde, Bruce Line? Here's a private tip-off from Miss Vee Deee—keep your eyes on that new boy, Bruce—if he's given a chance, you'll hear from him. Adorable child, or I don't know my line.

Andrew F. V. I hope you didn't place any fancy bets on my answer to your inquiry about the devilry of the name of the style and maker of the shirt, collar, and tie that John Gilbert wore in his picture, "Masks of the Devil." If you did, you're going to be a heavy loser. I've searched high and low for that shirt, collar, and tie, but John must have mislaid them. Ruth Elder and Roscoe Karns played with Richard Dix in "Morgan of the Marines." Roscoe was Richard's pal. There's a Mrs. Richard Dix now, you know.

Emma D. T. The romance of Gary Cooper and little Lupe Velez has gone into the they knew each other when period. Lack-and-a-day and how's your Aunt Minny? Gary is 30 years old and Lupe is about 21 or so. Alice White is now 24. Rumor says she is engaged to Cy Barlett and who am I to stir up an argument with Old Lady

Rumor? Charles Rogers is not married. His latest release is "The Road to Reno" with Peggy Shannon and Lilyan Tashman.

Cleopatra of Seattle. Pleased to meet you but where's Mark Anthony? The rest of the world, even as you and |, want to know about Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez. As near as I can gather the moss off the rolling stone, Lupe loves Gar-ce as much as can be expected after they have agreed to go their separate ways. In other words, as far as I know they are not speaking, Gary is in "I Take This Woman" with Carole Lombard. Lupe is in "The Squaw Man" with Warner Baxter. Her next will be "The Cuban Love Song" with Lawrence Tibbett. What a break for the little Lupe. And for Larry you'll see Mr. Cooper in "His Woman" next, with Claudette Colbert.

Mitzi L. Another recruit from the Broadway stage is Monroe Owsley, the Philip Craig of "Honor Among Lovers" with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. He played with Anna Harding in "Holiday," with Gloria Swanson in "Indiscreet," and in "This Modern Age" with Joan Crawford, Atlanta, Ga., was Monroe's birthplace. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 156 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes.

M. T. and J. P. The "other women" in the cast of "Today" with Catherine Dale Owen and Conrad Nagel were Sarah Pembroke, Edna Marion and Julia Swaine Gordon, but I think you refer to Judith Vosselli, she was also in the cast of "Inspiration" with Greta Garbo.

Ruth G. I'm sorry I can't arrange the starring teams as the fans would like. The producers seem to have a system all their own and I haven't as much influence with them as all that. Raman Narovaro's leading lady in his last release is Madge Evans, who was a well-known child actress. Dorothy Jordan plays opposite Robert Montgomerie in "Shipmates," and with Thomas Meighan and Hardie Albright in "Young Sinners."

B. L. John Gilbert's leading lady in his last two films has been Leila Hyams: "Gentleman's Fate" and "Phantom of Paris." If John is given the proper story

[Image]
and a good director, the fans will do all the lovely shouting. Go to it, John, we’re for you.

Miriam, I haven’t any stars’ birthdays for January 15 if you offer, but how will Kay Francis on the 13th and Bebe Daniels on the 14th do? Norma Shearer has two perfectly good blue-gray eyes and Barbara Stanwyck does not limp, within or without pictures. David Manners was born in Halfax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1902. He is 6 feet tall and has light brown hair and green eyes. David was married to Suzanne Busnell. Among his latest and best pictures are "The Millionaire" with George Arliss; "The Last Flight" with Richard Barthelmess, Helen Chandler and John Mack Brown; and "The Miracle Woman" with Barbara Stanwyck.

Jacques. I fully agree with you about Una Merkel—she is one of the clever comedians of the screen, with her delicious southern drawl. Give us more of Una, Mr. Fox. She was born 23 years ago in Covington, Ky. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and was on the screen about seven years ago but gave it up for the stage. She made her first talking picture in 1930, appearing in "Abraham Lincoln." Since then she has made "Daddy Long Legs" with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter, "Wicked," with Elisa Landi, and her next is "She Wanted the Millionaire." Betty Bronson’s new picture is "Lover Come Back" with Constance Cummings and Jack Mullahy. You wouldn’t know howie as the little vamp in her last release—not the Peter Pan of Betty’s type by a couple of hi-hos, not to say ho-hums!

Emily. As you have been a movie fan of long standing or long suffering, did you say—you are entitled to know the real names of your favorites. Clara Bow, Robert Montgomery, Charles Farrell and Ronald Colman are just that in private life, but Greta Garbo is Greta Gustafsson, John Gilbert is John Pringle, Ann Harding’s family name is Gately, Ramon Novarro was Ramon Samenigos and Richard Cromwell is Roy Radabaugh to his home town folks.

Jeanette T. The women in "The Vice-Squads" with Paul Lukas were Kay Francis and Helen Johnson. Barry Norton played the male lead in "Fleetwing." Barry is 27 years old and still a bachelor. His last picture was "Dishonored" with Marlene Dietrich. Phillips Holmes was "discovered" by Paramount executives when he was a sophomore at Princeton University. They were filming a Buddy Rogers picture, "Varsity," when Phil was cast for a minor part. Paramount was "Varnum's" first talking-sequence release. Phil is one of Hollywood’s youngest film players—he was just 22 on his last birthday, July 28. In two years he has risen from a player of minor roles to the job of heading all-star casts. He appears with Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy" and with Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed."

Babe F. Warren Hymer played with Edmund Lowe in "Born Reckless." He was Big Shot, but he did not appear in "The Unholy Three." You have him confused with Ivan Linow. Musical films are coming back, as evidenced by the enthusiastic reviews of "The Smiling Lieutenant" with Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins. Miriam was born in Bainbridge, Ga. She has silvery-gold hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is the wife of Arthur Parker, well-known writer. Her first film was "Fast and Loose" from the stage play, "The Best People." Miriam’s new film is "Twenty-four Hours."

Flower from Egypt. How did you find your way over here? Now that you have been introduced to Screenland, how’s the sphinx and the rest of the folks? Richard Jones directed "Building Drummond." Rene Adoree has been ill for many months but is making a slow but complete recovery. The Hollywood players all read this department in the magazine and why not? Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born Dec. 7, 1907, in New York City. Joan Crawford’s real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Lew Ayres was born Dec. 28, 1909, in Minneapolis, Minn. Greta Garbo won the Honor Page in the April, 1930, issue. The first all-talking picture, "The Lights of New York," was a Warner-Vitaphone production, and a pretty crude affair, comparing it with the 1931 variety. But they had to start somewhere.
Lizbeth Anne. If you'll refer to page 96 of September Screenland, you'll find a long list of Sept. birthdays of the stars, headed by that courageous little Renee Adorée who is making such a splendid fight to regain her health. Esther Ralston, in private life, Mrs. George Webb, is the mother of a blue-eyed, dark-haired baby daughter, born on Aug. 10. Name, Mary Esther Webb. Remember Esther in "The Southerner" with Lawrence Tibbett? She intends to resume her screen work in a short time. Lupe Velez is called Loozie by her friends.

V. Brunet. The last work of that master director of the screen, Mr. M. Carné, was "Tabu," a haunting, dramatic romance of the South Seas, made with a native cast.

The musical score was by Hugo Riesenfeld, another master of his art. A highlight in the film is the singing and native hula dancing. Lilian Gish appeared in "Broken Blossoms" in 1919, and in "Way Down East" in 1920.

Hopeful and Anxious. If Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter could hear the praise they bestowed upon them, they'd be covered with confusion—but you aren't the only fan who can throw lilies and orchids at them. Screenland's Editor is not a man but a kind-hearted girl who is ever and anon giving deserving players a boost up the ladder of fame. Warner Baxter's latest releases are "Big Long Legs" and "The Cisco Kid." Janet's next will be "Delicious" with Charles Farrell.

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Continued from page 9

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Norma Shearer
Norma Talmadge
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Liza Vener
Lestor Vail
Lupe Velez

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta
Doroles Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Johanna Houdon
Arline Judge
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linder
Phillis Lord
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Pola Negri
Edna Mae Olivia
Robert Robinson

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen
Irène Dreyfus
Sarah Lee
George Arliss
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Winnie Lightner
John Barrymore
Gladsy Ford
Lucien Littlefield
Richard Barthelmess
Kay Francis
Lotti Lodi
Joan Blondell
Ruth Hall
Ben Lyon
Lillian Bond
James Hall
Dorothy Mackail
Lily Damita
James Bond
Arthur Lake
Mae Madison
Bebe Daniels
Evelyn Knapp
David Manners
Loretta Young
Bebe Daniels
Fred Kohler
Marian Marsh
Richard Mill

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson
Ann Dorovak
Myrna Loy
Hardie Albright
Sally Eilers
Sharon Lynn
Luna Almanza
Charles Farrell
Helen Mack
Warner Baxter
John Garrick
Kenneth MacKenna
Irene Bennett
Janet Gaynor
Mona Maris
Humphrey Bogart
Warren氢syr
Victor McLaglen
El Brendel
Richard Keene
Thomas Meighan
Marguerite Churchill
J. M. Kerrigan
Conchita Montenegro
Joyce Compton
Elissa Landi
Lois Moran
Donald Dillaway
Evelyn Knapp
Greta Nissen
Fifi Dorsay
Edmund Lowe
George O'Brien
Sisters Under the Chin

Continued from page 61

why she is guarding her beauty now for more good times to come. That's why she cleans her face thoroughly before she goes to bed to sleep at least eight hours. And that's why she has thrown her pillow away. Good-night! Sweet dreams that can all come true!

And by the way, don't forget to come to me with all your personal beauty problems. I'll be glad to help you. State the problem as briefly as possible, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope so that my reply will be sure to reach you.
He looks at home—and he is! Dick Arlen takes a few sniffs of the verdure surrounding his house at Toluca Lake, Calif. Dick is the Mayor out there, you know—the other five or six inhabitants gave him the job!

Arlen Minus Makeup
Continued from page 83

that rôle. However, I enjoyed making 'Touchdown.' That's the sort of picture I like. Norman McLeod, the director, and I worked day and night on it. Joby was swell, too. Some of the best gags in the picture were supplied by her. (Joby, of course, is the Missus.)

"McLeod and I were in the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and we've been buddies ever since. Norm and I are going to make an air picture after I finish 'Wayward' with Nancy Carroll. It's a good story and I'm looking forward to it."

Dick, in case you don't know, is a man of affairs out on the coast, and the press of big events won't let him stay East for long.

"I've got to dash right back to California as soon as I complete 'Wayward.' I have an important political campaign on my hands. I don't know whether you know it or not, but I'm Mayor of Toluca Lake, and have been for the past five years. Charlie Farrell used to be a big-shot, too—he was our Fire Chief. But he did us dirt by moving out of town, and now we can't have a fire!"

"I'm really quite worried about my career right now. My political career, I mean. You see, I'm having keen competition this year from one of the other half-dozen inhabitants of Toluca Lake, and I'm liable to lose the election if I'm not on hand to vote for myself!"
SCREEN NEWS

Continued from page 97

mother, was a witness for Lucy. She is a tiny, fashionable, sophisticated little person, who is very short-sighted but positively won't wear glasses.

"I'm just too vain to wear the odious things," she smiles, frankly.

Imagine the excitement of having two such favored stars as Garbo and Novarro in the same picture! Reports are that Ramon is exceptionally fine in "Mata Hari," a spy story, Garbo's next release. You'll see the fictionization with lots of luscious new pictures, in the next issue of Screenland.

When the stars talk over the microphone at grand premières, all they can ever think to say is "I'm so glad to be here. I know this is going to be a wonderful picture." Even Clark Gable, who had dodged these events hitherto and had waxed sarcastic about the paucity of ideas, found himself saying the same old goulash. But Jimmy Durante, now, the fellow who first delighted us in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," is something else yet again. At the première of "The Champ," at which Vice-President Curtis and Dolly Gamm were guests of honor, he gurgled, "I'm awful flustered, I don't know which side of Mrs. Gamm I should stand on."

You will recall Mrs. Gamm's fight anent her social status in Washington and the matter of diplomatic etiquette. Poor Dolly had to stand a lot of sly joshing on this score in Hollywood.

It doesn't sound very romantic, and then, too, there's the wave of vegetarianism that has swept the country. But Conrad Nagel, of all people, is owner of a brand-new meat market in Hollywood. If only Conrad could be induced to sell the fancy cuts himself, vegetarianism would suffer a violent slump in that neighborhood.

When a young lady walked into a newspaper office to place an advertisement to sell her cottage by the sea, the clerks gasped with excitement. Marion Davies, as you live! But no, it turned out to be Miss Esther Lloyd of Beverly Hills, who is the "spittin' image" of Marion, as the saying goes. But Esther, it seems, really has doubled for Marion in many long shots so it's no wonder.

Now she's going to open a beauty parlor and cash in on the likeness.

When we had our fancy Malibu tennis tournament, Dolores Del Rio put up a lovely bracelet for the ladies' first prize, which was won by a thrilled little fifteen-year-old girl, Bonnie Miller, who played with Gilbert Roland in the finals. Gilbert received the gold pencil and pen put up by Ronald Colman.

They urgently needed a double for Wally Beery recently, and a phone call came to say there was a chap in the county jail who answered the description nicely.

"What's he in for?" demanded Wally.

"For wrongfully impersonating Mr. Wally Beery," he was told.

Now did that fellow get the job, or didn't he?

Brilliant opening of the social season when the Mayfair Club started winter activity. Over 700 people attended, and at least 300 of them were somebody in particular. Just think of all your favorite stars and you'll have the list. Oh, a gorgeous sight—all the stars in new clothes and jewels and their most aristocratic behavior.

Doris Kenyon is proving herself a feminine rival to Lawrence Tibbett. Only recently she gave a very versatile concert in Los Angeles, including Japanese, German, French and English songs. Fine! But don't forget the movies, Doris!
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By Patricia Gordon

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[ ] Theatre [ ] Gold [ ] Tan [ ] Nude

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Marie DRESSLER

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with CONRAD NAGEL

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

DOROTHY JORDAN

MARIE PREVOST

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
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WARNER OLAND in another amazing adventure of Earl Derr Biggers' master sleuth! With eyes that see all, lips that tell nothing, Charlie Chan unmasks the most sinister crime of his career. Directed by John G. Blystone, with Alexander Kirkland, H. B. Warner, Marian Nixon, Linda Watkins . . . A mighty murder mystery!
March, 1932
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GAYEST SCREEN EVENT of the YEAR!

Chevalier! Captivating all the world with laughter and love!
Gay, irresistible, romantic!
Jeanette MacDonald—beautiful, tuneful sweetheart of "The Love Parade"!
Genevieve Tobin, brilliant comedienne!
Charlie Ruggles! Roland Young! What a cast! What a swell time you'll have at this Paramount Picture! What a swell time you have at all Paramount Pictures—always "the best shows in town"!

MAURICE CHEVALIER
IN AN ERNST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION
"ONE HOUR WITH YOU"
WITH JEANETTE MACDONALD
GENEVIEVE TOBIN • Charlie Ruggles
Roland Young

Under the supervision of
- - Ernst Lubitsch - -
Directed by George Cukor
Music by Oscar Straus

Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK
Sally Blane, Wallace Ford and Joyce Coad do nice work in "X Marks the Spot." This is a fast-moving murder mystery invoking a Broadway columnist.

Pictures—pictures! Let us help you select the best

Class A:

★ AMBASSADOR BILL. Fox. Will Rogers does his stuff as an American Ambassador. Not to be missed by Rogers fans.

★ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES. United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks presents the most interesting travelogue to date. Dong also supplies the film with clever chatter and descriptions. Don't miss this one.

★ ARROWSMITH. United Artists. Ronald Colman, Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett do justice to the Sinclair Lewis characters. A splendid film not to be missed.

★ HELL DIVERS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Thrilling red-blooded drama about air devils. With Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan, Marjorie Rambeau and Marie Prevost. See it.

★ POSSESSED. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Joan Crawford is splendid as a small-town girl who makes good in a big, if unconventional, way. Clark Gable not as exciting as usual. Blame the part.


★ OVER THE HILL. Fox. Bring along plenty of handkerchiefs and have a good time. Mae Marsh makes a great come-back in this talker of the old silent classic. Sally Eilers and James Dunn are graced, too.

★ SOOKY. Paramount. Not quite another "Skippy," but you'll love it! The three little musketeers, Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan, and Jackie Searl, are as delightful as ever.


★ TAXI. Warner Brothers. James Cagney does it again! He offers grand entertainment in his role of "hired-legged-but-hot-hearted" taxi driver. Lorettta Young is a charming heroine.

★ THE CHAMP. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You'll be talking about this picture for a long time. Wallace Beery and little Jackie Cooper are superb in their father and son roles.

★ THE SIN OF MADELEON CLAUDET. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Helen Hayes puts over this self-sacrifice mother-love drama with her marvelous acting. Don't miss it.


Class B:

★ A DANGEROUS AFFAIR. Columbia. Murder mystery with good comedy. Jack Holt and Ralph Graves are friendly enemies again. Sally Blane is the pretty femme fatale.

★ BRANDED MEN. Tiffany. If you have a yen for westerns—here's your meat. A cowboy-sheriff hero; bad, bad villains who frame the hero's brother; riding and plenty of gun fights. With Ken Maynard and June Clyde.

Let Screenland guide you to the best screen entertainment. Pay special attention to our Seal of Approval films. See page 85 for casts of current films


FRANKENSTEIN. Universal. First, consider your nerves, then see the most gruesome, terrifying film ever produced. Colin Clive, Mae Clarke and Boris Karloff are the principals.

GOOD SPORT. Fox. When the wife is away, the movie husband steps out again! But see how a modern wife handles the situation. With Linda Warken, Albin Osnat and John Bole.

HEAVEN ON EARTH. Universal. Almost a "Grade A" film, about shanty beaters in the Mississippi. Lew Ayres is splendid, and pretty Anita Louise is the girl.

★ HIS WOMAN. Paramount. The sea, complications between Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper, and baby Richard Soreo make things end well. No more—no less.

★ MEN IN HER LIFE. Columbia. Good melodrama involving a society lass who finds that a gentlemanly heart can beat beneath a poor man's vest. Featuring Lois Moran, Charles Bickford and Victor Varconi.

★ RICH MAN'S SPOILY. Paramount. A worthy but not altogether successful effort to transcribe Dickens' "Dombey and Son" to the screen. Good work by George Bancroft and Frances Dee.

SAFE IN HELL. First National. The story is a thrilling, red-meat melodrama, with a spirited performance by Dorothy Mackauil. Donald Cook and Ralph Hanke help the plot along.

SECRET SERVICE. RKO. Love-versus-duty. An old-fashioned drama of the Civil War with Richard Dix as a member of the Secret Service and Shirley Grey as a daughter of the South.

★ Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of Screenland's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 98)
...He takes life's corners on two wheels!

James Cagney

in

"Taxi"

Honk! Honk! Here comes Jim!...Rough...ready...romantic...The fighting-est, loving-est red head that ever skipped a "stop" light...He knows what's what...He's wise to every bright light on Broadway and speeds thru life to love—after a blow-out or two..."Taxi"—a dramatic cross section of life on the wisewalks of New York...Speedy...thrilling...glorious entertainment!

With

Loretta Young

George E. Stone

Guy Kibbee

Adaption and dialogue by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH
Clark Gable—man of the hour, of the month, and probably of this year—he is that popular! His latest release is "Hell Divers," which is reviewed in this issue. See Miss Vee Dee's paragraph about him, below.

Sunny Jim. Even big strong men are seeking information about the answer to sundry maiden's prayers—Clark Gable, none other. He was born Feb. 1, 1901, in Cadiz, Ohio, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds and has gray eyes and brown hair. He has been married over a year to his second wife, Rita Langham; he has a step-daughter who is about sixteen and a step-son of twelve. His present wife is not an actress. Clark has so many new friends scattered all over the world since his advent into pictures that he is swamped with letters; he is pleased, of course, but is still bewildered and says he doesn't quite know what it's all about. He has stepped into one good break after another since the directors "discovered" him—from "The Painted Desert," with Bill Boyd, "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Finger Points," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Laughing Sinners," "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and his latest releases, "Possessed" with Joan Crawford, and "Hell Divers" with Wallace Beery, Conrad Nagel and Dorothy Jordan.

Augusta C. You want something fresh about your favorite, Bela Lugosi. With such a dignified gentleman for a subject, that would be impossible. He came to America in 1921 and appeared in many stage productions and silent pictures. He was born in Lugos, Hungary, on Oct. 20, 1888. His real name is Bela Lugosi Blasko. Given name pronounced Be-lya. He is 6 feet 1 ½ inches tall, weighs 177 pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes. Not married. The man you refer to in "The Star Witness" and in Ruth Chatterton's "Laughing Lady" is Nat Pendleton.

Vick B. The sweetheart of all your dreams, Clara Bow, will be seen in another picture if popular demand means anything. My personal nomination on her best release was her last picture, "Kick In." Then Clara lost out and we've been waiting for her to come back with one just as good. She has fiery red hair and agate-brown eyes, is fond of swimming, motoring and horseback riding. Her first screen role was a small part in "Beyond the Rainbow" with Bibbe Dove, but not knowing anything about the art of make-up the tears she was supposed to shed made a wreck of her appearance and the part was cut out of the picture entirely. She was given another chance in Elmer Clifton's "Down to the Sea in Ships" and she made good after being beaten and thrown around and subjected to other realistic bits of acting for 22 weeks, while the picture was in production. Her work in that film made her one of the most popular girls in the industry. She is now married to Rex Bell.

Mary Lou. The radio broadcaster of bed-time story shorts for Columbia Pictures is Eddie Buzzell. Although Eddie makes shorts and can he make 'em, he isn't in the wearing apparel business. Other high and low comedy experts are Clark and McCullough, and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.

Myra B. I can give you a neat comeback on almost any question about the screen personalities but I really can't keep up with all the people of distinction. I know Helen Wills is Mrs. Moody in private life but her home address is unknown to me. So far Helen's screen work has been exclusively confined to the newsreels.

Natalie F. John Gilbert's real name is John Pringle. He is an American, born in Logan, Utah, on July 16, 1897. His first stage appearance was with the late Eddie Foy when he—John!—was ten. John has been a fire salesman, newspaper reporter, and stage manager with a stock company. He went to Hollywood where he played with William S. Hart as an extra—followed by a two-year contract with Thomas H. Ince, working for $30 a week for the first year and for $40 a week for the second. Not making a great success as a leading man, he turned to writing and directing. His first real success began with his portrayals of romantic roles in Elinor Glyn's "His Hour" and "The Merry Widow." Then came "The Big Parade" and John was the idol of the silent screen. I don't know what his future plans are.

Carol O. If you adore Jackie Cooper you should see "The Champ." I'm surprised you missed it. Keep watching for it. Jackie was born Sept. 15, 1923. He has blonde hair, hazel eyes, is 51 inches tall and weighs about 72 pounds. In 1928 he was a member of "Our Gang." Hal Roach loaned him to Paramount for the lead in "Lil Skippy." He played with Richard Dix in "Donovan's Kid" for Radio Pictures, then M-G-M offered to buy his contract from Hal Roach and a long-term contract was the result. "The Champ" was Jackie's first picture under the new contract with others to follow.

Alida L. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran played in "The Callahans and the Murphys" in 1927. The story was by Kathleen Norris, the scenario by Frances Marion, and it was produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Sally O'Neil and Lawrence Gray provided the romance. Is that all today, Alida?

Edna Mae. With all the fine compliments you shower upon me, there are just (Continued on page 10)
MACK SENNETT
king of comedy makers
and his famous jesters

bring you
LAUGHS
LAUGHS
LAUGHS

King of comedy! Maker of stars! His rare sense of nonsense is a marvelous gift to a world now so badly in need of laughs. Laugh yourself to happiness with Sennett and his famous fun-makers.

ANDY CLYDE
The screen's best loved comedy character. You'll love Andy as "Pop" Martin while you laugh at him in
"HALF HOLIDAY"
"SHOPPING WITH WIFE"

BING CROSBY
Radio's big new hit—a sensation on the air—a riot on the screen—singing your favorite songs in
"ONE MORE CHANCE"
"DREAM HOUSE"

HARRY GRIBBON
Whenever you want a laugh that will strain the buttons on your vest, count on a Mack Sennett Comedy with Gribbon
"ALL-AMERICAN KICKBACK"
"THE POTTsville PALOOKA"

There are always snap and pep and laughs in the show that includes some of Educational's short subjects.

Ask Me—Continued from page 8

two things to do about it—one is to get your answer in print pronto, and the other I can't think of at present. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, of French parentage. She attended grammar school in Paris but obtained the rest of her education in America. She has made her home in New York City for the last 15 years. She made her stage début on Christmas Day in 1924 in "The Wild Westcofts." Her first screen rôle was in a silent picture, "For the Love of Mike," with Ben Lyon in 1927. She played opposite Maurice Chevalier in both English and French versions of "The Big Pond." Her latest picture is "His Woman" with Gary Cooper.

Jean A. You will have your wish about Clara Bow. She is to make films again after her temporary absence from the screen. Her next will be for an independent company and as soon as the permanent title is settled, I'll tell the fans all about it.

Clara is 26 years old, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has red hair and brown eyes. She was married to Rex Bell, whose real name is George Beldam, on Dec. 3, 1931. Now that's settled, come on back, Clara, and make us laugh and cry as you used to do. SCREENLAND has always been your best booster.

Maie C. The screen version of "Peter Pan" was made in 1925 with Betty Bronson as Peter, Mary Brian as Wendy, Esther Ralston as the mother. "The Green Murder Case" was released in November, 1929. Margaret Livingston is now the wife of Paul Whiteman, the orchestra leader. Margaret was born Nov. 25, 1902, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Claire Windsor hasn't been in pictures since the birth of the talkies. Anita Page plays with Buster Keaton in "Sidewalks of New York."
An Idea That Grew Until It Had Remade Thousands of Futile Lives...

...turning failure into success, remolding personality, bringing new personal power and influence, new friendships and popularity, new culture and a richer, bigger life. Basic principles and methods that YOU can use in your everyday life now revealed.

Now in a fascinating book that you may read for five days free!

Do you ever hunger for new activities, new contacts, new friendships? Do you feel dissatisfied because your life is a deadly routine of humdrum happenings? Have you a feeling that somehow, sometime you slid into a rut and now you are only half-alive mentally, that you lack the power and dynamic personality to achieve your greatest aims in life?

If this pictures you even in part then this story is for you. It is the story of an idea—and of the power of an idea!

Ten years ago a person like yourself felt life slipping away—nothing really vital ever happening in either business or social life.

Birth of A Great Movement

But that person had an idea, a plan to try, to make new contacts and friends and from this starting point develop new interests that would make life richer in culture, in achievement, and enjoyment.

With this hope that "maybe... perhaps" a more vital, less futile life could be lived, there was developed in actual practice a definite plan and methods. From these beginnings, in the next ten years thousands of men and women, young and old, in all walks of life, joined this movement for keeping mentally alive and getting the most out of life. Leading educators and psychologists endorsed the plan. One enthusiast told another. And so the movement grew. And in every case the plan worked!

Now YOU Can Use This Plan

Now, so that new thousands may follow these tried and proved methods, the complete plan has been outlined in detail in a fascinating book. This is nothing "general" about the recommendations in this book. It tells you in specific terms how to deal with the chief problems and events in your daily business, social, and home life to make them contribute to your greatest progress. The panel on the left of this page suggests the tremendous scope of the contents.

Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Reading this book will be one of the most thrilling experiences of your life. It doesn't call for "studying." You read it as you would a book of fiction or any ordinary book. It supplies principles and methods that you can put into practice within five minutes—and reap the benefits at once!

"Keeping Mentally Alive" will be a revelation to you. So certain are we of this that we want you to read the book at our expense. All you need do to receive the book is to mail at once the coupon below. You may read it and use it for five days without cost. If you don't feel that it is one of the greatest things that ever happened in your life return it at our expense. If you decide to keep it, to help you get the things you want from life, send only $3 in full payment after five days.

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Tell us where to send your copy of "Keeping Mentally Alive." Then let it prove to you how it can remodel your personality and bring out the hidden powers within you—make you the new man or woman you want to be. Tear out and mail the coupon now—before it is too late.
Strike Down the Band!

He's called little Butterworth, dear little Butterworth. And he can play any instrument without notes—in fact, without music...

First the violin obligato. "Obbligato go home now," says everyone within earshot, when he begins to scrape his way along.

Sliding to second bass. It may not be such hot music—but think of the wonderful exercise he's getting!

"Here are ten 'plunks' for you—go out and spend 'em," says generous Charles. And as for the 'planks'—well, would you rather hear 'em or walk 'em?

Look at the big blower now, in his form-fitting tuba! "Oompah is just a bowl of oompahs."

And now he's got hold of a baritone horn. But don't worry—the dentist is coming at last.

. . . Why, to extract his toot, of course!

Here’s Charlie as the band conductor, wearing a gentle, pianissimo smile. But we must say he doesn’t conduct himself very properly!

Charlie, being a good critic of his own bugle playing, blows the "mess" call. "Ta-ta-ta," says the instrument—and the audience echoes, "Ta-ta!"
Neil Hamilton's
Magic Corner

Are you following these simple lessons in parlor magic? Here's Lesson No. 2

By
Neil Hamilton

IN THE last issue I told you about the trick of vanishing a half dollar from a glass of water, and promised the explanation of it in this issue. Perhaps some of my readers guessed it. However, if not, this explanation and the illustrations will make it clear.

The performer should first provide himself with a circular piece of glass, the size of a half dollar. A heavy watch crystal will do admirably, and can be obtained from any jeweler for a few cents. He should also see that the glass tumbler used has a flat bottom, just about the size of a half dollar. These are quite common.

Before starting the trick, have the piece of glass concealed in the palm of the hand. Pass the coin for examination, and then hold it at the tips of the fingers, and place the cloth over it. Under cover of the cloth the fingers reach down and grip the piece of glass, raising it in place of the coin, which remains in the hand. This glass dummy is then held over the glass of water. When it is dropped in, it can be heard to clink against the glass, but, at the bottom of the tumbler, under water, it can't be detected, and the glass seems perfectly empty.

Of course, while all attention is drawn to the glass—and the magician's attention seemingly is—he can drop the coin to the floor, or, after the glass is shown empty, can plunge his hand in someone's pocket and then bring it out disclosing the coin.

Keep up a constant fire of chatter, explaining what you're doing—or rather what you're pretending to do! Call attention to the fact that someone else is actually holding the coin and dropping it into the glass. If you keep your eyes on the tumbler, the handkerchief, and what's supposed to be going on, nobody will ever notice the hand that "goes south" with the real coin.

If you are not good at "making up" talk to go with tricks, there are reliable books with "lines" for all such feats to be had from dealers in magic apparatus and literature.

I always urge all amateurs to rehearse their talk with their tricks, so that they have a complete "script" before they start. It makes a lot of difference in the effect of the presentation.

I will now describe another trick, simple but effective: the "Mystic Pellets." The magician takes three cigarette papers, or, if these are not handy, small bits of newspaper, and rolls them up into three little pellets. He sits at a table and places these before him.

"Now," he remarks, "I will show you an ancient Hindu trick. The fakirs there, by means of hypnotism, mesmerism, plagiarism, or whatever sort of 'ism' it is, can mentally command living bodies to fly through the air to them. Of course I won't try that on any of you because people don't like to fly through the air that way—but I'll illustrate how it's done with these pellets of paper.

"For instance,"—suiting the action to the word—"I place two of these in my hand—one, two (Continued on page 111)
Double Feature!

SCREENLAND presents
Gloria Swanson
and Melvyn Douglas
in "Honor Among Stars"

In other words, divide our Honor Page between you, Gloria and Melvyn!

Gloria leaves the screen for Michael Farmer—leaves in a blaze of glory. "Tonight or Never" presents her at her brilliant best. Somehow this Swanson girl has the secret of perennial success all sewed up somewhere—either in her Chanel handbag; or her strange, slanting gray eyes; or her one-of-a-kind nose; or—more likely!—in that wise, sleek little head of hers. Whatever it is, Gloria has the recipe.

She has left Hollywood for the time; but if we know our Gloria—and we've known her since Cecil DeMille days—she'll be back. Meanwhile she is the favorite camera subject of the European photographers. We see her pictures with Michael, in the Sunday rotogravures. She looks happy—she looks great. We're proud of our Swanson! And we recommend her amusing new film.

And now—Mr. Douglas. We like him. We think you'll like him, too. He's a new and different leading man. From the stage, he has an excellent voice. He is a splendid foil for Gloria in "Tonight or Never."
Swanson shines again, and her new leading man shares her success. Bon voyage, Gloria! Welcome to our screens, Mr. Douglas!

You want to know about Gloria's new leading man? All right! Douglas played in the original stage production of "Tonight or Never," in New York, opposite the well-known Broadway star, Helen Gahagan. Just as a matter of record, Miss Gahagan became Mrs. Melvyn Douglas before the run of the play was over. Oh, well—Clark Gable is married, too. You'll just have to get used to the new-style matinée idols, young ladies of the audience!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

GENEVIEVE TOBIN in "ONE HOUR WITH YOU"
DEAR MR. HAYS:

I want you to do something about Helen.

I know she isn't your sister or your cousin or your aunt—or any relation at all, in fact. But it's all in the Hollywood family, anyway.

You probably have a lot of other things on your mind, Mr. Hays. But I wish you would drop them all this minute and turn your whole attention to this problem. That is:

Get Helen Hayes back on the screen, right away!

You behold in this little girl the most potent picture personality since Mary Pickford. Helen Hayes has the power to pull people—all kinds of people—into the theatres, hold them there, and send them out ready to fight her battles for her. She did it in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." She did it in "Arrowsmith," in a secondary rôle. She can do it again and again. And she has no business being away from Hollywood at this crucial time. Hollywood needs Helen Hayes as it has needed no other actress.

I'm not forgetting Garbo. She is superb; there will never be another star like her. But Garbo has very definite limitations. She thrills, she awes, she disturbs—but she cannot play poor pathetic mothers and self-sacrificing little wives; she cannot pull you to pieces as Hayes can; she is much too magnificent. Have you ever—think back, now—felt sorry for Garbo? She may be a great actress—I don't know. She has never had a chance to prove it—and it isn't important, as long as she can look like that. She is the adolescent's dream of Woman—remote, mysterious. While Helen Hayes is a comfortable, lovable, human girl you like to have around.

See what I mean, Mr. Hays? Like Mary Pickford of the silent screen days, Helen is easy to get along with. She can play parts everyone understands. Her problems might be yours and mine—well, mine, anyway. She is the one actress the screen has ever known with absolutely unanimous appeal. Like Maude Adams in the theatre, she can make friends of the whole family and keep them.

Helen Hayes is the most curious combination in the American theatrical scene. She is everything in one small package. Power, pathos, comedy, cuteness. She has been an actress since she was six—about twenty-two years. She can be comic like the kid Pickford. She can plunge into pathos like Lillian Gish. And she can also be very, very charming, as she is proving right now on the New York stage in Molnar's pungent little play, "The Good Fairy."

This girl can do more for the movies at this time than all the conferences and cycles and censorship. In fact, she may be able to help in the good cause in which we are all striving—that is, to make us a nation of rabid, every-night-in-the-week movie fans again.

Please, won't you manage it, Mr. Hays? Thank you!

Delight Evans
GOOD, CLEAN

Just a little gentle malice in movie Wonderland. Kindly send all bouquets, bombs, or legal correspondence direct to the author of these loving, lethal little portraits.

Clark Gable

Constance Bennett
Portrait of girl whose eyes don't fit her face. Jeweled purse. Very highly polished tortoise shell.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers
Cherub playing saxophone. Hair pomade perfumed with new-mown hay. Hot dog without mustard.
POISON IVY!
By Marie House

Greta Garbo
Sphinx eating ice cream cone. Peacock feathers grafted on amazed chick. Pungent cheese in crystal dish.

Nancy Carroll
Lady of the Moon—face. Pisces-eyed tot. Fire between layers of pie crust.

Mary Astor
Who was she, what was she? Siren, spy, angel, devil?

A photograph of the real Mata Hari, as she looked when her dances and her intrigues were the sensation of Europe. Is Garbo temperamentally attuned to interpret her?

It was sleeting in Paris! Hearth-seekers had long since left the streets to repairing crews, who huddled as they worked as close to the fiery braziers as the conscientious overseers would permit.

Cheiro, world famous palmist—sought after by kings, czars and statesmen—hesitated on the steps of his club; then deciding with that psychic insight for which he is noted, that the night held adventure for him, he dismissed the thought of a taxi and, buried deep in his furs, skidded out to meet fate as it chose to manifest itself.

Perhaps, because he had spent his evening at a let-us-be-up-and-doing-something meeting for starving pussy cats, he was feeling particularly sympathy-alert for the homeless and the cold. At any rate, the sight of the felinely graceful figure of an uncloaked woman, swaying against the whipping wind, caught what was left of his storm-sucked breath and challenged his immediate interest. As she stopped to accept, for a moment, the warm invitation of the glowing brazier he hesitated beside her.

"Mon Dieu! She was a gentlewoman and blue with cold!" Compassion for her distress melted his usual reserve.

"Pardon, Madame!"

"How dare you speak to me?" She turned upon him furiously, her voice tempered to the freezing weather.

"I'm sorry. But you look cold—and since I have just attended a meeting for stray cats!—"

Laughter brought the warming blood to the beauteous face of Mata

How much is truth, in Garbo's "Mata Hari" version, told in picture it with Cheiro's
MATA HARI!

The mystery woman who inspired Garbo's sensational new film is revealed to you by Cheiro, who cherished her friendship. Here is the strange and fascinating real-life story of the most beautiful spy of all time

By

Gail Hall Wright

Hari, later to be known as the greatest of all international spys, but at that moment jobless and alone.

"So, that's what I look like, is it? An English compliment, surely!" She laughed again.

But the figurative ice was broken and it was only a few arguments later that Cheiro was able to persuade her of his honorable intentions and induce her to share a cup of coffee at his hearth-side.

And so began a friendship which is still a cherished memory to Cheiro.

* * *

"Flaming Mata Hari was the most bewitching, the most fascinating, the most intelligent woman I have ever known," Cheiro, privately known as Count Louis Hamon, now of Hollywood, speaks of her with the same respectful awe with which one would recall the frightening beauty of a lightning storm.

"She would have been living today, a powerful English peeress, had not the stars under whose sinister influence she was born fated her for a more dramatic role, marking her tiny hand, while it yet clutched its baby toys, for high adventure and violent death. At the very beginning of her career as a spy, before rumors of world war arose to threaten civilization, I interpreted these signs for her and begged her — even while I knew in my heart that her destiny was inescapable — to seek a less hazardous career. But she accepted her fate proudly and unflinchingly.

"The end must come to us all," she mused. 'For ye little people living a safe and stable life it may mean a marble cross in a village churchyard, a few wilting wreaths and a made-to-order obituary notice. But is that compensation for a sluggish existence? Ah no! Not for me, Cheiro! For me there may be a bed of limestone, a number in a prison yard, but after all, is that so important? What matter the manner of our demise if we can first make the short years we have on earth flame with adventure, burn with passion, flash with danger and intrigue? Espionage is the greatest game of all. It is a battle of brains on the chessboard of life, or call it a stage, if you will, with all the world your audience. It gives a woman full scope for her powers as an actress, thus satisfying a craving born of all womankind. She can feed her desire for admiration, her craving for conquest, without considering the stupid rules of society. Conventions need not make her cautious. Nor can domesticity imprison her. Knowing that she is powerfully protected she can lie, steal, charm at will, and while she may be dealing in lives, Cheiro, in the end she cancels the debt with her own.

"However," with a gesture of distaste for the sentiment that prompted the mention of such inconsequential matters — the perfect spy cares nothing for lives — for the ideal spy can have no heart."

"Ah, then, Mata Hari, you will indeed succeed, for yours seems to be entirely frozen."

"Yes, Cheiro," she replied almost sadly. 'It is dead — along with my children and the only love I ever knew. All that I care for now is my work and Germany. Do you remember when you told me that Germany was governed, astrologically, by the House of Aries, the same as I, and for that reason my career there would be a remarkable one, though it would end in tragedy?"

Yes, Cheiro remembered. It had been a (Continued on page 101)
WHY LESLIE HOWARD turned down BIG MOVIE MONEY

He was a hit—but he left Hollywood. Why? Here’s your answer!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Acme

When the voices in Hollywood spoke, saying "Sell us your soul and body for sixty months and we will make you independently wealthy," the blonde young Briton shook his head negatively, shook hands politely all round, and boarded a boat for England. That’s Leslie Howard.

NOT many actors would turn down a contract good for half a million dollars in five years. Given the opportunity, not many business men would do it.

But Leslie Howard is an uncommon fellow. Not only is he extraordinarily fine as an actor; he is individual as a person. When the voices in Hollywood spoke, saying, "Sell us your body and soul for sixty months and we will make your independently wealthy," the blonde young Briton shook his head negatively, politely shook hands all round, and boarded a boat for England.

The whole thing forms one of those fabulous tales for which Hollywood is celebrated. The entire legend should be added to California apocrypha.

Leslie Howard was a stage figure of note, establishing himself on Broadway as rapidly as he had made his mark in the West End theatres of London. He was not handsome, he was less than dynamic, and he was certainly disinterested in pictures. Hence he was slow in going cinematic.

Finally he was cajoled by the Titans of Celluloidia to try a picture or two. They wanted legitimate leading men who could handle their voices in the talkies. So Howard consented.

He appeared in three before one was released, and for some reason best known to themselves the Titans guessed that Howard was not a good bet. They did not think he had enough Gable to goal the girls. So when he demanded a tilt in salary if he was to stay for more pictures they said, “No, you go ahead back to New York.”

Then the films in which he had acted began to unreel across the country. In New York they saw Howard,
His manner is calm, gentle, a trifle diffident. Talking for publication, one guesses, is less than a delight.

He had just returned from his holiday abroad. His crossing, he said, had been cold, drizzly, not like the weather outside at the moment.

"That is one of Hollywood's lovely features, you know. The weather. Always warm. Ideal for tennis, swimming—"

(Continued on page 103)
Merry Ex-Wives of Hollywood

Why the divorcées of the screen colony are a law unto themselves

By Ben Maddox

"LOVE is woman's whole existence!"

So said that famous English poet of pre-
"Let Us Be Gay" days. He hadn't met a
Hollywood Ex-Wife!

These amazing divorcées of movieland are not at all
like the usual ex-wives. They have certain characteris-
tics which mark them as Extremely Different. Their
lives are a law unto themselves.

To a woman they abhor bridge and golf, the custom-
ary pastimes of the average Ex-Wife. Crowds annoy
them. They do not belong to country clubs or any kind
of women's clubs. Money is no problem. They
have plenty. They can marry again whenever they
deign to say the word. Their admirers are legion.
But what is most important of all—they have jobs
which keep them busy. Work which is carried on
successfully, despite love-life upsets and the old-
fashioned theory that a woman can think of noth-
ing but men.

A Hollywood Ex-Wife may be sorry that her
marriage failed, but her grief does not prevent her
Will Billie Dove ever marry Howard Hughes?  
You won't find out any of the answers from Billie. She's the perfect feminine half of a love affair.

from signing perfectly swell contracts. She knows that kisses are nice, but that, after all, one has a public clamoring for screen appearances. And there are always bigger and better fish in the matrimonial sea!

Irene Rich is the latest recruit to the ranks. The announcement of the end of her third marriage came as a real surprise. She seemed so happy with David Blankenhorn, the wealthy Los Angeles real estate man. Yet now I recall her telling me a year ago that she would never have any pictures taken with her husband. She thought it a poor plan for film couples to pose romantically because the fans would be particularly disappointed if trouble ever ensued. Perhaps Irene had a premonition!

Anyway, she is a different woman from the one who entered into that third marriage. More human. Today Irene Rich even smokes cigarettes. She makes less of an effort to be dignified. With her eldest daughter Frances safely launched on the Broadway stage, she is reviving her own ambition to be a New York stage hit. It is a quirk of fate that her daughter got there first. But Irene Rich is a determined woman, as well as a beautiful and talented lady. She will probably fulfill her wish.

Will she marry again? Certainly, her friends say. They claim that the real reason for her separation from David Blankenhorn was a financial one. He was supposed to be very rich. In reality, one hears it rumored, Irene's own money was drawn upon for expenses for the past year or so.

Our most mysterious divorcée is—guess? You'll never hit it right, for she seems such a frank individual. Nevertheless, it is Billie Dove who causes the local gossips the most talk.

Is she ever going to marry Howard Hughes, or is that romance definitely dead? Who is this rancher, Robert MacKenzie, with whom she has been seen so much? If she and Hughes are no longer interested, will her contract with his company be renewed?

You won't find out any of the answers from Billie. She's the perfect feminine half of a love affair. Although she once was obviously Howard Hughes' ideal, she even then refused to make any statements as to their intentions. He sent her magnificent bouquets of roses daily—once upon a time. Are those days gone forever? The lovely Dove merely smiles enigmatically and says—nothing!

Speaking of smiling sweetly, Marilyn Miller has the clinging vine line down pat. The men swarm around her because she is such an encouraging listener. Not too intellectual, but always entertaining. She'll get up and do an exhibition toe-dance at any party. This is another unique ability of Marilyn's. No other woman in Hollywood can gracefully bound through the air as she does! One is told that she was seriously interested in Michael Farmer a year or so ago. They announced their engagement, but now he is Gloria Swanson's husband. Yet the Miller smile is as buoyant as ever.

Loretta Young and Dorothy Lee are a couple of very young divorcées whose affairs of the heart keep the colony talking.

"Mother knew best. I made a mistake in marrying a man with the hope of reforming him."

(Cont. on page 93)
How has the Chatterton Changed?
Meet and compare "Ruthie," nineteen-year-old ingénue, with the Ruth Chatterton of today

By Ada Patterson

IT YIELDS me a gentle pleasure to recall Ruth Chatterton at nineteen, if only to prove a favorite theory of mine that human nature does not depart far from its original pattern. The twig is parent of the tree. The child is mother of the woman.

I met her while she was playing in "The Rainbow" in New York. A demure little person, of rounded face and earnest eyes. Sechte, because she felt that she owed dignity of demeanor to her experience of three years on the stage, that had begun while she was sixteen. Kindly, because that was the law of her being. Interested because of having been long on this planet, every experience was a new adventure and being interviewed was a novelty.

She sketched modestly the brief outline of her life. Eligible to the medal that Booth Tarkington promised to anyone he could find who had been born in New York! For everyone who lived on Manhattan Island had been born in some remote spot, opined the genial satirist from Indianapolis. Went to school at Pelham Manor. Joined a stock company in Washington when she was just a year past fifteen. Julia Dean was the leading woman. Miss Dean has retired, at least temporarily, but still holds the admiration of the small actress whom she taught the art of make-up.

"The next year I went to Milwaukee to play in stock. I hadn't any wardrobe. Nor the money to buy one. Julia Dean knew how serious that obstacle was. She wired me 'Don't worry. Trunkful of clothes coming.' That trunkful of clothes carried me through all the roles I played that summer. Wasn't that nice of her. I'll never forget it."

The pledge made by that soft, girlish voice has been kept. They are still actively friends: Ruth Chatterton in her villa on the hill, Julia Dean in the semi-seclusion of nurse for her invalid mother, a rôle she has played for ten years.

Gilbert Miller, but recently an actor, had seen the ingénue in "Standing Pat" in Chicago. When his father, one of the foremost producers of plays in America, told his son he needed a "personable ingénue" to play his daughter in "The Rainbow" the younger Miller said: "I know the girl. I think she is in town."

"Find her, my boy." The elder Miller, though British, was always in a hurry. "And tell her to come to see me." Then Ruth Chatterton telephoned to ask for an appointment. "You're engaged," said Miller père.

"Don't you want to see me?" asked the bewildered stock graduate. "No. Your voice is enough!"

Ruth recited to me these brief annals, with an impersonal air, as a school girl undergoing a quiz in class at school.

Her air of detachment, of impersonality, impressed me then, as through intervening years it has continued to impress me. She who can view a problem as a problem, not as a personal theme, has gone a long way on the road of philosophy that leads to the house of success.

"There will be stories to tell about you," I predicted. "I will be glad if you will let me know them."

"I will." She spoke with soft distinctness.

A month later, when new photographs of her in the play had been taken, she sent one of the office staff with
The old Hollywood type of football stories afforded material for criticisms by the college lads. But there is nothing to guy in a film where, not the ball-carrier, but the blocker is glorified.

The World's worst Audience?

"The worst audience in the world."

That's what a theatre manager complained recently after a talkie on which he had heavily banked was guyed unmercifully in his theatre. What kind of audience was this to have ruffed up the manager's ordinarily hard-boiled inner shell? He boasted long experience running picture houses along Broadway and had emerged intact, but now he was without the calm that formerly distinguished him among his friends of the Big Stem. Let us keep you waiting no longer—the manager had been transferred to a theatre in a college town.

This particular theatre man had heard that college students sometimes played horsey with some of the film fare, but the actuality was far more impressive than he had imagined. "Way back in silent days the undergraduates of the different seats of learning used to gather in groups at film theatres and proceed to hurl remarks—some only too apt—at the picture. This grew to be a regular ritual first down at Princeton, where the boys had the small village theatre almost entirely to themselves during the dim past when Princeton played football with Harvard.

It used to be the fashion in those days to warn the hero when the villain was sneaking up behind. Such a situation would invariably bring a score of "look outs" from the audience. When a character entered a room in the presence of a lady without removing his hat an ever-increasing chorus admonished him to "take off that hat" until he seemingly complied. Osculation brought raucous noises.
Rah-rahing or razzing the movies! What kind of pictures—if any—make a hit with college boys?

By Harlow Peters

while the hero always received a cheer as he started to the rescue. The villain likewise got the Bronx cheer when he wrestled with the girl.

This was all good, clean fun, and nobody minded. But with the advent of talkies the situation became more complicated in large cities where students comprised the smaller part of the audience. Spoken lines offered many more opportunities for horse play, the students quickly discovered.

At first undergraduates did not differ particularly from other members of the audience. When the hero began to tell the heroine how and why he loved her, and then broke into song, there was invariably a reaction of convulsive mirth from their throats. It sounded foolish to them. Nevertheless, there was probably not a single student who had not heard the same situation again and again on the legitimate stage and thought nothing of it.

Spoken love scenes also brought audible sneers, but in this respect the students were less annoying to others than were the average matinee girls, whose uncontrolled giggles spoiled many such sequences.

After the first shock of novelty wore off there was no point in kidding mechanical difficulties and talkie technique as it has been developed. The collegians have now become more subtle.

"Horsing" has become individualized. Anyone in the audience is eligible to pass what he fondly hopes is a "bon mot," and right out loud, too. Sometimes these audience sayings mix with the talkie dialogue in laughable fashion, sometimes they are a nuisance, but always they help gray the hair, if any, of theatre managers.

Many a decision has been (Cont. on p. 92)

The students wise-crack when a "torch" film is unwound. But Joan Crawford, above, with Clark Gable, in "Possessed," is a big favorite with the collegians.
THERE was one actor in "Fireman Save My Child" who never missed a cue, was always on the set every day, wore no makeup, demanded nothing from the wardrobe department, and received no pay.

His name is "Notre Dame." He wasn't even cast. One day, a rather cold wet one, "Notre Dame" hopped over the fence on the Warner Brothers lot, without a pass. He saw some excitement, a lot of warm lights, and strolled over to see what it was all about. Then he saw Joe E. Brown, and liked him. From that time on he was a part of the cast.

No one knew to whom the friendly little dog belonged. They were shooting a scene where Joe came down the pipe in the fire station, answering a call. "Notre Dame" thought this was great, and entered into the excitement, nipping at Joe's heels in a friendly manner.

Lloyd Bacon, the director, called for someone to hold the dog, and the picture to be retaken. Just as they were shooting, the dog squirmed loose, and did the same thing again, just as he had done it before. Bacon started to express his agitation again, when he had a change of heart, and decided that this was a human touch, and "Notre Dame" had a job, and was given his name.

One of the prop boys took him home every night, and brought him to work every morning. "Notre Dame" was a part of the picture—and needed no direction. Watch for his funny little face on the screen!
Phillips Holmes had to learn to play the violin for his rôle in “The Man I Killed” so director Ernst Lubitsch, a really clever pianist, rehearsed Phil for the scene that reveals Holmes' new talent. Sorry we can't reproduce this with sound effects!

Just a Couple of Play Boys
MONEY has never been content merely to talk in Hollywood. It has fairly shrieked. We have been boggled with the vast salaries of stars which can reach the dizzy heights of half a million a year, and where $500 a week was considered paltry pay to fret under.

But the economy enemy seems about to encompass a flanking movement. There has been consternation in the boudoirs and dressing rooms of Hollywood, when the news flew that studio executives were "in conference." Always anxious hours when studio executives get together!

It was known that the subject of debate was that archdisturber, Retrenchment. Several conditions had conspired to bring this about, mainly and chiefly the complications of the foreign market for American films, and secondly a horrid little word, depression, which you may have heard murmured.

The immediate result was that one of the major companies announced an all-round 20% to 30% cut in all salaries over $35 a week in any and every department. Other companies had done a little judicious cutting previously.

This, however, cannot officially and dictatorially apply to contract stars. So a persuasive method is to be used with them. They may all be asked voluntarily to accept a 20% cut to help the general situation.

So far we have heard of only one definite refusal. That was Ivan Lebedeff, the Russian actor, whose star was just beginning to ascend so pleasantly. So Ivan has been informed, I hear, that his next option will not be taken up.

Ivan, who was understood to be receiving $1500 a week, was actually getting only $800. He was asked to accept, not a 20% cut but a 60% one. He offered to substitute a "per picture" contract for two pictures a year and to be allowed to free lance in between. But they could not come to terms. Ivan claimed his fan club had thousands of members, all of whom were under covenant to take at least ten people to every picture in which he appeared, so that he was a first-class asset to producers and theatres on this score.

All free-lance players may find themselves offered 20% less than their former salaries for new parts. Thus the average featured player who would receive $1000 a week while working on a picture a year ago, is now

When Clark Gable played in "Sporting Blood" he was said to receive $750 a week. Now he earns $1500, according to report.

Ann Harding's latest contract is said to call for $1,000,000 for two years of forty weeks each. Will Ann voluntarily accept a cut?

Ivan Lebedeff is one actor in Hollywood who, according to report, refused to accept a salary cut—because it was for 60%!

William Powell's new contract calls, it is said, for $7500 a week. How about it, Bill?

