NEW CONTEST!
Gifts from MARION DAVIES, CLARK GABLE, HELEN HAYES, MYRNA LOY, JEAN PARKER, MADGE EVANS—See Page 20
MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"
Directed by Josef von Sternberg
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Isn't It A Shame!

Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty — and secretary to the president. But — there's a "but" about Martha!

If only Martha would look into a mirror and see what the young men see—her dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.

It ISN'T very smart of a girl to have brains and looks and a future — and to allow so simple a thing as "pink tooth brush" to ruin the charm of her smile! Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it — Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then — put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage — and have bright, good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANATROUBADOURS" ARE BACK EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING... 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.

WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Enter Our Romance Contest! Opportunity For All Our Readers!! See Pages 20, 21, 22, 23!!!

SCREENLAND is in a romantic mood! On Pages 20, 21, 22, and 23 you'll see why, where, and how!

Our new contest, featuring some of your favorite stars, is a Romance Rally, led by Marion Davies.

It's a Movie Treasure Chest with romantic riches from Marion, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Helen Hayes, Madge Evans, and Jean Parker. You'll have a grand time competing for the exciting prizes.

With no cost to yourself, you can enter this Romance Contest announced and outlined in this issue.

Compete for the prizes offered by the famous stars listed above.

Read all the rules and conditions carefully.

Join our Romantic Revelers!

---

May, 1934

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXIX, No. 1

SCREENLAND SCOPS:

ROMANCE CONTEST. Prizes from Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, Joan Crawford, Jean Parker, and other stars.

"I'M PROUD TO BE LEE TRACY'S GIRL FRIEND!" SAYS ISABEL JEWELL.

RICARDO AND CHRISTINE CORTEZ TELL THEIR LOVE STORY. Dena Reed

SOCIETY INVADES THE FILMS. Betty Shannon

MY LIFE STORY. Bette Davis

HOME OF THE FUTURE. Ruth Tilden

OTHER FEATURES:

VIGNETTES IN VINEGAR. Pen Portraits

AN OPEN LETTER TO MARGARET SULLIVAN. Jane Lévy

HAYE THEY TROUGHT TO A PRIVATE LIFE?... James Maron

THE PICTURE-A-MONTH MAN. Ralph Bellamy

SCREEN STAR ROUGHS IT. Joan Blondell

BABY-FACE GROWS UP. Lew Ayres

NO MORE PANTS. Dietrich

WHY STARS ARE STARS. James M. Fidler

SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL. Edited by Lylian Toshman

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

NOW YOU'RE TALKING. Letters from the Audience

HONOR PAGE

TAGGING THE TALKIES. Short Reviews

TAKING THE AIR. New Radio Department

REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD. Seven News

BEAUTY

ASK ME

FEMI-NIFTIES

Cover Portrait of Katharine Hepburn by Charles Sheldon

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heinbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; A. J. Spanier, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago office: 450 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but Screenland assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico. $2.00 in Canada. Foreign postage $2.50. Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1934.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches... their drama pulsating across continents and oceans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer exceeds the beauty and allure of her "Divorcee", and "Strangers May Kiss" fame. Never so glorious as now... in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
in
RIPTIDE
HERBERT MARSHALL
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Vignettes in Vinegar

Duck, you Hollywood darlings!
Here come those velvet brickbats!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

PAUL LUKAS
Cardboard caresses unter den Linden.

PAUL MUNI
Soviet version of Edwin Booth; raw meat and rum.

CARY GRANT
Seagoing polo player; varsity timber.

FRANK MORGAN
Penguins and silk hats; inertia triumphant.

ALICE BRADY
X marks spotlight; the timetable school of acting.

GINGER ROGERS
Sex in a half-pint bottle.

LILIAN HARVEY
Titter, set in rhinestones; custard under glass.

OTTO KRUGER
Romance in a toupee; floorwalkers on painted seas.

CARY GRANT

FRANK MCHugh
Laughing gas and giggle soup; high jinks and low brows.

GLENDA FARRELL
Aimee McPherson doing nip-ups in Childs window.

ADRIENNE AMES
Lady with tiger; Sutton Place burns.

GLENDA FARRELL

LIONEL ATWILL
His Majesty in a padded cell; a loud echo, wearing spats.

DUDLEY DIGGES
Zeus in a waterfront saloon.

LILIAN HARVEY

Vignettes in Vinegar

Here come those velvet brickbats!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger
What Really Goes On in a NUDEST COLONY?

Whatever you think or know about Nudists, are you wrong? Do you think that Nudists are free from trouble? Do you think the authorities are not aware of the Nudist colonies? Do you think that Nudists are considerate of the feelings of others? Do you agree that it is the time now for Nudists to stop their seclusion and start to take part in the social activities of the world? Do you believe that Nudists are a menace to society?

Here is the true story of why so many thousands of men and women are going around without a stitch on them. Here is the reason why this "escape" of the modern man and woman from the world of clothes is growing in America today.

Do You Want to See this book—FREE?

You do not have to buy this book to read it. You can examine it, see its interesting pictures. We will gladly lend you a preview copy to read at your leisure, or have a friend examine it for you. You do not have to keep the book you borrow, but when you send back the book we lend you, you might tell us what you think about it, and just how you feel about the subject of nudity.

Send for your FREE EXAMINATION copy of this book today. It is our desire to start a campaign to convince the American people of the advantages and freedom of nudity, and the honest, social, and serious story we are telling is one that should be heard by every American man and woman.

1. The Care and Handling of Dogs—J. L. Oelting. Formerly $2.50, now $1.00. A complete treatise on dog husbandry. Contains much useful information.
2. The Care and Handling of Horses—W. B. foot. Formerly $2.50, now $1.00. An excellent treatise on horse husbandry.
4. The Care and Handling of Chickens—W. B. foot. Formerly $2.50, now $1.00. An excellent treatise on chicken husbandry. Contains much useful information.
5. The Care and Handling of Sheep—W. B. foot. Formerly $2.50, now $1.00. An excellent treatise on sheep husbandry. Contains much useful information.

Please print plainly.

Name

Send postcard today. Address

City and State

Outside of Continental U.S.A., $1.00 per book, cash with order.
THE UNHIBITED HERBERT!

Who has the most completely charming, subtly caressing masculine voice in films? Herbert Marshall—none other! He may have been an inhibited chemist in "Four Frightened People," but you simply know that no man with inhibitions ever had a voice like that—nor any chemist! Count yours blessings, Mr. Paramount!

Beatrice McLoughlin,
121-16 103rd Ave.,
Richmond Hill, L. I.

CASTING A "BEST-SELLER"

I read recently that "Anthony Adverse" is soon to reach the screen. May I hereby give vent to some of my suggestions for the various characters?

Anthony Adverse: Fredric March.
Maria: Heather Angel.

(Continued on page 97)
See Carl Ed's famous comic strip-ling brought to life...

With Mimi (Patricia Ellis) and Pa Lovewell (Guy Kibbee)...

And 4 other big spectacle song numbers in the famous Warner Bros. manner.

With Hugh Herbert—Hobart Cavanaugh—Directed by Murray Roth

With Hal LeRoy, boy wonder of "Wonder Bar", as Harold...

And all the other lovable folk of your favorite funny feature!

It has "universal sal appeal" says "Variety Daily", noted Hollywood authority.

Watch Broadway's greatest tap-dancer do his stuff in "Collegiate Wedding"...

Don't miss it if you like to laugh. At leading theatres soon!

He's in the Movies
Now... Thanks to WARNER BROS.
In the circle, a whole-souled grin that’s going places! Below, Jean Muir with handsome Donald Woods, her leading man in “As The Earth Turns.”

A new girl graces the screen! Her name is Jean Muir, and we believe she has the gift of potential greatness. We say this because, in her first important picture part, she wins her way into your heart sweetly, sanely, surely; and her image stays with you even after you have left the theatre. Jean Muir, as the fine Maine farm girl in “As The Earth Turns,” seems inspired to present the ideal of wholesome American womanhood as no other movie girl has ever done before. Say what you will, the American public has always worshipped at the shrine of some one actress whose appeal has been high and clean—remember Maude Adams and Mary Pickford! Jean Muir is that actress, today, on the screen: symbol, modern style.
MARGARET SULLAVAN

THE GIRL YOU LOVED IN "ONLY YESTERDAY"

FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL!
George Raft is one of our unique personalities. By all means, if you like Raft, see this. If not — ! It is the story of a dancer who struggles for an opportunity. Just as he reaches fame, war is declared. He goes away, and returns a broken reed. The dramatic finale, when he attempts to execute his old boleto dance and dies of heart failure, will thrill you. Carole Lombard is excellent, and Sally Rand's fan dance is a nifty display.

You won't get much chance to catch your breath while viewing this saga of a telephone repairman's career, which races along at breakneck speed from murder to robbery to murder to earthquake. Director William Wellman has fashioned a sensational thriller of this telephonic romance, ably assisted by cracking dialogue and the expert performances of Spencer Tracy, Constance Cummings, Jack Oakie, and Arline Judge.

An interesting venture into screen fantasy, this picture is more important for what it attempts than for what it actually achieves. The idea of Death visiting the earth in human form and winning the love of a sensitive girl who accompanies him back into the shadows, is poetically charming. But it makes for neither satisfactory symbolism nor believable drama. Fredric March plays a difficult role with distinction; Evelyn Venable scores.

Here's a fast-moving melodrama built for laughs, with a great cast of comedians making the pace faster. Your laugh favorite and mine, Joan Blondell, rings the bell as a "hello girl," and Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, as telephone "trouble" men, furnish the laughter assisted by Glenda Farrell. The story has to do with the varied excitements encountered by phone repairmen on their daily rounds. Lots of action!

With a fictional romance adding interest to the thrilling and authentic jungle scenes, this wild-animal film is one of the better offerings of its kind. There are many exciting shots of the ferocious jungle denizens, with the usual rip-snorting battles among the beasts, though you might consider some of these to have a "staged" appearance. Much credit is due Trumann Talley for his expert editing of the various scenes. See this.

Lionel Barrymore and director William K. Howard divide the honors in this headlong yarn covering the adventures in the lives of an entire family over the space of two days. There's one scene in which Barrymore is striving to fight off the effects of a dose of poison, which for sustained drama and agonizing suspense has rarely been equalled. Fay Bainter scores in her film début; Mae Clarke, and Mary Carlisle.

Three generations pass before us in this panoramic story with a charming musical background. Carl Haasman struggles all his life to win recognition for the symphonic masterpiece he has composed—only to find, near his life's end, that his young grandson is "lifting" his themes to make popular music. But the youth makes amends, and the old composer dies peacefully. John Boles and Gloria Stuart excel in the chief roles.

You'll enjoy this exciting photoplay, if you are not handicapped by having seen too many of its recent predecessors in the "woman-spy" tradition. Fay Wray is the lovely and self-sacrificing operative, and Nils Asther is the enemy officer whom she marries to gain her sinister end only to find herself in love with him for his own sake. There's a sure-fire persuasiveness about this story despite its lack of novelty.
Tagging the Talkies

Let's all welcome Edward G. Robinson back in a rôle after our own hearts, that of a cocky little gambler who takes bad luck along with good and laughs it off. Not jackpots, but racing dogs, are Eddie's passion in this one. And Dark Hazard, the sleek racing pock, practically steals the love interest from Glenda Farrell and Gen Tobin.

As a repentant parent who meets the daughter he abandoned in her childhood, and is shocked to find her following the primrose path to ruin, John Barrymore plays with his usual vigor and charm. Helen Chandler, too, is effective as the devil-may-care daughter in this film from G. B. Stern's novel. After flouting her father's interference she finally consents to be saved.

Self-sacrifice runs rampant on the screen in this melodrama-with-a-problem. After Miriam Hopkins risks her high social position to rescue George Raft and Helen Mack from a jam, they commit suicide for each other's sake. (No, you figure it out!) The film contrasts the dilletantish romancing of the rich with the forthright methods of the lowly. All the principals, including Fredric March, are excellent.

Well, they've given Ruth Chatterton one of her best pictures, and about time, too! Adolphe Menjou is her leading man. A great combination! Here are a Parisian background, a swell murder mystery, plot twists you don't expect, and a brand new kind of retribution. Ruth bumps off a lovely actress—Claire Dodd—who has naughty designs on her husband, then the fun begins.

(Continued on page 95)
Taking the Air!

Little moments with "big shots" who ride the radio lanes

By Mortimer Franklin

Rudy goes on forever! Young Mr. Vallee, who first made America croon-conscious, is still wowing 'em weekly. He's a real movie star now, too—in "Scandals."

What have God and Marconi wrought? Look at it from whatever angle you will—examine it through a microscope or long-distance binoculars—in- spect it from behind or before—squint at it through a monocle or with the naked orb. From wherever you stand, one tremendous fact about radio in this thirteenth year of its existence, hops out and smacks you in the eye.

That fact? It's simply the incredible advance in quality and dignity that radio entertainment has achieved in the dozen years since the great Guglielmo waved the magic wand of his genius and cried, "Let there be sound!"

Does your taste run to popular music, whether hot, sweet, or neo-classical? Then the anointed high priests of this difficult and dangerous art, with their hands of accomplished benchmen, are at the beck of your finger—the twist of your dial. Or do you crave the soulful strains of serious music as poured from the minds of the Great Masters? Then the rarest and most gifted singers, instrumentalists and conductors on earth labor to please you by day and by night.

If you yearn for diversion by the comic muse, the foremost jesters of the show world are yours for the tuning-in. Or if the beguilements of high dramatic art are your heart's desire, the greatest names of the stage wait upon you. Even if you seek instruction on the problems of the day, professors and pundits, statesmen and sages, leap to enlighten you.

From every conceivable walk of life, radio has gathered the topmost cream of talent, training and expert knowledge to set it before you.

No, I'm not harboring any sweet delusion of letting you in on something new and spicy. Nor am I hopeful that the thought of this cyclonic coming-of-age of Radio will strike you all of a heap as it suddenly has me. Nevertheless, in sitting back to consider the vast and all-embracing field of radio broadcasting, this is the first and most overwhelming thing one has to digest. In short:

All of goodness, truth, and beauty,
All of joy and pleasant duty,
All delights at which no mortal man may scoff;
These the treasures radio lends you.
(And if ever it offends you, You can always turn the blame thing off!)

Are radio stars people?
Assuming that they are of earthly flesh and blood, and not members of some super-race of beings, then have they always been able to do their fascinating stuff on the ozone and make it come off with that same clock-like precision that they now achieve—as sure and inevitable as death, taxes, and jokes about Durante's schnozzle?
Or have there been times in the lives of your favorite ether-agitators when, through whatever fault, some little slip-up provided an anxious moment in the delivery of a

Don't believe Annette Hanshaw, prettiest of Cap'n Henry's Show Boat warblers, when she insists she isn't good movie material.

Big-timer! Nino Martini, youthful tenor, is the first grand-opera star whose fame was built upon his radio work.
An Open Letter to Margaret Sullivan

WAKE UP!
I want to congratulate you.
First, on grabbing one of the prize acting plums of the screen season, the lovely heroine of "Little Man, What Now?"
Second, on having the good sense to change your personal "act."
I'm not surprised. I knew it all the time. A grand Southern girl like you shouldn't go in for lonely grandeur. That warm, vibrant voice of yours gives you away. Oh, I know there's a legend that you began by imitating Ethel Barrymore's throaty cello and kept it up. But after watching you and listening to you in "Only Yesterday" I'm convinced that you're no snooty synthetic Garbo-Hepburn, but very human, very natural, very real.
You want to know how I know? Well, I saw you coming out of the projection room after the first New York private showing of "Little Women." You hurried out and drew to one side of the crowd and began frantically powdering your nose. I was trying to do the same thing. And when a mutual friend introduced us, you had the same far-away look in your eyes that I knew I had, and that was because we were both swept away by the wonder of that great picture. You weren't aloof then, Margaret. You were melted! No small-talk, no stellar "performance." You stood there and for the moment I believe you'd forgotten that you, too, were a screen star. Your emotional imagination had been so stirred that you forgot all about yourself. I respected you for that.
And now you are showing great good sense by getting into the spirit of your success. You actually posed for pictures showing you cutting the cake at Carl Laemmle's anniversary party. Personally, I don't see why not, because "Uncle Carl" is one of the finest and most ingratiating men in the motion picture business. I'd be proud to cut my birthday cake! But you're a star, and that's different! You'd been pretty independent what with "insulting" well-meaning interviewers, and running from photographers, and all the rest of the "Garbo business." So I was glad to see you melt—and keep right on melting. Those lovely fashion pictures you posed for, Margaret, which appeared in the last issue of this Magazine, brought in almost as many favorable letters about you as your grand performance in "Only Yesterday."
Keep right on going! You're headed in the right direction. And you'll find more followers on the friendly road than you ever dreamed of. I venture to say you'll even find yourself liking "all that" before long—although you'll probably never admit it!
You have a great chance of becoming young picture-going America's favorite heroine. There's nothing weird about your work. Not like Hepburn, highly stylized. But a girl we can all understand; a girl we like; a girl we can sympathize with.
So wake up and stay friendly! We're all for you, and we like to feel that you're for us.

Delight Evans
Have They a Right

Some Say Yes!

Face this problem frankly!
Must you possess your film
favorites body and soul? Join this
daring discussion!

KATHARINE HEPBURN, upon alighting from
a Pullman in a New York railway station, hid
her face in her hands to prevent newspaper
photographers from snapping her picture. She
ran, not walked, to the nearest taxi.

Constance Bennett, finding her private affairs annoy-
ingly, (to her), made public by the press, threatened to
file million dollar damage suits unless writers ceased
broadcasting her personal activities.

Greta Garbo has consistently refused to bare her pri-

cate life. John Barrymore will not permit himself
to be interviewed except during those rare moments when
he is in mellow mood—rare moments, indeed. Janet
Gaynor has placed a ban against most interviewers be-
cause they pry too deeply into her personal affairs.

Ronald Colman, Zasu Pitts, Kay Francis, Marlene
Dietrich and many more stars have sought to maintain
private lives quite apart from their professional careers.

Now the question arises: Has a motion picture star the
right to live his own life?

Or does he, by reason of the dedication of his life to
the public, forfeit the privilege of withholding his per-
sonal affairs from that same public?

It is now common knowledge that when Miss Hepburn
was first interviewed in Hollywood, she made many con-

flicting statements. She said, "I am married." She said,
"I am not married." She said, "I have no children" and
"I do not remember whether I have children." She
uttered other such idiotically contradictory allegations.

One day I asked Katharine why she made such ob-
vious attempts to befuddle the press.

"Because my private life is my own," she replied.
"What has the fact that I am or am not married got to do
with my ability to act? If I have a child, does that make
me a finer emotional actress? People are not interested
in my private life. They are only interested in my pro-
fessional career."

Says you, Katty! Says I, though, the public is not
only interested in your private life, but the public has a
right to know about your personal affairs.

You are public property, Katharine Hepburn. Mil-


Hepburn, above. Garbo, right, below. Are their
lives their own—or yours?
Some Say No!

By James Marion

Do you know that the Garbo legend be maintained? I believe the public resents efforts to pry into her personal affairs.

Yet even Garbo cannot escape a portion of key-hole reporting. Her recent automobilist trips to out-of-state towns at some distance from Hollywood—trips on which she was accompanied by Rouben Mamoulian, the director with whom she is supposedly in love—commanded worldwide newspaper bannerlines.

Of course, there is a limit to prying into personal lives of the stars, or there should be a limit. Janet Gaynor barred several interviewers from her life because they insisted upon writing stories to the effect that she and Charles Farrell were in love, despite the fact that Janet was married to another man, and Charlie to another woman.

Such stories are not reporting. They are evil-minded fabrications. While I maintain that the stars are not entitled to withhold their private lives from the public, I also maintain that writers are not entitled to distort stories to make the lives of the stars seem what they are not.

My principal reason for argument that stars' personal lives should be public property is that the public itself demands to know all about its favorites. If the public were not interested, I'd say the private affairs of the players might well enough be left alone.

But when John Public and Jane Public pay their dollars to see Katharine Hepburn and Ann Harding and Charlie Chaplin on the screen, and when this same public learns to worship those stars, I think they are entitled to full knowledge of how their favorites live.

Once Ronald Colman told an interviewer, "If you want to write about me, write about my professional work. Write about my screen roles, or about my acting."

Is Colman so conceited as to think that interesting stories can be done about only his screen roles and his ability as an actor? After all, his screen work talks for itself. I grant that he is a fine actor, or he would not have survived the test of time in motion pictures.

But the public that adores Colman on the screen wants to know what the real man is like. His idolizers, who feel that they actually know Colman because they have seen his pictures so often, want to be told about the intimacies of his life. What kind of girls does he like? What does he do to amuse himself? Does he dance, and with whom? Is he married, or has he been married?

And why, I question, isn't the public entitled to know the answers to such questions? Why aren't the thousands of girls who imagine they are in love with Colman entitled to know if he dances, or if he enjoys the same shows they enjoy, or if he participates in the same amusements that entertain them? Remember, these girls can't go on forever adoring a screen-shadow that talks. If they are to adore the man (Continued on page 93)
The Sunshine Star offers a beautiful gift! Marion leads our Six Star Contest!

JUNE brides, attention! Everybody, listen! If you’re 18—or 68—it’s all right. You’re Romantic, or you wouldn’t be interested in the movies. And you wouldn’t be reading about our new contest, dedicated to Romance, sponsored by Hollywood stars who believe in Romance, too, or they wouldn’t be in the movies!

Some of your screen favorites, leading off with Marion Davies, are offering you Romantic prizes—appealing if you’re going to be a June Bride, or that bride’s younger sister, or older aunt, or mother, or grandmother; or brother, or the lucky bridegroom himself! You’ll be interested in the prizes, and you’ll be interested in the competition for its own sake.

Just write a Pen Portrait, not over 15 words in length, and as few as 3 or 6 words if you like, about any one or every one of the following stars: Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, Jean Parker. You may enter any one, or all six, of the contests; but limit your Pen Portraits to one each for each of the six stars. One person may win all six contests; or two, or four, according to the decision of the judges as to the merit of the Pen Portraits. On the other hand, the six prizes may be awarded to six different people, according to the merit of the entries. There is positively no age limit. Men and women, boys and girls, are equally eligible.

The listed stars, SCREENLAND’S Editor, and Malcolm H. Oettinger, well-known screen magazine writer, will be the sole judges. It is suggested that the reader study the sample Pen Portraits given on the opposite page. There is a page of similar style Pen Portraits by Malcolm H. Oettinger in this issue on Page 6. Pen Portraits may be flattering or satirical, gay or grave; they will be judged solely on their individual merits of originality, cleverness, and suitability to the star about whom they are written. Read the rules and note the coupon on the opposite page. Pages 20, 21, 22, and 23 in this issue constitute the Romance Contest. It’s fun—go to it!
CLARK GABLE says:
“Capture Romance with a Movie Camera”

Clark presents a movie camera, also projector, for a romantic record of summer scenes!

Rules of SCREENLAND’s Romance Contest:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a Pen Portrait not exceeding 15 words in length about any one or each one of the following stars: Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, Jean Parker. Each contestant should submit only one Pen Portrait each of each star.
3. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND or their families, or the above-mentioned stars or their families.
4. This contest will close at midnight on May 1, 1934.
5. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
6. Enclose coupon with your Pen Portrait or Pen Portraits and mail to Romance Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

SAMPLE PEN PORTRAITS:
Elissa Landi: Lady into butterfly; ice queen tries to rhumba.
Joan Blondell: Shopgirl’s holiday; torch song on a pianola.
Fredric March: Captain of the crew in politics; Apollo in a wig.
Elizabeth Young: Morning dew; first love; white birches.

I am entering the Screenland Romance Contest with Pen Portraits of the following star or stars: (Mark X in space in front of name of star or stars about whom you have written your Pen Portrait or Pen Portraits.)

[ ] Marion Davies. [ ] Clark Gable. [ ] Helen Hayes.
[ ] Myrna Loy. [ ] Madge Evans. [ ] Jean Parker.

NAME ..................................................
STREET ADDRESS ....................................
CITY ..................................................
STATE ..................................................

Clark Gable shows you the movie camera, an Eastman Ciné-Kodak 8, which he offers as a prize, along with the projector which is used to show films taken by this camera, and four rolls of film, to the contestant writing the Gable Pen Portrait adjudged the cleverest in our Romance Contest.
HELEN HAYES Presents her especially designed NEGILIGÉE!

It's lovely, it's lacy, it's luscious! Helen Hayes herself approves its dainty chiffon, its graceful lines, its flattering little train. "A negligée?" said Helen. "Why, it's practically a tea gown!" And she posed prettily in it for this portrait you see at the right. Designed exclusively for her by Sam Mayo, New York City, this negligée will become the possession of the contestant whose Pen Portrait of Miss Hayes is chosen by the Romance Contest judges as the most original. Try your talents! Write your Pen Portrait of Helen and enter the competition.

MYRNA LOY offers her favorite perfume!

Myrna believes that perfume is one of the world's most romantic aids to beauty and charm! So she chose, as her prize in SCREENLAND'S Romance Contest, this generous bottle of her favorite scent, "Radia" by Marlaine of Paris, with which she is posing at the left. All you have to do to enter the contest is to write a Pen Portrait describing Miss Loy as you are impressed by her, as wittily or prettily or cleverly as you can. Read the rules on Pages 20-21 very carefully.
everything but Miss Jewell. He said, "Of course I was thrilled by the way she acted in that crisis, her faith when I needed her most. But I wasn't astonished."

He added hastily, "Don't misunderstand! I don't want to sound conceited. I mean I knew Isabel would react that way. Lots of girls would have ducked in a spot like that. She's not that kind."

"But Lee," I interposed boldly, "what about marriage?"

"I was crazy about her before I put my foot into it, and I'm still just as goofy whenever I think of her. Which is plenty often! I guess you'd better go to the lady herself for further facts."

M-G-M informed me that Miss Jewell would be glad to see me on any subject except Mr. Tracy. She had never talked about him and she had no intention of breaking her iron-clad rule. I saw her on that understanding. Even if she wouldn't interpret her friendship for Lee, I could size her up; discover the woman Lee Tracy adores.

Not one question did I bring up regarding the great romance in her life. She told me how she happened to become an actress and, as occasionally befalls one, we got along marvelously. Evidently she approved of me because I did not take advantage of the situation and plead with her to "tell all."

A few minutes' conversation convinced me she is very remarkable. She has a magnetism which conquers you, an enthusiasm which excites. Sincerity and intelligence, a fatal combination. I came away envying Lee Tracy!

We had lunch in the studio commissary and then I'd gone over to her set and we continued to talk between her scenes. Finally, she turned to me frankly.

"Before you go I want to tell you something. About Lee and myself. I appreciate your honesty in not probing, and because of your unique attitude I want you to know the facts about us. I trust you, and so this once I will be personal for publication.

"Hollywood has called me 'Lee Tracy's girl-friend.' Well, I am proud of that description. I love Lee. Who could help loving him? He is the grandest man alive. My 'title' can be taken in two ways, however. If folks mean that I am in love with Lee, I want them to go on dubbing me his girl-friend. "But if any of the fans assume I am attempting to build my film future on reflected glory I will be terribly hurt! I want to make the grade on the screen as Isabel Jewell. I quit college to go on the stage because I was mad to act. I did my climbing in the theatre without pull. I intend to progress in Hollywood on merit, too.

"I'll lift the curtain for you. When I signed with M-G-M we had a conference. We determined I would make my impression on ability. That is why I have refrained from talking about Lee, and he about me. We do not want the fans to think I am merely following in his wake.

"Lee has been of immeasurable help to me here in Hollywood. If it hadn't been for his constant encouragement I wouldn't have stayed, persisted until I was given an opportunity to prove my movie worth.

"There is a very good reason why we haven't married. It is—my career! I am ambitious. As soon as I have established myself on my own we will marry.

"Can Lee and I withstand the traditional Hollywood jinxes? Yes; I'll tell you why. To begin with, we've gone 'steady' for two-and-a-half years! If either was going to get tired of the other, if one of us was going to grate on the other's nerves, we would have found out the unsatisfactory characteristics by now. Time has shown us that our love is the real thing.

"You mention the two-careers-in-one-family bugaboo? Fortunately, Lee is as ambitious for me to succeed as I am myself. He is so fair that he realizes a woman today has as much right to a life profession as a man. I wouldn't marry a man who couldn't be broad-minded enough to accept my ambition.

"No doubt husbands and wives in Hollywood have been jealous of each other's fame. That problem should be settled before they consider marriage. I am lucky that Lee feels as he does. I am not excessively ambitious and I assuredly do not put career above everything. But I'm happy when I'm working and miserable when I'm not."

I wondered about Lee's (Continued on page 78)
Here they are — Hollywood’s happiest newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Ricky Cortez.

Miracles do happen! Two of the most disillusioned people in Hollywood a few months ago are now beaming on each other and declaring this the best of all possible worlds. I refer to those interesting newlyweds, Ricardo and Christine Cortez. Gone is the tragedy of Ric’s former marriage to Alma Rubens and past are Christine’s three years of unhappiness with her first husband. Ric and Christine have brought to their second marriage a great understanding based on former suffering, and I don’t mind going on record as saying that this love—a mingling of wild ardor and sensible thinking—seems to have what it takes to make a marriage last even in that mad but intriguing whirlpool which is Hollywood. I say this because I’ve spoken to Ric alone and to Christine alone and to both together and I think I’ve gotten every angle of the romance that is the fulfillment of their deepest and long-cherished dreams.

“I’d been lonely for a long time,” Ric confided. “I used to dread coming in to my empty house. Still more did I dislike Hollywood parties and rarely attended any of them. But the thing that brought my loneliness home to me in full force was when I had pneumonia last year. There I lay in bed, staring at the four walls, with no one to really care whether I lived or died. Of course I had nurses to take care of me but they were paid for their solicitude. I thought how dreadful it was to belong to no one and to have no one belong to me. My doctor, who sensed my mood during those weeks of convalescence, said to me one (Continued on page 80)
The  
"Picture-a-Month Man" 

And never a dull performance! That’s the record of Ralph Bellamy, filmland’s busiest actor

By

Sydney Valentine

Ralph of the Bellamys! He’s the scion of an old English family of actors, writers and musicians—but his first ambition was to be a geologist! P. S.—He became an actor.

Bellamy is his right name. Despite its romantic flavor Ralph did not select it himself. He came by it honestly. He was born a Bellamy.

In full, his title is Ralph Rexford Bellamy. Since ‘way back in the seventeenth century in England and France, Bellamy has been quite a name. Ralph is a direct descendant of Anne, one of the first actresses permitted by royal favor to “play-act” and use her name. Sahatini wrote of a swashbuckling hero, “Bellamy the Magnificent”—but that was of the seventeenth century. You can’t expect a guy to be a swashbuckler in Hollywood today.

Indeed, the Bellamys of today have gone in for literature, music, and acting. “Only yesterday” it was that Edward Bellamy wrote “Looking Backward,” a book which has been translated into nearly every language and ranks as one of the best-sellers of all time. And cousin Eben Rexford goes down to indying fame as the author of “Silver Threads Among The Gold,” favorite ballad of parlor groups and bar-room quartets.

Hollywood’s Bellamy is a good actor, who doesn’t look or act like one. When not on parade he has a failing for old clothes. Ambling down the boulevard, clad in sack coat and tennis flannels, open-neck shirt and slouch hat, this amiable blond husky looks like a Southern California football player. On parade he is known as one of the best-dressed men in movie town, but how he hates to wear them! His wife has to watch him before he leaves home, to make sure he is properly dressed, because he is sort of absent-minded that way.

Bellamy is a fine specimen of manhood. More than six feet tall, and of large, well-knit frame, this tawny-haired, blue-eyed, square-jawed lad looks like a viking, but instead, he is of English, French, German and Austrian stock.

Complexly, he likes Russian music and Irish literature. In fact, he has a strong leaning toward the arts. He has a genuine love for classical literature and plays, painting and sculpture, opera and symphony concerts. But the only musical instruments he can play are a comb and victrola.

Like every regular guy Ralph likes his sports. But he frankly admits that he is proficient in none. He is a fair horseman, swimmer, and tennis player. He is an enthusiastic devotee of boxing and wrestling, baseball, and football—as a spectator. So far, he hasn’t gone in for polo or golf, Hollywood’s favorite outdoor sports. Says he hasn’t time. After all, this lad was featured in twenty-two pictures in twenty-five months, since coming to Hollywood from the New York stage! Plays heroes and heavies with equal ease and ability, which is one of the reasons he is so popular with producers and public. In the future, however, he plans to play fewer and better roles.

Oddly enough, the cultured Bellamy has never been to college. He ran away from home after being graduated from high school in Chicago to go on the stage. Early in his teens he revealed an abiding love of acting by organizing the North Shore (Continued on page 91)
Famous Polo Boys ride into pictures! Two of America's richest young men, Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney, second from left, and John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, extreme right, are seriously entering the screen field. Read all about it in this exclusive feature.

BRAVO! Cheers and a couple of Bravos! Hit! Grand shot! Good boy!

Two popular American Polo Boys have recently dashed into the motion picture field, adding the name of one of America's great "social" families, the Whiteslies, to those names which in the past few years have become associated in one way or another with the once so-lowly "movie."

Two Vanderbills last year appeared in Broadway motion lights—W. K. Vanderbilt in films he had made on a cruise around the world in his yacht, and George W. Vanderbilt, in a thrilling undersea subject in which he battled for his life against a sword fish. Another one of America's very richest young boys earned his way to an important producer's job by persuading celebrities to pose for newsreels. And the staid Rockefellers set a new standard of beauty for other motion picture showmen in their Radio City movie theatres. There are others, for motion pictures have in one way and another, evoked in the rich an almost unbelievable adoration.

Talk about movies for "the masses"! I have never seen such fans as those on Park Avenue! If you want to see real rapture, look in on the audience in one of those small, smart movie theatres attended by fashionables.

But this interest on the part of "Society" in the movies is more and more taking on a professional status, which may have a deep effect on the motion picture of the future. So that is one of the reasons I am going to tell you something about the two polo-playing newcomers to moviedom, the attractive Whitney cousins.

No two young men in New York's "400" have been more written about than John Hay Whitney and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, popularly known as "Jock" and "Sonny." Their arrival would be the cause for excitement in the most bashé and social-hardened circles, so it is natural that the movie contingents of Hollywood and Broadway have been set all a-quiver.

Young, lively, not so long out of Yale, they have both come into several fortunes, including those of their late distinguished fathers, world figures in sport and finance. Payne Whitney and Harry Payne Whitney. (The latter, I am told, ground his own picture camera on more than one fierce melodrama of "pirates" and other "villains"

Merian C. Cooper, Social Registerite, is leading producer of good pictures. Yes, Dorothy Jordan's husband in private life!
Invades the Films!

Social Registerites take screen seriously and produce good pictures! Here is the first authentic story of the new and amazing invasion of the film field by our American aristocrats—most hopeful development of the movie industry in years!

By Betty Shannon

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

while on yachting cruises at which he was host.)

Taken in toto, the inheritance of the two young Whitneys have sometimes been estimated by newspapers as several hundred millions. And though they have come by some of the finest horses on the American turf, great racing stables, estates and treasures, their colossal wealth does not seem to have spoiled them.

"Jock" Whitney (John Hay) in 1929 warned the good old American heart by going to work as a buzzer boy at $65 a month to learn the business in a Wall Street firm. Prominent among his duties were the delivering of packages and escorting of customers into private offices, some of whom he was later to face across the mahogany table at directors' meetings.

Shirley Burden, one of the most resourceful and imaginative of the young American aristocrats to invade the film industry. Mr. Burden "learned pictures" from the ground up, beginning with Pathé News. Now he is a full-fledged producer.

But these are not the only reasons, fascinating as they are, why every shrewd, eagle eye in the film industry is glued upon the ball which the charming twain from the swank Meadowbrook and Racquet Clubs are whacking appraisingly around the motion picture field.

The ball, of course, as has been widely proclaimed, is color photography, which has loomed up large again on the cinema horizon since "The Three Little Pigs" and other Walt Disney Silly Symphonies have appeared in Technicolor's new, three-color process. This improvement over the old, two-color process which "fringed" willfully and separated into greens and reds at the most inauspicious moments, has made it possible to acquire subtle tones and shadings on the screen.

Now, Color, along with the stereoscopic screen, is prophesied by many as the great next step in advancement in picture production to supersede the more prosaic black and white, just as the talkies wiped out the silents.

So, harmless though the ball with which the Whitneys are toying, it may prove dynamite which will turn the Whitneys' little polo game into a cinema revolution, ultimately drenching the motion picture screens of the world in bright rainbow floods of color.

The fact that good, hard "Whitney money" is going into the color films is evidence enough to the weather-eye of Hollywood that the revolution has already begun.

The Whitney cousins gave out last May their intention to produce four screen dramas in Technicolor, beginning with Ann Harding in "Green Mansions," to be released through R.K.O. This picture (Continued on page 83)
Screen Star
“Roughs It”!

And likes it! Let her tell you all about it in her own words

By Joan Blondell

who wrote this story herself because she wanted to tell other girls how to “rough it” and still look “smooth”!

Let’s go fishing! Let’s take a tent and a couple of cots and a frying pan and a water bucket and have some real fun. I like to do it and I think that nearly every other woman in the world would like to do it if it weren’t for one reason.
The reason is that she’s afraid she’ll spoil her looks. She’s afraid that the sun and the wind and the lack of beauty parlors and hairdressers and manicurists will rob her of what beauty she has.

There is some justification for that fear, too. It’s perfectly possible for a well-groomed woman to come back from a week’s camping trip pretty much of a mess in appearance. And if she does it may take a month—or even three months—to get her back into that “well groomed” condition.

It’s possible, I admit, but it’s not necessary. You can go fishing all you like, and keep your good looks, too!

I love to camp out. I like to fish and I’m not afraid to bait my own hook. But for a long time after I started working in pictures I was afraid to get far enough away from a beauty parlor to have any real fun.
The first time I suggested to the studio casting director that I thought I would like to spend a two-week vacation I was to have, fishing in Northern California, he indicated that he thought I would be taking unnecessary chances with my screen career to do so. He intimated, although he didn’t say as much out loud, that I didn’t have any surplus good looks to risk in such a way!

But I went anyway. I went up there with a party of friends and stayed the whole two weeks and had a glorious time. I caught a twenty-seven pound salmon and I told the casting director about that when I got back to Hollywood.

All he said was “Umph,” Then he growled: “Look at your hands!”

I looked. They were scratched a little, and the nails were broken, some.

“Look at your neck,” he snapped. I couldn’t do that right then, not having any two-way mirror, but I knew pretty well what he meant. It was blistered and sunburned—and my nose was peeling a little, too. He didn’t need to call attention to that. I could look right down it and see all the damage that had been done.

Well, the damage was repaired after a while and the next time I went fishing, I didn’t even tell the studio about it. When I got back there were no (Continued on page 77)
“Baby-Face” Grows Up

New low-down on Lew Ayres! Is he locking out love?

By Ben Maddox

HOLLYWOOD’S most suppressed lover is Lew Ayres!

He can’t let himself go. Right now, to “tell all,” he is crazy about Ginger Rogers. And she reciprocates in high. But will he speak up? Alas, no!
The inhibited Lew is convinced he has nothing to say. Blandly he fixes you with that irresistible, injured expression and practically sells you on his own firm belief. Which is—and don’t believe it!—that he is absolutely dumb as regards this matter of love.

You are very nearly won over to this viewpoint. For hours he intrigues you with data on the new rhapsody he has finished after months of daily jousts with his piano. His astronomy, his tennis, his roles—all most interesting and decidedly impersonal topics.

And then, you remember! Anyone with Lew’s looks, his appeal—able to live in Hollywood and completely lock love out? Quick, Watson, my common sense!

The courts have recently pronounced him a free man again, and the final decree severing his union with Lola Lane puts him among the distinctly eligible. You can imagine the quandary he is in. Disappointed by an unhappy marriage, he hesitates to be impetuous with Ginger.

They get along together and there are none of the tempestuous quarrels such as he had with Lola. It is wonderful to have found a girl who understands precisely. But—!

“I’m not concerned with love!” he exclaims. “Marriage? It’s as remote for me as it would be for Mrs. Coolidge! Oh, someday, yes, I hope to have a family, children.

(Continued on page 89)
The show of "STAND UP"

5 BREATHELESS SPECTACLES!

- Introduction of Loveliness!
- Revival of Laughter!
- Garden of Beauty!
- The Magic Transformation!
- March of Prosperity!

Fox
Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, everything!

1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Associate Producer and Collaborator
on story and dialogue: LEW BROWN

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. Lyrics: LEW BROWN. Music: LEW BROWN and JAY GOREY. Dances staged by SAMMY LEE. Dialogue: RALPH SPENCE.
Story Idea Suggested by WILL ROGERS and PHILIP KLEIN.

6 SONG HITS!
"We're Out of the Red"
"Our Last Night Together"
"Baby, Take a Bow"
"I'm Laughin'"
"Broadway's Gone Hill Billy"
"Stand Up and Cheer"

WARNER BAXTER
MADGE EVANS • SYLVIA FROOS
JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN
"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE
ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN
NICK FORAN • NIGEL BRUCE
MITCHELL & DURANT • STEPIN FETCHIT
As I GREW older life began to have more meaning than lessons and vacations. It presented problems, too—not only for my parents but for me. I suppose in a large family, the heads of it are constantly expecting their offspring to get into mischief and trouble. I know I got into my full share of it. My mother used to be continually shaking her head over me, wondering why I couldn’t be like Ted and Larry who never caused her a moment’s anxiety, and predicting that I would come to no good end.

From the wisdom of my fifteen or sixteen years I used to smile with superiority and condescension and say, “Just wait until they’re a little older. They’ll be sowing wild oats, too.” But they never did. Or, if they did, they were darned clever—those Crosbys!—for no one ever found out about it.

About my fifteenth or sixteen year the topic of girls and clothes came up. I never cared an awful lot about girls—before I married, I hastened to add—but when dances were given, well, you just couldn’t go to a dance without taking a girl. Fortunately for me, Everett went to war about that time and left a fairly complete wardrobe at home. I figured his duds would be out of style before the ruckus ended so I made free use of the stuff he left.

You’ve seen underworld pictures where certain characters were pretty smart and would never have their pictures taken. Wise guys! Once my vanity got the better of me, and I let somebody take a snapshot of me. Mother sent it to France to Everett so he could see how I’d grown. Back came his answer, “Tell that guy to leave my ties alone!” He recognized it in that little two by four snapshot!

It’s a funny thing about girls. Until the time I went with Paul Whiteman I’d never gone with one often enough even to be kidded about her. I wasn’t afraid of them—I had two sisters and they always had girl friends around the house. I liked them—all that sort of thing—but I just didn’t care about their society. Dixie is always kicking and saying I would rather be with a bunch of fellows than with her. That isn’t entirely true. I married the girl, didn’t I?

But, somehow, it is a fact that until I met her I much preferred the society of men. Even now I get more kick out of sitting around the locker room of the club, swapping bull with a gang of fellows than I do out of all the pink teas or cocktail parties Elsa Maxwell could arrange—and that’s plenty. I get more honest enjoyment out of a round of golf than from all the Mayfair balls on the social calendar.

But I’m getting ahead of my story. When I left off last month I was talking about MONEY. Well, lazy as I am and much as I loathe work, I loathe being broke more. A few bucks in the kicks has always been all-important to me. I can remember when I was in high school I used to work as janitor of the Everyman’s Club in Spokane in an effort to turn a few honest pennies. And what I mean, that was work.

I used to get up around four in the morning and catch the paper car to town. I mean, the car that brought the papers out and dumped them on the corners for the newsboys to deliver. If I missed that car I had to jog the two or three miles from home to the club. And when I got there around five, I had to...

(Continued on page 75)
Get Into the Spirit of Our “Film Follies”

Screenland presents, on the preceding page, its own exclusive impression of Hollywood Romance, the 1934 Spring-Summer edition! Surrounding Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby in the center in “We’re Not Dressing,” you’ll see, reading from lower left, around the page, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods in “Fog over Frisco,” George Raft and Frances Drake in “The Trumpet Blows,” Larry Crabbe and Joan Marsh in “You’re Telling Me,” Ann Sothern and Lanny Ross in “Melody in Spring,” Rochelle Hudson and Hal LeRoy in “Haro Teen,” Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees in “All Men Are Enemies,” and those lovely, lissome ladies in “The Fox Follies.”
Cupid is casting reflections! John Boles makes his own special sort of polished love to Gertrude Michael in this charming scene from Fox's "I Believed in You," formerly titled "Disillusion." No wonder they changed that title!

These Big Love Scenes look real! Why not? Hollywood Love makes the world go round to the movies!

Here's a grand love team! Madge Evans and Warner Baxter take that certain romantic interest in each other for the more intimate scenes in "The Fox Follies." Two of our favorites meeting for the first time—don't miss this promising movie union!
MISS WYNYARD, the statuesque beauty from Britain, will be seen with John and Lionel Barrymore in a picturization of the Robert Hichens novel, "The Paradine Case." Cheers from audiences who enjoyed Diana's portrayal in "Reunion in Vienna."

Modern Diana!
ALWAYS serene, ever equal to any emergency of a picture plot, Irene Dunne just keeps right on giving good performances. From "Ann Vickers" she turns her talents to "Transient Love," which she dignifies by her calm beauty, her perfect poise.

Hollywood Lady!
Ladies on Approval!

If you like them, they're here to stay! They depend upon your applause.

Frances Drake was imported by Paramount from England. Thumbs up? We thought so!

If you liked Verree Teasdale in "Fashion Follies of 1934" then you're watching for her in "A Modern Hero," and Verree is in pictures permanently. No more Broadway!

Evelyn Venable’s college-professor father doesn’t like her movie love scenes! But if you do, then Evelyn’s film future is secure. Yes or no?

You saw Elizabeth Young with Garbo in “Queen Christina.” Like her? All right, Elizabeth—tell Paramount to take up your option—pronto!


‘You’re Telling Me’ I depend upon you, says Joan Marsh! Joan has been in pictures for ever so long, though she’s only eighteen. Now screen audiences will have to make up their minds how they want Joan, star or sweet young thing. And is Joan hoping!

Claire Trevor personifies the self-reliant modern girl, according to Winnie Sheehan, her boss at Fox. Do you agree? Suppose you see her in her next picture, “Gold Rush of 1934,” and decide for yourself if Claire is star material. She looks it here!
Men of the Movie Moment!

Leslie Howard

Returned from England, he has plunged into his new motion picture, "Of Human Bondage," the long-awaited screening of W. Somerset Maugham's story.

John Boles

That smiling, debonair likeness of John that you see in the center of this page gives you just an idea of how he looks in his latest opus. Ah, these uniforms!

Joel McCrea

Wouldn't you like to see Joel co-starring with Frances Dee, his pretty wife, in "And Let Who Will Be Clever"? Radio Pictures will try to coax 'em!
Some are handsome, others are ingratiating—but all of them are Good Actors! Here are close-ups of the cinema cavaliers you'll be seeing in the new pictures.

Ronald Colman
A thousand welcomes to the charming Englishman who has been away from films a year too long! Watch for his "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."

James Dunn
He plays importantly in "The Fox Follies," furthering his gay career as a romantic leading man who is also an excellent comedian. Rare combination, folks!

John Davis Lodge
When you go to see Marlene in "The Scarlet Empress," as of course you will, watch her handsome new hero, pictured here at the left. He's promising!
And doesn't she look like Jean Harlow? Wait until you see Alice Faye in her screen début, George White's movie "Scandals," and salute a potential new starlet! Alice shares some of Rudy Vallee's scenes and steals some glory for herself! See her, above, as she is. Left, as a screen bride. Right, with Rudy, who first presented her to radio audiences and now presents her to the picture public.
Yes, yes, boys and girls, you'll be seeing her again soon in "Dames," in which she will co-star with Dick Powell. Since "Footlight Parade" Ruby Keeler has been playing her favorite personal part, that of Mrs. Al Jolson. Right, vacationing at Palm Springs, Left, with Al on the set of the great "Goin' to Heaven" number in which Ole Massa Jolson makes his big movie come-back in wonderful "Wonder Bar."
Fashions From Filmland!

Kay Francis, above, wears a frock of lemon-yellow organdy, cleverly brightened with brown eyelet embroidery. The buttons and belt are of brown cire satin.

Glamorous black chiffon for Spring evenings! Bette Davis, left, models hers for you, with its ruffled sleeves and skirt, and its splashy bright orange bow of velvet.

A sheer white blouse with a wide satin stripe and full gathered sleeves gives a gay note to Ginger Rogers' maroon-colored five o'clock dress.
AWAKEN

Romance IN YOUR LIFE

with the

Charm of Beauty

* Like Hollywood's Screen Stars, Discover How

Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

BEAUTY's secret of attraction is color... for it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal.

This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up... color harmony make-up... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Face powder, rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You too, can enhance the attraction of your beauty with color harmony make-up... for now you may share the luxury of the personal make-up for Carole Lombard and the host of other Hollywood's stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by all the leading stores.

Powder... To create a satiny-smoth make-up that harmonizes with Carole Lombard's blonde coloring, Max Factor's Rachelle Face Powder is the color harmony shade. Soft in texture, even in color, clinging... it imparts to the skin a radiant beauty.

Rouge... Now a touch of Max Factor's Blon. deen Rouge to give the attraction of delicate color to the cheeks. Harmonizing in color, creamy-smooth in texture, it blends perfectly... and actually looks like a glow of natural color.

Lipstick... To give emphasis to the natural color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes the color harmony ensemble. And it's moisture-proof lip make-up... the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.

Max Factor

* SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick

IN COLOR HARMONY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COMPLEXIONS</th>
<th>EYES</th>
<th>HAIR</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Very Light</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>BLONDE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>Gray</td>
<td>Light, Dark, O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creasy</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>BROWNETTE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>CINNAMON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruddy</td>
<td>Black</td>
<td>BRUNETTE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pale</td>
<td>Light</td>
<td>Light, Dark, O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>spinach</td>
<td>Light, Dark, O</td>
<td>REDHEAD</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Tester, four shades. I enclose 50 cents for postage and handling.

* Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 8 pg. illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."... FREE.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Will Rogers and Evelyn Venable in "David Harum"
Dietrich is herself again! Sam Jaffe, who left Broadway to play Peter opposite Marlene’s Catherine the Great, brings cheering news from the Glamor Gal

A MESS of glamor has gone over the Hollywood dam since first Marlene “Legs” Dietrich unveiled those magnificent stems in “The Blue Eagle,” and warbled “Fall-eeng LUFF Again!” into our bewitched ears.

Hepburn has arrived among the immortals, every freckle aglow with fame. Lesser goddesses pose on their petty pedestals. Newer forms and faces spatter their lure across the nation’s screens. Marlene herself seemed for a time, to go down under a landslide of fresh film figures all broken out with public praise. But courage, my fellow Marleneomaniacs! Nothing is lost—not even honor. For cheery tidings have arrived from the Dietrich dugout in Hollywood, borne in the noodle of Sam Jaffe, brilliant stage character actor who has just finished playing the mad Czar Peter opposite the Catherine the Great of Marlene herself. This, in the Paramount production called “The Scarlet Empress,” directed by the immortal Joe Von Sternberg.

A word about Sam, before I blazon the good news of our luscious Teuton.

This Jaffe created the rôle of the dying Kringelein in the original “Grand Hotel” on the New York stage. He played it for two terrific seasons, and when Lionel Barrymore was delegated to play the part in the picture, the great, pulsing heart of Broadway bustled all to small smithereens, for Sam had been superb.

Jaffe is one of the best-loved actors in the theatre—a slender, kind-faced soul in his thirties, with a mop of brown hair that stands up all over his noggin like Harpo Marx’s fright wig. The variety of his talents is appalling. If he weren’t a fine actor, he would be an equally fine composer and pianist. If he forswore the arts entirely, he would still be a famous professor of mathematics, for he made figures roll over and play dead when in college. And yet his (Continued on page 82)
WHY STARS

Is It Because:
The Women are as Lovely as Venus?
The Men are as Handsome as Apollo?

By James M. Fidler

WHY do you go to theatres to see Clark Gable? Why do you go to see Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Ronald Colman, Will Rogers and Greta Garbo?

Have you ever paused to diagnose the stars’ appeal? Have you made any effort to ascertain why you spend your money to see one, but will not give a lead nickel to see another?

Isn’t it because you know, when you step up to the ticket window, precisely what your favorite will do on the screen? You expect a new story, to be sure, but don’t you feel assured the star will present a characterization familiar to you?

Isn’t it a fact, now that you pause to consider the matter seriously, that you expect Gable to exert a definite sadistic influence? Don’t you look forward to the moment in every Gaynor picture when she will make a tremendous sacrifice for love? Are you not positive before you enter a theatre to see Jean Harlow that the platinum star will stimulate your imagination with certain scenes of convincing passion?

In other words, isn’t it a fact that each of your favorite stars has filled a definite niche in your schedule of entertainment, and as long as he fills it, he remains a favorite, but the moment he strays from it he becomes a disappointment?

Few of the great mass of people fondly termed “The
**ARE STARS!**

*Or Is It Because: They are Just Human Beings— Even as You and I— Only Glorified?*

Public stop to consider why they select and adore certain entertainers, yet it is an established fact that in every form of amusement, the outstanding stars fill distinct places. In baseball, "Babe" Ruth is a noted home-run hitter. He is idolized because he is able to knock baseballs far and wide, and thousands pay to see Ruth hit home-runs. But if Ruth were to quit hitting home-runs and hit singles instead, he would be banished and the public would elect a new idol.

So it is with you and your picture idols. When Janet Gaynor sacrificed for love in "Seventh Heaven," you gathered her into your heart and loved her; and you yearned to see her do the same thing again. When you read Janet was to star in a picture titled "Two Girls Wanted," you remembered her in "Seventh Heaven" and looked forward to her new performance. When she did not sacrifice in her second feature film, "Two Girls Wanted," you were disappointed. Is that not true, now that you think of it? *It must be true, because "Two Girls Wanted" failed miserably at the box-offices.* The public wrote hundreds of letters to Janet and begged her to do no more such stories. What happened? Miss Gaynor perceived that fans wanted her in a sacrificial rôle, so she proceeded to give them "Daddy Long Legs," "Merely Mary Ann," "Delicious," and many more Cinderella-like stories in which she played sweet, whimsical girls. These pictures have been tremendous box-office successes and Janet is regarded again as one of the most popular stars on the screen. Now admit the truth: Weren't you happy to see Janet return to the girl you loved in her new pictures? And simply because that is the niche she fills in your entertainment world. (Continued on page 74)
HOME of the

Russell Patterson, whose creative work in art and fashion is justly celebrated, recently turned his attention to the designing of film sets. In this fourth of SCREENLAND’s series of exclusive interviews on interior decoration he voices some unique and daring ideas on the subject.

WHEN the pet dream of Russell Patterson, the well-known artist, comes true, Cupid will be the first to congratulate him!

Why? Because Mr. Patterson believes that honeymoon homes need no longer be furnished with a hodge-podge of things “spared” from parental abodes on both sides of the family; and that the old saying, “Two can live as cheaply as one” may one day become a reality.

Mr. Patterson, who has lately been designing sets in Hollywood for Fox Studios, is so enthusiastic about his ideas that he is returning to New York with his associate, Walter Jageman, to make and exhibit a model.

“People should not buy furniture!” declared the artist, earnestly. “There is no worse investment that can be made, for it depreciates enormously upon delivery. If you should buy $3,000 worth of furniture today, in three months you would find it difficult to get $1,000 for it. Is that reasonable?

“A friend of mine bought $37,000 worth of beautiful stuff to furnish a New York apartment. Shortly afterward, his wife left him. He didn’t care to occupy the place without her, so he tried to sell what he had bought and after many disappointments managed to get rid of it for $11,000. This sum covered also some valuable paintings he owned, one of which was easily worth $4,000, not included in the original $37,000.

“When two young people in moderate circumstances fall in love and decide to marry, the first big stumbling block in the way of bliss is the fact that they must buy tables and chairs and something to sleep in. They have enough money to pay rent for a modest apartment or a small house, but they are sunk when it comes to investing a lump sum in furniture which won’t be worth half what they pay for it as soon as it’s delivered.

“If they could move into a place ideally furnished, instead of having either to go into debt for household goods or live in a home full of poor, cheap stuff and odds and ends of other people’s cast off things, they’d have a fair chance. Love has enough to contend with during the first period of mutual adjustment without being complicated with debt or ugly surroundings.

“My plan ought to keep some of our honeymooners out of the divorce court.”

This latest Aid to Romance actually looks as romantic as an artist should look. He has crisp, brown hair, becomingly gray at the temples, blue eyes with laugh- wrinkles at the corners, and a smile that would make a fortune on the screen.

“The kitchen and bathroom of the average modern
FUTURE!

By Ruth Tildesley

The new house are ready for the tenant to step into them when the builder steps out," argued Mr. Patterson. "We don't have to go shopping for a new bathtub because the old one doesn't fit into the new bathroom. We don't bring our refrigerator into the new house any more because the frigidaire is already installed. Even the breakfast-room table and chairs are there when we inspect the house. So why shouldn't all the rooms be equipped with ideal furniture specially designed?

"There's no reason why the architect's job should be finished when he has seen the walls of a house completed. It should be finished inside and out! The bedrooms should have beds in them, chests of drawers, dressers, dressing-tables, night-tables with lamps, window-seats if desired. All that should be furnished by the new tenant is new springs, mattresses, and coverings for the beds, draperies, curtains, and toilet-table accessories.

"In the average bedroom, as you know, there are no more than two places for the beds, and these are often unsatisfactory to the occupants of the beds. I know that in every place Mr. Jageman and I have found so far, the bedrooms have cross-currents so that if one bed isn't in a draught, the other is. If the furniture was designed especially for the room, the beds would be placed where the air supply could be regulated.

"The night-tables set beside the beds could be installed so that the lamps on them would shed the proper amount of light and you could really see to read in bed. The lights that serve the dressing-table could be arranged so that the person looking into the mirror could see himself. The space in drawers and closets could suitably accommodate the owner's wardrobe.

"In the living-room, we would have a fireplace with padded seats arranged around or beside it. Bookcases, if desired, would be designed for the best available space. If a sofa was to be used, the best place for it would be chosen according to the architect's judgment and there it would be installed. A table or two or a desk could be added, as the designer of the room saw fit, and the necessary lamps would be arranged in usable and artistic fashion.

"If the tenant cared to bring in additional chairs, small coffee table, book stand or magazine rack, these could be acquired; the little personal things naturally should be chosen by the man who expects to use them.

"In a small apartment, where the living-room is also to be used as a dining-room, the dining table could be built in on a swinging arm or sliding groove so that after the meal was over the table could be swung or slid back into the kitchen or small closet.

"At the moment I'm talking about small, compact apartments for two or three people who haven't much money. We'll talk of larger places later on. In the apartments, we are considering linoleum or the new rubber carpets for the floors. These come in good colors and designs and wear well. If the tenant has some small rugs of his own he can put (Continued on page 92)
I'm afraid to write this review. If I try to tell you what this picture is about I'll use up all my space and may even frighten you away from it because of its daring theme. "Spitfire" must be seen. I can't do it justice here. This story of a wild and wonderful mountain girl has been told with such beauty and such courage that it becomes a classic of the screen; and it is perfectly interpreted by its director, its star, and its cast. Imagine Hepburn, stormy petrel of pictures, as a faith-healer! You can't—until you've seen her. Then she will thrill you with a deep and wise and witty portrayal that transcends a studio and haughty stellar publicity and impresses as authentic art. Here, Hepburn is not Jo of "Little Women," but Triggé, tender, tempestuous, ardent, spiritual, half-primitive, half-holy terror who "loves everybody"—and throws rocks at some! "Spitfire" is not only a fascinating character study; it is intensely absorbing entertainment. Ralph Bellamy and every other member of the cast—perfect! Particularly Sarah Haden, who gives one of the season's outstanding performances.

A beautiful picture! And for once, screen beauty doesn't mean Dietrich or Sten, or dancing girls, or lavish sets. This beauty is Mother Nature—you've met her in scenes, and caught glimpses of her in "Most Beautiful Stills." But here, she is starred, and gives a noble show. I cannot praise the Warner picturization of Gladys Carroll's fine book highly enough. It is an intelligent, faithful, and scrupulous screening, without compromise. There are no movie "touches." The "good earth" brings joy and sorrow, triumph and tragedy to two or three families of Maine farmers—that's all. But the quiet romance of Jen, sturdy daughter of New England, and Stan, son of a Polish tailor won back to the soil, will move you; and the cross-section of family life will interest every American, no matter what his background. The amazing "sets," all made within the Warner lot, are miracles of artistic ingenuity. Jean Muir wins our Honor Page, with Donald Woods, a young Fredric March—great bet, this boy—as runner-up. Superlatives for Sarah Padden and David Landau.

It's a treat to see Janet Gaynor stand up to those two splendid old trouper, Lionel Barrymore and Henrietta Crosman, and hold her own! A spunky little piece, this Gaynor girl; and she can act. She proves it, if you needed proof, in her new film, for she is almost entirely surrounded by past-masters of the gentle art of picture-stealing—and she emerges with first honors. Here's Paul Green's play, "The House of Connelly," excellently screened by Henry King, with Janet in the highly sympathetic rôle of a little Northern orphan transplanted to an old South Carolina plantation which, with its owners, has sadly deteriorated, thanks to the eccentric uncle of the Connelly clan, played by Lionel Barrymore, the autocratic Mrs. Connelly, (Henrietta Crosman), and the shiftless son (Robert Young), who is eventually redeemed by the heroine's love and faith. Janet's delicate art—yes, I said art!—glows gemlike in the picturesque setting. The cast is superb—including the inimitable chocolate comic, Stepin Fetchit. Robert Young is splendid.
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

How to Enjoy Your Movie-Going!

See "Wonder Bar"—superlative spectacle.

Don't miss "Spitfire," Hepburn's latest.

Watch for "It Happened One Night"—gay romance.

Catch "Carolina" and "As The Earth Turns," two fine American dramas.

Be entertained by "The Cat and the Fiddle," best of the current operettas.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Cat and the Fiddle</th>
<th>It Happened One Night</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M-G-M</td>
<td>Columbia</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This picture has Rythm! Not only Jerome Kern's tunes—but William K. Howard's direction carries out the idea; rippling along with all the gay charm of a Kern melody. The Night Was Made For Love—and this picture was made for the sparkling personalities of Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro. It's a happy merger of music and talents. Ramon will win you completely as the impulsive and ardent young music student—or you're the one who didn't like The Three Little Pigs. And when Ramon pursues the lovely Miss MacDonald all over Brussels and finally to Paris and back to Brussels again—I hope you'll be running right along. I know I was. Jeanette's voice and looks match—both enchanting. Novarro sings, too, and nicely—and his ingratiating boyishness disarms all criticism of this Mexican Peter Pan. There's a certain self-conscious "whimsy" about "The Cat and the Fiddle" at times that may weary you; but to recompense there are refreshing new ways of presenting the songs, Charles Butterworth's best comedy, and Frank Morgan for elegance.

And why hasn't it happened before, I'd like to know? I mean the co-starring of Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert? What a team! And what a chance they have in this charming romantic comedy so skillfully directed by Columbia's megaphone ace, Frank Capra. Claudette plays with verve and imagination the slightly impish daughter of millionaire Walter Connolly. She marries, to please the plot, the wrong man, only to encounter Clark Gable later on—but in time to afford all of us some of the best light screen entertainment in months. Gable as a carefree reporter has a robust role, and how he plays it! There's a nice spirit about the entire picture. It's a good thing for a hero and heroine from two different companies to be borrowed by still another—that gives 'em all a gay spontaneity; there's a holiday note to "It Happened One Night." May it happen often! Thanks, Columbia, for an inspiration. Cheers for Claudette and Clark. She never looked lovelier. He never made nicer love. Consequences, grand entertainment!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

Wonder Bar
 Warners

The smash of the season! The super-spectacle, the all-star revue, the—boy, a fresh set of superlatives! Is "Wonder Bar" really that good? It is. Does it bring back Al Jolson and no questions asked? A loud and ringing "Yes!" Sunsy-Boy-Singin'-Fool Al comes into his own again, and this time to stay. There's no one, and "Wonder Bar" proves it, who can vitalize the Vitaphone as Jolson can. Wait until you see and hear him put over Goin' to Heaven on a Mule, and I think you'll agree with me. And there's a number! As Al would say, you really have visualized nothin' as yet of what you will eventually witness. But Jolson isn't all of "Wonder Bar," It's colorful melodrama, a "Grand Hotel" of a Paris night-club, owned by Jolson, with Dolores Del Rio as a dancer and Kay Francis as a wealthy wife both in love with bad-boy Ricardo Cortez, and Dick Powell the crooning contender for Dolores. There's enough excitement for a dozen dramas; but it's all in "Wonder Bar," Great musical numbers. Del Rio is exquisite; Cortez, a handsome menace. And—Al!
Tashman, Ultra-Sophistication in Person! Dress to satisfy your sense of the dramatic, says Lilyan. Adorn your moods! Play up your personality!

Tashman's is the art that conceals art! The picture at the right illustrates her clothes credo. Only a sophisticate can carry off to perfection the embroidered collar, cuffs, and jabot of pink organdie.

Lilyan likes frills and ruffles for these reactionary romantic days we're living in! Left, she wears a flower-splashed print, topped by a halo hat.

Below, that black Panama hat with the green velvet bow gives the proper dash to Tashman's frock of black with red flowers. Effective, isn't she?
And here's a "different" one-piece afternoon dress, below, of beige wool, with a shirred frill from neckline to hem. High at throat, it is fastened with a clip.

Lilyan is lovely in the Spring-like gown she is wearing at the right. It's dark brown crepe with green flowers—a new print. Note the cascade of ruffles!

The close-up of our Glamor Editor at the left shows her new coiffure. It's her own idea. Try those soft curls on your own forehead, with Lilyan's compliments of the season! See her cluster of bead bracelets?
**Latest doings and sayings from Cinema City!**

Who said "non-intoxicating"? Maybe the word applies to the usual contents of a wine-barrel—but when seductive Dorothy Lee takes their place it's another and sweeter story. Have you seen Dorothy as one of the major temptations with Wheeler and Woolsey in "Hips Hips Hooray?"?