Are Salary Bubbles Bursting?
Economy has hit Hollywood and the stars must prove their good sportsmanship

By
Alma Whitaker

offered $800 a week, and invited to take it or leave it. Although we have heard so much about Constance Bennett’s $30,000 a week, which really meant $150,000 a picture at Pathé, had it not been for her smart contract which made it possible for her to work for Warner’s between Pathé pictures, (also at $150,000 per picture), she would by no means have been the highest paid star.

Connie’s present contract with Pathé is now concluded—she paused after marrying the Marquis to finish some re-takes. Hollywood at large is confident Connie will accept a voluntary cut on any new contract if only for the reason that she has been so flooded with begging letters since the size of her checks became known. Jack Gilbert, so it is said, was asked to accept a cut some months ago and declined. His contract soon comes up for option consideration, and the belief seems to be that diplomatic relations between Jack and the studio will be broken off.

It will be interesting to know whether Garbo will accept a cut. The consensus of opinion is “no.” For Garbo’s attitude has always been one of supreme indifference, evincing a readiness to go home to Sweden on the slightest excuse. It is even probable that Garbo will never be actually approached on the subject.

Ann Harding’s latest contract with Pathé is said to call for $1,000,000 for two years of 40 weeks each. Ruth Chatterton’s is recorded as $350,000 annually. William Powell’s new contract is reported to be for $750 a week. You can readily see that if a few stars of this magnitude do voluntarily accept a cut, it will greatly alleviate the strain on the exchequers. Barbara Stanwyck, who only received $20,000 a picture at Columbia, gets $50,000 a picture, I hear, from First National. Barbara still feels she is by no means overpaid as in comparison to Ann Harding or Connie Bennett, for instance. But that is nearer the new figure that will be offered to even the most glittering stars of the future if present plans hold good.

For instance, consider the furore Clark Gable has caused. Well, when Clark was in “Sporting Blood” he was said to be receiving $750 a week. Now it is double that, according to report—$1500, a sixth of what John Gilbert receives, which seems a big disparity, even if nice boys like Clark should be able to rub along pretty comfortably on $1500 a week.

James Cagney’s struggle with his company was also on the subject of pay. James, we understood, was getting around $350 a week and struck for double, and finally compromised at slightly (Continued on page 96)
The Story of Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," with Ramon Novarro, told in Pictures

Don’t miss the story of the real Mata Hari, this issue, page 20

Garbo in her Most Exciting Rôle!

"MATA HARI"
"MATA HARI," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. Original story for the screen by Benjamin Glazer and Leo Birinski. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Photographed by William Daniels. Fictionized by Eve Bernstein. Enacted by the following cast:

Mata Hari  Greta Garbo
Lt. Alexis Rosanoff  Ramon Novarro
General Shubin  Lionel Barrymore
Andrian  Lewis Stone
Dubois  C. Henry Gordon
Carolette  Karen Morley
Caron  Alec B. Francis
Mata Hari, the most enchanting, the most alluring, the most dangerous woman spy in all history! Cruelly beautiful, beautifully cruel—yet with a woman's soul and a woman's need for genuine love. See what happened when her duty brought her into conflict with a handsome, romantically innocent young officer. Read the story on the following pages.
Noblemen, officers, diplomats—the men who flocked about Mata Hari were playthings in her hands, eager as schoolboys to do her bidding.

Strange, aloof, enigmatic! So did Paris describe the woman known as Mata Hari. It was whispered that no man had strength to resist her charms. Only two men in Paris really knew anything about her. One was Dubois, of the French Intelligence Service. The other was Andriani, the Greek proprietor of the Pavilion, and her secret ally in her spying activities. Dubois watched them both closely, patiently, waiting for the evidence that was needed to put them behind bars.

Now a new man was being drawn into her subtly woven net. He was Alexis Rosanoff, handsome, idealistic young officer in the Russian Embassy. Following her to the Pavilion, the smart gambling club where she spent many of her evenings, he won, and bought her acquaintance with, a beautiful ring which he had seen her admire.

"It's charming of you," Mata said to him as he presented the ring to her. She favored him with her sweetest smile, certain that an attaché at the Russian Embassy should prove useful, and also not a little charmed with his youthful innocence.
Alone with her in her apartment that evening, Alexis confessed his burning love for her. He had never loved before—he could never love any other woman. And because Mata Hari knew men, she believed him—and was a little glad.

"I never dreamed I would let you hold me—like this," she said, as he smothered her last words with a kiss.

Rosanoff groped for the light and darkened the room.

"Alexis—"

"Mata, I love you, I love you."

The following evening Mata Hari went to the apartment of General Shubin, commanding officer at the Russian Embassy,—ostensibly to carry on a flirtation, actually to see what information she could wheedle from him.

"Welcome to Russia," he greeted Mata, more than ever enchanted by her loveliness.

"Your Russia makes me shiver with cold," she said dramatically, at the same time looking carefully about the apartment.

"Perhaps a little vodka—"

As they drank, Mata looked uneasily about the room.

"This room depresses me," she said at last. "It feels heavy with affairs of State."

"Perhaps it's the Russian style," Shubin ventured.

"The next room," he suggested, leading her toward it, "may please you better."
The impetuous Rosanoff incurred Mata Hari's displeasure by coming to her apartment unexpected and unannounced. "I can't imagine what makes you think I've given you the right to burst in here," she said coldly. "But last night you said you loved me!" "Did I? But that was last night! Today I'm very busy. Good day!"

Bitterly disillusioned, the young lieutenant bowed and went his way.

As they walked toward the entrance, he seized her and began making violent love to her. They were standing close to each other, as though they had just embraced, when Rosanoff, bringing documents to his superior officer, suddenly appeared in the doorway. "I'm sorry, sir," he apologized, taking in the situation at a glance, his heart burning with what he saw as Mata's unfaithfulness toward him. "You said I was to come tonight with the ship lists."

Shubin, furious at the interruption, sent him back to his room, ordering him to decode the important message himself.
No sooner had he left than Mata Hari, anxious to follow him and secure the important information in his possession, cast about for an excuse to leave the ardent General Shubin. Seeing a peacock decoration on the table, she gave a sudden little scream.

"That peacock—I will not be in the same room with it! It's bad luck. Don't you know that?"

"But I'll take it away. I'll smash it!"

"It won't help; it's been here. I'm sorry, but I can't stay."

No one could stop Mata when she had made up her mind. She rushed away.

Stopping only to pick up her confederate, Andriani, she drove direct to Rosanoff's rooms. Andriani was
Mata, seeking an excuse to leave General Shubin, seized upon a little peacock decoration.

"That peacock! It's bad luck! I can't be in the same room with it!"

"But I'll take it away. I'll smash it!"

"It won't help; it's been here. I'm sorry, but I can't stay."

to wait below for her signal—the darkening of the room.
To win Rosanoff's forgiveness took her but a moment. "Alexis, I want you to forgive me," she pleaded, her cheek against his. He kissed her hungrily, scarcely able to speak. How could he be angry when she was so near?

"I love you more than anything in the world—as one adores sacred things," he told her.

"Now, darling—" she began, but he would not let her speak. Once more his lips sought hers and clung to them passionately.

"Alexis," she was able to say at last, "put out the lights."
He obeyed, extinguishing all the lights in the room except a small lamp burning under a picture of the Madonna on the wall.

"That one, too," she commanded.

"No. I promised my mother the Madonna's lamp would always
burn. I can’t do it, Mata.”

“But you said I came before everything—”

“That is true, Mata. I would do anything you ask. I would die for you. But—”

“Then turn out the lamp, so I will know that you mean it!”

At last he did her bidding, murmuring: “Holy Mother, forgive me.” Then, taking her up in his arms, he carried her into the next room.

A few minutes later the door opened slowly, noiselessly, and
Carlotta, one of Andriani's underlings, saw her doom written in his eyes. "You take me for a traitor! I've never been a traitor, I swear!" she cried.

Andriani, with the help of a tiny flashlight, found the packet of precious papers on which Rosanoff had been at work when Mata came.

And in the grey light of morning Alexis awoke to find that his love had vanished, leaving this note:

"It is morning now, and I have come to my senses. I will not see you again. The man I love must be rich."

* * *

Andriani still was not satisfied with the theft of the ship lists from the unfortunate Rosanoff. The lists were in a difficult code, the key to which would have to be obtained somehow from Shubin or Rosanoff. The following evening, vexed at the way things were going, he vented his pique upon Carlotta, a young woman spy on his staff, and decreed her death as a traitor. A shot in the back by an innocent-looking porter in Andriani's gambling house, and her career was at an end.

Meanwhile, downstairs at the bar of the Pavilion
"A spy in love is a tool that is no longer useful," Andriani reminded Mata Hari. "I'm not in love," she lied. "I never expect to see him again."
sat Rosanoff, bowed with grief and disillusionment. Seeing Mata Hari at a nearby table, he began flinging insulting remarks at her, to which a Frenchman took marked exception. As they were about to become involved in a brawl, Andriani summoned Alexis up to his office.

"Nonsense, my boy, Mata did not leave you of her own accord," said the spy, when Rosanoff had poured out his tale of heartbreak to him. "She needs money desperately to help an ailing sister."

The young lieutenant, aghast at this purported news, and rebuking himself for having doubted his loved one, resolved to make amends to her and offered to sell Andriani the key to the Russian code in order that he might give the money to Mata Hari. But before the deal could be consummated the Greek was forced to leave his office to quiet the commotion caused by the murder of Carlotta; and during his absence Mata Hari entered his office to confront Rosanoff.

"You don't know what you are doing," she told him. "You are about to become the lowest thing a man can be—a traitor to his country. Get out of here and don't show your face to those who love and trust you until you've made yourself a man again. Get out!"

Alexis fled. When Andriani returned to find Rosanoff gone and Mata Hari confronting him, he sensed what had happened. But Mata denied his imputations, and insisted that she was true to her profession as a spy. "I'm not in love with him," she declared. "I never expect to see him again."

But she did see him again, sooner than she expected. For Rosanoff came to her in the uniform of a French poilu to bid her good-bye. Having proved unworthy of his trust at the Embassy, he felt that he should go to the front as a simple soldier to serve his country's cause and expiate his contemplated crime.

She bade him good-bye tenderly, realizing at last that she really did love him. "If something should happen to you, or to me, I want you to know that you are the first man who ever made me wish that my life had been different—whom I could love finely and simply."

He held her long in his arms, and then she sent him away.

Several days later Mata received new orders from
Andriani. "Your usefulness in Paris is permanently over," he told her, and ordered her to Holland.

"Oh, I'd forgotten," he added, with feigned indifference. "Have you heard that Rosanoff was killed at the front? I read his name somewhere."

"Oh, my God! Are you sure?"

"Maybe he was wounded. Yes, I believe he was wounded."

"Where is he? I must find him."

"Then you are in love with him?"

"Yes, yes. I must see him, I tell you."

"You have your orders," he reminded her cruelly.

"Orders! What do I care for your orders? I'm not like the rest of your underlings. I'm Mata Hari. I'm my own master, and I resign!"

As she ran out of the room, he laughed loudly. "The little fool," he muttered to himself. "She ought to know that the only way to resign from our profession is to die."

She found him in an Army hospital, blinded by shell fire. Overwhelmed with pity and love, she swore to wait for him—to stay with him always. He must get well soon so that they could be married. Always she would be his eyes. Nothing else mattered now—her career and duties were forgotten.

As she left the hospital, she stepped into a cab—to find, after it had started, that a man sat there concealed in the shadow.

"Madame, I have a warrant for your arrest."

Mata Hari suddenly felt cold all over. She could not speak for a moment. Then she answered calmly:

"Good work, Dubois. You have waited a long time for this moment."

To the end Mata thought only of Alexis. Condemned to die, she wrote him that she was at a sanitarium awaiting an operation. Just before the time appointed for her execution, her attorney, Caron, brought Rosanoff to her for a last visit. Totally blind, he was led to believe that he was visiting her in a sanitarium.

"And if the operation is successful," he inquired, after the first fond embrace, "how much longer will they keep you here?"

"I don't know. Not long. We can go away, and be married in Switzerland. But if something should happen to me, you must carry on."

"Of course, dear. But nothing will happen. You..."
must not be afraid."

"And when the war is over, you can go to Vienna. Some of the best eye specialists are there—"

She was interrupted by the guards. They had come for her—to take her to her allotted fate. For the first time she wanted to cry out—to give vent to the feelings which she had been masking for his sake.
But she looked into Rosanoff’s sightless eyes and only said:
“Darling, they’ve come to take me.”
“Don’t be frightened, dear,” Rosanoff urged. “I’ll wait right here until the operation is over.”
“No, you mustn’t. I don’t want you to. Monsieur Caron will take you back to the hospital and let you
The time for parting had come. "Dearest, you are afraid," said Alexis, believing that she was merely going to submit to an operation. "No, my dear. Goodbye, my beloved. Always remember that I love you."
"Be brave. Close your eyes, and take a deep breath, and that's the last you'll know."
And when the end came she repeated his words, more prophetic than he knew:
"A long, deep breath, and that's the last I'll ever know!"
know at once—just how I am:"
"Dearest, you are afraid."
"No, my dear. Goodbye, my beloved," Mata whispered.
"Always remember that I love you."
He held her close. "You sound so tragic."
"Goodbye, my beloved," she repeated more lightly. "Is that better?"
"Be brave. Close your eyes, take a long deep breath, and that's the last you'll know."
"I'll remember." She kissed him again and started towards the door.
"I am ready," she said weakly. "A long, deep breath," she repeated his words to herself, "and that's the last I'll know!"

AND so ends the story of a great spy—and a great love. Mata Hari died as she had lived—silent, cold, composed, letting the world see nothing of her true feelings or of the love that pulsed in the heart which her mask of disdain concealed to the end.
IS GARBO in "Mata Hari" greater than Garbo in "Susan Lenox" and "Anna Christie?"
You decide!
"A little tornado"—that's what you may have heard about Nancy Carroll. Then an extra girl, who'd known an entirely different Nancy in "legit" days, went to work on her set. What did she find? Well, here's her own story about it

By Romnee Madison

Who Said "Tantrums"?

Folks, I'm back again! A year ago I wrote an article about old friends with whom I had worked in shows prior to their dazzling triumphs in pictures: familiar faces who then seemed so remote from my ordinary existence as I stared and thrilled at their picture shadows.

Dreams and forgetfulness from dull reality they brought me, and I often thought and wondered about these people I had formerly known. Would they be the same human, lovable folks I'd laughed and worked with?..."Tomorrow's another day," they cried, "and one can always wash dishes."

Then! The world changed! News! Bewilderment! At the close of my last show, I was told to report at the Long Island Paramount Studios for work in a picture then going into production—"I who had never thought I'd ever see the inside of a studio, even as a visitor. Well, fate was kind and picture executives generous, for it finally dawned on me that I was actually going to be allowed to play a small part in a picture!

Ecstasy! Torture! Thrill of thrills! What was the picture? Who was the star in it? A million other exciting questions raced through my mind. Then, they told me: Nancy Carroll's new picture! I was to play the part of Nancy's personal maid, and the scenes were of just we two, alone.

Nancy Carroll! What memories that name brought to me! And what a strange coincidence! I was to do my first picture rôle in her production, and it was in my first show that I as a chorus girl had met and worked with Nancy, then a principal in the same show. We had become good friends during that show and often after its close, we had yelled "Hello" and talked shop together on Broadway. Then she left for the Coast, and I had never seen the flesh-and-blood Nancy again.

But—Nancy Carroll the glamorous screen star! How often hadn't I heard about her; read about her in various magazines, and seen her fascinating likeness on the movie screens of a hundred different theatres. The new Nancy seemed so far away from the sweet memories of old days. She had reached heights of which I had never dared dream. She didn't seem real to me. I'd almost forgotten I had ever known her.

And now, I was to meet and play with her, again! What would she be like? Would she have changed greatly from the

(Continued on page 94)
MEDALS and

Our Hollywood critic hands out awards—to say nothing of "birds." Blame him for everything!

A whole hothouse for Constance Bennett because she is charming and has a grand sense of humor.

A nice, shiny 14-carat gold medal for Phil Holmes for giving the most consistently good performances of any juvenile in the movies.

Mook awards the bed of petunias to Dorothy Jordan for playing leads ever since she started—and staying unspoiled.

A medal for Chester Morris for being the best company in Hollywood—according to Mr. Mook. And to meet Chester you'd never think he had a million salted away, would you? Well, the joke's on you—because he says he hasn't.

A new fur coat, or twelve dozen roses, if she prefers them, for Claudette Colbert—for being better looking off the screen than she is on, which is something that can be said of very, very few screen stars.

One of the best medals goes to Freddie March for being the most perfect host the fussy Mr. Mook has encountered in Hollywood.

When it's apple blossom time in Normandy it's commencement in the U. S. A. Anyhow, as the fiscal year draws to a close and the studios call in the C. P. A.'s to find out if they've made money and, if so, who made it for them, I'd like to close my books, too. Medals for those who should have the bonuses I cannot pay, and that funny sort of noise I can't make that they call "the bird" for those who should have something else.

A nice, shiny, fourteen-carat gold medal for Phillips Holmes for giving the most consistently good performances of any juvenile in the movies. A mention of all of them would fill this whole article but, going back just a little way, look at "Her Man," "Devil's Holiday," "The Criminal Code," "An American Tragedy" and "The Man I Killed." If you want a choix de guerre and a couple of citations, you can have them, too, Phil.

Another medal of the same description for Fredric March for being the most perfect host I've encountered in Hollywood. No matter when you go out there you find some sort of entertainment—cards, tennis, intelligence games, (I don't go out there the nights they play those), and stimulating conversation.

And yet another for Chester Morris who is the best company I've struck out here. There is absolutely no limit to Chester's fund of anecdotes. They're like animated cartoons. And to meet him you'd never think he had a couple of millions salted away, would you? Well, the joke's on you—or me—because he says he hasn't.

Twelve dozen American beauty roses for Joan Crawford for having the most vibrant personality on the screen. Clara Bow and Alice White may have had "It" but Joan Crawford has "Hit" and if you don't believe me, try to get into a theatre where one of her
BIRDS!

By S. R. Mook

A great big overstuffed bird for Kay Francis, says Just-a-Pal Mook, for "going Hollywood" when her salary jumped. We don't believe it!

A medal or a bird for Bob Montgomery? S. R. Mook can't make up his mind exactly, but he is inclined to make it a bird. Why?

What, a bird for this beautiful girl? Why, Mr. Mook! Are you sure that Mary Astor is "unappreciative"? You'll have to prove it, mister.

Ruth Chatterton deserves praise for her technical ability but her "grand lady" air is very wearing, says that old meanie Mook.

A brace of the fattest birds in the larder for William Haines for a bad case of inflated ego, according to our critical scribe. But, if Bill ever had such a case, didn't he get over it on his triumphant vaudeville tour?

Just a little bird, not a big one, for Sally Eilers—because, says Mr. Mook, he has been introduced to her ten times and as far as she is concerned, he is still brand new. Say it's not so, Sally. Still being a "Bad Girl," are you?

pictures is playing. Just try to do it, that's all! A nice fat bird for Mary Astor for being what I'd call the most unappreciative girl in pictures. According to my information, when she couldn't get work on the screen, Fred and Florence March got her a job on the stage; when her husband was killed it was to them, I hear, that she went and stayed in preference to her father and mother; and afterwards it was Fred, I understand, who was instrumental in getting her a job at Paramount which led, indirectly, to her RKO contract. But when the Marches returned to Hollywood there was never a word of greeting from Mary. Nor has she ever taken her new husband to meet them, at this writing.

A new fur coat, or sixteen dozen roses, if she prefers them, for Claudette Colbert for being better looking off the screen than she is on, which is something that can be said only of a verra, verra few.

A whole hothouse for Constance Bennett because, aside from her beauty, she is as charming as she is sophisticated and, baby, that's saying PLEN-ty.

Wait a moment, Connie. You'll have to give the annex to that hothouse to Florence Eldridge for being one of the best actresses in Hollywood and still being willing to forego the fame that would accrue from that and simply work at being Mrs. Fredric March.

And a medal to Frank Albertson for being the kind of chap I'd like my kid brother to be. Clean-living without being prudish, and a devastating sense of humor that is not above wisecracks.

And, speaking of wisecracks, a medal for Eddie Quillan for being the best wisecracker I've ever come across.

And one for Dick Barthelmess for being one of the most well-bred chaps I've met out here. He knows how to make you feel at home without becoming unduly familiar.

(Continued on page 100)
The Outline of Jean Harlow

Do you want to know the REAL Jean Harlow? The Secrets of Jean's Soul Laid Bare—in a Purely Imaginary Interview. (Well, It's Imaginary, Anyway!)

By Mortimer Franklin

So the same evening, with my gun still smoking in my hand and the prostrate forms of the servants strewing my path, I duly confront the willowy star in her boudoir. But what an amazing sight greets me! She is swathed from her neck to her heels in a long, loose, all-concealing gown, and is in the act of putting on over it an even longer cloak in that fashionable new shade known as Spanish omelet.

"What is the meaning of this?" I demand, scandalized. "Here I come, at considerable trouble and expense, to interview you, an actress known chiefly for your lovely figure—and I find you swathed in garments like an Eskimo!"

"Eskimo questions and I'll tell you no lies," she answers, with a naughty gleam in her hair.

"But what am I to tell my readers?" I plead. "How about those ravishing contours? How about those famous stream lines?"

"You really want to know about my stream lines?" she inquires. "Very well!" And without further warn-
ing she hauls off and recites the following poem at me:

GENTLE RIVER
River, gentle River,
Flowing, ever flowing,
I don't really give
Hang where you are going.

"Those," she declares, "are my stream lines. I wrote 'em myself."

Aha! Now we are getting somewhere! While I fe-

"You want to see me as I really am, stripped of the
veil behind which I hide from the outer world? Then
look!"

Trembling, I look up slowly so as not to let the tre-

"Yes," she says slowly, solemnly, "now I stand be-
fore you revealed, with my soul stripped bare—the true,
the genuine, the REAL Jean Harlow."

I grow tense. I grow more and more tense, until I

"Who are the actresses that play the hottest, the most
burning, the most violent love scenes? They're the ones
who in private life are coldest, most passionless, most
doof, aren't they? Who are the actors that play the wildest,
drunkestest, most aban-
donied villains? The boys
with families, homes and fires-
sides who lead moldy lives,
in'est-ce pas? Who are the
funniest, craziest, side-split-
tingest comedians? Those
whose real lives are the sad-
est, the most tragic, the most
unsmling, Hein?"

I nod violently, looking
around for a chair with arms
to grip.

"Well, then," she concludes,
"you see how I am in my
private life!" Saying which,
she throws on three more
gowns, two opera cloaks, and
over all an enormous fur coat
whose upstanding collar hides
her ears and nose.

What a night! What a girl!

"But tell me," I implore her,
when I am able to speak; "do
you always go around like
that, when you eat, when you
play, when you sleep?"

"Certainly not," she assures
me. "When I eat I put on
mittens and wristlets in ad-
inution; and when I go to bed I
add two pairs of woolen socks
and a muffler, and wrap my-
self up in a sleeping bag."

"And your other doings?"
I continue, making my pencil
gallop like a new star toward
an autograph collector. "How
do you spend your time? On

The ambition of Mr. Franklin's life was to
pierce the cloak of mystery that shrouds
Jean Harlow—or the shroud of mystery
that cloaks her—or the cloak of shroud
that mystifies her.
Did he succeed? Read
the story. You will
be surprised!

We find Jean swathed like an Eskimo.
"What's the meaning of this?" we ask.
"Eskimo questions and I'll tell you no lies,"
she answers, with a naughty gleam in her hair.

the screen you are a naughty,
saucy, flirtatious little thing. What do you do in REAL
life, when all pretense has been cast aside?"

"I spend some time knitting
those mittens and socks, but
most of my time is spent
reading. Reading—yes,
books.

"What books?" I urge.

"Good books, of course,"
she replies. "Reading good
books by the fireplace, with
Little Winkle, my twenty-five-
year-old Great Dane, by my
side."

"How affected—I mean,
how affecting," I murmur.

"And what are your hobbies?
Surely you have at least one
hobby?"

"No, I am not married,"
she blushes. "Oh, you mean
some little activity that I'm
crazy about, some pet quirk
in my mind? Certainly—I
have two. One is devising a
new application of the bi-
nomial theorem in plane geo-
metry, and the other is con-
structing a correlated system
of physio-psychological ethics.
But my work, of course, comes
before everything else."

"Splendid, Miss Harlow,
splendid. And now just one
thing more. Pray tell me
about your—ahem—well, have
you a little love-life in your
home?"

A (Continued on page 104)
Reviews of the

By

Delight Evans

Jackie Searl, Bobby Coogan, and Jackie Cooper in "Sooky"—sequel to "Skippy" and just as appealing.

Sooky
Paramount

Sequels are rarely satisfactory. Is that so? You saw "Skippy." Now see "Sooky"—if you haven't already. You'll find the further adventures of these incomparable kids just as appealing, just as funny and as fresh, as in their first screen appearance. Here's a kid picture to please both grown-ups and children. The yearning of Sooky for a soldier uniform and a Sam Brown belt will wring the oldsters' hearts, yet youngsters will accept it with perfect understanding—it's that well done. It is in the typically "kid" touches that Director Norman Taurog excels. They are so real. There's a "big scene" in "Sooky" in which Jackie Cooper rises to the heights we have come to expect of this great young actor; but the appeal of this film lies mostly in those everyday pictures of the small American boy as he really is. Bobby Coogan and Jackie Searl are fine, too.

Gloria Swanson is at her best in "Tonight or Never." Her new leading man, Melvyn Douglas, is a real find.

Tonight or Never
United Artists

The most gallant lady of the screen, Gloria Swanson, is at her best in this pleasant picture. Meaning that she is brilliant, gay, poised, and not too coy. You'll find no slapstick in "Tonight or Never." Thanks perhaps to director Mervyn LeRoy, whose "Little Caesar" certainly held no trace of cuteness; or possibly to the star's own good sense. As the continental opera singer whose voice is said to lack soul because there has been no man in her life, Gloria gleams and glistens, thanks not only to couturiere Chanel. Enter, of course, The Man. He is Melvyn Douglas, suave and handsome, and you will like him. The love scenes are the most realistic of the month, if that means anything to you. See our Honor Page for further details! It is only fair to the family trade to add that "Tonight or Never" is hardly an appropriate entertainment for the youngsters.

Private Lives
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"Private Lives" is a brilliant comedy by Noel Coward, with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery.

Here's one you never heard before! I mean that, unless you happened to see the stage play, you will find "Private Lives" unique entertainment. You won't be able to tell what is coming next; you will be pleasantly teased and tantalized by its smart, staccato action and its brittle, brilliant dialogue. This clever Noel Coward comedy has been expertly adapted to the screen with very few changes. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery play the Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward roles with charm and humor. Briefly, it concerns two terribly-in-love young persons who find they can't live apart even though each is married to another. They can't live apart—and they can't live together, either—too much temperament! The complications are hilarious. See it if you like sophisticated screen comedy suavely staged in the best modern manner.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:
SOOKY TAXI
PRIVATE LIVES HELL DIVERS
ARROWSMITH TONIGHT OR NEVER

Turn to page 102 for casts of current films
**Best Pictures**

SCREENLAND’S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

"Taxi." James Cagney’s new picture, is NOT a gang film. But Cagney provides excitement. With Loretta Young.