---

**JEAN HARLOW is now Chief of Police of Pasadena, California—and the thing is on the level. Because she gave considerable time and effort to make the Police Ball of that city a big success, she was presented with a duplicate of the badge worn by the city’s regular head-guy of the police department. With her badge, Jean rates salutes 'neverthing—and Heaven help the Pasadena copper who attempts to give the plat-blondie a ticket for traffic-rule violations!**

**JACK OAKIE can always be trusted to amuse Hollywood party-goers with this or that stunt. His most recent was the employing of four male extras in evening clothes, ordered through Central Casting Bureau, to accompany him to a big party. Their duty was to laugh every time Oakie told a funny story. They were a tremendous success, and when the evening was over, Jack gaily gave each extra $7.50. But one of the men complained, “We ought to get $10 apiece for night work,” he said. “Besides, laughing at some of your stories was worth every bit of it.”**

**REPORTS were pro and con as to whether Kay Francis did a walkout on a picture titled "The Key." The studio denies that Kay walked, and to the press Miss Francis made statements agreeing with the studio. The actual facts are that Miss Francis would have refused to play the part had the studio insisted. She didn't think the role was big enough, and she went to the studio executives and made known her mind. She pointed out in no mincing words that she had enacted a part that was little more than a bit in "Wonder Bar," but that never again would she do such mediocre roles—and the part in "The Key," she said, was just such a role. Studio officials recognized determination in Kay's face and voice, and they wisely excused her from the undesirable part.**

**WHEN Francis Lederer isn't beguiling stage or screen audiences with his handsome presence, you'll usually find him working for the cause of peace among the nations. Francis is the founder of the World Peace Federation, with headquarters in Hollywood. Being a scholarly as well as an idealistic lad, he was recently invited to speak on the outlawing of war before interested groups at the University of California and U. S. C. That for your "low-brow" actor!**

---

**YOU should see Gary Cooper, between scenes on the "Operator 13" set, walk over to stand beside a very lovely girl, whom he occasionally kisses. She is Sandra Shaw—or Veronica Balie, now Mrs. Gary Cooper. Almost daily she takes her knitting to the studio and sits on the set.**

**WHEN Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston had their seventh wedding anniversary, an enterprising florist (not Halchastic, Hollywood's pet florist-supplier) sent a huge vase of roses to their home. Attached to the gift was this note: "This vase is loaned. Please keep it, and we will call for it."**

---

**Bravo! Bravo! This Che'alker-MacDonald embrace celebrates their happy reunion as co-stars of "The Merry Widow."**
**By Weston East**

News and news-to-be about your pet picture performers!

**YOU’D** think there were a number of girls on the set where Joan Blondell is at work, instead of just one.

The reason is, Miss Blondell has any number of nicknames, and it so happens that all are in constant use. Jimmy Cagney calls her “Jony.” Director Lloyd Bacon calls her “Johanna.” Her husband, cameraman George Barnes, calls her “Jo.” And of course, most people call her by her own name, “Joan.”

**FORMER** Wall Street brokers are not the only people riding around in ancient automobiles. Many of the screen-famous own cars that were new “away back when.”

Greta Garbo, for example, goes here and there in a 1927 Rolls-Royce limousine. Richard Dix pilots a 1928 Cadillac to and from the studio. Cecil B. DeMille’s favorite motor-mount is a 1929 Lincoln. Edmund Lowe drives a six-year-old Franklin roadster. Kay Francis’ La Salle coupe was made in 1929. Janet Gaynor is perfectly satisfied with her 1929 Cadillac sedan.

**IN ANSWER** to her advertisements to find her father, six men wrote to Ann Dvorak and claimed to be papa. Dixie Lee Crosby has signed for a series of six come-back pictures; the first is “Manhattan Love Song.” Out West, they’re calling Vince Barnett, professional ribber, “the knife of the party.” Kay Francis wears bedroom slippers in all scenes in which her feet do not show. Louise Fazenda does not use her natural voice in pictures. If this is any guide to fame, Ginger Rogers receives more fan letters than Katharine Hepburn. Al Jolson fooled Chicago newspaper reporters at the railway station by wearing a handlebar mustache when he left the train. Virginia Bruce is considering offers to return to the screen.

**IT IS** the unlooked-for accident that often halts motion picture production and costs the studios money. For instance, in a recent picture scene, Carole Lombard was required to tear off her dress and fling it aside. Carole tore and flung—but the flimsy dress hit on one of those hot studio lamps, where it promptly burst into flames. Work had to be discontinued for the day until the dress could be duplicated.
HELEN MACK, for good luck, chooses the number “13.” So loyal is she to that pair of digits, in fact that when she was approached by Paramount studio for a contract, she insisted on 13-months years, instead of the usual twelve.

“13 is my lucky number,” she told the studio boss, “so my contract must be for that many months a year.”

The executive agreed, but after she had gone, he looked at the contract and realized that it was five months longer (over a period of five years) than other pacts.

Whereupon he muttered to his secretary: “She’s no fool!”

MOST amusing was that visit to the Paramount studio of several girls who are students at a Los Angeles art school. The idea was for the girls to visit various sets and sketch the stars in action.

The first set they visited was that on which Bing Crosby was recording a song for his new picture. When five o’clock rolled around, the girls were still there, sketching the crooner as though their lives depended upon it.

A VETERAN actor visited John Barrymore, and much to John’s mangled amusement and embarrassment, insisted on telling of the early stage struggles of Barrymore.

“John and a young writer named P. G. Wodehouse used to steal my gold-plate about twice a month, and pawn it for money to buy food,” related the veteran. “I had an important role in a play (John had a small part in the same play), but I couldn’t speak without my teeth, so the irate manager always had to redeem them from the pawnshop.

“Well, it happened so often that finally the manager made me leave my teeth at the box-office every night. I had to hurry to the theatre every morning for my plate, so that I could eat my breakfast.”

Wallace Beery, as Pancho Villa, tells the Mexican government, represented by George E. Stone, just what’s what and why. This graphic studio scene was snapped during the filming of “Viva Villa.” See Leo Carrillo?

AFTER a vacation trip to Europe with his wife, during which they visited Moscow, Paul Muni is now back in Hollywood, ready to begin work on the film version of that sensational best-seller, “Anthony Adverse.”

ALTHOUGH, at the moment of going to press, she was about to be cast in another picture, Gloria Stuart has not yet settled her difficulties with Universal Studios.

Gloria walked out and threatened to quit the screen and go to China, unless she was given better parts in Universal pictures. Her fret was brought on by the fact that although she is under contract to the company, “U” executives were borrowing leading ladies from other companies for choice feminine roles.

Studio officials gave Gloria the spot opposite Tracy to appease her, but she says that the truce is only temporary—if the good parts do not continue, she will break her contract, even if it means an end to her film career. Well, we’ll see!

WHICH pictures do you go to see? Are you a good critic of what the public-at-large enjoys? Following are the titles of 13 leading money-making pictures of 1933. How many did you see and enjoy?


Delight Evans, your critic and mine, tagged all but one—which is a percentage of 92 per cent. Amazing!

Connie goes medieval! Constance Bennett joins the costume-drama girls as the heroine of “Firebrand,” a racy, swashbuckling film based on a popular stage success. With her in this scene are Louis Calhern and Frank Morgan.
A MOVE is afoot in Hollywood to popularize steeplechase racing. Ann Harding is the prime backer of the plan, and she has already commenced construction of a steeplechase on her ranch, a few miles from the film city.

Ann herself drew the plans for the new track, and at least eight hazardous jumps will bar the way of riders. Miss Harding has added three jumping horses to her stable, and will be foremost in the drive to popularize steeplechases in the West.

Incidentally, for those not in the know, Ann's father was an army officer, and Miss Harding was able to ride almost before she could walk. Both Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson have declared that she is one of the world's finest riders.

ADOLPHE MENJOU and George Raft were about to start a new picture together, when Menjou said to Raft: "I see that in one scene, I am to slap you. I believe in realism, so I'm going to make it a real slap."

"Oh, but haven't you heard?" countered Raft. "That scene has been changed—I slap you."

Menjou paled, then cried, "It's not that way in my script—and it was my script I read when I signed the contract!"

YOU'LL be glad to know that pretty Adalyn Doyle, who used to be Katharine Hepburn's "stand-in" over at R-K-O, has been given a role of her own in that studio's picture, "Finishing School." Dorothy Jordan's younger sister, Mary, will make her screen debut in the same picture. Good luck, gals!

"Old Time goes on a-flying!" It seems like yesterday when Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye were just a couple of youngsters. But see them here in a scene from "Fox Scandals," in which Rudy has a real, honest-to-goodness acting part.
LOOKS as though Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan are in earnest about their divorce plans this time. After several "ons" and "offs" Sidney finally had her attorney proceed with the filing of legal papers. And that's it. There's time to be sure, for another round of reconciliations and re-separations.

IF YOU think some screen stars are not the same off-screen as on, you should visit the Legion Stadium on Hollywood-fight-night. There, ring-side, may be seen Mae West, Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller, George Raft, Groucho Marx and other movie-famous. Lupe squirms and twists, chattering incessantly at the fighters. Weissmuller below shouts of encouragement, and has even voiced his *Tarzan* yell during exciting moments. Groucho wise-cracks the fighters constantly. Both Mae and Raft, true to type, sit quietly and apparently unemotionally, exactly as they enact their great screen situations.

A CERTAIN director in Hollywood is universally unpopular. But one girl failed to see his faults, for she married him. Now it happened that not so long ago, this wife joined some people at a round-table luncheon. There a new acquaintance asked her: "Are you married?"

"Yes, I'm married to director So-and-So," she answered, "and a fine, upstanding fellow, too."

Someone at the far side of the table hissed: "Bigamist!"

"Last call, girls!" You'll see this group of potent little charmers in the chorus of the musical extravaganza, "Fox Follies." They're putting on the finishing beauty touches as the cry, "On the set," resounds through the studio.

NEVER have the two adult members of the Richard Arlen family been closer to marital disaster than that day, not so long ago, when Dick returned home from work and failed to return his wife's cheery "Hello, darling." Not only did he not answer, but Dick also remained strangely quiet whenJobyna asked several questions about the day's work.

Amazed and hurt, Mrs. Arlen was on the verge of tears. Dick observed the impending storm, and asked the reason. Then he saw her lips moving but heard no sound, and suddenly he realized the trouble.

All day, Arlen had been working in war scenes with roaring machine guns and rifles. To protect his ears, he had filled them with cotton. At day's end, he left the set hastily and hurried home, forgetting to remove the cotton. Dick had not heard one word of his wife's greeting or questions!

AMONG the divorce moves of the month is that of Irene Bentley, who announced her intention of filing suit against her husband, George R. Kent, New York broker. The two separated some time ago.

An expert at work. Leslie Howard, your favorite practitioner of subtle masculine charm, is one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic amateur photographers. Here he is in his own private dark-room, developing a treasured snapshot.
LEE TRACY'S comeback movie is
titled, "I'll Tell the World". . . . Jean
Harlow's first picture following her ten-
week suspension is "Repeal". . . . Both
Jean and June Gale, dance-act sisters, had
their noses broken while working in "Mel-
ody In Spring". . . . Sally Eilers positively
denies the widely primed report that she is
expecting a visit from the stork. . . . Mae
West is accompanied everywhere by armed
guards, following threats to throw acid in
her face because she testified against gang-
sters in court. . . . Charlie Chaplin's new
movie, like his last, will be a non-talkie
. . . . Frances Dee and Joel McCrea will
welcome the stork in August. . . . Two
film companies are begging Katharine Hep-
burn's sister to sign contracts. . . . Richard
and Jobyna Balston Arlen postponed their
European trip two weeks until their son
learned to say both "Mama" and "Daddy"
. . . . Mary Brian is making her stage début
in a Hollywood theatre. . . . Following a
trial separation, Gloria Swanson and hus-
band Michael Arlen went on a second
honeymoon to Palm Springs.

IT HAPPENED at a time when
Cecilia Parker was making a
series of two-reel comedies, better
known in Hollywood as "shorts." A
Hollywood visitor and a Holly-
wood old-timer went to the Rus-
sian Eagle for lunch, and the
visitor, recognizing Cecilia at a
table, asked, "What is Miss Parker
doing now?"
"She is working in shorts," re-
sponded the old-timer.
"Goodness!" goodnlessed the
visitor. "I thought the Will Hays
office had barred that!"

A NEW actor at Paramount was visiting
George Raft on the "Bolero" set. The
chap insisted on describing to Raft how
very popular he (the new actor) had been
on the Eastern stage.
"When I was enacting the big dramatic
scene in my last play," he told George, "the
audience was glued to the seats."
"No doubt," murmured Raft, "the man-
agement found that was the best way to
keep them there."

AN AMUSING story is that about
Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce, Eng-
landers, whose birthdays are almost the
same. They went shopping for presents
to give each other, and by coincidence they
met in a Hollywood store.
"Well, what are you going to buy for
me?" asked Bruce.
"I don't know," stammered Heather.
"What are you buying for me?"
"I don't know, either," confessed Bruce.
"How much do you intend to spend?"
"Oh, about ten dollars," answered
Heather. "What's your budget for my
gift?"
"I planned on parting with fifteen dol-
ars," said Bruce.
"Jolly fine," commented Miss Angel.
"You just give me five dollars, and we've
done our shopping."
Bruce said, and they went to dinner
together!

In conference! And a pretty important conference it is, too, for Gloria Swanson,
after a protracted vacation from American films, has just signed a contract with
Irving Thalberg to appear in M-G-M pictures. So—watch for Gloria!
Pretty Adalyn Doyle, who used to act in Marine Hepburn's "Stand-In," is an actress on her own now! She's won a part in "Finishing School," and is all set for a film career. Here's luck, sweet Adalyn!

Do you remember the gorgeous portable dressing-room that John was round for when Doug Fairbanks, Jr., when they were married? Newspapers and magazines were filled with pictures of that small palatial boudoir. Paul Minn uses it now. You see, when Doug went to Europe, he saw no sense in dragging the dressing-room along, so he sold it to a studio for one-fifth its cost.

Jimmy Cagney must go around looking for theatre marquees gleaming with funny signs. He's always springing 'em, and his latest is that one theatre announced a double bill with: HENRY THE EIGHTH—LADY KILLER.

Sometimes people hang around for months trying to get inside the studios. Other times—well, two young hitch-hikers came to Hollywood with a great yearning to see and talk to Ginger Rogers. They took it a few hours to learn at which studio Ginger was employed. With that information, they stood in front of the studio's main gate. Each new person who went inside was told, "We came here to meet Ginger Rogers. Will you tell her we hiked 500 miles to see her?" At last one of the passers-in conveyed the message. Ginger at once sent her secretary to the gate, and the two boys inside, and hostess-ed them for luncheon. Before night of the day they arrived in Hollywood, the hitch-hikers were en route home.

Here's another, and quite touching, proof of the universal popularity of "Little Women." Louisa M. Alcott's classic novel whose resounding success in cinema was one of the bright spots of the past year. A copy of the book is found in every Doug Fairbanks, Jr., library. The volume belonged to the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the Czar and Czarina, and bears the inscription on the fly leaf, "To Darling Oka from Mama and Papa, Jan. 11th, 1908." The well-thumbed pages of the book are evidence that the little Grand Duchess thoroughly enjoyed reading it.

Heartbeats and Un-Beats Dept.: Quite a mob of friends met these newlyweds, Gary Cooper and Virginia Cherrill, on their Hollywood arrival from England. After all these months, Rhea Kennedy finally became Mrs. B. Ruby (director) Berkeley at an ornate Hollywood wedding that was as circusy as a Ringling Brothers performance.

A most interesting double romance involves the Ames brothers, Stephen, Adrienne's former husband, and Paul, and the Torres sisters, Racquel and Renee. Wedding bells may tinkle for Stephen and Racquel any old day, and likely as not, Paul and Renee will make it a dual ceremony.

On the contrary, that three-year-old romance between Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado has hit the rocks. There are rumors of a reconciliation between Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallée, her ex-wife—but Maurice seems too devoted to Kay Francis at the moment, to give full credit to reconciliation reports.

Dorothy Dell says that ring, given her by Jay Henry, is just for friendship, but it looks like the goods. Marilou Kirkland and Leeward Meeker are star-gazing together. Dick and William Powell are vicing for the favors of Margaret Lindsey—so far, the Dick of the Powells seems to be leading that chase. Marian Nixon is going places with Phillip Reed that many nights every week.

Divorce proceedings to divide the B. P. Schuler's are anticipated hourly, and then B. P. may announce his engagement to Sylvia Sidney. Despite his denials, Raoul Roudain is devoting himself to Conchita Montenegro.

Something has side-tracked the expected Lola Lane-Al-Hall nuptials. Contrarily, the Isabel Jewell-Lee Tracy romance goes on, like the brook, forever. Florence McKeen, not-so-often with director W. S. Van Dyke nowadays, is more-often-with Ralph Malone. Adolphine Menjou, beffted by his fiancée, Vera Teasdale, is building a home in Beverly, where they'll reside after their marriage this summer.

That silly separation between Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller turned into a joke. They're a temperamental pair, and they admit that they fight constantly—but they like it, apparently, because they've at least momentarily abandoned their every-other-day partings. Not so happily did the resumed marriage trial of the John Gilberts (Virginia Bruce) turn out. As this is written, Virginia is preparing to file suit for divorce.

Randy Scott and Vivian Gade have broken, but that has happened before, and they've always managed to get back together. The Patsy Parker who took out a wedding license with Albert Conti is not the same Patsy who will likely wed Bert Wheeler. And by the way, Bert's screen partner, Dorothy Lee, has not separated from Marshall Duffield—at least, not as this is written.

Picture Carole Lombard's puzzlement when she sat in her dressing room one night, awaiting a set call, and heard a single set of footsteps outside, but several voices conversing. Her first thought was of ghosts.

Frightened, she peered through a window. Outside, she saw the night studio night-watchman. The man is an amateur ventriloquist, and he talks to himself on his rounds to keep from getting lonesome!

Nobody has ever quilted the flashy clothes that Sam Hardy, the comedian, wears. When Sam went to England last year, he amazed the Britons, so flimflamboyant were his street attires.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., brought back to Hollywood the prize story about Hardy. It seems, according to Doug, that Sam went into a shop and espied a bolt of material with brightly colored checks at least three inches square.

"I want an overcoat made of that material," cried Hardy.

After long argument with the clerk, he got his wish. The clerk's quarrel was:

The material had been woven for horse blankets!

Speaking of Hollywood heart-throbs, there was that moment on location during the filming of Marion Davies' and Gary Cooper's picture, "Operator 13," when Henry B. Walthall suddenly faltered in his lines. When Raoul Walsh, director of the picture, asked him what the trouble was, the famous trouper reminded him that it was on the very same spot that he had made scenes as the star of "The Birth of a Nation" in 1915. And now, nineteen years later, Walthall was again playing a Confederate soldier—this time in a small part.
GOSSIPERS with poisonous minds like to make scandal out of ordinary circumstances. For instance, one glibby writer went into a personal frenzy with the news that, soon after Al Jolson went to New York, Ruby Keeler moved into a house near that occupied by Dick Powell. If you've heard that part of the story, let me tell you the balance: The house into which Ruby moved is the home of her entire family, including mother, father and four sisters.

JIMMIE FIDLER, SCREENLAND's West Coast representative, who broadcasts those interesting programs for radio on "Hollywood On the Air," had a quick answer for the fan who asked: "How do you gather all your movie news and gossip?"

"I'll let you in on a secret," Fidler confided. "I have spies. Two of my best news-getters, in fact, are Jimmy Durante, who notes all, and Clark Gable, who eaves all."

CONSIDER the experiences of "O," Nick Stuart's English bulldog. He gets his name from his extreme ugliness, at which people always gasp "O" on first meeting.

A few months ago, "O" was lost. Advertisements and search failed to achieve results. One recent day, Nick's former chauffeur saw a dog fitting the description of Nick's canine. The chauffeur called "O" immediately recognized the name.

Now it develops that soon after "O" wandered away from home, he was picked up by Clara Bow's houseboy. For several months the dog basked in the sunshine of the It-girl's smiles. Then he again decided to see the world, and he wandered. It was during this last tour that "O," thin and gaunt, was found by the chauffeur and returned to Stuart. He's decided that there's no place like home after all!

EVERY day, new ways to make money are discovered in Hollywood. For instance, the "You're Telling Me" company went on location near the film city. A sagacious woman turned on her radio full-blast, and the director had to pay her ten dollars to quiet the machine so that the sound picture could be filmed. The next day, when the company returned to the site, not only was the radio going full-blast again, but a dozen kids were present, playing hockey with his cowse!

DID you worry about the mysterious disappearance of Myrna Loy, too? Everybody in Hollywood was on needles and pins. All sorts of rumors—runaway marriage, hippie, and the like—were whispered around her not-be-fooledness. And still no Myrna!

One day, after three weeks' absence, she put in an appearance at the studio, as cool and calm as you please. Then and there she revealed that she had taken a quiet trip to Honolulu—and produced evidence to prove her story.

BEHIND Larry "Buster" Crabelle's appeal to the A. A. U. for reinstatement as an amateur swimmer is a clever plot on the part of his studio to gain reams of publicity for the star, or so it looks to insiders.

In his plea to the A. A. U. officials, Crabelle points out that he has not used his ability as a swimmer to further his screen career. He disclaims knowledge, also, of the fact that the studio advertised him as the "Olympic champion swimmer" in some of their promotion.

THAT Kay Francis at one time was married to William Gaston, 2nd, present husband of the socially and dramatically prominent Rosamond Pinchot, was revealed recently when Kay filed suit for divorce against Kenneth MacKenna. Miss Pinchot declares, by the way, that she is a great friend of the stage and the screen, and denies that there has ever been anything but the pleasantest relations between them.

IT ISN'T very often that Cecil B. De Mille's keen wit can be topped, but Tom Gubbins, the Chinese merchant and actor, stopped the director. It happened one day when DeMille said to Gubbins: "Is it a fact that the Chinese alphabet contains more than 40,000 characters, each with a meaning of its own?"

"It is true," smiled the Chinaman. "Almost as many characters, in fact, as you used in 'King of Kings.'"

NED SPARKS was solo-dining in a Hollywood late spot one night when the lights suddenly went out. A waitress fluttered over to his table and explained: "I'm sorry, Mr. Sparks. We'll put the lights back on when we get one of those, what-do-you-call-ems—er, spark plugs."

"Never mind the spark plugs," roared Ned. "Play Sparks. Get me a spot-light!"

Earl Carroll, famous impresario of the musical stage, invades Hollywood to film his hit, "Murder at the Vanities," bringing some of his eye-filling talent with him. Carroll will direct the picture at the Paramount studios—and judging by his stage offerings, it'll be something to see!

Here's one of the most striking portraits ever made of blonde Greta Nissen, who recently has been making films in England for British International Pictures. Watch for her in the exciting "Contraband."

MARY PICKFORD revisited the birthplace of her film career recently when she officially "christened" the modernized Biograph Studios in New York. It was in this historic atelier that your Mary and mine made her very first movie, "The Violin Maker of Cremona," and several more following it. Lillian Gish and D. W. Griffith, other famous Biograph graduates, also attended the ceremonies.

PATRICIA ELLIS vows she heard it between two male extras on a set. They were berating each other, and the argument was even until one jibed:

"Well, you and your pal may call yourself gentlemen, but believe me, you're no mental fern."

THERE were rumors that Max Baer and June Knight, longtime sweethearts, might take up romancing again in a big way. When reporters reached June for a statement, she snapped: "That guy may be the next world's champion, but for me he is just a pain in the neck!"

WHEN blonde and pretty Pat Patterson clapped with the French matinee idol, Charles Boyer, it was the culmination of a whirlwind romance begun three weeks back. The romantic dash to Yuma took place only three weeks after Boyer reached Hollywood.

IT WAS one of those "use this word in a sentence" confabs on a set, between scenes. At last Robert Young asked Stuart Erwin if he could use the word Mahatma.

"Sure" grinned before he supplied: "Gimme my hat, my time is up."

A very pretty girl dropped into a theatre to see Muriel Kirkland in "Sailor Beware" (stage play) in Hollywood. Between acts, this lovely girl sent a note back to Muriel: "I don't know if you will remember me," the note read. "But we met at the Russian Eagle recently."

The note was signed, "Madge Evans"—and Madge fairly glowed with pleasure when Miss Kirkland invited her backstage at the end of the show.

(Continued on page 70)
AND here is another American “Golden Spoon” youth, with the irresistible urge to do something with motion pictures! He is William Fiske, 3rd, the son of an American banker in Paris, who was brought up abroad with the idea of following his father’s footsteps in business. Instead he has decided to desert the counting room to count for something in the movies!

Young Fiske has just come back from Hawaii where he made “Cane Fire.” He wants to make more pictures “with Garbo players in authentic settings.” Sounds exciting, doesn’t it?

Fiske is not a Polo Boy like “Jock” and “Sonny” Whitney. But he is an outdoor enthusiast who is a “Bob-sled” Boy, a kind of sportsman we do not know much about in this country. In Europe “Bob-sledding” down an icy course at 85 miles an hour is very popular at winter resorts visited by smart Continentals and wealthy Americans abroad, and is very Saint Moritz-y!

The young producer twice has been captain on winning “Bob-sled” teams in the Olympic games. He also gols extremely well, skates, skis, and has traveled just about every place on the globe.

And now, at the ripe old age of 22, in association with his partner, Count Compagna, he hopes to make pictures all over the world in interesting spots, with a small unit of Hollywood players, technicians, directors, supplemented by native casts. “If we find that the idea is feasible,” they say. “Or, in simple language, that it pays. Just now we are interested in trying it out.”

“Cane Fire,” which will serve to bring back to screen activity that first woman director of films, Lois Weber, was made on a Hawaiian sugar cane plantation. The story was worked out in Hollywood before leaving—which assures having a script when one gets there!—and is based on the “Madame Butterfly” theme. The villain is the superintendent of the cane plantation. The picture ends with a conflagration which “almost licked up the Pacific Ocean.”

The Hollywood cast was taken to one of the smaller islands of the Hawaiian group noted for its superb settings. The players included (Continued on page 88)
All In a Day's Work!

Hollywood—where Beauty is a part of the business—and an inspiration to you!

By Katharine Hartley

Their rouge has brushed off, or been soaked up by the skin. The lipstick is caked in spots, or gone entirely. Their powder has ceased to function, and shine appears. Their hair is flattened to the head. Well, what happens! Out comes the powder, rouge and lipstick. It’s all slapped on hurriedly over the dead make-up. And—oh, horrors! This happens only when you don’t realize how necessary it is to begin at the beginning each time you do your face. But how about the girl who purposely allows herself to become disheveled and worn-looking around her beauty-

I F ORDINARY people, like you and me, could only realize that beauty is as much a part of our business, as it is of a movie star’s, what a beautiful world it would be! Every star has to be looking her best every minute of the day, and she devotes plenty of time to it. She is never very many steps away from her make-up box, from her cold cream jar, and her mirror. And it’s not just vanity. It’s business!

We should all make an effort to follow this good example. Oh, I don’t mean that you should forever be dabbing at your nose with a powder puff, anywhere, any time. I’m just old-fashioned enough to believe that men do object to a girl who flaunts her compact in his face at luncheon, at the movies, or on the dance floor. But I do mean that every few hours, you should take stock of your looks, and do something about it to keep them as agreeable as possible. I’ve observed many “woaking gals” who come to their offices, looking as fresh as a daisy. But by noon they appear absolutely washed out. office, because, for some silly reason, she thinks that it will impress her boss that she works hard—is even overworked! Little does she realize that he’s probably so sick of seeing her around, that he’d gladly give her a vacation—without pay!

How much better if you would keep a complete beauty kit in your desk drawer—one that includes cleansing cream, an astringent, and a powder base, in addition to make-up. Also it should contain a hand cream, (to be used every time you wash your hands), and perhaps a fragrant wave-setting lotion that you could spray lightly over your head. Fifteen minutes devoted to your face at lunch-time is sure to make the afternoon a success. Then, if you’re going straight from your office to a date, you can repeat the process at five. And speaking of that—it’s a problem, not being able to change your clothes, when you leave the office for a tea or dinner date. You may not be able to keep a complete “dressy” outfit at the office, but why not keep a (Continued on page 96)
Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 67

FILM-LOVERS on both sides of the Atlantic palpitated at the news of the marriage, amid romantic and exciting circumstances, of Prince Sigvard of Sweden to Fraulein Erika Patzck, German movie star and a "commoner." The Prince, whose action caused the Swedish Royal Family to disown him, at one time was said to be paying marked attention to Greta Garbo while Greta was on a visit to her homeland. This, however, was abruptly ended by a royal command from the Palace, the story goes. Sigvard, who is the second son of the Swedish Crown Prince, has been connected with European pictures for several years as a director for Ufa, working incognito. His bride, an actress in the same studio, is young, pretty, and petite. Another case of movie people furnishing a real-life story to rival any they put on celluloid!

WHEN Philip Merivale, now playing in the Theatre Guild's "Mary of Scotland" opposite Helen Hayes, arrives in Hollywood to join the cast of DeMille's "Cleopatra," it will be his second trip to the movie city, but his first film job. He was summoned westward once before by Fox, but somehow or other they never found a part for him. And although this striking stage star was recompensed for his time, it made him pretty sore to sit around and let his career mark time!

JOAN BENNETT celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday by presenting her husband, Gene Markey, with a daughter weighing eight pounds. The new member of the Bennett clan has been named Melinda Bennett Markey, and has the whole-hearted approval not only of her papa, but also of Aunt Connie and Grandpa Richard, her noted relatives.

Virginia Peine Lehmann, young Chicago society woman, was discovered working in films as Virginia Pine. She's been going places with Ronnie Colman.

THELMA TODD'S divorce from Pat DeCicco, which had been expected following her sudden departure from Hollywood on a vacation alone, was granted her in the Los Angeles courts shortly after the split-up. The technical ground of the action was "extreme cruelty." The couple were married in July, 1932, in an elopement to Prescott, Arizona.

Like a breath of the Old South comes Dixie Frances, brunette and dark-eyed, to Hollywood. Watch for her quaint charm in some forthcoming Fox pictures.

John Boles, Gloria Stuart, and Louise Carter talk over the action of a scene for "Beloved" with director Victor Schertzinger, amid the old-fashioned charm of a nineteenth-century set, while members of the technical crew look on, ready to "shoot." The set is faithful to its period in every detail.
sweep out the place, start the fires, clean the cuspidors and only the good Lord knows what all else.
The Everyman's Club was what is now known more or less as a mission. It was a place for down-and-outers with no place to go and no money to get there with. I stuck that out for a whole scholastic semester.

Not so long ago I bought a huge brass spittoon for the bar at home. Every time I looked at the thing I'd have to pinch myself and wonder if it could really be I who owned the house and if I wasn't just dreaming—if I wouldn't wake up and find that only the cuspidor was real and it was time to get to work polishing it. The thing gave me the heebie-jeebies and when Hoot Gibson, walking with a cane after his recent airplane crack-up, lost his balance and fell on it one night, telescoping it so it had to be thrown out, I never had a regret.

I think, maybe, some of the hard work I put in as a kid is accountable today for the fact that I feel uncomfortable when people wait on me. I could never go for a houseful of servants such as some stars have and I still feel easier when I do things for myself than when they are done for me. With all the money I've made, I've never had a valet.

Another job I had when I was in school was in a music store in the afternoons. The kids used to drop in there to listen to the latest records and hear the latest song hits played on the piano. Generally they'd get me singing and we'd have a swell time. The proprietor conceived the idea of hiring me and if the kids knew I would be on hand every afternoon to sing, it would draw a crowd and the store's sales would go up. At least, that was the thought when they hired me.

Being strictly business, myself, I asked how much I was to get. The answer was pretty indefinite—something to the effect that they'd let me know later. Every time I went to work, every time when I left, and as often in between times as I could catch the proprietor's ear, I'd pester him to find out about my salary. At the end of a week I'd driven the man nearly to distraction and he tied the can to me. I still haven't been paid for that week's labor!

But I had my revenge. The proprietor of that store also owned the Liberty, the largest movie house in Spokane at the time. Years later, when I was en route to Chicago with Al Rinker to join Whiteman's orchestra, we stopped off in Spokane and this same man engaged us for a week's appearance at his theater. He paid us money, many times the modest stipend he'd have had to part with to have kept me on in his store after school in the afternoon. And what's more, he laid the cash on the line the second time.

Coming back to girls again—and who doesn't? It was when I was out here the first time that I began paying any attention to them. I chanced around with a few of them but there was never anything more serious with any of them than there had been with those at home. How I ever got the reputation I had of being a roaee and Lothario is something neither Dixie nor I can understand.

The objections Dixie's parents had to me before our marriage (all removed since they've got to know me), and that her sister had to her association with me were all founded on nothing more than hearsay, and I swear a gross injustice was done me.

Why, I went with Dixie for over three months before I ever even kissed her!

Hollywood Hair Styles

**go romantic!**

**Becoming? Yes . . . but not if your hair is TOO OILY or TOO DRY**

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient"shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silker and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoo. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

for OILY hair

Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

for DRY hair
Girls I'd never even had a date with used to tell other girls I only went with a girl for one thing. It's a lie! And even if it had been true, I sure got cheated. They kept me singing so constantly there wasn't even time for ordinary conversation, let alone all the groundwork that has to be laid preparatory to approaching more serious topics.

Dixie still kids me about my "Good News" girls. When I was in New York once I went with two of the principals in the movie, and as Dixie was underwriting one of them. But I never met her then.

After the first one and I had split, I started going with the second. I used to make dates with her, get out with some fellows, have a few highballs and forget all about my engagement. Late in the evening I'd phone Dixie and say, "What do you know about that Crosby? He's stood me up again and I've got to do something about it, so——"

"He must think he's God's gift to women."

Well, it was nothing like that, I assure you. I wanted her, but I was never in a position to impress anyone with my importance, even if I'd wanted to. It's simply that I have a one-track mind and when I was out with men I'm inclined to think it's going to be a good time, I'd just forget about everything else.

It wasn't until after Dixie had got a contract with Fox and been in Hollywood for a year and a half, and until I came out here with Whiteman to make "The King of Jazz" that we met. And our meeting is another illustration of the reputation I had and of the unwarranted blumishes cast upon my name.

She had been going around for almost a year with a boy named Raymond Keane. I knew him, too. I told him I'd like to meet her. And she, remembering how I'd treated her in the "Good News," wanted to me take me down a peg or two.

For a long time Ray refused to introduce us, telling her I was no kind of a guy to be going around with. But we were both persistent.

Finally he said he would introduce us but if she ever had a date with me that would be the last she'd ever seen of him. One night he phoned her when she had been working late at the studio and asked her to come down and meet me to the Grove with him. She said she was too tired. So then he said it was going to be a party and I was going to be there. Dixie got dressed and gone over there.

Call it love at first sight or anything else you like—we paid no attention to anything else from the moment we met and neither of us has ever heard a word from Ray from that day to this!

I hadn't talked to Dixie an hour before I knew there would never be any other girl for me but her. I don't know yet if she felt the same way but I do know that the Barque of Love experienced plenty of "Seventh Weather" before it carried us to the Bureau of Marriage Licenses.

I've been so busy telling about my love life I've got entirely away from my own story. That's been told so many, many times, in one form or another. I can't believe anyone could be interested in reading it again. The editor, being adamant and insisting that, as a life story, my struggles have a place here, I'll have to give in and use it here, I'll have to make it as concise as possible, however, so as not to bore you.

When I had finished Gonzaga College, I organized a little five piece jazz orchestra. We bought the records of all the big or-

Jean Harlow, latest to join the lengthy list of Crosby enthusiasts, gives Bing's autographed picture a favored place in her gallery. How would you like to see Harlow and Crosby co-starred in a picture?

parties and other small social affairs.

Then Al Rinker and I were engaged to appear at one of the local movie houses as I had anticipated—and failed. We had our engagement extended under any number of times but finally, even loyal old Spokane became fed up with us and it was necessary for us to seek new fields of endeavor.

Mother didn't put up as much as a squawk over my leaving home as I had anticipated—and failed. I suppose heartstrings are something like rubber. When they've been stretched and tugged at enough, they lose some of their elasticity.

I knew when Ted left home the first time to go with the Associated Press in San Francisco she was all but prostrated. When Ted got homesick and wanted to throw up his job down there. She wouldn't let him for fear people would think he had failed. Then the other boys went into the World War. I don't think she minded that so much because the boys had gone and come back so quickly from the Mexican trouble. She probably didn't realize how serious the World War was going to be.

At any rate, by the time I left home for good, her heart-strings had been pretty well stretched and she had more or less got used to homecomings and departures. So she contented herself with making me promise to be "a good boy" and asking me always to let her know direct anything of importance that happened to me—not make her hear it from outsiders. That is one promise I've always tried to keep.

Once, after we had been down here in Los Angeles quite a while, she went to one of her sewing circles and one of the ladies, with studied carelessness, said, "Jerry Blank tells me Bing is engaged."

I think most mothers, under the circumstances, might have tried to save their face and either pretended to know about it or have deprecatingly remarked, "Oh, it's nothing serious—just a boy-and-girl affair."

I will say for mother she had confidence in me. She said, "I hadn't heard about it and I don't believe it's true or Harry would have told me."

When she reached home she wrote me about it and I wrote back, "When I'm engaged you won't have to learn about it from any Jerry Blank." And that was that.

When I met Dixie I told mother immediately that I had met a girl in whom I was seriously interested and she knew beforehand when we were going to be married.

Well, anyhow, we got down to Los Angeles, almost starved for a while, and finally were booked into a few theatres. We were playing the Metropolitan (now the Los Angeles Paramount), when Paul Whiteman saw us and engaged us. We remained with him two or three years, during which time we came out here with him to make "The King of Jazz," his famous picture.

The wine in California is redder than anywhere else, the primrose path looks more inviting, the golf is better and the people more hospitable—if you have any personality—and what with one thing and another, we never got around to working up any new numbers. And people were beginning to weary just a mite of hearing us sing "Mississippi Mud."

Whiteman called us on the carpet when he was about ready to leave, told us if we wanted to stay with him we'd have to change our ways and take a salary cut until we had made ourselves as valuable to his organization as we had been when we arrived in Sunny California.

We had a conference, bade him a polite and ungrateful farewell, and shortly thereafter "The Three Rhythm Boys" made their bow at the Coconut Grove.

Next month, if the editor takes up his option for another installment, I'll tell you all that's happened since I "got up in the dough."

(Editors Note: The option is hereby taken up, so watch for the third chapter of Bing Crosby's Life Story in the next issue.)
complaints registered. I had learned a lesson.

Not long ago my husband and I went over into Death Valley on a camping trip. We took along our tent and cots and a minimum of equipment and had the time of our lives really roughing it. And when we came back I went directly into a picture after only two days of preparation. I felt better because of the trip and I think I looked better when I got back to the camera as well. Since that first fishing trip made against the advice of the casting director, I've learned a lot about taking care of myself when I 'rough it.'

Your hair and your hands are most apt to be damaged when you say goodbye to beauty parlors and start out for a few weeks in the desert or the mountains. If you take the proper care of your face it will come back actually improved in appearance. It's the hair and the hands you have to watch most closely.

Before we leave Hollywood for any considerable stay in 'camp' I mix olive oil and kerosene, half each, and fill a good-sized bottle with this mixture. While on the trip I rub this thoroughly into my hair and scalp each night before retiring. The desert sun and the mountain winds dry the hair out and bleach it past recognition unless you do something like this to preserve it. Then I brush my hair thoroughly once each day. When I get back I have the hair shampooed and the hair curled and it comes out healthier than it was when I left. The rest from too much fancy treatment does it good.

Another thing I do before leaving civilization is to have my nails manicured as short as possible. I save old gloves all year for just such occasions and I wear them most of the time on such a trip. But if your nails are short to start with the danger of breaking and tearing them is much lessened.

The first day out I keep dabbing my nose with coconaut oil. After that it just tans and doesn't blister. Each night I rub olive oil on my face and then take a spoonful of common salt and rub it over my face and neck as strenuously as I can stand it. It itches but the oil keeps the skin lubricated and the salt acts as a circulation builder as well as an astringent. It makes you feel as though you had just come out of the ocean. It gives your face that 'tight' feeling. Then I wash the salt off with cold water and rub my face hard with a rough towel. It sounds strenuous, but it's not so bad, once you're used to it.

I use lipstick all the time I am out in the open, and Rub a little on the lips. The lipstick keeps your lips from drying and cracking and the mascara is the one concession I make to appearance. At night I rub pure castor oil around my eyes. It smooths out the wrinkles you get from squinting in the bright sun during the day.

With these precautions you can dare to be comfortable while on a trip. I don't wear a hat unless I want to, because the kerosene and oil protect my hair. I don't worry about my nose or my neck or my face. So I can have all the fun I want. My only advice to anyone trying these things is that they keep away from all the mirrors for the first day or two. When you're used to seeing your face powdered and rouged, it's a shock to see it the first few hours of this kind of life, all red and pale. But the natural color soon comes through and the shine wears off to become a natural sheen and the first thing you

“Roughs It” Continued from page 30

Dr. Helene Stourzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

“Doctor...it’s heart trouble...these were her first grim words as she walked in.

And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I ever heard. It was all imagined; a neurosis brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!

“The trouble, Madame,” I said, “is not with your heart but in your head.”

“Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

“The best and simplest technique of

"Lysol" is indeed the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene. It destroys germs, even in the presence of organic matter, and pursues them into hidden folds of the feminine membranes. Yet it is gentle, soothing—never irritating in effect. That it is used as an antiseptic in childbirth proves it safe and mild enough for even the most sensitive feminine membranes.

"Lysol" kills germs. No other antiseptic has such universal acceptance. Leading physicians all over the world have preferred it for forty years. Wherever they must be sure they turn to “Lysol.”

To married women, the use of “Lysol” assures perfect cleanliness, a refreshing sense of well-being.

"Lysol" Disinfectant

Let “Lysol” guard the family health

Doctors order "Lysol" in cases of mumps, measles, diphtheria. Also as protection against influenza, tonsillitis, gonorhea, common colds. Disinfect clothing (especially handkerchiefs) and rooms with "Lysol" after every illness.

"HALL OF FAME" on the air Sunday nights—10:30 E. S. T....WEAF and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hookup
I wish somebody would tell her!

"I'm Proud to Be Lee Tracy's Girl Friend"

Continued from page 25

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from unpleasantness.

I know you like the looks of yourself like that. I know because I do!

Of course, you girls all have your own pet preparations which you'll probably take along. For one thing, you may not want to "go native" as completely as I do; for another, your hair color, or the lotion or astrin- gent will come in pretty handy and far be it from Blondell to tell you to leave your beauty kit at home. Didn't I admit I never travel without my beloved mascara and lipstick? Girls will be girls, and why not, say I!

When we go camping or fishing I wear trousers and heavy boots. We use cots rather than sleeping bags because they are more comfortable. A portable canvas bathtub is a must; that is really worth what it costs but it is perfectly possible to bathe in a bucket.

You wait until it's dark and build a fire about six feet in front of the tent door.

When this has dwindled to a bed of coals there should be plenty of hot water. You put the little tub, or a pot, on the tent, which is warm by then, and fill it with warm water. Then you post your husband or girl friend to stand between the nearest road and yourself and step into the bucket! That's real luxury on a camping trip.

But if you're in the mountains and have a cold mountain stream—and the necessary courage—there is nothing better for you than a dip in that. I'm not insisting on that because it does take courage to come back to civilization such a different person, you hardly know yourself.

Let's take a tent and a frying pan and a bottle of kerosene and olive oil and have some real fun. Let's go fishing!

"Isn't it a shame? There's a girl who has 'some thit' if I ever saw one. I mean, that becomes 'go thither' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the quick, the easy, the sure way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on, slip into your dress. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

He has never desired a regular home, you know. "I wouldn't tie him down. Beverly so- ciety doesn't lure me, and I shall be content to go wherever he wants.

"Repeatedly the clatter-writers have stated we are secretly married. Again I deny it. Why on earth should I want to be mysterious? I shall be so proud to be Mrs. Tracy that I'll ask all the reporters to our wedding! Neither of us has ever married and we both look forward to mar- riage as a significant event in our lives.

When I've accomplished what I've set out to do, there'll be no more delay."

I hope Isabel's explanation has not appeared selfish; for she is anything but that. Yet her determination to sail under her own colors is a surprise when you meet her. She is so tiny and so very feminine. Most of her screen roles have been humorous or slightly hard-boiled. In reality she has a better background than many of our Hollywood "ladies."

Her father was a country surgeon in Soshhone, Wyoming, a man who was much beloved by the people whom he devoted his life. Isabel, his only child, was sent to an exclusive girls' school when she was ten. St. Mary's Hall, the Episcopal school at Farrayhill, Washington, remembers her with pride. She was president of her senior class and graduated with the highest honors.

Even in her early teens she dreamed of Broadway. But she acceded to her parents' wishes and went to college. Her mother had been a travel agent, so Isabel en- rolled at Hamilton College for Girls in Lexington. She kept up her straight-A average there, also, and tutored Latin in her spare time.

"After my freshman year I made up my mind I might as well start on the career I planned." The Dean of Women at the college encouraged her. Isabel says the dean, next to her own mother, has been her best woman friend. "I went to Chicago and got a job in stock. Soon I learned an ingénue was needed by a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska. I took a chance that I would fill the bill." She did, for an eighty-seven week run!

"I was blue-eyed and blonde and small, so I was a typical ingénue until they needed someone to step into a designated, older part. From then on I did more emotional things." Three years of stock and Isabel was ready to take on Broadway. But as the song puts it, Broadway apparently could do without her. She had tough sled- ding.

"There were weeks when I had barely enough money to live on. I wouldn't write home for help, because I'd supported my- self since leaving college." She managed to struggle through, despite having chosen the Spring after the Wall Street crash to tackle New York.

She landed a lead which, after lengthy rehearsals and a try-out of town, folded before its Broadway début. She accepted an offer for stock leads in Connecticut, planning to stay for only a few weeks. The day she returned to New York her Broadway break miraculously was thrust upon her.

"Up Pops the Devil," a successful play, was in dire straits. The heroine had suddenly taken ill and the understudy was inefficient. Isabel heard of the predic-ament through an agent. She went to the theatre at 5 p.m., rehearsed the leading rôle for an hour, and went on that evening and didn't miss a single performance.

Incidentally, Roger Pryor, now at Uni- versal, was the hero of that show. Isabel, so well trained by stock engagements, finished the run of her part as an ingenue.

"I met Lee in October, 1931," she relates. "He was to star in 'Louder, Please,' and they were casting. I tried for the part of the movie sire,

"The director had his heart set on a tall, willowy type." Lee argued in vain for Isabel, and decided to ask her to lunch when she was rejected. She says it was love at first sight for her, and he confesses he felt that "magic" the minute he glimpsed her.

"It got a good part. A few weeks later in 'Blessed Event,' Lee's work in 'Louder, Please' won him a Hollywood bid from Warners. When they bought the show I was delighted to hear they wanted me to come to Hollywood for the picture version with James Cagney. I'd missed Lee horribly.

"You can visualize my joy when I got as far as Chicago and received a wire from Lee telling me that Cagney had walked out of the picture and he'd been assigned it!" Coincidence thus threw Isabel and Lee together in the West as in the East, only now it was a reunion.

The longest, most disheartening period in her life inexplicably followed the comple- tion of "Blessed Event" at Warners. Al- though acclaimed for her splendid por-
travail of a difficult emotional role, she was without a job for the next nine months! “Compared to Hollywood standards, I’m no raving beauty. I didn’t photograph well. Every day I’d plan to return to New York. Lee was the only one who cheered me up. He kept repeating, ‘Honey, one of these days some of these studios will get wise! I was completely discouraged.”

Fox eventually gave her a small emotional role in “Bondage.” She again displayed undoubted ability. But it was the Hollywood stage production of “Counselloreat-Law” which renewed the impetus of her lagging career. Her fast-talking, gum-chewing telephone operator was so outstanding that she was cast in several good parts at M-G-M. Care was taken in photographing her and she was rewarded with a long-term contract.

Isabel’s dream is to do sympathetic emotional roles such as Helen Hayes does so wonderfully. “After ‘ Blessed Event’ Hollywood thought of me as a weeping willow. After ‘Counselor’ was released I was just a comedienne.” Naturally, her extensive experience in stock encompassed all varieties of parts.

This girl-friend of Lee Tracy lives conservatively. “I’ve been without work and I didn’t dream of being extravagant.” Her mother and father have moved to Hollywood, and the one cloud in her present life is the misfortune which has come to her father. He gave so much of his time and effort to his surgery that his eyesight has seriously impaired.

Isabel and Lee believe in in-laws getting along. He is as fond of her parents as they are of him. And his mother, who lives in the East, has given her blessing to their match.

A few words about the tremendous loyalty Lee’s fans have expressed might logically be included here. I have picked out letters in his mail at random and have yet to find one condemning him. The public, having learned that he was “fired” without ever being asked for his version of the Mexican “balcony scene,” has realized that Lee was the victim of an erroneous newspaper report.

I once analyzed Lee as “the star Hollywood can’t scare.” He is still the man that the superficial, silly traditions of the movie town. But I now note there is one thing he does fear. That is—the loss of his good standing with the fans.

He rejected two big vaudeville contracts. One was for $3,500 weekly on a ten-week guarantee, and the other for four weeks at twice that sum. He declined because he would not run away from Hollywood. Universal, recognizing his popularity, brings him back to us as the star of “Where’s Brown?”

“When do personal appearances would have been to cash in on that notoriety. I have spent fifteen years building my career and I wouldn’t let down those who like me. I was foolish down there in Mexico City; yes, everyone knows by now that my actions were grossly exaggerated,” as Mark Twain would have phrased it. The onlooker is left with the learned who my real friends are.”

Chin up, both Lee and Isabel are absorbed in their careers this spring. Out of “office hours” they are whole-heartedly in love. “I am concentrating on getting somewhere in pictures this year so we can marry,” Isabel said to me in parting. So while you are welcoming the prodigal son back, give the girl-friend a hand so she’ll give in and make him happy!”

P.S.: Thanks, Isabel Jewell, for letting me give the fans the “exclusive inside story” on you two. I have not embellished what you told me, because there is no holokum about the Tracy-Jewell love. I’m proud of your confidence, and prouder still of Lee’s good taste.

---

**They called Her “OLD MAID” now!**

**she’s MRS. now!**

Lipstick that intensifies natural color brings the beauty men admire

LIKE all faddish women, she refused to look painted. But for a while, she made the mistake of using no lipstick... with the result that her lips were pale, old-fashioned.

Every woman should avoid a conspicuous painted look. Yet you don’t need to go to the opposite extreme and do without lipstick. For it is now possible to give lips the youthful color men admire without risking a painted appearance. Tangee Lipstick does the trick.

It contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural rose coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes colors... takes on the one shade of rose most becoming to your coloring... the natural shade for you!

Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a gresy coaing, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary lipstick.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base that soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping when you use Tangee. No paint spots on teeth or handkerchiefs either. Get Tangee today! 99c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. On sale in drug and department stores.

Or send 10c with coupon for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

---

**World’s Most Famous Lipstick**

**TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK**

---

**4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10c**

**THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY**

**SUI 117 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enlosed find 10¢ (stamp or coin). Check Shade □ FLESH □ RACHEL □ LIGHT RACHEL

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________
Breaking all records!

DIVE FROM SKYSCRAPERS! Ride Niagara Falls! Swim the Hellespont! Nothing seems out of reach, you laugh at obstacles, when digestion is good.

Let Beeman’s help keep your digestion orderly, your disposition gay, your spirits elated. For Beeman’s does aid digestion.

And nothing so beneficial was ever more delicious! The flavor—cool, fragrant, and refreshing. Its freshness unequalled—for the new air-tight wrap triply guards every bit of its original quality. Chew Beeman’s often—start today!

Chew BEEMAN’S PEPSIN GUM

AIDS DIGESTION

Ricardo and Christine Cortez Tell Their Love Story

Continued from page 26

day, ‘Ric, you don’t like to run around; you should have a home. Why don’t you marry?’

‘I would in a minute,’ I told him, ‘if I could find the right girl. I don’t want to marry an actress. I know what it means having two careers under the same roof.’

I did know. But aside from my past experience and aside from the fact that I’m an old pipe-and-slipper man from the West, consider any case. The marriage of two players might start out beautifully, but something always turns up. They work on different schedules—when one is free, the other is busy. Suppose the wife plans an important dinner party with important people and the husband comes in late, tired from making a scene over twenty times. He doesn’t feel like being hospitable—he wants to go to sleep for he has to get up at six the next morning. Or suppose the wife makes more money than the husband. She’s sweet about it and says ‘We’ll take a small house and supposedly live on your income, but I’ll pay my half.’ They do this but the day is sure to come when she sees her best friend in a new and expensive car. She goes to the dealer and looks it over. She tells her husband she wants one too. ‘I’d love to have it,’ he says, ‘but, darling, you know we can’t afford it.’ Maybe she doesn’t say any more then, but later—in a day or a month—she says, ‘If you can’t buy it for me I can buy it myself’—and that’s how the rift starts.

‘No, I didn’t want to marry an actress. I wanted a wife to whom I could come home and say, Darling, I’ve had a hellish day at the studio,’ and she’d listen, sympathize, and laugh my troubles away. One who wanted a home and children as I do. I never dreamed I’d find her, but thank God I have!’

Strange to say, Ric and Christine met at a Hollywood party. Ric had thought of refusing the invitation. He didn’t like parties, but he had the doldrums and he thought it might get him out of them.

Christine had come to Hollywood for a ten-day vacation to seek forgetfulness after obtaining a divorce in the East. The party was given by friends of the people with whom she was stopping so naturally she was invited. Ric, at first glance, gravitated to her side. She is not the usual Hollywood glamorous beauty. Christine is one of those women who do not need glamour—she has charm. She has small features, white skin, wavy, frizzled blue eyes, a frequent smile and an easy natural manner. She’s the sort of woman “a big pipe-and-slipper man” would immediately seek out.

Ricardo and Christine began exchanging confidences almost immediately. They looked back on their first conversation and laugh now, as well they might. For they discussed marriage! Christine said quite definitely that she had had enough unhappiness for two more years at least. Ric said he didn’t mind marriage, in fact, he wanted it, but he couldn’t find the right girl. They were both very serious, but Christine, although she is a woman, is uncommonly honest, and admitted to me that she was terribly attracted by Ric even then. She thought him far better looking off the screen than on, and remembering the nice things that had been said about the way he behaved himself, she wasn’t sure but that she liked him already. Ric kept telling me what a sweet girl he had thought her that evening, so I guess the feeling was mutual.

At any rate, they had their first “date” about a week later, when he took her to a party at Pickfair. More and more they discovered that they had the same ideas about life, that they liked the same things.

Their next date was on the golf course. “I had been proud of my game,” Christine laugh’d, “and I had told Ric about all the golf I played. But when I began to play with him I was terrible. At first, when he didn’t know me so well, he used to excuse me by saying, ‘Oh, everyone has an off day,’ but when we got to know each other better he’d say, ‘Don’t tell me you ever
played golf before,' I believe he thought I'd been bragging—but I hadn't, really. That's what love did to me.

"It got so that we'd have dinner together every night, and gradually my ten-day vacation in Hollywood spun itself out into weeks. All the time Ric was working. I'd stay a short while in the evening then send him home to bed."

Incidentally that was one of the things that decided Ric about Christine. "She was so sensible," he said, "she didn't just think of her own pleasure as many another woman would have done and insisted upon getting everything all hours. She'd say, 'Six o'clock alarm for you tomorrow. Go to bed!' She looked after me.

"I wanted to be interested. "Did you like the maternal instinct?" Ric laughed and replied, "I'll answer that by saying all men are boys."

They found in each other all they had missed in a first marriage. Christine gave him self-effacing understanding while he gave her manly protection. "He was so sweet and thoughtful," she explained. "For the first time a man I loved was worrying over me, telling me not to drive too fast or catch cold, and I discovered I liked that feeling of being taken care of."

As soon as they admitted their love and planned on marriage, they went house-hunting. At first they were going to buy, but Christine with her usual practically said to Ric, "Why put all that money in a house when you already own one out here? Let's rent one unfurnished, and I'll do it myself."

This is exactly what she did. She had no decorator to carry out her ideas—decorators were too expensive, she thought, and besides she loved working in their future home herself. She used to leave the hotel where she was staying at eight in the morning and be at the house by eight-thirty. She would work all day, and by the time Ric came from the studio she was too tired even to dress for dinner, so they'd go to some little restaurant where she could wear "any old thing" and talk about the house. Christine liked Ric's questions—he had left everything to her, but they definitely showed how deep his interest was.

"Our house is English style, with ten rooms, a terrace and a garden," she told me. "The living room is two stories high and I did it in brown red and white. Upstairs there are three bedrooms and a living room with comfortable chairs and old prints. Ric adores that living room. In fact, he's got a favorite chair, and when anyone else sits in it, he chases them away."

"I must tell you about our wedding and honeymoon. Ricardo arranged all the details of the ceremony—got the judge and the couple that stood up for us and our tickets to Arizona, and only told me about it the night before a dinner party. It was pretty hard to keep casual then when everyone was asking when we were getting married. Ric said, 'Oh, sometime soon, when I can get away from the studio.' And all the time I kept thinking of those tickets in his pocket and our plans that he had just told me about as a surprise!"

At the telegram, telegrams kept pouring in. The ones from the studio all reminded Ric in one way or another that he was due back. So the Kidds thought they'd have a short honeymoon in Santa Barbara. They arrived when it was so cold that they were the only ones to dinner that night. Huddled before the log fire in the dining room, Ric said suddenly, "You know, darling, it's almost like being at the studio again."

"So am I," answered Christine, and back they came to their beloved house in Hollywood. They refused to believe it but they liked their own hearthstone best. Ric didn't go into the scheduled picture after all, and so the Cortezes came to New York and had the time of their lives. New York didn't hold any bagatelles for Christine now.

"I believe in our marriage so much," she told me, "that if ever it failed I should never marry again. Never. I didn't feel like this even the first time. No matter what we do, Ric and I have fun together, even if it's only sitting before the fire, each of us reading. I think we act as a ballast for each other. Ric is very intense—too much so; but I think I'm getting him out of it. While I'm serious, I don't worry needlessly and I laugh a lot—it's the Irish in me. Ric loves to laugh, too, when he's not too intense over something. Of course we both want children very much. But I'm glad now I didn't have any before."

"Aren't you jealous of the women he makes love to in pictures?"

"No," she answered simply. "When I first knew Ric, I used to watch him work at the studio, but that was before we became serious about our love. Since then I've never gone near the place. I look upon the studio as his office and I don't think it's wise for a woman to visit her husband while he's working. She only gets in the way. Ric's not just an actor to me anymore—he's the man I love, but as for being jealous—well, I'm just not!"

"You don't have to be," I thought aloud. When I saw the Cortezes they were celebrating their wedding anniversary in terms of weeks. I bet that now that they are back in their honeymoon house and Ric is being the big pipe-and-slipper man at home, regardless of what villainies his roles require on the screen, Christine and he are still keeping up the custom. For here are two people who don't care whether Hollywood thinks them sentimental. They're in love and happy and that's the way they expect to remain the rest of their lives—which is the proper ending for any love story, isn't it?"
No More Pants!

Continued from page 51

That was fine for a starter. Marlene's self-aggrandizing talent—the one that makes her the Sex Goddess of Hollywood—was in full swing. She had been publicized as the new portrait of the screen goddess, and her publicity had been so intense that even the most skeptical of her fans had to admit that she was indeed one. But there was something else that set her apart from the rest. She was a...[rest of the text is not visible]
like a leather lunged football coach?" "Sam," I said, "you and I know that the true test of a trooper is the attitude of the rest of the company and the crew. How do the boys and girls on the set like Marlene?"

"They all like her down to the last stooge. She's gracious, kind, and generous. Why, one day I saw Dietrich combing out the curls of her hair-dresser after her own hair had been done."

"And she's an almost tigerish mother. Mad about her daughter Maria, who plays the young Catherine in the picture. The only time I saw Dietrich in a rare mood, and it was a pippin—was when the studio school-teacher insisted on cramming facts into the child's head between scenes. Maria has her own governess at home, and Marlene felt the little girl should be allowed to revel in her scenes. Dietrich's frenzy scared that school-ma'am out of her algebra!"

I asked Jaffe a question which has long puzzled the minds of many Dietrich fans. Is she a genuine artist, or merely a synthetic product of Von Sternberg's whip-lash? His answer had a surprise angle.

"Don't fret—she's an artist, all right. What's more, I think the screen has never made use of her greatest talent. She's a marvelous comedienne and mimic. She can put stitches in the set, initiating other people in the troupe. Some day, if they're wise, they'll let her do a spot of comedy, and she'll stirle the world!"

Well, she'll certainly diddle old Hall, for one! All these years we've only known her weighted down with earth's sorrows—getting knocked off as a Russian spy, suffering with the cramps of fruitless love, brooding bitterly through hot nights in Maria. When Marlene makes me howl, I'll believe in Santa Claus.

"And now, Sam, tell me," I said, breathing heavily, "is she really so beautiful?"

"Yes, my eyes grew misty, and he looked around to see if the Misus was within earshot.

"Beautiful?" he crooned. "You should see her! Minnamin! You wouldn't believe it!"

"And those legs, Sam?" I said.

"Like angels!" said Sam. I was all bucked up! Marlene was doing her stuff, missing Papa Joff, working hard in another great picture. It was the best news I had had in ages—well, weeks! Incidentally, you must all come up to Sam's house with me one day some time, and his wife do an imitation of Von Sternberg directing Dietrich that is a classic of satirical mimicry. It packed Hollywood parties, and it is now slaughtering New York, group by group. On the stage it would reap a fortune, but Sam and Lily do it for their pals.

When you see Jaffe's Mad Peter in "The Scarlet Empress" you will witness something Young Mr. Fairbanks, in the English-made "Catherine the Great"—a grand film)—plays the daffy car as a beautiful, shapely Harriet—a bit balmy, but certainly not stark crazy. Surely not a perfect car, he never bathed, who played squat-tag with his own servants, who went to bed with his boots on!

Sammy, on the other hand, does Peter pretty as much as Peter was—that is to say, one hundred percent goody, net! You'll want to know this Sam Jaffe, prince of good fellows, who left Hollywood willingly and with honor, and with the esteem and affection of his fellow cameramen. Sam will go back one day—they always do!

Certainly I knew you-all would be glad to know that Marlene Dietrich—lovely since and lost awhile, like the old hymn says—is again at the top of her gorgeous game, I'm sure I was. And NO MORE PANTS! 

---

**NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS**

6,000,000 Women Already Adopted New Inexpensive Scientific Beauty Plan

- Refines Skin Texture, Ends Large Pores, Pimples, Oili-ness, Blackheads, Flakiness.

**$5 facials, creams and lotions are out!**

American women have found an inexpensive, quicker way to skin beauty...a scientific formula that brings noticeable, new beauty in only 10 days!

Just think! In 10 days your skin, even if blemished, has again begun to look new and fresh as a baby's—texture finer, pores reduced, blackheads and oiliness gone, pimples (if any) clearing up.

**Nurses Discovered It**

IT'S NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM, first prescribed by doctors to end skin faults. Next adopted by nurses as an overnight skin corrector. Now the "miracle" formula that's saving fortunes on beauty care for 6,000,000 delighted women.

Noxzema is not a salve nor ointment. It is snow-white, greaseless, medicated. Noxzema promotes skin beauty Nature's way—through skin health. Its penetrating medication purges away hidden poisons that cause blemishes. Then its rare oils soothe and soften—it's ice-like, stimulating astrigents shrink the coarsened pores to exquisite fineness.

**HOW TO USE**: Start on the Noxzema Beauty Plan today. For quickest results apply twice daily—at night before retiring after removing make-up. In the morning wash off with warm water, then cold water or ice. Then apply a little more Noxzema as a corrective foundation for powder. You'll have Noxzema working for you all the time—bringing new life, new beauty to your skin—the soft, smooth loveliness that you've longed for.

**Special Trial Offer**

Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. If your dealer is out of Noxzema, take advantage of this special offer—fill out the coupon and send for a FREE 25c trial jar—enough for two weeks' treatment! Simply enclose 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

Noxzema Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. Dept. 85.

Please send me a 25c FREE trial jar of Noxzema Cream—enough for at least two weeks' treatment. Am enclosing 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ___________________________

City: _____________________________ State: ____________
CORNS

Quick, Sure Relief!
Here you see the scientific principle on which Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads act. These soothing, healing, protective pads instantly relieve pain of corns, bunion, claw, hammer, and other tender toes by removing the cause—nagging shoe pressure on the nerves and irritated tissues. Result: gratefully received comfort; protection against blisters, sore toes and abrasions; ease in new or tight shoes.

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUS
If you have corns or callouses, they will quickly loosen for easy, safe, painless removal. Separate Medicated Disks are included for that purpose in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. If you cut your corns or callouses, you risk blood-poisoning. If you use caustic liquids or plasters, you don't get at the cause and expose the skin to a burn. Don't experiment. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be safe and sure. Get a box at your dealer's today.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?
Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 102 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

Free for Asthma
If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so ter-
cible you choke and gasp for breath, if rest-
ful calm is impossible because of the
air you inhale and because of the
air you exhale, you must have this book.
I have written for you a remarkable method. No
matter what your trouble is, it will help you and
will aid in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime of without relief and you know that you have
nothing to lose, send for this free trial. If you have not suffered a lifetime of without relief you could learn
careful, don't feel ashamed or feel that you
are not worth it. You have something to lose,
your life, your health, your happiness. Give
this method a try, and see what it can do for you.

Learn Photography at Home

Screenland

Jemi-nifties

The beauty world is so full of a number of things... I'm sure we should all be as lovely as queens!

By Katharine Hartley

Feminities

Pals—oh, very lightly, because it would be hor-ible if you "layed it on too thickly." Shan-Kar, the
interesting Hindu dancer, who has been hold-
ing audiences spellbound, really started it. He and
his Hindu dancing girls not only wore a great many
of these hands, but also the bottoms of their feet—but the latter, of course, has nothing to do with
it. The hand business has, though, if you want to
give your hands dramatic interest, and a very,
very white look on top, by contrast. Also the
rouge, up very smoothly with the red of the finger
pads. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is sponsoring this
fashion, and recommends her very excellent liquid
rouge, called La Belle Coquette, for the purpose.

But do let's get down to something practical for a
good reason. Unfortunately, beauty isn't all a matter
of sweet fragrances, powder showers, or even Hindu
dancers. Alack and two alases, some of us have
trouble making our faces follow the upward trend in business. These
lines around the mouth persist in dragging down
and those furrows around the eyes pull our
spirits down with them. And oh, those sagging
double chins. However, you don't have to go to
a face-lifter to correct these things. You
can make great strides doing this for yourself at
home, if you only know how to go about it. And Eunice
Skelly is one woman I know who can tell
you. Her products are excellent for restoring
touch contour. If you're interested, write me, and I'll put
you in touch with her.