**Taxi**

Warner

NOT a gang picture! Jim Cagney has reformed, a’right—that is, he is not hurling any grape-fruit in his new film; but he is still a lovable, hot-headed, fighting fool who just can’t make his fists behave. Cagney is at his best—and that’s as good as the screen has to offer if you query me—in this human, hearty comedy drama about a taxi driver who can’t keep out of trouble. He flies headlong into action to avenge his kid brother, and there is never a dull moment. The love interest is of the strenuous type, with Loretta Young playing Jimmy’s bewildered girl friend, now closing the door on his outbursts of temper, then forgiving him and taking him back. But the picture is all Cagney’s. The boy makes you believe in him. You’ll like this one. Loretta, you’ll find, is not only prettier in every new picture, but she is about the most human ingenue on the screen today.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

James Cagney in "Taxi"
Jackie Cooper in "Sooky"
Helen Hayes in "Arrowsmith"
Ralph Bellamy in "Surrender"
Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein"
Wallace Beery in "Hell Divers"
Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith"
Richard Bennett in "Arrowsmith"
Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never"
Melvyn Douglas in "Tonight or Never"

Sinclair Lewis’ "Arrowsmith" makes a worth-while film. Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes are splendid.

**Arrowsmith**

United Artists

Even Sinclair Lewis likes it! He wrote the book; he says it is a fine picture, and he should know. Fortunately, we’re in complete accord with Mr. Lewis. "Arrowsmith" is a fine picture. It is honest, human, dignified, and sincere. It’s one of those "worth-while" motion pictures we are always crying for. Now that we have one, let’s make the most of it. Whether you did or did not read Sinclair Lewis’ novel, I’m sure you will like Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes in the screen transcription. As the young medical scientist whose work always comes first, even before his devoted wife, Colman has a big chance, and he makes the most of it. There are grim scenes in this picture, sad scenes, poignant scenes. But the power and pathos of it will touch you. Helen Hayes is tremendously appealing. Richard Bennett is great! Connie should be proud of her dad!

"Hell Divers" is a real man’s picture. Clark Gable and Wallace Beery share the acting honors.

**Hell Divers**

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Here’s one of the big thrills of the month—no, not Clark Gable this time. Wait a minute, he’s thrilling, too, but in this case I’m talking about the air maneuvers that make this such an exceptional motion picture. We see planes stunting; planes cracking up; planes landing precariously on battleships. More than a hundred vessels of the U. S. Fleet participated in the Panama Canal zone scenes. It’s a film with Uncle Sam’s stamp of cooperation. Acting honors belong to Wallace Beery, playing a rough-tough Jap with a big heart—and we don’t mean Marjorie Rambeau, although she is very much present. Beery and Clark Gable are friendly rivals—each thinks he’s the best mechanic in the Navy. Lots of laughs before the sad ending. It’s a man picture, but there’s Gable for the girls. Dorothy Jordan has little to do—but does it as charmingly as possible.
Blonde
wary of Love

Why Evalyn Knapp has never been married, engaged, or even reported engaged!

By
Helen Howard

She's been in Hollywood for nearly two years. She's very, very pretty—her mouth has been called, by those who know about such things, the prettiest mouth in pictures. She's twenty-three years old. And her success as a film actress has been outstanding.

And yet, in spite of all this, she has never been married. She has never been engaged. She has never even been reported engaged!

I'm talking about Evalyn Knapp. Lovely, blonde Evalyn Knapp who doesn't trust love!

She wants it—it's hers for the taking—and she's afraid to reach out and grasp it. She stands off at a distance, and looks at it with longing eyes.

There is a reason for Evalyn's attitude, of course. A long time ago, she was hurt, and like the burned child shunning the fire, she has resolved to keep love at a distance, that it may never hurt her again, so help her!

It was in her extreme youth, when she was just a high school girl. But it's a lot of foolishness that the loves of youth are puppy love, soon forgotten—that the hurts of youth are unimportant, no matter how hard they sting at the time. The disappointments, the disillusionments of youth are the most important of all, because then one is in the formative stage, growing, and one has not the experience and balance, nor the philosophy, with which to adjust oneself and combat the hurt.

The woman of thirty who is disappointed in love feels badly, of course. But she may be able to shrug her shoulders, say "Ah, well," and carry on, knowing that time will heal the pain, and that another love will come along. To youth, it's a life and death matter.

So it was with Evalyn Knapp. Her romance of high school days is still influencing her life. It must have been a beautiful one while it lasted, because its effect has been so far-reaching. But it was destroyed. The boy disappointed her, didn't come up to expectations. Maybe Evalyn's ideals then, as now, were hard to live up to. Anyway, it broke up and Evalyn, with a broken heart, decided that she must get away from the surroundings that would remind her of happy days now past.

(Continued on page 94)
It's the Real Thing!

The Marquis' title is genuine.
Here's how he proved it

By
Alma Whitaker

THE Chevalier Lucien Brunswig, prominent French resident of Los Angeles, had voiced his concern about the credentials of Gloria Swanson's ex and Constance Bennett's new husband, Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye.

His doubts were based upon the fact that his lordship's name did not appear anywhere in Botin Mondaine, which, he declared, was to France what Burke's Peerage and Debrett are to Britain. He had also remarked that French marquisates took their titles from their estates, and that Falaise means a cliff, which was rather a bleak sort of an estate. Coudraye, he expounded, was merely a name.

So we decided to put the matter up squarely to the gentleman, fondly known as Hank in Hollywood, mainly because no one quite knows the formal manner in which to address a marquis, and because he has such a jolly mouthful of a name!

Had the beauteous Gloria gracefully discarded a bogus marquis and was she secretly grinning behind her fair hand at Constance Bennett's haste in taking over a doubtful title?

Now a question like that might well have aroused the ire of either a bogus or a genuine marquis. But no, "Hank" was amused.

"It is all rather silly," he smiled easily, "for so many reasons. To begin with, France is a republic now and titles are of no consequence. Secondly, I have tried my best to avoid the use of the title here and to be simply Mr. de la Falaise, but Americans wouldn't let me. And third, one feels a little ridiculous insisting and proving that one is anything that matters so little. But I want to satisfy anyone who is really interested."

"That means all of us," I told him.

"Consider your position. Has not Will Rogers proclaimed you the arch-index of lady movie star standing? If you marry them, they are necessarily the most beautiful, popular, richest."

Here the Marquis, who has charming manners, smiled a deprecating little smile.

"In that case," he said, "let us take this Botin Mondaine. It is not an official record of the aristocracy. It is a mere social register which includes any name the owner of which will pay twenty-five francs. I omitted to pay. But the Lire D'Or, now—that is the French Burke's Peerage. Would you care to see that one?"

I would. I did. And there, under (Continued on page 112)
Black and white are always correct whether it's spring, summer, autumn, or winter. Ruth Hall's evening gown is of black and white chiffon velvet, with slender Vionnet lines and strapped décolletage.

SCREENLAND'S Spring Tonic—Fashions!

Look what Sylvia Sidney is Spring-ing on us—a jaunty tweed hat to match her new gray angora spring suit. The little white yarn pom-poms are a smart touch.
In the spring a young girl’s fancy lightly turns to—fashions! (Fooled you that time.) Geneva Tobin’s “Four O’Clock” is of rose-beige crépe, dotted with circles of gold beads. A fox-trimmed scarf completes the ensemble. (Below.)

Genevieve Tobin’s “Four O’Clock” is of rose-beige crépe, dotted with circles of gold beads. A fox-trimmed scarf completes the ensemble.

Fur designs create interesting jackets for dinner outfits this spring. Jeannette MacDonald is wearing a jacket of white satin appliqued with triangles of black broadtail fur. Her gown is black chiffon and cire satin.

Clever contrast is achieved in Miriam Hopkins’ street frock of beige and brown. The skirt is of dark brown wool and the jacket is of beige dotted with brown. Removable cuffs and collar of beaver make this costume highly practical.
First, Myrna Loy in a simple street frock of black woolen material. The costume is set off with a square-cut collar of white piqué. Then you see Myrna in the same frock plus a matching cape, with a narrow border of caracul.

Here's an outfit that smacks of Paris—and that's where Marion Davies got it. It's a Redfern model street coat of black wool, trimmed with white American broadtail. The fur appears as zig-zagged edging. The black antelope "over-one-eye" hat is of Rose Descat design.

Ruth Hall's hat may be worn at five o'clock or after dinner. Note the ultra-smart short veil— and those pearl earrings add an extra note of sophistication.
Fashions
Look Forward
to Spring!

Marion Davies in the very last word in beach ensembles. A dashing Cossack coat of bright red with blue decorations to match her blue bathing suit. It was designed by Mary Nowitsky, of Paris.

Madge Evans' sports hat is of beige felt with a brown grosgrain ribbon around the crown. You'll get an all-around view of this chapeau when you see Madge in "Courage."
The Stage in Review

Two movie Helens delight Broadway audiences—other first-night notes for stage and screen enthusiasts

"The Good Fairy"

IN A private hotel dining-room Lu was approached by a great Sugar Daddy. She hurriedly said she had a husband, and while the S.D. went off-stage she grabbed the first name she hit on in the telephone book. It happened to be old Doc, Sporum, impecunious and defunct in glandular attraction.

Well, she was nearly a good fairy to him, for the S.D. was about to hand him a lot of money in exchange for evenings and so forth with Lu when it all blew up. The epilogue shows us that Lu married a fellow you never suspected.

This is Molnar’s latest comedy to reach Broadway. The dialogue whips up some real laughs and there is quite a Continental flavor about the thing. Helen Hayes as Lu is good. She is always good. In fact, she is the show. As a further “in fact,” she is the show wherever she appears. Walter Connolly bit into his part too deeply. He wavered between Chekhov and a Marx brother.

The production was, as usual, a perfect Gilbert Miller.

"Springtime for Henry"

Macgowan & Reed produced it—salute! Benn W. Levy wrote it—shame! Leslie Banks, Helen Chandler, Nigel Bruce and Frieda Inescort interpreted it—great applause.

"Springtime for Henry" it is called, and if you like a farce-comedy with brains, brilliant dialogue, original situations, pep, clear-cut characters, Rabelaisian tickles and acting that is perfect, go see this play.

It concerns the affairs of Henry Dewlip, rich highroller, Mrs. Jelliwell, a husband in the red who is fighting mad when Dewlip jilts his wife, Mrs. Jelliwell, and Miss Smith, secretary to Mr. Dewlip. Miss Smith tries to reform Mr. Dewlip, although the dear has murdered her husband some time back. Complications arise that tickle you incarnadine. It’s a play for sophisticated, intelligent, brain-laughing, civilized persons—that’s you, dear reader!

The four players were critic-proof. Banks and Bruce are side-splitting, while Helen Chandler, demure, arch, coy, soft-spoken little puritanical murderess, looks almost ethereal. Never has she been completer mistress of a part. That’s acting—without noise. Double salute to Helen—and may she do it again in a picture!

"Sing High, Sing Low"

Well, the Metropolitan Opera House, its good old Gatti and its famous arch-patron had, some day or other, to come in for a sock on the chin—everything else in the world is getting one.

Murdock Pemberton and David Boehm throw the hook into the hooey at Fortieth and Broadway in a labored concoction called “Sing High, Sing Low.” Here was a great chance; but, to me, it simply does not come off, although there are some amusing scenes and characters in it. But it is more Frank Sullivan kidding than real satire.

About a girl from the South who comes along with a bunch of clippings and no voice. The arch-patron takes her over; but she flops and marries a sub-press agent.

There’s solid picture stuff in this play. Somehow the films can put magic into the dullest plays. And, by the Great Scarab, what a pedicolous season it is—for real stage plays!
"The Passing Present"

"The Passing Present," by Gretchen Danrosh, depends entirely on the great talent of Hope Williams to pull it through. I fear the task is too great for even the pugnacious-appearing Miss Williams, who is in a class all by herself: where can you double that head, that uncanny self-possession, that alluring wiggle-slootch, that unchanging but most subtly nuanced voice, that rich lingering on each word, that calm way she has of demolishing anybody she doesn't like? It's simply sans pareil ("incomparable" to non-linguists).

The play is a twelfth carbon copy of Tchekhov's "The Cherry Orchard." It concerns the inconsequential troubles of an old New York family. It moves slower than the repeal of the Bootleg Amendment. It is as windsly with irrelevant talk as a radio booster for lemons. It has one good line: "It was Vogue that taught me how to blow my nose on the Riviera." Mr. Arthur Hopkins was the philanthropist who produced it.

"A Widow in Green"

Sue is giving a funeral—a rather swell social affair—for the "ashes" of her husband when that very much alive article, having seen the notice in the paper, turns up. We then flit back to a cottage in the country, where the author, Mr. Lea Freeman, mixes up Freud and Sir Jimmy Barrie to explain to us why Sue imagined she was married to Tommy Shannon (Ernest Glendinning). We then amble back to the "funeral." Clinch. Fade-out. It's a brittle work, and hollow.

But there is the charming, fascinating and lovely-to-behold Claiborne Foster as Sue the widow, then Sue the quasi-fantastic, almost Maude Adamish and quaintly quasimash young spinster, and then the Sue, again, as the "widowed" ash-holder (a cigar-box with nothing in it).

The play may amuse you mildly in spots; but Miss Foster will allay all your frets about not getting any intellectual sauce out of it. Cecelia Loftus played a housekeeper as that rare technician only knows how, while Mr. Glendinning was a somewhat harmless Henry.

"1931"

When you do a propagandist play the first thing necessary is to create a sympathetic main character. We ought to be weep for Uncle Tom and Joe Morgan. But Adam in "1931," the new play put on by the Group Theatre, is a truckman who is brutal, noisy, a disorganizer and an altogether unchummy member of society, even when he had a job. I was glad Fate crotch him at last at 10:55.

The story is pure propaganda and as a play is rubbish. It tells of the decline to Bowery bummery of this Adam and thrusts in our faces the worst doctrinaire bilge that I have ever been compelled to swallow.

But—there is Franchot Tone, who gives a great—yes, great—performance. He brings out every nuance of the pilgrimage of a man who descends from chestiness to "economic collapse." This play will make Franchot Tone. He's far greater than any part of this so-called drama. The rest of the cast may as well have not left that fine first play of the Group Theatre, "The House of Connelly."

"After All"

This play by John Van Druten is one of the soldest and most earnest bits of satire that we have had this season. "After All" is a good title, for the author seems to say, "Well, after all, it's just the same thing over and over—and here's where I prove it."

It's a demonstration in English middle-class life (but which might take place on Washington Heights) that though the wild, young, tin-horn generation may tell their parents to go to! they, when they get married, are just as likely to put the snaffle and hobble on their own kids—for life is just a bowl of opfelmus when it comes to youth.

Ralph and sister Phyl went loose. The boy quit his straight-laced ma and pa and the girl took a married man for a lover. This bite into the Apple of Sin killed off both parents in the second act, and in the third act, the heart of the play, we see the boy and girl some years afterward going strong for home and the conventions just as their parents did before them. Voila!

Helen Haye was superb as the mother. She is an actress of great resources and has presence, both dramatically and physically. Walter Kingsford gave a good performance as the father. The girl and boy were excellently done by Margaret Perry and Edmund George. Minna Phillips as an aunt was perfectly laughable and human.

A fine play in a season of dramatic Joe Gums, Zilches, and Nertses.

"Bloody Laughter"

Maurice Schwartz is the Ajax of Broadway. Time after time he delivers the lightning called Flap. He is an actor-producer of ideals. He dares to fly way over (Cont. on page 110)
The Body Beautiful

If you want to keep or recapture Youth, 
exercise! Our Beauty Editor gives you 
“the perfect exercise.” Try it!

By
Margery Wilson

Exercise pictures posed by Miss Leila Hyams, M-G-M. Photographed by Clarence Sinclair Bull.

First—take a wide stride, the feet wide apart; put your left hand behind you at the waistline. Raise your right arm as Leila Hyams is doing here.

Second—with the arms and feet in the same position turn the body to the left. Note Leila’s sensible sweater and wide pajamas—ideal for exercising.

A LITHE, lovely, lissome body vibrant with the lilting song of youth means happiness to every woman. You may have it—and you and you! But it will not be handed you on a golden platter. You must go after it. It will meet you half-way—more than half way. The life forces rush into action to rout age and ill health if you will reach out to them and up to them. I mean that literally. In other words—EXERCISE!

If you want to keep or recapture youth—exercise! Youth demands movement, lots of it! Life is the movement of life upon itself, so the scientists tell us. Youth leaves us in exact ratio to our lack of movement. Youth bends and leaps and twists. Notice that as we grow up our movements confine themselves to straight ahead and straight backward motions. A child moves sideways quite as much as forward and backward. Youth tumbles and stands on its head, joyously, mischievously regarding an upside-down world. You and I become sedate and dignified and let the precious singing, surging youth die in our muscles.

But comes the dawn!—as the old picture titles used to say. Scientific body building steps right up in 1932 and stands on our heads again: twists us and turns us and teaches us stunts that our grandmothers never saw except in circuses. Everybody’s doing it! That is, everyone who can afford it.

But we have a new swanky name for it. Never again be guilty of so vulgar a term as “physical culture.” The exact science of building a beautiful body is known today as ANATOMICAL ARCHITECTURE!

It’s a very accurate name, too. First you have a plan, of course. You decide what you want the finished structure to look like. Then you decide on labor, time, and materials. Any number of diversified items come under the head of materials, if we mean by that what goes into the building. This includes everything from diet to correct thinking and constructive emotions. The other day I heard a popular Anatomical Architect say that she wished someone would perfect an X-ray that would penetrate a person’s mind so that she could see exactly what thoughts and feelings had brought about the bodily condition.

Other equally sincere workers in this field say, “Keep
your body clean, slim, and fit, and destructive thoughts and emotions will pass you by."

Well, both are true. Work with your body and your mind to find joyous health.

Douglas Fairbanks once said that if every tree you see doesn’t dare you to climb it, you’re getting old! Most of us don’t care to go in for tree-climbing but we can find exercises that can be done with much more privacy that will keep us young. Not only that, but we can select just the kind of exercise that will mould the body according to our wishes.

Anything can be accomplished in the way of shaping the body. In one fashionable salon all the exercises are given at first lying on the floor, a silken padded floor, to be sure, but a floor. These are to correct posture and to lift and harden the abdominal walls. This raises the chest too. Every exercise should lift the body and raise the internal organs to a higher position.

To get right down to cases, here is an exercise that will reduce the waist-line and harden the abdominal walls. Drink a glass of water first. Lie down on the floor on your right side, your head on your right arm crooked for a pillow. Relax. Slowly tense the hips and draw them forward, moving only from the waist down. Tense and lift all the abdominal organs. Slowly come up the body with this movement of tenseness until the chest is raised as though it were being pulled up by strings. Relax. Repeat this six times.

BEAUTY FOR YOU!
You may have all the beauty help you need from Margery Wilson, our charm editor who is a beauty herself! Make her department your guide. If you wish a personal answer, just write to her and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

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Dizzy at first just do it two or three times and gradually increase the number.

Now before you get too serious and conscientious about the matter, loosen up with a few somersaults until you learn to stand on your head. I told you before about this but now I am insisting! Put a pillow on the floor, put the top of your head in the middle of it, place your hands so that with your head they form a tripod for your body. Now put a knee on each elbow. This is probably as far as you will get the first two or three times you try it. As soon as you gain the feel of the position lift your legs straight up. Let someone help you until you gain your balance or do it against a wall.

Standing on your head is a wonderful cure for the blues. It sort of reverses everything inside and out—makes you feel giggly and gay. You couldn’t possibly stand on your head and remain sad. It keeps you from taking yourself so seriously and reminds you that life can be very amusing after all. You’re never quite the same after you’ve stood on your head. Like a visit to Hawaii, it gives you a different point of view. You feel—well, go on and try it! It’s very youthifying!

And now in a world where we are told that nothing is perfect I am going to tell you about an exercise that is called THE PERFECT EXERCISE because it uses every muscle in the body. I will describe it as best I can and you can study the accompanying pictures for the exact positions. First take a wide stride—that is, stand with the feet far apart. (But only for this exercise; never stand with your feet apart any other time. Keep the feet together for a pretty body-line.)

All right, now, take a wide stride. Put your left hand behind you at the waistline. As you inhale raise your right arm, elbow stiff, out from the side. While the arm is coming up turn your body from the waist to the left. Let the right arm pass in front of your face as you bend down on the left leg, keeping the right leg rigid, exhaling slowly. Let your body come on down, down, until the chest touches your left knee, at the same time reaching out as far as possible with the right hand, trying to touch the floor before you. Stretch, reach, and twist and bend as far as you can in one movement. Now slowly rise and do the same thing raising the left arm and bending the right knee, keeping the left leg rigid.

The first attempt at this exercise will prove to you how little use are most of the muscles even though we consider ourselves fairly active people. This is simply ideal for the busy man or (Continued on page 106)
Critical Comment

THE CUBAN LOVE SONG
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
The high spot of this film is Lawrence—call him Larry—Tibbett’s singing of The Peanut Vendor. Tibbett is still a far better singer than he is an actor. This rowdy romance of three musketeers in the Marines, Tibbett, Jimmy Durante, and Ernest Torrence, is only fair. Lupe Velez is a zizzling senorita who never quite convinces. Durante is as funny as the plot permits.

RICH MAN’S FOLLY
Paramount
A picture to think about! Men will like it. And there’s appeal for women, too. George Bancroft is fine as the man bound up in his work and his son, whose ruthless pride almost destroys him. Perhaps the most touching scene on the month’s screen is the death of the little son, beautifully played by David Durand. Frances Dee as the neglected daughter is surprisingly good. See this one.

FLYING HIGH
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
For movie musical comedy addicts, this piece will afford you enough fun to make it worth your while. It presents Bert Lahr of Broadway, and he is a howling success as an aerial “inventor” who breaks the altitude record. You’ll enjoy Lahr if you like your comedy fast and not too funny. Charlotte Greenwood helps; pretty Kathryn Crawford and Pat O’Brien are pleasantly present.

THE STRUGGLE
United Artists
D. W. Griffith turns very, very serious and gives us a preaching on the evils of bootleg booze. He paints a lurid picture of what happens to Jimmy, a genial mill-worker, his wife, and their little daughter when Jimmy yields to the demon rum. Jimmy becomes a bum before our eyes, the wife suffers, and it’s all pretty sad. Hal Skelly, Zita Johann, and Edna Hagen are the players.

THE CHEAT
Paramount
And still she suffers! Tallulah Bankhead’s current vehicle is an old-fashioned model with a 1932 chassis, the results being far from smooth. The star strives nobly as a spoiled wife with gambling debts, a sap husband inexpertly played, and a pursuing villain stalagly acted by Irving Pichel. Tallulah gives “glamor” a new meaning. She’s alluring. But how she needs a hot story!

THE GUILTY GENERATION
Columbia
Thanks to two nice young players, Constance Cummings and Robert Young—you remember him in “The Sin of Madelon Claudet”—this gangland melodrama has its redeeming features, involving a romance between the son and daughter of rival racketeers. Leo Carrillo plays the head bad man with plenty of menace. But we thought we had seen the last of gangster films.
on Current Films

HIS WOMAN
Paramount
Gary Cooper as a sea captain with an adopted baby! Claudette Colbert as a lady with a past! And these two smart young players almost make you believe it. "You'll like Gary, going very nautical on his good ship Christine. And the baby, Richard Spiro, is guaranteed to send all the women in the audience into gurgles of delight. He's a real, sure-fire baby star.

GOOD SPORT
Fox
There are some likable actors in this picture so you may find it fairly diverting. It's a pseudo-sophisticated comedy drama about a wife who tries to beat the gold-digger at her own game. The trouble is—she falls in love! Linda Watkins is the wife; John Boles the other man, and there are lots of pretty girls around, including gorgeous Greta Nissen.

HEAVEN ON EARTH
Universal
You've been asking for a "different" picture. Here it is. You'll enjoy the southern flavor of this drama of Mississippi shanty-boaters, feuding with the steamboat folks. Lew Ayres, with a convincing drawl, is splendid as a boy brought up to hate the shanty-towners, only to find he is one of them. Anita Louise is appealing. A good, honest picture of little-known American life.

SURRENDER
Fox
Not the usual movie, this will be interesting to those who enjoy studying screen technique and clever direction. Viewed strictly as a show, however, it fails to entertain. Warner Baxter plays a French war prisoner, Leila Hyams a proud Prussian girl, but their romance is shadowy, and the superb performances of Ralph Bellamy and Alexander Kirkland easily win first honors.

SAFE IN HELL
First National
The most hard-boiled picture of the month—but frankly billed as "NOT for children." Dorothy Mackaill gives a splendid if sordid performance as a bad, bad girl fighting against fate—and a collection of the most determined heavies ever assembled in one film. Plenty of low-down atmosphere. Don Cook plays a sailor lover, and Ralf Harolde is chief, and convincing menace.

FRANKENSTEIN
Universal
Wear your hair nets, ladies! "Frankenstein" is a thriller, a chiller, and a hair-raising shocker. If you like horror movies, this is your meat and treat. Expertly directed by James Whale, this story of a man-made monster who leaves havoc in his wake will hold you spell-bound. Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, Mae Clarke give splendid performances. Don't take the children!
And so they’ll be married! Joan Bennett and Gene Markey tell us so themselves, and so does the beautiful star sapphire and diamond ring on Joan’s finger. Here they are—yes, it’s Joan behind the lorgnette—at the International Polo Match at the Riviera Country Club, Beverly Hills.

**Screen News**

Clark Gable to appear with Marion Davies in “Polly of the Circus”! Isn’t that chap getting the breaks, playing opposite all the lovely ladies? He had to take a test like the rest of the boys, after which none other would do, however. How do you fancy him as the minister?

It seems that Garbo, after a certain amount of hemming and hawing, has agreed to play the part of the dancer in “Grand Hotel” after all. This will be her second successive rôle as a dancer—the first, of course, having been in “Mata Hari.”

The announcement of Joan Bennett’s engagement to Gene Markey, made at a dinner given by her titled big sister, came as something less than an overwhelming surprise to those of us who had been keeping an eye on these two young romanticists. Joan, you know, was married once before at an early age, and obtained her divorce not long afterward. Following her début in movies she became interested in John Considine in a fairly sizeable way, but that incipient romance was cut off through the severe competition offered Joan by Carmen Pantages. As for Gene, he is one of the more captivating of the movie writers, and has been seen at various times in the past with Lois Moran, Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire. In fact, he sort of considered himself engaged to Ina when he happened to read in a news-

**“Coast-wise” reporter**

Learn the latest from our "Coast-wise" reporter

Vacation party. Cliff ("Ukulele Ike") Edwards, Nancy Dover, Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable breathe deeply and relax at Del Monte, Calif.
paper one day that she had eloped with John Gilbert. That's what impressionable young people get for reading the newspapers!

Still, all hands seem to be happy now, and don't be surprised if Joan and Gene are married by the time you read this!

Helene Costello said Lowell Sherman, her husband, was a "fat old man" and "a ham actor," according to that gentleman's divorce complaint. Helene, as we know, is sister to Dolores Costello, who is married to John Barrymore. Both girls married divorced men several years older than themselves. Helene had, however, been married before—to Jack Reagan. We insist, no matter what Helene's opinion, that Lowell is only a teeny-weeny bit over weight, and we deny the "ham" epithet.

A year ago the Duncan Sisters were worth a million dollars. It slipped through their hands like water and now they have filed a suit in bankruptcy. Rosetta and Vivian came from a small town called Covina, out amongst the orange ranches, and had a hard struggle at first. Of course "Topsy and Eva" won them their fame as a stage play—it did not go so well as a picture. Someone should have taken their money away from them, put it in trust and given them an allowance of around $100 a week to live on. But they're plucky dears, no whining, and promise to pay off all their creditors some day.

Fritzi Ridgeway is another girl in the throes of legal battle. It seems her gorgeous desert hotel at Palm Springs is heavy with mortgages against it and the mortgagee, just like the film villain, has become very unpleasant about it. Nobody loves a mortgagee!

Pat O'Brien and Eloise Taylor, his wife, had a perfect orgy of in-laws recently, when they entertained their respective parents and showed them Hollywood. Pat and Eloise have been married just a year but had not met each other's family before. While they were stage-playing it wasn't possible, but when Pat was recalled to filmland for a picture, domestic reunions seemed to be in order. We understand they both passed the examination.

Charlie Chaplin had his press-agent woes in London when the lady sued for services rendered, which included getting Charlie out of dining with the prime minister's son. Anyway, he had to pay the fair p.a.

Charlie has been working on a play about Napoleon, which may later be a picture.

Mary Nolan set her spouse up in business
and he lost the lot. Quite a test of romance, but they've weathered it happily, vows Mary, and now that she is to be Becky Sharpe in "Vanity Fair," and has a nice contract, the silver lining is bursting through nicely, thank you.

At Edmund Goulding's wedding party (he recently married a dancer, Margaret Moss) Lupe Velez was dividing her affectionate ebullience between Jack Gilbert and Ramon Novarro. Ramon, however, who was acting as a sort of best-man-cum-assistant-host, was not entirely faithful to Lupe. I mean, he told all and sundry that Greta Garbo is the most wonderful, most beautiful, etc., etc., girl in all the world. Then, too, he kissed a couple of newspaper women, just to be impartial.

Another bonanza for extras in Hollywood when Edward Griffith, directing Constance Bennett in "A Lady with a Past," required several hundred extras as passengers in the boat scene. You cannot imagine the wild rejoicing when a call like that goes out from a studio!

Anita Loos of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame, is writing scenarios and dialogue on the M.G.M. lot. The tiny author wrote Lenore Ulric's current stage vehicle, "The Social Register."

Since various critics made some rude remarks about Constance Bennett's slim charms in the artist-model picture "The Common Law," the young lady has taken strenuously to a fattening diet, they say.

If you have read the Katherine Brush serial, "Red-Headed Woman," you will have realized what corking screen material it offers. Clara Bow, 'tis said, was offered the part by M.G.M., but stood out for too high a salary. Joan Crawford may do the picture. She's a calculating gold-digger, this heroine, and we cannot quite imagine the popular Joan in such an unsympathetic rôle, but it's a good acting part.

Bob Montgomery and Clark Gable are the latest recruits to polo. Will Rogers started something when he made polo a fashionable sport for actors.

Anna May Wong, lovely Chinese actress, will be starring in a picture version of the stage play "On the Spot," written especially for her by Edgar Wallace. When she and Sessue Hayakawa played together in "Daughter of the Dragon," that was the time when the hostilities between China and Japan really began. In that encounter, however, it was Japan that had to retreat.

New motion picture babies run to girls—seven of them as against three boys last year. Harold Lloyd, Jr., the incubator baby; Reginald Denny, Jr., and Albert Lee Werker were the boys. The girls were Patricia Fitzmaurice, Judith Fineman (Margaret DeMille is her mama), Sheila Lanfield (Shirley Mason's baby), Mary Esther Ralston, Darylyn Zanuck (papa the Fox executive), Barbara Bebe Lyon (Bebe Daniel's chef d'œuvre to date), and Judith Goetz, whose grandpa is Louis B. Mayer, president of M.G.M.

In the old silent days, Rupert Hughes wrote a story calling for a fist fight to the finish between an Irish politician and his spouse. Audiences were frankly shocked. We've wandered 'way beyond that point now. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery have a rough-and-tumble floor fight in "Private Lives," and Billie Dove and Chester Morris have another in "Cock o' the Air"—most undignified! Bernard Shaw really started
it when he made a king and his lady-love have a floor scramble in the stage play, "The Apple Cart."

Which reminds us, "Cock o' the Air" is rather delicious, clever nonsense. It opens with a weighty conference of the nations in which it is decided to exile Billie Dove, who is so beautiful she is demoralizing all the officers in the war! Billie has a lovely figure and we see a lot of it.

Don't criticize Billie's voice in this—that little song in the garden was furnished by a double. Billie, I vow, would not sing through her nose.

Ernst Lubitsch, director of sophisticated films, may not renew his contract with Paramount. He shows marked leanings toward stage directing. Besides, Ona Munson, slated to be the second Mrs. Lubitsch, is in New York for a stage play. Voilà!

So Eddie Lowe and the Fox organization bade each other a smiling adieu after all. There was a little matter of an additional three weeks' work which the producers claimed was due them on Eddie's contract, but they decided to waive the claim and informed him that he was free to make another connection. No doubt by the time this is in print he will have done just that.

Norman Foster chose a light-hearted way of deciding his immediate future. It seems that First National wanted him to play opposite Loretta Young in "Eight to Five," while at the same time Pathé offered him a role with Helen Twelvetrees in "Veneer." The decision went to First National, which suited Norman first rate.

What may very well prove the high point in Norma Shearer's acting career is the opportunity to play the feminine lead in Eugene O'Neill's powerful drama, "Strange Interlude," which has been bestowed upon her after much discussion, fasting and prayer on the part of the studio executives. A good talkie job on this play will undoubtedly mean a great triumph for all concerned. At any rate, the talking screen should prove a perfect medium for those unspoken thoughts which the characters are supposed to convey to the audience.

*A unusually expressive camera portrait of Violet Heming, stage star, whose first picture, "Almost Married," will soon be released.*

*Bill Powell successfully chisels a cigarette from his best friend, Dick Barthelmess, while director Mervyn LeRoy looks on in approval of his technique.*
Rejoicing in Hollywood knew no bounds when Tom Mix, reported dangerously ill, was at last able to talk over the radio to his boy fans. It was remarkable to see the mountains of letters that poured in upon Tom. Two boys, aged seven and nine years respectively, were brought to Los Angeles from San Francisco, a distance of almost 500 miles, just to leave a bouquet of flowers for their hero. Tom says it was the devotion of little fellows such as these that did more to help along his recovery than anything else.

Equally gratifying to large numbers of her friends and well-wishers was the happy outcome of Pola Negri’s illness. With her first talkie safely and creditably launched, Pola is waiting eagerly to get back on the job and follow up her comeback with more pictures.

Just to prove they positively had not separated, Mrs. Maurice Chevalier has joined Maurice in Hollywood. The rumor of a separation had been so persistent before that, that Maurice had been fretting considerably about it.

Better watch Melvyn Douglas. He made his screen debut with Gloria Swanson in “Tonight or Never,” was promptly borrowed for Ann Harding in “Prestige,” and is now to support Claudette Colbert in “The Wiser Sex,” having been hastily substituted for the late Robert Ames.

Marion Davies has some cute black pajamas in which she attends informal neighborly parties. Don’t let them tell you pajamas are going out. Not with Marion wearing ’em.

Quite a social flutter on the day that Elissa Landi brought her Countess mama out on the Fox lot to watch them making pictures, and introduced her all around.

Lots of titles in town this winter—Lady Ravensdale visiting Marie Dressler; Lady Stanley the house guest of Norma Shearer; Lord and Lady Ebrington visiting the Lawrence Grants; Lady Marshall Cecil visiting around, but Elissa is the only one to date with a bona fide title of her very own in the family.

Quite a little competition over this best-dressed-man-in-Hollywood subject. Adolphe Menjou gets a biscuit, of course, but he can be awfully un-tidy in private. Ivan Lebedeff keeps it up all the time, sartorial perfection de luxe. But now Gene Markey, who is beau-ing Joan Bennett, has them all growling enviably.

If Greta Garbo finally decides to do “Black Oxen” we shall see the beauteous Swede as an old woman who...
Another titled Hollywood caller. Lady Irene Ravensdale, a friend of Marie Dressier, was her guest recently; and ta from the movie colony, she's delightful!

takes a trip to Vienna and returns a youthful beauty on gland rejuvenation. Corinne Griffith did the story in the silent version and it made mints of money for all concerned, including Gertrude Atherton, the author.

It seems China wants talking pictures, but the Chinese are still making silents and the population cannot understand our talkies. So now arrives in Hollywood Ma Shih Tsiang, the stage and screen matinee idol of Chinese

Our Anna has had the darndest luck. But you should have seen how fond friends flocked when Lucile Gleason entertained for Anna at the Dominos. It will be a matter of personal satisfaction to us if destiny has decided to give her a happy, healthy and prosperous 1932.

Wally Reid's widow hopes to launch William Wally Reid, her son, into a motion picture career. The boy took a test at Universal but nothing has been decided yet. The boy is 14½, and is attending high school. Here's luck, Wally!

The fanatic who has been alarming Bebe Daniels with his ardent attentions for years has finally been popped back into an asy-
Johnny Weismuller is the swimming champion who plays in "Tarzan of the Apes." Spubby Krueger is a comic diver. And Una Merkel is there because she's Una Merkel.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have a cozy dinner party together—proving that husbands and wives do that sort of thing, even in Hollywood.

It was a great day for temperament when Jetta Goudal finally won her case against Cecil B. DeMille's appeal of her suit for damages for wrongful dismissal. The judge said an artist was perfectly right to interfere and try to make a picture more perfect, and well within his rights to argue a bit. So Jetta is now to collect $34,531.23 from DeMille, after the case has been petering along for four years. It was brought out in the testimony that all the changes Jetta had suggested, really were improvements for her pictures.

We are terribly curious about that 23 cents tacked on to the amount of the judgment!

Greta Garbo's favorite attire is a rough-neck sweater, not necessarily new, a mannish skirt, and, on cold days, an ulster. She also favors a good snow-skiing outfit.

We are solemnly assured that personal appearances are bad for pictures. It seems that when the stars appear in vaudeville, women's clubs, hotel parties, they lose their illusion for the public! Well, a lot of illusions are going aglimmering this year, for every star that gets the chance rushes into vaudeville between pictures.

"The modern woman hunts for love with freedom and fearlessness," says Rupert Hughes, author of "No One..."
Joan Marsh goes paste jewelry one better with something even more economical—and made to order with each outfit! Cecil Holland, make-up expert, draws it right on her with a make-up pencil.

Gloria Swanson and her new husband, Michael Farmer, caught by the camera just before they sailed for Europe, where they plan to stay indefinitely. Don't forget all about Hollywood, Mrs. Farmer.

Man,” in which Carole Lombard appears. “No one man is sufficient to occupy and satisfy the heart of an average woman.”

But the question is, Rupert dear, should they be encouraged in that belief? It does tangle things up so at home!

Although you have scarcely had time to see Ann Dvorak in “Scarface” and “Sky Devils” yet, her performances are so good that First National has borrowed her for “The Roar of the Crowd.” Howard Hughes has taken up the option on her contract with flattering haste, while many a better known star is being quietly dropped on the wave of economy.

Larry Tibbett says if he ever loses his voice, he’s going to be a butler. He says there is so much room for superior ones, the present supply being of highly dubious quality.

But, Larry, the rumor is that these incompetent butlers were in so many cases formerly actors. So do be careful!

Roland Young vows he picked Napoleon and Josephine up in a gutter on Sunset Boulevard. Says he gazed in wonder, then dashed into a drug-store, secured water in an ice-cream pitcher, immersed the pair therein, and now proudly introduces them to all his friends. They are gold fish! It is just as well Roland has the fish to prove it.

Pola Negri says she is positively not in love with anyone and is wedded to her work.

Lupe’s sister, Reina Velez, gets a screen break. She’ll be a native girl in “Panama Flo.” Although she is not known to pictures, she has been known on the Mexican stage for some time. She has also been doing some...
Spanish versions of American pictures for the past year. Lupe made her learn English.

David Manners is learning the good old tango for dear life. He has to dance it with Connie Bennett in "Lady With a Past," the picture that delayed her honeymoon with the Marquis.

Frank Fay, Barbara Stanwyck’s spouse, has signed up with Columbia. He’ll be author, director and star of "Fool’s Advice," in which he will appear, not in his famous dress suit, but as a country club elevator pilot.

Olga Baclanova and her spouse, Nicholas Sousanin, both are working on the same lot. Olga is working in "Freaks," which promises to be one of the most unusual pictures of the year. Nicholas is on the "Arsene Lupin" set, in which he is a mysterious butler. Olga had to work hard to stage a comeback, for after leaving Paramount, she married and had a baby. Then she had to learn English. Next she had to show herself in a stage play before producers would believe in her suitability for talkies in English. But you cannot keep a bright girl down.

Oh, so movie stars are morons, are they? So says Professor Dashiell of the University of North Carolina. So up pops Paramount and points out that 80% of their major stars went to college—and proves it.

So it’s just too bad how these colleges are turning out morons!

Mind you, Genevieve Tobin is not superstitious, but just try to get her to wear green. It seems the only stage failure Gene ever had was when she was wearing a green dress.

Lots of excitement when an actor was playing one of those nickel-in-the-slot baseball games in a drug-store, and was just whooping it up that he had "Babe Ruth at the bat."

"Babe knocks out a homer every time," gurgled the slot-gambler.

"Not quite every time," said a laughing voice, and behold! the real Babe Ruth was right behind him. Babe, you see, has been in Hollywood making the baseball scenes for his Universal series.

After a visit in Paris, Gloria Swanson and Michael Farrer decided that it was imperative to visit Ireland and kiss the blarney stone. Michael, you see, was born in Cork, where the famous stone is located. So maybe Mike has already done the necessary kissing. It will entail Gloria lying on her tummy and doing some fancy calisthenics—but after one has kissed that magic stone one can blarney anybody into doing anything forever after. Anyway, that’s the story.

By the way, Gloria’s little girl also went along on that honeymoon trip.

Cecil B. DeMille returns from Russia vowing it’s a most wonderful country. They wanted him to make a picture for them, propaganda and all. DeMille and his wife travelled up the Volga—remember his picture "The Volga Boatman"? That was taken on the Sacramento River in California, but DeMille says it was a faithful reproduction.

"Oh, Hollywood is simply divine!" declared Talullah Bankhead when...
she arrived, and took up residence in one of Bill Haines’ houses.
A few days later she was telling us she wanted a nice long trip somewhere. Fickle maid! Or is Bill’s antique furniture too much for her?

Mae Murray, the Princess David Mdivani, says she’s going to stay in California a long time now and rest and love the baby and all that. Twelve weeks of vaudeville, with five personal appearances a day, have made home and hubby and baby seem better than ever.

Gone are the days when picture stars had elaborate wedding parties after church ceremonies and let all their friends in on their celebrations—à la Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Bessie Love and Bill Hawks, etc., etc. Nowadays they either elope to another state or get married secretly in other people’s parlors, all the way from Clara Bow to Constance Bennett, via Richard Dix, Lew Ayres, Mary Astor, Dorothy Mackail, June Collyer et al.

While salary cuts are in order, we hear Clark Gable got a raise. But it seems that, considering he is the flappers’ darling, the stipend was a trifle meagre before the fuss. Clark, we now hear, was only getting $350 a week, with a weekly bonus of $500 thrown in to make him happier about it. Then he sulked and stayed home for a while, even when he was scheduled to play in Marion Davies’ picture. Don’t know how much the studio raised the ante if at all, but anyway Clark went back to work like a good boy.

Just to show you where some of the money goes. Sally O’Neil was sued for failing to pay $125 for having her name in the motion picture directory! Jeanette MacDonald was likewise sued for an overdue account for magazine advertising.

Edna May Oliver is now her legal name. Her real name was Edna May Nutter, born in Boston. But the court agreed Oliver was nicer than Nutter for film purposes.

Quite a flutter to hear that Mary Pickford is to go into producing again. At this writing Mary has narrowed her choice of stories down to two. Anyway, she is expected to start working early in February. Mary says she will be content if she makes less than a third on the next picture than she did on the last.

The advantage of knowing two languages! Both Josephine Dunn and Jeanette MacDonald get to play in both the French and English versions of Maurice Chevalier’s “One Hour With You,” and so draw two salaries. Defeat hard times by becoming a good linguist!

(Continued on page 114)
Here's the whole happy family—Evelyn Duncan Asther, mama Vivian, and proud papa, Nils. They call the young lady at the left "the International Baby"—you remember she was born in Germany, her mother an American, and her father Swedish. In private life Evelyn is "Little Eva," for the character played by her pretty blonde mother in "Topsy and Eva," in which the Duncan Sisters scored their biggest stage success. Now that Nils has mastered that tricky accent, he has signed a new film contract and you'll see him in "Her Cardboard Lover," the talker version of the comedy in which Marion Davies starred several years ago.
Who wants to stay at Home?

Who indeed, when Sheiks, harem dancers and desert moonlight beckon?

By Arthur McArthur

If you had Claude Flemming's flair for finding out the untrodden ways and the unseen sights of the world, how long would home and fireside continue to hold their allure?

Flemming was born in the center of Australia, almost within hailing distance of the bush. Plenty of adventure right handy, you might think; but when Claude Flemming wanted excitement he thought it essential to ship on a little sailing vessel bound for distant parts of the earth. And that just about sums up Claude Flemming.

His idea of relaxation is to go away to some far distant place—preferably some place almost inaccessible to man, where the white race has seldom if ever penetrated before, and where the earnest wish of the natives is that their white brethren would stay at home where they belong. His wanderings began at the age of ten with secret moonlight sallies into the bush to pay visits to the rangers and drink in their tales of derring-do. And before he was of age he had circled the Continent of Australia, deserted the ship, and pushed his way home across country afoot, on horseback, and by every other means of locomotion available to man in the less mechanized areas of the earth.

Back home again among his native eucalyptus and blue gum, he soon embarked upon the relatively quiet life of a wandering minstrel, abetted by a more than passable baritone voice. From musical comedy in London at the Savoy Theatre to Grand Opera at Covent Garden with Hans Richter's company, ending up with Al Jolson at the New York Winter Garden, he ran pretty thoroughly the gamut of the vocal arts.

But this was no more than an interlude; and in due course he was off again, bent on travel for travel's sake—to the gold and opal mines of New Zealand, to the gay capitals of Mitteleuropa, the hills and the moors of Scotland and England, the Arabian mysteries of Morocco, the burning silence of the Sahara.

Travel for travel's sake, did I say? Quite right—but not solely for his own amusement. He soon formed the habit of toting a motion picture camera and a suitable retinue along with him; and the result has been the unique series of travelogues known as the "Romantic Journeys"—a record of Flemming's (Continued on page 103)
Look! Billie with Bangs!

Yes—Miss Dove brings back bangs in her new picture, "Cock o' the Air." And that isn't all, either—besides the bangs, Billie offers clever comedy, torrid love scenes, and a really sparkling characterization in this gay film about a beautiful actress who upsets Paris in war-time. Chester Morris plays a dashing aviator to everyone's satisfaction. Billie, by the way, wants to alternate comedy and drama in her cinema future. She's grand in either!
I've been wondering for ages why some enterprising soul didn't get up a really stunning travel manicure kit—one that could be tucked into an overnight bag or feel equally at home on a trip around the world. You've always been able to get them in paste-board boxes that fall apart or in leather cases that are ruined if you spill something on them, so I just kept on looking and hoping.

It remained for Coty to fill this crying need with the cleverest and most practical set imaginable, housed in a good-looking, sanitary bakelite box. When I saw it I reached out both hands for it instead of just one! It's small and sturdy, a good friend on a journey and a comfortable companion at home. Easy to keep neat-looking because one swipe of a wet cloth takes off spots and makes it look like new. That's the great advantage of bakelite.

You'll find a picture of it somewhere on this page. Isn't it a darling? To begin with, Coty's liquid polish is very superior. It has been improved until it does not peel or discolor and lasts longer in the bottle, too, for it does not evaporate so quickly. It flows on thinly and evenly with a brush especially designed like an artist's brush, "hand-domed" soft bristles instead of the usual chopped-off, even fibre kind.

Speaking of brushes, the set contains a sturdy little hand brush, new in design and made of finest Russian bristles. It is very serviceable besides looking quite smart perched in the middle of the box. There is a generous bottle of cuticle remover which is more than just a word in this case; polish remover, of course, and a fat tube full of orange sticks, emery boards and cotton. You'll understand my enthusiasm when you get one of your own. And you may have all this satisfaction and convenience at Coty's price of $3.50. I almost forgot to tell you that Coty's polish is perfumed attractively, the perfume having been accounted for chemically in the formula instead of being poured in afterward to dilute the polish. In three shades: clear, medium, and deep. The clear has just a faint tint and is considered very smart this season.

Coty's also make a dressing-table tray set that is quite imposing, and contains larger-sized bottles—$5.00. Smaller sizes of this type can be had at $3 and $4.

Did you notice the swanky-looking jars and bottles pictured on this page? They were especially created for all good little girls who are smart enough to know what their skins really need at this time of year. What with heat inside our homes and winter winds outside, our poor defenseless skins get drier and drier. You can almost hear your face saying "Thank you" when you give it Lentheric's treatment for dry skin, (Continued on page 105)
Irish!

Is the vivacious colleen starting a new vogue in pictures?

Irish ballads and Irish bacon may have played a big part in Erin’s wooing of the heart of humanity, but it needed the devastating and mischievous smiles of the blue-eyed colleens to complete the conquest of the great army of motion picture fans—and isn’t that nearly all humanity?

A tour of the studios and a survey of the new films reveal the interesting fact that the blue-eyed Irish girl is today’s popular star of the screen, and it is something much more than the rather unflattering and bromidic fable, “The luck of the Irish,” or the color of the eye that has captivated the critical movie public.

Nor is this preference for the vivacious maidens of Erin, as part of the public’s screen entertainment, merely a temporary vogue in eye-color. It may really indicate a deep-seated change in film styles. The blue eyes of the Irish girls that flash across the screens of the world may herald the downfall of the more sophisticated sirens.

A year ago the screen’s flickering shadows showed us a variety of dark-eyed ladies whose chief appeal was their nonchalant cosmopolitanism. There was little of the vivacious in them, theirs being the personality that demands heavy drapes and a suggestion of incense to make them appear at home. They were the possessors of that air of infinite weariness in their preoccupation with love and romance.

The vivacious clean-living, clean-looking girl is rapidly displacing the lady of the boudoir. The languorous, dark-eyed “vamps” of early-day films have gone the way of the flapper, while the present trend in pictures is toward the simple, homely stories in which love and romance are divested of their usual worldly trappings.

Such stories demand a certain type of heroine, and nowhere in the world are such girls more consistently found than on the Isle of Erin, and nowhere in the world are such girls more consistently honored than on the screen.

Let’s see who these girls are and why they are so successful. Taking Ina Claire first, it’s quite easy to realize why she succeeded. A brief chat with her and you are instantly captivated. Her charm and vital individuality refuse to be hidden. Her frankness is perfectly delightful. “I’m just shanty Irish,” she laughed. “Annie Claire Fagan is what they named me, and I was born in Washington, D. C., my father and mother coming straight from Ireland.”

Ina dropped the last name when she went on the stage. “I’m sort of sorry now,” she said, “‘Fagan’ has much more individuality and character than ‘Claire’. I like the Irish, they’re such good fighters, and I believe it’s because I am of that race that I have ‘got over.”'

This blue-eyed, fair-haired beauty admits she is lazy, but when she is at work, she does nothing.

(Continued on page 112)
The picture producing companies each month in SCREEN-LAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theaters throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 2; Fox Films, page 3; Warner Brothers, page 7; Cado, page 9; Educational, page 10.
LOOKING FOR A RAIN-BEAU?

Sorry, Kathryn Crawford, we couldn't help it. You do look pretty sweet paddling around in your new slicker and rain-boots. And whoever it is you're smiling at over your shoulder, we hope he knows enough not to come in out of the rain!
Studio Addresses of the Stars

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astrid Allwyn
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Harry Carey
Jackie Cooper
Kathryn Crawford
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Madge Evans
Lynn Fontanne
Wallace Ford
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Ralph Graves
William Haines
Nell Hamilton
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Barbara Leonard
Alfred Lunt
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Norma Talmadge
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Vladimir Sokoloff
Stuart Erwin
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Gary Grant
Harry Green
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Fredric March
Georges Metaxa
Jeannette MacDonald
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Warner Oland
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Irving Pichel
Gene Raymond
Jackie Sears
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Charles Starrett
Lilian Tashman
Regis Toomey
Allan Vincent
Judy Wood
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Susan Fleming
Roberta Gale
John Halliday
Ann Harding
Hugh Herbert
Rochelle Hudson
Arlene Judge
Tom Keene
Kitty Kelly
Edgar Kennedy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Phillips Lord
Joel McCrea
Frank McHugh
Ken Murray
PolLed Negri
Edna Mae Oliver
Laurence Olivier
William Post
Charles Quigley
Eddie Quillan
Charles Sale
Lowell Sherman
Marion Shilling
Ned Sparks
Helen Twelvetrees
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey
Frank Albertson
Hardee Albright
Lina Alcaniz
William Bakewell
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
John Boles
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
James Dunn
Ann Dvorak
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Ming Gombell
Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Cecelia Lolitius
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Sharon Lynn
Henri Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Maris
Mae Marsh
Victor McLaughlen
Thomas Meighan
Conchita Montenegro
Lois Moran
Greta Nisson
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Rosalie Roy
Spencer Tracy
Elsa Vokel
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Lew Ayres
Pala Bjornebohm
John Mack Brown
Mac Clarke
Robert Ellis
Sidney Fox
Rosalind Russell
Boris Karloff
Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.
Gertrude Astor
Isaacs Auer
Leo Carillo
Helen Chandler
Helene Chadwick
Dorothy Christy
George Faycett
Carmelita Geraghty
Bob Steele
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.
Don Alvarado
Eddie Cantor
Ronald Colman
Melyyn Douglas
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Evelyn Lase
Chester Morris
Pat O'Brien
Mary Pickford
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.
William Collier, Jr.
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Charley Chase
Dorothy Dandridge
Oliver Hardy
Ed Kennedy
Mary Kornman
Barbara Stanwyck
Joan Peers
Dorothy Revier
Ella Fitzgerald
Theo Sayers
Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.
Marjorie Beebe
Ann Christy
Andy Clyde
Bing Crosby
Harry Grierson
Patsy O'Leary
Dorothy Pollard
Our Gang
Gus E. Hall
Nina Stuart
Sono Art World-Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Ruth Roland
Eddie Dowling
Edward Everett
Ironton

A pair of good skates! With Adrienne Doré to speed her on her way, no wonder Tabby looks kittenish.
Hoots and Hoorays

Get in the "Prize Ring"!
Fifty dollars monthly for the best letters on the movies

Demonstrated by now that the talking screen is a perfectly valid dramatic medium in its own right. Why, then, should producers continue serving us warmed-over fare, however excellent, in the form of rehashed books and plays, instead of employing these same authors and playwrights to concoct original dramas especially fitted to the potentialities of the screen?

Let the movies build up a corps of authentic creative artists on whom to draw. Then truly will we have some great pictures!

Lilian Pownser,
8050-90th Rd.,
Woodhaven, L. I.

THOSE WOBBLY THRONES
(Third Prize Letter)

High on "e'er gilded thrones sit the movie stars, without one iota of protection—thrones won by long years of arduous toil and privation. Take our foreign stars—Paul Lukas for instance. Consider the splendid fight he has made. Always at a disadvantage, burdened by a foreign accent, his difficulties increased by the coming of the talkies, encouraged by no one, and with only his everlasting belief in himself to support him, he overcame all obstacles, and established himself as one of our finest actors of today.