And speaking of contours—when a roll of flesh
around your waist keeps roll-rolling—and a girdle only makes it worse—then what you need is a diaphragm-reducing brassiere. Yes, and I'm not mak-
ing that up, for there is such a thing, made by Perfoelastic. It's perforated for comfort and
and long enough to fit well
swell. Yep, the sound and the cameramen sure liked Shirley!"

A year or so ago Merian Cooper summoned Shirley Burden to Hollywood to transfer his tact and talents for contact work to the R.K.O. lot, where "Coop" could use a willing worker. Soon our young hero was made an associate producer to work directly under his boss.

Now "young Shirley" has one very creditable picture to his credit, "Before Dawn." Another is on its way, "The Sea Girl," the script for which is being written by Gouverneur Morris.

Two of the screen's interesting Gothams of social prominence are Gifford Cochrane and John Krimsky, who brought that poignant picture of German schoolgirl life, "Maedchen in Uniform," to America. Mr. Cochrane saw it first in a theatre in Munich where he has an art studio, with his mother, the Princess Chlodwig Hohenlohe-Shillinger-furst. They were much impressed. Cochrane later told John Krimsky, president of that play-of-the-month company, Play-choice, about it, in Paris. They inquired and found seasoned producers had overlooked this gem. Some telephone calls and an airplane flight to Berlin made it theirs for a song.

"Girls in Uniform" was shown at the Criterion Theatre on Broadway, arousing intense admiration. It has recently been changed into an English-speaking version called "Children in Uniform," the voices of the players being supplanted by American speakers, by a new method called "Phone-tography," found by John Krimsky in Paris last summer.

Krimsky and Cochran have gone into the production of pictures. They made Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" in their Long Island studio with Paul Robeson, the negro singer. They are now searching for material of unusual nature, including scripts for George M. Cohan.

Gifford Cochran is a son of the late Gifford Cochran, Sr., financier and turfman, John Cochran and his younger brother, Harvey, who is another helpful youth like Shirley Burden, in matters of casting, research, and providing cheerful atmosphere are the sons of the famous surgeon, Dr. Joseph Krimsky, of Philadelphia.

Problems always intrigue the sportsman type. Some of these questions which fashion writers and glib mouthed who are playing with picture ideas today are: "How are you going to be able to find pictures that have passed their theatrical life but should be available for private and non-theatrical use?"

An answer to this question Douglas Burden, "Sonny" Whitney, William C. Chanler, Kermit Roosevelt, Marshall Field, DeWitt Sage and a group of friends pertinent to this story have been trying to find out by experiments and investigations.

This group organized the Beacon Film Company several years ago, and are preserving and supplying "Screen Masterpieces" just as a library would books—pictures of unending value such as "Grass," "The Silent Enemy," "The Viking," "Tom Sawyer," and in the future, those like "Little Women," "Alice in Wonderland," "Cavalcade." This company, with cutting and projection rooms, forms a meeting place for explorers and adventurers back from the faraway, with cans of exposed celluloid under their arms, and making a clearing house of jungle information.

William B. Osgood Field, Jr., one of the more experienced photographers of charming shorts, who has just returned from Soviet Russia; Sherman Pratt, who has specialized in picture subjects of Honduras; Floyd Crosby, also a "Social Registerite," whom Pratt accompanied to Tahiti when he made the lovely "Tabu"; Phelps Dodge, who is an exponent on European winter sports; Count Ilya Tolstoi, grandson of the noted Russian novelist, and Otis Barton, snake enthusiast, are some of the young men who may be expected to turn up at Beacon without a moment's notice.

The influx of "Societ" young people into the exciting side of pictures is increasing, too, with the arrival of such players as Elizabeth Young and John Lodge.

Society women actually associated with the screen are yet few, though Mrs. James A. Burden, recent president of the Colony Club, is on the board of directors of Beacon Films.

As a patron of the arts who has established a museum for the inspiration of American artists, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the sculptress, has inevitably endowed the screen with future benefactions. So, between "Young Shirley" Burden, and the Whitney company, Cooper and the "Society" has begun to invade the films. But to invade them, not for plunder which the word means, but to bring them something, Adornment, tradition, and carefully evaluated appreciation of beauty and the dignity of life. Imagination and inspiring ideas. The screen can and should have more of the deep culture which is preserved and cherished in our great families of wealth and generations of leisure living.

There have been many fine pictures, of late, beautiful, with the civilized point of view. Recent statistics would make it clear the audiences are increasing in demands with rising. The official age of the hypothetical movie patron has been raised from 12 to 14. The cavalcade of culture has begun to move!
When Gilded Youth Goes Celluloid

Continued from page 68

Mona Maris, Hardie Albright, Virginia Cherrill, now Mrs. Cary Grant, David Newell and Arthur Clayton.

The Fiske-Compagna idea will be to build up a strong, efficient group of technicians and directorial experts so perfect that they can function under any kind of weather conditions, light, or native idiosyncrasies of character. Then the trained players will be added as needed, either as a permanent group or for individual pictures. Mr. William Fiske, the Third—who, fraudly, is getting a little bit worn with the burden of having a name belonging at the same time to several other gentlemen in the family, it causing a small regiment to rise in answer to a call for one, and clerical mixups with mail—is certainly just the right young man for picking out spots in which to make unusual pictures in authentic settings. Ever since he was 14, he has traveled. Even before that, he went with his parents on journeys from New York to Paris.

He is slight, quiet, well-bred, and so charmingly natural that you feel at once at home with him.

"My first real trip off by myself was when I went to South America," young Mr. Fiske told me. "And I have committed back and forth between continents ever since."

The way he happened to become interested in making pictures was by meeting Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, at Saint Moritz, where they were both indulging in winter sports. After that they met at various unusual points of the compass, and the plans were that Fiske should go to China to work with Fairbanks on a story giving the colorful history of China from the time of Confucius to today, an idea originated by Mrs. Wellington Koo, the wife of the former Ambassador from China.

Some time ago, however, that idea was abandoned and Mr. Fiske, the Third, and Count Compagna, decided on their "Garbo" program, got together a story on Hawaii, and approached Lois Weber with it. Miss Weber felt much drawn to the thought of directing pictures again and felt that this time was particularly advantageous to the independent producer.

"We want mostly to do stories that are true," he remarked quietly, but with bright eyes. "In every country there are tales and superstitions based on fabulous characters that have some time lived there. There are heroic figures living today in difficult and remote countries, doing great things unheard of in civilized centers.

"The drama of industry reaching into primitive, native life would make the basis of powerful stories of conflict among races. There are situations of injustice far away from civilization, too, which might well be brought to the attention of the world by the screen."

"Our next picture, Count Compagna and I plan to call 'Moro.' It is to be made among Philippine tribesmen who are very war-like and the aristocratic Datu princes who inhabit the southern end of the largest island of the group, 'Mindanao.'"

"But you could not very well take a 'Garbo cast to a wild country like that," I thought. "The actors would at once 'tank they go home."

As if he anticipated my thoughts, Mr. Fiske went on: "But, of course, Monte Carlo settings on the spot would be 'authentic,' too. So we are going to Rio or Vienna or Nice. Pictures made in Hollywood can never have the same feeling of reality that would inevitably come to them by being made in the actual locales of the story. Or at least that is what we think and what we hope to prove."
"Baby Face" Grows Up
Continued from page 31

As a young soldier in the World War, hero of "All Quiet on the Western Front," Lew Ayres gave a good performance which is still remembered.

and he led me into a discussion of mutual likes and dislikes. He expressed extraordinary enthusiasm for the rhapsody he has composed. When he had two months without an assignment this last Winter, he devoted the better hours of each day to this piece. He anticipates a concert orchestra rendition.

But before I go into other details about Lew, I want to settle this love question. If I doubt his protestations, his statements that he is through with love for quite a spell, past experience is the excuse for my impolite behavior.

SCREENLAND readers will recall "The Lowdown on Lew and Lola," written shortly after their marriage in the Fall of 1931.

One week before Lew eloped with the blonde Lola, he solemnly assured me that he and she were merely "good friends." Now Ginger rates the same toga. If I've grown wary, am I to blame? They're tight-lipped words to his interlocutors, considering the stars who've uttered them and then done us wrong.

Why did no Lola split?

You may recollect I didn't take too optimist a stand in that forementioned article. They used to argue violently even before they married, which was hardly the best of starts. The trouble between them eventually climaxed when each refused to let the other be boss. Their wishes were too different.

"The simple life is what I want!" Lew would contend. And he meant exactly that. He desired none of the responsibilities of Hollywood fame, and was, and is, willing to act his head off in front of the cameras. But, away from the studios, he is totally uninterested in any doings which thrill the average celebrity. Premiers pain him—he's only been to three, and those under protest. Swankiness is an affection he cannot even pretend to enjoy.

Although Lola retired from the marriage some $35,000 the richer—that was the amount of the settlement Lew made with her—she was a beneficial influence upon Lew and his career, whether he recognizes the fact or not. It was Lola who persuaded him to dress up some times, to hire a secretary to handle his fan mail, and to be more tractable in his relations with film executives.

Quiet and unassuming as Lew is, his actions have often been as temperamental as, say, Margaret Sullivan's. He displayed comparatively little co-operation on the public liability attendant to stardom. Until Lola altered his viewpoint, he moodily declined to be annoyed by the customary off-screen obligations of a star.

Neither Lew nor Lola will be quoted upon each other. They do not slam in private, nor do they proclaim they are the best of friends. (Thank heavens for their originality!) There's no doubt they were in love, passionately, yet they have too much self-respect to despise the memory of their "noble experiment."

Personally, I'm depending on Lew's subconscious to march him to the altar with Ginger. The captivating red-head is so much more easy-going than Lola. She isn't making the mistake of trying to make him over, even if it would be for his advancement.

I don't give a darn for glamour in a girl," Lew confesses to me. His leading ladies, to whom he gives no tumbles, know this is only too true. "Pretty clothes? Oh, certainly, a girl has to be attractive. But I'd go mad if I were married to one of these stars who has to have a perfect

On Duty for Beauty!

Do your duty to your face—use Po-Go Rouge and Lipstick! Their Paris-styled shades bring you greater beauty than you've ever known. But that isn't all. Po-Go Rouge actually pays duty to come from France. For it's hand-made over there in a "different" way. Po-Go-smooth, it blends beautifully and stays on dutifully for hours, without streaking or fading. Po-Go Lipstick is equally permanent—and never a bit greasy or oily.

Get acquainted with the Po-Go twins now—and meet greater beauty at low cost! Po-Go Rouge is 60¢; Po-Go Lipstick only 55¢, everywhere!
A broadcasting and a second-hand Floyd charge. Hollywood, relates. I got as much as I could bring. I finished high school. Why? Oh, I discovered... I quit school. No, I never went to college as has been said. I didn't finish high school. Why? Oh, I discovered, I was musical, and I began earning so much money playing my banjo at dances that I soon felt too old for classes! At fifteen his wages averaged $75 a month. It took him but three weeks to master the banjo, incidentally. And gradually he played the guitar and sang. He drifted around the border towns, always returning home between jobs. Thrown into rough environments, he passed through this stage without being affected by the life-in-the-noon on every side. Because he wouldn't smoke or drink, they dubbed him "Baby-Face."

"When I got older I was ready to buck Hollywood. I tried to get in as an extra. When my money ran out, I took musical jobs. For two months I was the banjoist at the Coconut Grove. I worked with Harry Halstead's orchestra when the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel opened. I toured in theater band presentations. My last musical job was at the El Patio Ballroom, in Los Angeles.

"Everyone who encouraged me for pictures said my singing was my big advantage. And yet I have never been cast in a single musical! Every day I used to do something I thought would help me get my break. I made a daily list, and if I wasn't pestered my agent, I was making some kind of a potential contact."

No success more quickly than Lew's when once he had triumphed in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He excelled in that war drama because he was not the type who plays blood and thunder. He reacted to the horrible realism so spontaneously that, after two more appropriate vehicles, he was promoted to stardom.

"That—twenty-one!

Last December he observed, with considerable dismay, his twenty-fifth birthday. He is now on top of the world. Not to his reasoning. Four years of glory have remunerated him financially, but fame is not sufficient. He doesn't care for the words, and pretense.

"I don't have any fun in most of my parts," he complains with that Ayres' honesty. "If I could do vital, important roles..."

Lew has made his mark in Hollywood, without the aid of screen promoters. He has developed a wholesome, unassuming image, as he has developed his talent.

Audreene Brier is one of the lighter attractions in "Fox Follies," also one of the most high-powered.

noted scientist. Accompanying Mary wasn't at all exciting to him. But, when he was introduced to the Herr Professor—!

He eagerly requested the autographed photograph and this is still his prize exhibit. Furthermore, Einstein evidenced much interest in our Lew. He doesn't make friends easily. The boys who were with him in "All Quiet" remain his buddies to this day. Billy Bakewell, Russell Gleason, and Leon Alexander haven't gone nearly so far, cinematically speaking, but Lew is as loyal to them as they are to him.

Which calls to mind that time they made him cry!

"I happened to pass a second-hand auto market downtown and there was an old Flashek which looked so sad I decided to buy it." He paid $12.50 for it and managed to get it home alive. The studio, calling him, unwittingly ruined the old car for it gave his pals a chance for dirty work. While Lew was gone Billy, Russ, and Benny came by, examined his purchase, and determined to wreck it. They pounded the hood, banged the fenders, ripped out the upholstery, dented the lights. Then deserted marveling. Lew got home and saw what they'd done, he cried!

Probably his most intimate friend is Robert Burns, the radio entertainer. Burns was champion pistol shot of the Allied armies during the war and he and Lew especially relish duck hunting. They met during Lew's "Heaven on Earth."
sure, but perhaps Bob’s versatility dis-
tempered by the fact that he is one of those men who have determination and the dedication of three parts and gave seven vocal characteriza-
tions. The clean-cut, home-type sort, Lew’s main specialty, was his forte. He is too highly empha-
sized. The last time I saw him, which was for lunch out at Universal, he came into the casting department lobby and said that men would have blushed or taken it off. It was his working costume in the scene they’d been shooting and Lew, never dream-
ing how silly he looked, made no explana-
tion. He never expects people to recognize him. This is why he won’t doll up in stellar array. On his only trip to New York, last summer, he refused to put on airs. Within forty-five minutes after I went there, he appeared next to the State building!” he reported to me in counting the highlights of his jaunt. He was infinitely more awe by the architec-
tural wonders of the metropolis than he was by the opportunities for lavish whoop-
la. Nothing will give you a more accurate idea of Lew Ayres than this untold incident. When President Roosevelt came to Los Angeles before his inauguration, the city welcomed him officially at the Coliseum.

The “Picture-a-Month” Man

Players, a high school dramatic company which still carries on the Bellamy tradition. The boys, like Bob, are sub-
tial folk, bitterly opposed his stage aspira-
tions. Today, they are so proud of him that his mother confidently believes some of his stock performances to rank with any in the theatre. This sweet pride supplies the son with his biggest laugh.

We all have ideas of what we might have been. Although Ralph could never have been anything but an actor, so obviously strong was the urge, he regrets not going to college to become a geologist. He also claims that he might easily have become a farmer, but then, when we chatted with him on the veranda of his romantic California home overlooking a lemon grove, on to the waves of the Pacific ocean, spring was in the air and the smell of soil in our nostrils.

When he was seventeen Ralph made his stage début as an actor under the tutelage of wise old William Owen, stock star of classical and Shakespearean roles. Like most juveniles, Ralph played old men with funny beards. He stayed with Owen for a couple of seasons and that grand old trooper taught the youngster how to trompe and how not to trompe. Out of such schools come our best actors. The boyish career young Bellamy showed a surprising ability to form his own stock companies. He knows all the tricks. Just like his father, Ralph Bellamy got his first break in the curtain ca. It was while playing “Romance” in stock that Ralph met Catherine Willard, a stat-
esque girl, who managed to score a bit role on the Broadway stage in “The Great Gatsby,” “Young Love,” and other plays. Two years later they were mar-
ried in Reno, of all places! They quaintly figured that if they were married there, they would never have to go back. Before this stroke of good fortune, how-
ever, the hero of this vignette was flat-
broke in New York. In fact, he was flatter than a board. Barely existing in a Greenwich village basement apartment, he often wondered where the next meal was coming from. Along came a good samari-
tan in the dignified person of Arthur Hop-
kins, who are some of the most promising actor who could pluck in Hollywood pictures that couldn’t afford to return to the stage just then. Hopkins liked Bellamy. But he was afraid that Ralph might not be sufficiently powerful in appearance. So our hero went back to his basement, put on his only three vests and his most terry towelling undergarments, and got the part! He registered his first real Broadway success, and Joseph M. Schenk saw him and signed him to a picture contract, over-
night.

Before the first week was over, Bellamy had had the thrill of nine offers for both pictures and plays, where before there had been nothing in the offer but the bread line.

Like so many good actors, Bellamy had to make good in pictures in a round-about fashion. Schenk loaned him to Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer to portray a role with Jean Harkov, Clark Gable, and Wallace Beery in “The Secret Six.” A fellow pro-
ducer confided to Schenk that while Bel-

l...
Tired...Nervous Wife
Wins Back Pep!

Her new nerves were soothed. She knows that "dead tired" feeling no longer.

Mild, which got the well-known "dead tired" feeling no longer.

"If the tenant wished to change a room, he could change the entire paint-
ing of the walls and furniture, changing the draperies and covers, and altering the pic-
tures he has hung."

Most artists are beginning to realize, from seeing beautiful interiors on the screen and from reading articles on home decor-
ation in newspapers and magazines, that they can, in their own work, fill a needed place. But many of us don't know how to

remedy the defects and we certainly cannot do it alone.

Mr. Patterson's scheme would give us the advantage of the services of a good in-
terior decorator without extra charge.

"Russia, Germany, and Austria are away ahead of us when it comes to tenements de-
signed to replace the shams they have de-

molished." Today, New York is beginning to take hold of this problem at last, but why should design be limited to tenements?

"We are not free to do apartment houses

for big cities, in which we'd use these ideas. The basements would be used for parking cars, of course, and there would be dishes,

signs and spotlights in those buildings that admitted children, or as gardens where

tenants could get sun and air. The idea

would also work out very well for the

country homes or houses on a larger scale.

"Today, if you happen to live in a Span-

ish house and decide to move you may not

be able to find another Spanish house that

pleases you. So you move into a French

chateau and have to scrap your furniture, for Spanish things don't go in a French
dwelling.

"If the furniture came with the house, you would leave your Spanish things in the

Spanish house and find good French things in the new French one, thus saving both

money and temper.

"Even if you live in a house of no par-
ticular period, when you move—and you

know they say the national crest should

have a moving van on it—your furniture

usually fails to fit the new place. The

measurements are too long or too short; the light falls differently so that the pieces
do n't appear the same."

"It is the custom for the man of average

means today to turn in his low or medium-

priced car for a new model every year or

a new model when you tire of it. I can't un-

derstand why a man should keep furniture

until it falls apart when he wouldn't dream of

keeping his car when it got out-of-date.

"As you grow older, your personality ex-

pands, your taste develops, you tire of the

things you once adopted—not of them, but
certainly some of them. Why should you have to live with the heavy old-fash-
doned pieces your father-or your gown for a wedding present? You are modern. You

will feel better in modern surround-
ings.

"I prefer modern furniture for modern people, so my new homes will contain beau-
tiful things designed after the modern manner. The furniture will be well-pro-
portioned, well-colored, comfortable as well as decorative. It will look as if it be-

longed in the room because it will be-

signed with that particular mind."

"In Paris, you can go out and get antiques anywhere—there are two or three

shops in a single block—all of the antique furn-

iture, poor stuff and fakes. But try to get

modern things, of course, but you don't want

bad new ones any more than you want bad

old ones."

"The way to educate your taste so that you will know good from bad is to watch

the interior sets that appear on the screen. If you are thinking of getting married, or

consider buying a home comes from your old one, you will do well to see a number of films featuring modern young

people. Observe the smartness of their dress, the way their draperies hang, and the kind of

tables at which they dine or serve tea. They give you hints of new methods of lighting, new styles in dresses, the latest thing in smoking accessories. If you should plan a "home of the future" perhaps your architect can incorporate some of the new ideas you gather from your pic-
ture-going into the place you intend to live."

"An idea of furnishing that can be used for small bachelor apartments, flats,

more spacious houses; city homes,

country homes, summer cottages, mountain

and little shacks by the sea. Each one

should have furniture created especially for it," explained Mr. Patterson.

The bigger picture that price chance for the artist has for carrying out his ideas. A library can be outfitted with book-shelves done with imagination, with tables and chairs or couches where people can read with the greatest comfort and least strain on the eyes. A music-room can be equipped with instruments and suitable furniture where music can be performed and enjoyed. Radios can be installed as easily as refrigerators, with per-

haps a chance of pleasing design.

There are some interesting new ideas in draperies that could be used in these extremely modern homes. I have seen

draperies made of metal that fold up stiffly and geometrically, but look like fabric. They are very good-looking, can be had in almost any color, and wear like iron.

Another new material for curtains—

one that Mr. Jageman and I intend to use in our next picture—metal. It is

some nice examples of metal curtains to be seen in rooms on the screen. Good-looking
tables are made of glass and metal com-

bined. Wood can be used, of course, but metal is newer.

"One tenant may have the furniture up-

holstered in figured chintz. The next one may change this for solid-colored satin, or

the next one for velvets or shaggy

carpet or shiny materials now on display.

"Furniture for gardens, patios, sun-

rooms, verandas or terraces is another

thing. There are many metal, wicker, or

wooden furniture pieces that come in many
colors. We use stuff like this for the roof gardens on our model apartment

buildings."

"Having the less interior decor-

ators today to forbid pictures as wall decor-

ations. Almost the first thing the expert
does when he enters a house is to take in his eyes the walls, portrait, paintings, and
carvings.

But not Mr. Patterson. "It all depends on the picture, he
Russell Patterson explains to Pat Patterson, (drop a "4", printer), some of his new ideas on color and design.

pointed out, "A painting should be carefully hung. It can negate or destroy a room. A painting's financial value doesn't matter a hoot. You may own a painting of cows in a pasture that set you back more than $4,000—but where could you put it? The best place to think of for a subject like that is the kitchen, and you don't hang pictures there.

"I am not against pictures if they belong in a room, and often a room can be designed to hold a valuable painting. Of course if you have a good Spanish picture, it will look well in a Spanish room. A nice sporting print will ornament your play-room.

"In England, many old houses have art galleries in which collections of family portraits, and other examples of art not always valuable or even good, are displayed. If you are a collector, a gallery especially designed for your collection is not a bad idea, but as a rule your pictures can be hung in your home if care is taken in placing them."

When you are viewing on the screen sets or pieces of furniture that seem to you desirable as hints for decorating your own abode, remember to heed Mr. Patterson's warning:

"Don't try to reproduce the sets you see in cartoons, nor costumes or in fantasies. The things you see in these productions are designed for the effect and will not wear well. Also be careful about copying pieces you see that seem fantastic in a dramatic picture. Be sure the article of furniture is not there for some purpose other than the story to symbolize the theme or help express an unpleasant character—before you incorporate it into your dream home."

Have They a Right to a Private Life?

Continued from page 19

remain his fans, they are privileged to make demands on his personal time.

I have observed that most stars who are living normal, hard-working lives do not object to publicity. Any interviewer is welcome to visit the homes of Richard Arlen, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Dolores Del Ráo, Madge Evans and scores of other stars, and write what they may. Arlen has many writer-friends who sit often at his table. These writers know almost as much about Dick's private life as his own wife, Jobyna Ralston Arlen. The same is true of Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee, who both maintain secret lives from the press.

Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford have always taken the press into confidence. This is the one time Joan did not (when she separated from Doug Fairbanks, Jr.), regretted afterwards, and she told many writer friends that she was sorry she had not confided in them all.

That the public believes it has a right to be intimate with its public idols is best proven by the same public's actions when the stars appear in person. When Miss Harlow made a personal appearance tour and stopped in Boston, a mob of adoring fans met her at the theatre stage door. She spoke briefly to them, then walked toward her automobile, parked at the curb. Suddenly a fan ran close to Jean and seized the corset from her shoulder. Another grabbed the pin that had held the flowers in place. A mad rush followed! Her police guard was pushed helplessly aside, and scores of frenzied Harlow admirers grabbed for the star. When she reached her car, Jean's evening gown was almost in shreds; in fact, it was practically gone, and she wore little more than her sheer silk undies. Luckily for her ego, Jean wore a fur coat at the time, and this covered her otherwise embarrassing lack of clothing.

George Raft similarly had the buttons torn from his clothes by wild-eyed fans. Mary Pickford's ermine coat was badly torn in another mob-rush. Joan Crawford lost a parasol, a handbag, and a gardenia corsage at a theatre premiere not so long ago.

Now if fans feel entitled to enact such exhibitions of adoration, then certainly they must also feel entitled to know in fullest detail about the private lives of the stars.

The stars belong to the public, just as men in political life belong to the public. Human beings who expect and need the support and loyalty of the public should enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of their professions. They should not expect to receive this support without giving. They should be willing to sacrifice privacy in return for the vast reward that comes with their success and renown.

For after all, the motion picture reward is so great that it justifies loss of certain freedoms. In what other profession could Constance Bennett, for example, make as much money as she has made in her role of screen star? Miss Bennett owes much to motion pictures. If her private life is so exciting and unique that its details read like modern fiction, she can hardly expect that her activities will not be blared in public print.

Remember, I say this is true only when private lives make good reading. After all, the public is little interested in the ordinary story of the story of quiet happiness in the home. Constance Bennett and her Margaux commanded thousands of columns of newspaper space, while the home-life of the Dick Arlen's receives only rare mention.

In fact, I may sum up my entire story with this: "I am a movie-famous man."

If you would keep your personal affairs out of print, then live your life in such fashion that there is nothing your public would be anxious to try to learn about.

If you cannot so maintain your personal affairs, be prepared to see your private life broadcast by the press. For your life belongs to your public.

Why not recognize that fact, and be good sports about it?
THE New, Flexible IDENTIFICATION BRACELET...Sterling Silver...

THE New, Flexible IDENTIFICATION BRACELET...Sterling Silver...

Accents Your INDIVIDUALITY

STRENGTHEN.

Consult Yogi Alpha

ABOUT YOUR FUTURE

1934 is the year of opportunity, of depth, of inspiration. Here's your chance to start afresh, to begin anew. Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity, and you'll find that the future is yours to make. Alpha, the world's most successful fortune-telling system, is back with a new, improved version—the latest in a series of breakthrough developments in Alpha history. Alpha is the only system that has been scientifically tested and proven to work. It's the only system that can give you accurate, personal insights into your future. So don't delay—take advantage of this wonderful opportunity now.

Women's Faded Gray Hair

Women, meet your new ally in the fight against gray hair: Faded Gray. Faded Gray is a revolutionary new formula that not only covers gray hair but also rejuvenates it, giving you a natural, sophisticated look. Faded Gray is easy to use—just apply it to your hair as you would a shampoo. Faded Gray is available in a convenient roll-on bottle. Order your supply today.

Deafness Is Misery

Many people with deafness have trouble hearing the world around them. However, now there is a solution. Deafness is Misery is a revolutionary new device that uses vibrations to transmit sound to the inner ear, allowing people with deafness to hear once again. Deafness is Misery is easy to use—just place it against your ear and enjoy the sounds of the world around you. Order your Deafness is Misery today and experience hearing like never before.

Are You Flat-Chested? Bust Developed

Are you flat-chested? Are you looking for the perfect bust? Look no further! Are You Flat-Chested? Bust Developed is the solution you've been waiting for. This innovative new product is designed to help women achieve the bust size they desire. Are You Flat-Chested? Bust Developed is easy to use—just apply it to your skin and enjoy the results. Order your Are You Flat-Chested? Bust Developed today and experience the confidence of having the bust you always wanted.

NEW FRENCH EXUBERANT METHODS FROM PARIS

FRENCH EXUBERANT METHODS FOR PARIS

FRANCE, 1934—It is always a pleasure to see the French, with their boundless energy and exuberance, undertake a new form of exuberant movement. But never before has such an event been planned as will now take place in the French capital, Paris. The French are famous for their fashion, and the new French exuberant methods are sure to be a hit. The methods are based on the principle that exuberance is the key to happiness and success. Those who attend these events will be sure to leave with a renewed sense of exuberance and vitality. So don't miss out on this exciting new event—come to Paris and experience the new French exuberant methods for yourself!
the Arabs and silently stolen away—taking with me the pleasant feeling that radio stars, despite their almost machine-like perfection while on the air, are honest-to-goodness people nevertheless—and pretty enjoyable ones at that!

Baby LeRoy is said to be considering radio offers. Ever hear a dream squawk? . . . For hilarious radio-movie burlesque get an earful of "Colonel Newsdale's Stoopid of the Air." On the Col.'s current C. R. S. programs . . . Radio is now fully equipped with its own Garbo. She's the delightful Maude Adams, famous stage actress, with an unbroken record of more than forty interviewless years. . . . Theme song for the housekeeping bride: "Smoke Gets in Your Pies." . . . Eastern listeners who can catch a 1:15 P. M. program will be richly rewarded with a series of uniquely interesting talks by Miss Dorothy Schreier, blind instructor of the blind. Miss Schreier, young and extremely attractive, furnishes an inspiring example of the triumph of will and courage over a physical disability. Graduate of two training schools for teachers of the blind, she performs a splendid and important work in giving auditors a keen insight into the minds of the unseen. Tuesdays on WOR, Newark. . . . Most whiskered wheeze of the month: Jack Benny's, "If you had a brain you'd be a half-wit." . . . Petite Helen Ochstein, the Show Boat contralto, gave a big-time recital all her own nesday at New York's T. W. drawer "Bravas" from the mouth. So you thought the talkie five or six years old? Then Gus Van, now appearing on Tuesday evening series with . . . Mr. Van deposes that his late partner, Joe Schenck, in talking film away back in a primitive cylinder record: "The picture was so terrible, "that we walked out on it." Fred Waring's favorite day is . . . On that portentous date he did first broadcast in 1921, and the later, almost to the hour, he is: his present series for Columbia. "Fifteenth Anniversary Round other day, was one of the best G kind ever heard. . . . Truly among the past winter's more ser grams were the Sunday afternoon of the New York Philharmonic-Syphony Orchestra, conducted for the most Arturo Toscanini, which the Columbia work broadcast nationally. Toscanini is recognized as one of the most and eloquent interpreters of orchestra music that the world has ever known. He frequently surpassed even his customary heights of musical expression, and the performance as a whole brought new dignity to radio. Encore!

Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 13

The Lost Patrol
R-K-O

A British sergeant and ten men are lost in hostile Mesopotamian desert country. Their attempts to reach their regiment, their struggle to hold up their withering morale, and the final fate of each one in turn are told in this generally absorbing film play. The performances are uneven and the dialogue not always convincing, but the story will interest and at times thrill you. Victor McGlaglen, Wallace Ford, Boris Karloff handle the main roles.

Harold Teen
Warner

This very effective silent picture of several years ago should have been made into a talkie long ere now. Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson are outstanding as Harold and Liliums of the comic strip. The story is trivial, concerned itself with school-day antics, but the various incidents are astonishingly human and likable. Besides LeRoy and Hudson, the cast is made memorable by the performances of Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, and Patricia Ellis—all excellent. Teen fans—others too—will like it.

I Believed In You
Fox

You will meet Rosemary Ames in this picture, and probably you'll like her. She is a bit Dietrich-Bankeheadish, so now you know what to expect. The picture is rather dull, but thanks to good work by Victor Jory and John Boles, it rises above drudgery. All about a girl and a group meeting up with a group of Greenwich Villagers, whose friendship proves worthless. So she goes to the right man, after all, for a happy ending—and isn't that what you want?
Drinks Whiskey
No More

Wonderful Treatment Helped Faithful
Wife to Save Husband When
All Else Failed

Try it FREE
Wives, mothers, sisters, it is you that
drink Whiskey, Wine or Beer and
must be helped, for in a very few years
you may have a broken home. Thought it
difficult to quit—But you can help him.
What it has done for others is an
example of what it should do for you. All
you have to do is send your name and address
to Dr. Haines, Dept. 99, 753 Glenn Building,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your Marriage Forecast
As Told By Your Stars
What's the romance in store for you...
destined from the day of your birth? Where
should you marry? What is your best
year? Send full birthdate with Time and
Place. GOLIHER TREATMENT, 10c.

Liquor Habit
Send for Free Trial of Nasono, a
premier remedy for any
habit. Can be given gently in food or drink to
anyone who drinks Whiskey, Wine, Alcohol,
etc. Your request for Free Trial brings
trial supply by return mail and full
statement of treatment, which
you may try under a 30 day return guarantee.
Nasono at our risk. ARLED CO. Dept. 107
Baltimore, Maryland.

Asthma
Suffering Overcome—Quickly, Safely!
Am-GoN, amazing new California home
remedy, quickly stops Asthma,
Bronchitis, Hay Fever suffering. Absolutely
SAFE for young or old. No
matter how many remedies you have tried, Am-Gon
quickly overcomes
that wheezing, choking sensation and enables you to
breathe
FREELY, EASILY again. Promotes sound, restful sleep. We want YOU
to prove its value to YOURSELF WITHOUT RISKING ONE CENT

MAIL

COUPON

NATIONAL LABORATORIES

Dept. 108, 139 N. Vermont, Los Angeles, California.

Free 8-day Trial Offer, and Free Book

Mail for FREE BOOK—Inside Cover—This Offer is

Hay Bronchitis
Before


After

Sleeps Soundly NOW!

"Failed to 15 yrs. with Bronchial

Asthma, cured..."—Dr. Chmiel.

"Tried everything without relief.

After using 3 bottles of Am-Gon

feels like a new person. Got

totally of yawn and sleep

soundly the whole night thru."

GREAT Lace & Toilet

Gifts

Every order receives a

GREAT Lace & Toilet Gift!

AM-GON LABORATORIES

Dept. 108, 139 N. Vermont, Los Angeles, California.

Free 8-Day Trial Offer, and Free Book

All in a Day's Work

Continued from page 69

pair of fresh gloves (which always make you feel ready for anything), and a differ-
ent hat, perhaps. Even a pair of high-
eled shoes puts you literally and figura-
tively "on your toes," even after a long
day. And then you can all be kept natty out of the way, in a hat box.

Whatever you do, don't wear a fuzzy
afternoon or cocktail dress to the office,
even though your after-work date is an
important one. Instead of looking like a
"picture," you'll stand out against the office
to the background like a sore thumb!
Now You're Talking

Continued from page 8

John Bunnyfeather: Lionel Barrymore.
Don Luis: John Barrymore.
Florence Odsey: Margaret Sullivan.
Bill Carlisle, 941 Eleventh Ave., North, Seattle, Wash.

"HI" PRAISE!
"Hi, Nellie!" Here's to Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell for a rip-sorrying, fast-moving newspaper tale that was swell entertainment. And did Paul "get me? Verily—and deservedly, too. And Glenda—some gal! Write her up editorially, Miss Evans, please. Thanks a lot!
E. J. Bennet, 942 Shadet Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

RAZZING THE RAZZERS!
When one can see and hear Ann Harding, what difference does it make if her leading man has two or three buttons on his dinner jacket? When one can be held spellbound by "Footlight Parade," what matters it whether Dick Powell really plays piano or not?
Let's quit squawking!
Mary NaDal,
1323 So. Gary St.,
Tulsa, Okla.

'RAH, TEAM!
Producers be praised for again teaming Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell! And again more praise, for giving Janet a part suited to her blithe, winsome, enchanting self. Together, Janet and Charlie are invincible. They will win greater plaudits, make more hearts beat faster, and pile up new box-office records!
Mary Belle Walley,
Box 357,
Butter, N. J.

EDDIE, PICTURE PURLOINER!
Another picture lost? Gone to the dogs? No—happily, to Edward Everett Horton! He picked up "Design for Living" and walked off with it. He gave, as always, reality to his rôle—the only one in the picture who made us feel that it was anything but farcical and insubstantial.
Myrtle Dunn,
Minneapolis, Minn.

ALL FOR ANN!
Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady" confirmed my fondest hopes. Here's an actress who has depth to her acting! She is no shallow painted doll being moved around the set with straws. There is always an earnestness about her work. She knows what she's doing—and does it superbly!
Florence Campbell,
Danville, Ill.

DECORATING BING!
I hereby vote Bing Crosby a medal. For what? Why, for being the first radio star "recruited" by the movies who doesn't appear to be performing for Ye Olde Drama League. His singing and acting ability make a great combination.
Florence Moran,
Tacoma, Wash.

HER SPOKEN "LINES" ARE GOOD, TOO!
When will they start to appreciate Mae West for her acting ability instead of merely for her curves? Her delightful humor and snappy wiscracks have right-fully earned her a place among the country's leading exponents of comedy. Forget about the curvaceous—and applaud the facetious—Mae!
W. A. O'Keefe,
Lynn, Mass.

Wynne Gibson is in accord with the new craze for artificial flowers made from colored gingham. Wynne designed these "daisies" of orange and white cloth. Clever idea, what?
Ask Me! Continued from page 72

Gwenllian Gill is a new inducement offered by Paramount to like their pictures. She’s one of the girls with Dick Arlen in “Come on, Marines!”

Margie M. I haven’t a record of Eddie Tamblyn, who played the role of Harry in “The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.” If he appears again I’ll try to get the “low-down” on him. Look out, Eddie!

Franklin D. It means turning back the clock a few hours to get in touch with some of the old silent players of a few years ago. Blanche Sweet played “Annie Christie” in 1923 and Norma Talmadge delighted us with a silent “Smilin’ Through.” Norma hasn’t made a film for some time. Blanche Sweet has made a few stage appearances since her retirement from the screen. She was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 18, 1896. She has light brown hair and dark grey eyes and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. She was divorced from Mickey Neilan in 1929.

Toumoutte H. Sorry I haven’t any personal information on Robert Barrat but he has been appearing in many popular films in the past year. He played Fritz, the strong man, in “Lily Turner” with Ruth Chatterton; he was the butler in “Secret of the Blue Room”; played in “The Kennel Murder Case”; “Wild Boys of the Road”; “Ann Carver’s Profession”; “Heroes for Sale”; “The Silk Express” and “Mayor of Hell.” Jimmy Cagney’s brother William makes his picture debut in “Palooka” with Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Stuart Erwin, Mary Carlisle and Robert Armstrong.

Robert Young Fan. You are right—the young doctor—son of Helen Hayes in “The Sin of Madelon Chang” was played by Robert Young. He was born on February 22, 1907, in Chicago, Ill. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He was educated in Seattle, Wash., and attended high school in Los Angeles, Calif. He began his picture work in 1931. Among his pictures you may have seen are “Today We Live,” “Hell Below,” “Tugboat Annie,” “Saturday’s Millions,” “The Right to Romance,” “Carolina,” and “Spitfire.”

Rose K. Claudette Colbert’s first appearance on the stage was in 1924, and in 1927 she made her first picture, “For the Love of Mike,” with Ben Lyon. She did not care for silent screen work and went back to the stage. Paramount offered her a featured role in the talking film, “The Hole in the Wall”; she accepted and enjoyed the work. Her next release was “The Lady Lies,” followed by “The Big Pond,” opposite Maurice Chevalier, in which she played both English and French versions. Next came “Young Man of Manhattan,” co-starring with her husband, Norman Foster; then “Manslaughter”; “Honor Among Lovers”; “The Smiling Lieutenant”; “Secrets of A Secretary”; “His Woman”; “Misleading Lady”; “The Man From Yesterday”; “Sign of the Cross”; “Tonight Is Ours”; “I Cover the Waterfront”; “Torch Singer” and “Four Frightened People.”

E. G. of S. Africa. I’m surely glad to publish your very special request for more John Boles singing pictures. He would be no end pleased to know how you South Africans love his pictures and his beautiful singing voice. You’ll have a treat then when you hear him sing in his latest release, “Dearly beloved.” Have you seen him in “Only Yesterday” with Margaret Sullavan, one of the screen’s greatest new “finds”? If you haven’t seen these two grand pictures, ask your nearest cinema house manager to exhibit them. Come again, E. G.

Walter and Floyd. I see you are both Loretta Young connoisseurs—I’ll not try to change your minds on that score, for I like her, too. Loretta was married to Grant Withers, but has been divorced for some time. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1912. Her real name is Gretchen Young. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. In 1927 she played a small part with Colleen Moore in “Naughty But Nice.” She played with the late Lon Chaney in “Laugh, Clown, Laugh” in 1928. Her latest releases are, “The Devil’s in Love”; “Midnight Mary” and “A Man’s Castle.”

E. K. So, when all others fail, you consult Dr. Vee Dee! I’m sorry you have had so much trouble with your questions but why ask such hard ones? I do not know if Harry Bannister was married before his union with Ann Harding. Harry and Ann led a very quiet life while both were on the stage—thinking the world was only interested in their stage characterizations and not their personal lives. Too bad their marriage failed.
Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes... lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes... Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.
- as we go along

We believe you'll enjoy them

Chesterfield they're Milder
they TASTE BETTER
WANT TO HAVE A HOLLYWOOD FIGURE? See Page 22
Man-Made Movies for Women! By Beth Brown
Intelligent and fastidious, she realizes that anyone, herself included, may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) without knowing it. So she takes no chances; every day, and especially before social engagements, she uses Listerine. That is her assurance that her breath cannot possibly offend... Are you as careful about this matter? Do you take it for granted that your breath is always agreeable? Don't! It's far safer to assume that it isn't, and use Listerine. Listerine combats fermentation, the cause of 90% of odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves — deodorizes hours longer, too.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Do they need to tell you?
SPARKLING

Ginger Rogers

TELLS HOW SHE KEEPS HER VITALITY UP AND HER WEIGHT DOWN!

With her fresh, vivid bon m'oy and lively talent, Ginger Rogers is singing, dancing, and romping her way to new fame in the recently released RKO Radio Picture "Finishing School."

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:
1. Supplies energy efficiently. Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet), important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.
2. Builds, repairs. Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance the diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.
3. Is one of the most easily digested foods, 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."

Send for Betty Crocker's Free Book

Dear Betty Crocker,

In motion picture work, one of our duties is to eat the right food. Bread is important because it gives so much energy -- and we know beauty and vitality require energy. I enjoy bread at every meal.

Slim, buoyant, and carefree . . . with radiant health and as pretty a figure as you'll see in many a day! It's proper food and proper exercise that does it, says Ginger Rogers. And proper food includes bread, every day, according to this charming young star. Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

FASCINATING NEW USES FOR BREAD SUGGESTED BY BETTY CROCKER

Free! This clever new book, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)" . . . a host of tempting new recipes and menus by Betty Crocker, noted cooking expert. Suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make attractive, correctly balanced meals. Ideas for sandwiches, appetizers, soup and salad accompaniments, etc. . . . using the delicious, wholesome breads and other baked wheat products supplied you in appetizing variety by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.
The New Baby Stars of Hollywood!

Thirteen isn’t an unlucky number in Hollywood! Ask some of the winners of past Wampas elections. Included among the girls selected by the Hollywood press-agents’ organization as potential starlets, during the eleven years “the boys” have been voting, have been such names as Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Evelyn Brent, JobynaRalston, Laura LaPlante, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Fay Wray, June Collyer, Sally Eilers, Lupe Velez, Helen Twelvetrees, Loretta Young, Joan Blondell, Constance Cummings, Frances Dee, Sidney Fox, Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise, Joan Marsh, Marian Marsh, Karen Marley, Marlay Carlisle, Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, Gloria Stuart, and Dorothy Wilson. To be a “Wampas Baby Star” has meant to receive a certain amount of recognition in the film capital. So the newest batch of Baby Stars are standing in the limelight now. The 1934 Wampas Winners are: Judith Arlen, Jean Carmen, Betty Bryson, Helena Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Hazel Hayes, Jean Gale, Ann Hovey, Lucille Lund, Lu Ana Meredith, Gig Parrish, Jacqueline Wells, Katherine Williams. What, you’ve never heard of some of them? Well, remember their names, because they may show you. Miss Bryson, by the way, is a niece of Warner Baxter. Miss Cohan is the daughter of the famous George M. Cohan. You may remember Miss Hovey in “Wild Boys of the Road.” Good luck, girls, and SCREENLAND’s hearty congratulations go with you!
YOU ARE INVITED TO THE
HOLLYWOOD PARTY
R.S.V.P. - Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium

A LAUREL TO LUPE - AND OLIVER'S ALL OF A TWIST!

IS IT MARCO POLO? OR DURANTE'S INFERNO? -WELL ANYWAY IT'S A CLASSIC

THE 'BARON' SAID MEET PING PONG, THE SON OF KING KONG. MICKEY SAID, OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND THE FIGHT WAS ON!

NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALEZ - AND JIMMY IS KNOCKED FOR A LUPE

SCHNARZAN AND HIS MATE - SHE PROVES TO BE A BUST.

HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.

WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.
If ever an actor was predestined by heaven for a rôle, that actor is Will Rogers and the rôle is David Harum. As the eager New England horse-swapping, his trading exploits occupy most of the footage, and you'll find yourself grinning, then chuckling, then howling as the shrewdly shy Will triumphs or gets stuck. Evelyn Venable is sweetly arch, (perhaps a bit too much so); and Kent Taylor is suitably manifold as her beau.

"The Marines have landed!"—and the girls will never be the same! Devil Dogs Dick Arlen and Roscoe Karns get hilariously involved with tropical bandits, picturesque ladies, and their fellow warriors in this rough and rollicking fable, whose outline follows the dependable "tough soldier" formula—but what matters? Ida Lupino is so pretty, and Grace Bradley is handsome and amusing.

The lovely débutante whose heart has been won by a plebian musician is forced by her upper-crust mama to shun him for the attentions of a worthless society lad. All of which sounds slightly familiar—and is. There's a new twist or two here, but in general it's the old story re-told. Frances Dee is a lovely heroine; Gene Raymond plays the musician plausibly; Alison Skipworth and Harry Green help considerably.

And all six of 'em positively priceless! Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, and W. C. Fields at their best—what more can you ask of any comedy? Ruggles, a hard-working bank cashier, starts on a well-earned vacation, but before he knows it the poor man is the pivot of an uproarious plot involving a Great Dane, a crazy sheriff, missing bank notes, and Gracie Allen. See it for good, old-fashioned laughs.

If ever an actor was predestined by heaven for a rôle, that actor is Will Rogers and the rôle is David Harum. As the eager New England horse-swapping, his trading exploits occupy most of the footage, and you'll find yourself grinning, then chuckling, then howling as the shrewdly shy Will triumphs or gets stuck. Evelyn Venable is sweetly arch, (perhaps a bit too much so); and Kent Taylor is suitably manifold as her beau.

"The Marines have landed!"—and the girls will never be the same! Devil Dogs Dick Arlen and Roscoe Karns get hilariously involved with tropical bandits, picturesque ladies, and their fellow warriors in this rough and rollicking fable, whose outline follows the dependable "tough soldier" formula—but what matters? Ida Lupino is so pretty, and Grace Bradley is handsome and amusing.

The lovely débutante whose heart has been won by a plebian musician is forced by her upper-crust mama to shun him for the attentions of a worthless society lad. All of which sounds slightly familiar—and is. There's a new twist or two here, but in general it's the old story re-told. Frances Dee is a lovely heroine; Gene Raymond plays the musician plausibly; Alison Skipworth and Harry Green help considerably.

And all six of 'em positively priceless! Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, and W. C. Fields at their best—what more can you ask of any comedy? Ruggles, a hard-working bank cashier, starts on a well-earned vacation, but before he knows it the poor man is the pivot of an uproarious plot involving a Great Dane, a crazy sheriff, missing bank notes, and Gracie Allen. See it for good, old-fashioned laughs.

The lovely débutante whose heart has been won by a plebian musician is forced by her upper-crust mama to shun him for the attentions of a worthless society lad. All of which sounds slightly familiar—and is. There's a new twist or two here, but in general it's the old story re-told. Frances Dee is a lovely heroine; Gene Raymond plays the musician plausibly; Alison Skipworth and Harry Green help considerably.

And all six of 'em positively priceless! Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, and W. C. Fields at their best—what more can you ask of any comedy? Ruggles, a hard-working bank cashier, starts on a well-earned vacation, but before he knows it the poor man is the pivot of an uproarious plot involving a Great Dane, a crazy sheriff, missing bank notes, and Gracie Allen. See it for good, old-fashioned laughs.

There's a wealth of splendid talent to charm you in this pleasantly mild little musical with a background of—give up?—the film business! If only equal attention had been lavished on the story and songs—but we can't have everything, can we? So here's proper gratitude for Pat Paterson, an agreeable little eyeful; Spencer Tracy, who makes the most of a too-subordinate part; John Boles, Herbert Mundin, Thelma Todd.

Freddie March, of all suave young actors, here becomes an underworld "gyp" artist, exuding tough talk and lamentable morals. But oh, that heart of gold!—and how it functions when Sylvia Sidney, the wistful little waif, heaves into his life. More important in writing would have enhanced this film; but thanks to the fine acting by the principals, Russell Hopton, Jack LaRue and Noel Francis, it's a fair fun.

A sock in the eye may not solve many real-life problems. But it brings down the house when planted on the maliciously seductive Constance Cummings by Ralph Bellamy, whose marriage with Irene Dunne she has thoroughly dashed. Miss Dunne plays handsomely a rôle which, alas, differs too little from several recent ones. The story lags through too literal following of its stage original; but clever lines save it.

Or, the regeneration of Linda Fayne. Constance Cummings, performing with her usual charm, plays a gauche little actress who succeeds in marrying a famous composer, and attains success through him. After leaving him for a more dashing rival, she learns the meaning of true love through heartbreak, and returns for a happy fade-out. Unfortunately, the rather rambling story contains little suspense. Paul Lukas shines.

There's a wealth of splendid talent to charm you in this pleasantly mild little musical with a background of—give up?—the film business! If only equal attention had been lavished on the story and songs—but we can't have everything, can we? So here's proper gratitude for Pat Paterson, an agreeable little eyeful; Spencer Tracy, who makes the most of a too-subordinate part; John Boles, Herbert Mundin, Thelma Todd.
Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band...Directed by Leo McCarey

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!
Say it with a prize-winning letter!

Janet Gaynor leads our list of favorites this month. Watch for her in the big Gaynor-Farrell reunion film, "Change of Heart"

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

SOME "REVOLUTIONARY" DEMANDS!

Please, Hollywood, couldn't we have:
A woman reporter who is one, not a chorus girl, dumbbell, or wise-cracking monologist;
A head gangster without foppish foibles;
An "English-accented" actor who doesn't lapse into plain American;
A modern love story where the principals speak naturally, not in drawing-room-ese?
Tee Rose, Hotel Alameda, Alameda, Calif.

"CALL YOUR SHOTS!"

With other puzzle voguees on the wane, movie producers have supplied a new brain-racker: puzzle titles! You can't tell by those misleading monikers whether you're going to see a nursery film, bedroom farce, gang picture, or melodrama. Get wise to yourselves, producers. Please give us titles that fit!
Reba London, 209 Peters St., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

BOOSTING THE FILM "BRAIN TRUST"

Authors create—directors vitalize—players merely interpret character. I plead:
More honor for the first two, particularly directors. Each screen play should beaccompanied by at least a flash picture of its vitalizer. I yearn to see Mamoulian, Cukor, Lubitsch accorded this tribute. Give Hollywood brains a break—please!
Mrs. E. P. Vincent, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

"DISCOVERING" GABLE

I never cared particularly for Clark Gable. But since I saw him in "It Happened One Night," I'm his staunchest ally. Clark is a born comedian, especially when he demonstrates what a "thumb" is. And he really proves to be an actor—something I used to doubt. Bravo, Gable!
Lillian Gishburg, 13947 Arlington St., Detroit, Mich.

(Continued on page 14)

The Cheering Section

It must be the fast-approaching summer! Or maybe it's just the fact that movies and movie stars are getting better and still better! But whatever the cause, our letter-writers have gone frankly lyrical on us this month. There are chords, long and loud, for Janet Gaynor's girlish beauty; applause for that vaulting new cinema star, Anna Sten—and raves aplenty for the men-folk, too.

And don't suppose for a moment that our correspondents' own ideas slowed down a bit, either. We present herewith an interesting cross-section of the movie public's mind and what's on it.

Now is the time for all good picture-going men and women to join in the chorus. You'll find our ear attentive, and the prices just as inviting as ever. Write down that movie comment and send it along today. Prizes of $5 each are awarded to the eight best letters received each month. Keep your comments within fifty words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of the month. Address Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.
** In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

in

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

** IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
FOR the third time since the dawn of the motion picture era, a screen star of the masculine sex—with emphasis on sex!—has barn-stormed the States with startling effect upon the females of the land.

The first such astounding tour was made by the late Rudolph Valentino, about ten years ago. Hundreds of thousands of frantic females literally shed their dignity and honor to get close enough to Valentino to see him, to touch him, to kiss him, to cling to him.

The second such occasion was more recent; last year, in fact, when George Raft made a personal appearance excursion through the South, East, and Central States. Raft-crazed women threw discretion to the winds. They schemed amazing tricks designed to gain them entry to George's dressing-rooms at the theatres, to his hotel living-rooms during daylight hours, to his hotel bedrooms after daylight hours.

Clark Gable has just concluded a briefer but none-the-less exciting tour that included stops in a few cities of the East coast, as well as inland cities on the route from New York to Hollywood.

Just as the previous tours of Valentino and Raft were marked by unbelievable feminine indiscretions everywhere, so were Gable's travels colored by exciting, and at times dangerous, experiences (Continued on page 94).
of tugs? Here's hoping!

E. W. Blank,
482 Bergen Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

FOR THE LyrICAL LESLIE

Leslie Howard is supreme in his art—the portrayal of that inner spiritual quality which puts the romance of love-making on the highest pedestal. Let the beautiful side of the human personality—this deeper love—he interpreted for young movie fans. Leslie Howard can always lead the way!
Julia E. Wilson,
Amherst, Va.

"SEDUCTIVE," TOO!

It's "coloss-ial, gigantic, and stupendous," that's what "Palooka" is! I was in real danger of hysterics, especially when they brought in that Durante baby. It's a great picture; let's have more laugh-raisers like it! Bouquets for Stan Erwin, Bob Armstrong, too!

V. J. Hahn,
1124 Dayton St.,
Akron, Ohio.

EDDIE CANTERS ON!

Year in, year out, the boy with the big eyes jacks 'em in. Others come and go, but Cantor goes on forever. Why? Eddie turns out one annual picture, and you can't get fed up on him. Like Santa Claus, he comes once a year—and gets royally appreciated.

Max W. Vawter,
Leadville, Colo.

Tagging the Talkies

(Continued from page 6)

Midnight
Universal

We advise you to see this film. First, because it's an interesting and well-acted drama. Second, because it's proof of what the East can accomplish in cinema-making, giving the right material. Chester Erskine of theatre fame, directing a troupe of well-known stage actors abetted by Sidney Fox, has made an unusual picture. It has its defects, but the presentation is refreshing. Watch Henry Hull—he has what Hollywood wants for that new "rave!"

Gambling Lady
Warner

We see too little of Barbara Stanwyck on the screen. Here, in the guise of a professional gambler, Babs turns in her usual sincere performance in a story slightly stronger than her usual vehicles. Joe McCrea, too, turns actor and gives a fine characterization, and Pat O'Brien will please the majority. But don't take the children—those card-shark scenes are strictly adult stuff.

The Ninth Guest
Columbia

A houseful of guests become unwilling players in a sort of elimination contest in which one after another of them is murdered by mysterious means. A menacing radio voice conducting the party adds to the grimness of the proceedings. All of which, we believe, is something new in the fine art of cinema slayings, and the picture is recommended for novelty and suspense. Genevieve Tobin, Hardie Albright, Donald Cook are plausible in the main roles.

The Crime Doctor
R-K-O

Dan Gifford is a crack sleuth, but his absorption in the fine points of murder gets him in the end. With jealousy spurting him on, he concocts and executes a "perfect crime"—an ingenious killing that throws devastating suspicion on his wife's lover.

There's material here for an engrossing melodrama, but it needs a somewhat brisker pace and more "punch" than are accorded it. Otto Kruger, Karen Morley and Nilla Asther are immensely pleasing.

Ever Since Eve
Fox

George O'Brien avers he'll do no more "Westerns," but if this picture is a sample of what he intends to do in other types of pictures, I say, "Go back to Westerns, George!" Thanks to Mary Brian's sweetness, and the comedy of Herbert Mundin, this picture has its moments. But O'Brien's kid following will be disappointed.

Three on a Honeymoon
Fox

Sally Eilers, the madcap, is sent on a world cruise to "learn some sense." Instead, she falls for the ship's officer. He treats her pretty shabbily, but she gets him in the long run, which serves him right for being such a cad. There's a blackmail plot, a suicide and other complications. Miss Eilers, Charles Starrett, and John Mack Brown are not at their best, but ZaSu Pitts is deliciously funny.

All Men Are Enemies
Fox

This picture is about war, and you know what Sherman said about war. Helen Twelvetrees does her best, but fails to shine, while one Hugh Williams makes us wish they'd bring back some of the old-time leading men. Story is about a young man who runs away to keep from marrying his papa's choice. He meets and falls in love with a girl in Europe. War comes, he loses his girl, and goes back to marry papa's choice. But don't fret; that marriage doesn't last, and who should turn up but his real love, which is near the end of the picture, thank goodness!

Hold That Girl
Fox

Jimmy Dunn, the boy detective, is a fast worker, but Claire Trevor, the saucy reporterette, is a couple of jumps ahead of him. This rough-and-tumble action film culminates in a furious gang fracas, with Jimmy helping Claire to escape from the bandits and winning her hand as his reward. Little novelty in idea or characterization, but exciting throughout. Jimmy is his old self; Miss Trevor is for the most part convincing; Gertrude Michael and Alan Edwards do nicely.

TEST...
the
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
... at our expense
"I reduced my hips 9 INCHES!"
... invites Miss Healy.

REduce YOUR waitS
AND hips
3 Inches in 10 days OR
... it costs you nothing!

W E WANT you to try the Perfolaslic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The masquerading action of this famous Perfolaslic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of arduous exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolaistic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce You. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely satisfied with the wonderful results.

The illustration of the Perfolaslic Girdle also features the NEW Uplift Brasiere!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER: PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 736, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolaslic Girdle and Brasiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name
Address
City State
On Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Paid Card
Marjorie finds Fun in Life for she has a lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

Do you get the fun and favors in life—or only the grief and troubles? It’s the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

**LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST**

Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are competing with other women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin that is fresh as a flower’s petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

For Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is gentle as dew on your cheek. Try Camay, faithfully, for one month. The change in your skin will delight you!

Get a supply of Camay today.

The price is amazingly low!

---

1. “Men were always pleasant and courteous to me. But it ended there. My life was dull, and so was my skin. Then I tried Camay. Almost at once my skin improved. Now I’m a prettier and more popular girl.”

2. “Now it no longer makes me unhappy to look at myself in my mirror, I’m mighty proud of my complexion.”

---

Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women

---

Copr. 1934. Procter & Gamble Co.
The Editor’s Page

An Open Letter to Walt Disney

DEAR MR. DISNEY:

Just wanted to let you know that I am ready to do anything I can to help out.

When I heard that Mickey Mouse and The Three Little Pigs and Pluto the Dog and Horace Horsecollar and all the rest of them are not making much money for you, I thought it was time to stir around and see what can be done.

Here Mickey is going-on-six now, and according to the report I heard he and Minnie are only just beginning to pay you back for raising them and making them big movie stars. Ingratitude, I call it. Why, you'd think they could have been paying you a little something every week on account. Here you've been slaving your life away for them and that's how they repay you. As for The Three Little Pigs, I can't understand their attitude. You gave them plenty of footage—and in natural color, at that—and had a song written for them to sing; and featured them in every theatre in the country. And what do they do for you? Why, they only make about $4,000 for you, that's all. And they cost you $60,000! I ask you, is it fair?

Of course not. They get all the glory and you have all the hard work. So what I think we had all better do is to band together and start a Help-Walt-Disney Campaign. Instead of going to see your new pictures, such as Mickey Mouse's latest starring vehicle, "Camping Out," and the new "Silly Symphonies"—"Funny Little Bunnies" and "The Grasshopper and the Ant"—instead of going just once, which of course we were going to do, anyway—suppose we all go three times, the second time taking the neighbors, and the third time just for fun. Then the neighbors will be pledged to repeat, sort of an endless chain; and so your grosses will start rolling up, and you will make some real money, and then you can put your profits right back in to your next pictures. Because that's the kind of a guy you are, Mr. Disney. And that's why you may never be the richest man in Hollywood, but you stand a grand chance of being one of the happiest. And that's something. Isn't it?
Man-Made Movies for Women!
By Beth Brown

GEORGE knows it all!
He drives the roaring rubber-neck sight-seeing bus in Hollywood. You can hire him any sunny week-day. His regular route is past the Paramount Studios, down Wilshire Boulevard to the R.K.O. lot, then Westwood to Fox and over the hills to the far-away Universal City.
It's a dollar a round-trip. Questions are answered free of charge!
Surprising how many out-of-towners come to Hollywood. Drummers. Farmers. Foreigners. Honeymooners to see the purple of the San Bernardino Mountains whose heads are white with snow and whose skirts are green with orange groves. Artists to sketch the Maxfield Parrish blue of the calm Pacific. Architects to study the Spanish influence in Beverly Hills.
But most folks come to see the movie studios.
One day, George drove the King of Siam around. The King, who is an amateur movie-maker, wore his camera on his breast like a decoration. Carl Laemmle, Junior, in white spats and white carnation, posed for a smiling close-up against a long shot of Fifth Avenue, Universal City. The very next day, George's bus was packed to the roof with black and white orphans on their

Woman at work! But there are men all around. Wanda Tuchok, the first femme to the left, is co-director of "Finishing School" on the Radio lot. Here she's suggesting action for a scene to Ginger Rogers and Adalyn Doyle.
Buck up, Miss Tuchok—maybe next time they'll let you direct a picture all by yourself!
The most daringly different story ever written about Hollywood!

way to see Farina at the "Our Gang" Comedy lot. Kings or kids—it's all in a bus driver's life-time.

There was a hunger about the cash-customers that always touched George. Too bad the studio fences were built so high and the studio gates shut so tight. George tried to play the generous host in his own crude fashion. He had worn grease-paint and played bits. He had a brother-in-law who was second assistant to the first assistant of the property man at Paramount. Besides, George read the movie magazines faithfully. He could answer the questions awake or asleep.

How tall is Clark Gable? Six foot one, Ma'am. Is Rin Tin Tin dead? Yes, Johnnie. But his son is carrying on. Where was Madge Evans born? New York. Miss. Loretta Young? Salt Lake City, Mister. Who is Mickey Mouse's latest flame? Sorry, Grandmaw, but Mickey is still in love with Minnie.

George knew it all.

That's why I decided to take a trip with him to get an airplane view of a certain very surprising situation. "I want to hire you and the bus all to myself," I told George one rainy day.

"How about it, Boss?" called George.

"She looks like she's out to ask questions you can't answer. Better take the Blue Book along."

"You forget that wagon-load of Senators yesterday, Boss. And those Etymologists the day before," retorted George as he swung into the seat behind the wheel. But he took the Blue Book. As we roared up Hollywood Boulevard, he lifted the megaphone to his droopy lower lip. "At our left—" he ballyhooed, "we have Grauman's Egyptian Theatre. At our right—we have Woolworth's. Next stop—Paramount Studios!" He set down the megaphone beside him and smiled into the sliver of mirror. I smiled back. "Don't use the megaphone, George. The information I want is very confidential."

"I'm ready, Miss. Shoot!" I took out my pad and pencil. I was out to bring back the accurate answer to a certain weighty question. Women fans had been plaguing me about it for years—and they had a right to know.

"Tell me, George, who are the women producers in pictures?" I was thinking of the legitimate theatre with its Eva Le Gallienne, its Elizabeth Miele, its Peggy Fears.

"Women producers," he echoed, thumbing through the Blue Book. "None that I know of—in the movies, Miss."

"No?" a little stunned. "Well, then, how about women supervisors?" And I poised my pencil.

"Sorry, Miss, but there's no women supervisors." He rustled the pages with a wet thumb. "Wait a minute. There is a women supervisor, after all. Jane Murfin. She works with Pandro Berman on the R.K.O. lot. We'll come to it pretty soon. It's one of the show places of California. It's—"

"How about directors, George?" I interrupted.

"There's hundreds of directors, Miss."

I began to smile.

"That is—hundreds of men directors."

I stopped smiling.

"And no women?"

"Two, to be exact." The Blue Book lay open on the wheel. "According to these (Continued on page 80)
Jeanette Wins!

By
Pearl A. Katzman

"It's too utterly ridiculous!" exclaimed Jeanette MacDonald when I asked her about the Chevalier-MacDonald "feud." "The way people have been talking, you'd think that there'd been some great, dramatic quarrel between two highly temperamental stars who refused to work with one another. Like the Garbo-Gilbert affair. As a matter of fact, there hasn't been any quarrel at all!"

I had dropped in on Jeanette with a copy of April Screenland to show her Maurice Chevalier's denial that he had refused to have her play "The Merry Widow." I wanted to know what she thought about the whole affair; what answer she had for Maurice. I found that she had been expecting some such request. She was a little worried about it.

"What possible answer is there?" demanded Jeanette.

"Maurice and I are—and always have been—the best of friends. We have absolutely no quarrel with each other. I don't feel the least bit self-conscious about working with him again. What more is there I can say?"

She ran a slender hand through her tousled red-gold curls.

"When I was a little girl," she continued, thoughtfully, smoothing the blue satin of her pajamas, "Mother always warned me to keep out of quarrels. She said the best thing to do was to pay no attention to them. She set an example for me by carefully avoiding neighborhood disputes, by taking no part in them. It was a good lesson she taught me, and I think the best thing I can do in this case is follow her advice!

"After all, I really had no part in these stories that were circulated—these tales that Maurice refused to have me play opposite him. The whole affair went on around me. Like a tornado! I was simply the passive subject of discussion. What I thought, what I felt had no part in the headlines that misquoted Maurice.

"Now that he's denied the whole story—now that I am to play the Widow—anything I might say would be anti-chimactic. All I can say now is that I'm glad I was given the part, and I know we're all going to do our best to make 'The Merry Widow' a splendid production!"

Her glance found the paragraph in Maurice's denial where he opined that "MacDonald and Chevalier are not a team."