We should remember this when we feel inclined to judge any of the stars harshly. After all, they are stars in name only—in reality they are but pawns pushed about by people's opinions. Why begrudge them their brief blazes of glory, which, "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lasting a little hour or two, is gone."

Sybil Donaldson,
R. R. No. 1,
Ottawa, Ont.

QUITE A LITTLE ORDER!
(Fourth Prize Letter)

I want:
Joan Crawford to stay a brunette;
Charles Farrell and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to get haircuts;
Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in another picture;
Another film like "Daddy Long Legs";
Janet Gaynor and Clark Gable co-starred;

That's the write idea! Send us your own talkie criticisms, flattering or otherwise. But always write constructively, even when picking flaws. The four best letters each month win prizes of $20, $15, $10 and $5, respectively. Please limit your letters to 150 words, and mail them to reach us by the 10th of each month.

HOW NOT TO BEHAVE!
(First Prize Letter)

Why so much bitterness toward the so-called "sexy" and "triangle" pictures appearing so frequently on the screen of today?

I believe films of this sort very often prevent just such situations in real life. In seeing this type of picture one is forced to form a mental picture of such things happening in one's own life and home. Often, this is enough to make one come to a fuller and deeper appreciation of the happiness and possibilities of one's own particular lot.

I am no Greta Garbo and my husband is no Clark Gable, but our own lives are full of happiness and understanding. Triangle pictures are a red flag—never we always

 Movies Made to Order
(Second Prize Letter)

Hollywood's present enthusiasm for making talkies of the best novels and stage plays is, to me, a cheering augury for the intellectual growing-up of the movies. By all means let us have the work of our leading novelists and playwrights, whose trained literary talents, flavored with imagination, wit and intelligence, usually provide the bright spots on the cinematic bill-of-fare.

Nevertheless, I think it has been amply
Hoots and Hoorays

ON THE OTHER HAND—

Why have recent pictures portraying our modern youth been so grossly overdone? This has been so noticeable that the average youngster cannot find anything comparable in his own life.

Pictures of this sort should teach a vital lesson—but do they? "Are These Our Children?" has just been shown in our local theatre, and it is interesting to note the discussion it has caused. All the young people agreed that it was a good picture, but extreme; and they insisted that none of their crowd lived such extraordinary lives.

"Phew! I still think I'm a good little boy," one young man remarked, and he was typical of his set. In fact, it gave them a feeling of satisfaction with themselves, so that a picture that was meant to teach a "Great Lesson" failed to do so.

D. Maple.
Box 193.
York, N. C.

(Continued on page 207)

A NEEDFUL

I hope every American girl in his teens saw "Are These Our Children?" True, it was tragic, but that's what we need—a good jolt, and if we could see ourselves more often as others see us, it might help lots. This story laid bare the real facts, without any glamour or romance, of the young lawbreaker who thinks he can get away with it. The boy got exactly what he deserved, and the sooner young manhood and young womanhood begin to realize that they just can't get away with it the more real fun they will have.

It just isn't being done, and this picture proved it clearly, even better than any parent could do. Most sweet young things didn't like it. I am sure, because it wasn't draped with the beautiful—but that's life, whether you like it or not.

Ruth Barnett.
5419 S. Robertson St.
New Orleans, La.

"The Sin of Helen Hayes" is that she waited so long before joining the movies. Two pictures—and the fans are hers!
How Has The Chatterton Changed?
Continued from page 27

Louise Dresser and Mary Forbes in a scene from "Stepping Sisters," film version of last season's comedy success on Broadway. Mary Forbes, right, is Ruth Chatterton's mother-in-law, and, of course, Ralph's mama.

her mother occupied in a quiet street in the city's East Side. She sat at the head of the table, disliking on what she believed was right, and what wrong, with the theatre.

"Absurd, adorable little creature!" I thought, dismissing her theories of stage management and writing a study of her as "Sweet and Twenty." But I was wrong.

It was a mistake not to give heed to those immature ideas. For while she was still in her twenties I was to see her as producer of two plays. She translated "La Tendresse" (Tenderness) from the French and appeared in it with Mr. Miller.

The next year actresses who might have mothered her resented the youngster's suggestion: "Don't you think you should play that in a lower key?" Or "That scene, could be improved by a quicker tempo."

"How dare that child dictate to us?" the elders asked each other. Late in the season the reason seeped into their consciousness. "That child owned the show!" and was putting forth her own ideas of direction as was her indisputable right. They were sound ideas.

It was at that time that Henry Miller said to me: "I doubt if Ruth Chatterton could write a check for five thousand dollars today. She hasn't the slightest interest in money for itself. I have never known an actress who had the money sense. You know how Nazimova slaved with the little Russian company, in a Third Street hall, making her own costumes? After Margaret Anglin and I found her there and I brought her uptown to give special matinées of Ibsen plays, what do you think she did with her first week's salary, ninety dollars?"

"Bought a new dress," I offered.

"No. She spent it all for a gold cigarette case!"

"But Miss Chatterton is wise in another respect," Mr. Miller went on. "She is investing her time, and so well that she will learn all that is to be learned about stage production and direction. She and Laura Hope Crewe are deep students of stagecraft. When their youthful beauty passes its loss will not be a tragedy to them."

Six months before her departure for Hollywood Miss Crewe told me that she gladly would play her last part on a stage. "I want to teach," she said, "and to direct. Her success in these capacities in Hollywood is known by all who know their Hollywood."

While "Ruthie," as her friends know her, was creating Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose" at the Empire Theatre, that had housed Maude Adams' performances of "Lady DuBilge" in "The Little Minister," Maggie Shand in "What Every Woman Knows," and Phoebe in "Quality Street," I accepted her invitation to "call me up any time between 2:00 and 4:00. There is a telephone in my dressing room, you know."

"So glad to hear from you. No, I am alone. I was studying my Italian lesson," came in the Chatterton voice by the dressing room telephone.

"Why Italian?" I asked.

"Because I think everyone should be able to think in three languages. I can think in English and French. It will give new shadings to my reflections if I can indulge them in Italian."

The blaze of one's name spelled in incandescence above theatres on the longest street in the world, Broadway, does not exist in today's world, but Miss Chatterton, whom I knew as a star, or woman in the home, more modest than Ruth Chatterton. Only once I heard her repeat words that had afforded her gratification. Permissible indeed was that indulgence, delivered with hesitant words and cheeks through which a pink tide poured: "I met Sir James Barrie in Lon-

don. When he learned that I was to introduce his "Mary Rose" to the American theathergoers he said: "I look like the little maids I have dreamed.""

Across the luncheon table at her home in New York leaped flashingly a dominant Chatterton trait. The tall, blonde, definitely featured woman whom Miss Chatterton addresses as "Tillie," her mother, had said: "Ruth carries her childhood admirations to a fault. I have always admired her, and I still admire her with the same eyes. They may have frightful faults and mannerisms that make them ludicrous. But she still admires them."

"I see those faults and mannerisms," came in, evasive tones across the glinting oak of the round table. "But don't talk about them. Who else has a son who just wants to be a legend?"

Ruth Chatterton had voiced the essence of good breeding. She is as far from her as disloyalty. While she reigned in the unstable realm of Broadway, brilliant actresses, dowagers and débutantes of Millionaire Row on upper Fifth Avenue, might receive tickets from her for seats far back in the crowded theatre, but one steadfast-eyed, smiling, shabbily woman always sat near the front row. Her address was said the Old Lady with a fan. She had been a neighbor of Ruth's in her before-success era. Always she received tickets for the smart first nights of a Miller-Chatterton play. She used to receive a hat and a pair from the star who pushed her way past circuses upon circus assembled for complimentary to her to be bestowed. At Pelham Manor lived an aged woman whom Miss Chatterton called "Aunt Lily," the title being outside the boundary of consanguinity. The undoubted compliment Ruth Chatterton paid a friend was to say: "Would you like to drive out with me to Aunt Lily's for tea?" The friends who went to the simple, faded little home, receiving the hospitality of the old friend, named the little house "Ruth's fount of inspiration.""

When she reached a city the first persons she telephoned were old actors or actresses she had known in stock, bidding them to a lunch or feast.

Romance was approaching the Broadway star of ten years' shining. It came about through the apparent commonplace of a younger everyone except for Miss Chatterton's leading man in her first musical comedy. Storms gathered above and about that offering by the Shubert brothers and their co-producer. Henry Miller. Mr. Miller, one of the undisputedly greatest stage directors, too, was one of the most irascible. He had chided players mercilessly at rehearsals and wept upon their shoulders in pleas for forgiveness when the flood tide of his wrathful impatience had passed. He told me that "he would give the world if he did not become furious with anyone who happened to differ with him."

The young woman whom he had raised to a place among the theatrical stars dared to differ with him at a point in rehearsals of "Magnolia Legs," his latest. He had set up an obstacle to his will, he turned the flood of his fury upon him. His words were whims. The Americans in the cast who joined in the conundrum. Miss Chatterton herself might have overlooked it. But to her side came a pale, young man with angry eyes. He bowed. "I want to speak to him from the stage, Miss Chatterton," he said.

She hesitated. Looked at the writhed, distorted features of her impresario of a decade. Slowly turned, took her leading
man's arm and left the stage. Mr. Miller
stamped from the stage and the theatre.
He never returned.
"Poor Mr. Miller!" It was her dress-
ing-room comment upon the incident to me.
"He does not know musical comedy. He
isn't well. He is very nervous."
It was characteristic of her large endow-
ment of forgiveness. It is a signal quality
of hers that she holds no grudge. Life is
a fast-rushing stream. We must guide
well and wisely our beats upon the stream.
We cannot afford to draw up to the bank
for indulgence in animosities. Time cannot
wait for bickerings.
The incident that might soon have been
forgotten by her generous nature was the
beginning of the wooing of "Rafe." Ralph
Forbes declared that he longed to conduct
Miss Chatterton off the stage from any
disturbing scene in her life.
So, the same year, they were married.
It is conceivable, in the light of her ex-
traordinary character, that she may have
said, in their brief separation, "Poor Rafe!"
For the reconciliation seems to be perma-
nent.
The chief interest of the girl star was—
human beings! The gamut of her interest
was wide. It reached from archbishops to
gangsters, from the Marx Brothers to John
Galsworthy. It still does.
I hope I have convinced you that Ruth
Chatterton, the girl, was, indeed, mother
of Ruther Chatterton, the woman. That the
twist of tender sympathies and broad inter-
ests has become the tree of a deep-rooted
kindness and world-wide range of sym-
pathies.
An unique woman who even idolizes her
mother-in-law! "Mary Forbes is so good
that snakes won't bite her. She puts
milk in her back yard and friendly rat-
ssnakes slide up and breakfast with her.
There never was such another woman,"
Ruth asserts.
By nature conciliatory, "Ruthie" Chatter-
ton fought only for causes she deemed
worthy. So, too, Ruth Chatterton.
Both have said, in my hearing, "I won't
fight, but my back is against the wall.
Then I fight hard."
Militant only when necessary. Then
mightily militant.

Blonde Wary of Love

Continued from page 58

That, really, was the reason Evalyn
went to New York to begin the stage
career which led to her success now in the
movies. Many stories have been written
about her need to train the Kansas City
accent out of her voice, about her all-
consuming ambition to be an actress, about
dramatics occupying her thoughts since she
was a tiny child.
All of that is true. But it was the
broken love affair that gave her the im-
petus, forced her out of the rut of high
school, collegiate and stock company the-
atricals. Granted that she had the desire
to improve, she still might never have made
the break from home ties if her heart had
not cried out also for a change, new scenes,
new faces, that she might forget the despair
in her soul.
So Evalyn went to New York, studied,
and made Broadway, all in a year. She
traveled on the road, played jerk-water
towns and big cities. She met thousands
of people, charming, cultured and interest-
ing people, who had something worth-
while to offer her. Men found her at-
tractive and sought her company, her
friendship, her love. But Evalyn never
favored one of them more than another.
Her emotions were still numbed. It takes
time for a wound like that to heal, and
Evalyn had no desire for a new love to
replace the old.
When Evalyn's stage success at last at-
tracted the attention of Hollywood, she
signed willingly enough on the dotted line
and left New York to try her hands at the
quest. But her thrill at becoming part of
the Cinema City was all wrapped up in the
thought of making a picture seeing the
sights. Tales of Hollywood's handsome
men, famous stars and eligible escorts left
her cold. Hollywood society opened its
doors to Evalyn, but she remained outside.
She just wasn't interested.
A beautiful girl in the public eye can't
remain long without at least one devoted
man, however, and pretty soon those who
watch for budding romances began to
notice that Evalyn was being escorted
places by an unusually handsome, tall, and
dark young man, just the kind girls dream
about, while a certain yellow roadster was
parked pretty steadily in front of her apart-
ment.
Evalyn's close friends—and don't think
that she hasn't plenty!—discovered that he
is a non-professional, with plenty of money
and all of the little social graces. In short,
everything a girl could want. Anyway
that's the way it looked on the surface,
and people went around saying, "I'm so
glad for Evalyn. She deserves a break." To
make it all the more certain, a big,
framed picture of the young man occupied
the place of honor on her living room table,
inscribed, without shame, "To Evalyn, who
will make me the happiest man in the world
the day that she becomes my wife."
That went on for about a year. Evalyn
is constant. When she finds a boy-friend
she likes, she doesn't spoil things by play-
ning around with others. But the wedding
gells didn't ring. Nobody knows just what
happened. Evalyn doesn't broadcast her
personal affairs. When she feels hurt or
sad, she stays by herself until she gets
over it, instead of crying on the shoulders
of her friends. All that Hollywood knew
was that the yellow roadster suddenly
stopped calling, and that its owner was
seen no more in the company of the blonde
Miss Knapp. He, too, had failed to "meas-
ure up."
Later, when Evalyn had her tragic fall
from a Hollywood mountain side, he was
among the first to call on her at the
hospital. She refused to see him.
"When I'm through, I'm through," she
said. Her friends pretty well put it
"The fact that I fell down a cliff doesn't
change anything between us. He knows
that I wouldn't see him if I were at home
—why should I when I'm here?"
During the filming of "The Millionaire,"

Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp first met when playing together on the
stage in stock, and renewed their friendship when both came to Holly-
wood. Will Donald make her change her mind about falling in love?
Hollywood thought that a romance was budding between Evalyn and David Mann- ers. Certain it is that they took a great liking to each other. They had lunch to- gether every day. But that is as far as it went. All of Manners' invitations to af-fairs outside of studio hours were systemati-cally refused.

After the friendship had cooled, it was discovered that Evalyn had lacked informa-tion about Manners' marital status—whether he was married, just separated, or legally divorced. She didn't think it polite to ask. So she turned him down. The last picture Evalyn made before her accident was "Side Show." She played the romantic lead opposite a young man who had known previously in her Kansas City stock company days—Donald Cook. Evalyn had realized that Evalyn had been thrilled when War- ner Brothers placed him under contract, hoped that he would remember her—as though anyone could ever forget this slender Daughter of the Jinx. And sure enough, they did start going places to-gether. But Evalyn, questioned by inte-grates, remained noncommittal. She just wouldn't get enthusiastic.

Nevertheless the friendship has flour-ished. It has turned into a long time in Hollywood. Cook was among the most regular of Evalyn's callers made for screen characters by student audiences. The question is asked calls for an answer of "yes" or "no" the boys are usually ready with some good advice. Strange to say, they often guess correctly. If the heroine hesitates to say whether she will go with the villain the undergrads call out "yes." This, of course, is right, for anyone can tell you that if she spurned the villain too soon there wouldn't be any story. If the picture is a little too sugar-y, however, the actors are advised to do the wrong thing. Applause followed the death of any character who proved borsome. If you happen to feel about the production the way the students do you are never having a good time in-cluding the sly innuendos every time the vir-tuous heroine guards her honor, or when the rather slight hero talks rough to the Berwyn villain.

Talkie horse operas, otherwise known as westerns, have opened up new material for the students. They like westerns because there is so much noble talk littered around scenes laid in "them hills." Any high-sounding speech such as "Unhand me, you cad!" results in appreciative applause, while great deeds or bad ones bring, respectively, cheers or boos.

Football stories were formerly raw meat for the colleges. The Hollywood type of play that prevailed offered many a laugh to varsity and near-varsity play-ers attending the cinema. However, since the advent of big west-coast teams and Notre Dame as backgrounds for these films they have had the respectful atten-tion of students. There is nothing to guy in a football picture except when not the ball-carrier, but the blocker is glorified.

Talkies about college life, curiously enough, get rather decent treatment from the undergrads. Time was when such ef-forts resulted only in crude caricatures, thus bringing the scoffs of university men. Motion picture producers, however, finally realized that it was impossible to make a film that gave a true slice of college life and still provided enough color for box office success. They therefore took to semi-burlesque, starting with "Sweetie Pie," which made fun of all the hallowed col-lege traditions. Did you ever try to make fun of anybody who had already begun to ridicule you? It's quite a job. When the other person is a bunch of machinery be-fore and behind a silver screen you have no chance whatever. The students did the sensible thing—they enjoyed the burlesques.

Despite the feeling of theatre managers on the subject, college boys are not always in scoffing mood. They make an extremely critical audience—at least they do in such large centers as New Haven, Boston, Ithaca, or Philadelphia—but when a talkie offers something worth their pleasure they generally give it rapt silence. They prefer three types of pictures—comedies of the semi-slapstick order, sophisticated comedies, and films of glamorous description featuring some beautiful star who has caught their fancy. The girls generally like film.
Merry Ex-Wives of Hollywood

Continued from page 25

Edward G. Robinson may be a bold, bad film gangster but he can take Marilyn Miller for a ride like this any time. Marilyn is stage-bound and Eddie is Europe-bound.

Next time I’ll know better!” admits Loretta frankly. However, next time will be about ten years hence. She is only nineteen now, and it is so much fun being back in circulation. The Young household—she lives with her mother and her two actress sisters—is a particularly gay one. Loretta’s thoughts have matured far beyond her age, but she still likes to run around with a jolly crowd. She makes being an Ex-Wife a positive pleasure!

Mervyn Le Roy, Warners’ ace box-office director, is one of Loretta’s most consistent dates. Ricardo Cortez also gave her a rush, but doesn’t seem so interested at present. But it will take a very persuasive man to rush her off her feet again.

Little pint-sized Dorothy Lee is a good subject for a lot of talk. She doesn’t look or act like a vamp. Just a gay little girl who bubbles along carefree and light-hearted. Yet she has played havoc with the hearts of three men and is very likely to upset a great many more. Married at seventeen to Robert Booth, a youthful stage actor, their romance ended when her success was greater than his. Fred War ing of the Pennsylvanians Orchestra put her across on Broadway and she promised to marry him. Then Jimmie Fidler, fan magazine writer, stopped in and Dorothy, to pique Fred, suddenly said “I will” to Jimmie.

As Mrs. Fidler she was very much the ultra-modern wife. Jimmie presumed that she would settle down, but Dorothy became increasingly desirous to go places. After seven months she said goodbye, getting her second divorce before her twentieth birthday. She is going with Marshall Duffield, U.S.C. football player, Joel McCrea, and many others of the younger set in Hollywood. The most athletic girl on the screen, she craves brawny men.

When it comes to creating gossip, no two stellar Ex-Wives accomplish more than Estelle Taylor and Jean Harlow. Both of them have a flair for the sensational. Their clothes, their thoughts, their style of living. And both are terribly ambitious. When they love it is with the greatest passion. Yet they keep a weather eye out for themselves.

Estelle has had numberless admirers, though of late she has been away from town on a vaudeville tour. A brilliant mind, an obvious siren. Estelle is a woman who would have stood out in any profession. Jean Harlow, on the other hand, impresses as a more intentional vamp. She seems to strive for an effect which is innate with Estelle.

“Till is not married again while I am in pictures,” La Harlow says. “I’ve always wanted to be an outstanding personality. That desire doesn’t fit in with the proper duties of a wife. It would not be fair to a husband for me to continue acting.”

Other women do not care much for Jean Harlow. Her insistence on skin-tight clothes and her extreme exotic appeal makes her a potential home-wrecker in the eyes of every wife. But does Jean worry? Not much! She says that high-powered vocals about her are a great help. They build up a glamorous legend which she figures helps the box-office. Do you agree?

Ina Claire and Pola Negri have probably been hurt more by the failures which have attended their marriages than any of our other Ex-Wives.

“Now that the mess of marriage is over we can be good friends,” John Gilbert told her. He and Ina surprised the colony when they started going to parties together less than a month after their divorce. Evidently they are very seriously interested again, for John has been dating Lupe Velez and other flaming ladies. While Ina, the scintillating center of attraction wherever she goes, was on the verge of a third try with Robert Ames.

When Ames died in a New York hotel recently, a telegram was found reading, “Dear Ina, I am not going to marry her.” She had planned to meet him and they were considering doing a play together. Ames had been married and divorced four times.

Ina Claire’s personal future is uncertain, but she is always sure of professional success. When her screen days are ended she can return to the stage where she reigned supreme.

What of Pola, grand mistress of love? She has had two divorces, due to the fact that her husband is not interested. She has been married to an artificial actor, who said to her: “I think Pola is sincere. I also have a suspicion that she gets a kick out of her emotional ups and downs.

It is a real accomplishment for a Hollywood Ex-Wife to be popular with the other woman in pictures. There is something so exciting about a gay divorce. But Hedda Hopper, Betty Compson, and Colleen Moore are praised by the skies by their feminine friends.

There is always a twinkle in Hedda’s eye. She lives in a tiny English cottage in Hollywood and specializes in intimate dinner parties. With her grand sense of humor she is never at a loss to meet any situation. Dressmakers who know say that she has the best taste in clothes of any of the actresses. Certainly Hedda is the most contented of all our movie divorcees. She has a seventeen-year-old son who is the apple of her eye. Men flock around her, but she apparently has no intention of abandoning her happy ex-wifely life.

You will never see Betty Compson without a man trailing somewhere near. Yet she, too, is a favorite with the women. A good scout who never lets a friend down. Beautiful in a rather artificial way, she has had many loves. For years she and James Cruze lived in a huge mansion and held open house to the movie industry crowd. Betty finally got fed up on parties.

One of those things which could happen only in Hollywood occurred when Cruze cast her for the lead in a production of his right after their divorce. It was named “She Got What She Wanted!” For days he presented her with elaborate bouquets. Before it was finished, however, he died and she did not speak for months. Their ex-wedding anniversary rolled around and Betty called Cruze up and invited him to dinner-for-two to celebrate the occasion.

Last year her engagement to Hugh Trevor was announced. But after several spats and reconciliations they called it quits. Now Betty spends a great deal of
her time alone in her big house on the boulevard. But is she through with love or her career? Don’t be silly!

Colleen Moore has had the unique experience of being the mental hazard which brought in the second bride left for Reno a month after their wedding. Meanwhile, Colleen, with several million dollars salted away, is stepping out as the very spirit of the Ex-Wife. She has acquired sophisticated hair-dress, a Parisian waxwork, and a number of gentlemen attendants. Those flaming youth pictures she used to make were not taken from life, but today Colleen is getting in her delayed good times.

The funny incidents that one sees in Hollywood are countless. Mae Clarke, for instance, got a divorce on the grounds of cruelty and then went to dinner and to the prize fights that night with her just ex-ed husband!

Miriam Hopkins is perhaps the most advanced of all our stars who have failed at marriage. She is neither married nor divorced to Austin Parker, playwriter. That deserves explanation! She is married, but they are separated. They can’t stand to live together and yet they don’t want to be legally freed. So they keep the colony excited by being on-again, off-again friends.

It’s a problem, being a divorcée, in most places. But not in Hollywood. Here the wives of the studio belle, Mellowed, world-wide, beautiful, she is the captain of her own soul.

And, to paraphrase Anita Loos of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” fame, the Hollywood Ex-Wives know that a ring on the third finger looks good, but when you can earn yourself and bank accounts why be annoyed with a husband?

Who Said “Tantrums”?

Continued from page 51

old Nancy? Would she recognize me, and if she did, would she acknowledge the recognition? Should I say, “How-do-you-do, Miss Carroll,” when we met, or just, “Hello, Nancy”?

Had so many of those stories been true? About her high-handedness, her outbursts of temper, her indifference and unkindness to extras and supporting people in her cast?

I wouldn’t believe it. Surely, I argued with myself, Nancy hadn’t changed so radically from the sweet kid I used to know. I was soon to find out, for the call came, “On the set at nine tomorrow, made up!”

No need to tell you, I was on the set and made up, long before the gong struck nine. And a good thing it was, too, ‘cause the studio had forgotten to send me a copy of the script—(Oh, yes, I even had lines to speak) —and I had to cram part of the dialogue into this excited brain before we rehearsed the first scene. And all about me, glaring lights, yelled, shouting, cameras being moved into position, carpenters hammering here and there on different sets, a million and one other details being readied for the day’s work.

Suddenly, the director at my side. Was I ready? Of course I was! Much display of confidence but actually weak in the knees. “Come along, then, and we’ll go through the scene.” Following the director, and after playing hide-and-go-seek with numerous lamps, cameras, and other debris, found myself on the set in which I was to play. A faintly familiar voice back of me and introductions by the director.

I was facing—Nancy Carroll.

One look at her and I knew. I said, “Hello, Nancy.” And with a smile that will always be one of Nancy Carroll’s greatest attractions, she just put out her hand and said, “Hello, Ronnie.”

For the next ten minutes we completely forgot there was such a thing as a movie production. We talked and talked.

Old friends, what were they doing; she wanted to know. Where had this one gone? What had that one done? Do you remember when? Giggles, more giggles, reminiscences. Just two girls who hadn’t seen each other for a long time, meeting again and again, each trying to ask a hundred questions before the other answered one.

But the show must go on—and we were eventually induced to stop visiting for a while and get down to work.

What glorious, exciting days followed, Nancy, grabbing me as I rushed to a set and making me re-powder my face, which always seemed to get shiny, before I faced the cameras. Giving me pointers about lights, angles and colors which amazed me, as I did not think they were important, but found out later just how dreadfully important they really were. More scenes of my own with Nancy—and what a trial I was to her, with that shiny face of mine!

But—where was the temperament? The high-handedness, the unkindness? Goodness knows I didn’t laugh at laughs, jokes, good nature, serenity and peaceful discussions, were all I ever found.

Well, good things coming to their inevitable end, my glorious work was soon over, and after saying goodbye to one of the nicest crowds of people I had ever worked with, I finally left, after having seen Nancy good-bye, happiness, and she in return expressing the sincere hope that we meet soon again.

Nancy changed? Nancy temperamental? Oh, how untrue all those unkind things they had attributed to her.

It seems to me that when people reach heights, others misunderstand them a great deal, not realizing that such a position demands far greater responsibilities, greater worries, than anything else. They must be so careful, these celebrities, in judging the rare gold from the great amount of dross that surrounds them in their new positions. If they seem momentarily cold and indifferent, it is only because they have had to cultivate a surface armour against the petty misunderstandings and the unreasonable demands on their time and persons that inevitably come to those who have risen in the world.

Of course, one is apt to change materially. Fancy clothes, more luxurious ways of living, a different mode of living; but fundamentally, they are the same human beings at heart that they were originally. It only needs a little tolerance and genuine sincerity and understanding on the part of those who approach them whether in the name of friendship, business or otherwise, to bring these qualities to the surface.