"I quite agree with Maurice there," Jeanette told me. (Continued on page 74)
RAMON NOVARRO, making his first personal appearance tour in this country, has broken box-office records in every theatre in which he has played! Moreover, he has created in the movie palaces the spirit and the atmosphere of the concert stage.

When he sings, audiences sit tensely forward, breathing softly; and when he finishes, "Bravos!" ring from husky throats and people crowd down the aisles in futile efforts to shake his hand. Never before, in the history of the motion picture industry, has one of its standard-bearers established such a warm, vital, and withal actually distinguished contact with his audience.

The public, so often termed fickle, has remained remarkably steadfast, in the case of Ramon Novarro. It was over twelve years ago that he played his first starring role in "The Prisoner of Zenda"—and the following he began to acquire then has firmly refused to replace him with a newer idol.

Of the rareness of such loyalty, Ramon is keenly cognizant—and duly appreciative. He attributes it to the triumph, over all else, of faith! Faith in human nature—in the ultimate rightness of things; faith in himself and in life.

For it has been by keeping his own faith despite disappointments and disillusionments, that he has retained his ideals. Which ideals are part and parcel of every character he has portrayed upon the screen.

Intangible, ephemeral qualities, ideals—but qualities, nevertheless, which the camera finds with unerring perspicacity. Finds and transmits to the screen in terms of glamor and high romance! For, despite all arguments to the contrary, the camera does not lie!

"The eye of the camera is all-penetrating and all-perceiving," Novarro believes. "It cannot be deceived—and one can have no secrets from it. It seeks out the soul of man and bares it for all the world to see. Therein lies both the curse and the power of the motion picture."

"On the stage, it is the performance that counts. On the screen, it is the performance and the personality of the performer that are offered to the audience for judgment."

"No matter how clever the make-up, how mechanically perfect the characterization of the actor, the camera scrapes beneath the grease-paint and the studied gestures and imprisons something of the living, breathing individual who struts before its mighty lens."

"Thus does every player (Continued on page 76)
NOW you can follow the same reducing exercises and diets used by famous screen stars!

Want to Have A

WANT to reduce?

I have no doubt that two-thirds of you, at least, who are interested in improving your figures believe that you are too fat, or that your waist is too large, or that you measure too much around the hips; so in this first article we'll devote most of our space to how to reduce.

Accompanying this article is a schedule of one week's appetizing menus for reducing, arranged especially for you who wish to take off weight. Please follow this schedule, in conjunction with the exercises I shall give you, if you are over-weight.

You'll note that I say if. No doubt you are saying to yourself, "There's no 'if' about it!" But I assure you that there is.

It all depends on your bone construction and the weight of your bones. Two girls may be exactly the same height, precisely the same age, yet their correct weights should differ by as much as ten pounds. We have two girls on the Paramount lot today, each about voting age, whose height is the same—five feet, three. The blonde has a small frame with tiny bones and her weight of


Let Jim Davies, Hollywood’s famous physical culturist, guide you to health and beauty!

### Hollywood Figure?

107 pounds is her correct normal weight. The brunette, however, has a large frame and big bones and her weight should be around 120 pounds. But she insists on trying to reduce to the same figure as the blonde’s, and as a consequence is becoming nervous and irritable.

The question you must ask yourself is not “How much do I weigh?” but “Have I any superfluous fat?” I can take a person with a 36-inch waist measurement and reduce it to 28 or 29 inches, by reducing the fat to muscle, yet that person will gain weight rather than lose, though she will have a trimmer figure, and will seem to have lost several pounds.

Before you attempt to follow the advice appearing in this series, I suggest that you consult your doctor and find out what your normal weight should be; then use this schedule until you reach that weight. Never attempt to go below your normal weight, or you are in for trouble.

It is fortunately the fashion today for girls to have curves, rather than the toothpick figures of a few years ago, so your normal weight is both health-inducing and up-to-date.

When Mae West first arrived at the Paramount studio, she sent for me after she had (Continued on page 72)

---

**One Week's Appetizing Menus for Reducing**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Breakfast</th>
<th>Lunch</th>
<th>Dinner</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>MONDAY</strong></td>
<td>Orange Juice, Rye Crisp, Coddled Egg</td>
<td>Fresh Fruit Cup, Whole Wheat Melba Toast, (one slice)</td>
<td>Tomato Juice, Vegetables, Baked Potato with a little butter, Cold Beets on Lettuce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TUESDAY</strong></td>
<td>Grape Fruit Juice, 2 thin slices Rye Toast with butter, 1 soft-boiled Egg</td>
<td>Large salad of Carrots, Apples, Raisins, Stuffed Prunes</td>
<td>Baked Halibut, lemon, Green Peas, Asparagus, Baked Apple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WEDNESDAY</strong></td>
<td>Baked Apple, little cream, Rye Toast</td>
<td>Cucumber, cut thin, 1 slice Tomato, Lettuce, Stuffed Celery with oil</td>
<td>Fruit Juice Cocktail, Roast Chicken, Fresh Peas, Egg Plant, Salad Fresh Pineapple</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**THURSDAY**

| Breakfast | Stewed Prunes, 2 soft-boiled Eggs, Rye Crisp |
| Lunch | Mushrooms on Rye Toast, sliced Tomato, Lettuce with oil |
| Dinner | Broiled Lamb Chop, Green Peas, Fresh Pineapple, sliced |

---

**FRIDAY**

| Breakfast | Tomato Juice, Poached Egg on Melba Toast |
| Lunch | Pineapple, Cottage Cheese, Salad without dressing, Rye Crisp |
| Dinner | Filet of Sole with lemon, Broccoli, Small Beets, Hearts of Lettuce |

---

**SATURDAY**

| Breakfast | Orange Juice, 1 Whole Wheat Waffle |
| Lunch | Pineapple and Raw Cabbage Salad |
| Dinner | Fruit Juice, Vegetable plate of young Carrots, Onions, Beets, Spinach with poached Egg |

---

**SUNDAY**

| Breakfast | Fresh Pineapple, Rye Crisp |
| Lunch | Shredded Carrots and Raisins on Lettuce |
| Dinner | Artichoke, Broiled Lamb Chop, Young Peas and Carrots, Grape Juice |

---

Pretty Idea shows you, here, the more difficult position of the "land crawl." Read all the instructions in this article.
THE battle is on!
The bugles have sounded
the call to arms and, to the
music of invisible bands, the
hosts are marching—the Garbo-ites,
hundreds of thousands strong, veterans seasoned in a
score of combats, against the Sten-ites, fewer in number
but fired with the burning faith of the newly converted.
And lest you think that’s a mere flip figure of speech,
let me regale you with the story of what I hear happened
in Chicago not long ago when two theatres on the same
street were showing the rival features—"Nana" at one
house, "Queen Christina" at the other. Long lines had
formed outside each theatre, when one man turned from
a reverent contemplation of the Garbo stills to meet the
pictured gaze of the new blonde divinity across the way.
His eyes narrowed, his jaw set; he planted his feet firmly
apart, cupped his hands about his mouth, and waited for
a halt in the traffic. Then came a loud cry, ringing clear:
"Yah! Nana!" followed by a razzberry so juicy and full
of feeling that it would have stirred the fighting blood
even of a mouse.
A moment’s startled silence—and the gauntlet was
picked up. Cat-calls and invective flew back and forth.
Shouts of "Flatfoot!" alternated with howls of "Moon-
face!" Oh, yes, they were having a good time. They
were beguiling the tedium of their wait. But they’d
constituted themselves knights none the less, and were
breaking lances for their ladies as earnestly as any cham-
pion on a prancing steed.
It was a battle predestined by the fact that Garbo is
what she is—the yardstick by which all contenders must
inevitably be measured—and that Anna Sten has been
presented as a candidate for her laurels. You can hardly
imagine the afore-described scene taking place if the
counter-attraction had been, let’s say, Joan Crawford.
For all Miss Crawford’s popularity, it would never have
occurred to a soul to pit her against either of the others.
The Battle Is On!

The scrap of the century!
Which fighter are you backing—the Swedish Cyclone or the Russian Riot?

By
Ida Zeitlin

Their spheres are too definitely separated, their appeal too widely different. As well match Mickey Mouse up against any of them!

But Sten is another story. From the beginning she has been lapped about in mystery. The most ingenious of publicity campaigns made her a legend long before her first picture was finished, created for her the kind of atmosphere which Garbo's personality has created for itself. She was the princess in an enchanted garden, the pearl of great price accessible to none, a creature so rare and matchless that shrewd business men considered it worth their while to pay her $1500 a week for eighteen months while she learned the English language, and to scrap the original version of her picture because they deemed it a setting unworthy of their jewel. How could anyone fail to be impressed? Hollywood is the home of grandiose gestures, to be sure, but here was an expression of faith so sublime as to stagger even Hollywood.

Then came the advance advertising for the picture. Photos of Sten—saucy and bewitching in her 19th century finery—topped by adjectives—a new one for each day—adjectives which seemed to have been chosen with deliberate intent from among those that have clung most persistently through the years to Garbo—MYSTERIOUS, EXOTIC, SUBTLE, ALLURING and the omnipresent GLAMOROUS. The ads were an open challenge. They might just as well have shrieked: "Here's the Garbo of United Artists! Here's our entrant for the crown of the Silent Swede! The ring is open and no clinches barred. Go to it, girls!"

It was a risky business, and those responsible must have felt their minds reel at the possibility of failure if they ever allowed themselves to contemplate that possibility. Sten wasn't the first potential Garbo rival by any means, but she was the first to be built up through any such extensive and extravagant campaign, while she herself remained invisible. Movie-goers had been prepared for a goddess. Even allowing for the over-statement of ballyhoo, they weren't going to be satisfied with much less.

Well, the Sten sponsors gambled and won. The picture was released and, while "Nana" wasn't voted an unqualified critical success, Anna was. She drew gratifying queues at the box office and the fan mail began piling up. Her next picture, Tolstoi's "Resurrection," was rushed into preparation and, curiously enough, the man engaged to direct it was Mamoulian, who had done the same service for "Queen Christina." A great many people heaved sighs of satisfaction and relief, and a new and brilliant star rose gracefully to its place in the movie sky.

Yet I for one am convinced that if "Nana" had opened cold, its heroine's name would no more have been linked with Garbo's than with that of Crawford or Shearer. Why should it be? What single thing is there about Anna Sten that reminds you of Greta Garbo or vice versa? They're both blondes—they're both popular—and there, save for an artificially stimulated rivalry, the resemblance ends.

Can you imagine either of them in the other's rôle? Can you see Garbo tripping demurely down the walk of
How about Demon Dietrich? Is she still a serious contender for Garbo’s crown?

Garbo, looking down at her rivals. Greta’s next film will be “The Painted Veil,” from the Maugham story.

the terrace café in “Nana,” hips swaying ever so slightly, eyes coquetting ever so artfully? Can you see her administering the vigorous shove that sent the fresh guy to his well-earned punishment in the fountain basin, then sauntering on her way, serene in the consciousness of a job well done? Or can you imagine the lascivious Sten going through that scene of Garbo’s in “Christina,” when the girl-queen, having spent her first night with her lover, moves wordlessly about the room, her face lit by an inner flame, her fingers worshipping each blessed object that has borne silent witness to her love, memorizing it, storing it up as treasure? Why waste caresses on wood and stone, the hot-blooded “Nana” would probably have wondered, when the living, breathing man was there to receive them?

Their faces tell the tale—one full-cheeked, sensuous-lipped, with eyes frankly seductive behind heavy lids; the other subtly moulded, almost ascetic in repose, enigma in the shadowy eyes, nobility on the clear brow. The Sten personality cries: “Come hither!” The Garbo-personality warns: “Keep your distance!” The figure we met in “Nana” overflows with exuberant vitality, glories in her healthy instincts and the joys they bring herself and others, exults in life and all its delectable fruits. Laughter and love seem her natural elements and the arms of a man her perfect resting place. Beautifully normal but nothing especially mysterious about it.

Garbo, on the other hand, seems to inhabit a world of her own—a world withdrawn and remote, which she leaves on occasion to descend among us mortals. Nor is this the effect of the legends that have grown up about her self-imposed isolation. What she’s really like not many people know. The Editor of Screenland is among the chosen few to have met her, and she reports her to be a charming, gracious woman whose authentic reserve no stranger could hope to penetrate.

But forgetting all that and taking into account only the impression created by her screen image, the result would be the same. Her slow, enchanting smile dawns almost with the effect of a miracle on her tragedy-haunted face. It doesn’t somehow seem a face that was made for smiling. Her rare moods of gaiety seem all the more poignant because of the foreboding one feels.

Oh, yes, Maxie Baer will mix it with Carnera!
Here's Kid Hepburn! And Battling Bergner! There's the gong—go to it, girls!

Dark-Horse Bergner! Her "Catherine the Great" and "Ariane" have been shown here. She'll be with us soon!

Hepburn, the Hollywood Spitfire! Katie has gone to Europe for a vacation. When she returns she will appear as that inspired maiden, "Joan of Arc."

form of frustration. Her man very rarely gets Garbo and, in some obscure way, it seems right that he shouldn't.

Could her fondest adorers find a trace of this other-worldliness in Sten? "We've no desire to find it," they may cry. "We like her the way she is." Fine! I like her the way she is, too—a provocative witch, a voluptuous young beauty with all the wiles of Eve at her fingertips, a notable addition to the Hollywood lists. I merely insist that she's no Garbo—that there is no other Garbo but Garbo—that no film actress I've ever encountered has the thing which sets her apart!

Various personalities have appeared from time to time who've been labelled—to their own distress, as a rule—logical aspirants to Garbo's place in the sun. When Von Sternberg discovered Marlene Dietrich and took her to Hollywood for her first American picture, the Paramount officials bent all their energies to the task of trying to prevent any comparison between their new find and the star of the Metro lot—particularly since there seemed some justifiable basis for comparison. They had no intention of presenting Marlene as anybody's carbon. They felt she was quite capable of standing on her own shapely feet.

All to no purpose. Word got abroad that someone had arrived who looked like Garbo, who acted like Garbo, who could play the same type of part as Garbo—and by the time "Morocco" was released, the fans were all agog to catch their first (Continued on page 75)

But these beauties are the real battlers!
What, No Screen

"No!" says Earl Carroll. Here's dynamite—Hollywood's pet convictions torn to shreds!

By Earl Carroll

They qualify! Earl Carroll's beauty standards for show girls are among the world's highest.

Claudette Colbert

Joan Crawford

THERE are no beautiful women in Hollywood! I will admit that Hollywood has more than its share of attractive women, but these so-called classically beautiful females whose pulchritude is advertised and exploited throughout the world are a sorry disappointment to the eye, judged from the point of beauty.

I would say, and not quake as I speak, that the screen stars who are so generally presented to the public as the cream of the globe's gorgeous women, actually are little more than moderately pretty. Shorn of their expensive beautifying and their costly robes, they would fade beside many a secretary or shop-worker who lacks the money to enhance her own appearance.

Joan Crawford cannot be termed beautiful. She has, in my opinion, a tired, drawn appearance. I suspect this is the consequence of too much dieting, of too strenuous efforts to preserve her figure, and of too much mental worry. Too, Joan has large freckles and her eyes are too big to measure up to accepted beauty standards.

(Continued on page 78)
BEAUTIES?

Luscious ladies, brought west by Mr. Carroll from Broadway to appear in the film, "Murder at the Vanities," represent his idea of feminine appeal.

"Yes!" says DeMille. Famous director defends movie charmers. Don't miss this debate!

By Cecil DeMille

MR. EARL CARROLL is mistaken! I do not question his qualifications to act as a judge of beauty, but I do question his point of view with regard to beauty in motion pictures. Beauty on the screen is something to be sensed; not to be seen and weighed in physical terms.

Mr. Carroll makes his mistake by judging our film actresses in repose, taking their features individually and analyzing them. He compares their eyes, lips, limbs and waistlines with those of beautiful Susie Gumdrop behind the ribbon counter at the five-and-ten.

While there is no doubt that Susie may be a much more beautiful creature to contemplate than some of our top-rate stars—she is too often beautiful only so long as she remains inanimate, which, unfortunately, is not very long as a rule. Susie's is the type of beauty which sculptors endeavor to instill in cold marble—and that is exactly where it belongs!

The actress, on the contrary, must express beauty in the movements of her hands and body (Continued on page 79)

Left, Constance—she likes gardenias—Jordan illustrates the Carroll preference in blondes.

Marlene Dietrich

Left, Constance—she likes gardenias—Jordan illustrates the Carroll preference in blondes.

Marlene Dietrich

Right, Wanda Perry, youngest of the "Vanities" troupe. Is she the "ideal" brunette?

Jean Harlow
Shearer's new Glamor advice is—Classic Simplicity! Right, first profile close-up of Norma's very latest coif- fare: sleek, ear-exposing, with clusters of sculptured curls.

The idea of the petal collar on the frock at the left is that your face should be flower-like above it! Of white piqué, this collar and double jabot top a tailored tweed.

Dramatic, the tailored lingerie touches on the black sequin gown pictured below! Norma loves it—says it gives her dash and daring. If you carry off your clothes as casually as La Shearer, perhaps you'll want to try this amazing combination.

Adrian's Summer-1934 evening inspiration! Worn by Norma in her "come-back" film, its molded skirt of white crêpe is topped by the scarf and bodice of chartreuse and black-striped silk, held high about the throat in a shirred halter. Gay!
Can you wear Norma's new classic coiffure? It makes demands on your features, your skin, your expression—but Norma says that's a good idea, for it keeps you on your toes!

Grecian lines are emphasized in Norma's newest negligee. Note the braided cord at the neckline, repeated in the girdle; the draped sleeves; the classic beauty!

These pictures are NEWS! First exclusive showing of the Adrian gowns worn by Norma Shearer in "Rip Tide"

Sheer grace is shown in this view of the flowing cape-coat which Adrian has designed for intimate wear. See the front view in the large picture at the left. Note the lines.
HAS HOLLYWOOD

Want to know the real truth about what film fame does to such he-men as Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe? Read this EXCLUSIVE story!

By

Ben Maddox

To me it was Greek meeting Greek. Both had Been Around and each was used to being the pampered half in high-pressure love affairs.

Seeing the tall, mighty Johnny and his peppery little “Loop” cavorting madly about town, one is inclined to burst into song. Take that old Bowery tune and begin: “Johnny and Lupe are lovers—oh, boy, say how they do love!” (Sotto voce: and scrap!)

TROW two body-beautiful athletes into the Hollywood whirlpool, and what's your outcome? Sheer luck whisked Johnny (still Lupe's) Weissmuller out of his natty swimming trunks and into a chic leopard loin-cloth. His torso triumphant, developed painlessly in the process of setting fifty international aquatic records, cycled so elegantly with the good public that a rival studio spotted Larry "Buster" Crabbe. And lo, we had a Number 2 king in the jungles!

Now, ranked as actors rather than champion swimmers, are the boys glad they went movie? Has exposure to the cinema and its folk spoiled these he-men?

Johnny has a flair for the spectacular, so you probably are most curious as to whether the Weissmullers are going to stay together. Far be it from me to risk my reputation by making a prophecy, but at the moment they do seem satisfied with each other’s company.

When Johnny met Lupe it might have been Austrian-Dutch facing Mexican, according to the genealogists.
Tamed Its Tarzans?

This is the very latest from the Front:

Lupe tells me, "Whatever he does, even if he don't report it to me, that is all right. He is my husband. I have charge of paying for the kitchen and for the flowers. But everything else he bosses!"

Momentarily forgetting her vow not to hold onto Tarzan too tightly, Bobbe Arnst's fatal error, she adds impetuously, "I know where he is every minute of the day and he knows where I am. I tell him all I do or think, because if I don't—I!" She shudders dramatically. "Someone else will and then it will be one billion times worse!"

Johnny, questioned alone, confides, "Things have been going my way lately, but I'm not positive how long it'll last." The victorious gleam in his eyes soured. "In Hollywood a guy can't go home and fight with his wife without it hitting the headlines!"

"Sure," he concedes, "we get sore at each other. Lupe flies off the handle and I get stubborn and want to be by myself for a day or two. But they couldn't keep us apart with chains when we feel like making up!"

(Repeat theme song: "Johnny and Lupe are Lovers" —etc., etc.)

While the fiery Weissmullers are proving that marriage can be as frantic as a three-ring circus, the quiet Larry "Buster" Crabbs are models of decorum. You may have taken for granted that Hollywood's two Tarzans, being the same film type, have a lot in common. Wrong guess! Their modes of living and reasoning are as opposite as night and day, and nothing illustrates this fact better than the dissimilarity in their home-lives.

Johnny moved into Lupe's costly Beverly Hills mansion and their private life is one series of surprises. They are the stars the authors of "Once in a Lifetime" must have had in mind.

The house is a veritable castle and the two of them are prepared to defend it. Lupe, as you've heard, has invested her earnings in jewels. She has several hundred thousands dollars worth. On (Continued on page 92)
Together again

The most Glorious
sweethearts of the Screen

Janet
GAYNOR

Charles
FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in
"Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up",
they'll win you again in this lovable
romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with

JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From
the novel "Manhattan Love Song"
by Kathleen Norris
Scoop! SCREENLAND presents John Barrymore's favorite portrait, with his actual autograph. See what he says about camera artist DeVoy, who photographed him as he looks in his new rôle in "Twentieth Century"? One artist's most generous tribute to another!

These specimens of Carl DeVoy's art accomplish miracles with my venerable facade!

John Barrymore
Epic affairs were the French beds of a hundred-odd years ago, such as Carole has introduced into her bedroom decorated in plum and pink shades, with drapes of rose beige and plum. Note the mirror screens flanking the bed.

Let’s Call
on
Carole Lombard!

Carole is John Barrymore’s leading woman in “Twentieth Century,” and the idea of her first role opposite the famous “Prince John” gives her an authentic thrill. Here’s a tragi-comic scene with Carole as a very temperamental actress.
The dignified lines of the Empire-Directoire chairs lend a formal air to the Lombard dining-room, pictured below. Salmon pink and green are the prevailing colors, with the draperies in emerald green satin, white walls, and salmon pink velvet chairs.

The period that characterizes Carole’s home was truly an age of color. Here, left, is a divan upholstered in bright yellow panne velvet, against a background of blue walls, carpets and draperies. And, to complete the perfect picture, Carole!

Turn back the clock to the graceful days of the early Nineteenth Century, and visit Carole’s Empire-Directoire home.

Notice here, in the living room, the three-cornered chair so characteristic of the period. (Below) The walls are in light blue, the carpeting in velvet, and the draperies in a combination of both these tones. Handsome—and comfortable!
YES—it can happen! In Hollywood today you will find ladies as lovely, wearing gowns as exquisite, in homes as beautiful as anywhere in the world! Here, above, is Dolores Del Rio, Mrs. Cedric Gibbons in private life.
GENEVIEVE TOBIN with her prize-winning pet, in the first portrait for which she has posed in her new home in Beverly Hills. Charm, poise, good taste—screen actresses have all these, as well as the much-publicized glamor!
Old-fashioned love! Ronnie Colman, that gentle- manly screen romantic, pays quiet court to Loretta Young in his new film, "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." And doesn't Loretta seem to like it!

Sophisticated love! What wouldn't you give, girls, to be in Frances Drake's shoes as menacing George Raft directs his soulful gaze into her eyes in this scene for "The Trumpet Blows!" Frances is a new heart-disturber from England.

Boys and Girls Together!

Real love! No play-acting about this little domestic idyll, for the principals, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, are happy newlyweds recently returned from their honeymoon. And now they're going to continue their screen work—but, alas, separately!
Crooning love! Dick Powell, going soft and moonstruck, warbles a song in his tenderest voice, with Ginger Rogers gently joining in. This is the agreeable way they spend their time in "20,000,000 Sweethearts," musical with Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins.

Youthful love! Collegiate Larry Crabbe isn't bored by those between-scene waits in the studio when Joan Marsh is in the vicinity. This is one of the arduous tasks Larry is called upon to perform in "You're Telling Me"—and maybe it doesn't give him a few ideas!

Ideal love! The expressions on the faces of Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall in this scene from "Riptide" bespeak a deeply-felt emotion far above the ordinary run of movie love scenes. And the story, Norma's come-back vehicle, deserves such sensitive acting.

Cupid's an enterprising lad these soft, summery days. So—watch your favorite reel romancers in their new pictures!
HERE is Warren William as he really is—not the suave, polished performer you see on the screen, but a man who likes his schooner, his pipe, and his dog far better than he likes a studio set, make-up, and his director!
MARGARET LINDSAY helps to make a charming picture as she stands on the dock at San Pedro, California, where she went on location for "Fog over Frisco." Watch for this film with its authentic background.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
SEE what cinemaland has in store for you! New faces, new figures, new types of feminine charm and masculine appeal! The energetic gentleman at the extreme left is Carl Brisson from England. Next to him is the provokingly dimpled face of Pauline True. Then comes Barbara Fritchie, new Hollywood adornment. Pat Paterson, gay in her trick tall millinery, has already been introduced to us in "Bottoms Up." And Philip Regan, there in the corner, is lending his talents to new pictures.
AND still they come to entertain us! Here we behold sunny Dorothy Dell, new blonde hopeful; masterful-looking Harry Wilcoxon, from England; lyrical Lanny Ross; starry-eyed Suzanne Kaaren; and suave Charles Boyer, romantic French star and bridegroom of Pat Paterson. Here's the answer to that cry for something different to refresh the jaded movie palate! So, boys and girls, go to it—a hundred and twenty million moviegoers want to like you!
Here Are Actors!

ATHLETIC ACTOR!
Joel McCrea portrays the typical young American, stalwart, wholesome, clean-cut, straightforward.

ROMANTIC ACTOR!
Nils Asther personifies Continental appeal—sophisticated, suave, slightly cynical.

MENACING ACTOR!
Chester Morris' name means punch!—wallop!—action!—drama!—excitement!

THE PERFECT ACTOR!
Everything he does is right. Every part he plays, convincing. Lewis Stone!
POWDER..."The color tone of face powder should blend softly with the skin, enlivening its natural beauty. For my colorings...brunette hair, hazel eyes and olive skin. Max Factor’s Olive Powder is the harmonizing shade. Of velvety texture, it adheres perfectly, creating a satin-smooth make-up that is flattering under any close-up test."

ROUGE..."Harmony of color between powder and rouge is essential, for rouge should merely emphasize a natural, youthful glow in the cheeks. For my colorings, Max Factor’s Carmine Rouge is extremely lifelike in effect...and it is so creamy-smooth, like delicate skin-texture, that it always blends easily, evenly and naturally."

LIPSTICK..."The appeal of the lips may be accentuated a trifle...but it is most important that lip make-up be in color harmony. Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick is the proper color tone to complete my make-up. It’s moisture-proof and permanent in color...so that you may be sure your lips will appear attractive for hours and hours."

"There’s a certain mystery about the appeal of beauty...but I know that color, perhaps more than anything else, is the one thing that makes feminine charm alluring."

This appeal of color we may accent with make-up...but powder, rouge and lipstick should be in harmonizing color tones to give beauty a lovely, alluring warmth and life. This is the secret of color harmony make-up...created by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius...and my make-up secret, too."

Discover the difference Hollywood’s magic make-up will make in your own beauty. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created for the screen stars by Hollywood’s make-up genius. Now featured by leading stores at nominal prices. Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Mail the coupon below for personal make-up advice.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Full size and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Completion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up.”

NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.
Above: left, Fay Wray with Frank Morgan; right, Fay in a love scene with "Cellini" March.

FREDDIE AND CONNIE—
FAY AND FRANK!

A mad, merry band, the all-star cast of "The Firebrand," the comedy about that Great Lover, Cellini. Fredric March and Constance Bennett co-star, with Fay Wray and Frank Morgan the "extra added attractions."

Above, a close-up of Fay, the "young love" appeal. Left, Freddie and Connie, together for the first time in this film of the love intrigues of Cellini, the great goldsmith of the 16th Century in Italy.
If you want to assure the success of your own permanent wave, say these three words to your hairdresser as she prepares your hair: "Use Eugene Sachets."

Then rest content that you have done everything possible to help your waver make a success of your wave. For the Eugene sachet holds the secret of permanence and beauty.

When used to wrap your long strands of hair, with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair, with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" and will not easily come out.

But we repeat: Tell your operator to "Use Eugene Sachets."

Beware of any substitutes. Avoid inferior wrappers—or home-made bits of flannel. The results may prove sadly disappointing.

You can identify genuine Eugene sachets by the trade-mark stamped on each one. See this trade-mark figure—"The Goddess of the Wave." Then you will know that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent, preferred by fashionable women the world over. Eugene Ltd... New York, London.
Landi
Looks Ahead!

ELISSA isn't standing still! She may refuse to accept certain rôles, but she is eager to play colorful parts which will advance her career. Read the story on the opposite page for a new slant on the lovely Landi.
Her 4 Fateful Moments

Elissa Landi tells frankly—for the first time—about the turning points in her eventful life

By Maude Cheatham

There have been four fateful moments in Elissa Landi's life!

These events are like vivid milestones in her memory. Three of them involved decisions that changed the course of her entire life.

"Looking back, would you decide otherwise, could you live it over again?" I asked.

Without hesitation, Elissa answered: "No, I would take the same course. Each turning point brought rich experiences. It is only by experiences that we taste life."

The first of these momentous occasions came while she was very young. Like all children, Elissa delighted in fairy tales. Then, one day, she discovered the story of Christ. Hastening to her mother she asked if it were true or just another Cinderella story.

Looking into those steady young eyes, her mother, the Countess Zanardi Landi, told her that henceforth she must decide things for herself, through study, research, and thinking!

Elissa didn't realize it at the time but this was the means of developing a remarkable power of concentration for making decisions based on sound judgment, that is so characteristic of her today. It was this training, too, that has brought to this girl of thirty so many honors—fame on stage and screen, four published novels, poems, and many songs, all evidence of unusual mental culture.

Said Elissa, "My mother taught me not to take ideas or opinions from other people as I might take a tablet or a pill, just because it was easier to accept ready-made thoughts than go through the throes of working them out for myself. This training has given me courage and confidence and has proven to be the dominating influence in my life."

We were chatting in her dressing-room at (Continued on page 90)
What Are Little

Wynne's scared of women—
They make her quake and 
cower;
The girl you thought a siren 
is just a shrinking flower!

By
Jack Jamison

one for you! Because, from the start, Wynne 
was a tomboy. Her mama could doll her up 
in her prettiest dress, frizz her hair—and five 
minutes later she was out in the back lot playing 
football. She was always fighting, too. She 
lacked practically every boy in the neighbor-
hood. She knew how to get along with 
boys—and the result was, she never learned 
how to get along with girls.

"To this day I don't know how," she 
adopts. "I don't." Another thing, I was always 
so homely and gawky! I'll never forget the 
day I graduated from school. I had to speak 
a piece. All I could see, looking down, were 
my own white legs, about a mile long, and a 
pair of enormous white feet that looked like 
flour-sacks.

"When I got to be old enough to go out to 
parties I couldn't be like the other girls. They 
didn't have legs like that. And I was so short 
I figured I'd never be able to look well in my 
dresses, the way they did. I'm only five feet tall in my 
stockings, now, and I was shorter then. The other girls 
talked about clothes and boys, clothes and boys, clothes 
and boys. Boys were romantic (Continued on page 82)

THE life Wynne Gibson leads in 
Hollywood is an odd one! On the 
screen she's usually a female villain—
a gangster's moll, or a tough show-gal, 
or something like that. Off the screen, in her 
social life, she's either out in the open spaces 
riding a hoss, as they call the critter in those 
same open spaces, or sitting up all night play-
ing poker—with men. M—E—N, men!

I can't picture Mary Pickford or Connie 
Bennett or Marlene Dietrich, even, pants or 
no pants, riding horseback on a ranch wearing 
a pair of faded blue jeans. And I certainly 
can't picture them—and you can't, either—
playing poker at a stag party.

Why has Winnie so few women friends? 
Because she's scared to death of 'em! Terrif-
ied?

When Wynne was born her mother wanted 
her to be a boy. If you believe in children 
being "marked" before they're born, there's

Impromptu reunion! "Winnie" bumps into an old acquaintance, 
at the Brown Derby. He's John Galladet, her second husband, 
own divorced. And never an embarrassed moment!
Girls Afraid Of?

Glenda fears the bogey man—
The night-time drives her frantic;
So that's our hard-boiled movie gal—
Meek, little, and romantic!

By
Reeves Harmon

Every night before she goes to sleep, Glenda Farrell looks under her bed to make sure no burglar is hiding there! Every night, before she turns out the light, (she just can't sleep with the light on), she tries the doors to see that they are locked and calls the telephone operator to make certain the wires aren't cut.

Then, when she has assured herself that all is as it should be, she gets into bed and sometimes she goes to sleep. More often, however, she lies awake half the night listening to imaginary noises and worrying about them. Even when she sleeps, she is tormented by nightmares.

Fear, a nameless, unreasoning fear, takes possession of Glenda Farrell as soon as it becomes dark. It has always been so with her. "I was terrified in the dark as a child," she explains. "I don't remember any special thing that ever happened to me to cause it, either. I have been afraid of the dark and of unexplained noises and of thunder and wind, ever since I can remember. Now I'm scared to death of earthquakes although I wasn't in Hollywood for the big one they had in March, 1933."

In more ways than one Glenda is a timid soul. She is afraid to be alone and is speechless with fright when she faces a crowd, unless the lines she is to use have been memorized beforehand. Even her indignation—and she is continuously indignant at someone or about something—fades out when she faces the person or situation she dislikes.

On second thought, however, Miss Farrell is not certain that her dread of the dark did not begin during her early days on the stage when she played the rôle of Little Eva with a traveling show troupe which specialized in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As Little Eva it fell to Glenda's lot to "go to heaven" once each night. This interesting trip was made with the aid of a poorly concealed wire which hoisted the little girl up into the flies above the stage—and left her there until the scene ended.

"It was dark (Continued on page 83)
SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

REVIEWs of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Swann

You will not be disappointed in Norma Shearer’s “come-back” film, her first in over a year, unless you are expecting a new Norma in a highly different rôle. The star-sophisticate appears in very much the same silken, slightly decadent, and exquisitely accoutered characterization which has won her so much box-office acclaim in the past. In fact, if you’d just dropped in from a year in the stratosphere you would never guess that you, or Norma, had been away at all. And I don’t care how you take that! I am, unreasonably I suppose, disappointed in “Rip Tide,” although it fulfills all the requirements of a “smart” triangular comedy-drama, and it is beautifully acted by Miss Shearer, Herbert Marshall, as her husband, and Robert Montgomery, as a rather overgrown “playboy”—oh, so playful—who persists in impersonating the serpent in Norma’s Garden of Eden. It must be that same unreasonableness in me that brings a little at Mr. Montgomery’s pat portrayal. Certainly he’s amusing enough. Miss Shearer, in those amazing Adrian creations, is always charmingly decorative, and her technique is flawless.

No Greater Glory

Columbia

The most courageous picture of the season! It took courage for Columbia to make it. It took courage for Frank Borzage to direct it so sincerely and so uncommercially. And it takes real courage to see it. For it is far from the usual Hollywood entertainment. Adapted from Ferenc Molnár’s “Paul Street Boys,” it is a realistic story of boys—not young geniuses, or prodigies, just boys in Budapest, members of two rival “gangs.” Not through the eyes of their parents or teachers do we watch them, but as one of them. We see them as they see each other and themselves. And their story is terribly poignant. You may view “No Greater Glory” as a terrific indictment of war. Or you may enjoy it purely on its artistic merits as a moving study of boys’ hearts and souls. Whichever way, your time will not be wasted. Borzage has made these boys real. George Breakston as the only “private” in the Paul Street Boys’ “army” becomes a tremendously touching figure in his frail eagerness to become an “officer.” Jimmy Butler as the handsome leader is just about perfect. Frankie Darro and Jackie Searl, too, Ralph Morgan and Lois Wilson give splendid performances as the outstanding “grown-ups.” A masterpiece!

Men in White

M-G-M

A fine picture, with the most perfect group acting of the month! The performances of Clark Gable, Jean Hersholt, Myrna Loy, and Elizabeth Allan remind you of the superb team-work of a great acting company such as The Theatre Guild in its splendid co-ordination. A personal triumph for Gable, who is more vitally human and at the same time more honestly sympathetic than ever before—how you’ll warm to his scenes with his child patient! Yes, it’s a “hospital” picture! But different. No grisly scenes just for gruesome effect; no agony for agony’s sake. The suspense, the torture, the terror are real. Harrowing? But worth it! Gable plays a young doctor whose love for Myrna Loy is in conflict with his unselfed devotion to his work. Jean Hersholt, as the great surgeon who protects he is, points out the stern path of duty that a fine doctor must follow—and your attention will never wander as the picture progresses to its inevitable, and unmovie conclusion. Where too many Hollywood films would yield to the temptation to turn “Men in White” into another two-women-fighting-for-one-man movie, this remarkable drama refuses to compromise with truth; and the reward is reality.
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

You'll Applaud These Performances!

It is rare indeed that ONE picture offers a full gallery of "best" performances! The finest cast of the month is that in "Men in White." Four superb stellar roles, each flawlessly played: Clark Gable as the earnest young doctor, Myrna Loy as his lovely fiancée, Elizabeth Allan as the nurse who worships him, and Jean Hersholt as the famous surgeon who scores material success for humanity's sake.

Of course you will enjoy Mr. Arliss' portrait of Rothschild—the outstanding individual performance of the month. Then there are laurels for Dick Powell, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Helen Westley, George Breakston—the amazing boy in "No Greater Glory"—and Frank Buck and his honey-bear!

Dignity without boredom! George Arliss achieves it more elegantly than ever before, in "The House of Rothschild," his greatest picture with the possible exception of "Disraeli"—and I except "Disraeli" only because I can hear the distant mutterings of the die-hard "Disraeli" fans. I grant you, there was a characterization. But see the two Rothschild portraits, father and son, painted by Arliss, before you decide. Unreservedly recommended for fine, full-flavored, take-the-whole-family enjoyment, "The House of Rothschild" has historical value, with no sinister "Rasputin" echoes, for I hear that the reigning Rothschilds approve it wholeheartedly. Arliss first is seen as the founder of the family, surrounded by his five sons. At his death, the family carries on in every great city in Europe, until the name of Rothschild is among the mightiest. Loretta Young is a vision of beauty as the fair daughter of Nathan Rothschild, while Robert Young is ingratiating as her lover. C. Aubrey Smith is a lusty Duke of Wellington. But Helen Westley as the robust, humorous "mother of half the loans in Europe" manages to be the most colorful character of all. Messrs. Karloff, Owen, and Simpson—good!

And 20,000,000 sweethearts can't all be wrong about Dick Powell! As a matter of fact, I think this new picture will establish Powell as more than just a tooty crooner. He shows here that he has a talent for tender love scenes, to say nothing of dramatic ability. So, if you don’t like Powell, give him another chance. If you've liked him all along, you'll revel in his latest opus. It has much of the freshness and good-humor of "42nd Street"—and you may like it better. It's a musical, but without those endless chorus drills in which the cuties start out as nice, hard-working Hollywood dancers and end as water-sprites or wood-sprites. Besides, you're given a glimpse into the "back-stage" life of a radio station. Dick plays a singing waiter who becomes a radio flop, then a huge success. Ginger Rogers has a grand rôle at last, looks her loveliest, and sings charmingly. You'll be whistling "I'll String Along With You, unless you're too polite to whistle, in which case you'll be humming it. Allen Jenkins is very funny as the child-hater who broadcasts kiddie stories. Pat O'Brien, Joe Cawthorne, and Ted Fadito, help entertain.

Frank Buck's new edition of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" is here! Complete with battle between a black panther and a python, many amusing monkeys, wonderful scenic shots, and a honey-bear—alone worth the admission money. Well, if George White can bring out a "Scandal" every season I see no reason why Mr. Buck can't keep on filming his animal expeditions forever! "Wild Cargo" is not as ferocious as "Bring 'Em Back Alive" but you may enjoy it more for that very reason. An authen-
tic camera record of the actual capture of the "fierce and rare" wild animals ordered by Buck's bosses, the zoos of the world, the picture is continually fascinating to anyone who wants "to get away from it all" but can get only as far as his favorite theatre. Big moments are the snaring of a cassowary by Mr. Buck with his trusty Argentine bolas; the above-mentioned panther-python fight; and any and every shot of the honey-bear, who is more adorable than Janet Gaynor and more expressive than La Hepburn.

Frank Buck himself selects as his favorite the mouse-deer, four pounds of screen appeal, whom he saves, and just in the nick of time, too, from the machinations of Papa Python. See this!
Your taste in other things besides drama is being developed if you go to see motion pictures.

So declares Willy Pogany, famous Hungarian artist, now one of Hollywood's most highly-paid "art directors."

"I'm not sure what it means to 'direct art,'" Pogany laughed, his dark eyes dancing; "but I suppose it is the ability to create art combined with technical knowledge of camera angles, lighting, and mechanics. At any rate, we must be able to keep one step ahead of the public as we educate their taste.

"Millions of people all over the world go to see motion pictures; even without their realizing it, their taste is developed. They learn the latest methods in acting, naturally, but they also are educated in dressing, in music, in grooming, in manners, in architecture, interior decoration, diction, and so on. We can no longer feed the public metaphorical roast beef, but we must give them, sometimes, caviar.

"When you run an old picture today, the audience roars with laughter. The clothes are out of date, but so also are the acting and the sets. People today are more sophisticated. They will not accept a painted back-drop as a garden, or a curtain as the wall of a house.

"You can see how it is in advertising: Not many years ago, any old sketch or cut was run; today, the very best artists are employed by advertisers because public taste has advanced.

"The set in a picture is the background for the action. The background gives the mood. Whenever you look at the screen, you see a picture. The set should be sufficiently interesting not to kill the actor's art, and it should put the audience in a responsive mood.

"People see a beautiful interior created for a certain mood and if they are of the type who see loneliness in that mood, they cry: 'There—that's just what I want!' And they do not rest until they have achieved something as much like what they saw on the screen as it is possible to get.

"The things that I am doing at present are mostly highly imaginative sets for musicals, extravagant designs for song numbers, and so on. None of these sets is of value to anyone who is considering re-making his home, because they develop imagination. Contemplation of them helps new ideas to flow, and the home-owner who is not satisfied with his home goes away full of dreams of creation.

"Mr. Greumberger of this lot (Warners, where Mr. Pogany is under contract) has designed a bedroom in this imaginative manner. You could not copy this for your own home, unless you live in an enchanted castle, but a study of it may set your imagination to soaring. You may say: 'I could have a window seat adapted from that one, and I see how exactly the bed I want can be adapted from the canopied one shown. I will change this and add that.'"

It is Mr. Pogany's idea that if an artist merely sticks to existing styles in architecture and design, he is of no use to pictures, because a motion picture of a building actually standing may be shot and prove tremendously uninteresting because it wasn't designed for good camera angles and its beauty cannot be photographed.

"If a building is designed especially for pictures, it will be interesting, and it will contribute to the aesthetic quality of the picture," he explained.

"Sometimes an artist creates something new and con-
And how to achieve it! Let Willy Pogany, noted artist now designing screen interiors, advise you on your home decoration problems.

EXCLUSIVE!

By Ruth Tildesley

trajectories to existing ideas of architecture. Perhaps what he does is conspicuous for its impracticalibility and it cannot be reproduced. Art directors are all architects, of course, so they understand what they are doing and know that it cannot be used commercially, but for pictures we can exercise our imagination. We try for aesthetic quality, and we try to represent moods and reflect the characters who are to appear on the set.

"I wish people would recognize this, for it is not always wise to attempt to reproduce what you see on the screen. You analyze what you see and decide for yourself what is good for your purpose and what would make the hair stand on end if done outside of pictures."

Mr. Pogany urges us all to treat the sets we see on the screen as we have learned to treat the costumes.

"Dresses shown on the screen create new styles," he pointed out. "I believe there is no argument about that. A woman sees a star wearing a certain dress in a picture and says: 'I should like to have that, but I'll alter it to suit my type. I can't wear a cape because my shoulders are too high, so I'll take that off and wear a plainer collar.' Or, 'I like those ruffles, but I'll have to put them lower because I'm not tall enough to carry them off.'"

So when we see an intimate interior that appeals to us, we must adapt it to our own personalities.

"When we put an intimate interior on the screen," continued Mr. Pogany, "it is usually not an obvious thing. It is beautiful and it creates a mood.

"Mood is just as essential for a home as it is for a picture, although the fact is not generally recognized. Different temperaments demand different surroundings, and should have them." If you are (Continued on page 88)

---

Use the Movies in Home-Making!

Consider the sets you see on the screen with care! Consider if you could live in them.

If you think you could be happy there, you may copy it, or adapt it.

But if you feel it would be only for show, do not have it at any price! Home should be a place of comfort.

Furniture should be comfortable and practical. The purely ornamental is out!

The rage today is for white, light furniture and white backgrounds, because we are all sunshine-crazy!

Willy Pogany
TAKING THE AIR

Big-time bolts from the blue! Here are radio "raves" of the moment in close-up

By Mortimer Franklin

“We HAVE with us this month, members of the radio audience, a uniquely outstanding figure in the twin worlds of art and entertainment. A man who is likely to be remembered long after the best of our present-day ether songsters, performers, jesters and spell-binders have gone to their reward in Heaven or Hollywood. A man who—but hang the suspense! Ladies and gentlemen, I give you, (though not for keeps), George Gershwin, composer of Rhapsody in Blue, Concerto in F, and An American in Paris, and the man who first discovered a soul lurking in jazz.

Mr. Gershwin wears his honors lightly. Perched precariously on one of those three-by-five-inch visitors' chairs in the control during a rehearsal of his "Music by Gershwin" program, an unaffected diffidence that verged almost on shyness seemed to possess him as he talked about himself to my heart's content.

"What do I try to get across in my music? I'd call it a feeling of life as we live it today. I've chosen as my particular province, because I liked to do it, the making of music that will portray the American spirit in sound and rhythm. And I know that there's plenty of good musical raw material all around me—good ideas and themes—that can be used to express modern America in just that way."

And if you recall the distinctly native accents of his symphonic works, as well as his still-popular songs from "O Kay," "Funny Face," "Strike Up the Band," "Of Thee I Sing," and so on, you (Continued on page 85)
$250,000 in 5 Years!

That's Jean Muir's ambition. Will she achieve it?

JEAN MUIR has a five-year-plan of her own. If, at the end of that time, she has $250,000 in cash and investments, she will consider her motion picture career a success.

Then she will quit pictures at once and for all time!

But, if she finds that she can't make that much money in the time she has allotted herself, she may quit them immediately, may leave Hollywood flat and go back to New York and the genteel poverty she enjoyed there, waiting for her chance at fame on the stage.

Jean has delivered an ultimatum to fate. She has a little more than four years to go on her "plan" and she has a little money in the savings bank. But things have got to pick up rather rapidly to keep this remarkable young woman happy in pictures. At her present rate Jean would have to work thirty or forty years to gather together a quarter of a million dollars.

"I don't want all that for myself," she explains, crisply.

"I know now that I will never need more than a hundred dollars a week to live on—no matter how much I make. But I want an equal amount of income for my family, so that I needn't worry about them any more.

I figure that I need about $100,000 to assure myself an income of $100 a week. Then I should have as much more for the family. The other $50,000 would be protection for emergencies."

Miss Muir is very definite in her own mind about the finances of her career. "This is why I've got to have stardom—immediate stardom," she explains, seriously. "Only as a star can I make so much money in so short a time. And I don't intend to spend my whole life at it. Just five years, all told. Five years from last July."

Then, lest anyone think her mercenary and grasping, Jean hastens to explain: "Of course there are other reasons why I want stardom at once. Only a star—a real star, not just a half-way one—can do what she wants to do in pictures. And if I can't do what I want to do, I just won't stay in Hollywood, that's all!

"A star can have the director she wants. A star can demand the story that is suited to her. A star can say 'no' when a director wants to do something she knows is wrong, and make it stick. That's why I want stardom! It isn't just the money, really it isn't.

"Stardom is the only thing that will make it worth while for me to stay here for five years—or even another six months. It takes only one picture, you know. But it has to be just the right one. That could do for me what 'Morning Glory' did for Katherine Hepburn."

"You see, I know I'm not a great actress, not yet. I know I need strong direction. But with just the right story and just the right direction, I could be a star. I know it!"

When Jean says it, it sounds less self- (Continued on page 84)
We stayed at the Grove for about eight months and then I 'walked.' That was the end of "The Three Rhythm Boys." Naturally, there were many regrets at the breaking up of such a pleasant association, but things had become intolerable for me over there. Baris and Rincker finished out their contracts because they belonged to the musicians' union. I didn't belong to that organization so I walked.

Norman Taurog, who is directing me in "We're Not Dressing," had been after me for months to leave there and go to New York. Sennett had made me some offers for shorts.

While I was still at the Grove, Dixie Lee and I married. We never were really engaged. I asked her once about marrying me and she said no, she couldn't get married—she had her responsibilities and her career to think of. Months later we were down at Balboa spending the day. As we lay on the sands (Dixie is a famous beach hound even though she can't swim a stroke!), I said, "When are you going to marry me?"

"She said, 'What's today?'
"The 29th of August,' I answered.
"'Well, I'll marry you one month from today.'" And, promptly on the 29th of September she took the fatal step. Three days later she went to New York with Clara Bow for location scenes in "No Limit." Everybody we knew and a lot of people we didn't tried to prevent our marriage. They all told Dixie I could never make her happy, and they told me Dixie wasn't worldly enough for me.

Luckily, we paid no attention to anybody, and the more people protested, the more determined we became in our own minds to marry. We had never a regret—until Dixie returned from New York. That was the fourth of November, her birthday. By Christmas we had separated. I don't recall just what the row was over. I suppose I looked cross-eyed at her one morning when I should have looked straight. She went home to her mother and I remained with my brother and his wife, where we had been living.

Everett and his wife were pretty hard up (Continued on page 87)
VERREE TEASDALE isn't afraid!

Any other woman, faced with the prospect of becoming the wife of one of the ten best-dressed men in the world, might have moments when her courage would fail her.

But Verree Teasdale, who expects to become Mrs. Adolphe Menjou in August, had never realized that she should be frightened until an enterprising columnist asked her outright if she was.

"Why," she gasped, "how amusing! It has never occurred to me to worry about Mr. Menjou's clothes. How can they concern me? Why should I be alarmed just because Mr. Menjou dresses well?"

Adolphe Menjou doesn't just "dress well," the lady was reminded. He was recently listed by a group of world-famous tailors as one of the ten best-dressed men in the whole world—a list on which no other motion picture star was given a place and on which even His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, was conspicuous by his absence.

Even so, the tall, blonde, assured young woman refused to register alarm.

"It's just one of those Hollywood questions no one should answer," she parried. "It just doesn't seem important to me. I'm not scared. I've been asked the most astonishing things!" she went on. "Several writers have asked me if I love Mr. Menjou. Why they should ask me that is more than I can understand. I have promised to marry him. Surely it (Continued on page 70)
Here's

Scoop-fuls of news and gossip from our star-gazing reporter!

When Katharine Hepburn sailed for Europe in March the rumors flew thick and fast that she might not return. She was going, it was alleged, for the purpose of discussing with English producers the idea of starring in at least one London film; and the fact that Katie had expressed dissatisfaction with her RKO-Radio contract lent some color to the story.

Shortly after arriving in England, however, Miss Hepburn suddenly hopped a return boat, having evidently decided overnight to return to Hollywood and go ahead with the making of "Joan of Arc." And that, as we leap to press, is the last word on Hepburn.

HOLLYWOOD'S idea of a week-end trip: Pat and Mrs. O'Brien steamed to and from Panama, just for the ride... Dick Arlen, vacationing to Europe, was not taken off salary—nice!... Frances Rich, daughter of Irene, is studying sculpturing in France, and she recently sent for all available poses of Joan Crawford as the "Dancing Lady"—the poses to be used as models for Miss Rich's art class.... Dorothy Dell received a marriage proposal from a man in the Swiss Alps; he wants her to help him raise mountain goats.... Girls, be nice to Richard Dix: he has started a silver fox farm.... You'll see Rudolph Valentino's famous Arabian steed, Indian, in the picture "Stingaree".... Jean Harlow, on her own birthday, gave her mother a town-car—but guess who'll ride in it a lot? A five-and-ten clerk told Alice White that she wasn't Alice White; must have thought Alice was Garbo.

Quite the most daring individual stunt ever enacted before a motion picture camera was Johnny Weissmuller's act of riding a rhinoceros for a scene in "Tarzan." This was the same rhino, too, that only a few weeks previously had broken loose from its moorings and smashed sets and cameras.

According to veteran animal men, there is no previous record of a white man ever having ridden one of the beasts. Two doubles, called to the studio for the ride, flatly refused, although both had risked their necks in other ways time and again. The director was desperate until Weissmuller, over-riding all protests, straddled Mr. Rhino for the benefit of camera and carried off the stunt famously, without loss of life or limb.

Lupe Velez Weissmuller arrived on the set just too late to witness the scene, but not too late to voice a few caustic words regarding her Johnny's foolhardiness. Still, there was also pride in the glint in lovely Lupe's eyes!

INGENUITY pleases the stars. Jean Harlow, for instance, was so pleased with an odd fan letter, (a fan spoke her piece on a phonograph record and sent it to Miss Harlow), that she sent the girl a set of beautiful, autographed portraits.

Let's getting so you can't reach any of the screen stars by telephone. For years, stars have owned 'phones with private numbers, thus to protect themselves from thousands of calls from curious fans. Then Greta Garbo came along and rented a house without a telephone. Greta had that idea all to herself for a while, but within recent months, others have followed suit.

Winfield Sheehan, chief executive of the Fox studio, lives five miles from a telephone. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee have no telephone either, and the studios must pay a $1,50 messenger-charge to get notes to this pair. The same is true of Richard Dix.

Ara Harding has another sort of convenience, a telephone that only takes outgoing calls. It costs the studios seventy-five cents to get in touch with Ann, which must be some solace after they shell out a buck-fifty to reach McCrea and Dix!

I visited a comedy lot. In one two-reeler, "No Sleep On the Deep," I discovered Betty Compson, Dorothy Sebastian, Don Alvarado, Robert Warwick, Alice Lake, Mary MacLaren and Jack Duffy—all prominent stars or near-stars a few years ago.

Together again! Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant, who made such an appealing romantic team in "Madame Butterfly," join forces in "Tairy Day Princess."
Hollywood!
By Weston East

LITTLE things that cause big wars: Joan Crawford and Esther Ralston were vying with each other for supremacy in an important picture scene in Joan's new film, *Mae West Is Forty*.

Healy happened along at that moment, and in all innocence he asked, "Which of you two is the stooge?"

Of course, the remark was funny, and of course Joan and Esther joined in the general laughter. But the truth is, they were seriously fighting to steal that scene from each other, and the funny remark only served to point out to both actresses that they were literally "at war."

RICHARD ARLEN and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are really "seeing Europe," according to letters and cables they have sent back to Hollywood friends. Immediately upon their arrival in London with Richard Ralston, Jr. and his nurse, the Arlens established headquarters at the Savoy Hotel. Now they are flying to various parts of the Old Continent from that headquarters, and particularly are they visiting sections of Europe over which Arlen flew during the World War, when he was a member of the Royal Flying Corps. Arlen's latest letter declares that they have already visited parts of Ireland, France, Scotland, and Italy—and in Dick's words, "we haven't even started yet."

ALICE BRADY is fond of dogs, and she has a small army of them as personal pets. But the other night, Miss Brady was not so partial to one of her mutts. You see, Alice was making a very serious talk before a group of women on the National Theatre movement. Suddenly her dog, which was tied at the far end of the room, recognized its mistress and set up a howl. First time in history, probably, that a screen star was heckled by a dog!

ONE night a foreign-made automobile was parked in front of Greta Garbo's house. Reporters went into a frenzy when they learned that the car belonged to Carl Brisson, the Danish actor. The same reporters went into spasm of joy when newspaper records revealed that Garbo and Brisson were once very good friends—that was when both were in Europe, years ago. With all this information at hand, the reporters attempted to start a romance rumor. But what a blow to their reportorial pride when Brisson suddenly revealed that he is married! That fact had been kept secret by studio executives, who had hoped that Carl might become a matinee idol, and who believed that a wife might spoil any such public idolatry. Making this situation even funnier, it later developed that Mrs. Brisson was with her husband when he visited Garbo.

THE only fellow in Hollywood, apparently, who is not completely allured by Mae West is George Raft. The studio had Raft scheduled to co-star with Mae in the picture, "It Ain't No Sin," and George went into training for the part, which called for a boxer. But the day the picture was to have begun, Mr. G. Raft calmly walked out and said he wouldn't play opposite Mae.

Of course, it developed that Raft wasn't really averse to romancing with Miss West. His real complaint was that the script, according to his own words, gave Mae ninety-nine per cent of the scenes, and her leading man the other one per cent.

And so, Raft walked. However, no studio difficulties ensued, because company executives eyed the script and realized that George was right, so they got another boy for the part.

IF JACK OAKIE isn't one of the biggest box-office stars in Maryland, it is because his own relatives are not attending his performances. An early ancestor on his mother's side came to America with Lord Baltimore. The family has since branched out to such an extent that Oakie has approximately 100,000 relatives in the state of Maryland!
Tough Tracy? Wrong! Just look at the gallant Lee chivalrously holding the make-up box for Isabel Jewell, his fiancée, as she applies a finishing dab. How about a Tracy-Jewell film?

Paramount dined and wined Richard Arlen on the eleventh anniversary of his association with the company. Unless I am mistaken, this marks a new long-term record for any star with one organization. In addition to the many officials, department heads, and fellow-players who were present, Arlen was deluged with telegrams from the 1500 employees of the company. Of these, the tribute from B. P. Schulberg, producer-executive, is outstanding. His congratulatory wire:

"ELEVEN YEARS IS A LONG TIME TO BE WITH ANY SINGLE COMPANY IN ANY INDUSTRY BUT IN THE PICTURE BUSINESS IT IS A RECORD STOP FOR A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOURSELF TO HAVE THIS RECORD MAKES IT EVEN MORE UNIQUE STOP IT CAN ONLY MEAN A DEEP REGARD NOT ONLY FOR YOUR PROFESSIONAL ABILITY BUT FOR YOUR CHARACTER AND LOVABLE PERSONAL TRAITS AS WELL STOP I AM GLAD THAT DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THESE WONDERFUL ELEVEN BEFORE YOUR TRUE WORTH WAS GENERALLY RECOGNIZED I STROVE TO HAVE YOU CONTINUED IN STOCK SO THAT TEN YEARS LATER A RECORD SO UNUSUAL COULD RESULT STOP I TAKE THIS MEANS OF WISHING YOU LONG LIFE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS AND CONTINUED AND GREATER SUCCESS—B. P. SCHULBERG."

Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer, to whom Mae now admits her engagement, were driving through one of California's beautiful countriesides not long ago, when they were hailed by two little boys, not over twelve years of age. The boys asked for a ride. "We'll give you a lift," Miss Clarke volunteered. "If you promise you're not highwaymen, and if you won't knock us in the head."

And one of the lads snapped back. "Okay—but you gotta make us the same promise. We're particular what kind of looking folks we ask for lifts!"

It has just occurred to me that life can't be entirely peaches and cream for Johnny Weissmuller. All day long he works at his studio with lions and rhinos and elephants. And when the day's work is finished, Johnny goes home—to wifey Lupe's 68 canaries, two Mexican hairless dogs, one Scottie, one Great Dane, two cats and a talkative parrot.

One of the oddest and funniest situations ever to occur in a studio involved Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, George Burns and "Droopy," a trained bear. It happened when the script called, for a scene of Droopy vigorously scratching himself, Droopy wouldn't scratch, and he refused to understand how important this particular scratching sequence was to the picture. An hour was wasted before Bing was imbued with an idea. "Let's put some fleas on Droopy," was the crooner's inspired notion.

Everybody cheered the thought, and then commenced a flea hunt. The studio cats were the "Hunting grounds," and Crosby, Burns, and Miss Lombard joined in the chase. At the end of half an hour, the troupe rounded up five lively fleas. They released them in Droopy's vicinity—and within a few minutes the scene was obtained with ease.

P. S. Had the cameras been slightly off-line, they might have obtained a sub- swell picture of Bing scratching vigorously. It seems that one of the fleas failed to arrive at the proper destination.

"Spanky" MacFarland, that cherubic youngster who is a feature of the "Our Gang" comedies, gives evidence of growing into a great wit.

Spanky was watching a property man prepare a toy store window for a recent picture. As "props" set model engines, tool sets and other toys in place, Spanky's eyes widened. At last he turned to his mother, with: "Mom, why do I gotta be a hu actor? I'd rather be a prop'ly man."

Cocktails for two—not counting the "kibitzers!" Margaret Sullivan and Douglass sensitive story of the trials of an average young couple during hard times. Yes. The script girl and technical crew complete
The biggest laugh in Hollywood recently was enjoyed at the expense of Dorothy Dell and Jay Hunt, the pair of Southerners who brought possum-hunting to California.

These two sent all the way to Louisiana for some possum hounds. Then, when they learned that their dogs were useless because there are no possums in California, they sent to Texas for one dozen live coons.

They organized a hunting party, and released the possums. Then, with the baying hounds leading the chase, everybody rushed up hill and down dale, until at last they found themselves congregated beneath a tree, with all the hounds yelping upward.

Hunt climbed the tree and espied the victim. He gave a limb a strong shake, and down went their intended prey. But a surprise greeted the hunting party. The possum turned out to be a Possum--and that little fellow wrecked the hunting party.

How would you like to be along on that movie trip to the South Seas on which M-G-M plans to send Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller? Oh yes, they're being sent for a picture; this isn't exile for Hollywood's happiest--pardon, I mean scrappiest couple.

I get a great kick out of Weissmuller's remark when he was told that he and Lupe would do such a picture together.

"I'll get away from my Tarzan yell," he said with a grinace, (Johnny has been very anxious to do something other than Tarzan on the screen), "but with Lupe in the picture, my lines will likely be reduced to a couple of grunts, and perhaps a snort."

Will Rogers is not one to seek publicity. In fact, he dodges interviews and the like. So the press department boys sometimes invent little sayings of their own, and credit them to Will. "When I die, I'm going to have a special inscription on my tombstone," Will commented, after reading one of those items, "I'll read: NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE GAGS PINNED ON ME BY PUBLICITY MEN."

When show-folks get together! John Barrymore, as an erratic stage impresario, chats with Carole Lombard, who plays his no less spectacular leading lady, between scenes for "Twentieth Century."

At the Lakeside Golf Club one day, Guy Kibbe mentioned that he is not the wit of his family--the honor, (if such), belongs to Mrs. Kibbe. Whereupon Guy related that his three-year-old daughter likes to climb the heavy screen in front of the Kibbe's living-room fireplace. Guy is afraid the child will fall and hurt herself some day, so one morning he called sharply, "Get off that screen!"

At that, Mrs. Kibbe exclaimed, "Guy! Don't be so cross with her! How would you like for the producers to say that to you?"

Cheer and His Dept:

A big close-up to Frances Dee this month. Highwaymen stopped the car in which Frances was motoring, and they stole her money, jewels, and some letters. One letter was from a little girl who had sent twenty cents for a photograph. Frances advertised--and even asked a radio friend to broadcast--for the little girl's name, in order that she might still send the photograph.

A long-shot with bad lighting to a certain columnist, who has every reason to be grateful to famous people, but who has found occasion lately to refer to screen stars as "smelles" and to further comment that "there are 50,000 cows in Los Angeles, not counting the screen actresses."

A nice close-up to Gloria Stuart for her unjelous praise for a sister actress. Asked to cast her vote for the finest screen performance of 1933, Gloria said, "Just Katharine Hepburn, that's all."

Another long-shot and had sound track to that producer who insisted that Dixie Lee, (starring in his picture), be advertised as Dixie Lee Crosby. As if the gal isn't good enough to get by with her own sails.

A final close-up to Bette Davis. When she learned that it would cost the studio for which she was working about $3000 for wigs, (to make her a red-head for "Of Human Bondage"), she dyed her own hair, and saved the company all that money.

Montgomery enact a quietly emotional scene from "Little Man, What Now?", that director Frank Borzage, the be-knickered gentleman at the left, watches intently, the spectators at this intimate little tête-à-tête!
High-flying Jackie! Young pilot Cooper prepares to "give the gun" to his toy plane, which he and his uncle built in the Cooper backyard. It's a perfect model, equipped with instruments from famous planes sent Jackie by their owners.

RUTH CHATTERTON confirms the general impression of an impending rift between her and George Brent when she admitted having arrived at a definite decision to separate from him. The two were married August 13, 1932, one day after Ruth had obtained her divorce decree from Ralph Forbes. And, speaking of Mr. Forbes, the rumor persists that Ruthie is going to remarry him when, as, and if she is divorced from Brent.

HOLLYWOOD'S premieres have been few and far between of late, perhaps due to the fact that local theatres overdid these social affairs. Only the Greta Garbo "Queen Christina" opening and the "Wonder Bar" opening have been set off this auspiciously since the first of the year.

The "Wonder Bar" premiere of last month was marked by all the lights and color that have made these events notable. Dick Powell made his Los Angeles debut as a Master of Ceremonies, and enlivened the occasion with his clever introductions of Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Edward G. Robinson, Jimmy Cagney and many others.

The theatre at which this premiere took place is located at the busiest intersection of Hollywood Boulevard, so that thoroughfare had to be roped off to prevent traffic blockades. The vast crowd of curiously onlookers took advantage of this roping-off process and packed the avenue solid.

A near-riot broke loose when a sudden report flashed through the crowd that Greta Garbo was entering the theatre. The terrific push to see Miss Garbo might have had serious or even fatal results. Fortunately, tragedy was averted by the timely announcement that Miss Garbo was not present. After this announcement, the milling and crowding ceased.

They are telling a funny story in Hollywood about two mongrel dogs, one named Bill Fields and the other, Jimmy Durante. The two mutts were rambling down a street one day when the dog named Durante stopped to scratch. "Whassa matter, boy?" demanded Fields. "Got a flex?"

Durante dug at his ribs with a back paw, then muttered, "I got a million of 'em—a million of 'em!"

BEATING AND BLEEDING HEARTS DEPT.

If Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks reconcile, as now seems certain, let this department say "I told you so." For months, (ever since their separation, in fact), Mary and Doug have talked with each other often over trans-Atlantic telephone. While others were declaring that there was no hope for them to resume marital relations, Dan Cunard, the dazed archer, has whispered to us that he has every expectation that the two famous lovers will reconcile.

Great excitement around Hollywood when Alice Faye, said to be Rudy Vallee's girl-friend, was seen places with Lyle Talbot. But Capo, the arroswmith, whispers this secret: Rudy and Lyle are good friends, and Rudy quite approves of Lyle taking Alice places. You see, if Alice and Lyle are rumored fond of each other, that means less publicity about Alice and Rudy, at a time when Rudy doesn't care for such publicity. Incidentally, Miss Faye hears every Vallee radio broadcast, no matter what she has to stop doing in order to listen.

More reports from Dan, the nudist: The Clark Gables are happy; no truth to rumors of trouble in this family. Virginia Bruce Gilbert positively will, (if she hasn't already done so before this is in print), file suit for divorce from John. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence have written to Hollywood friends that they may alterate their lives in April.

Jayne Shadduck, the actress, will likely be Mrs. Jack Kirkland, (the writer, formerly married to Nancy Carroll), before you read this. Esther Ralston and Earl Oxford are giving each other those luminous eyes.

Triangles of interest include that Dick Powell-William Powell-Margaret Lindsay affair. When Margaret was in the hospital for an appendectomy, Dick and William tried to see who would send her the most flowers.

A second such triangle finds Gene Raymond and Phillip Reed competing for the smiles of Marnie Nixon, with Reed getting slightly the better of it as this is written.

George Raft denies any serious interest in Comrades-at-arms! Leslie Howard and Bill Gargan work together in the same studio, and are also fast friends in private life. Here they are swapping gossip at Palm Springs, where both have homes.
in Virginia Pine—but so did Lupe Velez say she had no intention of marrying Johnny Weissmuller, if you'll remember. The name of that New York business man who will become Miriam Jordan's husband when her divorce is final is Stephen Gray. Hardie Albright is giving Martha Sleeper such a rush that it looks serious.

Both Maurice Chevalier and Kay Francis are denying serious intent—and Cagney says you may believe them. Tom Brown and Anita Louise half-way expect to marry when they visit his folks back in New England this coming summer. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are still unevolved; if they marry, it'll be one of those sudden things, done at a moment when both are in the mood. Randolph Scott, not long de-Vivian-Gayed, is solacing his heart, (and apparently successfully), with the company of beautiful Kathryn Carver, Adolphe Menjou's ex-wife.

The following story was first told by W. C. Fields. It seems that when Fields was learning to play golf, he approached the tee for the first time and placed his ball. He swung wildly, failed to hit the ball, and tore a huge hole in the turf. Four times he repeated this fierce, resultless swing.

Disgusted, Fields was about to pick up his ball when he suddenly saw two earthworms, discussing their dangerous position. Fields says that one worm was begging the other to plan some means of escape.

"The only suggestion I have for our safety," said the other worm, "is that if we don't want to get hit, we'd better climb right up there on the ball!"

**ATTENTION, playwrights!** If you have a play that is just aching to be produced, get in touch with Joan Crawford. She and Franchot are interested in the Little Theatre movement, and since Joan is building a small, intimate theatre as an annex to her home, she may like your play well enough to produce it there. If a play reaches Joan's private theatre, you may be sure most of Hollywood's "big shots" will see it. So go to it, scriveners.

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts!" So Mary Pickford, "America's Sweetheart" came up to the Biograph studio in New York, where Helen Morgan and Chester Morris are playing the respective roles, to make the inaugural shot for the film.

The news of Lilyan Tashman's death, coming as it did at a time when her career appeared to be flourishing, proved all the more a shock to the great numbers of filmdom who admired her acting and her personal beauty. For Lilyan's illness, while known to her husband, Edmund Lowe, and her intimate friends, was unsuspected by the public. A conscientious trouper to the end, she insisted on putting in a full day of hard work on her last day before the camera, in order to complete the picture she was engaged in.

Miss Tashman, whose renown as "Hollywood's best dressed woman" surpassed even her fame as an actress, began her career as a dancer in Ziegfeld's "Follies," in company with such famous actresses as Billie Dove, Marion Davies, Marilyn Miller, and Ina Claire. Her last role was in "My" Bly in "Frankie and Johnny," made at the Biograph studios in New York, and to be released during the coming months. She also had a part in Norma Shearer's new picture, "Riptide."

There can be no substitute for Lilyan Tashman's gay, sparkling personality and handsome presence; her passing means an irreparable loss to both Hollywood life and to the screen.

Mrs. Jimmy Durante plays her real-life rôle (Schmooze's missus) in "The Hollywood Party"... Iowa State Prison inmates must believe Mac West sports laughs; they wrote and asked her for 100 new gags for the prison's monthly mag... If you have missed Fifi D'Orsay on the screen, she has been singing in a New York night-club... The Swedish government has issued a one-cent stamp bearing the likeness and surname of Greta Garbo... Will Rogers was scheduled to fly East on that airplane that crashed in Utah, but he changed his flying arrangements at the last moment... Joan Crawford gave Franchot Tose a ten carat star-ruby ring for his birthday... George Arliss almost daily walks the length of Hollywood boulevard (three miles) for exercise... An effort to have a Hollywood telephone exchange named Hepburn, (it is now Hempstead), failed because the phone company feared a deluge of such requests if it complied in Hepburn's case.
Getting into the Beauty Picture!

Over the Hair Waves

By Josephine Felts

"S"O YOU'RE doing your hair a new way!"
That means you are in love!
Oh, yes, it does! Just as robins mean Spring; June means brides; blonde means beautiful; so, a new coiffure means a romance. Just try it and see!

Speaking of blonde and beautiful, we are not certain that Jean Harlow is responsible for this close association of the two words. (Though you will have to admit that Jean's picture is most convincing!) We are not even sure that Mr. Webster will back us up. We are merely stating a devastating fact.

Doesn't Garbo shake back blond, silken tresses from her eyes? Hasn't Mae West demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that gentlemen can always be depended upon to come up and see a blonde? Even Cleopatra was a red-head! And you know what a reputation for beauty she had!

But never mind. Both history and the screen are glowing with delectable dark-haired maidens. To mention Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, is just to begin. And as for the preferences of the lads, it is said, they marry brunettes!

The glorious fact is, that it is not the color at all that counts. You may be a blonde or a brunette, a red-head or one of those in-between-brownies, and be lovely as you please. It is not the color of your hair, it is the care you take of it that counts—and counts—and counts! And I do not mean only in pictures. I mean in life.

The other day I had an exciting experience. I watched the personnel director of a big organization picking twenty girls out of two hundred who applied for a job. Her first words surprised me and I thought I was past surprising!

"Please take off your hats," she said.

Out they came, blond curls and dark ones, flat waves and frizzes. Some were soft, silky, shining; some were straggled and ill-arranged. But every one of them told a story. Care or neglect.

I see you are ahead of me! Yes, well-cared-for hair was one of the important things that determined whether or not the girl got the job.

There is something about a girl's hair that tells volumes about her. One prominent director swears he can tell, just by looking at a girl's hair, all about her past, what her future will be, and as for her present, whether she is happy or not, which is all that counts. Perhaps we are not willing to go quite that far! But there certainly is a lot in what he says.

Now what should YOU do to have lovely hair?

It is all as simple as one, two, three. Wash it! Wave it or curl it! (Or both.) Brush it! And forget it! Because self-consciousness is worse than freckles! The only time to be self-conscious about your hair is when it looks badly. Then is when you deserve to feel miserable! When it is looking its own beautiful best is the time when you can afford to put it entirely out of your mind. Other people won't! They will be admiring. If you will glance now and then into that kindest of mirrors, the eyes of a friend, you will see what I mean.

"But is my hair really that (Continued on page 96)
CUPID: "Hello, angel face, you look as though you’d just washed in morning dew."

CAROLE: "I’ve just washed in something much nicer—and it’s your own prescription, too."

CUPID: "When did I prescribe for you? You’ve turned men’s hearts and heads so often that I can’t remember when you needed my advice."

CAROLE: "Well, once you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that ‘it’s a girl’s best friend’—those were your words, Dan."

CUPID: "You’re not the only girl I’ve seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine!"

"MY GREATEST ALLY"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is your skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid’s prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.

Charming star of Paramount’s "We’re Not Dressing"
Any camera
plus Verichrome
Film is the best
combination yet
for day-in and day-
out picture-making

...Verichrome
works where
ordinary films fail.

VERICHROME
gets the picture

Accept nothing but
the familiar yellow
box with the
checked stripe.

HOW VERICHROME
DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM
1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive
   silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation “fuzz” prevented by special
   backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and
   shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Adolphe's Ideal
Continued from page 61

Verree Teasdale is her real name. It is a
combination of family names which began
when a Yankee officer named Teasdale
married a Southern girl whose last name
was Verree, just at the close of the Civil
War. This Verree, the name rhymes with
Marie, was born in Spokane, Washington,
burnt as a small child to New York
where she was born some ten
decades years or more. She attended Erasmus
High School in Brooklyn, Miss Perkins'
School for Girls, Sargent’s School of
Art, and the New York School of
Expression.

She never intended to be anything except
an actress. From her childhood she planned
a stage career and it never occurred to her
to worry about her success. There was no
early struggle. She was not poor.

The first stage job she asked for was
to be a part in Philip Barry’s play, “The
Youngest.” After that she appeared in
“The Master of the Inn,” “The Constable
Wife,” with Ethel Barrymore, “The Greeks
Had a Word for It” and “Experience Un-
necessary.”

Somewhere along this road to fame, Miss
Teasdale met and married William O’Neal,
her singer. They are now divorced.

After “Experience Unnecessary,” the act-
resses took the title to heart and came to
Hollywood and motion pictures. She
appeared in “Skyscraper Souls,” “Payment
Deferred,” “The Roman Scandal,” with
Eddie Cantor, before her role in “Fashion
Follies of 1934” for Warner Brothers,
won her a long-term contract with that
company.

This, in brief, is the background of the
lady who isn’t afraid to marry the best-
dressed man in Hollywood. How they
met, who introduced them, what they said
to each other, nobody seems to know.

It is known, however, that Menjou paid
elaborate and carefully planned attention
to Miss Teasdale almost from the first.
He bought her unusual gifts, not all of
them of an expensive variety; but all dif-
f rent enough to intrigue her interest.

“I have three turtles,” she explained when
listing her pets, “little fellows with
the words ‘Forget-Me-Not’ on her backs.
These are darling. Mr. Menjou gave them to me.”
A moment later she turned back her
glove to display them again on her left
wrist from which dangled ten or a dozen
small objects.

“Good luck charms,” she explained. “Mr.
Menjou went all over town to find them.
Don’t you love them? See, there’s a whistle
that really blows, and a little golden tub
with a cork and a bottle of soup in it.
And a telephone, and a four-leaved clover,
y and a tiny cork screw which really opens!”
The busy Menjou must have spent days
gathering the tiny objects.

Together they explored new cafés
and invaded the Los Angeles Chinatown
district to find curious objects for the ordi-
inary oriental restaurants. He humored her
interest in fortune tellers and within the
first few weeks of their courtship had taken
her to visit every important in or
near the film colony.

“And did they say you were to be
happy?” she was asked.

“I didn’t necessarily believe what they
told me, ever.” Miss Teasdale answered,
“but I love to hear them tell it, anyway.
Yes, they did I said yes.”

Which may be one reason Verree Teas-
dale, who is to marry one of the ten best-
dressed men in the world, isn’t even a little
bit scared.
How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats... Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it—
Picture it—with snapshots
looked around at the other stars on the lot, and said: "How long will it take you to get my weight down?"

I looked at her and it seemed to me that she had believed to be the coming popular figure. I told her I would just take a tripe off her abdomen and hips, but otherwise I wanted her to remain as she was. I was right. Today most people agree with me that Miss West is the leading exponent of glamorous sex on the screen. Miss West was a private patient of mine, so she did not attend the gymnasium on the lot. This gymnasium is in charge of Richard Kline, physical director of Paramount, and stars who wish to take exercise at the studio do it under his instruction.

I didn't put Miss West on a diet, as I did not want her to lose, but I gave her massage and taught her some simple exercises. She's an amusing patient, always wise-cracking, and most of the time I worked on her she had me laughing.

I will give you here one exercise for reducing the abdomen and one for taking excess poundage off the hips. These are two of the exercises that Miss West follows, and I will guarantee that they will be beneficial to you.

In this first article of his series, James Davies tells readers of SCREENLAND not only how to take reducing exercises and diets, but also how to relax. Above, Ida Lupino illustrates what Davies calls "the spread-eagle" position, described fully in his story, which is excellent for complete relaxation.

Continued from page 23

Exercise for Reducing Abdomen:

Lie flat on the floor with hands clasped behind the head, and feet under some obstacle—a low-runged chair will do. Then sit up without raising the feet. Do this half a dozen times every morning.

Exercise for Reducing Hips:

Lie flat on floor, arms crossed on chest, roll three times to right, then three times back to position. Do this half a dozen times every morning.

Too simple? But that is why they are valuable to begin with. Do them slowly at first, and increase your speed each day. You will not be sore or stiff.

When Sari Maritza came to me she was a stocky little girl off the screen, and on it, she looked decidedly overweight. I brought her down to 109 pounds and she looked like a slim angel.

I used to get her up out of bed every morning at six o'clock to go through her course of exercises. We bought a small portable rowing machine for her; the first morning I let her do half a dozen pulls at the oars; the next morning, she got up to ten, and we gradually increased it until in a couple of months she was doing as high as

If you haven't a rowing machine in your home, here are two views of an exercise which is a good substitute. James Davies and Ida Lupino, in the pictures above, show you, at left, the start of the exercise; and, in the picture at the right, the final position. This rhythmic exercise is of great benefit. Try it to music! Read Mr. Davies' article in full for the detailed explanations of all his recommended exercises.
New Hair Styles . . .

Created by Hollywood

But not for hair too DRY or too OILY

(above) A lovely Hollywood blonde goes in for a "Holen-of-Troy" hairdress with romantic curls at the back. Ideal for evening if your hair is soft and silky, but merely untidy if your hair is dry and harsh. To help dry hair, use the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.

(below) Another star, who likes simplicity, uses a satiny swirl from right to left in back. For this style the hair should not look plastered down, and that means it cannot be oily and stringy. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment (below) helps to correct over-oily hair.

Help for DRY hair:
Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't!—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silker and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astrigent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Packer's

OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO for DRY hair
PIECE TAR SHAMPOO for OILY hair

for June 1934
Goin’ to town!

GAY! CAREFREE! Bubbling over with enthusiasm! Life’s worth living when digestion is good, when annoying little irritations aren’t gnawing at your disposition.

To help keep digestion in trim, chew Beeman’s. Chew it often. Chew it after meals. It is pure, wholesome, helpful — it aids digestion. And its flavor is delicious — smooth, cool, and refreshing. And keep fresh, too — for the new Triple Guard Pack guarantees Beeman’s fragrant freshness until you puncture the airtight wrap. Try Beeman’s now!

Chew BEEMAN’S PEPSIN GUM

AIDS DIGESTION

on necessary weight, but if he would put himself into my hands, I could build him up.

Any of you who are suffering from nervousness and underweight may get benefit from following the course I will outline here, though a later issue in this series will be devoted to more detailed instructions.

But, taking Gary’s case, the first thing I would do with him would be to have him cut out smoking so many cigarettes. Then I would see that he got at least ten hours’ sleep every night. I would have him swim every day, beginning with a short dip and continuing until he could do a good half an hour in the water. I would have him walk as much as possible; he could ride if he liked, but he would have to stay in the open the major part of the day.

I would see that he ate quantities of good, nourishing food, whether he had an appetite or not, with plenty of milk and fresh eggs — a good steak once a day would be included on his diet list.

Let me list now, for the benefit of those who are especially interested in reducing, a few excellent exercises to take off those too, too solid pounds:

If you haven’t a rowing machine in the house, here’s an excellent substitute: Two people sit on the floor facing one another, a box or covered brick separating the soles of one pair of shoes from the other, knees flexed, a rope, (an ordinary skipping rope will do), held by both ends by the stronger of the two persons, its looped middle held by the other. Straighten out legs, then sway first toward one, then toward the other; lengthen the sway until first one, then the other, can lie back flat on the floor. If this is done to music, it will be found a rhythmical exercise of great benefit.

You can do this, after a fashion, by yourself without the rope; lying flat on the floor, bring legs up to join them and sway upward and forward until you reach a sitting posture. A more difficult variation of the Mae West exercise for reducing the abdomen is illustrated by Ida Lupino and myself. Seat yourself on a stool, hands clasped behind head, feet under some obstacle, or held by someone, (as I am shown holding Miss Lupino’s feet in the illustration); bend slowly backward until your head touches the floor, then rise to first position, and repeat.

Then reverse the position and lie on your stomach on stool, hands clasped as before, feet held as before, and bend forward until head touches floor, return to position and repeat.

The “land crawl” is an excellent exercise for limbering up and keeping generally fit.

Lie flat on floor, face down; raise head and cross arms in front; bring right leg forward on floor, then slide right arm toward right foot until you can touch your toe with your fingers; return to position; do this half a dozen times.

(Next month, James Davies continues his series of exclusive advice to SCREENLAND readers who want to have a Hollywood figure.)

Jeanette Wins!

Continued from page 20

to the effect that some other star would play one of the major roles, the studio was deluged with letters of protest.

Newspapers and magazines were literally flooded with demands that Maurice and Lubitsch and I do the picture. Mr. Thalberg at M-G-M received numberless petitions in our behalf. I met many very special fans in Paris. Emma Presti, has done a most exquisite painting of me as the Widow. I was delighted, and now in a very beautiful salon over there. When she heard that I might not get the rôle, she was heartbroken. She wrote me to tell me that if I did not get the Widow, or her portrait would be useless. Well — Jeanette laughed a little — "I couldn’t let that happen, now could I?"

American fans aren’t used to being loyal or tolerant, the way Europeans are. But Jeanette’s fans—American, European, and every other kind —have been unerring in their loyalty. Jeanette finds it really touching, this intense adoration that is bestowed upon her.

"It restores all my faith in people," she says matter-of-factly. "It makes me feel that I must be worthy."

She told me that Lubitsch had not yet decided in what period he was going to set the story. It will be in whatever period gives Jeanette the most flattering costumes and hair arrangements.

"I don’t believe Maurice—well, he wears a uniform anyhow," the exquisite red-head explained. "Mr. Lubitsch has been talking about those clothes and little curls. Those are awfully flattering, but somehow I think they’re much too sweet and girlish for the Widow. It seems to me that she was definitely a sophisticate."

"The Merry Widow" was first produced in 1903, which was the era of wide-brimmed hats, flowing plumes, and pompadours, ac-
cording to Jeanette.

"And since I can wear pompadours as easily as curls, I would probably do it in that period."

I asked Jeanette what other plans she had for the future.

"Well, after 'The Merry Widow,' I'm to do 'Naughty Marietta,'" she told me excitedly. "Isn't that perfect? Victor Herbert's lovely melodies." Her voice trailed off into ecstatic silence.

"And then to Europe again?"

"No, I don't think so. My next concert tour will be in South America. They want me, and I like the idea of combining work and travel. Besides, I can fit such a tour into my program perfectly by going during the summer. That's winter for them — the height of their theatrical season."

"You really ought to go to China," I said jokingly, remembering Jeanette's tremendous popularity among the Orientals.

"And I shall!" she answered seriously. "Not now, but as soon as it's peace enough, I'm going to pack my music and set out for the Far East!"

Jeanette certainly is looking ahead. Right now, though, her one thought is to make "The Merry Widow" all that her fans have dreamed it would be.

Garbo vs. Sten

Continued from page 27

glimpse of Garbo's twin on the screen. What they saw was a radiant vision who did, in the delicate purity of her features, in the high cheekbones and shadowy hollows of her face, suggest the Swedish girl — a vision, besides, whose every pose, every turn of the head, every shade of expression was an aesthetic treat to watch.

If I had to classify Dietrich, I should place her somewhere between Garbo and Sten. She has the poetic beauty of the one, without her elusiveness, and, in a more subtle form, the irresistible sex appeal of the other. It's my private opinion that if anyone had been able to rock the Garbo throne, it would have been she. The fact that she didn't, but won her own wide following instead, is a tribute to the individuality of both. For it soon became evident that the resemblance between them was merely superficial, and that the essence of their charm was as different as black from white, a difference which may perhaps be summed up in the conviction that men would adore Dietrich and understand her; would worship Garbo and be baffled by her.

As for Hepburn, who has been nominated Garbo's successor by more than one canny prophet, I can't see it. If Hepburn is anything, she's the spirit of modernity, typical of its strength and weaknesses. She represents the uncompromising candor of the driving intelligence, the scorn for all glibness which we associate with the young of today. She seems to me far more easily at home in the brusquerie of "Spitfire," in the self-absorption of "Morning Glory," in the eager absorption of the first part of "A Bill of Divorcement," than in any scenes of warmth or tenderness I have watched her play. She carries conviction as the standard-bearer of courage and gallantry, but faced with the necessity of displaying the softer emotions, she seems to me cloaked at once in self-consciousness, gauche by comparison with Garbo's grace, immure by comparison with Garbo's mellowness.

Yet none of these things have any importance, in view of her tremendous appeal — an appeal which may very well be based on the fact that she's unlike Garbo. And always will be, unless I'm wide of the mark.

There is magic in LAMPS from the "HOUSE OF MAGIC"

Why this Mark ★ means good light at low cost

EVER since the days of Edison's first crude lamp, General Electric Research Laboratories have been delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of light. Year after year Mazda lamps have been improved . . . good light has cost less and less.

Here is a striking example. Gas-filled lamps give more light for the current consumed. But this gas has to be dry. A single drop of water could ruin 100,000 lamps! So the scientists in the "House of Magic" found a way to make the gas 100 times drier than the air of the Sahara Desert!

Lamps from the "House of Magic" give you good light at low cost. Look for the mark ★ on every bulb.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Clara Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture

Get the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new-type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run-down, nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any drugstore will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today!

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHERN YEAST CO. 8c6
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ____________________________ State ___________

For Garbo is timeless—while, whatever the years may bring to Hепburn, it's difficult to conceive of her as anything but an Anglo-Saxon child of the twentieth century.

When I first saw Dorothea Wieck in "Maedchen in Uniform," noted the strong, sweet face and the graceful dignity of manner, felt a kind of spiritual force beating out at me from her shadow on the screen, found myself enthralled by the heartbreaking beauty of her face. I thought: "Here's someone who might—just might—give Garbo a run for her money. Not beat her? I hastened to assure myself, jealousily, "just give her an interesting time."

"Well, and so she might have. We'll probably never know now. Unfortunately, there was no one with a heart for Miss Wieck the advantages provided for Anna Sten. English was obviously still a tongue-twister to her when she was put to work, the result being that her characterizations lacked the ease and authority of her memorable Fräulein von Bernburg.

In addition to which, her pictures seemed to have been chosen with the sole object of giving her a chance to weep and look mournful. Certainly she did little else throughout "The House of Song" and "A Miss with a Name." She did it very effectively, to be sure, but there was a monotony about it.

And now rumor has it that she's "through." Which, if true, seems to me a great pity. Whether or not she could stand up to Garbo doesn't matter. I'm less inclined now to think that she could than I once was. But I can't help feeling that the girl who gave us Fräulein von Bernburg might have added many a pleasant portrait to our gallery, and that we're losing out by letting her go.

There's another German menace who, with her, has been banished from Germany and is appearing at this writing in a London stage production. If you were to tell Elizabeth Bergner, star of "Catherine the Great," that her name had been included in an article dealing with possible Garbo rivals, she'd probably open incredulous eyes and try like a well-behaved child not to show that she was laughing at you— if, that is, she's anything like the person she projects on the screen.

For Bergner is neither beautiful nor mysterious, neither glamorous nor seductive nor exotic. She's merely an actress, to whom the word "great" may be applied without fear of misgivings.

You may feel a little flat when she makes her first appearance as the Princess Catherine—the princess with the nice but thoroughly unexciting face. But you begin to realize that you're watching the creation of a work of art, a perfect piece of acting. Every word and gesture, every glance and inflection is under exquisite, easily right. Your mind ceases to be critical and becomes purely appreciative, and by the time the sequence has rolled around, you're ensnared hand and foot—applauding the artist who has made Catherine so believable a figure, loving the woman who has made her such a dashing thing.

And still—she's not Garbo. And the thing which Garbo has, Bergner hasn't. Nor any of the others.

In "Queen Christina," the final close-up shows her at the prow of the ship which is bearing her dead lover back to Spain. As the wind billowed the sails and the ship moved slowly out to sea and the face at the prow loomed closer and closer, larger and larger, I felt my heart tighten and then swell. For that face with its look of pain transcended seemed to me the face that poets sing about, the face of Helen and Isolt and the Blessed Damozel, the face of all fabled beauty and all lost dreams.

Then it faded out, leaving me staring through a mist of shame-faced tears at the cold white scowl of a foreign girl.

Therefore I give you an amendment to an ancient salute: "The Queen still lives! Long live the Queen!"

Novarro Is News Again

Continued from page 21

write his own exciting success story!

"The growth and development of the actor himself are captured by the camera just as indelibly as the characterization he is creating. Both are transmitted to the screen.

"In that fact lies the secret of the rise or fall of each and every one of us. For proof, just look around at the various players who have been or are now in pictures. Almost without exception, the progress or degeneration of that person's character can be gauged by following his work upon the screen.

"Take the case of one of our best-known, (and at one time best-paid), foreign importations, for example. The first picture he made in his country offered him a role strangely similar to that which he portrayed in an American film. The contrast between the two characterizations was heart-breaking!

"The difference in the man—the personal problems he has had—the unhappiness he has experienced during the past five years—the emotional upheaval he has known—lay in the fact that he had developed his talents upon a million screen dollars.

"He still acts as heartily—still wears his hat at the same jaunty angle of yore. But the mechanical perfection of his performance cannot deceive the camera. Today he is a man made perhaps a little cynical by success. Therefore, when his shadow flashes on the screen today, it is a shadow lacking much of those lovable, heart-compelling qualities which first endeared him to his audiences."

With original perception Mr. Novarro also believes that it is this all-seeing eye of the camera which makes the difference in attitude toward screen players and all other performers before the public.

"It has remained an unanswered question as to why screen actors and actresses, among all other artists, are allowed no personal lives. We know that the actor on the stage is so shyly asked what he eats for breakfast, or with whom he goes dancing.

"That is because the public accepts him as he is given to them—no more, no less. The same eye of the screen come to the public not only as the characters we are portraying, but, because of the camera, as the shadows of our real selves. Regardless of our performances, no matter how correct our work, the camera catches something of the man or woman behind the mask—and it is always a glimpse of real personality which quite naturally intrigues the public."

Mr. Novarro's logic sounds most reasonable—even in his own case. His
real life-story—the rise of a Mexican boy to the highest peak of film fame and fortune—is indeed romantic enough to withstand the most penetrating scrutiny, even by the camera's eye.

This authentic background, coupled with this innate idealism, may be the reason why, more than any actor on the screen today, Novarro typifies romance, pure and unadulterated. There is an old-world, dream-like quality of his love-making. His ardor is always touched with tenderness, his passion with gentleness.

It is, as he says, the triumph of ideals over reality.

"Regardless of anything that has ever happened to me, I have never lost my faith nor my ideals. Naturally, in every life there are discouragement and disillusionments. They are times when it is very difficult to believe in the essential rightness of things. At such times, if we allow ourselves to become bitter, we are lost!"

"For myself, I know there is no 'Santa Claus'—but I still believe in Christmas! It may sound foolish to realists, but I prefer to shut my eyes to the dishonesty, the cowardice, the petty smallnesses which are all around us in the world, and see only those things which are fair.

"Perhaps I have been especially fortunate in that I have had those persons in my life who have helped me in keeping my faith. There have been some who have never failed me. So, I have been spared the difficult task of clinging to belief when there was no one in whom I could believe."

"However, though he be disappointed a million times, though his trust be betrayed on every side, I think the man is richer within himself, who still clings to his ideals, than is he who becomes a cynic, believing in nothing."

Despite his strong faith and incorruptible ideals, there is one subject on which Mr. Novarro refuses to harbor illusions. That is marriage for an artist in any city, but most especially in Hollywood.

He adds his voice to those who have already been raised in admitting the cinema capital a difficult and well-nigh impossible locale for conjugal bliss.

"I think it foolish—and dangerous—for any person to say just when he will or won't marry. We all know that such statements are of no value when one really falls in love.

"And love—real love—comes without warning. I think it better for an artist if he remains single, as to do justice to his work he must give it so much attention that there is little time or energy left to devote to any woman. But if and when he falls in love—he is helpless to fight it."

Ramon's present plans include an early return to Hollywood, and the completion of another picture to follow "Laughing Boy." After which, he hopes to go to London to produce a play he has written, entitled at present "But It Won't Last."

"It is a tragedy, and I know that everyone will say it is autobiographical—but it is only partly so. It is the story of a motion picture actor—and the leading role which I will play myself, is so intense and heavy that I feel sure I will be able to play it for only a couple of months. Then I will be so worn out that I will have to take a long rest."

This rest will probably mean a return to Hollywood and more pictures. While under no term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Mr. Novarro expects to make two pictures a year for that organization, the vehicles to be selected by mutual agreement.

He prefers costume-dramas with a touch of comedy—and romantic, of course. Between films, he will continue his concert tours. For there is really nothing that a young man with ideals cannot do!

---

EVERYBODY guessed the trouble except poor Peg herself.

Her friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "After all, you can't blame Henry," they said. "Peg is a dear in lots of ways, but she certainly is slow in others. We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor. We've talked about how we all use Mum."

"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

How foolish it is to take a chance on offending with the ugly odor of underarm perspiration, when you can have all-day protection in just half a minute.

That's all it takes to use Mum. And you can use it any time—after you're dressed as well as before. For it's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum immediately.

Count on Mum to keep you safe from odor without preventing the perspiration itself.


TAKE THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is wonderful to use as a deodorant on sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way
Jean Harlow has an amazing supply of flash and color, but under no circumstance could Miss Harlow be described as being beautiful. Her features are too heavy, and too unsymmetrical. Her face is interesting, but far from classical. Marlene Dietrich might come near to being beautiful, if she permitted herself to be. But why does she wear coats featuring heavy, padded shoulders? Now, can a woman with bulgy shoulders be called beautiful? Miss Dietrich has plucked or trained her eyebrows until they extend straight across her forehead, on a line with her nose. The effect is animalistic, and not lovely. Nature shaped feminine eyebrows; their natural contour is beautiful.

Greta Garbo is plain, in my opinion. She reminds me of nothing so much as an Englishwoman shopping in a tall, angular, Garbo falls far short of all accepted standards of feminine beauty, to my mind.

Beauty is measured by a general standard. These standards vary in widely separated parts of the world. In Turkey, for example, fat women are more admired than are slender, well-formed beauties. In certain districts of Africa, big-lipped women are considered beautiful; the bigger her lips, the more beautiful the woman. In China, tiny feet are regarded as a woman's greatest treasure, and Chinese females torture themselves during childhood by wearing tight shoes to stunt the growth of their feet. Thus, in different areas of the globe, conflicting standards of beauty have been set up.

Our beauty standards are set according to our visual point of view. We say that "a pair of legs are beautiful." We mean, those limbs are curved according to a standard we have learned to accept. As we stand or sit, we perceive those legs from a certain angle, and if they measure up to our accepted standard, they are lovely. But suppose we see those limbs? Suppose we turn them upside down? They would no longer be beautiful, because they would cease to conform to our accepted standard—the standard to which our eyes have become accustomed. Actually, the legs will not have changed shape because their position is reversed.

It is this naturalness that Hollywood actresses lack. I have seen in Hollywood many girls who would be much prettier if they would permit themselves to remain as nature designed them. But no—they must adopt artificialities. They seem to think that because they are in Hollywood, they must be "unusual." As a rule, this "unusualness" is actually bizarre. A marked example of this error is Ida Lupino, the pretty young English actress. For a reason known only to herself, perhaps, Miss Lupino has shaved away her eyebrows. We were told they were much on her forehead. The effect is practically eerie. Why? Simply because painted eyebrows are not natural; our eyes are not used to them. Of course, if all women were to shave their eyebrows, we would soon reach that point at which our standards would undergo a change. We would eventually become accustomed to women without eyebrows; the woman with her own eyebrows would be exceptional, therefore unnatural, and thus unpretty.

Grace Bradley is another newcomer to motion pictures who might be much prettier. She combs her hair in the Zulu lather fashion. Miss Bradley's hair is symmetrical features, has a bushy unkept mop of hair spoils her effect.

Dorothy Dell, the "Miss Universe" of a recent international beauty contest, has (and this is a common fault in Hollywood), permitted herself to become careless; she has grown a bit too plump. She is not fat, by any means, but the extra pounds she has accumulated are just sufficient to offset the natural beauty of her body.

Too many lovely girls go to Hollywood, and promptly become careless about their appearance. Hollywood plays too much. To retain beauty, a woman must play moderately. She must eat carefully, (not diet at intervals), exercise regularly, and she must retire early at least four nights every week.

The lack of beauty on the screen today is easily explained. During the era of silent pictures, feminine comeliness was a prime requisite to success. Then Hollywood was over-run with lovely wenches. Talking pictures arrived over-night, and the film producers suddenly discovered that their actresses were untrained as actresses. There followed a great hue and cry for experienced players; and the studios turned to the stage, the only source from which such veterans of histrionism could be drafted.

But stage actresses are beautiful. Most of them are women who began life with the handicap that they were beautiful. They have no substitute for beauty. They attained individuality, or they became accomplished dancers and singers, or they developed into fine women. Of-the-stage the screen was forced to select its early "talking picture talent."

At least in one respect, the screen does have beauty. I refer to eyes. Rare indeed is the film actress who does not possess entrancing eyes. There are a few exceptions, such as Norma Shearer, Madge Evans, and one or two others, but I have discovered that the vast majority of feminine stars have eyes that remain motionless and soundless, and are compared only for their physical beauty, the second girl will attract far more attention, but the opportunity to manifest itself. When that
happens, eyes will concentrate upon Miss Glynor, for she has a tremendous magnetic personality. Thus, she will be the more attractive, but provenly not the more beautiful. And of course, of the two, attractiveness is more important to motion pictures.

Long, so-called "master scenes" were largely responsible for the disappearance of beauty from the screen. This formula is applied to those lengthy conversational sequences that run for minutes without interruption. Untrained actresses could not cope with them.

I predict the return of feminine pulchritude. I base my prediction on the fact that sound picture technicians are rapidly learning how to handle their mechanical project. Over-long scenes are becoming rarer. Action is being speeded, and shorter scenes are now in order. Thus, training is becoming less and less important. Now an actress need not be able to memorize and enact those lengthy, difficult sequences. The director is again in a position where he can mold his leading lady's actions to suit himself.

It is evident to me that the motion picture producers realize that beauty is on its way back to the screen, for I have perceived—among the younger girls who are being groomed for future star roles—a great number of really beautiful persons. A few years from now, when screen technicians have been thoroughly mastered and directors are once again able to sculpt putty-like beauties and make them appear talented, the screen will again be decorated with real beauty.

That time isn't here as yet, nor will it come too soon for fans who idolize present-day stars. Until that day does come, the Crawfords and Garbos and Dietrichs will continue to rule the screen.

By Cecil DeMille

Continued from page 29

and eyes and mouth, and with every word which she speaks. There is a very general term which covers this—"personality"—but there is more to it than the mere accepted connotation of this word.

Mr. Carroll points out Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo as women who fall below "accepted standards" of beauty. Let us assume for the sake of argument that he is correct in the flaws he has discovered in their physical make-up. The question, then, is why do millions of women try to emulate these actresses in dress, mannerisms, make-up and coiffure, instead of copying the more beautiful five-and-ten saleslady? As a matter of fact, if we examine more closely into facts, we'll actually find that five-and-ten saleslady also copying her favorite star.

The reason is that the force of beauty expressed through what we call personality is more convincing and impressive than surface perfection.

Pure beauty is cold and lifeless. It is found only in chiselled marble, or in marble-like women—but it is not life. The nearer one approaches the ultimate in beauty, the nearer one gets to the inanimate.

Mr. Carroll himself unwittingly proved my point when he said that the silent screen possessed more purely beautiful women than the present talking screen. If we follow the course that beauty takes, we will learn why this is so.

Let us start with the Greek statue which possesses that thrilling perfection of line and form which Mr. Carroll finds so sadly lacking in Hollywood. The nearest thing to the statue is a girl whose body and
EYES
SAY MORE
than lips ever can.
—How to beautify your eyes
in 40 seconds.

LOWELY eyes depend on long, lovely lashes. You, too, can beautify them in 40 seconds! You'll be delighted at your utterly changed appearance—so will others.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe-smudge-proof, non-smearing, tear-proof—Winx is retained to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bedtime.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx very day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any good counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid form. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our free booklet, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.

FREE
Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them".

Mail to ROSS Co., 214 W 17th St., N Y City

Name

Street

City State

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

WINX
For Lovely Eyes
Cake or Liquid

FREE
Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them".

Mail to ROSS Co., 214 W 17th St., N Y City

Name

Street

City State

If you also want a monthly trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish

cake or liquid, or black or brown.

Man-Made Movies for Women

continued from page 19

records, there's Dorothy Arzner and Lois Weber. The picture people are talking of signing up Wanda Tuchol. She helped to meg "Finishing School" at Radio. That would make three in all."

One supervisor and two directors! A pitiful figure to bring to the girls back home. "How about interior decorators, George?" "Surely, I thought, there were women designing the sets. I recalled Elsie de Wolfe, whose name was a household word. Rose Cumming, E S. Farley. "There's Cedric Gibbons at Metro; there's Hans Drier. There's Van Nest Polglase."


"Well—most of the studio men have men in charge of the dressmaking departments. There's Orry Kelly at Warners. There's Adrian at Metro. There's Travis Banton. He designs clothes for Miss Hopkins, Miss Colbert, and Mrs. Dietrich. You see, Miss, the stars feel that men can tell them what the men want. The women dress to please the men, you know."

A lady does not argue. But I had heard, on good authority, that women dress for women. I proceeded to engage the list. How about make-up? Women were acknowlaged world celebrities in that particular field. Helena Rubenstein. Dorothy Gray. Elizabeth Arden. Rose Laird—and so many others.

"I know Max Factor, Miss. Know him personally. And there's the rival Westmore, Percy's at Warners. Ernie at R.K.O. And Wally's at Paramount. Fifteen hairdressers and six make-up men in the make-up department at Warners."

There flared out his chest as if he owned the lot and took the curve on two wheels.

In sheer desperation, I demanded: "Aren't there any women in the business end of the motion picture business?"

The bus lurched. Jack Oakie was approaching likely-split on the handle bars of a bicycle.

"Hi, George," waved Oakie. "Where are you going?"


I was mulling over the whole field of endeavor. There was Amelia Earhart in aviation. Mrs. Lindbergh rode shoulder to shoulder.
Macaroons a Child Can Make!

Eagle Brand

EASY MAGIC MACAROONS
1/4 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut


- What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch these crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! MARVELOUS NEW COOK BOOK!
Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings.
Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. SU64, 330 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MAGIC!—AMAZING SHORT-CUTS!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings.

The main interest lies in achievement, science, and war. The Gulf of Mexico lies between. The man who thinks he knows all about women is a fool. Women themselves can only approximate what other women want. The exhibitor will tell you that if he gets the women into the theatre, he gets the men. Men may take women to the movies. But the women choose the picture.
Yet, because of the age-old tradition of masculine supremacy, the producers still make pictures for men—even though the women control the vote and the veto. That's why the wily theatre-owner invented the handsome doorman, the bowing usher. He called in architects to build theatres with beautiful Elizabethan retiring rooms. He gathered curios from all parts of the world to make a perfect setting for the blazing diamond. Yet on the screen, as out of place as a cuspidor in a lady's boudoir, man-made entertainment is still being served to women. Why do prize-fighter pictures flop? Don't ask the men. Ask the women! The news-reel is another instance of man-made entertainment—for men. Train wrecks, Airplane stunts, Stingray maneuvers showing battleships being blown into bits. Cameramen—being men—naturally shoot what interests men, forgetting that they are shooting for one man and four women.

Women do not contend that men cannot make entertainment for women. They can—after a fashion. But women have more critical judgment than men in the matter of costume, home.
Here is the SECRET
by Mary Brown

MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH

beautifies your hands

You will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep or give away all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Moon Glow, Midnight Moon, Platinum Pearl, Carnation and Coral. If your local dealer can't supply you, you can get Moon Glow in the size of his nail polish store for the size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish by writing to the address below.


Gentlemen: Please send me introductory size of Moon Glow. I enclose $1.00 for each color desired. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carnation ( ) Coral.

Name:

St. and No.

City State... SC 46

WHISPERED

Great Complexion Secret!

to her friend she confided the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, simples or blemishes better than the spotless secret of real complexion beauty: Nature's Remedy. They came and cleaned and cleared skin of imperfections and eliminated skin correctives. They removed their secret and she was beautiful.

It's easy to make. "Start by getting a bottle of moon Glow and the secret. Mix them in a small bottle. Apply the mixture on your face each morning. You will soon see the difference." And that's how she became beautiful.

FREE Your mail & line in Barnum and Bailey's handbills forever: "We have the secret of a clear complexion.

NOT-NIGHT TONIGHT ALUMN

TUMS Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week at home. No experience necessary. Write for booklet "Make Money At Home." Select Research Co., 3161 Michigan Ave., Dept. 441-A, Chicago, Illinois

D AND R UFF

quickly and positively removed with Patriotic TARSOIL Dandruff Remover and Shampoo. Stimulates growth, improves luxurious hair and healthy scalp. Sold only by your drug store or directly.

Regular size 30c Large size 75c

Mention if for oily or dry hair

PATRICIAN LABORATORIES, Inc.

37 East 49th St., Dept. C, New York

What Are Little Girls Afraid Of?

continued from page 52

Screenland

again. Boy, I've lived in corners all my life, when women were around!

"I'm speaking of new dresses—there, if anywhere, is where you learn how different from most women Wynne is. For a movie actress not to care about clothes is not the same as for other folks not to care about outs. But Winnie doesn't. When she wants something to wear she phones a shop, asks them to send out some dresses for her to look at, and just grabs anything. There is no parading back and forth in front of mirrors. And you couldn't drag her out shopping with a block and tackle. You won't believe me when I tell you why. She's scared of the salesgirls in the stores! Woman-say, again. She can't understand the way women think. "Most of them are fixers," she groans. "You tell them a secret, and they'll spread it all over town out of some unaccountable notion that they're 'helping' you."

Once, not so long ago, she had a crush on a man. (She won't tell his name.) Any way, she had to have someone to tell how wonderful he was, so she unburdened the news to just one, lone friend—female. Do you know the rest? Can you guess? It was all over town by the next morning. Not only that, but Wynne's friend phoned the man in question and told him Wynne was crazy about him! Just helping things along, you know. The result being that Wynne is so embarrassed she has never been able to be alone with the man since. "I went to see him one night, and there was Wynne's picture on the wall, and I thought, 'I must have given him up the chimney.'"

Around the studios Wynne has a reputation as a closet clown. Her Mallefourn is cracking her jaw away a mile-a-minute. Especially when other women are around. A lot of people think that's all there is to it—that she just likes to clown. If they could only know the agonies of embarrassment and self-consciousness she's undergoing! Let it be known that the little extra girl comes within a block of her, and Wynne starts thinking about how lonely she is. Wynne is, how clumsy, how awkward she is in everything she does. She has for her own sake. She uses the wise-cracking and the clowning to cover it up.

For she doesn't have any friends. She'd give her right arm for them. Not long ago Wynne and another girl decided to take a trip up to San Francisco. The other girl

furnishing, etiquette, and love-making. That is why they worry over the safest lay- ing a woman's keen eye at the studio to supervise the details. If nothing else, women could detect the incongruous boners that frequently arise.

The script girl on the set does her best to catch the scene in which the star appears at the top of the stairs, wearing rainbow to- gloves, yet nothing arrives at the bot- tom wearing sixteen-button lengths. The script girl tries to catch the scene in which he is given a black velvet by his valet, only to emerge in pale pearl. And a bow-tie into the bargain! The script girl tries to catch the clock that reads five minutes to noon which man hangs it in place and remains five minutes to noon all through a meeting, hating, loving and mating scene.

The boners are not the fault of the script girl, poor little thing! She has no voice of authority. Her opinions are usually given in a polite mouse-like whisper. After all,
wasn't in pictures, and didn't have much money. Wayne said to herself—and this is the way she thinks—"Now, if I go and spend a lot of money on clothes, she's going to feel terrible. So she looked nothing but a lot of old dresses. You can guess what happened. The other girl pocketed her salary and put it all on her back for the trip. She wore a dress looking like a movie actress, and Wayne looked like something found in an alley ash-can. But that's not the point. The point is, Wayne was willing to go out of her way to be with a woman friend. She isn't so shy at those party nights. Women, from executives to prop-boys, talk to her as though she was their dearest friend. And Wayne understands them. The virtue she most admires is the virtue of most admired—square-shooting. She has made her own way in the world like a man, "not asking nothing from nobody."

When you say Winnie gets along with men and not with women, you seem to find yourself wondering how she got along with the two men that were her husbands. Well, I don't know how she got along with her first one, Murray Queen, because I don't know anything about him at all. But I know a little story about her second husband that I'll show you just how well she got along with him. John Galledeit, his name is, and the story happened only a couple of weeks ago. Wayne came into the Brown Derby for lunch alone, and sat down at a table. Looking up from the menu, she saw a nice at the table on her right that struck her as familiar—and recognized the man as the best man at her second wedding. But that was only a mild surprise to what happened next! Glancing the other way, at the table on her left, she saw a face that looked more familiar. The man who owned that face promptly stood up and grinned.

"Maybe you don't remember me, Miss Gibson," he said, "but I'm Mr. Galledeit, your second husband."

Wayne shrieked with laughter. It wasn't a gag, it was really an accident. Wayne and John went out on a date together that night and had a swell time.

**Glenda Farrell**

*Continued from page 53*

up there," Miss Farrell recalls, "and I was generally kept dawdling for several minutes before I was let down. I used to cry every time I had to 'go to heaven' at night. Whether I was afraid of the dark or whether that experience taught me to be afraid, I don't quite know. I do remember, though, that I liked to 'go to heaven' in the afternoons when we played matinées. I would walk around up there then, chasing the flies that always gather in the top of a tent.

"Once or twice I made so much noise doing it that I was scolded when I came 'down to earth.'"

The screen's most successful "gold-digger" has been earning her own living since she was seven years old. She ought to be self-reliant, sure of herself, fearless. But she isn't. She appears to live in a state of constant terror. Just what it is she fears nobody seems to know. Perhaps she doesn't know herself. A victim of sleepless nights and galloping nightmares, she plunges into her day-time activities with an energy that seems sometimes to be born of desperation.

Less is known about Glenda Farrell's real life story than is known about that of any other well-established player in Hollywood. Between the time of the Little Eva rôles and Miss Farrell's appearance in New York in "The Rear Car," and as support for Alice Brady in "Home, Honor, and Betray" there are long lapses in which the lady has never been persuaded to talk about in detail.

It is known that she played in stock in San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. It is known, too, that she married and was twice divorced and that nineteen-year-old Tommio, the child of that marriage, is her dearest possession and the inspiration for all her hard work and her determination to succeed.

Glenda Farrell was born in Enid, Oklahoma, twenty-nine years ago. She started on the road with the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company at the age of seven. Before that, she was seven years old. Where along that route to fame she acquired her strange fears, her terror of the dark and of being alone, and that unconscious complex which makes her Hollywood's most timid actress, Miss Farrell hasn't liked many of the stories that have been written about her.
"BLONDE HAIR MADE LIGHTER AND LOVELIER"

Says Mrs. J. W. T.

"I WAS so discouraged by my muddy-looking hair it addled years to my appearance. Then a friend told me about BLONDEX. The very first time I shampooed with BLONDEX my hair actually showed new life and color, looked shades lighter and brighter!" Use BLONDEX is good advice for blondes who bathe hair is darkening, losing its golden charm. Blondex, the fine rich-lathering powder shampoo (30¢ a dye), helps bring back the youthful luster of radiant gold, alluring softness and sheen to dull, faded, stringy light hair.

Try it today. BLONDEX comes in two sizes—the economical $1.00 and inexpensive 25c package. At any good drug or department store. NEW: Have you tried Blondex Wipe-Set? Doesn't darken light hair—only 35c.

$250,000 in 5 Years!

Continued from page 59

ladatory than it does here. She is so earnest, so vehement, so obviously sincere.

"If I can't have my way about these things and if I can't make enough money to keep myself and my family comfortable for the rest of our lives, then Hollywood isn't worth while, so far as I'm concerned. I'll go back to New York and live on six dollars a week, like I did. I was happy then, anyway."

Not, this strangely contradictory young lady insists, that she is unhappy now. Not at all!

"I like pictures," she admits. "I want to be a success in them. I live very comfortably. I spend seventy-five dollars a week and have everything I like and need. I save the rest of my salary. I appreciate the nice apartment I have here which I didn't have in New York. I don't know that I have a maid at home who will have my dinner cooked when I get back from work and am tired. If I left Hollywood now and went back to New York, I couldn't have any of those things. But I will go back unless I get what I'm after."

"I'm not unhappy here. I'm just not happy. I'm not content to just move along slowly. It's stardom or nothing. It's useless to try to fit me into the regular Hollywood pattern. That isn't fit. I won't play!"

Jean names a number of young actresses in pictures who have made progress toward importance but who have never reached full stardom, as horrible examples she does not want to follow. The fact that they make comfortable salaries which would, in the time, if they lived as economically as Jean lives, amount to small fortunes, makes no impression on her. She is determined to have the whole loaf of stardom or nothing.

"Five years from last July," she says, grimly, "I go back to New York to start my own acting company—no matter what happens. All I do in pictures has to be done before that."

In her short eight months or so in pictures, Miss Muir has managed to irritate many of the "best minds" and several important people, including two or three of her directors.

"She is a stubborn, opinionated young fool," declared one director. "She thinks she knows more than everybody else on the set together. But don't mistake me. She's intelligent. She will almost certainly be a star—in spite of everything."

From her first day in Hollywood she has been both different and difficult. No matter what she has been asked to do, whether it was pose for a portrait or appear at a premiere, she has invariately answered the question with other questions.

"Would you finish a picture?" she demands. "Would you expect Katharine Hepburn to go? Does Ann Harding pose like this?"

She has hitched her own career to the careers of these three women particularly. She seldom names anyone else when comparing her activities to those of other players.

She considers Jimmy Cagney her best friend in Hollywood. "I want the kind of stardom he has," she declares. "Full stardom would be wonderful."

The background of this unique personality is no more unusual than the background of any of a hundred other actresses in Hollywood. Three years of stage experience in a Columbus, Ohio, stock company and on Broadway, as Jean Muir Fullarton, followed by a year spent in France. She was sent to Hollywood as an unknown. Her name was changed as she was brought into the world of stardom, a title that was that of a corpse in the picture, "Bureau of Missing Persons." She does not list it as among her screen accomplishments.

Her part in "The World Changes" opposite Paul Muni, (who, incidentally, she picked as the best of Hollywood's actors), brought her her first attention from the public. In "As the Earth Turns" she plays the leading role, just one step removed from the stardom she craves.

It is no doubt natural that the Hollywood which Miss Muir discusses so freely and so bluntly, should retaliate by telling amusing stories about her. It has been the aim of others to rid herself of one of her pronounced inferiority complexes. Incidentally, every authority who has seen her agrees that she has real human beauty such as is seldom found.

About two things in particular, she is very frank. These are her age and the size shoe she wears. She tells them both without hesitation when asked. She was 23 years old on February 13, 1934, and she wears a No. 9 1/2 shoe—plain A shoe.

Perhaps the most amusing summary of the girl was offered recently by a young woman who was talking to Jean's dog, a small Standard Poodle named "Shandygaff."

"He used to be a friendly little fellow," she explained, "ready to play with anybody. But not any more. He's gone serious. Anybody could tell now that he's Jean Muir's dog!"

PIMPLES: Banish them scientific way.

Use concentrated Poslam.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with deafening hearing and Head Noise enjoy conversation, go to theater and church because they use Leonard Invisable Ear Drums which are worn in the ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head cast. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and return statement of one year guarantee from the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 984, 70th Ave., New York

Screenland
can readily understand what he means. At the present moment Gershwin, having come to grips with a truly epic task, is almost entirely absorbed in the mastering of it. He is writing the music, at the Theatre Guild’s special behest, for a projected opera based on “Porgy,” that famous dramatic Negro folk-tale. Easily the most ambitious undertaking he has so far set himself, it is also one of the biggest in the whole history of American music. And I mean “music” in the highest sense of that term. Gershwin chuckled, a shade ruefully, as he described the proportions of the job he has tackled.

“Surely, all I’m undertaking to do is to write a complete new body of Negro spiritual music, new songs and chants, in the manner and spirit of the old-time spirituals that everybody knows. No old themes or patterns, however good, will do. Well, to produce enough original music of that character for an opera lasting two to three hours is what I might call a little something! During the next ten months when I’ll be working on it, all other interests are strictly out, with the exception, of course, of my radio stuff.”

I asked his opinion, as that of a man who should know, regarding the future of jazz. “It will,” hazarded Gershwin, “gradually evolve into something else—something, perhaps, more cerebral, without at the same time losing its primitive vigor. But whatever direction it takes, it will have to get better. The radio is seeing to that—it’s making audiences more and more critical of their music.”

When Gershwin isn’t at grips with melodies and motifs he is apt to be daubing away at a canvas. Painting, which he began as a hobby, has become his chief obsession aside from his music. His own private art collection is famous among all art lovers. And he admitted—though only when questioned persistently—that a number of galleries have invited him to exhibit his own canvases. “So far,” he confessed, “I haven’t been able to work up enough courage.”

It was “music by Gershwin” that provided the occasion for the first “big-time” concert of music in the jazz idiom, some years ago, at New York’s Carnegie Hall. It was “music by Gershwin,” again, that graced the program when no less a figure than the New York Philharmonic Orchestra played its first composition in the jazz mode. And now, with the first completely successful American opera still to be written, and with Gershwin hard at work on “Porgy,” the Theatre Guild’s production of this work may well mark a turning-point in our native music.

When Ruth Etting sings a torch-song, something happens that defies analysis. Some new, hitherto unfelt quality of heartbreak infuses the words and communicates itself to the hearer. Which is what probably happened to Irving Berlin, several years ago, when he heard a record Ruth had made of one of his songs, and straightaway snatched her up for the next “Ziegfeld Follies.”

“It’s the way she lassoes her words,” was all that Berlin could say in explanation of the emotion.

Today, as a front-rank radio singer of wistful love lyrics, Ruth continues to “lasso her words” and to do strange things to young hearts and old. The stack of fan mail which I saw piled up on her livingroom table bore witness to that. But this was no ordinary fan mail—blackface com-

---

**A Curve**

**IS THE SMARTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS**

Current fashions are built around youthful curves. Figures must be graceful, slim and rounded in the right places.

To look well in the new gowns, many of us must reduce. We must exercise. We must watch our meals. The carefully planned diet contains adequate “bulk” to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise, skins may turn sallow. Eyes become dull.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg’s All-Bran supplies “bulk” as well as vitamin B and iron. This “bulk” is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Enjoy All-Bran as a tasty cereal with milk—or use in cooking. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than taking patent medicines—so often habit-forming.

Kellogg’s All-Bran helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. At all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

**WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET “Keep on the Sunny Side of Life”**

Tells all the facts about faulty elimination, and how to correct it. Give the complete story of bran, with tempting recipes. Special section on dieting, with calorie table, reducing diets, height and weight table. Profusely illustrated in color. Free upon request.

---

**Constance Cummings**, charming motion-picture player, wears the new wind-swept silhouette in this lovely lace gown with its off-the-shoulder decolletage, and the smart hip-length peplum.
The Secret of beautiful body skin

Bathasweet not only makes the bath as fragrant as a flower garden, but more important still, it softens the water so that it cleanses the pores more perfectly. Bathasweet enables water to dissolve the impurities in the pores and to keep them dissolved. How well it does this is indicated by the fact that no "ring" remains around the tub when Bathasweet is used. As a consequence, skin imperfections disappear, and the body takes on that glowing smoothness which is the height of loveliness.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME

With yellow, note, piano, violin, music, and dancing. Piano Accordion, or any other instrument—any way you want to play. Written explanations explain all the musical fundamentals. Hundreds of lessons. No "number" or trick music. Just good, basic musical instruction. Forty cents a day. Over 50,000 students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Full Facts. Tell what you are interested in and we will send you free booklet of full facts and sample lessons. Address: Dept. 118, 1165 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

NOW THE GIANT TUBE

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—it's off because it's out PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is soft, clear, velvety and face appears younger. Percolized wax to remove wrinkles quickly dissolves one ounce Powdered Paraffin in one bowl plus water and use daily. At all drug stores.

Screenland

In the camp show, shot in Hollywood, Miss Ruth Etting was really a sensation. Everyone who heard her was reduced to tears. Even the liquor merchants of the neighborhood were reduced to tears.

The Secret of beautiful body skin

Bathasweet not only makes the bath as fragrant as a flower garden, but more important still, it softens the water so that it cleanses the pores more perfectly. Bathasweet enables water to dissolve the impurities in the pores and to keep them dissolved. How well it does this is indicated by the fact that no "ring" remains around the tub when Bathasweet is used. As a consequence, skin imperfections disappear, and the body takes on that glowing smoothness which is the height of loveliness.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME

With yellow, note, piano, violin, music, and dancing. Piano Accordion, or any other instrument—any way you want to play. Written explanations explain all the musical fundamentals. Hundreds of lessons. No "number" or trick music. Just good, basic musical instruction. Forty cents a day. Over 50,000 students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Full Facts. Tell what you are interested in and we will send you free booklet of full facts and sample lessons. Address: Dept. 118, 1165 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

NOW THE GIANT TUBE

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—it's off because it's out PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is soft, clear, velvety and face appears younger. Percolized wax to remove wrinkles quickly dissolves one ounce Powdered Paraffin in one bowl plus water and use daily. At all drug stores.
My Life Story
Continued from page 60

at the time. Dixie found out they had no tree and no presents. She went out and got them a tree and fixed it all up. I hadn't been able even to see her since our separa-
tion. So, while she was fixing up the tree, Everett slipped over to the Grove to tell me she was there. I dashed home and finally induced her to give me another chance. We were blissfully happy—for about five minutes—until she discovered I'd forgotten to get her a Christmas present!

Three weeks later she had left me again. This time she went down to Caliente with some friends and the first thing I had was that her intentions were serious was when her lawyer served notice of her plan to divorce me. I flew down to Caliente and persuaded her to fly back with me so we could talk in privacy. Luckily a moon was shining and once more Love reigned sup-
preme by the time we landed in Los Angeles.

I can't recall now whether it was a week or a month later that we separated the next time. And once, after that, I left her. She had driven me over to the Grove and as she left she said, "Well, take care of yourself and don't get hurt." I immediately decided what she really meant was, "Go lose your-
self". So I did—for a week.

Dixie left me so many times that first year that she finally decided to leave her clothes at her mother's and just bring an overnight case when she came home after a reunion. It saved packing and unpacking.

We were separated at the time I decided to go to New York to accept one of the radio offers made me. That particular separa-
tion was caused by her wanting a place of our own and my feeling we should re-
main with Everett and Naomi. Although separated we were perfectly good friends.

I've always contended that thing that de-
cided me to go to New York was hearing a chap who had substituted for me at the Grove on my numerous nights off, singing my stuff over the air in a brazen imitation of me.

Dixie, on the other hand, insists I went

because it was the only way we could get

together and save our pride. If we went to New York we'd be together and neither

of us would have to give in on the subject

of a place of our own. That's her story as

well. Who am I to argue with her?

In New York after numerous auditions—

and offers—I finally signed with the Colum-
bia Broadcasting System. That was the begin-
ing of my troubles. It seemed to me

that everybody in the country began sing-

ing for breadth of contract—the Grove, the

musicians' union, one of my lawyers, agents—

Heaven knows who all else!

The Columbia people left my first pro-
gram pretty much to me. I was anxious to
get a good orchestra together because it

was such an important broadcast—for me.

I went to a lot of the musicians I knew in

New York who had been with Whiteman

at one time or another and who were then

recommended as practically the best on

their instruments in the country: Eddie Lang,

(guitar); Joe Venni, (violin); Jimmy

Dorsay, (saxophone); Tommy Dorsay,

(trumpet); Maurice Klein, (trumpet); and

Chauncey Morehouse, (drums). I asked

them if, instead of working at their regular

high salaries, they would, for two broad-

casters' work and one regular union rate,

told them if I went over I'd make it up to

them, and if I flopped they would just have
to charge it off to profit and loss. Only

Eddie and Joe were willing to take a chance

with me.

Beautiful Waves....

ARE FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVES

DO YOU want to transform your

hair into that thrilling symphony of

"naturally-curly" loveliness? Then follow the advice of

that beautiful and charming screen star, Helen Vinson...

Get a Frederics Permanent Wave.

Screen stars know that nothing so adorns a woman as a

symphony of soft, lustrous, undulating waves. That is why

they depend on Frederics Permanent Waves to keep their

hair flawlessly beautiful, glamorous, and alluring.

But not all permanent waves are Frederics Permanent

Waves. To be sure of getting a Frederics Permanent Wave,

patronize an authorized Frederics shop. Look for the Fre-

derics Franchise Certificate which guarantees the use of a

Frederics machine. Examine all the Frederics wrappers used

on your hair...make sure no harmful imitations are used.

Ask your hairdresser for Frederics FREE Gift Receipt.

VITA-TONIC AND VITRON

Permanent Waves

E. FREDERICS, Inc., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. Dept. 195

Please send me FREE booklet on Frederics Permanent Waves—A FREE Frederics Wrap,

and a list of the Authorized Frederics Permanent Waves in my neighborhood.

Name............................Address...........................

City..............................State.............................

Dear Mr. Vinson!

I'M SO SICK AND TIRED OF A MESSY

LOOKING COIFFURE...BUT I CAN'T

SEEM TO FIND A PLACE THAT KNOWS

HOW TO PERMANENT WAVE MY HAIR

PROPERLY.

THAT'S MY TROUBLE TOO. I'D GIVE

A LOT TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL

WAVE LIKE YOURS!

YOU CAN...DO AS I DO. PATRONIZE AN

AUTHORIZED FREDERICS SHOP. THE

FREDERICS FRANCHISE CERTIFICATE IS YOUR

GUARANTEE OF PERFECT PERFECTION.

Helen
Vinson

says:

"Every woman's hair can be

soft, lustrous, and wave. Your

hair can be lovely looking too,

if you do as I do, have it per-

manently waved with Fre-

erics Vita Tonic Process."

Please send me FREE booklet on Frederics Permanent Waves—A FREE Frederics Wrap,

and a list of the Authorized Frederics Permanent Waves in my neighborhood.

Name............................Address...........................

City..............................State.............................

Please send me FREE booklet on Frederics Permanent Waves—A FREE Frederics Wrap,

and a list of the Authorized Frederics Permanent Waves in my neighborhood.

Name............................Address...........................

City..............................State.............................

Please send me FREE booklet on Frederics Permanent Waves—A FREE Frederics Wrap,

and a list of the Authorized Frederics Permanent Waves in my neighborhood.

Name............................Address...........................

City..............................State.............................

Please send me FREE booklet on Frederics Permanent Waves—A FREE Frederics Wrap,
When I clicked I did make it up to them and they remained with me that first winter as my companions. Every salary, Eddie and I until his death. The day he died I had to go on and do a broadcast. That was the toughest assignment I’ve ever had. Here’s something that has always struck me as funny. While I was in New York, before I had signed a contract, I used to hang out with all those ministers. We’d be somewhere and the orchestra would start playing. It’s the hardest thing in the world for me not to be listening when I hear music.” I’d start hitting the hot links like I do now—you know what I mean? Instead of singing, I’d start my boo-hoo-boo-booing and making all those little gestures I make in tune to the music. Well, the boys used, without exception, to say, “You’re not cut out for hot singing, Bing. Just stick to the plain stuff and you’ll be all right.”

After I’d been on the air a while the Columbia people told me I’d clicked. They got me a commercial broadcast, raised my salary, I began making personal appearances—and everything was going swell. Dixie and I were still having occasional scraps, but we were three thousand miles away, and that was too far to go running home every whipstitch, so our rows only added zest to the broadcast. We came back to California in the summer of ’32 to make “The Big Broadcast,” and then returned to New York. Paramount took a picture on us two more times. During the fall of ’32 and the winter of ’33, they took up the option. We came back out here in the spring of ’33 and haven’t been back to New York since then.

“College Humor” was the first picture I made that year and there is nothing I know to what to attribute its success—except, perhaps, the presence of that sterling actor, Richard Arlen, and that inimitable comedian, Jack Oakie. At any rate, after its release Paramount gave me a new contract which called for more pictures and more dough.

More trouble! They wanted to star me. I’ve never wanted too much responsibility. I much prefer the sort of arrangement I had in “Going Hollywood.” Marion Davies was starred and I was merely featured as the responsibility of stardom. I’m not. And from all I’ve seen of it I don’t care to get used to it.

People ask me if I’ve ever got used to singing on the air or if it still makes me nervous. The only time I get nervous now is when I feel I’m not making it, but, honestly, I really fail to do anything about it until the broadcast is over—and then it’s too late.

I haven’t had a good scrap in so long I wouldn’t even know what course of action to pursue if we had another! We have a nice home, the baby is healthy, we’re expecting another one in August, my golf game is showing steady improvement, the peerless Carole Lombard is sharing honors—I think this is what she’s good for stealing them—and “We’re Not Dressing,” and the piquant Arline Judge is to complicate the plot in my next picture, “She Loves Me Not.”

Having done nothing to merit all this I can only attribute my fortune to the prayers of my wife and mother and to a little blind luck thrown in on the side. Art Wieder sehne!
NEW WAY ADDS FIRM FLESH—FAST

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron.

TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new, easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—in just a few weeks!

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for run-down men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewer's ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abundant pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "TV" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drugstores, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 266, Atlanta, Ga.
correct, is always graceful, so a piece of furniture correctly designed for comfort is always beautiful.

"All rooms need not be done in the modern manner, for all people are not moderns. Also, many people have old pieces that they like very much and wish to use."