No, Nancy hasn’t changed. And she never will to those who really know her and love her. She’s prettier than she was a few years ago, if that is possible; she’s still a kid in lots of ways, as she always will be.

And one thing more so many people seem to have forgotten—she’s Irish, that lass, and that means fight in her country.

So try and down her, you critics; it simply can’t be done!

She wants to return to the stage for a while, and here’s one who’s rooting for her. Come back and do a good dramatic show or two, Nancy, until that old gets-in-the-blood longing for the footlights is satisfied again, and you’ll return to bigger and better pictures with an enviable reputation as a dramatic star of undisputable ability.

Read the fascinating fictonization of Constance Bennett in “Lady With a Past,” in the April issue of SCREENLAND, out March 1st.
Not afraid of the Birthdays Ahead

They know the Secret of
keeping Youthful Charm...

The screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of keeping youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them give their own peach-bloom skins the most zealous regular care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties!—keep their skins youthfully smooth and aglow with this fragrant white soap!

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use Lux Toilet Soap!

Surely you will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way. Begin today!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢
are Salary Bubbles Bursting?

Continued from page 33

less than that. So neither Clark nor James is likely to feel that a 20% cut should be required of them.

A new contract with Sam Rork is $150,000 a picture, I understand, with a new option for each successive picture. This will probably stand “as is” under the circumstances.

George Arliss, according to report, is in the $100,000 a week class. A 20% cut would bring poor George down to $80,000 a week. Of course it is dreadfully hard for us to properly sympathetic regarding these figures, but the stars look as woeful about it for the most part, as though they had been cut from $25 to $20 a week and would now have to give up their life insurance or something! But, after all, it’s comparative, isn’t it?

Will Rogers is said to get $25,000 a week while working on a picture, but nothing between times. That, too, works out at around $150,000 a picture. As distinct from this it is highly interesting to learn that Joe E. Brown has to rob along on $170 a week, but he gets it all the time. Norma Shearer is said to receive $6000 a week all the year around; with, possibly, rather less for Joan Crawford, or around $2,500 a picture. Columbia pays Jack Holt $40,000 for fourteen weeks work each year, I hear. Richard Dix and Lowell Sherman are regarded as $5000-a-weekers, and the $5000-a-weekers reputedly include Ronald Colman, Maurice Chevalier, Ramon Novarro, Wally Beery, Leo Carrillo, Lew Ayres, Marie Dressler. Which, you may note, seems to give Marie Dressler $1500 a week more than Garbo, if our information is really correct!

Although all of this information is unofficial, and studio decline to confirm or deny, it has been derived from what I consider a reliable source, and much of it has appeared in the news columns in connection with court cases, divorces, etc. Billie Dove is said to receive $4500 a week from Caldo, Warner Baxter jumped to $3500 a week after “In Old Arizona,” according to report. Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Lew Cody, Buddy Rogers, Robert Montgomery, Victor McLaglen, Doug Fairbanks, among the wholesome. These services are said to be obtained at the rate of $2500—although, of course, men like Lew Cody are not under contract, so most dependence pictures. Lew Cody is kept busy all the time, however. Lupe Velez is a free-lancer who gets around $2500 a week. She raises and dance pictures. It is $1000 a week.

Any good new prospect coming along now, however, are being signed up at compensating salaries of $250 a week—but Garbo started at that, so that’s no great hardship. In fact, all the newcomers to starchy realms may as well got used to the idea that the days of dizzy salaries are passing. One executive, speaking unofficially, tells me that the day must not be far distant when $1000 a week will be regarded as fancy pay. He doesn’t quite agree with the fellow who declared no actor or actress anywhere was ever worth more than $500 a week, but foresees a drastic paring down all around.

Stars who just sign up for one picture come off pretty well, if John McCormack, famous Irish tenor, will take objection. He received half a million for “Song O’ My Heart,” we’re told. Dick Barthelmess prefers this system, and gets $187,000 a picture, I hear. George Bancroft is said to take $100,000 a picture. Walter Huston reportedly gets around $50,000 a picture. Lupe Velez sometimes works on this plan and has received as high as $35,000 a picture. Joan Bennett gets about $25,000 for every picture she is in, according to my information.

Pola Negri and the studio are both very secretive about her stipend, but a little dickie bird whispered that her contract calls for three pictures rising to $8000 a week. Little Colleen Moore used to get $10,000 a week in the good old silent days and was worth every dime of it, yet just now there don’t seem to be any offers embarrassing her with their urgency. When Estelle Taylor was shining in silents, she made between $25,000 and $35,000 a picture. Now, however, in spite of her fine work in “Street Scene,” she goes off on vaudeville tours.

Perhaps those vast fortunes which have been piled up by stars in the past will never reach such startling totals again—Chaplin, in spite of divorce settlements running into millions, is still credited with an income of $150,000 a year, whether he makes pictures or not. Hal Roach makes around $40,000 a million on every picture, I understand. The Talmadges, Marion Davies, Tom Mix, the Barrymores, Corinne Griffith, Dick Barthelmess, the Gish girls—all those people who worked for themselves, as it were, managed to tuck away fortunes of $2,000,000 and more. Estelle Taylor tucked away nearly a half a million. Noah Beery piled up handsomely against a rainy day. Mary Miles Minter was said to have a bankroll out of her salary in the dear dead days beyond recall. Jack Gilbert, whatever his present status, is rated in the millionaire class. Rod La Rocque was “cinematically” to the tune of half a million, as did his wife Vilma Banky. And Mary and Doug, Sr., have a million or two put by to assure suitable independence in their old age.

So it is not upon these that the blow will fall. The ones who will feel it most are the free-lance players, well-known, even popular, but not protected by contracts, dependent upon the anger to the day. This type swarms in Hollywood, competition is fierce, and those once in the $500 a week class, the $400, $350, $250 a week are those who will be affected by the cut the most. If they escape with a 20% cut they’ll be lucky.

Many an established star now, began at around $250 a week. That sounds generous enough if one’s tastes are reasonably modest. But their expenses exceed anything we outsiders know about. Agents take their cut, press agents chip in, contributions to casting directories demand their whack. A certain good standard of living must be maintained. One must own a car if only because studios are situated at such distances. There are usually relatives to be supported, old parents, young sisters and brothers. Free-lancers often have to provide their own clothes for modern roles—only fancy costumes being furnished. I personally know one young man getting $250 a week, who, when he works, has had to spend around $150 for clothes to enable him to accept a part. Pat, from Milly’s place, on a $250 a week, to get him $200 to maintain Patsy in that social status which enabled her to later win important roles.

And directly one gets into the higher money, the demands are far greater. Secretaries, maids, chauffeurs, grand houses all become necessities. Contributions to charity have to be considered on generous lines—so it is any wonder that many stars hire business agents and pay them a handsome percentage to take care of their money for them? One such agent manages the incomes of some twenty stars, pays their bills for them, makes all purchases, allows them a rigid amount of spending money, budgets for their households and all other expenses and invests only in gilt-edged securities.

And don’t forget the taxes. The motion
What would it mean to you to BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT?

Have you heard the thrilling news? That Seventeen has put youth’s own subtle coloring in powder, makeup? That your complexion may have the charm of seventeen tonight? Here’s what you must do!

Forget previous disappointments with makeup. Forget the rouges that deceived no one. The lipsticks that made your mouth look—not soft—but hard and old. The powders that seemed to coat your skin as with a mask, clouding natural transparency, discovering tiny lines.

Forget all that. It’s in the past. Your complexion’s future—is Seventeen!

For Seventeen Make-up comes in Youth-Tone shades. Soft, glamorous tints that bring the fresh, natural glow of youth to your complexion. Shades carefully compounded, by wise beauty-workers, to lend your skin the fugitive color tints of the seventeen-year-old complexion.

You’ll want Seventeen Rouge. Seventeen Lipstick. And by all means, Seventeen Powder. For perfect results, use Seventeen Creams, to prepare your skin, and leave it smooth and dewy.

Then the make-up. And the glorious thrill—of seeing your own mirror reflect the radiance of seventeen!
picture industry contributes more income taxes to the government than any other single industry. Mary Pickford, for instance, is worth about $5,000,000, but oh, those taxes!

Hard-headed agents, the successful ones, as you may imagine, are stern about extravagant purchases. No, a new car cannot be purchased this year; try a re-paint job instead. No, that pearl necklace is an unnecessary luxury, have the old one reset. Naturally merchant's don't approve of these smart agents; it isn't good for trade when rich stars are economical. But the stars all find themselves so beset with people offering everything from gold mines to old Paisley shawls, that if someone did not look after them they would not have very many dimes left on which to support their vast number of relations—and incidentally, themselves!

Relatives, we may add, swarm around successful stars. It is nothing unusual for them to be supporting three, four, six, and, in one case we know of, ten relatives! But agents now keep these relations on stern budgets and remain unmoved in the face of woeful pleas. And under their contracts with these agents, stars themselves may plead in vain.

**Revuettes**

*Continued from page 6*

**SUICIDE FLEET, RKO-Pathé.** A marine battle plus good gags by James Gleason and Robert Armstrong and romance by Ginger Rogers and Bill Boyd.

**SPORTING CHANCE.** Peerless. William Collier, Jr., and Claudia Dell struggle gamely with another version of the old race-track thriller. The horse has a different name, but that's about all.

**SURRENDER.** Fox. The war as seen from a German prison camp. Warner Baxter, Leila Hyams and William Collier, Jr., excellent supporting cast make this film worth seeing.*

**THE CHEAT.** Paramount. Tallulah Bankhead takes it once again in a moth-eaten yarn. Tallulah's talent is wasted in this melodrama. Irving Pichel plays a naughty villain.*

**THE CUBAN LOVE SONG.** Metro-Goldwyn Mayer. Recommended chiefly because of Lawrence Tibbett's voice and Lupe Velez's "Rumba" dance. The story, not as hot as the stars.*

**THE GUILTY GENERATION.** Columbia. Leo Carrillo gives a good account of himself as a racketeer. Nothing new about the story. That nice Constance Cummings is the girl.*

**THE STRUGGLE.** United Artists. A depressing account of the wages of sin. Hal Skelly is featured and Zeta Johann plays a long-suffering wife. Dear, dear, Mr. Griffiths.*


**Short Features:**

**ACROSS THE SEA.** Educational. Another "Romantic Journey" with Claude Flanders as the hero. This time it's the Hawaiian Islands. Beautiful photography, charming scenes.

**ALL-AMERICAN KICKBACK.** Educational. Kidning the football films. Harry Gribbon plays the hero who wins the game in the last minute. Good fun.


**HARE MAIL.** Universal. Oswald's pen-and-ink adventures with a vicious vilkin and a beautiful blonde. Really funny.

**HORACE HEIDT AND HIS CALIFORNIANS.** Vitaphone. Good music, agreeable singing, snappy dancing and novel camera effects.

**KITTY FROM KANSAS CITY.** Paramount. Rudy Vallee sings his famous song as part of the plot in this Max Fleischer cartoon. Cleverly done.

**MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS.** Educational. Tom Patricola gets himself into amusing trouble with some bad hombres. But he gets the girl.

**RELATIVITY AND RELATIVES.** Vitaphone. Dr. Rockwell shows us the funny side of relativity—and it's relatively a scream.

**SCREEN SNAPSHOT.** Columbia. Screen stars in their less formal moments. Interesting for dyed-in-the-wood fans—as who isn't?

**STUNG.** Radio. Well-made murder trial story. Raymond Hatton is a dumb juryman who gams things up.

**THE HIGH SCHOOL HOOFER.** Vitaphone. Hal Le Roy does some of his spectacular hoofing. The 'story' isn't much—but Hal Le Roy is.

**THE LAND OF ISLAM.** Ideal. A refreshingly different travel film made by Allyn Carick, with monologue by Arthur Hale, the radio announcer. The setting is Morocco.

**THE MENACE OF GUATEMALA.** Ideal. Here's another unusual and interesting travel short. The camera takes us through a volcanic region in Guatemala.

**THE VOICE OF HOLLYWOOD.** Educational. Andy Clyde acts as guest announcer and introduces such stars as Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Buddy Rogers. Richard Arlen and Edwin Booth. You'll enjoy it.

**THE WEEK-END MYSTERY.** Vitaphone. Donald Meek does some more scientific detective work in the third of S. S. Van Dine's series.

*Norma Shearer in a beaver-lined travel coat of beige wool. Her perky hat is of brown felt. (Aside to little girls—an upright feather in your hat will make you appear taller.)*
ARE YOU FLAT CHESTED?

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Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is SO easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands.

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YES, in just 30 days, you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them into that firm, shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. The application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid result obtained in just a few minutes each day. Read what they say below. Then take advantage of my big special offer and see how easily you can have the charm of a full, firm, shapely bust.

Beautiful Breasts for YOU

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. No longer need you be pitied by women and ignored by men. My Miracle Cream treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, right now, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, safer way to make your breasts the lovely things you have always wanted them to be!

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This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the ideal proportions of perfect womanhood. And it is yours, free! In it you will find the secret of feminine charm and how you can quickly and easily develop the alluring beauty of a lovely full bust. Accept my great special offer at once. Mail the coupon with only $1.00 for your large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions and I will include my valuable FREE BOOK. Send now, before this offer is withdrawn.

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PROOF

"I am the mother of four children, and although pretty round my bust became flabby and sagged to size. Now after completing the treatment, I have one goal achieved for myself that feminilizes loveliness which I thought was out of my life forever."

Mrs. M. M., New York, N. Y.

"I feel that I must write a few lines about your Miracle Cream method, for I have been using it for some time. My chest was so thin, but it surely is wonderful, cut nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method, to write to me."

Mrs. H. E., Sioux City, Iow.
A corsage of orchids for Tallulah Bankhead for being the best business woman in pictures. And oh, my-gosh, I mustn’t forget these: a brace of the fattest birds in the larder for the Messrs. William Powell and William Haines for having what looks to me like the worst cases of inflated ego I’ve come across. I’m wrong, don’t sue me.

Connie, really, I feel simply awful about this, but something from the hothouse has gone to Joan Blondell for being the up and coming miss of the screen in my last failing eyes. The bed of tulips, eh? And, say! Gentlemally or not, a great, big, over stuffed bird for Kay Francis for going “Hollywood” quicker than any girl who’s hit here in a long time. She got $1,750 a week from Warner Brothers and her air is already so grand that when she’s raised to $7,500 a week she won’t have to alter her manner a particle.

We won’t give her a bird exactly because she could be an awfully sweet kid, but we ought to give something to Nancy Carroll to help clear up her head in hopes that she’ll come to her senses and realize that even though she has had some good notices there are quite a few other good actresses in Hollywood who could take her place, and will—if she gets too temperamental.

I can’t make up my mind about Robert Montgomery and Ruth Chatterton. Bob should have some sort of medal for his acting but his rudeness seems to me unpardonable. And Ruth deserves praise for her technical ability but her grand lady air can be very wearing.

Baby, somehow the shrinking violet isn’t becoming to you so let’s divide the violets between Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts, Una Merkel and Barbara Stanwyck. They contrive to make themselves among the most arresting figures on the screen and to make you remember their work regardless of the merit—or lack of it—in their pictures.

Now, as far as George Arliss, Robert Armstrong, James Cagney, James Dunn and Clark Gable are concerned, I’m fresh out of medals, but wait until I get a fresh supply. All medals and no birds for these boys.

And now we’ll have to award that other bed of petunias to Dorothy Jordan for playing leads ever since she’s been in pictures and not getting a swelled head. She’s still as unschooled as the day she came to Hollywood—even though she’s no longer unschooled.

Listen, Dorothy. Of course the petunia bed is gratis and all that, but Connie and I have just had a terrible argument over it—not that she really cares what I do with the old hothouse—because she says there’s nothing left for her but the asparagus fern and not much of that. Of course, I told her just to keep the house and we’d grow a new crop of posies next year but she’s a muller put on her door bell so it doesn’t ring when I call and, after all, I mean, you once the straw that broke the camel’s back and—

Gosh, Connie, nobody’s calling you a camel. I was merely speaking in metaphors, and—

If you want to call me up some evening, Dorothy, to say thanks or you’re sorry you caused the trouble and everything, my number is Granite 151 and I’m always in after dinner, if you know what I mean.

And, oh-my-gosh, I mustn’t forget these: a brace of the fattest birds in the larder for the Messrs. William Powell and William Haines for having what looks to me like the worst cases of inflated ego I’ve come across. I’m wrong, don’t sue me.

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Margalo Gillmore, lovely young stage actress, makes her screen debut in "Wayward." The handsome lad with her is Richard Arlen and this is a scene from "Wayward."
The Real Mata Hari!
Continued from page 21

A few nights after their first meeting. She had come to him, as he says, radiant with hope and excitement. A German couple had found her crying in a theatre because the manager thought her dancing too fantastic. She had learned dancing in a Buddhist temple in Burmah where she had been placed by her Javanese mother at the death of her Dutch father. But she could not sell her art in Paris and she had no friends to whom she could turn. Her husband, an English peer—still living a secure life in England—had cast her off because of the savage vengeance she had taken on the suspected murderer of their little son. It was supposed that the baby had been poisoned by a gardener he fancied that he had a grudge to settle with the half-Oriental wife of his employer. And she had scored it off by shooting him through the heart. After that there had been no home for her with her husband. She had brought her small daughter with her to an Amsterdam convent, only to lose her to death, a few months later.

"Neither of us realized that the career offered her in Germany would be that of international investigator," Cheiro continued his story. "But so it turned out. Officials in that country had by then convinced her that her talents for dancing, her beauty, her charm, her knowledge of languages were Heaven-sent for the glory of Germany—and she had come to love Germany.

"Before coming to St. Petersburg, where she was living in an expensive hotel, under the name of the Baroness von Mingen, beloved and respected worker in the cause of international peace, she had gone through a systematic training in the political aims of the world’s leading countries; in deciphering secret codes; in the giving and sending of Morse signals and in navy and military plans. She was extremely popular in Russia and I believe that, for the only time in her life, she was happy. Mata Hari did not need a heart to complete her happiness, you see.

"Just before the beginning of the world war, I heard again—in London this time—the deep-toned cadences of her vibrant voice. She called me on the telephone, inviting me to dinner—and with a throaty gurgling—"a study in love!"

I wondered on my way to the hotel if passion had by any chance revived her heart, softening it in time to save her from disaster. I cannot explain to you the surprise that the evening held for me. In Paris and in St. Petersburg Mata Hari had been intoxicatingly rare and exotic. But she could change her type with the color of her hair and the expression of her face. On this night she was an angel, too fragile and lovely and spiritual for this earth. The Parisian masters of design must have been granted a vision of Paradise when they created the soft clinging thing that was her gown. And she wore it with the serene grace of a queen. She radiated sweetness, simplicity and love. But not for me! Ah, no! I was merely the fool. In her coils, basked in blissful fascination, she held one of the great statesmen of the war period. One whom I had frequently heard denouncing Germany with the rage of a roaring bull. Now all was divinity, sweetness and light. I didn’t think that the Baroness did a wonderful work promoting international good will among nations? Didn’t I think that she was largely responsible for the wonderful harmony that had come between our three countries the last few months? In fact, didn’t I consider the Baroness wonderful in every wonderful way that could be imagined?

MODERN FASHIONS
make no secret of the figure

Every style worn today needs a good figure to make it off—dashing sports togs that are so trim and youthful—slimming evening gowns and the very feminine afternoon frocks.

A good figure is possible to nearly every girl by wise exercise and diet. But we must be careful in dieting to balance the menus so as to retain beauty and not harm it.

Every reducing diet should contain a reasonable amount of "bulk" so as to promote proper elimination. Without this, beauty soon fades—eyes lose their sparkle—and the skin may become sallow and colorless.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg’s All-Bran provides the needed "bulk"—and also furnishes Vitamin B to help tone the system. Its bulk is very similar to that of leafy vegetables. In addition, it is rich in available iron, which helps build up the blood.

You will enjoy eating Kellogg’s All-Bran either as a cereal with milk—or in many delightful cooked dishes, salads and soups. Two tablespoonsfuls daily are sufficient for the average diet. It is not fattening and is prescribed by eminent dietitians.

Your grocer has Kellogg’s All-Bran—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"THE MODERN FIGURE"
Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name: ____________________________

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What an actress was lost in that woman!

"We sat on the balcony after dinner while she spoke in gentle exaltation of the beauty of life, the comfort of prayer and the goodness of God, even unto the third and fourth generation. She confided trustingly of the joy she felt in witnessing the Kaiser replace his famous lattership pictures with mottoes on peace; spoke approvingly of the army having allowed its supplies to run low; rejoiced that dangerous gases had been abandoned as impractical. And the love-intoxicated statesman agreed that it was all just too marvelous, and in all likehood returned to upbraid his countrymen on any unworthy policies of preparedness they might be regarding as timely and wise!

"Of course, in the war which followed, Mata Hari was revealed as one of Germany's most skillful workers in the field of espionage. And many were the high officials who found themselves possessed of broken hearts and humbled pride.

* * *

"Once more I met Mata Hari and was privileged to play, for the last time, the appreciative audience to her dramatic skill. I was paying my bill in a Dublin restaurant when a little old Irish peasant woman asked me for the time. On learning that it was seven-thirty she abandoned herself to wailing lamentations. 

"Seventy-thirty, is it sir? How thin, can I get my train leaving Kingsbridge at eight o'clock?"

"Touched by her simple distress I took her in my car and raced to the station, depositing her and her bundle in a third class compartment, just as the train prepared to depart."

"Thank you, Cheiro, she called softly from the moving window. 'Sure, and may the Lord bless you!'

"And the unmistakable laughter of Mata Hari left me dumbfounded on the station platform!"

"The next morning, as far as can be ascertained, she was picked up by a German submarine, waiting for her off Kinnsale. Later, she braved a return trip to France but her valor was of a stronger caliber than her judgment and she was eventually defeated.

"So in the end it was as I had foretold! Death! In the bleak dawn of a wintry morn! Unromantically backgrounded by walls that rose to blend oddly into the gray mists of the coming day. Faced by the hard, unsympathetic eyes of betrayed soldiers. But she died gallantly. Dramatic as ever! She did not, as has been reported, wear to her execution an ermine coat, nor did she throw it back at the last moment to dazzle the eyes of the soldiers with her naked body. I have been told by one who witnessed the scene that she watched the whole proceeding with fascinated interest. Her nerves calm! Her poise perfect!

"You see, she knew! Had known, from the beginning, how it would all end. She died bravely and coldly, just as she had lived. In fact, she was what your American advertisements call nonchalant. With her last breath she puffed a cigarette."

* * *

"But tell me, Cheiro," I said. "The famous beauties of other days seem so sort of oddish to us now. Would she have clicked, do you think, as a screen actress today?"

"Undoubtedly," he answered. "Remember that she had the ability to adapt herself to any rôle. However, I believe that the picture-loving public will be just as happy in seeing her personality interpreted by the great Garbo."

"You regard Garbo as temperamentally suited?" I asked.

"I would not venture my judgment, as it is susceptible to human prejudices. But I will translate for you the truth as pointed out by the stars."

"Mata Hari was born in the zodiacal sign of Aries—Garbo in Virgo. But Mars was in so similar a position for both that Garbo should be able to vibrate perfectly to the happier nature of Mata Hari. Strong will and tempestuous temperament mark each, while both are mental in type, mysterious of nature. Each was attracted to a foreign land to fulfill her destiny. Happiness or contentment is equally impossible for either. Their powers of concentration are tremendous, but given, in both cases, exclusively to their careers. Garbo should be great in the rôle. Prophesying has been my life, so I venture nothing in assuring you that the rôle of Mata Hari will mark the height of Garbo’s career!"
Who Wants To Stay at Home?
Continued from page 81

Extra! Extra! Here's Hollywood's most beautiful extra. She's Helen Splane and you'll see her in "Manhattan Parade."

restless rovings across the seven seas.

The adventures and hazards that go into the making of these exotic travel reels can be only guessed at by the comfortable spectator in his theatre chair. Consider, for example, Flemming's expedition to Marrakech, North Africa, and points inward, for the shooting of his Moroccan film. Although elaborately chaperoned by the resident French authorities, it was made clear to Flemming and his authorities when they penetrated into native territory that the sooner they had done with their business and pulled out the healthier it would be for all concerned.

This expedition first took the party into the interior of the Sultan's Palace and Garden at Marrakech, where they were treated to a performance by the dancing girls of the Sultan's Harem, as well as various gyrations by a bevy of acrobats, jugglers, magicians and snake charmers. Then across the Atlas Mountains to the farthest outpost of the Foreign Legion at Chuarazat—(incidentally a virgin field for the motion picture camera), in which dangerous region only thirty-six hours were allowed the foreign interlopers for their stay.

It was little enough time in which to experience the antique charm and loveliness of this age-old village perched on a high cliff at the edge of the desert. For the entertainment of the party the chieftain, or York, ordered a native dance to be performed by 150 women in their colorful costumes in the village square. Later they were received as guests in the Cad's palace and served with a real Arabian meal which included several different fowl courses, half a goat cooked "on the hoof," mint tea, and the native "cous-cons" or balls of cooked rice. Knives, forks and plates were strictly taboo. After this feast the entire party, consisting of four men and two women, were graciously invited to pass the night on the floor of a small community bedroom!

Proceeding thence to Rabat, the present seat of the Government of Morocco, they were treated to an exhibition of fancy riding by two hundred horsemen of the Sultan's colorful bodyguard, as well as to views of the surrounding old gateways and mosques, and the ancient walls and cliffs on which the city is built. Moulay Idriss, the Holy City of Morocco, was the next stopping-place: whence they arrived at Fez, undoubtedly the most picturesque of all Moroccan towns, with its ornate old archways, narrow, crooked streets, lattice-covered souls and ancient mosques. And finally, after stopping at Algiers, the return passage through Biskra, famed as the site of the battle between Abou-el-Nab, and ended its journey by taking scenes of the camel corps of the Foreign Legion in the Sahara Desert. All of which is just a sample page out of the life of Claude Flemming.

Leslie Howard
Continued from page 23

"Why not live there and work happily for five years?" I asked.

"That was impossible under the terms of the contract that was offered me," he replied. "It was a very generous contract, I might say. But it allowed no say in the choice of parts. And I couldn't see myself doing anything and everything for five years. That length of time devoted to dull roles would be out of the question.

"I understand perfectly what the producers out there are up against. They have a vast, standing overhead, a tremendous capital investment, and everything must be arranged to dovetail into their scheme of things.

"Mr. Thalberg is aiming at a large and classic stock company that is necessarily subject to call for any part in any picture. I cannot and could not work under those conditions."

During his visit at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Howard played in a shreded wheat epic called "Never the Twain Shall Meet," as well as supporting Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul" and Marion Davies in "Five and Ten." Then there was "Devotion" with Ann Harding, for which he was loaned to Pathé, at his own request.

"I liked that one best. It was a nice thing. And I did a little comedy in Paramount's London studio that I rather think will turn out. It's from "Service for Ladies"—that picture Menjou played in, you know. Benita Hume is in it. The technical end is fine. I have hopes for it."

He was enthusiastic over "Animal Kingdom," the Philip Barry comedy that he is doing for Gilbert Miller. "I read it in California, and thought it one of Barry's best plays ever."

Howard was not particularly insistent upon being permitted to sandwich in legitimate plays with his picture work. New hat had never been tried on him. But he was adamant in the matter of choosing his

THE VERY MOMENT THAT HE MET HER

He Fell for Her Eyes!