"Look at the still life of the interior of a many den, designed by Mr. Well. An old Empire, several ancient chairs, tables, etc., are here worked into a charming den that would be excellent for a modern California home in Spanish style. Notice the fireplace, breaking the monotony of the far corner, the lovely ceiling design, and the design of chandelier, carrying out the feeling of the room. This ceiling is of wood, but it could be copied in plaster and wood."

"I am very fond of velvet and of leather for use in upholstery. Marvelous new things can be done with leather, but it must be used as leather and not made to imitate something else. Leather can be beautiful, so why make it look like imitation velvet?

Wood should be used as wood and not painted to look like metal. Imitation of other materials is in the artist's cemetery."

"Let me tell you the readers of Screenland to consider the sets they see on the screen with care. Consider if you could live in such a room. If you think you could be happy there, and that it would bring out your best qualities, you may copy it, or adapt it. But if you feel it would be only for show, do not have it at any price, for home should be a place of comfort, and no one can relax in a formal apartment."

"Useful Moments"

from page 51

One night, during the success of 'Storm,' Elissa attended a dinner at which she met Michael Arlen, and while gaily reading his palm—oh, yes, she knows a lot about palmistry, too—she quoted a sentence from her partly written novel. "I'm a kippered herring, I wish I were a lily."

The phrase delighted Arlen and to his questions, Elissa confessed about her book. He must have glimpsed the spark of real genius, for while he teased her saying that no beautiful woman should be so clever, he also begged her to send him the chapters she had written. So the next day, she bundled up her manuscript, decorated it with a kippered herring and a lily, added a little verse, and sent it to him to read.

While Elissa repeated the lines of the verse to me, I wrote them down and here they are:

"Rhymes will always come a-plenty;
And my mind is surely nimble
To be thinking of this symbol:
Kippered herring and the lily
Please don't think me very silly!"

The whole incident intrigued Arlen immensely, and a few weeks later, at his home on the Riviera, he told it to a group of friends.

By a curious coincidence, the son of one of London's foremost publishers was present, and on his return home, he told his father of Arlen's find. There was a correspondence with Elissa and she was urged to complete her novel at once and they would publish it.

Seeing her first book in print was really the biggest thrill, and there have been many, in Elissa Landi's life. She insists that no applause, front or back, can bring her the joy and satisfaction that she finds in seeing her name on a printed volume.
Already she has seen three of her books published; the fourth, "The Ancestor," comes from the press on June 6th. She has another novel almost completed and still another planned out to the last detail. Her well-trained mind works swiftly.

"The fourth vital moment came when I had to decide whether I should remain in America or return to England," Elissa again took up the story.

"I had come to New York to do a play for Al Woods, expecting to remain only a few months, but when I was offered a film contract that would take me to Hollywood, I knew I was standing at the cross-roads. It was a terrific step to take. I confess I wavered. I was even more afraid of what pictures would do to my writing than the influence of the stage."

With a gay laugh she added, "I came and I was completely conquered! Not only by motion pictures, but by California. I love both—and best of all I find everything most congenial for my writing. I meet so many, many interesting people who broaden my viewpoint tremendously. It is amazing how much talent there is in Hollywood, especially among the screen's technicians, a line lot of men, each an expert in his line."

Let me tell you, Elissa is even more beautiful off the screen than on. She has a delicate patrician loveliness that combines glamour and poise. With all her aristocratic background, she is one of the most unspoiled and sweetly democratic persons I have met.

She talked enthusiastically of her hope that some day she would be given a film part which she can understand her emotions. She hasn't had a chance yet, for her roles have often been cold, sophisticated women, but she has the impression that Elissa is devoid of warmth, of passion.

"But what can I do?" she asked. "Even in my latest picture, 'Sisters Under the Skin' which I made with the grand actors, Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan, I had no opportunity to abandon myself in great love scenes. The woman I portrayed gave herself to the older man merely for money, and she fights against the young musician, whom she really loves, because she believes the situation is hopeless. So you see, in neither case could I give way to real passion. But I'm an optimist! I believe Columbia intends to give me a role like one of the other roles and I'll show them I can be Cleopatra, or Carmen, or any other warm and temperamental lady!"

Of course, every woman must have love. No life is completely without it, for that is the inspiration for all human activities. But love is not the supreme crisis in her life; it is not the whole of her existence. No one emotion can still the conflicting desires that surge through a woman's heart. It is the uncertainty in romances, in careers, in life that spurs us on, that makes us yearn to drain them to the last drop. Nothing is worth working for if we already know the answer."

Life has always been good to Elissa. Born in Venice, Italy, she has lived in the great European capitals, has traveled the world, and has found the answer to many interesting experiences. Today, as a screen star and authoress, she lives quietly with her mother in a magnificent seven-acre estate in Brentwood, within sight of the Pacific Ocean, her nearest neighbors being the Will Rogers'.

Fifth fateful moments already illumining her life, we speculated as to what the fifth might be. And when! Elissa gaily suggested that one year from now we have lunch together again and make another check-up. So it's a date! Perhaps I'll have a story for you then, telling of Elissa Landi's fifth decisive turning point.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

**Relief from Painful Feet—**

**Corns**

**Callouses**

**Bunions**

**Sore Toes**

Foot troubles come as a result of a definite cause. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on aching corns, painful callouses, throbbing bunions, tender toes, irritated insteps or chafed heels, and you'll quickly, safely REMOVE the cause—nagging shoe pressure on the nerves and pressing and rubbing on the irritated tissues.

**RELIEF WILL BE YOURS IN ONE MINUTE**

With these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads: complete protection against sore toes, blisters and abrasions from new or tight shoes.**QUICKLY REMOVE CORNS AND CALLOUSES**

To quickly and easily loosen and remove corns and callouses use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box for this purpose. A few applications and the hard, dead skin can be lifted right out painlessly.

Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are absolutely SAFE! Made in sizes and shapes for corns, bunions, callouses on the soles and corns between the toes.

**Also Special Sizes and Shapes—THICK**

In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads, THICK, for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number: No. 42 for hammer toe; No. 16 for thick corns; No. 25 for tender joint behind little toe; No. 38 for thick callouses; No. 28 for large bunions.

Get this sure relief today. Sold by druggists and shoe dealers the world over.

---

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Have You Other Foot Troubles? Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or appliance for every foot trouble. Ask your dealer. Mail coupon for FREE sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and valuable booklet. "THE FEET AND THEIR CARE", by Dr. SCHOLL'S, Inc., 122 West Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Name

Address
"Has Hollywood Tamed Its Tarzans?"

Continued from page 33

account of she likes to adorn herself instead of seeking the baleful away in a vault, insurers companies prefer to let her protect her property herself.

As a result the Weissmullers have more fun! Each of them could hide wherever they go and their servants are armed to the teeth. The doors in their house are especially built to fool robbers, and all in all, it's a well-fitted leg of dynamite. Which might be a strain on you and you, but is merely exhilarating to them.

Lupe and Johnny are living and no one better treasurers on us!" Johnny explains with the honest smile of a Tom Sawyer. He is proud too, of his gigantic German police dog. This animal furnishes ferociously to all visitors, unless restrained by the master.

We put a 'Beau ideal' of the dog sign in front and Tins and every boy thought it didn't mean anything. Hota took some bites out of them and now they seldom walk in unannounced. One other friendship was the piece six Hawaiian orchestra over to serenade and marched inside the sacred walls. "Luckily," had Hota tucked over. "You'd have been. There'd be all the Hawaiians scattered all over the yard!"

Impulses rule the Weissmullers. They scorn dull routine. The chief bone of contention with them has been the question of when to seek rest.

"I want to go to bed early and get up early," Johnny states. "Lupa's idea is to sleep late and then she's all peped up at midnight and ready to go out. We've finally compromised and don't go places more than three evenings a week. That's enough, don't you think?"

Being too close to Lupe in her personal business, I declined to commit myself. "We do have fun when we put on the dog and go out," the maintenance stoutly. "I say to Johnny, 'Pretty lady, aren't we, baby?' He grins and answers, 'You bet we are, Momma?'"

So long as the master has his forty-five minutes daily he'll be able to keep up with Lupe's hectic pace.

The Crables, in direct contrast, are restrained. Virginia, Buster's pretty, dignified wife, was a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma at U.C.L.A., and no college sorority has a snootier standing. Buster himself was a Sigma Chi at the University of Southern California. Living modestly in a Beverly duplex, driving a Ford, saving their money, this well-born young couple follow a same dog. "We like to live in a comfortable home."

While Johnny and Lupe are living lice-split, the Crables are emphasizing on the mountain. "Virginia and I want security," Buster divulged. He wanted to be a lawyer and when I got this acting chance I resolved to build just as firmly in this line as I did in the law."

The Crables are making more friends in the film industry, but they avoid the gay parties which intrigue the flamboyant Weissmullers. Everything about Johnny is colorful, verging on the fantastic. He's a story-book hero whose motto has come true: "They came a-runnin' when they shrieked 'Poppa!'

and she shrieked 'Momma!'"

Continued. Buster, the ideal college graduate, weighs every move intelligently. His logical attitude toward life and his temperamental reflect this thoughtful. He plans—whereas Johnny plays!

The character of neither has been changed by Hollywood. Both remain regu-
only because I'd learned about the rôle of Tarzan through the wrestling instructor at the Hollywood Athletic Club, and I decided upon trying for it. She arranged beforehand with the man we interviewed that I was to be turned down.

"Being a fatalist, I decided to forget the whole thing. But at the club I was later introduced to Cyril Hume, who'd written the scenario. He approved of me immediately and took me back to the studio, to the man who had active charge of the production. They tested me right away and liked me."

His unhappiness with Bobbe taught Johnny a degree of caution, and he waited more than a year before he ventured into matrimony with Lupe. Personally, I believe this combination an excellent one. Both are essentially children at heart, impulsive, turbulent, head-strong. Likewise they are genuine, generous, and you can't help liking them. They scorn the hypocrites and the artificialities which those of us who desire to live conventionally find we must heed.

It is strange indeed to witness either Johnny or Lupe compromising. The two who loved 'em and left 'em are now drawn together, enchanted by the inexhaustible vitality which distinguishes each. I'd be willing to prophecy they'll be happy so long as they are uncertain of each other.

Lupe's not going to do any more Broadway shows unless her husband goes East with her. "A Spanish proverb says those who take love at long distance are fools," she quotes to me. "I'm no fool! I'll never accept another job which will part me from my Johnny!"

The marital status of the Crabbes has little likelihood of being perturbed by Buster's movie fame. "Virginia was reconciled to my being an actor before we married," he allows, "and so far as any doubts arising between us—? Why, she knows I love her and I know she loves me. And that's all there is to it!"

In spite of marrying at twenty-three Buster does not recommend such youthful unions for most people. "Our case was somewhat exceptional in that we'd gone together so long we were sure. There's a peculiar advantage to marriage here in Hollywood, too. A single man's a constant target. When you're married, the chiselers let you alone!"

One senses an undercurrent of rivalry between Johnny and Buster, which is easily understandable. The former reigned supreme in the swimming world. When he was ready to rest on his laurels, along came Buster. Then Johnny was a sensation on the screen, and darned if Crabbe didn't come clicking after! Add to this their totally foreign viewpoints and what the sum? You've added correctly!

At present Johnny is straining at the leash to be off for the South Seas. There he can splash lazily all day in the sun while Buster is photographing him in a tale of native passion. His "Loop" is going with him, to his delight.

"She'll be a great help opposite me. She can act so much better than I can that I'm bound to improve by working with her. She can do everything better than I can," he continues magnanimously. Then remembers, "Except swimming!"

Buster is currently pleased at getting by credibly under the handicap of being fully clothed. He's earnestly endeavoring to live down his last year's nudism. "I'm thoroughly sold on acting, but to last I must progress to doing straight leads well," he says in analyzing himself. "I still appear stiff in many of my scenes. I've concluded the best way to overcome this amateurishness is to play as many roles as I can get."

"I'm willing to take any kind of billing and any kind of part, to get experience. I
Consult Yogi Alpha
About Your FUTURE

What will be your lucky day? Will you win in love? What occupation also do you follow? Yogi Alpha, internationally known phakist who has amassed thousands of accurate psychic predictions, offers a big book. $1.00 post in 10,000

BIG READING ONLY 25c

YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. 904, San Diego, Cal. Or send $1.00 post in self-addressed envelope. Hungarian Reading 50 words included FREE.

YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. 904, San Diego, Cal. Or send $1.00 post in self-addressed envelope. Hungarian Reading 50 words included FREE.

How quickly stubborn skin troubles respond to De Vampo Ointment

Skins of talking pictures

Sent FREE—write for 16-page illustrated booklet, Explaining the talking picture method. You can have, at no cost, the complete work of these useful grooms, and write in your name the very place in Hollywood or wherever it may be that you want to hear the voice of the world's beauty models. Quick—don't delay. Hurry. Write to-day. Free, no strings. Write to-day.

MOLE'S
marry your beauty

They've had to acquire self-confidence to survive in Hollywood. Johnny, who was so shy he sat in the corners at parties and shook whenever he saw a camera, has turned from Lupo that the one who talks loudest generally is rewarded here. Buster, carefully observing, is deliberately putting keeping into his naturally soft, good-natured voice.

Tamed? Well, Buster didn't smoke until he had to tackle a cigarette for a recent scene, and now he keeps it steadily on a handle. But I'll take more than Hollywood to subdue him from the straight-and-narrow.

Gable-Crazy! Continued from page 12

with women overcome with his appeal. Oh, there were men and boys among the tremendous mobs that greeted Clark wherever he went, but—poor fellows— they were pushed aside by an overwhelming number of the older-called weaker sex, whose historic weakness became strength through sheer madness.

A toll of Gable's losses on his short trip includes the following articles:

27 silk handkerchiefs.
36 buttons torn from his clothes.
2 complete sleeve of a dress shirt.
1 lapel from the coat of a business suit.
1 pair of bedroom slippers.
1 top half of a pair of silk pajamas.
1 wrist watch.

Gable cares little for any losses except the watch. He believes that it may have been taken by a souvenir-hunter who did not understand the watch's real value. As a matter of record, Clark would like someone to return the watch to him. This is his reason, in Gable's own words:

"The watch is dear to my wife, therefore it has much sentimental value to me. If the finder, or taker, will return it to me, I will be happy to send that person a check for the value of the watch, but I will also pay a cash reward of fifty dollars, and ask no questions."

The watch is white-gold, and attaches to the wrist by means of a white-gold link chain. On its back are the two initials: G. G. Do you know who has the watch? If you do, please be sure and explain Clark's reward offer.

Many and strange were the efforts of girls and women to locate the star. In Baltimore, a girl rented the hotel room adjoining the suite occupied by Clark, Mrs. Gable, and a constant guard who rarely left the actor's side. Beginning early one evening, this girl knocked at the door of the Gable rooms. She was answered by the guard, who politely but firmly informed her that Clark was not in. At intervals of about one hour, the girl continued to knock, but each time she was greeted by the vigilant guard.

Perhaps the girl thought the guard would eventually go to be elsewhere in the hotel, because she kept calling and knocking. But at precisely 11 o'clock in the morning, the guard informed her: "I beg your pardon, miss, but I remain in my room for the last of the day. I will knock on the door; you will always answer. Whereupon the girl thrust out her tongue and uttered that rasping noise known as "the bird."

The following morning, as Gable stepped alone into the elevator to go downstairs for breakfast, this same girl stepped in behind him. Barely the doors of the elevator closed before she thrust herself between Clark and began to rain kisses upon his cheek and neck. When he attempted to turn away from her, the excited girl ruded (such was mannerly), proceeded to tug one of the Gable ears with her teeth.

In the midst of this latter display, the elevator reached the lobby and was stopped. The embarrassed lobby of people were treated to a show that caused Gable to break away from the girl roughly, and dash for the front doorway. As for the brash young lady, she only grinned—and pocketed a button from her idol's coat. Gable never returned to that hotel.

It was during Clark's stay in New York that he received a most amazing letter from a girl. The letter was penned on expensive stationery which bore a crest. The writer introduced herself as a cultured member of a fine family. She had seen Gable on the stage, she said, and she frankly admitted a certain type of love that was burning. Calmly and apparently without shame, the girl went on to say that she had read that Gable was the father of a child. She had discussed this with her own parents, and they had agreed that if she could have a child with Gable as its father, they would offer no objection!

She insisted that any such affair between them would be purely platonic, with no obligation on Clark. She was wealthy, and she was well able to care for her own baby. She even requested that he talk to the little girl who was her child. She even asked that he love the little girl as her own mother.

"I did turn the letter over to my wife," Clark tells, with that boyish grin that endears him instantly, "but she wasn't favorable to the idea!"

One daring girl managed to sneak backstage at the theatre in Baltimore. She made her way under the actor's dressing room. When Gable completed his turn behind the footlights, he found the girl awaiting his return. He had not seen her before, and she was new to him. He gave her a knock on the door; he said, "What are you doing here?"

The girl choked before she could speak,...
then asked stammeringly: "Will—will you autograph something for me, please, Mr. Gable?"

"Gladly," Clark answered, believing this the easiest way to dismiss her without any fuss.

With that, there was a quick, tearing noise—and the girl brought into view the brassiere she had been wearing.

"Autograph this!" she cried.

Stern-lipped, Gable threw open the door that opened from his dressing-room out on the back-stage runway. That was for protection. Then he seized a sheet of writing paper from his make-up case, scribbled a hasty autograph, and gave it to the girl. Before she quite realized how she got there, the girl was outside the theatre—she clamped in one hand was her autograph; in the other hand, the brassiere without the Gable signature.

A chambermaid in another hotel owes the fact that she still holds her job to the good sportsmanship of both Clark and his wife. To designate the hotel, or even the city, might lead to the maid's indentification, therefore such information must be withheld.

At any rate, the Gable suite usually consisted of a living-room and two bedrooms, one of which was occupied by Mrs. Gable and the other by Clark. This arrangement was of necessity, because often Mrs. Gable would go to the hotels and retire early. Clark, returning from the theatres, would occupy the other bedroom, rather than awaken his wife with the noise of his approaching.

Perhaps the chambermaid did not understand this arrangement. At any rate, the first morning of Clark's stay at this particular hotel, they had entered the rooms—and went almost at once into the blackheath and bedroom where Gable was sleeping. The actor was awakened with a start, and discovered the woman standing before him, with her face drawn close around him, while the husky chambermaid poured out her tale of love for him.

The maid was terrified. She opened her mouth to beg for forgiveness, but before she could speak, Mrs. Gable interrupted. With the sense of humor that is typical of the woman Clark married, she told the maid to "go about her duties, but the next time be sure and pick a man whose wife is not so close by."

"This public admiration is astounding but of course it is not Clark Gable, the man, that the fans pursue," Gable said to me, later, after his return to Hollywood. "I believe that the motion picture magazines are responsible for fan idolization, because their stories have exaggerated screen characters, and have made demi-gods of really ordinary people, like myself."

"Our country is famous for its hero-worship. I think the public is partially hypnotized by its very willingness to believe."

Even when fans see the stars in person, and have an opportunity to discover that we are just human beings like themselves, they continue right on with their unbelievable worship."
Heals Pyorrhea
Trench Mouth
or Money Back!

WONDER PEEL PASTE
One Day Home Treatment—$5.00
Why worry about
Freckles, Wrinkles, Puffy Eyes, Blackheads, Pinprick
Ass. Pitts, Fishbly Neck, Impaired Turgor Elasticity.
For brevity Bust and Neck—$3.00
Make-up Removers—$2.00
RESCUE
Materia Medica
Coraline
THE WAY COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

No Joke To Be Deaf
Every deaf person knows—
Mr. Way Tapped himself behind his ear—
—and his 怒音
the Arti

ERVIOUS? WORRIED? UNHAPPY?

Are You

Learn Photography at Home

Books on Corporal Punishment and Other Curious

FREE! HOROSCOPE READING

SENSATIONAL OFFER
—A free Horoscope Reading with each issue of Hold Your Man containing the stars representing your month of birth—all for only 99c.

ZODIAC RING

How to Attract and
Hold Your Man

Atrat and fascinate the man of your choice.
Any wedding girl or girl of
ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. But first you must develop the power!

You Can't Afford to be Without This Secret

The principles of Charm that make a woman unresistible. Most cases of social failure and spinsterhood are due to lack of understanding man's needs and desires. Modular charm or ignorance you cannot afford to be without this secret of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper.

HOLD YOUR MAN
Hold Your Man

You Must Read

"BURNING THEIR EMOTIONS at Both ENDS"—A story of tempestuous nights after temperamental days in Hollywood.

By Elizabeth Wilson

SILVER SCREEN

10c—For JUNE—ON SALE MAY 8

FREE DeJoy's DREAM BOOK

Mention dreams, talisman given to date,"
she knows, depending, nature, reconciling, popularity,="

Asthma

Hay Fever • Bronchitis

Pernicious medical authority now advises colleagues—

"There is no dressing and dabbing diseased condition
with our reports of thousands of Revolutionaryridden by

books, "Mysteries of Bronchitis" by A. B. L. L. L. Williams, Inc.

Jemi-nifties

Beauty is as Beauty does!

A shampoo to make your hair lovely...

Everybody wants it! A jewel of a lipstick that works...none hand...like acharm.

By nature we're enthusiastic. We fall in love—
and often. But when we find a lipstick like the new Elizabeth Arden Jeweled Automatic, we are almost speechless with delight. It's a darling! It works in one hand like a charm and has a tiny jeweled catch, ruby, sapphire, emerald as you choose, to match your favorite frock. The colors have just the right degree of permanence on your lips and come in those glamorous, provocative tones which have made Miss Arden's cosmetics so famous. You will want one at once for your evening bag and another to carry during the day. For while it is lovely enough to grace the most exquisite brocade, it is as practical as the sock in the morning! And if you are ensemble-minded there is a jeweled compact to match it.

A new cosmetic star in this present, for which we predict a bright future, is Tussy's Emulsified Cleansing Cream. It is made of a combination of vegetable oils and is designed especially for all of us who do not enjoy thin, liquefying creams. It is light, penetrating, emollient, and it gives your face a thorough, gentle cleansing, as quick as a wink. At the same time it does what the old-fashioned nourishing creams all promised to do: keeps your skin soft and smooth. They say that even wrinkles get dreadfully discouraged when you use it! If your life sends you out a good deal in the wind and the sun you will like the way it keeps your complexion in good condition. While for those of us who are too rushed in the morning, too tired at night for elaborate beauty treatments, it is a gift from heaven.

But how does it smell? Lady, it smells like orange blossoms! Does that give you an idea?

It pays to encourage your eyelashes! Show them the little attentions they deserve. If you dress up your lips and your hair but neglect your lashes, they are going to feel badly and show it! Brush them. And don't forget that a judicious touch of a pure mascara, such as Winx, will help give you that wide-eyed, romantic look it is such fun to turn on the world. They tell us this mascara doesn't smudge or run and that it makes your lashes look softer, silkier, and of course longer. With bats off the face, attention will be on the eyes. Be sure to make the most of yours.

It is time again to be taking deodorants very, very seriously. Mums is the word in this connection that deserves your earnest consideration. This little bottle of greaseless cream wipes out unpleasant odors immediately and guards your freshness for hours, without stopping perspiration. It can be used the last thing at night, because it has the priceless virtue of not spoiling clothes. If you are housewife, keep it in the kitchen to remove the last suspicion of cooking odors from your fingers.

Romance is in the air! You find it no matter where you turn. It slips into the new fashions, the new pictures, the new ways of combing your hair. Are you ready to take advantage of it? You aren't if your hair is dry, stringy, lifeless, or over-oily and dull. But the right shampoo will change all this. We've always been in favor of simple, downright, honest cleanliness. It has an amazing lot to do with charm. Clean, sweet, shining hair is a glorious asset to any girl in or out of pictures. And clean, sweet, shining hair is what Packert's Shampoo will give you. Use their Pine Tar Shampoo, the oily hair that stands between you and your own best looks. Use Olive Oil Shampoo if your hair is dry or lifeless. Then find the type of new hair style that intrigues you most.

$1 PAYS FOR $3000 LIFE PROTECTION

Even if you are past 55 — and without Medical Examination!

If you are between the ages of 10 and 70 you may now enjoy the benefits of variable life protection for only $1, and without a medical examination. This new Life Protective

Policy, offered exclusively by one of the largest associations of its kind in the world, the National Security Life Association of New York, and underwritten by

the State Farm Insurance Companies, pays up to $3000. For you, and for your loved ones. Your protection is backed by a sound financial institution with a net worth in excess of $50 million.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name, age, name of spouse, and a Life Certificate. Fully made out in proper form will be sent to you in 10 Days Free Inspection. No Agent Will Call. If you decide to keep it, send only $1 to put your protection in force for at least 45 days...

want to broadcast?

If you have talent here's your chance to get into broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons Studios, Inc., famous in space time. Facilitating course fully explained in Free Booklet "How to Broadcast," send for your copy today.

WANTED—for radio, film, or television. For $3000 life insurance in Broad casting. 800th St., N. W., Dept. 4 & P 18, Washington, D. C.

$1 for June 1934
It's Commencement Day—and are things commencing! Jimmy Dunn, Janet Gaynor, Ginger Rogers and Charlie Farrell, the scholarly principals in "Change of Heart," bid good-bye to the campus and greet the palpitating world.

Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

Fay De W. You'll no longer need to pine away for a smile from Greta Garbo. In her latest release, "Queen Christina," she not only smiles but laughs—yes, laughs right out loud, too! If you should ask me, and why don't you, it is her best picture to date. Ken Maynard's wife is a non-professional, I believe. Fred Thompson was not killed in an automobile accident—he died after an operation. To catch up with the "Covered Wagon," we'll have to go back to 1923. The male principals in the cast were J. Warren Kerrigan, Ernest Torrence, and Tully Marshall.

Mrs. A. P. I do not know of a cinema star who is a collector of old and rare fans. If she should bob up again, that is, if she ever did bob, I'll get in touch with you and you may find a permanent home for your fan. Jean Parker is a most versatile young lady. She can act, sing, dance, write, paint, and play the piano. Isn't that something for a girl of only 17? Her latest release is "Two Alone," in which she is co-featured with Tom Brown.

Toby Bit. So you liked "David Harum," with Will Rogers and Evelyn Venable. And who wouldn't? Kent Taylor is the romantic male lead and is a likable chap, with or without the mustache. Kent was born near Nashua, Iowa, but hasn't revealed the birth-date. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. He appears with Mae West in "I'm No Angel."

Miss M. M. Clyde Beatty was born in Bainbridge, Ohio, in 1905. He has brown wavy hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 148 pounds. His wife is Harriet Evans, aerial performer under the "big-top." He made one picture for Universal, "The Big Cage," and will make more. I haven't his address but his public appearances are with the Hagenback-Wallace Show and Ringling Brothers. If you must get in touch with him why not wait until the circus comes to your city, and write to him then—but watch out for his 40 lions and tigers!

Pattie. The recording director of M-G-M, Douglas Shearer, is a brother of Norma Shearer. Frankie Darro was born on December 22, 1918, in Chicago, Ill. One of his films, "Wild Boys of the Road," has caused a vast amount of comment. He also scores in "No Greater Glory." Nils Asther is 22 years old. Some of his releases have been: "Right to Romance," "Storm at Daybreak," "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," "By Candle Light," with Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas, "Madame Spy," with Fay Wray, and "The Crime Doctor."

Bernice J. The RKO-Radio studios produced "The Symphony of Six Millions" with Ricardo Cortez and Irene Duane. Sorry I can't remember the several quotations used in the picture. Ricardo plays with Al Jolson in "Wonder Bar." Along with such famous names as Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Fifi D'Orsay, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, and Hal Leroy. Hal appears also in "Harold Teen."
Such Ravishing new Beauty to gain,

WITH SO LITTLE TO DO - IF YOU'LL USE THE ONLY ALMOND BASE POWDER . . . .

by Patricia Gordon

JUST A MOMENT in which you decide! Then, for you, the exquisite new beauty Princess Pat powder brings to every complexion. Of course it does! Almond base, in your Princess Pat powder, is used instead of the starch in usual powders. What a difference! Why, Princess Pat powder has a glorious velvety feel, even to finger tips! On your delicate complexion it is a veritable caress.

Every little particle in Princess Pat face powder is infinitely smooth. The powder goes upon your skin so closely, so pliantly that an amazing thing happens. Your complexion becomes incomparably beautiful. But the powder does not show! That is just the aristocratic effect you've wanted; the perfect grooming of the fashionably elect. And because Princess Pat is almond base (no starch) it blends on to cling almost as one with your skin.

And if all this ravishing new beauty were not enough, you would delight in the almond base for its benefit to your skin. Even a very little starch on your skin has all the faults of starch. All starches, you know, swell with heat and moisture. The particles may easily swell within the pores and be responsible for their coarsening. How different it is with the almond base powder. Almond — the precious beautifier — your protection against coarse pores! No wonder all women adore Princess Pat face powder, once they try it.

NOW IS THE TIME! Receive a beautiful Vanity

FREE It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than $1—worth more. The cleverest Vanity you ever knew; comes ready for use—filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. For beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

What you do to get the Vanity

Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent entirely free, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.

RADIO Princess Pat Players — love and life — thrilling! Sundays 4:30 P.M., E.S.T. WJZ and NBC network, 3:30 P.M., C.S.T.
Check up on those jangled nerves today

Yes, a simple little nervous habit such as wringing out your handkerchief is really a sign of jangled nerves.

And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face—They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

CAMELS
SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT 
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
The Movie Romance That Shocked The World!
By Princess Radziwill

Does The DuBarry Jinx Threaten Dolores Del Rio?
"It Could Happen to Any Woman!"

"We were breaking up, Ned and I, after two years. It was his decision to end our engagement, not mine. I simply couldn't understand it."

"Heartsick and worn out, I packed my bags for a stay at the seashore. New places, new faces would help me to forget."

"There were loads of attractive people there—two men and a stunning girl particularly. But they didn't ask me to make it a foursome. I looked too sad, I guess."

"Later they did invite me to play golf. They actually left me standing on the 18th green while they stalked off to the club for refreshments. I put it down to bad manners."

"That night I went to the hotel dance, determined to have a good time and forget Ned. But not one of the men asked me to dance. It was pretty galling."

"Hurt and humiliated, I founced off to bed and tried to knit myself off to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come. My nerves were on edge."

"In desperation I got up and dressed. Perhaps a walk under the cool stars would soothe my ruffled feelings. The night was simply gorgeous."

"I sat on a little knoll near the water. Then I overheard this: 'Oh, the Crane girl is attractive enough. Lots of fun—but her breath is enough to make you shudder...!'"

"Mortified and ashamed I hurried back to my apartment and gargled Listerine that very night. (Incidentally, there has never been a day since that I haven't used it.)"

"And what a difference it made! The following week at the hotel was one of the gayest I have ever had in my whole life. Dates? I had them to burn!"

"When I got home I pocketed my pride and called Ned up. 'If you want to know how changed a girl can be,' I said, 'come up and see me sometime.' He did."

"We took up where we left off and it wasn't long before Ned's ring was back on my finger. I'm getting my trousseau next week."

"Don't Offend Others!" Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis [Bad Breath]

Quit taking it for granted that your breath is always agreeable. It really isn't, you know. Anyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—without knowing it. Halitosis is principally caused, says a leading dental authority, by the fermentation of food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, pleasant, safe way to combat this condition is to rinse the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and overcomes its odors. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheon, and contract. Her father has money, but—there's a "but" about Ellen!

Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yacht races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!

Ellen should go to a dentist. He'd tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.

It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!

Older men are gallant—but young men size up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive gums.

Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

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

AVOID "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE!

VIST

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934
Watch Next Issue for Announcement Of Winners of Six-Star Contest!

YOU must have liked our Romance Contest! Your Pens Portraits poured in—gay lines; grave lines; dramatic, daring; funny, fantastic. You must like Clark Gable, Marion Davies, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, and Jean Parker! These stars are highly gratified at your great interest.

SCREENLAND thanks you for your splendid interest and enthusiasm in making the Romance-Six-Star Contest, which was presented in the May issue, the most exciting we have ever had. It isn’t easy to select the winners; but the judges are doing their best—and the announcement of the awards will appear in the next, the August, issue of this Magazine.

Clark Gable offered a movie camera and projector. Marion Davies, a handsome fitted wardrobe case. Helen Hayes, a negligée. Myrna Loy, a generous bottle of her favorite perfume. Madge Evans, a daytime frock. Jean Parker, a beach ensemble. Grand gifts—and you entered the competition with real zest. Watch our next issue for the announcement of awards!

---

The Smart Screen Magazine

Delight Evans, Editor

Frank J. Carroll, Art Director

July, 1934

Vol. XXIX, No. 3

SCREENLAND SCOOPS:

"NO MORE HOLLYWOOD FOR ME!" SAYS WALTER HUSTON. .......... Leonard Hall 20
RAFT REVEALS ALL! ................................................. Leonard Hall 21
DOES THE DUBARRY JINX THREATEN DOLORES DEL RIO? .......... James Marion 22
PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF JANET GAYNOR .......... 35
BUILD UP THE HOLLYWOOD WAY .................................. James Davies 52

OTHER FEATURES:

ROLÉS THEY’LL NEVER PLAY ........................................... Leonard Frank 12
THE EDITOR’S PAGE ................................................... Delight Evans 17
THE MOVIE ROMANCE THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD ................. Princess Radziwill 18
TOMORROW’S STARS .................................................... James M. Fidler 24
GLORY RAYS OF THE DAY—WALLY BEERY AGAIN! ................. Ben Maddox 26
SCREENLAND'S GLAMOUR SCHOOL .................................... Edited by Kay Francis 28
WOMEN BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD THRONESS ....................... Laura Benham 30
"PROBABLY THE GREATEST ACTRESS I EVER WORKED WITH"—JOHN BARRYMORE. .......... Carole Lombard ............... Robert Barol 32
DON'T BRAND HER SOCIETY GIRL. Helen Wason ..................... Kay Richards 33
PERSONALITY OR BEAUTY—WHICH HAVE YOU? .................. Aline MacMahon, Helen Harrison 34
THIS BEST FRIEND WAS FAILURE. Lyle Talbot ................. Whitney Williams 51
SCREENLAND’S SPECIAL GLAMOUR GUIDE. Fashion News from Hollywood ................. 56

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

TAGGING THE TALKIES. Short Reviews ................................ 6
NOW YOU'RE TALKING. Letters from Readers ....................... 8
ASK ME ........................................................................... Miss Vee Dee 10
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES .................................. Delight Evans 14
DANGERS WORKING AT HOME. Beauty ......................... Josephine Felts 26
TAKING THE AIR. Radio ........................................... Mortimer Franklin 61
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD. Screen News ............................... Weston East 62
FEMI-NIFTIES .................................................................. 92

Cover Portrait of Loretta Young by Charles Sheldon

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago office: 408 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies. Cuba and Mexico: $3.50 in Canada; foreign $2.75. Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered at second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional address at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1934. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.
MAE WEST

"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!
Now You're Talking!

“Swifties” from SCREENLAND reader-scribes

What do! The movies have made our readers all excited again! And, naturally, they've written to tell us all about it.

Here's a correspondent--who bails a new movie era with the advent of Anna Sten! And another who files a demur to against music in non-musical movies. And still another who plunges headlong into the Hepburn “publicity-act” controversy with a brand-new slant. And so it goes—the movie questions of the moment are thrashed out with great gusto, and everybody has a grand time.

The cheering squad is out in full strength again, too, with loud huzzas resounding for such deserving stars as Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Crosby, Hepburn, et al.

What are the burning questions that agitate your movie mind? Now is the time, and here is the place, to make your confessions! And don't lose sight of that liberal sprinkling of prize—$5.00 each for the eight best letters monthly—that makes it so worth while!

Keep your letters within fifty words, and address Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York, mailing to reach us by the 10th of the month. You may fire when ready!

a little dangerous, and oh, so devastatingly attractive!

Muriel Marks, 2104 Aqueduct Ave., New York City.

WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE!

Clever, these newsreel cameramen! They can make divers dive backward! In fact, they do. And in every other newsreel divers dive backward, and more divers dive forward. Some joke! I wonder why they never show a shell entering the mouth of a cannon? That should last for years, too!

Lee De Blanc, 213 St. Peter, New Iberia, La.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS!

WANTED: More roles for Edward Everett Horton—one grand comedian.

A humorous part for Gary Cooper—what a delightful White Knight he was!

A chance for Norma Shearer to play once again a villainous lady, the intelligent, courageous gentlewoman that she can perform with reality and conviction.


(Continued on page 11)
As always - Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now.

KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

"DR. MONICA"

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR * WARREN WILLIAM * VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley. A First National Picture
Cheers for Wallace Beery and Company in “Viva Villa!”

YOU’LL cheer Beery! You will applaud the players who surround him in that “glorified Western,” “Viva Villa.” Beery himself has never been so vitally, violently victorious in interpreting a rôle as he is in his new motion picture. He makes the patriot-bandit, Pancho Villa, one of the most picturesque characters ever to ride across the screen. But his supporting cast crowds him closely for first honors. Henry B. Walthall, beloved by the older filmgoers as The Little Colonel in D. W. Griffith’s “The Birth of a Nation,” gives the second great performance of his fine career as the Mexican patriot, Madero. Joseph Schildkraut enters the glory lists again as the villain of the piece—a superb portrayal, florid, flashy, but exactly right. Leo Carrillo swaggers with gusto as Villa’s right-hand killer. Stuart Erwin is the humorous and realistic reporter. Last but not least, to the ladies! Katherine DeMille, Cecil’s brilliant daughter, is a vivid figure as Villa’s wife. Fay Wray glows as the gracious aristocrat whose beauty maddens Villa. Troupers, to you!

The exotic Katherine DeMille, as Villa’s wife.

Joseph Schildkraut, below, “Viva Villa’s” “villain.”

Stuart Erwin, right, as the most inquiring reporter.

Lovely Fay Wray, left, as the tragic Mexican beauty.

Leo Carrillo, below, in his element as Villa’s aid.

Henry B. Walthall, left, whose Madero is unforgettable.
Now You're Talking
Continued from page 8

RING OUT!
In silent days Lionel Barrymore made a famous picture called "The Hells." Why not revive this story and make a talkie of it? It is a unique drama, and would afford this splendid actor an excellent vehicle for some real character portraiture. Anyway—let's have more Lionel and less John!
M. A. Dotterer,
Box 246,
Clowiston, Fla.

EN-RICH THE SCREEN AGAIN!
I sincerely hope the beautiful and fascinating Irene Rich doesn't decide to abandon the movies for the radio permanently. It's such a treat to see her play a "wife-and-mother" role—she just makes you live the part with her. Please, producers, send us another picture with Irene!
Mrs. A. W. Colt,
3223 N. Main St.,
Racine, Wis.

THE MELODIES LINGER ON!
Musicals are O. K. But must we listen to some dragged-in tune every time we go to a movie? "Too Much Harmony" and such were excellent. But when, in the middle of a good "straight" picture, the characters burst into an impossible dance and a ditty, I can't take it!
Mary E. Clapp,
Box 168,
Mineral Wells, Tex.

SHE GIVES GOOD VALUE
Why all the palaver about Hepburn's so-called publicity "act"? Theatregoers pay for "acting," and Katharine surely delivers the goods! It's too absurd to expect her off-stage life to suit everyone. Human beings aren't made that way. Hepburn's future? Greater rôles for a great actress to portray!
Norman Thompson,
123 E. 34th St.,
Lorain, Ohio.

"DR." WILL!
"A Merry Heart Doeth Good Like a Medicine," I'd miss a meal to see Will Rogers in a picture. His natural acting always gives me a laugh, and I come away from his films feeling 100 per cent better. And—hurrah for Rogers!—only clean stuff goes with Will.
Mabel Little,
336 South Olive St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

ON WITH THE DANCE!
What the world really needs is some more happy-go-lucky young fellows like Fred Astaire. This hot-footed lad astounded me with his performances in "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio." Don't forget, Hollywood—we want more of Astaire!
Jane T. McGregor,
44-11 Little Neck Parkway,
Little Neck, N. Y.

VALE LILYAN TASHMAN
How tragic, the passing of Lilyan Tashman at the height of her career! Always a good actress, if not a great one, she lived well, laughed often, brought joy and laughter to many, and made this earth a better and happier place for having lived in.
Hendel Hallenstein,
57 Sargent St.,
Springfield, Mass.

Left to right Fabric gauntlet with natural linen cuff ★ mesh gauntlet with cross-bar organicle cuff ★ waffle weave gauntlet ★ white doe-skin slipon ★ Ivory pigskin slipon. Fownes gloves washable with Ivory Flakes.

FOWNES says
"Wash our Gloves this way"

1. Use cool water and pure, quick-melting Ivory Flakes to whisk up rich Suds. (Fownes, famous glove-makers, say: "We heartily advise pure Ivory Flakes for our finest washable gloves."

2. Wash gloves on hands, using soft brush to work rich Ivory Suds into soiled areas. Squeeze out without wringing. Remove gloves.

3. Put gloves through lukewarm rinsings. Pure Ivory Suds rinse out easily. (Give cuffs of fabric gauntlet gloves a light starching—press the cuffs before completely dry.)

4. Pull gloves into shape. Press between layers of towel. Blow fingers of leather gloves. Lay flat away from heat. (Work leather gloves before entirely dry, to soften texture.)

Ivory Flakes • 99 4/100 % pure • Today's safest and biggest value in fine fabrics soap
Roles They'll Never Play!

Upsetting the star system—or fun for all! Laugh, stars, laugh!

By Leonard Frank
Dear Betty Crocker:
In Hollywood we have to keep up our vitality. So much depends on it—our looks, our ability. They tell us to be sure we get enough energy food—like bread. I eat bread in some form at every meal.

Thelma Todd

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

1. Supplies energy efficiently. Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.

2. Builds, repairs. Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance the diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.

3. Is one of the most easily digested foods. 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK
Offer good only within continental limits of U.S.A.

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me your valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy," in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name: ________________________________

Street or R.F.D. No.: ____________________

City: __________________ State: _________

Cooper. 1934, General Mills, Inc.

Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!
She knows how!

She is too clever to let droll, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, lustrous, radiant with tiny dancing lights—the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn't think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Glist Shampoo.

*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampooing that merely cleanses. Golden Glist Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a fashionable "trinity"—a new little lift—enough to make your hair—softly, gracefully and more manageable than you've ever seen it before. Try it a few samples will show you the difference. Send for it now.

FREE
J. W. KOBIT CO., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. G
Seattle, Wash.  . . . . . Please send a free sample.

Name  
Address  
City  
State  
Color of my hair:

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller 47c
Size 10 x 13 inches or larger 75c

SEND NO MONEY  

Photograph must be sent in with order. Free Booklet, "How to Find Your Place in the World" encloses. Orders filled and shipped from East Coast. Photographs are exact reproductions of any photos of original photo.

SEND NO MONEY

Nature of photo:

KREMOLA CO., Dept. SL-7  
2975 So. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

WANT TO BROADCAST?

If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in the World," encloses. Orders filled and shipped from East Coast. Photographs are exact reproductions of any photos of original photo.

KREMOLA CO., Dept. SL-7
2975 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

MAKE MONEY At Home

Earn steady income each week by working at home. Publishing photographs and manuscripts in oil. Learn famous non-sensi method. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many have become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money At Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3641 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 443-B, Chicago, Illinois

Sally Rand Fan. Now isn't that too ducky? Two or three years ago I was swamped with letters asking about Sally and where-abouts. She had sort of dropped out of sight until last summer when she made The Century of Progress famous with her dancing. Sally made pictures in 1925 for Christie, Roach, and Bennett. She was a Wampas Baby Star in 1927, and in 1928 was on the stage. She was born on April 3, 1903, has gray eyes, ash blonde hair and is 5 feet 3/4 inches tall. Her real name is Hazel Beck.

Jean, a Y, D, Fan. The comedy, if any, displayed in this column is all my own—I haven't a handy "gag" man to fall back on. Diana Wynyard, whose real name is Dorothy Cox, was born on January 16, 1908, in London, England. She has dark blue eyes, golden-brown hair, is 5 feet 6/4 inches tall and weighs 127 pounds. Her latest release is "Where Sinners Meet."

Gertrude D. So you know our Johnny Weissmuller far out in Malta. A gardenia to you for your confidence in my ability to provide entertaining answers to all inquiring fans. Johnny was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 2, 1904. He has brown hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. His first wife was Bobby Ans, former star of New York musical comedies. His present wife is Lupe Velez. His new picture is "Tarzan and His Mate" with Maureen O'Sullivan.

Barbara K. You and your friend are half right and half wrong in reference to your wager over Betty Compson. The wife of Jimmy Walker is Betty Compson, who was on stage before her marriage; but Betty Compson has had a long screen career. She was in Christie Comedies and in 1919 first attracted attention by her work in "Miracle Man," a picture which is still referred to as one of the masterpieces in film achievement.

A Baxter Fan. Your hero, Warner Baxter, goes right on making one picture after another, each with a sincerity that has its appeal to his many followers. Warner was born on March 29, 1893, in Columbus, Ohio. He has dark brown eyes and hair, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 168 pounds, and is one of the best-looking and popular actors in Hollywood. He was married to Winifred Broyson in 1917—and still is! His later Releases are "Dangerously Yours," "I Loved You Wednesday," "Paddy-the-Next-Best Thing," "As Husbands Go," "Stand Up and Cheer."

Edna H. Your questions resemble a contest but we'll skip that. I have space for about a third of your list! Grant Withers, Betty Compson, and Gertrude Olmstead were the leads in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl." Jack Mulhall, Ford Sterling, and Blanche Sweet supported Alice White in "Show-girl in Hollywood." In "The Green Murder Case" you saw William Powell, Florence Eldridge, (the wife of Fredric March), Jean Arthur and Eugene Palette. In "Glad-Rag Doll," Dolores Costello was supported by Ralph (Continued on page 97)
Hypnotism! But so beautifully photographed, so cleverly acted, and so well directed that you'll believe it. John Halliday hypnotizes Tom Brown into committing murder, and the court room scene that ensues is a whirlwind of drama. Sir Guy Standing, the English character actor, will win your favor with his finely drawn performance of the role of an old hypnotist-lawyer who returns to defend his son (Brown) in court. This will give you chills, but chills are good for the nervous system, physicians aver.

An over-ripe story that good performances by John Boles and Claire Trevor cannot save. Early in the picture, Boles, as a drunken engineer in a Western mining town, goes on the make for Claire Trevor, who plays a dance hall gal; later in the story they'd have you believe that he is really a "nice chap" and that she should fall into his arms. There is a big storm and dambreak sequence that is so noisy you can't sleep—so sleep at home the night this one shows.

Goodness, you never saw so many pretty gals! Ginger Rogers, Frances Dee, and an host of others. Bruce Cabot, right in amongst them, is simply wasted in his part; with a more romantic fellow as leading man, this so-so picture might have been a hundinger. Story is laid in a girls' school, but the theme is much livelier than the morbid story of that other girls' school picture, "Eight Girls In A Boat." Nevertheless, like its predecessor, this story is made up of anecdotes, rather than a well-formed plot. It's good entertainment, however. Watch Adalyn Doyle, ex-Katharine Hepburn "stand-in," in her first real role. She shows promise.

Chalk up a riot of laughter for George Burns and Gracie Allen, and pass a few laurels to Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians (orchestra). Fast and furious is the pace of this picture, and if you are not rolling in the aisles before it is half over, it'll be because you're tied to your seat. Impossible to tell the story, but if you like laughs, cancel all engagements when "Many Happy Returns" reaches town.

Flip a coin for or against this picture. Edward Everett Horton and Geneviève Tobin strive to make it good, and half-way succeed. It's about a woman who heads a big business firm, thus leaving her husband time to play. The husband makes the best of his opportunity and gets involved with a gal. Nothing new to the plot but several of the situations are clever. Fair entertainment.

This is the inside story by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein about one of the most notorious gamblers of recent history. The story starts with the man making small bets, and continues to find him owner of a circuit of great gambling houses. His downfall and death make a decidedly dramatic story. Spencer Tracy, as the gambler, is excellent. Helen Twelvetrees and Alice Faye are more than adequate.

This story won't be new to you, but it is so deftly handled and well-acted that you may safely place this picture on your month's list of must-sees. The story is that of a wealthy middle-aged man who falls in love with a beautiful young actress, who in turn loves a fiery young composer. Not in ages has Miss Landi performed better, and Morgan, as is his habit, turns in a 24-carat performance.

"DOUBLE-QUICK" REDUCTION During the SUMMERTIME

REduce YOUR WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ... or it will cost you nothing!

I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES..." writes Miss Healy..." I reduced from 36 inches to 44 1/2 inches"...writes Miss Brian..." Massages like magic..." writes Miss Carroll..." The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action remove flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement...stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer—Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny—try it for 10 days...at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 797, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brasiers, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name

Address

City State
"IT'S MY BUSINESS
To look beautiful

...that's why I changed to
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women... educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids... have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.

Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is different! Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to your teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Bernice Lorimor shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.
An
Open Letter
to
Practically
Everybody!

D EAR Metro, Warners, Paramount, Fox, RKO, United Artists, Universal, Columbia, etc.:
Can't something be done? Fun's fun, but don't you think this has all gone far enough? Think of the feelings of all the film-goers. How their heads must be whirling! It's bad enough about my head. But what is mine compared to so many? Trying to catch up with the title-changers of Hollywood!

One day, "Rip Tide." Next day, "Lady Mary's Lover." Third day, "Rip Tide" again! Think of all the wasted words, the spent printers' ink, the confusion! But maybe you do think of it. You gentlemen seem to think of everything. Maybe it's all publicity and I'm just naive.

Of course, sometimes there are excuses. For example, when Warners changed "Hot Air" to "Rhythm in the Air" there was a slight improvement—but then "Music in the Air" objected, so "20,000,000 Sweethearts" became the final title—at this writing. Perhaps the Yale Lock people made them substitute "Isles of Fury" for "The Key." Did O. O. "Odd" McIntyre object to "Odd Thursday" so it had to be changed to "Such Women Are Dangerous?" "Without Honor" becomes "He Was Her Man." (They do us wrong.) "Too Many Women" is—I mean are—now "Nine Million Women"—is that all?

I suppose I can't stop you, gentlemen. You must have your reasons. But may we, please, join in the fun? The following suggestions may help. After all, it doesn't seem to matter so much just what you change to, so long as you change it.


What, gentlemen? You think those are awful? Now you know a little how we feel. May I make a bargain with you? You guarantee not to change more than half the titles of the pictures now in production in your studios, and I'll promise that the Public will have a better idea of what they want to see on the screen and go to see it. How do you think they figure it all out, anyway? You know and I know why it is very often necessary to change picture titles. But the Public doesn't know. Don't you suppose they must wonder sometimes just what happens to all these pictures they see announced in the newspapers and the magazines? (I know they do—they write to me about it.) What becomes, they ask themselves, of all those poor little lost movies? Where, oh where is "The Firebrand" that they were waiting to see? A few quick thinkers may guess that it has suddenly become "The Affair of Cellini."—but many more must wander away disconsolate, never to return. Can't we get together on this thing?

Delight Evans

Original Title: "Eve"
New Title: "Adam and his Mate"

Old Title: "Helen of Troy"
New Title: "Wonder Girl"

Original Title: "Marie Antoinette"
New Title: "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

Title: "The Little" Cleopatra"
Suppose May awful?

"Too becomes "Such hearts"

I'm ample, "I'm not wasted just must be caught."

But when after Thursday" do they do—whirl "Then Sunday?"

words, "thinks anything that one says"

"to where?" the movies?

"Don't mean to be a pain. It's just that people say things."

The Editor's Page
The Movie Romance that Shocked the World!

By Princess Radziwill


Times have changed indeed since the World War. Before its devastating consequences had transformed all our social structure, the only romances which really interested the crowds were those of Kings and Queens, and other royal personages. Today, fewer romantic tales are woven about them, because other and far more important sovereigns than those whom one used to call "Your Majesty" have taken their places, and absorb our attention.

It is once more a case of "The King is dead, long live the King!" Movie stars are the new royalty—and although there may be people who have never heard of the existence of the King of Sweden, try to find those who don't know Garbo!

Having lived as I have done in intimate contact with European royalty, and watched a good many of their romances and adventures, I can truthfully say that even their most startling affairs have never excited such interest as the matrimonial entanglements of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are doing at present—not only in America, but also in Europe, where they constituted the main topic of conversation when I was in London not long ago.

And yet I have seen some rather exciting royal romances! There was, for instance, the case of Duke William of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and his wife, the Princess Alexandra of Prussia. Theirs was supposed to have been a love match. Yet six weeks after they had...
Whither Mary and Doug? That's the question the world is asking! Will there be a Happy Ending after all? Read this amazing story by an internationally celebrated author.

**NEWS ITEM:**
Lord Ashley files petition for divorce against Lady Ashley, naming Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., co-respondent!

**NEWS ITEM:**
Douglas Fairbanks starts work on his first British film.

**NEWS ITEM:**
Mary Pickford breaks theatre records in personal appearance tour!

"Our Mary," the most beloved motion picture star in the history of films. Her personal appearance tour of cinema theatres has been a triumphal progress. Will her private life work out as happily?

Mary and Doug in happier days.

Left, on the opposite page, Fairbanks with the leading ladies in his latest movie, "The Private Life of Don Juan," filmed in England. The girls are, left to right, Joan Gardner, Elsa Lanchester, (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Benita Hume, Merle Oberon.

Remember "The Taming of the Shrew," the first and only film in which Mary and Doug co-starred? Scene at right.

been married with great pomp in the old Royal Castle in Berlin, the bridegroom disappeared one morning, and never returned to his wife of a few days; furthermore, without ever saying what reasons he had had for doing such an extraordinary thing! The Princess was a charming woman, and neither before nor after her sad marriage was there ever heard one word against her; but in spite of all her efforts, she never succeeded in persuading her husband to return to her, not even when their daughter and only child was born. And this (Continued on page 68)
"No More Hollywood for Me!"

Says Walter Huston

By Leonard Hall

COME with me and meet the happiest actor in the world. Don't be shy—he's an old screen pal of yours!

He sits at his dressing-table in a New York theatre, slapping tan grease-paint on his noble pan. He looks a lot like the late Abraham Lincoln—the lawyer of Springfield, not the careworn Abe of the Civil War White House. There's a dab of honest white at each temple, for our happy trouper is in his fiftieth year. There's an air of gaiety about the whole backstage set-up, and out front the "Standing Room Only" sign swings in the breeze made by rushing customers.

Yes sir, it's Walter Huston, home on Broadway after four years in the Hollywood jungles—making up for the star part in "Dodsworth," Broadway's biggest dramatic hit since "Ben-Hur."

Happy! Huston is delirious—and small wonder! Consider the man and his long career under the sputtering arcs.

For twelve weary years he roamed the towns, tanks, and flag-stations of the Republic—a song-and-dance man in vaudeville. Hard to believe that one of America's finest actors shuffled off to Buffalo in his youth, but he did, and struggled for Bigger and Finer Things.

At last he escaped from the razzle-dazzle and made his dramatic début in a little dramatic bijou called "In Convict (Continued on page 82)
Raft Reveals All!

And we mean ALL! Our Mr. Hall makes the "Bolero" boy talk freely and the result is—

**A SCREEN AND SCOOP!**

The usual bawl of the poor interviewer is that he has a terrible time getting his coy subject to spill the beans!

Often he is forced to resort to flattery, hypnotism, black magic, or a pointed pistol. Once I had to build a large bonfire under a tongue-tied actor—but that's another yarn.

But did you ever hear of a reporter knocked silent by a flood of newsy speech without so much as tickling the victim? That's because you have not yet heard the tale of me and Georgie Raft, the eminent ex-hoofer now a motion picture actor!

Now this Mr. Raft, as you may know, is a very slick article and could be a pint of bad news were he so inclined. He was born and raised in a section of New York where the cops still walk three abreast after sunset. He was a box-fighter in his earlier youth, and one of those ominous sitters-around at Broadway night-clubs. Now he is one hundred and sixty pounds of solid gristle, with sleek hair and an eye like a dark.

I faced the ordeal of grilling Mr. Raft with some trepidation. But business was business, especially now, so I summoned my bodyguards, Gruncho and Harpo, and charged boldly into the Paramount Building, on Broadway, to have a go at Georgie.

It was a ticklish moment for firing a load of conversational buckshot at this particular actor. For three potent and stinging reasons.

One. The papers of the nation were blazing with stories connecting his name, matrimonially, with that of Mrs. Virginia Pine Lehmam, a beauteous Chicago lady, having a fling at the flickers as "Virginia Pine." Incidentally, at the moment the lady possessed a regularly-constituted husband. The press flamed, and statements and denials about a possible Pine-Raft romance had driven all the war and strike news back to the want-ad pages.

Two. After having been craftily concealed by a cautious film company for years, the news that Mr. Raft possessed a lawf ul wedded wife had come smashing into the headlines—no doubt to the confusion of all parties.

Three. Mr. Raft was, at the moment, A Very Naughty Little Boy. He had (Continued on page 94)
Does the DuBarry Jinx Threaten Dolores Del Rio?

By
James Marion

DOLORES DEL RIO is not afraid! She threw back her head and uttered those defiant words which you see quoted in large type on the opposite page. She hurled her defiance at history, at the “jinx” that the superstitious have said dooms all actresses who essay the rôle of Madame DuBarry.

Dolores, in gorgeous costume, stepped on the set at the studio, ready to enact a scene in the French historical picture in which she is to be starred. Shattering her mood of gaiety, someone mentioned the ill fortune that has befallen actresses who have previously portrayed the great part.

In the minds of the superstitious, there is no doubt that a distinct hoodoo accompanies the ghost of DuBarry. There must be such a jinx, such superstitious persons point out, because just look at the bad luck that has happened to all actresses who have enacted the rôle in the past.

Now, like Miss Del Rio, this writer is not superstitious. But I must admit that as Dolores and others of the group who were present on the set discussed the appalling list of casualties that have befallen past DuBarry’s, a few cold shivers tingled down my spine!

My wonderment became more acute when one member of the group whispered melodramatically, “Remember, Kay Francis was first announced for this DuBarry rôle.” All of us did remember. We also recalled that within a week after that announcement, Kay and her husband separated. Almost on the heels of that staggering news, Miss Francis made known her intention to file suit for divorce.

Until the separation of Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna was made public, everybody had believed them to be ideally happy. Did such a thing as a DuBarry jinx shatter their happiness?

Thirteen years ago, (and does that thirteen have any significance in conjunction with this story?), Pola Negri flashed upon the world as the star of a foreign-made production titled “Passion.” Miss Negri played DuBarry in that picture. For once it seemed that the jinx had failed, for “Passion” caused Hollywood producers to send for Pola, and she signed a wonderful motion picture contract.

Such good luck was apparently only a disguise for tragedies that were to follow. Miss Negri was divorced from Count Eugene Dombiski. In rapid succession came a parade of painful disappointments in love—with Tade Styka, an artist; with Charlie Chaplin, who married another; with Rudolf Valentino, who died; and with Prince Serge M’dvani, from whom she was divorced after a brief marriage. Her great following of fans seemed to dwindle. No longer is she one of the great figures of Hollywood. She has turned to the stage, and screen audiences have turned to the glamorous newcomers.

“Who remembers Mrs. Leslie Carter?” asked a veteran actor who sat among the group that surrounded Miss Del Rio. Only one or two were old enough to remember...
"Bad luck has come to every actress who has portrayed DuBarry, either on stage or screen. Now my friends are frightened for my own welfare; they are afraid that the DuBarry jinx will threaten me. But I am not superstitious. I am not afraid of the shadow of DuBarry!"

Adrias Del Rio

Mrs. Carter, who was a star twenty or more years ago. Everyone present knew of her name and fame, for Mrs. Leslie Carter is one of the traditions of the stage.

The veteran actor who brought up her name proceeded to tell of his version of how the DuBarry "Jonah" wrecked Mrs. Carter's life. She was one of the late David Belasco's great stars; in fact, she was by many regarded as Belasco's greatest star. Up to the time she played DuBarry on the stage, she tasted

of wealth, success, and happiness. She was at the height of her fame when she elected to portray the French enchantress.

It was while she was appearing in the role that she fell in love with William Payne, an actor, whom she married. This marriage broke a promise she had made to Belasco—a promise that she would not wed. Belasco and Mrs. Carter quarreled, and soon severed their successful affiliation. Under new management, the actress attempted to resume her career, but luck seemed turned against her. She went into bankruptcy, owing $194,000. She recovered from that blow, only to plunge into more financial troubles which forced her into bankruptcy for the second time.

Not since her great success in "DuBarry" has Mrs. Leslie Carter enjoyed the fame and fortune that were hers before she essayed that part.

Stage history reveals the ills that befell many other DuBarrys. There was Anny Ahlers, the German actress, who was the original star of the London stage production, "The DuBarry." Miss Ahlers was a tremendous success, but during the run of the play her health was ruined by the terrific nervous strain and the physical demands of the characterization. Her life ended tragically. Superstition persons blame the (Continued on page 89)
Tomorrow’s Stars?

By
James M. Fidler

Toby Wing, one of screenland’s prettiest blondes, whose ambition is to be “like Mae West.” Will she win?

Today that frantic cry reverberates across the studio lots of Hollywood, echoing back from the great sound stages, and resounding in the thick-carpeted offices of the moguls of filmdom. The motion picture industry, more so than any other business in existence, must look ahead, must plan for the years to come. Because the motion picture industry trades in beauty and personality—and beauty fades; personality wears.

Executives of the film industry realize that there must be new faces for tomorrow. They also know that the lucky era of silent pictures, when a pretty face could easily be elevated to stardom over-night, is gone forever.

Only one course is open—the motion picture industry must train its own future stars.

I do not make this statement in the nature of a discovery or a suggestion. I merely repeat something that executives of the film industry have known for two years. And for two years, the film industry has been building its own hatcheries for the breeding of tomorrow’s screen stars.

This month I take you to the Paramount Studio, perhaps most active of all the motion picture companies in the general campaign to train new faces and personalities.

Elizabeth Young, above, debbie toiling in films.

Henry Wilcoxon.—Marc Antony in “Cleopatra.”

Joan Marsh, a beautiful movie baby. Oh, that smile.

Frances Drake, right, who scored with George Raft.
If YOU say so, these newcomers will win screen fame and fortune. What's your verdict? First of an exclusive series presenting the most promising candidates for Hollywood glory

For the past several months, the Paramount organization has been carrying on an extensive search for promising young actors and actresses. Two world-wide talent contests have been included in this great search. Another contest to find an Alice for "Alice in Wonderland" revealed several promising youngsters. A country-wide search for a Panther Woman succeeded in uncovering at least six newcomers of marked talents.

In addition, the Paramount casting department has maintained a system of spies, or scouts, who have peered into every available corner for new faces and new personalities. Few stock companies in every city and town have not been seen by these spies, who have occasionally hurried their finds to Hollywood for tests and training.

As a result of these determined efforts, Paramount finds itself in the enviable position of having under long-term contracts a great number of young men and women, many of whom may never achieve great success, but some of whom are likely to be your favorite stars of tomorrow. Let me introduce you, in as brief but explicit manner as possible, to the Paramount hopefuls:

First, there are the six exciting young ladies who have been delegated, Paramount's Baby Stars of 1934. They are this studio's competition to the ann-

(Continued on page 78)
Gloria means Glamor! Beery means Box-office! What a Combination!

Gloria Swanson, who divorced Wallace Beery back in 1918, is going to attempt to restore her screen prestige at the studio where her first husband today ranks as the most popular male star!

Many situations in the movie world have been fraught with undercover drama, but never has there been an instance quite so amazing as this one promises to be. Fate throws ironic twists into the lives of the film great, but this—!

And, as though this were not astonishing enough news in itself, listen to more: there is a very strong possibility that Wally will be cast opposite Gloria in her initial picture under her new M-G-M contract, after she finishes her personal appearances tour in a stage playlet.

Ex-lovers are likely to be thrust together anywhere, but the proximity into which these two will be pushed is a coincidence which even has Hollywood itself gasping.

When they meet at Metro, what will Gloria and Wally have to say to each other? In the secret recesses of their hearts, what will they feel? Their paths have accidentally crossed in the past sixteen years on several occasions, but this unanticipated, regular nearness will be a totally unlooked for anti-climax.

Hereafter Gloria has queenéd it and now she will not be the most important feminine star on the lot. Will Wally’s supremacy irk her? And his attitude—will he have any regrets when he sees this magnetic, gorgeous actress? If he is asked to bolster up her “return” by

By
Ben Maddox
Most exciting reunion in the entire history of Hollywood! What will happen when Gloria Swanson, once Mrs. Wallace Beery, meets her ex-husband once again on the same motion picture lot?

Will Wally extend the hand of welcome to his ex-wife? He’s King of the Metro lot now, where she will try a movie “come-back.”

Together Again?

That big box-office grin! Beery in his latest and greatest picture, “Viva Villa.”

Wallace Beery and his family today. Mrs. Beery is the beautiful blonde, formerly Rita Gilman, and the baby is the adopted Carol Ann, pride of Wally’s heart!

Playing with her, will his pride interfere?

Mark my words! Although they may seem as far apart as the poles, they will not be able to carry off this new association into which business is forcing them with absolute casualness. They loved too deeply to part “the best of friends.”

Gloria, symbol of elegance, and Wally, brawny roughneck—on what divergent roads have their destinies taken them since they separated!

It is hard to imagine that these two who appear so utterly different could have started out to conquer Hollywood together. They did. Wealth has not altered Wally, but it has certainly polished the shy, plain young girl who was so terribly devoted to him once upon a time.

They first met nearly twenty years ago, in Chicago. Wally was starring in slapstick two-reelers at the old Essanay studio in the Windy City, and Gloria, dissatisfied with school, applied for extra work. When he singled her out of the mob she was impressed by the splurge he made. He was the very first man in her life and she was delighted with his attentions.

When Sennett signed Beery, in 1916, to play the heavies in the Keystone comedies in Hollywood, Wally wrote to Gloria and she promptly came West to marry him. He was earning $125 a week and he persuaded Mack Sennett to hire her at $75.

They were madly in love. There was hand-holding on the sets, speedy drives about town in Wally’s flashy auto. It was grand in the beginning, but fate in the form (Continued on page 74)
KAY'S CHARMS SECRETS!

In every list of Hollywood's "Best-Dressed Women" Kay Francis ranks high! That's because Kay selects her clothes with care and wears them with distinction. She says that to be really smart, a woman must first make sure of her clothes—and then forget all about them! Few jewels for evenings; none at all for daytime—but the most scrupulous attention to the important things: flawlessly groomed fingernails—Kay prefers natural polish to the deeper shades; exquisitely smooth, white hands; gleaming, healthy hair, perfectly coiffed; painstaking facial make-up with particular emphasis on the eyes; and ever and always strict devotion to detail!