Your eyes, too, may capture love at first sight if kept clear and sparkling this way.

First impressions are so important that no woman can afford to neglect the one thing strangers invariably notice first: her eyes. Always, before your eyes meet others intimately, make sure they possess the clearness and brilliance nature intended them to have.

To make yourself bright-eyed when going to a party, nothing equals time-tried Murine. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and by its gentle astrigent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use Murine freely as it contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

No eye cup, which may transmit infection, is needed to use Murine. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eyedropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60¢ at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle today! For Free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write Murine Co., Dept. B, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.

MAKE THIS TEST! Drop Murine in one eye only . . . then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance you really are when Murine is in your eyes. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
own roles for any and all pictures. "Doing silly things isn't worth while," he said. "Money is beside the point. After all, one gets paid well for doing good things, too."

He was probably thinking of "Berkeley Square," that exquisite, spiritual fantasy which he presented in New York not many years ago to artistic acclaim as well as liberal financial rewards. I asked if he thought it would make a good picture.

"Extraordinary, I think. But it would have to be done on a different scale than a program picture. It couldn't be a run of the mill affair. That is what terrifies me about Hollywood, the factory scheme of things. Please understand that I sympathize with the problem they face of pleasing many masters—the bankers, the stockholders, the public, the critics—I sympathize with them, but I refuse to be a burnt offering."

He said that he would like to see a small group attempt to make highly specialized pictures for a limited outlet. Just as a fine play may appeal only to Chicago, New York and Boston, without venturing on the road, so would these pictures be designed for the sophisticated audiences of half a dozen cities.

"Overhead could be kept down. There would be no gigantic spectacles, no fires, floods or battles. You know that was a phase of picture-making that is now happily past—the idea of trying to spend more on a film than anyone else had ever spent."

Regarding his future in pictures, Mr. Howard was evasive. He is a taciturn soul, expert in saying the correct thing at all times. And certainly he is sincere in his obeisance to art.

There will be an occasional picture, when the part meets with his approval, and there will be an occasional play, when he comes upon an "Animal Kingdom." But this much is quite certain: there will be no artistic compromise. Leslie Howard will not lend his considerable talents to picture or play unless he sees some genuine merit in the enterprise.

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The Outline of Jean Harlow

Continued from page 55

 languid, far-off look steals over her face. She rises and stretches, the very picture of artistic temperament.

"Aye tank you go now," she says abruptly. Ever one to catch the subtlest hint, I take my leave, assisted by a rearguard action on the part of the butler who by now has recovered from his wounds. Being above all a good reporter, I arrive at the street with my ear to the ground; my feet, as it happens, are high in the air. And that, sweet fanlets, is how I learned about the REAL Jean Harlow.

Ruth Hall is playing cameraman and director, and also telling herself to look at the birdie—in other words, she's taking a picture of Miss Ruth Hall. Maybe there's no film in the camera, Ruth!
The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 83

No. 2 — (the dashes indicate a lapse of time during which I put the nice, rich cream on my own face as the first step in the treatment!) I smoothed it under my eyes where my skin needs it so badly and almost instantly I could feel its softening effect. My, it feels good! Across my forehead and down on my throat—don't let the skin on your throat get dry and crepey—and patted well into my cheeks. After a little while I'm going to wipe it off with a piece of cotton saturated with the Facial Lotion No. 2, which is the other part of the treatment. The Lotion is formulated to act with the cream so always use them together. Lentheric makes a cream and lotion for oily skins and that is Treatment No. 1. But I have a dry skin and the No. 2 treatment for it, is a boon from heaven.

The jar and bottle of Lentheric's treatment are so handsome that you will want them to decorate the top of your dressing table. The jar is black with a triangle of silver on the lid, a modernistic touch. The bottle furnishes the angles of the geometrical style that goes so well with black and silver. An artistic combination, effective inside and outside, $3 for the cream and lotion together, and they may be purchased separately for $1.50 each.

When everyone is wondering what color rouge really is most becoming and natural looking, a simple solution to the problem is furnished by Tangee lipstick and rouge. If you have never tried Tangee you don't know how much fun it is to apply this rouge to your lips and cheeks and watch it change color right before your eyes to the shade that belongs to your own coloring. You see, it is the contact with your skin that causes the change in color. So the color is really your own.

In a season when "natural" effects are smartest, everyone is trying desperately to get away from artificial effects and that's where Tangee comes in. What a pal! Think of all that co-operation for $1! The cream rouge in a cute little pot is also $1 and so is the powder.

Tangee powder must be chosen the color you want, for it doesn't change. But to make your decision easier Tangee has put a little cellophane window in their powder boxes so you can see the exact shade of the contents. Wasn't that thoughtful of them? Names of colors are so uncertain after all. Haven't you asked for a rachel, bought it, and after you got it home discovered that it wasn't at all like the rachel of some other powder with which you are familiar? So it is just grand to see it before you buy it.

Having enjoyed these products I called up the Tangee people to see what was new and they simply sat on me in the politest but firmest way! "New?" they said, with a couple of lifted eye-brows in the voice. "Why should we make something new when Tangee products have gained the confidence of a large public? We are more interested in serving the real needs of women than in searching for novelties. Besides, how could you improve upon Tangee rouge?"

So, thoroughly contrite, I began thinking of other old friends, and Ybry bobbed up in my sentimental mood. And I went to my dressing-table to get my bottle of their exotic perfume, Amour Sauvage—"Wild Love"—so I could tell you about it in case you don't know. Its most dramatic name would seem to limit its use to "heavy" dates and hopeful hours, but as Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?" for it is a most attractive perfume to use on any evening. Perfumes are powerful influences, and while Amour Sauvage is stirring, it is enticingly sweet.

Next month I'm going to tell you about the Perfumes Astrologique made for folks who want to harmonize with their planetary influences. No end of fun even if you don't believe in it, and if you do—well, here's your chance!

How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialist is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed. And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.
"WHITENED my muddy skin when ALL OTHERS FAILED!"

KREMOLA
Also removed my fine lines while bleaching and overcame my oily skin. KREMOLA Bleach Cream banishes facial blemishes such as pimples, blackheads, eczema and acne and makes it easy for a woman to have a YOUTHFUL complexion.

The regular size, $1.25, lasts three or four months. At your drugstore or write the Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. S-3, 2375 So. Michilis Ave., Chicago, Ill., to send you KREMOLA sample part on as a test. Satisfaction guaranteed when used faithfully 60 days. Sales representatives wanted.

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Thousands upon thousands of fashionable women are increasingly placing their faith in a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning before breakfast to safely lose excess fat and give them a beautifully slender, trim figure—glorious health, new energy, strength and great body activity.

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An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and leading druggists all over the world highly recommend this pleasant, effective treatment. Many folks hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Remember Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt; it's a marvelously blended of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—then just watch excess fat gradually disappear!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

The Body Beautiful

Continued from page 67

woman who take short cuts to everything. (Let me suggest that you put some cream on your face to be taking effect while you exercise and while you bathe. And don't forget your elbows!) In these winter months, the body needs sun and air quite as much as at any other time. It is splendid to do your exercises in the light of a sun-lamp in a room where the air is fresh and pure. The lamps that really are sun lamps and not just catch-penny imitations are wonderfully beneficial. They will raise your resistance to colds, and help to tone your muscles. Haven't you noticed in the spring how white and flaccid your body is after a winter of little exercise and practically no air reaching your body? Our bodies are really so grateful for every little advantage we give them. Nature is so very co-operative. She does her rebuilding and reviving so eagerly as soon as we give her the slightest stimulation. And what is more satisfying than to feel the surge and beat of health in a fine body? Why, after a good round of exercise and bath you feel so good that you simply must sing or whistle. The problems of the day look like ant-hills instead of mountains. You feel that the strong life forces of the universe are flowing through you like a singing stream and you develop a confidence that gives you the charm of poise.

Do your exercises eagerly; romp through them; dance through them—anything but dutifully counting and puffing. Turn on your radio and get some music into your body. Well-being and joy are inseparable twins.

In one expensive health salon here in New York, they teach tap-dancing in a gay little room that is so colorful and cute that you laugh when you see it. Happiness is beauty, they say. Well, they certainly turn out beaming faces and graceful bodies.

No one is interested in your solemn conclusions. No one is interested in your sedate dignity. No one is interested in your personal sadness. It is quite possible to have a fine character without wearing it on your sleeve. The world wants beauty and joy from you. These you must generate within yourself and let them bubble out.

Don't let the years and too much seriousness sag your body and your mind. Exercise to lift the years and dump them out. Exercise regularly. Exercise joyfully. Stand before your mirror, put your tongue in your cheek and wink at yourself, then go stand on your head. Take the perfect exercise and help yourself to a perfect body. Exercise points the way to health, beauty, magnetic physical presence, poise and the charm that follow in their wake. If I could only say one word of beauty advice to the world I would shout "Exercise!"
FLASHES

Some of these wise critics and so-called censors of recent films ought to be chloroformed for classifying such fine pictures as "The Beloved Bachelor" and "Over the Hill" as "sentimental trash." What a relief to have little real life, pathos and humor depicted, instead of everlasting gangsters, bootleggers and baby vamps strutting around!

Ruth O. Rutherford, 9438 21st St., Queens Village, N. Y.

Whether she goes back or advances a few generations in her roles, Ruth Chatterton will always captivate the movie fans. Eleanor Bernard, 1407 Hillsboro St., Raleigh, N. C.

When I saw the Four Mary Brothers in "Monkey Business" I was sitting next to a little boy about eight years old. I offered him some candy, and his reply was, "Sorry, lady, but I'm too interested in the picture." Gladys Adam, 13906 Cort Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Why doesn’t Irving Pichel get better breaks?

Harry Yellen, P. O. Box 445, Kilgore, Tex.

Here’s a cheer and a good wish for bigger, better and more college stories. Beat Soccer, 101 N. Denver, Kansas City, Mo.

The movies—Heaven bless them!—we couldn’t carry on without them! Mrs. E. C. Limbocker, 5419 Mercedes St., Dallas, Tex.

TSK! TSK!

I notice that a great deal of enthusiasm is being shown because of the overwhelming success of certain "sweet, simple plays." I’m mighty glad to see them, too, but I’m thankful that the portrayals of "bad ladies" like Chatterton and Shearer are holding their own. None of us is perfect or like the Laura Jean Libby heroines, and when I see the flaw-speckled heroine getting her share of happiness, it makes me want to cheer!

Francys Kay, 6220 37th Ave., N. W., Seattle, Wash.

SALUTING A GREAT PERFORMANCE

Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" brings something to the screen that makes one want to cheer, as at a brave deed.

It isn’t her newness. Many from the stage have been disappointing. It is her refreshing "differences," which is yet deeper than that. Her acting meets the real test—not once does she seem to be acting, in all the wide and trying range of impersonation in which she succeeds so completely.

Her girliness is sweet and natural, yet never approaches the silly, the typical. She remains individual and interesting. Her scenes as a young mother are properly gay, defiant, dignified, or sad, without strain or sentimentalism. As a dissipated, aging woman, she is pathetic, but still a real character. And throughout, her voice is fascinating in its utter lack of affectedness.

She will surely be a favorite on the screen as on the stage.

Vivian Rhodes, 1321 Romany Road, Charlotte, N. C.

100% AND EVERYTHING!

If I were a producer, I would send a few of these foreign actresses, who aren’t interested enough in our country to become citizens of it, back where they came from, and give some of those "most beautiful women in the world" that all countries are raving about America’s having, a chance to show what they can do when co-starred with our handsome heroes.

It looks as though our producers are going abroad to find something of which they have better examples right around.

---

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FOR M. MOUSE, ESQ.

I go to the movies for only one reason, to see one star—an actor who has got under my skin and haunts me day and night. Upon my bureau, in a little green frame, is a sketch of him. I don’t care for Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford leaves me cold. Yet I am drawn into the theatres by some irresistible power, and I endure Garbo, Crawfords, Shearers and Bankheads in the hope that afterwards my favorite will appear before me on the screen.

He isn’t good looking, and has no figure to speak of, and yet if I had fifty million dollars and a lot of pull, not even then would—nay, could—that dear one speak to me.

Because, you see—it’s Mickey Mouse!

Gilberta Sturdy,
4555 Sherbrooke St.,
Westmount, Quebec.

GABLE GABBLE

I believe that the public will agree that Clark Gable, through the sheer dominant force of his personality, is the leading artist on the screen today.

An ideal, through that strange, magnetic, indefinable something that has brought him to the front on the screen—for brutes, a brute; for women, a man and a lover.

But it is silly to say that he is like Valentino. There was only one Valentino as there is only one Gable.

Let’s hope we’ll see him in more parts similar to the one in "Possessed."

Jack C. Page, 630 Oregon Street,
Lafayette, Ind.

FOR A FINE ACTOR

There is much ado in these parts over the work of Leslie Howard, who, we think, marks a new era in filmdom.

Many have expressed themselves here as never having seen so fine a thing either on the stage or in films as "Devotion," in which Mr. Howard played with Ann Harding.

I. Jones, 936 W. 8th St.,
Anderson, Ind.

WEWEE MARIE

After hearing about the presentation to Marie Dressler of the award for the best performance of the year I couldn’t keep from writing this letter, and also a fan letter to Miss Dressler.

The performance for which the award was given was, of course, in "Min and Bill." It may seem impossible for anyone to sit through six performances of a pic-
CARRYING CULTURE ABROAD

Here in Central America there are practically no amusements for children. No playgrounds, no swimming pools, no gymnasiums, in short, no organized amusement of any sort for the little ones. From the bottom of my heart I am thankful for the motion pictures. And not only have they affected the lives of the children. There has entered into the life of the Latin a new ideal, both as home-maker and as member of society. Manners and dress have radically improved; homes are now tastefully, even beautifully, arranged.

Where girls used to look on every male acquaintance as a prospective husband, there now pervades a spirit of frank camaraderie. Where boys used to lounge, bored, on street corners, there now pervades a spirit of eagerness and interest in the various sports and games that have sprung up.

I have lived here long enough to know that most of this is due to the motion pictures and the extensive influence they have cast over the people of the Latin Americas.

N. Fernández,
P. O. Box 1427,
San Jose, Costa Rica.

A TIBBETT LOVE SONG

Welcome to the perfect actor of the screen—Lawrence Tibbett! What ease, what grace, what charm, what a man! And how he can sing! When he sings "The Cuban Love Song" in the movie of the same title, it becomes classic. And when he sings the sailor's song in the same picture it feels as if one were really on the heaving sea. No matter how difficult a song, Tibbett sings it apparently as easily as he draws his breath.

And he acts with the same ease. One has the impression when watching him that he has a great ocean of reserve power yet untouched. There is not a hint of self-consciousness, effort, or posing in his acting. One forgets that he is acting, so perfectly does he carry his roles. Let's have Lawrence Tibbett often. He brings a fresh, new life into the movies.

Gertrude G. Seaford,
2433 Irving St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

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The Stage In Review
Continued from page 65

the head of the Public, and when he takes it on the chin he bobs up again, like Eddie Robinson and Jim Cagney: no matter how many times they are slammed utterly, they reappear in their old jobs. So I tilt my lid to Maurice Schwartz, unconquerable idealist.

"Bloody Laughter," by Ernest Toller, Mr. Schwartz's latest product, is a powerful satire on war, humanity, the rich and the poor. Toller gives the whole of God's creation the works. You may choke on this bitter stuff, but you'll never forget it once you've seen it.

It's about a married soldier who lost his vitality in the war, the infidelity of his wife, who loves him nevertheless, and how this man became "the strong man" in a circus to earn a living. It winds up with a double suicide. The dialogue gashes everything. But go to see it when you are in a serious mood. It is a clunk out of that well-known farce called Life.

Maurice Schwartz and Helen MacKellar were both effective, and the scenes of Robert Van Rosen were bizarre. There's some laughter in it, too—the scene between a bricklayer and a stonemason at a bar.
Neil Hamilton's Magic Corner
Continued from page 13

and the other one I throw under the table. But now notice—its astral form has returned, and you see—opening hand and pouring the pellets onto the table—we have all three joined together again.

The magician can repeat the trick three or four times quickly. Pick up the pellets, and count as the first and second go into the hand and the third is dropped under the table—one—two—three, then open hand and drop them all out again—one, two, three!

The little trick is practically indetectable, and requires only the simplest sleight-of-hand move. As is the case with most tricks, it all depends on how you do it. Can you think of the explanation? Next issue will make it clear; in the meantime borrow a pack of cigarette papers and get ready for it!

This is an astral trick which Neil Hamilton will explain in the next issue of SCREENLAND.

Cast of Current Films
Continued from page 85

"THE STRUGGLE." United Artists. From a story by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: Jimmie Wilson, Hal Skelley; Florrie, Zita Johann; Nina, Charlotte Wynters; Nell Wilson, Evelyn Bahrlein; Jowhers Mar-shall, Jackson Halliday; Mars, Edna Hagen; Sam, Claude Cooper; Cohen, Arthur Lipson; A Jolly Girl, Helen Mack; Mr. Grif, Charles Richmond; At, Scott Moore; Tony, Dave Manley.*

"TONIGHT OR NEVER." United Artists. From the play by Lill Hayway, adapted by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Written for the screen by Ernest Vada. Directed by Merwyn LeRoy. The cast: The Prima Donna, Nella Lago; Gloria Swanson; Rudy, Ferdinand Gottschalk; The Butler, Robert Greig; The Maid, Greta Mayer, His Excellence, Convolon Grenant, Warburton Gamble; The Unknown Gentleman, Melvyn Douglas; The Marchesa, Alison Skipworth; The Waiter, Boris Kardoff.*

"X MARKS THE SPOT." Tiffany. From a story by Warren Duff and Gordon Rahn. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: George H接口, Lewis Cody; Sue, Sally Bara; Rigs, Fred Kohler; Ted Lloyd; Wallace Ford; Helen Parrish; Gloria, as child, Helen Parrish; Gloria, seven years later, Joyce Cood.*

Guthrie McClintic, well-known director of Broadway plays, recently turned his attention to the screen.


"THE CUBAN LOVE SONG." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From a story by Gardner Sullivan and Ess Mowfelh. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Tery, Lawrence Tibbett; Nesta, Lope Velos; Ro-mero, Ernest Torrence; O. J. Jones; Jimmy Durante; Crystal, Karen Merley; Ribota, Leoplo Panedotta; John, Hule Hamlin; Aunt Rosa, Mathilda Comont; Tery, Jr., Philip Cooper.*

"THE GUILTY GENERATION." Columbia. Based on a play by Jo Milnrod and J. Kerby Hawkes. Directed by Richard V. Lee. The cast: Mike Palermo, Leo Carrillo; Maria Palermo, Constance Cummings; Marco, Robert Young; Tony Rico, Boris Karloff, Nina, Emma Dunn; Nellie, Ruth Warner; Tery, Murray Kinnell; Benedico, Elliott Rothe.*

Doesn't Janet Gaynor look cute? Her destination is Europe. Enjoy yourself, Janet.

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It's the Real Thing!
Continued from page 59

de la Falaise de la Coutardre, appeared the name of Henri, with the sign that means marquis, and denoting that his estate, La Farre, is situated at St. Florest, des Nes- sumy, Vendee district. It also shows him to be a member of numerous chals.

"And this change and this one," explains the marquis, "are very exclusive. My brother, the Count, you will see in this next line. He belongs to the Jockey Club, and only the aristocracy can belong to that.

But that wasn't all. Hank obligingly brought out some sacred old yellow parch- ment documents, in French. These set facts. In that year 1727, D. an ancestor had held honorable position as feudal bailiff. Another showed that in 1650 A.D. a de la Falaise had served at the court of King Louis, A third attested to the bestowal of the marquisate upon this honorable family.

"I still feel rather foolish trotting out all this stuff," he smiled, "it perhaps it is just as well to have it straightly.

"Tell us about your professional career," I suggested.

"My first connection with pictures was in Paris," said the Marquis, "when I was European representative for Pathé. That is when I met my first wife, during the making of "Madame Sans Gene". It sounded a little odd to hear Gloria so casually referred to as "my first wife"!

"Then when I came to Hollywood, I was associate producer for French versions of American pictures, which I also directed. These included 'The Queen's Husband,' 'Transgression,' and 'A Woman Between.' Then I took another trip to Europe and it was understood that I should direct English versions when I returned. In the meantime, another shake-up at RKO-Pathé. So I have not worked for a month or two. But I have not been idle, I am writing scenarios. One is from a story of my own which appeared in Liberty last year. The Constance has two pictures to finish under her contract, shall not leave for Europe until February. After that trip I expect to return to directing." His face has the special magic which certain is not wealthy, that he can ensure our picture characters in this con- spicuous manner. He is of medium height, blue eyes, moustache above a mobile mouth, dresses perfectly—but dozens of men in Hollywood can equal any of those characteristics. His is perhaps as he has never before, I'm afraid—rather like Jack Gilbert's used to be before it was taken in hand.

But he has charming manners, an easy, pleasant, serene face and most engag- ing. He is far more simple and natural in manner than most famous male movie stars ever achieve. And he's essentially likable. If this is the impression he creates to the rest of us, perchance he is even more subtly impressive in private. He is per- haps the most reserved and gentle man I've ever known. All men are always thirty. He has kept his figure in good trim, somewhat the ef- fect of a lazy athlete.

And perhaps he is a masterful. At all events, some friends who came over from Europe on the same boat with Connie and the Marquis, just prior to their marriage, told how when celebrities were being in- troduced at a benefit concert one night, Hank put out a hand and kept Connie behind his back. There are times, how- ever, when Connie has pretty much her own way.

Irish!
Continued from page 84

I am at this time a dancer with her sister in New York. The Carroll Sisters, as their act in the "Passing Show" of 1923 was called, was responsible for Nancy's subsequent success. Nancy is the part after the first three weeks. Other shows followed before she got her real chance as a dramatic actress in "Chicago." The success of this play was produced in Los An- geles.

It was at this time Paramount was in search of a girl to play Rosemary in the film version of "Alice's Irish Rose". Nancy secured the part after an amusing display of temper at the studio gates, so typically Gaelic was it. Other roles followed in quick succession, each bringing greater suc- cess and additional opportunities for this young Irish girl to display her talents. Most certainly Nancy's Irish heritage is re- sponsible for much of the charm, beauty and talent which have combined to win her success on both stage and screen.

The only girl of note in Hollywood who actually hails from the land of the sham- rock is Maureen O'Sullivan. The blue- eyed dark-haired Maureen arrived from the
"Ould Country" only two years ago, where she was living with her mother and father, the latter a retired major of the famous Company of Gentlemen, who built their home at Staintsbury, Killynie. She at first surprised Hollywood when they heard her beautiful soft voice with barely a trace of the traditional Edith Bougle. But then Maureen had received her schooling in London and Paris as well as at a Dublin convent, and had acquired the cultured accents of the cosmopolitan.

Miss O'Sullivan's sole experience in acting was a school version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" before Frank Capra cast her in her first one night in a Dublin café while seeking a true collete type for John McCormack's picture, "Song o' My Heart." She is from the Irish, she is cleanly superstitious and loves horses. Sweet and winsome, she is the picture of perfect health.

A new blue-eyed, Irish and red-headed girl on her way to fame is Peggy Shannon. Bad luck dogged her in her attempts for success on the New York stage. Then a change of luck struck in films, and for what an opportunity it was! She arrived in Hollywood the same week-end that poor Clara Bow was prostrated with a nervous breakdown, and her picture, "The Secret Call," scheduled to start on the Monday. A release date had to be met, so Peggy was called in to play the lead in Clara's place. Completed to be fitted, screen tests made, lines to be learned, all over-night. It was enough to scare anyone into failure, but instead Peggy was launched into immediate stardom by her superb handling of the work. Peggy appeals for the same reason that Irish girls as a whole are appealing, because she sees the world cleanly through her blue Irish eyes.

Another clever newcomer to the screen who has also a claim to Irish antecedents is the fascinating Parcell from the New York stage, where she played with such great personalities as George Arliss, Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, and under the direction of the late David Belasco.

Irene's first two films were with William Haines in "Just a Gigolo" and Robert Montgomery in "The Man in Possession." Miss Haines always thought so well of her performances that she immediately renewed her contract. Like so many of these girls of Irish temperament, Irene was at first extremely nervous in Hollywood. She says, "When I arrived here I was afraid to call the studio and tell them I was in town. I was sure I'd never be able to make good. At ten o'clock the next morning the studio called and told me they were sending a car for me and that I was to start work that morning. Well, I packed and weacked my clothes three times while waiting for the car—not that the car was slow in arriving, but I was so undecided as to what I should do. At night I made up my mind I was going to stick and do my best to make good!"

The stunning Lola Lane changed her name to the second time recently when she became Mrs. Lew Ayres. Lola's name was originally Dorothy Mulligan. Is that Irish? And another lovely actress, who in her childhood romped under the name of Virginia Sweeney, is known to us all as Virginia Valli. Marion Davies was born Marion Douras—Irish and proud of it!

Of course, the greatest star of all the Irish girls was Colleen Moore. Colleen had ups and downs in the film firmament for a period of over six or seven years, and has since become one of the highest paid stars in Hollywood.

There is very little doubt that the liking for these blue-eyed Irish girls is no mere vogue in eye-coloring. These little ladies announce a new era in films.
Screen News
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Clark Gable has a close rival in Fredric March as the matinée idol of the maidens. At a recent sorority convention at which Dorothy Jordan was guest of honor there were more votes for Fredric, and his fan mail shows it's a close race. How must it feel to be the wife of one of these adored ones?

Mrs. Gable, by the way, loves to go to restaurants and hotels and watch the stars like any tourist. Florence Eldredge March, on the other hand, although doing a stage version of "Private Lives" with Eddie Horton, says she yearns for private domesticity.

Marguerite Churchill finally decided to shake the dust of Hollywood from her pretty feet, and return to her highbrow stage plays, in which she originally made her name. It was undignified to hang around any longer and try to feel hopeful.

One never knows how these rumors start, but there actually was talk to the effect that Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., were considering a separation. However, they returned from their New York holiday the same fond pair as ever, declaring they had had a marvelous vacation.

Norma Shearer will be as different as can be in "Smilin' Through," the ultra-sweet picture, which made Norma Talmadge famous. None of your sophisticated stuff there, no healing broken hearts by carrying on with other gentlemen—but abiding single love unto eternity, etc.!

Same old story. Directly Clara Bow was slated to begin work, they decided it wasn't such a hot story after all. So she and Sam Rork are reading stories and plays for dear life.

Remember "So Big," with sweet Colleen Moore, in which she started very young and ended as an old woman? Well, since Helen Hayes' success in this type of rôle in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," Barbara Stanwyck is slated for "So Big," with Junior Durkin to help the situation. Barbara will have to go some to excel Colleen's portrayal. That picture was always considered Colleen's chef d'œuvre from a dramatic standpoint in silents, although it didn't make as much money as her rollicking comedies.

Linda Watkins and Erwin Gelsey appear to be very much interested in each other, dancing a great deal together. Linda, as you know, was proclaimed a "débutante star" when the Wampas failed to nominate her a Baby Star. Then she showed 'em in "Sob Sister."

At this writing there is a chance that the new Mrs. Neil Miller may be free-lancing when this appears in print. Dorothy Mackaill and Warner Bros. don't seem in a mood for renewing contracts on terms to suit them both.

Dolores Del Rio will play in "Bird of Paradise," and it is to be filmed in Honolulu, so they say.

There were twenty-seven weddings in filmland last year, and sixteen divorces. That's a wicked percentage!
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