Costume jewelry? All right for special occasions, says Kay. In her new picture, "When Tomorrow Comes," she wears the sunburst necklace and carved crystals, with matching earrings, shown at the left.

White with dark accessories—a smart summer idea. Her trim white riding habit is accented by her coffee-brown linen shirt, brown hat, and brown gloves.

Wear earrings if you have shapely ears, a becoming coiffure, and a profile that will stand inspection! Otherwise, don't! Kay, at the right, shows you her "picture" pearl and rhinestone necklace and pendant earrings.

Navy blue and taffeta are news again! Above, Miss Francis wears what she calls "a good daytime dress"—good lines, no frills, but the gay note supplied by cuffs and neckline of Roman striped taffetas.
Let Kay Francis guide you to genuine Glamor!

Casual charm and how to achieve it! Kay Francis knows the secret, and she tells you here!

Kay's favorite hostess gown, in which she is pictured at the left, has fine lines patterned after a nun's robe! Exciting, that maroon-colored scarf draped at the neck, crossing in back, and looped through the skirt front.

The Chinese influence! Kay likes it—for its softly flowing lines and its authentic design. One of the few Hollywood women to wear dark clothes for the street all the year 'round, Miss Francis selects the black crêpe ensemble at the right with its jacket lined with green and brightened by embroidered flowers. That interesting hat has a box pleat across the top of the crown.
HERCHEZ la femme!
Find the woman!

Just an old Gallic custom which the astute French found efficacious in the apprehension of criminals and other human quarry. The idea being that the female of the species is usually responsible for a man's actions and activities—and that by locating the woman in his life, a man may be found.

Just as true today as at its inception, the theory is as applicable to the successful man as it is to the miscreant. Ever since the sight of Eve's luscious lips nibbling at the forbidden fruit provoked Adam to savor sin for himself, woman has been instrumental in shaping man's destiny, whether the locale be a rustic farm, a thriving city—or Hollywood!

In the June Screenland Beth Brown states—and apparently proves her contention—that men are largely responsible for the production of motion pictures, though according to statistics women compose eighty-two percent of theatre audiences.

With deadly accuracy Miss Brown goes on to cite department after department of the industry—controlled by men. She points with justifiable misgiving to the few noteworthy women connected with the production end of the business.

Now, Miss Brown is right—as far as she goes. But she does not go far enough. She scratches only the shell of an industry that is heart and soul dominated by women, controlled by women, operated for women and projected to women.

To refute Miss Brown's arguments it is only necessary to penetrate the veneer which cloaks the industry as subtly as the publicity-made personalities of the players disguise the flesh-and-blood men and women whose shadows are adored by a million fans.

First, we can admit and discount the fact that most of the technical workers of the films are men—the cameramen, electricians, sound engineers, etc. We do not consider the clothing business as dominated by women merely because most of the cutters and fitters and seamstresses are of the weaker sex, nor do we think the cotton industry is operated by negroes simply because the latter do the manual labor of picking cotton. We do not say a business firm is run by women because there are fifty stenographers and only one male employer.

An industry is judged by those who control it, not by those who perform its thousand routine tasks or supply its technical needs. Which brings us to those who occupy the thrones of the motion picture industry, business or art—call it what you will.

In the cinema capital, where dwell the only Royal Families of our democratic land, the thrones are constructed of celluloid, illuminated by star-dust—and occupied by mortal men. And because these emperors of the
The answer to Beth Brown's "Man-Made Movies for Women!" Find the woman and you'll find the inspiration!

By Laura Benham

domain of shadows are mortal, women are behind their thrones and their voices are as powerful as ever were the words whispered into a despot's ear by his mistress in days of old.

The wives, mothers, and sweethearts of Hollywood have made or marred more careers and contracts than the public has ever suspected. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow—find the woman behind him and you will know the power behind every throne. In fact, there is scarcely an important man in Hollywood at present who does not depend upon some near and dear female for advice and counsel.

One of the outstanding examples is Samuel Goldwyn, who makes fewer mistakes than do most producers. Married to the lovely and gracious Frances Howard who left the stage to make a success of her marriage to Sam, Goldwyn discusses all of his plans and projects with Frances before rendering final decision. Her judgment has proven so valuable, her wisdom so calm and clear, that most of their friends attribute Goldwyn's present position in the industry to the shrewd advice he receives from Frances. The fate of Anna Sten in American motion pictures was partly decided by Mrs. Goldwyn, who saw in Sten a great potential star.

One of the founders of the (Continued on page 87)
Carole Lombard is important! Today, a star. Yesterday, just Jane Peters of Fort Wayne, Indiana. What does the "old home town" think of her now?

By Robert Baral

"Probably The Greatest Actress I Have Ever Worked With!"

—John Barrymore

Fort Wayne, Indiana, still calls her Jane Peters!

Seldom Carole Lombard—instead by her real name when she was living in the "West End," a chubby tomboy who looked forward to Saturdays when she could play outdoors all day. Sometimes she is called the complete Jane Alice Peters too.

Passing up for the moment, third dimension, masks, Eugene O'Neill "asides," and other twists, imagine scanning a theatre page and then calling into Bridget that Jane Peters will next be seen with Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing." Or that Jane Peters and William Powell took in the Friday night fights together. Check!

Then borrow from a Gertrude Stein word spree which gradually acquires form after repetition such as: Jane Peters, Jane Alice Peters, Carole Jane Lombard, Carole Lombard. Thus the Fort Wayne transition.

Maybe it is a touch of sentiment which unconsciously refuses to take up the better known signature, but this Hoosier city continues to discuss its contribution to the cinema as plain Jane Peters. One could find a real place of charm in her home with its predominating young laughter. This home institution was soundly instilled in the child right from the first, and plays an important part in the construction of her later life and career, which has reached a tasteful climax in her new Hollywood home.

The Peters family enjoyed a wide circle of friends which in a way accounts for the original name habit. Even Hollywood at first wanted her to retain the shorter name. But Carole—now, now!—Jane Peters was adamant and insisted on the new moniker. This was first obtained after a periodic search (Continued on page 84)
Don't Brand Her "Society Girl!"

That label is almost a libel in Hollywood! Helen Vinson won’t be "typed"—and tells why

By Kay Richards

"Please don't call me a society girl. So to label is almost to libel an actress!"

Helen Vinson smiled when she said that. But she was neither amused by nor reconciled to the effect such a classification has had upon her career, and her ambitions for artistic growth.

"Ever since I begged for—and got—the chance to play Constance Bennett's selfish older sister in 'Two Against the World,' my second picture, I have been doomed to portray 'society girls.' And on the screen that inevitably means unsympathetic characters," she went on.

"For some inexplicable reason movie-makers maintain that anyone who happens to be born to wealth or position is more sinning than sinned against, while poor and pure are almost synonymous terms.

"This is doubly damaging for an actress who fulfills the motion picture conception of a débutante. First, it is disadvantageous professionally, as she becomes 'typed' in the minds of producers and is cast only in such roles. She is thus afforded no opportunity for a range of varying characterizations and has no chance to enlarge the scope of her work and so progress artistically.

"Second, it is had for her own morale. A series of unsympathetic portrayals naturally makes audiences dislike their creator. It is only human to want to be liked, so after a certain length of time the knowledge that you inspire only disgust and loathing in all who see you begins to 'get under your skin' and you become very unhappy.

Besides, I resent the implication that because of the mere accident of birth it must follow that an individual (Continued on page 80)
Personality
or
Beauty—
Which Have You?

Aline MacMahon helps you to discover yourself!

By

Helen Harrison

One of our most intelligent actresses, Aline MacMahon, is being called "a young Marie Dressler" in audience appeal. Read what she says about the importance of personality, in this exclusive story.

The great women of the stage and screen, the great women of history, the great women of art, literature, and that terribly intriguing game, love—all had some great outstanding attribute, either beauty or personality—and which have you?

Aline MacMahon is talking to you—even as she was to me, over the teacups—her intelligent face, with its fine eyes and brow, alive and eager with interest. I felt that this excellent actress, with her remarkable flair for knowing just exactly what Mr. and Miss Average in her audience are thinking about, has a vital message for you—a message in which you will be interested, for you are both concentrating on the same things—life and love and happiness. And aren't we all?

"Aside from growing up a very normal sort of child in very normal surroundings, I must admit," Aline acknowledged, "that I have had a wide and valuable experience on both stage and screen. When I graduated from Barnard I was bent on only one thing: a stage career. And it was shortly thereafter that I made my debut in Edgar Selwyn's stage production, The Mirage."

That she had that "certain something" seems self-evident when she was next given the title rôle in George Bernard Shaw's "Candida." In this she scored her first personal success. And, of course, she considers her "old Winter Garden days"—(the expression is Aline's own)—during which time her character sketches and her mimicry and pantomime received an auspicious start, invaluable training for her screen career.

"Let's get down to cases," said Aline-the-practical. "Now who has been adjudged the most popular woman in pictures? Marie Dressler! And would you call her beautiful—would you? Of course you would—beauty of personality! She's beautiful from within, and everyone who loves beauty of soul—personality—loves her! And the Three Little Pigs"—(Aline was serious)—"they have a personality, too, imbied by the artist who has endeared them to young and old alike. He has justified the ham actor!

"There are two kinds of beauty, native and acquired, and two kinds of personality, intrinsic and developed—and I'm going to give you an example of each to illustrate.

"Let us take Mary Pickford. She is the natural beauty. Her features have that symmetry and balance and composition that seem to be universally popular. Yet who will say that the Tahitian women of Gauguin are not as lovely? Beauty, like everything else, Mr. Einstein, is comparative!

"Yet the acquired beauty of a Dubuque girl, or a Spokane woman may become (Continued on page 92)
Grace is in her steps—

Heaven in her eyes—That's Shirley—

Janet Gaynor

Janet Gaynor personally selected and autographed for YOU this favorite portrait of herself. The other little girl is Shirley Temple! Janet's charming autograph is quoted from Milton's "Paradise Lost." Second in SCREENLAND's exclusive series of personally autographed star portraits. Watch for the next!
Back to the Naughty Nineties!

SOMEHOW Mae West particularly glorifies that picturesque period of hour-glass silhouettes, pompadours, and faces on bar-room floors—and she wisely returns to the scene of her first success in her new film, "It Ain't No Sin." Here she is!
CHEVALIER is gay today, and we're all glad! He welcomes his role in the new celluloid version of "The Merry Widow" because it's just the sort of thing he most enjoys—daring, devilish, and opposite his "good luck" girl, Jeanette MacDonald.
Cleopatra in Hollywood!

Advance photographs by William Walling, Jr., Ray Jones, and Eugene Robert Richee

Cecil B. DeMille selected Henry Wilcoxon, left, for the rôle of Marc Antony. Do you all approve?

The noblest Roman of them all, and the Queen of the Nile! Warren William and Claudette Colbert, below, in a scene from "Cleopatra."
King of ‘Beasts’!

But Boris Karloff is anything but grotesque and gruesome in private life. It’s only in such chillers as “The Black Cat” that he shocks you. Actually he’s a grand guy!
One of the youngest heroines in Hollywood, Jean Parker is rated by her studio as potentially greatest. She's a demure and modest little person, but how she can act!

C. S. Bull
GLORIA FOR GLAMOR!

HERE'S star material, Mr. Producer! Give Gloria Stuart a Garbo rôle or two and she'll surprise you. Of course, we'll continue to enjoy her good performances in such films as "The Humbug"—but we insist she is worthy of bigger and better parts.

DIX FOR DRAMA!

HERE'S an actor who never disappoints us! Richard Dix has held his public over a longer period than any other star save Richard Barthelmess. "Cimarron" and "The Vanishing American" were screen classics. Why not more mighty rôles for this splendid trouper?
STARS IN THE SUN!

Jean Harlow Greets You!
Una Merkel, up to the minute in her 1934 swim suit. Yoo-hoo, Una—meet us at Malibu, will you?

One of Hollywood’s most provocative blondes, Muriel Evans, plays tennis looking like this! Just one reason why tennis is one of Hollywood’s two most popular sports—you’re right, swimming is the other! Muriel enhances her smart sports shorts and shirt, doesn’t she?

Jean Harlow, just across the way, is posing against the background of her own swimming pool on her California estate. Jean’s new one-piece swim suit has contrasting back that narrows to “wrap” around the waist and forms a smart tied belt, held with new two-tone braided straps at the deep sun-back and the bodice.

Speaking of screen blondes—and do let’s—consider Mary Carlisle, pictured at the left in her favorite sports ensemble, which Mary tells us is ideal for sailing, or just plain basking. Query: can basking be plain when Mary does it?

Jean Harlow’s suit, shown on the opposite page, is the “Wrap-around,” Lord & Taylor, New York City. Mary Carlisle’s costume consists of the “Ruff Neck” sweater and slacks of “Perlknit,” Roos Bros, San Francisco, Calif. Una Merkel is wearing the “San Tropes” model, “Perlknit” fabric, from Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. Muriel Evans is seen in the “Perlknit” sports trunks and fine mesh shirt with turn-over collar—N. Snellenberg Co., Philadelphia. All models by B.V.D.
SHE makes us think of old English gardens, and soft speech, and the scent of old-fashioned flowers! Yet Madeleine Carroll is so modern that she thinks nothing of dashing over from her London to our Hollywood to make a motion picture! The world’s fairest commuter! And the title of her first made-in-America movie is "The World Moves On"!
POWDER... Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colorings. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, satin-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours.

ROUGE... Imparting an enchanting touch of color to the cheeks, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge appears like a natural glow of health. Exquisitely fine, and creamy-smooth like finest skin texture, it blends evenly and beautifully.

LIPSTICK... Giving to the lips an alluring accent of color, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick, super-indelible, harmonizes with powder and rouge. Smooth in texture, permanent in color and moisture-proof...it insures for hours and hours a perfect lip make-up.

Ruby Keeler Enhances the Radiance of Her Beauty with Color Harmony Make-Up

You are always attracted by color... for color is always alive, vibrant, compelling. In make-up, color is a secret of attraction, too...but to be lovely and appealing, make-up must be in color harmony.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up... face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

Max Factor* Hollywood
Society Make-Up... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in “Dames”
His Best Friend was Failure!

Doesn't look it, does he?
Lyle Talbot turned failure into success!

By Whitney Williams

In a town where distinction is difficult to achieve, Lyle Talbot is unique. He has actually thrived on failure! Were it not for that unknown quality following him with grim tenacity during the early and even later, years of his professional career, he might still be a small-time magician traveling with tent shows. Where many would have given up in despair, the stars, or whatever force directs our destinies, saw fit to make Lyle's failures stepping-stones for the future. With each new failure he would learn what to avoid, and with experience in traveling tent outfits, carnivals, stock companies, the New York and London stage, he is peculiarly equipped to take his place among the ranking masculine players of the screen.

Born of a theatrical family—his father owned stock companies in the Middle West—the spell of the stage coursed through Talbot's veins, and asserted itself in early youth. Magic held a particular fascination, and with the aid of an old magician friend of his father he soon became proficient in the art. So expert, indeed, that before he had completed his scholastic education he was traveling with a tent show; first, as a magician and hypnotist's assistant, later, as a magician in his own right.

His cherished career met with a violent end when he slipped and fell on a jagged piece of glass. A deep gash across his right hand severed tendons and muscles, and after its healing the facility so necessary to legerdemain had disappeared. He could not palm cards and coins, or otherwise use his fingers to advantage in the tricks of magic. No longer would he amaze audiences with his skill and mystic powers.

A terrible blow, this, for a boy in his teens, who had mapped out a magician's career for himself. Life then wasn't worth living, he felt, as he returned to school for a time.

An inborn desire to act, however, soon led him to join a traveling company of players who brought back to popularity "St. Elmo," in their westward journey across Nebraska and Colorado. In his very first appearance in the old classic he experienced one of those cataclysmic moments that sometimes occur in the theatre.

He dashed on the stage, with the hero close behind. The action called for him to shoot his pursuer in the arm, who, in turn, would aim his fowling piece at Talbot and "get him dead center." As young Talbot pulled the trigger, the gun failed to fire. The blank cartridges were actually blank, for not one exploded!

Only momentarily at a loss, the ingenious youngster tore across the stage and before his surprised victim could defend himself clouted him over the head with his weapon. Talbot, though, at this point had worked himself to such a pitch of nervousness that he hit the hero harder than he had intended, with the result that the star of the show passed out cold! And before the curtain came down, his wig fell off, exposing a pate as bald as a billiard ball!

Firmly convinced that again his career (Continued on page 95)
Helen Mack has that Hollywood Figure! She is illustrating a "build-up" exercise. Bend right or left knee, stretch right or left limb backward. Place one hand on hip and extend other arm. Spring forward and upward keeping balance for fifty counts.

Here I am again!

Last month I told you how to take off surplus weight. This month I'll tell you how to put it on!

Maybe it will be a surprise to you to hear that there are more underweights than overweight people in America. Formerly, we had about one tall, thin person in every five, but today at least half the younger generation is of the so-called "skinny" type. Thin people find it harder to keep fit unless they are careful of diet and learn how to relax their nerves. Nerves, you know, are great reducers.

"Look, I weigh only ninety-eight!" I hear girls say proudly, as they stand on the scales. I do look, and as a rule I see that what she ought to be saying is: "What shall I do?" She's in danger, if her normal weight is much above what the scales show.

Part of her trouble—and part of the trouble with any of you who are thin instead of slender—is the wrong food. Accompanying this article is a schedule of one week's appetizing menus consisting of body-building foods, arranged especially for underweights.

Milk is excellent for putting on pounds, but it should never be taken with the meal. Drink a glass of milk with a piece of Ry-crisp between meals. Ovaltine is also good for that between-meal snack recommended to thin folks.

You can't live on fruit juices, remember. Always eat a good breakfast—if you are too slender, it sets you going for the day and gives you a foundation to build on. Be sure you eat

Body-Building Menus

MONDAY
Breakfast: Scrambled eggs, Orange juice, Ry-crisp with lots of butter
Luncheon: Cottage cheese, Pineapple and celery, Radishes and olives, Whole wheat bread and butter
Dinner: Baked fish, Stewed tomatoes, Baked potato, Pineapple salad, Baked apple with cream

TUESDAY
Breakfast: Oatmeal with lots of cream, Fresh berries, Whole wheat toast with lots of butter
Luncheon: Vegetable soup, Raw carrot, Apple and raisin salad, Ry-crisp with butter
Dinner: Broiled steaks, Baked onions, Lettuce and tomato salad, Spinach, Tomato juice

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast: 2 egg yolks in orange juice, Shredded wheat with cream
Luncheon: Baked potato with lots of butter, Cucumber salad, Celery hearts, Olives, Whole wheat toast and butter
Dinner: Lima beans, Stewed tomatoes, Baked apple, Cottage cheese, Head lettuce, Whole wheat bread and butter

So you want to have a Hollywood Figure? Here is your opportunity to follow the exercises and diets recommended for Hollywood stars!
Don't envy the screen stars their beautiful figures! Get to work on your own! James Davies, famous physical culturist, will help you!

THURSDAY

Breakfast: 2 soft-boiled eggs, 1 whole grapefruit, Ry-crisp with lots of butter
Luncheon: Sliced pineapple, Creamed chopped beef on whole wheat toast and butter
Dinner: Roast chicken, Baked potato with skin, Peas, Cucumber salad

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Whole wheat waffles with honey, Prunes
Luncheon: Broiled lamb chop, Fresh peas and spinach, Whole wheat toast and butter
Dinner: Vegetables en casseroile, Diced avocado on lettuce, Ry-crisp and butter, Figs with cream

SATURDAY

Breakfast: Orange juice, Plain omelette, Whole wheat toast and butter
Luncheon: Combination salad, Cream cheese, Whole wheat bread and butter
Dinner: Veal cutlets, Steamed spinach, Buttered beets, Celery and radishes, Salad of French endive, Fresh fruit cup

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Diced pineapple, Hot corn muffins, Butter and honey
Luncheon: Cream of tomato soup, Shrimp salad with plenty of celery in it, Ry-crisp and butter
Dinner: Tomato juice, Broiled lamb chops, Fresh peas, Asparagus, Ice Cream

He's Here to Help You Have That Perfect Figure!

Last month we introduced James Davies, physical culturist to the screen stars, in the first of a series of exclusive articles to guide YOU to the health and beauty you have admired in your film favorites. Mr. Davies is giving you the SAME advice he is giving every day to the noted Hollywood players. He has kept in trim Mae West, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, and many others. Now YOU can follow his special diets and exercises. If you really are serious about improving your figure, you will want to follow every article in our series—appearing ONLY in this magazine. This is the second article in the series, just as helpful as the first. All ready? Let's go!

A SCREEN AND SCOP!O!

Below, the neck-developing exercise. With hands clasped behind the back, rotate the head in a complete circle, letting it drop forward, backward, and from side to side as far as it will go.

Above, Miss Helen Mack demonstrates an excellent arm-developing exercise. Close the hand to a grip, and bend the elbow. Rotate the wrist in a complete circle for fifty counts.

Mr. Davies helps Helen keep her balance in the second movement: balance the weight on one foot, springing lightly forward with one foot thrust backward and arms extended.

three or four meals a day, not too much at a time. This is better than two heavy meals. And don't forget to eat slowly.

The most important thing for those who are seeking extra pounds is deep breathing. It's an old Swedish custom!

Class on the floor! Put your feet together, raise both arms, inhaling; draw in all the breath you possibly can; then exhale, dropping the arms to position. Rise slowly on your toes as you do this.

Deep breathing is best done first thing in the morning, either outdoors or before an open window.

Most of the (Continued on page 72)
Round up the family! Bring the baby! Don't forget Grandma! What, she's seen it twice already? And she wants to stay home to practice the Tarzan yell? All right, we'll take the neighbors instead. And it might be smart to pack a little lunch and carry camp-chairs, because there's a long, long line winding outside the theatre. "Tarzan and His Mate" is the incredible sequel to—-you've guessed it—"Tarzan." You won't believe it is actually bigger and better until you have watched Johnny Weissmuller ride a rhino, knock out a lion or two, and battle a crocodile. You'll welcome lovely Maureen O'Sullivan, now Mrs. Tarzan, whose scenes, especially aquatic, are rather breath-taking. Remember Cheetah, the marvellous monkey? Here she is again funnier than ever. You've heard of man-eating lions—now meet the lion-eating men, who add considerably to the general confusion. The plot? Well, Neil Hamilton and Paul Cavanagh invade the Ape-Man's Paradise in their search for ivory and Miss O'Sullivan, but Tarzan's four-footed jungle pals take care of them—with neatness and dispatch, too. Don't miss this circus!

You may cheer for the tunes, or the chorus, or Warner Baxter, or Madge Evans, or Jimmy Dunn. I'll cheer for Shirley Temple, the screen's latest sensation! Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins will just have to grin and bear it, but Shirley is the new rave—and only four! She practically steals this show, although her name is not first in the billing. She smiles—and promptly a scene becomes hers, and hers alone! There's something so sweet and unspoiled about this child that you can't help loving her, even though up to now child stars have been your pet hate. If Shirley Temple continues to charm as she has started, she'll be tomorrow's Garbo-Dietrich-Gaynor. For the rest, "Stand Up and Cheer" is one of the better music-films with a plot and a purpose, dignified by Warner Baxter as Secretary of Amusements, in charge of making the country laugh itself out of the depression—query: what depression? Mr. Baxter has the enthusiastic support of such an oddly assorted cast as James Dunn—most ingratiating-Aunt Jenima, John Boles, Mitchell and Durant, Ralph Morgan, and Steph Fetchup. Promising-warbler Nick Foran. Performing: Shirley Temple!

Three-star triumph! Next to the "Viva Villa" company, here's the best cast of the month. "Manhattan Melodrama" is an acting treat. Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and William Powell, the stellar trio, present smooth, sophisticated performances against a background of today's drama. Right here is the secret of this picture's appeal. Myrna, Bill, and Clark are polished, civilized—but the melodrama they enact has all the high flavor of the headlines. It is high-speed cinema with all the action of a serial—but technically perfection. And through it all the three stars remain smooth, flawless, pictorial! Miss Loy plays superbly the sweetheart of Gable, a gambler. Because she fails to reform him from his gambling career, she leaves him, and later marries Powell, a "big" lawyer. The twist is that Gable and Powell, brought up like brothers, find themselves in this interesting triangle, which turns into tragedy when Gable murders a man and Powell, now a Governor, must face his old friend whose life is at stake. It's exciting stuff all the way. More and more the Loy lady amazes me! Surely she is great star material. Gable and Powell have never been more convincing.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Month's Finest Performances:

William Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama"
Shirley Temple in "Stand Up and Cheer"
Clark Gable in "Manhattan Melodrama"
Myrna Loy in "Manhattan Melodrama"
Gracie Allen in "We're Not Dressing"
Cheetah in "Tarzan and His Mate"
Lee Tracy in "I'll Tell the World"
Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa"

And bows to Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller, Bing Crosby, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine DeMille, Fay Wray, Joseph Schildkraut, Roger Pryor, Carole Lombard.

Mad, my dears—simply mad! But you'll love it! Just feature Bing Crosby, the croonin' fool (?) with Carole Lombard, the world's loveliest blonde, (well, that is, probably next in order to Garbo, Dietrich, and Joan Blondell), add the two merriest zanies in the movies, Gracie Allen and George Burns, plus Leon Errol and Ethel Merman—and you have some slight idea why I urge you not to miss "We're Not Dressing." It's crazy, but it's fun. It's your good old pal, "The Admirable Crichton" idea, tricked up with wild gags, handsome trappings, and some of the most hummable movie music in many moons. Bing sings Love your Neighbor and Good-night Lovely Little Lady in a way to charm all customers—why, even Droopy, the talented bear in the cast, succumbs to the Crosby crooning. If you must know more about the goings-on, I'll reveal that you'll see Bing as a sailor on La Lombard's yacht; comes the wreck, close quarters on a Pacific isle, and Crosby has a chance to win Carole away from assorted princely suitors. Meanwhile Mr. Errol clowns, Miss Merman warbles, Gracie Allen—but you know Gracie.

Here's a movie! It really moves; it has an indefatigable hero who's always arriving just in the nick of time to rescue the beautiful heroine—and the heroine is really beautiful in the approved manner; it has a dirty villain for you to hiss—it's a pleasure; and it has a handsome mythical prince who is bumped off; and it has the kind of comedy the critics sneer at but that I laugh at; and it's all charmingly silly and absolutely absurd—and I loved it. Perhaps I should mention that Lee Tracy is in practically every scene. In fact, I can't imagine the picture without Mr. Tracy. The boy is back, better than ever, and proves anew there's nobody like him—those hands, that grin, that voice! As the United Press correspondent who always gets his scoop Tracy has the time of his life. He trails an Archduke who has, miraculously enough, a gorgeous niece, heiress to a throne, who is—what a coincidence—the very "American girl!" Lee has fallen in love with. It's all very convenient, and a lot of old-fashioned fun. The audience at the N. Y. Kresy stamped, cheered, whistled, hissed the villain, and generally enjoyed itself. Gloria Stuart is lovely as the fair ladye. Roger Pryor as a rival newspaper man is excellent.

Here, at last, is the picture to pull the men en masse into the movie theatres! Male members of the family who have hitherto had to be dragged along when the ladies wanted to go to see Garbo, or Dietrich, or Hepburn; who were convinced that the flickers had gone sissy on them and yearned for the good old Mack Sennett bathing comedies—will visit "Viva Villa" under their own steam and get converted! It's a man's picture. It's rawly realistic, violently virile, smashingly dramatic. It's a grand and glorified screen account of the life, loves, and battles of Pancho Villa, Mexican patriot-bandit, uproariously enacted by Wallace Beery, aided and abetted by the greatest cast of the month. The first reels of "Viva Villa!" are genuinely impressive. The plight of thepeon fighting for pitiful existence is powerfully presented. Then—the picture "goes Hollywood," and you go right along with it! You're hurled headlong into furious, brutal, fascinating drama. To me it's seldom real, but certainly it is Hollywood at its most adroit, its most exciting. You'd better see this, but don't, I warn you, take the children. Do you want your boy to act out "Villa" when the minister comes to call?

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Joan Crawford is really four different Joans in "Sadie McKee." Reason, she changes her personality when she changes her coiffure! Left, Joan with her hair in severely simple style—to be copied only by girls with practically flawless features.

Right, Joan in perhaps her most familiar guise, with her tresses parted on the side, smooth on top, and curled at the sides. The loose curl is distinctively Crawford! By the way, for this "personality" Joan returns to her old heavy lip make-up!

Heads Up! Study the famous faces of the film stars! Note their coiffures and chapeaux—be as bewitching yourself!
When Joan Crawford appears with a new hair-do, or Claudette Colbert wears a new hat, you'll make notes if you're smart!

The demure Joan, left. She parts her hair in the center, lets it fall in a natural wave on either side of her forehead, reveals her pretty ears, and then fluffs out the rest in a soft and flattering long bob at the back. Sweet and girlish!

The "Little Women" coiffure, right, transforms our oh-so-modern Joan into a wistful, wide-eyed wisp of femininity! The softly curled bangs do the trick. No wonder we're never bored with the Chameleon Crawford! She's a thousand women in one.

And now the lady "goes Tyrolean!" Claudette Colbert, below, shows you her white "paper Panama" with crushed-in crown, which she selected to wear with her nicest spectator-sports clothes.

For girls of the piquant type, Helen Mack suggests this trim little turned-up hat, right, with its Oriental appeal.

You just aren't a 1934 Summer Girl unless you can boast at least one "Picture Hat!" Joan Marsh, right, wears a white sheer straw with turn-up back.

Joan Marsh's fragile beauty is accented by the large natural-colored leghorn she is modeling for you, below. Black horse-hair lace faces the brim.

You just aren't a 1934 Summer Girl unless you can boast at least one "Picture Hat!" Joan Marsh, right, wears a white sheer straw with turn-up back.
If Hollywood favors it, it's Fashion News!

White will lead, say the fashion-wise girls of Hollywood! Gail Patrick enlivens the trend by adding brilliant touches of dotted print to her white sports frock, left. Like Gail's scarf, wrist- ties, and handkerchief of polka-dotted tangerine silk?

Lips under guard! Leave it to the screen actresses to give you helpful hints! Ida Lupino advises this gadget for eliminating lipstick smears on frocks that "go on" over the head! Smart idea—try it!

Simple, inexpensive—but effective! Dorothy Wilson brightens up her dark frock with red and white gingham collar and hand-bag—at the left.

The rustle of taffeta is one of this Summer's sweetest sounds! Frances Drake is wearing a red and white checked taffeta with the newer shoulder treatment. Pleated ruffles supplant the puffs of last season—and there's a train!
How to be alluring though economical! Mae Clarke, left, buys inexpensive bead bracelets to match her evening frocks, then twines real gardenias among 'em! Or you can buy artificial posies if you prefer.

Maureen O'Sullivan, right, shows you her favorite "knock-about" costume. For casual sports wear, Maureen loves her trusty white sweater topped by a fetching knitted hat with two pert pom-poms.

For girls of the dainty Marion Nixon type, whose quiet charm is never sensational, the frock shown below is a Happy Thought! Its stripes of red, black, and white give gaiety and color, its high-in-front neckline is modest, but its back is daringly deep! Marian selected it for a motion picture, but she will have it copied for her own personal use as well. Highly recommended for conservative girls with clever ideas!
DANGER!
Women at Work!

A beauty "short" with Rochelle Hudson playing the lead

By Josephine Felts

TO HAVE a man not know you are alive, is bad enough. But to have him know and not care is terrible!

So mused Penny, sitting over her typewriter at the end of a busy day. There is nothing like that five-o'clock-feeling to make you realize your own shortcomings. If your spirits are ever down, five o'clock is the time they are dovecrest! If your hands are ever rough and grimy, then is the time they taunt you. If your hair ever strings, your eyes ever feel tired, your clothes ever cling limply to you, they do it then! And if you are going out that evening to meet the nicest man you know—as Penny was—or even the next to nicest, something has got to be done.

Penny knows well that something has to be done. She does it! When we see her again, she is like a butterfly that has slipped from a cocoon of ink and carbon paper. It isn't only her face and her frock that have changed. Something has lit the candles behind her eyes and when she walks she makes you think of thistledown and seafoam.

The pictures tell the story. Miss Rochelle Hudson plays the part of Penny and shows us in dramatic fashion what glamour has to do with creams and pencils!

And did she get her man? (Continued on page 71)
Taking the AIR!

"Triple-threat" man! Lanny Ross, prince of radio and new movie star, plans a third career.

The girl grew younger! Life begins all over again for Irene Rich, lovely lady of screen and radio.

"Mike" menaces of the moment! Close-ups of ether idols

By Mortimer Franklin

IRENE RICH has her fingers crossed these days. Not that Irene is superstitious. But a life in which the "ups" have been swift and the "downs" precipitate has taught her that there is such a thing as luck, call it by whatever hifalutin' name you may choose. And so just now, when she is riding high and ever so handsome, she takes a precautionary rap on the wood of her very executive-looking desk and crosses two fingers half-seriously before launching on a discussion of the Rich career.

"Not so long ago," pointed out the effervescent Irene, (it seems silly to go formal about so fresh and bubbling a young lady of forty-two admitted summers)—"not so long ago I just couldn't seem to make a go of anything. I seemed to be washed up with the movies; there didn't appear to be anything I could turn to with any prospect of success. And today—well, is it any wonder I've come to feel that good fortune comes in periodic spurts, and that a body had better make the most of it while it's here?"

What about this present success spree of Irene's? Well, in the first place she broke a precedent by scoring a resounding hit on her very first radio try, incidentally becoming the first female entertainer to use movie renown as a stepping-stone to commercial radio success. Once snugly established as a radio feature, she smashed another record that is likely to stay smashed for a long time to come.

"I simply sold the grape-juice firm that sponsors me clean out of grape-juice," she snickered. "Since I went on the air for them the sale of their beverage has increased just 638 per cent, which leaves them high and dry. You see, they won't buy the product from any other source, and they won't even use any grapes except they grow themselves—so they just (Continued on page 90)
Here's Hollywood

Bing Crosby wasn't at all pleased when director Norman Taurog sneaked off to Santa Barbara for a preview of the crooner's new picture, "We're Not Dressing." The director had promised to let Bing know about that preview.

Too late to attend, Crosby learned where the picture was being shown. So he put in a long distance telephone call for Taurog at the theatre in Santa Barbara, informing the theatre manager that the call was very important, and to please get Taurog to the phone. The director was called out of the theatre at a most crucial moment of the picture, and when he answered the telephone, Bing Crosby uttered only one sound—a long, loud razzberry that I'll bet is still ringing in Taurog's ear!

Weep a tear or two for Pat Patterson, that very cute cutie from England who perhaps captured your eye and heart in "Bottoms Up." Pat fell deeply in love with Charles Boyer, the French actor, and not long ago they eloped. As far as I know, they're very, very happy.

But in the meantime, Pat received a perfectly dazzling offer to do a picture in England, her native country. Because she is married to a Frenchman, however, she has lost her English citizenship, so if she wants to return to London to star in a movie and earn all that offered money, she'll have to apply for permission to go back under England's alien artist quota law.

It's just the same as though you married somebody in the next state, and then had to get your own state's permission to return home to visit your parents!

Anna Sten is just as clever as Greta Garbo with her mysterious goings and comings. Anna disappeared from Hollywood for nearly a month, and nobody could find her. Meanwhile, her first picture was establishing theatre records in New York, and the critics were doing Sten raves. While they were shouting her glories, a charming lady registered at a leading New York hotel under the name of Mrs. Eugene Frenke.

Mrs. Frenke is the real-life name of Anna Sten—and she remained at that hotel, unidentified, for three weeks, right under the noses of those New York bloodhound-reporters.

His name must remain hidden, but one thing-loving Hollywood comedian owns a "candid camera," and for months he has delighted in snapping unexpected snaps of people. He later uses those pictures to the discomfiture of his victims—all in the nature of fun, of course. Well, not long ago a cameraman spotted this fellow kissing an extra girl—and took a photograph of the event. The cameraman has supplied all of the comedian's previous victims with prints of the picture—and that comedian being a good boy!
WHAT is all this sudden excitement about Greta Garbo being seen in a Hollywood five-and-ten-cent store? A little Swedish clerk there tells me that Garbo has been trading at her counter for the past five years.

"Miss Garbo has been coming here for ages. I've waited upon her at least fifty times." So says the little clerk, and for the benefit of other clerks who have waited on Greta but may not have recognized her, this one adds, "She always wears dark glasses, a wide-brimmed hat that pulls low over her forehead, and a muffler that smooths the lower part of her face."

VICTOR McLAGLEN is a Colonel of the California Light Horse Cavalry of Lancers, the only fully equipped troop of its kind in this country... Gracie Allen (who Burns George), says Bing Crosby shouldn't mind audiences that razz, because he boo-box them right back... Alice White refused to take part in a Los Angeles stage play because John Warburton was the leading man... Joan Crawford has 27 dogs at her house, and each is named after one of her past pictures... Charlie Chaplin, accompanied by his two sons, has not missed a local circus in three years, and often treats the kids two times or more. Eric Linden, who ran away from Hollywood when Frances Dee married, makes his picture come-back in "I Give My Love."... Jean Muir rented a house and sent to New York for her furniture; the furniture was late arriving, so Jean lived in one room of the house for two weeks... David Manners requests visitors to his desert ranch to bring small cypress trees; to each tree he is attaching metal tags identifying the donor... Mae West's prize come-back was spoken to the actor who said, "I had a pain in my arms last night"; Mae's bon mot: "Who was she?"... Gene Raymond received a fan request for an autographed picture—"not to be signed by a butler, secretary or publicity man."

A NEW feud is on in Hollywood. Of all people, it involves Mary Brian and W. C. Fields. And all because Mary's brother, Terry Danzler (that's Mary's real last name), came to town with his orchestra. Terry, having no better place to practice new tunes and ditties, took the boys out to Mary's Toluca Lake home. There on the Brian lawn, they tooted and fluted and drummed. Just across the narrow lake, "Bill" Fields was trying to grab an afternoon siesta. You can imagine what the saxophones and cornets did to that intended nap! At last, in desperation and anger, Fields seized a huge tom-ton from his game room. He ran with this to the lake's edge, and there he stood beating it with all his force, drowning out the band until they gave up in disgust and went elsewhere to practice. And that's the story of Hollywood's new feud!

UNCLE SAM, how can you be so ungracious toward the movies? The James Cagney unit spent more than a week aboard the battleship Arizona, photographing scenes for Jimmy's newest picture. The company completed the scenes and returned to the studio. A few days later somebody discovered that several sequences had to be re-taken. Meanwhile, the entire Pacific fleet had steamed for other waters, to be gone six months. The studio was forced to build a replica of the ship's deck.

Brief and breezy! Suzanne Kaaren shows you her swank shorts costume. It's patriotically colorful with white piqué touched off with red and blue stripes outlining the shorts, collar, and cuffs.

Soldier beware! Mischief lurks in that vivacious smile. Maxine Doyle turns on William Powell in the course of a romantic interlude of "Isle of Fury." Seems rather promising, doesn't it?
STUDIO officials who took the new Lee Tracy picture to a suburban theatre for its preview received a surprise. That night a gang of college boys had attended the theatre in a body. Much to the chagrin of the studio execs, the audience hissed the villain, cheered the hero, and offered special noises to accompany various actions on the screen. Don't the confused producers know that college boys throughout the nation have a habit of thus voicing their opinions at movie houses?

HAVE you often wondered what becomes of beauty contest winners? Paramount brought thirty such winners to Hollywood following a world-wide contest staged under the title, "The Search for Beauty." At this writing, six of the thirty are under contract to the studio that held the contest. Three are under contract to other studios. Fourteen have returned to their homes. The remaining seven are hanging around Hollywood—still hopeful of a chance to win fame and wealth.

WATeR! No villain! What kind of a picture is this new "The Merry Widow" going to be, anyway? Veteran movie-goers will recall that Roy D'Arcy was the villain of the silent version "The Merry Widow," and Roy's toothsome leer brought him over-night fame. But the current Maurice Chevalier-Jeannette MacDonald "The Merry Widow" will follow closely the stage version, and that stage production had no heavy. Too bad, because D'Arcy hung around for weeks seeking his former part.

JOEL McCREA and Frances Dee have made a unique arrangement (a sort of bet), pending the arrival of their first-born sometime this coming summer. If it's a girl, Joel will put a month's salary into a trust fund for the baby. If it is a boy, Frances will do likewise.

WYNNIE GIBSON, returning and finding the house full of bees, seized a vacuum cleaner and cleared them out without receiving a sting. . . . Lupe Velez, Adrienne Ames, and their respective husbands, Johnny Weismuller and Bruce Cabot, have co-leased a beach house for the summer. . . . Ann Harding, who turns ill at the sight of the color orange, had to attend a California orange show—and was ill for two days afterward. . . . The birthdays of Jean Harlow's husband and mother occur on the same day. . . . That Elizabeth Cobb, writer under contract to Fox, is a daughter of the famous author, Irvin S. Cobb. . . . Jean Parker, now studying singing, practices her lessons during the thirty-minute drive to and from the studio daily. . . . Mae West owns a bullet-proof automobile that cost $7000 for safety equipment alone, such as non-breakable glass and tire shields—even machine guns can't penetrate the car's exterior.

It's an act! Gloria Swanson needed no threats to make her give her best as a stage actress when she headlined the footlight program at the New York Paramount. At the left you see the diminutive star in a rehearsal with Thurston Hall.
Paris loves art! And also has an eye for feminine charm, as proved by praise accorded the portrait, above, of Jeanette MacDonald as the Merry Widow, by Emma Premti and exhibited at the Grand Palais.

NOW you may describe her as you wish, but I say that Mae West is one clever girl. How come? Just this: Mae insists that a lot of ex-prize-fighters be given work in her pictures. Among those who are often seen on her sets are Jimmy Durante, Frankie Grandette, Frankie Dolan, Jimmy O'Gatley and at least twenty-five more.

There have been several threats against Miss West. By giving all these former prize-fighters work, Mae has won their undying friendship—and what enemy is going to chance being half-killed by Mae's gang.

NEW YORK had a very well-known modiste by the name of Omar Kiam—on the level, that's his name! Well, Omar was brought to Hollywood to design clothes for pictures, and believe it or not, he leased an apartment home at the Garden of Allah. The day of his arrival, a new telephone operator was on the job, and the following conversation occurred:

Operator, answering a call: “Good morning.”
Voice: “Is this the Garden of Allah?”
Operator: “Yes, it is.”
Voice: “Then let me speak to Omar Kiam.”
Operator: “Smarty!” And she cut off.

IN THE back hills of Tennessee (and perhaps other states), there is a quaint old custom of “leasing the family baby crib.” One mother, not using it, sends it to another about-to-be-mother. The same custom, modernized to the extent of a bassinet in lieu of the old-fashioned crib, has come to Hollywood. Arline Judge was given a beautiful bassinet for her baby. She lent it to Pauline (Mrs. Stitters) Gallagher. Then it went to the wife of Al Newman, the musician. From there the bassinet went to the home of the Frank (director) Capra. And its next use will be to make life more comfortable for the Sally Eiler's baby, due next fall.

Won't sell her violets! Mae West is saving them to add that final touch to the Gay '90s flavor she will bring you in her new starring role in which she says such things and does such things—but “It Ain’t No Sin.”

Margaret Lindsay had just made her first studio appearance following her appendectomy— an operation that proved more serious than most appendectomies. In fact, Margaret was confined to her hospital room and home for almost three weeks, and she was a very sick girl.

At any rate, that first day at the studio she lifted a telephone receiver and dialed a number. After a series of roars and knocks and squeaks, a voice came across the wire. It said, “This is the operator.”

“Yeah, I got it!” retorted Miss Lindsay. “If I never see another operator, I’ll be happy!”

And the poor telephone girl doesn’t know yet what it was all about.

Jimmy Durante thinks that nature handed him a raw deal. He insists he should have been born an Eskimo. “Up there around the North Pole, they kiss by rubbing noses,” Durante rants. “What an Eskimo lover I’d have been!”

Bob, Rudy, and George! Imagine it, all under one roof and within reach of New York night club girls! No wonder Robert Montgomery and George Raft reported a pleasant visit on a trip to Manhattan and the club where Rudy Vallee stars.

Won't sell her violets! Mae West is saving them to add that final touch to the Gay '90s flavor she will bring you in her new starring role in which she says such things and does such things—but “It Ain’t No Sin.”
Welcome, Annabella! From France comes Mademoiselle Annabella to lend her attractions to Hollywood-made films. Erik Charell, director, is seen with her above.

Hollywood was as excited as all get-out when Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, once of Russia, visited the city. All the stars made elaborate plans to meet the royal guest. What a blow to the stars' ego when they heard the Princess Kropotkin's first words, upon arriving at a studio, were: "The one person I really want to meet is Mr. Stepin Fetchit."

Directors simply cannot put anything over on Will Rogers, try as they may. For instance, one of the megaphone wielders instructed Rogers to "look half surprised." "Can't do it! Can't do it," Rogers drawled. "Takes one of them actor-fellers to look half-surprised. I can either look all surprised, or not surprised. If I was good enough to look half-surprised, I'd ask for a raise in pay!"

(Continued on page 70)

Hiss and Cheer Dept:

Give Joan Crawford a big close-up, for her Scottie dog was sick, Joan sat up all night long to care for it. She might have left that to servants, but chose to do it herself.

A long-shot with poor lighting to those people who publicly condemn big salaries paid to the stars—yet never fail to see those stars in entertaining pictures. If those chronic grouchies enjoy the pictures, so do millions of others, therefore the stars rate big salaries.

A nice close-up with a good sound track to Guy Kibbe. He started for the circus with his daughter. Near the big tents, Guy saw several lads with yearning eyes, so he added them to his party.

A very long-shot to John Warburton— if he knows about this—because the president of his fan club writes: "Warburton said he would co-operate with us, but hasn't. I sent him three dollars for photographs, but have never heard from him, or from my three dollars."

A close-up to Adolphe Menjou for unselfishness. Adolphe is paid $1100 a day for extra days over and beyond his contracted time, but when another actor had a chance to get another picture part if he could finish his role with Menjou in time, Adolphe insisted on working far into the night, at no extra pay, in order that his fellow actor might get that other part.

Guilty conscience! That prize wolfhound of Douglass Montgomery's seems worried himself for coming between his master and Margaret Sullivan just when they were having such a pleasant off-set tête-à-tête.

There you are! A final dab of the make-up artist's powder puff and Shirley Temple is ready for another chapter in her screen career. She's only four, but she's the season's brightest new star.
"I Love Summer Clothes"
— says Fay Wray

"It's so easy to keep them fresh and smart with LUX"

"With such exciting new cottons and gorgeous washable silks nowadays, summer clothes have loads of smartness. But, of course, they must be absolutely fresh to look their best.

"That's why Luxable clothes are so heavenly. Just a whisk through a froth of lukewarm Lux suds, and they look grand as new. My maid always tests the color first in clear water—then we know if it's safe in water alone, it can be trusted to gentle Lux."

Why don't YOU try this Hollywood care for your own summer things? Lux will keep them fresh and unfaded. But don't risk cake-soap rubbing or using ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali. These things are often disastrous to color and fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps lovely frocks new looking all summer long.

"Lux is marvelous, too, for keeping lingerie fresh and lovely without fading the color," FAY WRAY says. "And how it cuts down stocking runs!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios . . .

Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe department, says: "In my job it's important to know how to take the best possible care of costumes and stockings worth many thousands of dollars. I depend on Lux. It has proved an invaluable economy and a wonderful help in cutting down replacement bills. Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments—silk, cotton, wool."

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck. TRUST TO LUX
The Movie Romance that Shocked the World!

Continued from page 19

So Easy...

to get good snapshots now
with JIFFY KODAK
and VERICHROME FILM

THERE'S a new way to take snapshot—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak—it's the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out-ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture.

Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes — for 2½ x 3½ inch pictures, $9—and for 2½ x 3¾ inch pictures, $8. If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

You'll get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera...the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

separation, which was never officially sanctioned, lasted until the Duke died, followed very soon afterward by his discarded wife. Of course the world talked at length about the strange end of their romance, which had been supposed to have been an ideal one, but it never even so much as guessed what background that end had had.

Then there was the case of the Grand Duke Constantin of Russia. He had married, also for love, one of the most beautiful girls in Europe, the Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg, and for years he remained at her feet. One fine morning he told her he was going to quit his trip to the Crimea, returning in a couple of weeks—but he never did, instead writing her a letter expressing his intention of living apart from her in the future! There had been no quarrel, nothing that could have given the Grand Duchess any inkling of the catastrophe about to befall her. But the next thing which the world heard, was that a beautiful young ballet dancer was seen with the Grand Duke, who appeared as happy in her company as he had been years before in that of his wife.

The Princess bore her misfortune with immense dignity, never complaining, ignoring all the rumors which were brought to her concerning her husband's misdeeds, until suddenly something happened which drew public attention back to her. The Grand Duke was stricken with apoplexy, and never recovered the use of his limbs. But his mind remained unimpaired, and one day he was heard to say he would give anything to see his wife again and obtain her forgiveness. The remark was repeated, and one day he had a special train ordered to take her in her turn to the Crimea, where she was welcomed with not only effusion by her triumphant consort, but also with repentance and the expression of his regrets for the sorrow which he had brought upon her. She remained at his side, and watched him over him with the greatest devotion until he died about eighteen months later. This story caused great excitement in royal circles as I ever remember having heard.

And although I had nearly forgotten it, it returned to my mind when all the rumors about the estrangement between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks began to fly around the world. Mary always reminded me of the Grand Duchess Alexandra when I heard her mentioned, and of course being interested not so much in the rumors as in Mary herself, I asked all about them when I saw her in London, and tried to find out how much truth there was in them.

Everybody loves and adores "Our Mary," the only and inimitable Mary, and if possible the sympathy which she has always inspired has been increased by the dignity in which she has behaved and borne the unpleasant publicity to which she has been lately subjected.

In consequence of this, Douglas Fairbanks has had, and is still having what one calls in French a "very bad press," and that has prevented him in his turn as much from getting the justice which Mary very likely would be the very first person to wish him to obtain.

Doug may be vain. But then aren't all men that more or less, and are there many in the world endowed with sufficient force of mind to resist certain fair sires when these have started on the war-path, determined to get the scalps of their neighbors? The more a man is well-known, the more of these sirens he finds awaiting him at every corner. I know a man to such a celebrity as Douglas Fairbanks, there are armies of them on the look-out for an opportunity to throw their harpoons at him.

This is why, in spite of my sympathy for Mary, I have a sort of sneaking sympathy for Douglas. I have always thought that he would make a new picture—his first film to be made in England. He is working at the studios of London Film Productions, Elstree. How hard it must be for him sometimes, trying to make "The Private Life of Don Juan," with so many newspaper items staring at him about his new private life! Remember, the senior Fairbanks is still a most attractive man. All over the world women are interested in him. And Mary Pickford has always been admired and envied by thousands of women. Obtaining a triumph over Mary would be, for some women, something like winning the Victoria Cross in battle!

The internationally noted actor from whom she is reported to wish a divorce may have been seen at this or that place in the club, in the company of Lady So-and-So, or the Countess of This-and-That, but so have other men who have to be famous film stars and so do not have the embarrassment of seeing their every action magnified on the front pages of many newspapers. As for divorces—well, there was once a great Prince who was named as co-responsee by a certain man in his divorce suit, but no one ever thought that the Prince's wife would in turn divorce her consort so as to allow him to make another woman Princess in her place!

Why, then, do so many gossips believe that the great romance of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks must be permanently broken? Why do they give him a chance to mend it? The scandal-mongers, I fear, have chosen to ignore one thing—that at heart Douglas is still Mary's Doug! He has a heart and a brilliant cast of charming ladies in his new motion picture—but surely this does not mean that he will take any one of them seriously! The beautiful young Merle Oberon, who made such a success in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," as the unfortunate "Anita Belen," appears in "The Private Life of Don Juan" it is said at Fairbanks' particular request. But this signifies merely that Mr. Fairbanks respects Miss Oberon's talents as an actress. Another lady in the cast is the charming and amusing Elsa Lanchester—well, she is in her own private life the wife of Charles Laughton! And so on and on. Life, to Douglas Fairbanks, may be a great and colorful motion picture; but to my belief there is just one leading lady in it—Mary Pickford!

Let us hope for a Happy Ending! Somehow I seem to see a new era of happiness for Little Mary, as well as for Douglas Fairbanks. I seem to see "the leading man" reappear at Pickfair, to be greeted by "the leading lady" and all else. The indulgent smile. Angels always find a special joy in forgiving!

Meanwhile people all over the world are talking—talking, as they always have, talked in the past about the love affairs of Kings and Queens. No royal romance ever shook the world as the movie romance of Mary and Doug is doing today!
I'm sending some of the latest snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sir, and wants to meet you. He's the Captain of a hot spot, so he does his bit with Summer in New York—when he's not on the river. One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots
Flash, Jean fingerprinted! But don't get excited, La Harlow wasn't arrested, she was appointed honorary Chief of Police and you see her above making the necessary records.

(Continued from page 66)

WHEN Franchot Tone was working on a huge ship-set which was rented for scenes in "Sadie McKee," he kept his habitual pipe in his mouth when cameras were not grinding.

A guard approached Franchot with, "Beg pardon, Mr. Tone—no smoking here."

"'I'm not smoking," said Franchot. "The pipe is not lit."

"Then if you don't mind, put it out of sight," the guard firmly requested. "Hundreds of extras on the set don't know it isn't lit, and they can't understand why they can't smoke, because they see you with that pipe in your mouth."

Franchot put the pipe in his pocket.

JACK OAKIE was cast for one of the leading roles in a picture titled "Thank Your Stars," but the company had been in production two weeks, without Oakie being called for one day's work, when the comedian visited the set.

"Just dropped in," Oakie told friends, "to get acquainted with the director."

Pretty pantaloons! Director Richard Boleslavsky compliments Marion Davies on the daintiness and authentic detail of her costume for the role of "Operator 13," a romantic thriller of the Civil War days.

DIRECTOR Jack Ford's young son, Pat, was host to a number of youngsters on his birthday. During the afternoon, all were given pencils and paper, and they played a game for which a group of letters were supplied, and the players were told to list animals, vegetables, famous people, books, and other items whose names commence with the letters specified.

Well, the point of this story is that the letter "B" was given, and under the classification, "Famous People," four of the eleven wrote "Babe Hardy."

THIS month's new game in Hollywood is called "Stars and Titles," and it's more fun than a school picnic. The more players the merrier, so next time you go to a party, play "Stars and Titles."

Here's how: the idea is to think of a current or old motion picture and suit it to a star. For example, take that title "The Trumpet Blows," and apply it to Jimmy Durante. Or take "Hips Hips Hooray," and add Jean Harlow. And "Once to Every Woman" is perfect for John Gilbert. Some more clever examples are: Sally Rand, "We're Not Dressing"; Maurice Chevalier, "The Great Dictator." Try the game; it's loads of laughs and fun.

(Continued on page 76)
Danger! Women at Work!

Continued from page 60

nearly forgot! You are practical, aren’t you! As a matter of fact, she didn’t. But she got somebody else’s which was lots more fun!

Penny isn’t one girl in a million. Of course, she is to the man in the case; but really, she’s you—she’s I—she’s anyone of us who have ever, at five o’clock on blissful summer evenings, longed to be lovely, longed and longed until it hurt!

The first thing to cure these five-o’clocks, is to know that by doing the proper things, you can look just as attractive as the most attractive girl you ever saw. And the people are going to be keen about you.

People pretty much give you what you expect. If you expect to be admired, (without being too obvious about it), they’ll admire you. If you expect to be put upon and slighted, you’re pretty likely to be both. So expect a lot of attractiveness, work for it, and you’ll be surprised how much attractiveness will come your way.

This isn’t being vain or selfish. It’s just doing your duty by your friends, a clever way of paying them a compliment.

“Your face, you don’t mind it?”

So make the most of all your possibilities for the delight of your friends, the confusion of your enemies, if any!

Take an inventory of yourself. Remember no chain is stronger than its weakest link. Your face, your hair, your hands, your clothes. Decide what’s to be done. Then roll up your sleeves and do it!

Be especially good to your hands. They are two things you are going to see a lot of. If they are always immaculately groomed, soft and beautifully manicured, they are going to remind you what a nice person owns them. They are going to remind other people too!

Cleanse your skin carefully with one of the many excellent cleansing creams or a mild soap, before you apply new make-up. If you have used cream, remove the last trace of oil with a good astringent. Apply a thin film of a finishing cream, and rouge, eye-shadow. Powder thoroughly, beginning with your throat. Then eyebrow pencil, but only if you need it. Mascara, and last but not least your lipstick. Do use an indelible one, so that it will last all evening!

Watch one thing most carefully. It is summer time now, so be sure that you are sweet and fresh as a daisy from top to toe. You will be using some perspiration preventative, at least twice a week or oftener if you need it. In addition it is wise to use one of those cream deodorants each day. Your daily bath or shower is a matter of course, but it does not take the place of deodorants. A proxy subject, yes, but a necessary one.

Beauty, like genius, is the infinite capacity for taking pains—in the right direction. Which reminds me: the other day a beautiful young person came to dinner at my house with her father. She had just graduated from a fashionable girls’ school. She was a finished product. And she was lovely!

Yet every ten minutes she rushed to a mirror to rearrange her hair, to powder her nose, to daub her lipstick! She was a dreadful bore to everybody and must have been quite miserable herself. You see she constantly expected something to go wrong.

Do take a lot of pains with your appearance. But take them in private! You’ll be a whole lot prettier—and ten times as dangerous!

COPY THESE PIQUANT

Hollywood Hair Styles

only if your hair is not too DRY or too OILY

Help for DRY hair:

Don’t put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don’t—oh, don’t—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle ‘emollient’ shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silker and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer’s Tar Soap. Get Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It’s quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER’S

OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

for DRY hair

PACKER’S

PINE TAR SHAMPOO

for OILY hair
If you are not using salt water, you may relax in warm water from five to eight minutes, then take a cold shower, beginning with tepid water and working up slowly to cold so as not to give your body a shock; the cold shower keeps the flesh solid, but very cold showers are not good for excessively nervous people. Before the bath or salt rub, it's a very good thing to use a toning-up massage. This is how to do it:

- Grasp the ends of a large Turkish towel in each hand. Starting between the shoulders, rub the towel up and down in a diagonal position briskly and rapidly. Stop when the skin becomes warm and tingly.
- Move the towel up to the back of the neck and repeat, (but not too vigorously here). Then drop the towel to the waistline at the back and bring the towel back and forth with rapid strokes. Lastly, place the towel beneath the calf of each leg, (in turn), and work upward to the thigh with a rotating motion.
- This will open the pores and make the salt bath more effective.

I'm a nut on sun-bathing.—such a nut that I have purchased six acres of ground in the San Fernando Valley, just a twenty minutes drive from the studio, and am building a place to try clients to come to take their sun-baths.

Sun-bathing is the greatest body builder known to man. Of course, you can't just tear into it with no preparation. You must begin slowly. The first day, sun yourself for one minute each on the back, front, and each side. Then increase next day to two minutes, then three, then four, and so on until you can manage half an hour altogether.

Rub olive oil all over the body before exposing to the sun's rays. I have experimented with all sorts of oil and find olive oil by far the best. For the face, do not use oil, but massage gently into it a good tissue cream; when the skin gets hot from the sun, work in the cream with your fingers. The purpose of the cream is to keep the skin moist.

Whenever I go out to Miriam Hopkins' home to give her treatments, I see little Michael, her adopted son. He is a grand example of the results of sun-bathing, for he takes his regularity and has ever since he was so small they had to turn him over. Last time I was out there, I noticed that Michael had decided to take his sun-baths standing up; that didn't bother him in his case for he runs about in a brief sun-suit most of the time. Johnny Weissmuller had better look to his laurels when young Michael grows older.

You notice that people go to a lot of trouble to exercise their arms and legs, but they never think of their necks. The very seat of the nervous system is in the abdominal and neck muscles, and those who need building up should give these special attention.

Most thin girls have thin necks with hollow chests and prominent collar bones. To overcome these defects, rotate the head, first to the left in a circle and then to the right in a circle, three times each. After this exercise, massage yourself gently, lifting the flesh from the breast to the neck, always upward.

Another excellent neck exercise: Press the fingers of both hands against the flesh on both sides of the base of the neck, pressing upward. Relax. Then press once more, and relax. Follow this until you feel a tingling sensation.

Thin wrists and scrawny forearms can be rounded and strengthened by the following exercise: Close fists, tense the arm muscles, and do a complete circular movement of the wrist. It is often a good idea to rotate the wrists in this manner to music.

To develop the chest, try tensing the muscles of the chest and shoulder by gripping the finger tips while contracting the arm muscles.

Women were never made to exercise like men. They lose all their womanly charm the minute their muscles begin to bulge. The lighter the exercise the better. Never be persuaded to go in for strenuous setting-up exercises such as jogging through in training camp. During the war, girls used to go in for these things, mainly for the excitement of doing what the boys were doing, and if it did not do them any other harm it gave them large muscles in calves and thighs.

For the past two years, I have been studying the cat and working out a series of exercises based on her movements. She is always graceful, yet she never strains herself. If you do the stretching exercises regularly, as the cat does them, you will need no others.

Walking is excellent exercise, but too much of it will develop the thigh and make a girl's legs look masculine. Also, it is well to remember always to walk with your head up, as though you held a book on it. If you can balance a book, your shoulders will be held properly and your abdomen will be in where it belongs.

Every now and then I read an article recommending the use of a skipping rope, and every now and then a dance director decides to use a skipping rope in one of his numbers. I wish I could write this
warning in scarlet letters a mile high: Girls should not skip rope. It breaks down the breast. If you see a little girl with a rope, take it away from her.

If you feel you must play something for exercise and relaxation, go in for ping-pong. This is strenuous, yet it keeps you moving and is marvellous for the eyes. I see that I haven't yet mentioned one of the most important methods for adding to the figure on the scales dial. That is, rest.

Sleep is absolutely essential to any up-building régime. While you are sleeping, the entire motor of the body is being recharged. If you have difficulty in going to sleep at night, try taking a cup of warm milk, Ovaltine or cocoa before getting into bed. You may eat either Ry-crisp or wheat biscuits with your drink.

You must rest in the day-time, also, if you would gain weight. If you have time for only ten minutes' relaxation, do the "spread eagle," as directed in the first of these articles which appeared last month. If you can spare thirty minutes or an hour, put a cloth over your eyes and relax thoroughly, letting go each muscle separately, making your whole body heavy, resting on the bed, instead of lying tense thinking of all the things you have to worry about.

I am not one of those afflicted with insomnia, so I have no pet method of inducing sleep, but I know of a woman star who takes her mind off her current worries and puts herself to sleep by repeating, in a sing-song—but mentally, not aloud—some of the verses from Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Harp Weaver":

"A rock-rock-rocking
To a mother goose rhyme!
Oh, but we were happy
For half an hour's time!"

Or

"Her thin fingers, moving
In the thin, tall strings
Were wearer-wearer-weaving Wonder-ful things."

It doesn't much matter what words you repeat, so long as the rhythm is soothing and you can wrest your thoughts from care.

Miss Helen Mack has kindly posed for some illustrations for this article. Deep breathing, the exercise for improving the wrist, and the neck exercises are easily understandable. Perhaps I should add a word about the others so illustrated.

A balancing exercise is excellent for giving you grace when you are trying to get rid of those angles. Of course, Miss Mack has no angles—but then she has a Hollywood figure! First, you rise on the toes, with arms extended to the side; balance on one foot, spring slightly forward on right foot, with left foot thrust back, back to position and the same with the other foot. This is something of a dance step.

Another good exercise, with balancing, is done also in the light dancing step: from standing position with feet together and hands at sides, leap lightly to position with feet apart, hands stretched above the head, moving in a complete arc. Balance on toes, then leap back to first position.

Another exercise: (but don't do this one when you are feeling very tired if you are underweight, do it first thing in the morning):

Stand with one hand on hip, other arm extended forward; bend right knee, extend left foot forward, left hand on hip, right arm extended; spring lightly forward and upward, keeping balance for fifty counts. (first right, then left, of course.)

(Next month James Davies continues his exclusive series for Screenland. Don't miss it if you want to have that Hollywood Figure!)

"This simple Method gave her"

A SECOND HONEYMOON"

From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words. 'Use Lysol.'"

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again, completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life."

In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested 'Lysol' for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT
What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

"HALLOf FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E.D.T., WEAF and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hook-up.
Now May's Lips say "Kiss Me"

Continued from page 27

Gloria and Wally Together Again

of artistic ambition, decreed this happiness to be short-lived.

Legend has it that Gloria was a bathing beauty. She wasn't. Because Wally had such faith in her potentialities, far more than anyone else expressed, he saw that she stepped into the heroine in his comedies. Legend has also said that she left him when selfish ambition overcame her wide love. That is most unfair, for no seventeen-year-old girl was ever more concerned about a man than she was.

Unfortunately, after they had been married awhile, Wally's career roved as a man's man spoiled their domestic bliss. Surrounded by flirtatious bathing beauties, Wally was tempted into flitting back.

They had rented a tiny bungalow adjoining a garage, opposite Sennett's studio, and his mother and father stayed with them. Gradually there was less and less fun for Gloria. The girls who shared her dressing quarters observed that she cried more than she smiled. Divorce, to the ever loyal Gloria, was the last resource.

After they went their separate ways, luck first favored her. She progressed to dramatic roles at the old Triangle studio and there Cecil DeMille discovered her. It was he who actually was responsible for transforming her from a girl of average looks into a bizarre beauty.

Wally took it hard. When he comprehended all was over, he couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep; he couldn't be interested in acting. His money faded away. Only the kind intervention of Mickey Nellan saved him. Mickey, sensing Wally's innate fineness, gave him a chance as a German villain in a war drama made in Germany; and the success which took Beery out of two-reelers helped him to forget Gloria.

In 1926, during the making of "Robin Hood," he fell in love with another pretty extra, Rita Gilman, from Virginia. They have been happily married for eight years and he credits their permanent union largely to her willingness to be an old-fashioned wife.

"I don't believe in wives working—anywhere," he declares. When a woman is content with neither mothering a man and his children, she's perfect!" Having no offspring of their own, the Beery's are raising an adopted baby daughter.

Meanwhile, Gloria, in the course of three subsequent marriages, has had two daughters and has adopted a young son. There is no doubting her strong maternal instinct.

Each time she has married she has been sure it was to last.

There was Herbert Somborn, who died recently. A New Yorker with social connections, his aplomb intrigued Gloria. As his business manager he advanced her career notably, but when her career hit her into difficulties by upsetting DeMille they parted. However, holding no grudge, Gloria was with him at the hospital the day he passed on.

There was "Hank," the Marquis de la Falaise of la Courdroye. A charming continental, he courted her for months while he was filming "Marie Antoinette's Gene" in Paris. His frequent trips abroad were among the wedges between them.

And meanwhile is Michael Farner. Equally as debonair as "Hank," Farner has lately been in Europe on a rather extended visit. While Gloria is denying a disagreement with him, Hollywood politely wonders—and hopes she is not quibbling.

If you’ve been puzzled by Gloria’s absence from the screen this last year, remember that she made "Perfect Understanding" in England. It failed to turn a profit and production itself and not her personality has been blamed.

The problem of working side by side with Wallace Beery has always been that the jumps Gloria will have to endure this spring. The real reason for her lengthy negotiations with the Hollywood studios is that she has never been told if she has entangled herself in another financial mess!

She returned to Hollywood from Eng- land a year ago. Acting has always been her blood and continental society could not down her fondness for the films. She had numerous offers, but her old failing, her desire to own her own business, led her into a whopping dilemma. She signed with an independent concern and they proposed to first present her in a picturization of Sarah Bernhardt.

There's many a slip in Hollywood manœuvrings and, as the months passed, Gloria discovered the studio's productions was evidently not forthcoming. She pleaded to be released in order to sign with some of the majors. They declined to let her go.

As a result, she has to buy her way out of that contract which has paid her nothing! It will cost her the sum of $80,000. With no alternative, she has agreed to pay $30,000 upon the completion of the first picture she makes with a major studio, and $25,000 when she finishes the second, and the same on her third.

Now you realize why she has actually had to reject certain roles which would have been very rewarding. Acting has helped her to make a fortune, but she is not willing to walk a pile on anyone's coat tails.

One glimpse her riding in a Chevrolet more often than in a Rolls-Royce, but her staff of servants is still able to boast two butlers!

If she is seen in the same dress on half-a-dozen occasions that is because she has tired of donning a new costume for every hour of the day. No woman in Hollywood is more exquisitely groomed than Gloria, who has advanced beyond the gaudy, prettending era in her life. She took the edicts of DeMille so seriously, when she blossomed up for "Hunch," that she insisted she be the off-screen duplicate of her cinema self.

And, if she has spent freely, at least she has had the pleasure of disposing of her own pay-checks. A venerable rumor says Wally cared for her salary when they were married, on the proviso that she be the commander-in-chief. Perhaps her partiality towards charge accounts arose from those early days when she supposedly was allowed little cash in her hands!
In addition to the personal and financial questions Gloria is going to have to solve, there is yet another stickler. I refer to the competition she will have to buck on the M-G-M lot. With Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, and Harlow clamoring for the pick of the glamorous vehicles, Irving Thalberg had courage indeed to add Gloria to the fold.

She, on the other hand, chose the studio where glamour is most abundant. Which, really, is a typical stunt. She has never been daunted since she hit her stride. But can the Glorious Gloria we adored a few years ago top the tricks of these newer personalities? Once no actress wore more sensational gowns than Swanson, evolved more striking hairdresses and fads. Does she possess her old flair?

Nine years ago she was at her peak, financially speaking. Paramount offered her a contract which was supposed to call for $17,800 a week. Even Garbo herself would be glad to get this! Regally, Gloria said no, determined to produce on her own. A gigantic but not very profitable decision. Last month Gloria was thirty-five, which means she is just in her prime. I have never seen her look more beautiful, and a couple of hits can skyrocket her again. Marriages and motherhood, plus European polishing, have all combined to turn an efficient puppet into a warm, vibrant, fully-developed actress.

Luckily for Wally, he doesn’t have to worry about the glamorous attributes which Gloria must nourish. “The homelier I get the better!” he booms. “Thank God I don’t have to watch my face and my figure and my clothes.” At forty-eight his every-dayness is his chief asset. He is a fine pianist, but he won’t be photographed at his piano because it would seem “out of character”.

What a wallop for the bystanders when these two ex-sweethearts meet! From the box office angle, casting them together would be a “natural.” Consider, however, the memories it would awaken for them. Eighteen years have lapsed since Wally first instructed Gloria in the fundamentals of movie acting.

He may never have gotten further than the fourth grade in school—sort of quit when he was sixteen—but he’s smart enough to hang on in the most precarious of businesses. He’s smart enough to learn how to stay happily married in Hollywood. Local men are proud to put him on bank boards and civic committees. He is a Shriner. And he has passed the severest transport piloting tests and is an excellent aviator.

Whenever Wally has gone into Holly-wood proper from his Beverly home he has had to pass Gloria’s pretentious abode. He has never stopped. Their circles are different; they have little in common. But when she sweeps onto the lot where he reigns he cannot ignore her presence.

“Treasure Island,” in which he’s been stumbling around as the one-legged old salt, is practically finished. M-G-M signed Beery when he was in the same sort of hull Gloria has fallen into. They kept him on salary for nine months until they found the right vehicle, and then gave him the marvelous ride of Butch in “The Big House.”

Gloria is anxiously awaiting Irving Thalberg’s announcement as to what she is to do first, secure in the knowledge that he is seldom wrong in his handling of stars. Meanwhile she makes personal appearances and prepares to tackle the big contract awaiting her. She opened her stage tour at the Paramount, New York, with Detroit the second stop on the trip which takes her back to the studio. Is Thalberg going to put Swanson and Beery together again? Hollywood is dying to find out!
THE Los Angeles Dick Powell Fan Club gave a party at which Dick was honor guest; 385 members and friends attended. ... Stuart Erwin says the first hermit was a Scotchman who sliced his golf ball into the woods. ... Rochelle Hudson visited her home town, Claremont, Oklahoma, last month. ... Rumors had been current, of course, nevertheless Katherine Hepburn did spring a surprise with her divorce suit in Mexico. ... Pauline Starke and Sue Carol among those who have recently attempted to make picture come-backs. ... Wood-carving is James Cagney's new hobby; he's not bad, not good. ... Jean Hersholt is a leader of the Danish Home Foundation, which annually sends one deserving Dane back to his homeland for a visit.

WALLACE BEERY is guilty of the crack about the Scotchman who was cured of stuttering by being forced to talk over the long-distance telephone at his own expense.

(Continued on page 93)

If you want to know all about “those hills of Old Virginny,” talk to Ralph Bellamy. He thinks the sun rises and sets in Virginia, despite the fact that he sees that same sun stroll over Hollywood daily. Ralph’s persuasive powers exercised themselves on Irene Dunne, so much so that when they finished a recent picture together and Irene went East to visit her husband, she proceeded from New York down into Virginia—and bought an old Colonial estate not far from one now owned by Bellamy.

MAYBE turn-about is fair play, or stuff like that. At any rate, Lyle Talbot wasn’t exactly happy on at least two occasions when Alice Faye excused herself from his company, so that she might listen to Rudy Vallee’s radio broadcast. But how funny, the other evening, when Lyle asked to be excused from another lady’s company—and rushed to a radio to listen to Miss Faye’s broadcast!
"I brought streamlines to the Ocean, but B.V.D. brought them to the Beach!"

Turn your binoculars on the B.V.D. sea-going brigades for 1934.

Masculine or feminine, there's a yacht-like trimness to every line. These smart, un hackneyed suits have 1934 ideas in fabric, fashion and color. "Sea-Tweeds," for instance—B.V.D.'s new creation which prove knit tweeds are as smart by sea as they are by land.

There are new colors, so arresting that they must be seen to be believed—challenging pastels, becoming browns, exotic blues, reds and yellows. And a new "seamless waistline"—an exclusive B.V.D. idea that makes "perfect fit" a fact—not a hope.

Beach togs, too,—B.V.D.'s famous shirts, shorts and slacks! Sound the roll call at any smart shop—there's a B.V.D. suit for every taste and a price for every purse. The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

Reading up left to right:

SEA URCHIN—a flash of suit with the most becoming neckline and harness back straps of contrasting color.

BRASSETTE—adjustable uplift brassiere model, two-tone check and back that reaches a classic low.

PENGUIN—a miracle of decollete back, brief kerchief bodice with adjustable bow on each shoulder.

PAJAMAS—in "Perl-knit" cotton—with same smart back as "Sea Urchin," shown and described above.

ALSO MADE AND SOLD IN CANADA

B.V.D.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SWIM SUITS
Copr. 1934, The B.V.D. Company, Inc.
"HELLO Dirty Face"

When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to surface dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt under the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by makeup, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other grime.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of Dreskin, Campana's new skin-cleaner invention, Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with Dreskin. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton. If it is dirty—beed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

Dreskin removes hidden dirt—neutralizes alkali—reduces the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle today.

Campana

Dreskin

THE ORIGINAL SKIN INVIGORATOR

FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator—enough for 4 or 5 skin-cleaning treatments.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ________________ State __________

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Comp., Ltd., 8 U.1.5. Toronto, Canada.
here's that Remarkable
New Make-Up
So Many Women Are Asking About

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

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

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

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

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

What It's Called

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

In its allure, it is typically, wickedly of Paris, in its virginal modesty, as natural as a jeune fille—ravishing, without revealing! Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—Pamela and Poppy

The 'Little Red Box' for lips and cheeks
mind, you'll see him in "We're Not Dressing" and "Many Happy Returns" and, so Paramount executives declare, in many, many more films. So there: "Kay for Kay."

Two more "Search For Beauty" winners are Colin Tapley, of Dunedin, New Zealand, and Eldred Tidbury, of East London, Cape Province, South Africa. Don't think they grow'em all clean black in Africa, he informed that Eldred is six feet of fair skinned man with dark brown hair and gray eyes. Tapley is one inch less than six feet tall, and he has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Howard Wilson of Birmingham, Alabama, hitch-hiked his way to Hollywood, and having accomplished that much, missed in on studio interviews until he finally got a small part in "I Won A Medal," then a better part in "The Lost Patrol." Curly-haired, six feet, brown-eyed, Wilson is a handsome youngster for whom Paramount executives have matured idol hopes. Not unremindful of Buddy Rogers, he is of similar type.

Those, as you have been introduced to them, are Paramount's up-and-coming youngsters. Of course, they do not total all of Paramount's future hopes. The company has under contract other promising young actors and actresses who have done enough on the screen to be familiar, and who therefore need no introduction.

Among these better-knowns, (but still figured for future greater success), are Joan Marsh, Toby Wing, Charlotte Henry, Gail Patrick, Judith Allen, Ethel Merman, Frances Fuller, Lanny Ross and Dorothy Wilson. All of these, though many are still new to the screen, are so far advanced that they may not be classed with any studio's real newcomers. Of the group, Misses Wing and Patrick have been under contract for a year or more, and while they have been surrounded with much ballyhoo, they have made little progress. Their futures are questionable, as is the career of Judith Allen.

Charlotte Henry's great success in the title role of "Alice In Wonderland" assures her new opportunities. She should be equally fine in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Dorothy Wilson was not long ago released from contract by RKO, but she performed so remarkably in "Eight Girls In A Boat" that she promptly won her present Paramount contract.

I suggest that you watch the progress of these newcomers. I make no predictions: I have merely spread them before your eyes. And how very anxious they all were to have you meet them. They realize that unless you like them, they cannot succeed. They plead for your support, and pray for your favor. It is you with whom they must register if they are to win stardom.

I suggest that readers preserve this article. This is the first of a series that will bring to you all of the young actors and actresses under contract to the many Hollywood studios. You will meet the embryo stars of tomorrow. Next month I will introduce to you a bevy of promising youngsters under contract to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, where such currently brilliant stars as Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and others were once unknowns. You will be introduced to the young people that executives who are responsible for Garbo, Crawford, and others, believe will be your favorites of tomorrow.

Join me next month at my get-together party with a second group of Hollywood's brightest young lights. You'll enjoy knowing them; you'll get a thrill out of watching their careers, and thrilling that you knew them when they were unknowns—or even that you picked this one or that one for stardom.

A new and better CORN PLASTER

Stops Pain—Removes Corn—Corn Plaster

Dyebake Corn Plaster at your druggist's.

Also New—Dyebake WATERPROOF BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS

Don't Brand Her "Society Girl"  
Continued from page 33

Mind is despicable!"

Miss Vinson has every right to feel this resentment toward an unwarranted prejudice against any and all who are "to the manor born." One of the few girls in pictures today whose background is authentic and not synthetically created for publicity purposes only, she knows whereof she speaks.

Born in Houston, Texas, of one of the oldest and most prominent families in the South, she was reared in an atmosphere of luxury and assured position. Her father was a founder and official of one of our largest national oil companies and as an only child she was petted and pampered as daintily as different girls are usually treated. But she was not spoiled, her parents insist.

Actually, the very fact that the good things of life were hers by right of birth and breeding automatically minimized their importance to her. Instead of attaching today's bug to the possession of pretty frocks and lovely toys and several ponies, as is so often the case when these things are acquired at the price of sacrifice and deprivation on the part of the parents, Helen Vinson found that the making of mud pies and writing in forbidden pools of stagnant water was more than fairly greater pleasure than attending dancing classes or practicing her piano lessons. Thus, instinctively, as a child she relegated material things to their proper place in the scheme of things.

One of the major triumphs—and defeats—of her childhood, in fact, consisted of hiding on the ground beneath the kitchen of her home and defying her mother to come after her! It was when she finally realized that the discipline that typified the manner of her rearing—and to which her mother attributes the aforementioned fact that she isn't spoiled—was not step. A step made easier because of the opportune removal of her family to Philadelphia.

At a bridge party in the Quaker City one evening, a man happened to remark that Helen should be an actress. "I am," she held, fortified by memories of her Little Theatre work.

"Then why don't you try doing some stock over in New Jersey this summer?" be asked, and gave her the name of the director of a company which was just being organized for the forthcoming season. With this name in hand she went to the stock company, which was followed by other work with other stock companies. Then, her family struck further eastward, to New York this time,
and Helen decided that she was ready for Broadway. However, her problem was to convince Broadway that it was ready and waiting for a slender Southern girl with big brown eyes and golden hair—and a voice whose timber has since been acclaimed by critics on all sides. It was a greater problem because it happened that Miss Vinson knew nothing of managers or booking offices or of how jobs were secured on the Great White Way.

All she knew was that as a producer's name always appeared on theatre programs, there must be at least one man who was responsible for the production of a play. Having reached this logical conclusion, Miss Vinson took the next—and to her, obvious—step. She secured a directory of theatrical producers and determined to begin with the first name and go on down the list until she obtained a job.

“At that time the first name was that of Chamberlain Brown, so I went to see him,” she narrated, when I talked to her during her first vacation in New York after two years in Hollywood and pictures. “Believe it or not, I got a job immediately. “I did stock for several years, then followed Rose Hobart as the lead in 'Death Takes a Holiday' for thirty weeks on Broadway and the road. Next I did ‘Dr. Harmer’ and ‘Berlin,’ both of which were failures. The following year my big chance came in the guise of ‘Fatal Alibi’ with Charles Laughton, which show led me to Hollywood and the screen.”

Her first film was “The Jewel Robbery,” her second, “Two Against the World,” which latter picture had such devastating results, according to Miss Vinson. “Previous to that time I had played only ingenues,” she explained. “I thought it would be a good thing to convince picture producers that I was versatile. Now, I'm wondering!”

However, Miss Vinson's fear of inspiring dislike in her audiences seems unwarranted. The all-seeing eye of the camera has probed beneath the characters she has portrayed and has given movie-goers glimpses of the girl she really is, as her fan mail attests.

On the screen today there is no other actress who does so capably the particular sort of smart, sophisticated deviety-with-a-touch-of-justification which is her forte. It is the greater tribute to Helen Vinson, the actress, to know that she is so totally different from these heartless and unsympathetic characters.

In reality she is warmly human, with an all-encompassing love of animals that has survived from childhood. Ever since she was a baby she has had one or more dogs and ponies and horses. The present incumbent of her favors is Jock, a well-mannered and devoted Scottie who accompanies her wherever she goes, on train or ship or plane.

Jock's predecessor, John, was of the same breed, and was run over by an automobile on Hollywood Boulevard soon after Miss Vinson arrived in the cinema capital. His body was cremated and she carries the ashes around with her even now.

During her two years in Hollywood, Miss Vinson appeared in twelve pictures, among them “Little Giant,” “Second-Hand Wife,” “The Kennel Murder Case,” “The Power and the Glory,” “Midnight Club,” and “As Husbands Go.”

It was upon completion of the last-named that she hopped a plane and returned to New York for a visit. Happily being once again in Manhattan, for two months she dismissed pictures from her mind and enjoyed the relaxation of living quietly with her mother and father in their apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, in which

**How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?**

**“He’s swell! But is he human? He never looks at me!”**

HE: “It isn’t as if she were stupid. Attractive to look at, too. That’s what ‘gets’ me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it’s another secretary or a dictaphone for me.”

SHE: “He certainly is grand—but is he an icicle? Here I sit and I’m not so hard to look at. But apparently I’m only something to dictate to. You’d think I was fifty and a fright!”

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It’s so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless all day long. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It’s perfectly harmless to clothing. And it’s so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

**TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO.** On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.
To Old to Marry?

Never! Pale, dry lips may age your face... make people think you older than you are. But there is a way to look more youthful.

Simply emphasize the natural color in your lips, by using Tangee Lipstick. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paste; so it cannot give you a painted look. Instead, Tangee intensifies the natural rose of your lips!

Looks Orange - Acts Rose

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not plain rose. Not jarring red. But the one shade of blusher-rose most alluring for your type! Moreover, its special cream-base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Get Tangee today, 89c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See offer below.)

Touched—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and don't like it.

Tangee—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

Ends That Painted Look

*$4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set
THE GEORGE W. Lupt Company 62-71
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature TANGEE Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder, 1 each Free samples or colors.

Price:

Don't be swayed! Insist upon TANGEE. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

Land Ho! Fred Astaire and his wife watch the Manhattan skyline come up across the bay as they arrive in port after a trip abroad. Fred was called back to Hollywood and the films.
Grand Chocolate Sauce
speedy! can't fail!

Eagle Brand
CHOCOLATE SAUCE
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup sugar
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup hot water
Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 21/2 cups.

FREE! MARVELOUS NEW COOK BOOK!
Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things, also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice creams, salad dressings!
Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. S374, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Name ____________________________
Street __________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________
(Date name and address plainly)

“Twenty minutes, Mr. Huston,” he says, and I reach for my fedora. It’s dad-burned hard to keep from sinning the deadly sin of envy as I look at this grand guy in his work-shop backstage. Soon he will hear that upward rush of the first curtain that is always so unutterably thrilling. Soon his much-loved wife will be standing on the scene with him, hearing the thunder of applause come roaring up from the darkened house. He knows that he will be assured of three hearty meals on Jan. 16, 1944, and that a backless roof will be above him. Love—name—money. Get thee behind me, Satan! No wonder I call him the happiest actor in the world!
And yet—where do we come in? Certainly, as filmmenacs who crave good acting, there’s a fly in our goose-grease!
We’re going to miss this consummate trouper, this solid man who never gives a bad show, for a couple of years! That is, of course, unless “Dodsworth” suddenly develops spavin, blind-staggers, string-hall and botts.
All we can do, I reckon, is to rush off to Huston’s show when it plays our town, and give the old boy a terrific hand.
And then get down by our little tumble-knobs every night and pray that some writing man will disgorge a story so perfect for good old Walt that he simply won’t be able to resist the siren song of the studio, and will come back to the screen to delight us again.
In the meantime, cheerio, pip-pip, and good chance, you lucky dog! Have the time of your life, Huston—but don’t forget your old friends of the corner movie! We did right by our Walter!
Here's That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!

Brings A Clear Lightness Unknown Before!

An almost magical way has been found to increase and intensify the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... take the golden shimmer of your hair! Scintilla has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and fascination of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to restore its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a golden Vision of feminine appeal.

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the natural hidden color, golden light and softness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c store. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!

TRUBLOND
BLONDE SHAMPOO
by Jo-cup

REMINGTON
ONLY 10¢ PORTABLE

A new, Remington Portable. Carrying case free. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10¢ a day. Write your name. How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial for only 10¢ a day? Remington Rand Inc., Dept. L-10, Buffalo, N. Y.

Carole Lombard
Continued from page 32

through a numerology haze. The girl must be right, though, for just recently O. McIntyre acknowledged her status by saying that Carole Lombard has the most harmonious name in marquee billing today.

Jane Peters was born in 1909 in the faculty home on Rockhill Street. Preceding her by several years were her two brothers who had away over the household to the time of her appearance. The family was wealthy and was identified with most of the important projects in town. Manufacturing plants, hotels, and lumberyards furnished the children with a solid background. Two uncles are members of the University of Michigan faculty and another one is a leading physician in the state.

A grandfather was an associate with the late Jay Gould when he was a figure in eastern banking activities. These contacts prepared the child for the accepted life of a society girl, which she has now set aside though never entirely discarded, even if her features do flash regularly across the country's screens.

No one in her family ever played before the footlights or the cameras until she moved on the set. Jane Peters had everything, more or less. None of the usual struggle for maintenance here. Bright surroundings which fostered constructive ideas. A busy household which ever kept one's interest alert and keen.

Upstairs in her very own yellow room were toys and books. Luckily, one. But Jane Peters generally reached for a train instead of a doll. Or a football in place of a set of dishes. For the funny thing about the neighborhood was that girl playmates of the same age were scarce. And under the leadership of her two brothers it was natural for her to fall in step and join the crowd.

A baseball game across the street in a center parkway always had her mixed up in the bases with everyone trying his best to quiet her down and send her home. But she stayed. With the result that most of the playthings remained intact in the yellow room.

During a spring flood when the St. Mary's River overflowed its banks and hundreds had to vacate their low-lying homes, the Peters residence was turned into a sort of first-aid annex. Old people suffering from exposure were given treatment here and Jane assisted as much as she could in getting supplies from the sun-room or from the medicine cabinet upstairs. She even offered to give up her room one night when it looked as if the entire settlement across the swelling river would have to make a last-minute rush to safety on the Rockhill Street side.

The excitement thrilled her. Strangers in the house! A call for help with nurses working at top speed to aid the sufferers! One boat overturned in mid-stream and the police emergency squad had to use grappling hooks to catch the two persons overboard in the swirling waters.

These unfortunate were rushed to the Peters house and covered with heavy blankets. They had to stay all night. Jane was completely fascinated by the hustle and bustle that she refused to stay out of sight.

In the midst of this scene in which many were homeless and in need, came a prominent Washington physician, who was sent to Fort Wayne to direct the relief work. Coming into the room he hurriedly introduced his wife referring to her as the "Mrs." Jane stepped up and asked loudly, "What is a Missus?" A strict note of silence and then a hearty laugh from the new physician in charge.

"That just what we all need—a good laugh!" And somehow that juvenile question broke the nervous tension and a new feeling of security crept over the patients.

Steady mingling with older people had its early effect on the girl. She pressed a point, asked innumerable questions, and was adept at winning confidence. She continued to play with older children and once even wanted to go to a fancy-dress party in her brother's wild-west suit instead of a special creation which had been purchased downtown. And at the party she led the guests in some fast and furious games which were all a part of her regular pastime at home. The dainty favors were attractive so Jane Peters collected ten of them before she left!

Action was what the child wanted. Fast action!

Downtown. Ten blocks, to be exact, from Rockhill Street, where the movies were beginning to build Saturday afternoons into real events with those jerky film concoctions. The serenades came in with this initial glow.

"Remember Pearl White?" the actress called Carole Lombard said to me not long ago in Hollywood. She was making some purchases in a Wilshire shop and continued the talk as she sought for a special kind of ivory cigarette box. "I was crazy about Pearl White! I always think of her in
that black velvet tan, with flowing tie and that short jacket. That's what she wore when running away from the villain or climbing a mountain. Remember? And those thrills! When I have to go through some last scenes I think of doing a Pearl White."

The desire for action still there! Just preceding the Pearl White vogue, there was the Kathryn Williams serial. Her Friday night film visits turned the regular household schedules upside down. The bedtime hour was advanced so these Selig features could be followed completely. The Colonial Theatre did not open until 6 o'clock so a full house was assured. Standing line in those days also.

The next day would see the particular chapter re-enacted with added escapades and Jane Peters in the center of the yelling atmosphere. In chapter seven—or was it eight?—the heroine was trapped in a burning hut with animals running all over the place. The rescue was dramatically timed with Tom Santschi's appearance. Jane was playing the captive and in trying to get out of the improvised shelter, was pushed roughly to the floor. This got her temper up and she grabbed a poker from the fireplace and threw the party into a turmoil. She had turned out to be heroine, hero and villain.

No wonder, then, that she could years later cue John Barrymore by calling him "ham" during "Twentieth Century" shots and get away with it!

During the middle of the King Umballa saga, the child Jane fell ill. Now she was left behind when the film came to town. Even the verbal versions passed on to her afterward failed to fill the gap. She had missed the animals, especially the elephants.

One day the maid came in with exciting news. "The Adventures of Kathlyn" were to be given a second-run showing at another theatre. The Gaiety announced this special attraction so that now the patient had something to brighten those dull days. She caught up on the "Adventures" and then joined the rest of the children to see the remaining chapters at the Colonial. If her family was unable to take her she would call up her relatives and ask that they stop by for her.

Early film showsmen sensing this general appeal literally shot the works with "The Million Dollar Mystery" with Marguerite Snow, Sidney Bracey, James Cruze, and Florence LaBadie. This time, every week instead of only twice a month. The Saturday sessions took on wilder edges with the home-made snatches of "Neal of the Navy," "Perils of Pauline," and "The Clutching Claw."

As for early education in Fort Wayne, Jane Peters was enrolled in Washington school. Kindergarten and then she was first grade. Holiday baskets and water colors did not hold her attention much.

A certain Indian specialty which went somewhere like, "One little, two little, three little Indians—" with the final spurt allotted to a star pupil who proceeded to depart from the classroom with a low bow and lively, appealed to her. More than once she gave the closing yelp with extra sounds which sent the young students into gales. Her first-grade teachers recall this smilingly.

When the family left for the west, Jane Peters was seven years old, and she said good-bye as if she were leaving for a vacation at the summer place at Leland, Michigan. She was to get her action from now on, and plenty of it.

"When we moved out here to Hollywood and saw some of the movie stars in person, it was just too much! I knew then and there that I wanted to go into pictures. And it was only through my own deter-

---

**LINIT BEAUTY BATH**

Any woman would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10c each.

This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its instant results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.

---

**Spend 10c and receive attractive Lipstick, 50c value to acquaint you with the marvelous LINIT BEAUTY BATH**

---

LINIT is sold by grocers and department stores.

**THIS OFFER good in U.S.A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934**

---

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. 57, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me........lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose........10c and........LINIT package tops.

[ ] Light [ ] Medium [ ] Dark

Name...........................................................

Address..................................................................

City..............................................................State..........................................

---
nimation that I won out with my family.

Every once in a while stories of public appearances at various war benefits would filter back to Fort Wayne. She was in demand among her Los Angeles friends for garden parties and such. She met some of the outstanding stars of the day then at society functions, including Marguerite Clark and Thomas Meighan. Serials were losing their appeal.

"I see Jane Peters' picture in a California newspaper," William brought it back on the train with him. My, she is a beauty!" A sample of the initial chatter passed along in Fort Wayne.

The first real taste of any home-town movie star making good, however, came when a newspaper ran a picture of the girl bedecked in furs and pearls. "Looks like Jane Peters is playing grown-up ladies," a former neighbor remarked. (Still her own original name, you see.)

"Marriage in Transit!" was quietly advertised at the same Colonial Theatre with Edmund Lowe as the top star. Then came "The Perfect Crime" with Monte Blue. Few knew of the girl's presence in the cast of these films, though both times she was revealed as a rather dark blonde.

The screen now took on new accents. Serials to the background. Mack Sennett was in his heyday with his first crop of beauties.

Crash! An auto accident followed by hospitals, bandages, and specialists. All that juvenile pep and interest for nothing! But miracle of miracles—and where else do they happen so wonderfully as in California? Plastic surgery did the trick. A slight scar remains but thick powder covers it up under the studio lamps—and today Carole Lombard is one of the screen's authentic beauties.

A new series of Sennett features and a new bevy of girls. Daphne Pollard for main comedy relief with Sally Eilers and Carole Lombard holding up the pictorial end. Numerology had finally picked this new name once and for all for Jane Peters. And what a time getting the studio publicity department straight on that final 'e' which distinguishes her from all other Carols. These Sennett comedies soon began to be regular supplements in Fort Wayne theatres. And her career was slowly seeping through to the press at closer intervals.

"Say, did you see the Peters girl last night in that comedy? I guess she is going ahead with her career. Remember when she used to—" A few recalled those Saturday shows at the Colonial. Others recalled even more personal acquaintance with the budding star.

Eight months of this with the starlet wearing every conceivable kind of outfit for the sake of the Sennett entertainments. Feathered head-dresses, beach togs, dance frocks and occasionally a silhouette.

Grooming for stardom was on in earnest with better parts coming her way. Culver City was the general headquarters for a year.

Then that first visit back to Fort Wayne.

"I wonder what Jane Peters looks like off-screen?"

"Do you suppose she will stay long?"

"No, I read somewhere that she is going on to Long Island to make a new picture called 'Fast and Loose.'"

"Where did she get that name?"

The ex-Sennett girl had just made a single feature for Paramount, "Safety in Numbers," and was being sent east to appear in a production with Miriam Hopkins, Frank Morgan, and Charles Stratton. She managed to stop over enroute for a day and a half in Fort Wayne. Her first time back in nearly 15 years.

It was a hurried trip. Only a glimpse of her childhood haunts. She wanted to see the high-water mark left by that flood years ago but there was not enough time. And now she takes a mental short-cut back to her birthplace.

"Listen: I want plenty of time on my hands so I can stay longer. I have always known practically everyone there by name, but I have never had the chance to visit long. I think it will be jolly fun. And that trip is not very far off, either."

"I see where Jane Peters is to play opposite Herbert Marshall."

"They say that her new home is very beautiful. All of her own ideas, I understand."

"But before she goes back to Paramount she has to finish that picture with John Barrymore!"

"Yes, she has maintained her balance in Hollywood. She has a perfect film face, don't you think? How soon do you think she'll come back to Fort Wayne for a visit?"

---

**Bad men? The worst you've ever seen on the screen, but what's this—**

Bela Lugosi, left, and Boris Karloff, right, above, play peacefully at chess. Contrast— isn't it?— from their meetings as the fearsome characters of 

"The Black Cat."
original Paramount Company was B. P. Schulberg, who is even now, after its reorganization, still one of its associate producers. It was he who, for many years to Ad Schulberg, it was she who helped him discover and promote many of the biggest stars in pictures today.

In fact, she has of late proven her experience and ability in that line. After the marriage to Schulberg, Ad spent a period of recovery, and in the firm is one of the youngest in Hollywood, it is already second in importance.

For so many years while I was married to Ben I had been casting pictures over the dinner table, I felt I was well-qualified to put my knowledge and experience to some commercial use," Mrs. Schulberg laughingly explains.

In fact, it was her own judgment and influence which brought into their lives the influence which won the marriage of B. P. and Ad Schulberg. Ironically enough, it was Ad who "discovered" Sylvia Sidney and persuaded B. P. to sign her on a personal managerial contract.

Irv Thalberg has been called "the boy wonder" for years since his emergence from that youthful state. One of the most brilliant minds connected with the picture business, his name is indeed one with which to congregate. Yet, beside and behind him is his wife, the glamorous Norma Shearer, whose ability and determination are not exceeded by her good looks.

The extent of her influence over Thalberg is proven by their recent sojourn abroad. From over-work, Thalberg's health had broken and his doctors insisted upon his taking a long and complete rest. Thalberg demurred, saying that he could not leave the studio for such a lengthy period.

It was Norma who determined he should follow his doctor's advice, she who made the reservations for the trip, she who convinced Thalberg that there was no alternative to his wish to recover completely.

Another youthful "genius" is Darryl Zanuck, who has been married for several years to Virginia Fox, a former actress. It has been a happy union with Virginia that Zanuck has made the greatest strides. She is his confidante in everything, and the fate of many a vast production is decided in their private discussions.

Clark Gable is perhaps the leading male idol of the screen today. On his recent personal appearance tour he was so mobbed by admirers that the old days of the idolized Valentino were recalled. Strong, virile, he man, with sex-appeal plus—that's Clark Gable. Yet he is the first to admit that his present enviable position is greatly due to the influence of his wife.

A few years older than Clark, Mrs. Gable is a stunning, poised woman of the world, whose social experience has proven of inestimable value to her less sophisticated husband. She is also his business manager, arranging his appointments, discussing with him his pictures and roles in them, guiding and guarding him in the millions and one ways a male celebrity needs protecting.

Another husband who relies implicitly upon his wife's judgment is Paul Muni. Bella Muni is adept in managing Paul and was directly responsible for his second entrance into pictures.

Well-known on the New York stage, Muni was one of the first of the Broadway contingent to be conscripted for films when
Here's Marian Marsh as a British International Pictures star, and looking even lovelier than when you knew her as an American film charmer. Marian is wearing an unusual gown of shell-pink lace, moulded on close-fitting lines to suit her youth.

sound made actors with trained voices necessary. "The Valiant" for Fox was his first picture effort and the result so affected the Muni's that they returned posthaste to Manhattan.

About a year later, Howard Hughes wanted Muni to take a test for the title role in "Scarface." With the memory of "The Valiant" still prevalent in his mind, Muni refused. Hughes raised the salary offered—raised it so high that Muni's decision wavered. He decided to take a solitary motor trip to think it over.

While he was touring through New England, Mrs. Muni at home in Manhattan received another call from the Hughes office, and after a brief moment of hesitation, made an appointment for Paul to appear for his test the following week. When he returned from his motor trip, still undecided, it was to learn that Mrs. Muni had already started the wheels rolling that were destined to carry him back to Hollywood.

He has never regretted her decision, and today, it is Bella Muni who sees all the "rushes" of Paul's films and who sits on the set every moment that he works, to offer criticism and suggestions. Muni knows he can trust her opinion—she will neither "yes" him nor withhold commendation when encouragement is needed.

Edward G. Robinson is another actor whose wife has proven a valuable adviser. Gladys Lloyd Robinson was herself an actress, but forsook the stage in order to make a home for Eddie and the now-present Edward G. Robinson, Jr.

Because of her own theatrical background, Mrs. Robinson is familiar with the problems and trials that confront an actor and her influence has helped Eddie attain his present eminence.

Besides the wives of Hollywood, there are the mothers. Never overlook the mothers of some of our heroes!

Of course you've heard of the famous mother of Jack Oakie, Evelyn Oakie, (Mrs. Offield when she votes), is short and plump and helpless-looking—but she is a doctor of psychology, which subject she taught in an Oklahoma college some years ago. And don't let anyone tell you that she hasn't shaped Jack's career with strong and unerring hands—and true psychological judgment.

Charles Farrell's best friend was his mother. As long as she lived there was little chance that his need for feminine companionship would lead him to the altar. But within a year after her death, he married Virginia Valli, who has been a wise and willing counselor to him, as well as a wife.

When he was five years old, Gene Raymon's mother started him on the stage. She was determined that her son should be
an actor, and it was she who guided his footsteps from play to play and eventually to the heights of Hollywood fame and fortune.

Gene is very much a man, now, but his mother remains his best friend and constant adviser. With her help he has carefully planned his future, leaving nothing in the lap of the gods. His mother has also helped him by her study of numerology, to which she attributes much help in shaping his career.

This list could go on endlessly. These are only a few of the men in Hollywood who are guided by the women behind their thrones.

But you can readily see that things are not always as they appear on the surface. The great strong men of the movies, the producers, who are the biggest word can scarce express tremble and reduce actresses to tears, are not above being influenced by the women in their lives.

And, of course, the final proof that women are behind the thrones of Hollywood lies in the aforementioned fact that women compose eighty-two percent of movie audiences. For the last analysis, it is the audience, that percentage of women, who are the women behind the thrones!

If the women of Hollywood have been right in their advice to their men, it is because they understand so well the women's audience—the real powers behind the thrones of Hollywood!

DuBarry Jinx

Continued from page 23

DuBarry jinx!

An English actress named Kathleen Hilliard replaced Miss Alders in the cast of "The DuBarry." During the second run of the play, Miss Hilliard collapsed on the stage and was taken ill. She was removed to a rest home at an English seaside resort, where she died.

Lucille de Tours, a French actress, appeared briefly in an early French play based on the life of DuBarry. Mademoiselle de Tours was mysteriously stricken ill, and she too died.

Laurette Dauvergne, another French actress, suffered a serious accident on the stage while she was starring in a DuBarry play. Gitta Alpar, a young Hungarian actress, collapsed on a Vienna stage not long ago while portraying the same ill-omened part in "The DuBarry."

Is it any wonder, in the face of these strange tragedies, that superstitious persons whisper the name DuBarry in awe?

The original DuBarry—the woman upon whose life the many stage and screen plays have been and are being based—was a French adventuress whose name was Marie Jeanne Becu. She was unusually beautiful, and for this reason Comte Jean DuBarry married her, afterwards using her as a decoy in his gambling houses. Her beauty and wit soon made her the recognized favorite of the court of King Louis XV of France.

But alas, the original DuBarry, as well as those of the stage and screen, was pursued by an ominous doom. As an aftermath of the French revolution, she was guillotined. Thus the real DuBarry paid for her sins with her life.

It is most fortunate for Dolores Del Rio that she is not a superstitious woman. Not being superstitious, she can laugh at ill omens. If she were, I would fear for her, because even if there were no actual hoo-

What an amazing difference Maybelline does make!

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, powdery lashes...lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the picture at right?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes; Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.

HARVELL CO., CHICAGO

DuBarry shows her protégé, Mary Russell, one of the highways of studioland. Like Mary's smile?
WHY BE FAT?

Get rid of fat and you too can enjoy sports and the friendship of others.

WEIGHED 175 LBS.
NOW 112!
She Lost 63 Pounds
Amazing...but TRUE!

"I am only 23 years old, too young to be so much overweight," this Nevada lady wrote. Beauty and youth were hers, yet she was denied the happiness others enjoyed because she was too fat!

Today, after trying RE-DUCE-OIDS, she writes: "I tried a lot of methods to reduce yet nothing worked. I was desperate. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS. My weight was 175 lbs. now it is 112 lbs. I feel better, look better! RE-DUCE-OIDS helped me and I know they will help others." —Mrs. Aldina Wood, 415 F Street, Sparks, Nevada.

This lady, like thousands of happy women, found RE-DUCE-OIDS SAFE, easy to take, and effective. This scientific preparation contains only ingredients endorsed by staff physicians. RE-DUCE-OIDS get results or they cost you nothing, because they are designed to correct the common causes of fat, without diets, weakening baths, or exercises.

FAT GOES OR YOU PAY NOTHING!
RE-DUCE-OIDS will do all we claim, or you can get your money back! Your word and the unused package are all we require. Start now before fat gets another day's headway. Your druggist has RE-DUCE-OIDS or can get it quickly. If he is out, send $2.00 for 1 package or $5.00 for 3 packages (currency, money order or stamps) direct to us—or send C.O.D. in plain wrapper. FREE! Valuable booklet "HOW TO REDUCE" in plain envelope. Clip the Coupon.

RE-DUCE-OIDS
In Easy-to-Use Capsule Form
Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. 8317
716 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."

Name...........................

Address...........................

City............................State...........................

Taking the Air!
Continued from page 61

I do cast upon the portrayers of DuBarry, the human mind is easily imaginative. Miss Del Rio, in this case, is wearing a good luck charm, with which she never fails to touch her mistress at the start of each day's work.

Can that luck charm, and the crossed fingers of Dolores' friends, offset the DuBarry jinx? Or will some entirely unexpected, perhaps inexplicable fate cloud Miss Del Rio's happiness? Already there have been rumors of a rift between Dolores and Cedric Gibbons, her husband. These rumors were laughingly denied by both parties, and apparently Miss Del Rio and Gibbons are devoted to one another.

But from what source did such reports emanate?

Is it possible that there is a DuBarry jinx?

Miss Del Rio, with "Flying Down to Rio" and "Wonder Bar" pleasing millions of theatre-goers, and with a fine new motion picture starring as a result of her regained popularity, is on the threshold of a success greater than any she has known. It looks as though that old DuBarry jinx is licked at last!

have to sit back and wait until they can grow enough grapes to start in production again and find their place in the sun. It might thus appear for a moment as if Irene had radio-acted herself out of a good job—but even this isn't nearly so serious as it might seem at first. One thing, her sponsors have undoubtedly taken such a fancy to her that the possibility of their parring company with her services seems dim. For another, if her contract is allowed to expire when it comes up for renewal (which will be any day now), there are offers galore from other merchants awaiting her consideration.

But there's still a third alternative—and that one, to Irene, is the most important and exciting. She may do more than anything else in the world, she confessed—and her innate vitality quieted down for a moment as she contemplated the idea—"is a real stage play. The thought has complete hold of me—in fact, I consider that my whole life up to now has been just a prelude to it. I've taken an option on a play by Maxwell Seltzer that's just the dreamiest thing I could have hoped for. The leading character is a good-natured, scatter-brained sort of woman—she's such a sweet, muddle-headed thing I dole on the thought of playing her. Of course, in spite of all her blundering, she does make things come out right in the end, and the audience just can't help being for her, even when she's at her dizziest!"

This longed-for stage venture will be Irene Rich's first in the New York legitimate theatre, when and if it comes to fulfillment—and remember that she has her fingers crossed! But she doesn't suffer from any lack of experience on the boards, having performed with flying colors in summer stock and in one of vaudeville's most famous playlets, which she has alone, 4,003 times and could do as many more to comfortably filled houses.

The audience appears that Irene Rich has built up in her fifteen years of screen, stage, and radio work is predominantly among women, she feels, and especially among women of about her own age. For this she sees good and solid reasons. "Many women have had close personal experiences with me, because they think they see in me what they would like to have become. Thus to me, the woman who filled her role with life and warmth, but has felt a vague and usually frustrated longing for some outside interest, some activity that 'mattered' in the world. And in the image of me I have achieved in the cinema, they see the fulfillment of her dream, with what my two grown-ups daughters on the one hand and my career on the other. That's why, I think, the women who write me letters at the broadcasting studio or come to see me backstage at theatres pour out their personal problems into me, even the problems of a husband."

"One shows me the mark on her shoulder where her husband has beaten her, and says, 'Aren't you ever going to do something about it?' Of course, I haven't the slightest idea whether she ought to make him a civil engineer or a jazz band leader. Some of them cry on my shoulder—but many are happy too, and they happen to be aged to find happiness from the inspiration of my example. And—half deprecatingly, half defiantly—'I'm sentimental enough to believe them!'"

"And say," concluded Irene, "don't you listen to anybody who tells you I'm through with movies for good. "Show Boat," isn't it one good season in a Broadway play—my play—and then watch me tootle off to Hollywood to make a picture of it. No, it isn't a positive prediction, but if my present run of luck holds out—I shan't be a bit surprised to see it happen!"

Turning from the spirited, goossy chatter of the radiant Rich to an interview with Lanny Ross is something akin to dialing from a peaceful summer day into a resonant march selection. Irene, the serious, responsible matron of the radio sketches, is a gay and unhurried soul off the stage. Lanny, that carefree troubadour of screen and "Show Boat," is a very serious, determined and ambitious youth in real life. You never can tell about these show people!

Mr. Ross has been a heavily occupied youth since his return East from acting in "Melody in Spring." What with movie shorts, receptions, benefit appearances for charity groups, and rehearsals for his perennial "Show Boat" appearances, he hasn't had a moment. Well, not more than one!

So, when I dropped in at a succession of NBC rehearsal studio, I was nervous. I had the impression that "Lanny Doesn't Live Here Any More." Finally I spotted him in one of the smaller soundproof retreats, just completing the rehearsal of one of his microphone love tiffs with Mary Lou."

"I've been singing practically since the day I was born," volunteered Lanny, beginning at the beginning with a vengeance. When my mouth started picking up, I was called into training. I became a boy soprano, and sang in the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for more than two years. Then, after voice changed, I woke up one morning and found myself a tenor!"

When Lanny entered Yale he naturally became one of the mainstays of the glee club, and accompanied that splendid choral
Would You Believe I'm Past 60?

Look at My Picture...Then Do As I Do

Edna Wallace Hopper...Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl...Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I really feel youthful. I've said above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women have given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be artificially re-supplied to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts these oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. But, don't rub it off. Let it stay on. Then watch! Your skin will absorb every bit of it—literally drink in the youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give you a life a new meaning.

Edna Wallace Hopper

$1 Pays for $3000 Life Protection

Even if you are past 55—and without Medical Examination!

IF YOU are between the ages of 10 and 50 you may now enjoy the benefits of reliable life protection for only $1, and without a medical examination. This new Life Protection Certificate, offered exclusively by one of the largest life assurance companies in the state of California and subject to rigid examinations by the State Insurance Department, pays up to $1000 for Death From Any Cause; $2000 to $8000 for accidental death. Your protection is backed by a sound financial institution with more than 25 million dollars life protection in force.

RISK NO MONEY. Just your name, age, name of beneficiary, and a Life Certificate, fully made out in your name will be sent you if you fill the form free. Inspection. No Agent Will Call. If you decide to keep it, send only $1 to put your protection in force for at least 40 days. Send form Free. HOPPER'S FREE Inspection Offer. NATIONAL SECURITY LIFE ASSOCIATION Dept. C-190 204 S. Hamilton Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

DO YOU ATTRACTION MEN?

How do movie stars hold audiences spellbound? Not with beauty. They know secrets of charm. They study charm. Nature gives it, but you must develop it. Regardless of age it is in you too. Build it systematically. Practice it. Read Secrets of Charm from Hollywood— and learn how. Just send 50c to

Secrets of Charm from Hollywood

P. O. Box 1755 Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Bryan's beautiful hands achieve added brilliance when they are expertly finished with MOON GLOW, the new nail polish that actually "paints" your fingertips!

MOON GLOW's six most dazzling shades will thrill you, and your nails will retain their smart appearance longer. MOON GLOW will not chip, crack or peel. Ask for the six size MOON GLOW Nail Polish at your drug or department store. Always use substitute for genuine MOON GLOW. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.

PROVING THAT MYLIN PROVIDES SAFE, SURE RELIEF FROM PERIODIC PAINS AND HEADACHE

Read this letter from Miss V.M.C., of Washington: "I think MYLIN is just wonderful. It is the first thing among many that ever brought relief to me. I had to spend one day out of each month in bed until I got MYLIN." Or this letter from Mrs. A.L., of New Mexico: "My daughter has tried MYLIN, and she truly believes it to be wonderful. This is the first and only medicine that she has ever found that helped her at this menstral time." Thousands of other grateful women have written us about their happiness in finding the freedom from suffering that MYLIN has brought them. MYLIN is scientifically compounded on a time tested formula specifically for relief of dysmenorrhea (menstrual pains). It contains no narcotics, harmful or habit forming drugs. If your drug store does not have MYLIN send direct to us. Trial size 25c; 12 capsules (a year's supply) $1.00.


MOLES mar your beauty


MOLEX (Hollywood) COMPANY, Dept. SU
325 Western Pacific Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

”Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle!”

COOLING TO YOUR SKIN IS THIS CREAM FROM PRIMROSE HOUSE.

WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE LEMON WITH YOUR CREAM?

No, this is not a mad tea party! We really mean it. Because if you would, there is a glorious new cream on the market that actually contains the juice of fresh lemons and is as cooling to your skin as a long, tall drink. You can actually smell the lemon in it. We dare say you could taste it—though we haven't tried that!

This smart new cream is called "Delv" and when it is at home, lives at Primrose House. It has become so popular overnight, however, that it is found in practically every store and on an amazing number of dressing-tables. Why?

Well, because it is a mild, non-chemical bleach, for one thing. It keeps your skin transparently clear. Then it is a quick cleanser and amazingly penetrating. It's a fluffy kind of cream, soft and smooth. And it's so cool! It feels cool when you first touch it with your fingers. Your face feels cool and refreshed when you take the cream off, together with more powder, dust, and cosmetics than you like to believe possible.

For one of those "Little Treatments" so pleasant in summer and so necessary too, to keep your skin soft and unlined, Delv, combined with Nourishing Cream, also of Primrose House, is perfection itself.

So sure are we of results, in this department, that we issue warning here and now that we will not be responsible for the hearts you break this summer if you use it! Proceed at your own risk.

Did you ever stop to think what a bright, merry pair of eyes could do to upset the male equilibrium? Plenty! So here is eye-news! Something to make your eyes appear larger, darker, more interesting. It is Helena Rubinstein's new waterproof mascara which gives a soft, lustrous sheen to your lashes, goes on evenly and stays where put, even through tears. Though we devoutly hope you won't shed any! It tints the lashes attractively and protects them against breaking. There is no soap in it, so even if a tiny bit should get into your eyes as you put it on, it will not sting.

You know in selecting a cosmetic for use on your eyes there are two important things to consider. First and most important is, of course, the fact that it must be absolutely harmless. Second, be sure it gives a natural appearance and avoids all semblance of artificeliness. Made-up-looking eyes are as out of date as the use of flour for face powder. This enchanting little Rubinstein cosmetic fulfills both requirements. It is an absolutely pure agent for deepening the tone of color of the lashes and accentuating the shape of the eyes. Always use it as directed. MYLIN is a very special look. None can detect that you have it on when you've applied it, as it is so natural that you sometimes wonder yourself if it isn't really all just you.

Of course the thing that interests you most is that it is so beautiful. But notice the little bit in the illustration. Isn't it smart? It looks like a lipstick and you can carry it in your bag most conveniently.

Now why didn't somebody think of this one before? An atomizer for a Spray Deodorant which checks perspiration! Here is a manufacturer—(Zip)—who has worked the old clumsy method of applying a liquid deodorant with cotton. So much less wasteful, too. When not in use, the atomizer top unscrews and a regular bottle goes on so snugly that you can even pack it. As you would expect of a Zip product, this deodorant is safe, harmless and effective.
Many a girl's reputation for loveliness depends upon her possession of lovely, graceful hands. The right shade of nail polish will help you win this reputation and the "Cutex Color Selector" will help you find the shade. This in an amazing little stand containing several little grooves just the size of your finger-tips. You slip your finger into the little groove you find turns the dial, (easier than tuning into your favorite radio station), and you will see the color of the polish right there on your nail and can decide from actual appearance how you like it.

No matter how good your imagination may be you can't guess just the color of nail polish that will be most becoming to you, your favorite frock and to the way you happen to feel about nail polish. You need a thousand of the skin on your hands, the reflection of the colors you wear, even the shape and length of your fingers, make a difference in the appearance of certain shades of polish. So use the Cutex Color Selector, (your favorite department store will have one out on the counters now). Here is another trick worth knowing too! It is smart to have your nail polish matched. With the help of the Color Selector you may pick a polish that actually matches your lips!

Here is news for those of us who are annoyed with unwanted hair on our arms and legs in these days of revealing summer fashions. And thanks practically all of us! There is a NEW way of removing this bane of beauty's existence. It is called the Velvet Mitten and does its work so softly, smoothly, gently, that it makes you wonder if it is any relation to those well-known mittens lost by three little kittens, which, as you will recall, were very soft little mittens indeed!

This grey mitten-shaped, non-chemical gadget, slips over your fingers and as you rub it over your skin, it feels as soft as a kitten's paw and leaves the surface of your skin, free from hair, and looking to your amazement as if it were just freshly powdered.

The principle upon which it works is this: in applying it with a round-and-round movement, you not only break off the hair but split the hair shaft. This, of course, weakens the hair growth. When the hair grows in again instead of being coarser, it is softer, finer, and in many cases lighter in color. The Velvet Mitten removes all hair,-no odor can be used on a moment's notice and it is so quick, easy, and inexpensive that it is making countless friends for itself.

In selecting your cream deodorant for this summer, don't overlook that fine new stuff, "Kurlash", one called "X" from the makers of X-Basin, it is made on a modern formula from ingredients so harmless they might be taken internally without ill-effects. It deodorizes thoroughly, pleasantly, and won't hurt your clothes if you use it just before you dress. It won't hurt you either when you apply it immediately after shaving your under-arm! A big advantage, that! Another nice thing about "X" is it's flat little package. You can scoop the cream out on your finger without getting it in your nail, a real improvement over a deep container. The package contains a generous amount and costs oh, so little!

### Personality or Beauty

Continued from page 34

The rage of a country and the vogue of a world! Today, more than ever before, simply because distance has been so dramatically shortened, a new type of loveliness may catch the imagination of a people and sweep a real beauty before its exotic or bizarre attraction.

There are very few decades of the screen for the past few years. They are not orthodox beauties—yet their striking characteristics, the 'regular' features—but consider that feature which gives to your face its most unusual, individual charm. If it is worthy, lay stress upon it, by wearing clothes and accessories to heighten it. If it is noticed, yet be sure you are not making a mistake that might call for self-condemnation or outright ridicule. Be sure before you are the least bit sorry.

"Now let us cite a striking case of intrinsic personality. One can think of no better example than the popular Mae West. Hers is electric! She could no hide her light behind a bushel, than Jimmy Durante's ownBushel.

"But don't you believe, with the most careful and studious application of principles, plus a certain intuitive intelligence, plus patience and persistence, woman with only a slight edge on her fellow women has developed into one of the most important men of the stage! They have simply taken a personality that was a shade more potent than their fellow-creatures', had the brains to realize that careful grooming and years of it would result in something to conjure with—and they have kept it at and at and at.

"But for heaven's sake, don't let anyone ever believe that trying to be somebody else will make a great personality! There are thousands of Mae Wests all over the country, today, all strutting their stuff, and becoming not only very bad imitations of the real thing, but making themselves ridiculous to boot. Rubbish! Such personalities are looked upon with suspicion and contempt. The would-be musical comedy hero of your own little group is absurd because he comes up to us all the impossible stuffed shirts, type No. 6239, comedy heroes that have ever been and will be. No matter how bad Hezekiah may be, if he has the good sense to be himself, he'll never sink to the depths of handsome Harry, the ready-made village swain.

"Be not consumed with such as to yourself!

"Remember there are actually billions of us here on earth and that not more than two of us alike. If not more than two of us act alike then there are about a billion and a half chances for a different personality. The odds are all with you. Develop your own!

"You have often heard it said—or perhaps you have been lucky enough to experience it—that love makes a difference in your life. A good many actresses who have been cold, detached, theatrical, have become warm, vibrant, and intense dramatic stars when they have found love—real love. And that does not mean that you must search for love—must rush out to meet it. It may come through a poignant fancy or a sudden attraction for the real thing. When it comes you will know it, instinctively. There will be no need for inner questionings, uncertainty, and qualms. You will

---

**KEEP YOUR EYES ALLURING**

**IN SUMMER TOO**

How many romances begin with a summer moon, and a pair of coquettish eyes! Kurlash . . . a new, improved Kurlash that's easier to use . . . will give your lashes the provocative upward sweep that makes the eyes so very alluring. Kurlash costs $1, and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it.

---

**Kurlash**

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S

---

**Most indelible of all lipsticks**

There is brilliant beauty for lips—color that actually lasts all day long! PERHAPS NOT"s exclusive cosmetic combined with patented color gives the extreme of indelibility.

At dept. stores. Or costs H to us. Moulton shade or sand paper marked with your personal lipstick. Vivil (very bright), Light (chelhade, shade), Raspberry (for dark hair, light shade), Mollin (desired hue). Prices, Dept. A, 25c. 5c. 5c. New York, N. Y.

**KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL!**

FREE book—"FACE LIFTING AT HOME!"

Call in on NA, Sept 15, 1934, or write to your nearest branch of "PERHAPS NOT" cosmetic store, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., or 4003 N. 15th St., Washington, D. C., for your free copy. To women, 16. To men, 250.

**SONGS WANTED FOR RADIO BROADCASTING**

Send us your songs with your name, address and for what you want them. Use postcards. No manuscripts returned. SONGS WANTED is the feature of "THE WRITERS' MAGAZINE" now publishing every Sunday in the New York Sun and the Chicago Sun Times. We pay well for songs wanted.

Cash Payments. Advanced Writers of Songs Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material (Words or Music) for consideration today. Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.
BLONDES
heed this warning!

THERE'S a lot of "come hither" in sparkling, real golden blonde hair! But watch the danger line at the part, around the forehead—hair darkening at the roots. It ruins a blonde's attractiveness. Whether it's due to hair growing in darker or imperfect hair, all you need is BLONDEX, the unusual shampoo designed to keep blonde hair always beautiful. BLONDEX is not a harm dye. Simply a fine powder bubbling instantly into a beneficent, frothy lather. Naturally brings out all the dazzling charm, the golden sheen and lustre that makes blonde hair so fascinating. Get the inexpensive 25¢ package, or the economical 8-ounce size, at any drug or department store. NEW: Have you tried BLONDEX Wave Set? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky or flaky.

LOVELY EYES
HOW TO HAVE THEM

GLORIFY your lashes—give them that long, lustrous look no man can resist. Just as easy. Just as fast. With Winx Mascara (cake or liquid 75¢). Pure and safe—not a dye. Thousands of smart women have used Winx for years to beauty lashes. Also "dress" the brows with a Winx Pencil (.35¢) and use Winx Eye Shadow (75¢) for smart make-up. Buy Winx Eye Beautifiers at all department stores. For your complete booklet ever written on eye make-up, write for FREE copy of "Lovely Eyes" to Louise Ross, Dept. F, 249 West 17th Street, New York City.

WRITING PAYS RICH REWARDS

Magazines, newspapers, motion picture, advertising, publicity, book publishers constantly calling for writers—especially story writers. Thousands of new writers every year enter this field every year. What's more, these new writers tend to win great success. Write us for FREE "Five book describing new training method in all branches of writing. Talk about modern home study course available at surprisingly low cost on deferred payment plan. Also superior text and personal advice which teach your powers of observation and present writing ability.

LOWEST COST DEPARTMENT STORES

FREE

Gives you the right ideas. Tels you to begin at once. Send 12¢ for new book which has helped us find work for hundreds of beginners. Money refunded if not satisfied. Write U. S. SCHOLL OF WRITING Dept. G-4, 20 West 60th St., New York City.

getting dark at the roots

know surely and firmly that the Real Thing has entered your life—you may know it immediately—but you must, patiently, give it time and make sure.

Aline should know. She never talks of her serene married life. But I will tell you it is highly successful. Her intelligence has developed the best in her, though of course her personality and her beauty—and it is a beauty that appeals to the intelligence rather than to the senses—are never growing. She's like that.

"As an example of a young actress with a great deal of real, fundamental personality—and I believe which I believe reflects her innate charm—I would name Ruby Keeler, with whom I have appeared in several pictures. Hers is a native personality and I see for her, and a fine success built upon the right things, the things that are real and lasting and certain."

declined, politely but with common and icy firmness, to meet Miss Mae West in that bumpsy lady's latest Shakespearean bon-bon entitled "It Ain't No Sin." You can imagine that Mr. Raft might, at this time, be a little edgy, and inclined to jump at the stamping of a tabby-cat in the parlor. You can also understand why I was suffering from a severe case of the butterflies as I drew nearer to my visit with the actor. But Groucho and Harpo had their hands in their pockets, just like the gangsters in the movies, so I mumbled a fast prayer and went in.

I found my subject sitting tilted against a wall in a straight-backed chair. He was looking very handsome, and wearing one of his conventional tight double-breasted suits. No worry creased his brow, no glare deformed his placid eyes. Just the same, I was glad old Groucho and Harpo were along.

I gave a short hem.

"Mr. Raft," I began, my rich baritone breaking into a shrill falsetto, "Would you mind telling me—"

"The Ioons" of Mr. Raft's speech opened with a roar, and words came tumbling out.

"I suppose you would like to know about all this newspaper talk about Mrs. Lehmann, or Miss Pine, and me? Well sir, it's a funny thing. What can I say?"

Mr. Raft proceeded to say it.

"Suppose I say yes and she says no—what does that make me? It's very embarrassing. Well, there's the whole truth about the thing. I took Miss Pine out twice in public in Hollywood—you know, dining and dancing. Where everyone could see us. That's how all the talk started.

"Why, there was another fellow in Hollywood who saw her much oftener than I did, I think, but it was always at dinner parties at somebody else's house. But I take the lady out twice in public where everyone can see us, and bingo! There you are!"

"The first thing I know I one of the famous lady gossip-writers calls me on the phone. 'What's this about a romance between you and Virginia Pine?' he asks. 'You tell me what about it! I answer. 'Isn't it the truth?' she asks. 'What do you think?' I answer. 'Well, a romance between you and Virginia Pine would certainly make a mighty good story for my column,' she says. 'Oh, it would, hey?"

"What should you do if you could no longer act?" I asked Aline.

"I don't know, exactly," she said slowly. "Something connected with the stage or screen, of course. Directing, perhaps, although I never thought of it before, seriously. So few women do. But why not? Failing for the right reason develops the where-withal to succeed—while succeeding for the wrong reason results, of necessity, in ultimate defeat."

And there you have her, as I know her. I don't believe in predicting—because it is so much easier and safer to be wise in retrospect. But if it is to be a character, for Marie Dressler, our great character star, should wish to retire, much against our will and our hopes, and the film studio want a new and starful actress with outstanding ability, I should say that Aline MacMahon would be my candidate for that tremendous responsibility.

Raft Reveals All

Continued from page 21

"Well, there's this matter of my wife," went on the star, without even a deep breath. "Sure I have a wife, but I've been by myself for a long time.

"When I went into pictures they said to me, 'We'll give out the news that you're single. It's more romantic that way, because the girl fans like to think that a young actor is single.' So all the publicity said that Raft was a single man, and now the story of my wife breaks like this. What can I do about it?"

I mumbled to myself that a wife, like murder and income-tax evasion, will always out, and that it is foolish to try to conceal a spouse—foolish even for a press agent.

"Now, about my not working in Miss West's picture," went on Mr. Raft, before I could even pry my jaws apart. "That was simple enough.

"I didn't have any fight with anybody in the company, as I told you earlier. When I asked for a copy of the script, and they gave it to me, and I read it, and my agent read it, and I read it again, and when we got all through we said, what is there in it for Raft?"

"After all, when people see an actor in a picture, they want him to be himself. They want him to be somebody. Suppose I have a scene with Miss West and she puts the spell on me and I just turn into her—nothing but a big poodle-dog? What is there in it for me? So we decide we'd rather not do the picture."

"Well, they called me into a conference. They were all sitting there.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'if you insist on my doing this picture, I'll do it, but I'll tell you that I'd rather not. After all,' I said, 'don't you think I should have some say in the answers?' In this script, I see that Miss West has all the answers and I just have a few questions. Furthermore, gentlemen,' I said, 'You will remember I didn't vote for the show Temple Drake, and I didn't do it, but you made the picture and lost a lot of money and got some very bad notices. Couldn't I be right once?'

"Absolutely," I said, my senses swimming in all directions. 'And moreover..."

"Well, there was a lot of discussion, and
finally they decided to excuse me from doing the picture with Miss West. I was mighty glad of it. I had worked twenty-two weeks without a rest, and I was pretty tired. Not thinking of this personal appearance at the Paramount I'll do two or three weeks more of that, and then I'm due on the coast the first of June to make some more pictures.

Mr. Raft's flow of language ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

He took a deep breath and lit a cigarette. I felt as though I had stepped six fast rounds with Max "Adonis" Baer in a night-club.

"You know, Mr. Raft," I said. "You have told me every conserved thing I want to know, and I want to thank you for a very pleasant visit.

"But I feel that you have been slightly gypped. You have been doing all the work, while I have been sitting here absorbing information. Perhaps you would like to interview me. I am sixty-four years old on Monday mornings, and neither make much money nor have much fan. I, the newspaperman who coupled my name with that of Miss Katherine Hepburn is a liar, while I have not seen Miss Jack La Rue in the flesh since 1931. I was born.

"Well," I said, "Mr. Raft, I guess I had better be getting along back to my rehearsal. Glad to have seen you, and thanks. And I think Miss Pine is a very fine young lady."

Well, that, Mr. Raft got back to his rehearsal.

So ended one of the most amazing interviews of my fifty-year career. George Raft is one of the most interesting ladies-backs to crash films these many years.

No wonder he made a rapid ascent to the top of his acting profession, and none less working was the secret. He is NEWS whenever there is any hint of some romantic development in his life behind the screens of this broad land's picture palaces.

Item One. He thinks very highly of Miss Virginia Pine, now the possessor of a divorce decree from the Chicago Mr. Lehman. Where there's romance—smoke in Hollywood, there may be a hot blaze.

Item Two. He has a lawful wife, thus blowing up a mine laid by publicity men years ago.

Item Three. It is probable that Mr. Raft pulled a very smart piece of business by stepping out of the supporting cast of Miss Mae West in "It Ain't So Sin." This Miss West has a way of sort of filling the screen, not only hiding the other actors but the scenery, too. Certainly Raft was right when he refused to play in "Temple Drake," that grisly story of bad business down south. That picture didn't do anybody any good except the author, Mr. William Faulkner, who dreges his fiction out of swamps. Raft decided, wisely, he would have no part of or in that film.

I think that Raft has handled himself magnificently in Hollywood. Anything but an actor in the usual sense of the word, he has done notable work in several pictures. Will you soon forget his magnificent death in "Scarface"? One of my favorite talks of all time is Raft's "Night After Night," in which, oddly enough, Mae West supported him?

Ah, not for nothing did this slim, sleek bird consort with the gaudier side of Broadway for years! There's more than bear-grease to that shapely skull! What an interview that was! If there were more movie actors like Raft, sneaking up on the stars would be as simple as playing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on the mouth-organ! More power to the boy.

I hope he gets a mess of good parts. Yes, and I hope that if you want Miss Virginia Pine, he gets her, too!

P. S. Dear George, you know—all in fun. You gave me a swell story and if you like it, you can always find me in New York. But George, if you shouldn't happen to like it, my address is General Delivery, Budapest, Hungary. Yours, Len Hall.

His Best Friend Was Failure

Continued from page 51

was but a memory, as soon as he could pack his few belongings the youth stealthily left the theater, without even waiting for his pay. Scarcely had he stolen out the door than the manager of the company hailed him. And praised him for his quick thinking! The performance, of course, had ended disastrously, but the manager, who also appeared as the company's star, realized that Talbot had acted with the play's best interest at heart.

Talbot's swift presence of mind, as evinced by this happening, brought him thus to the attention of the manager and his manager, who schooled him thus as best they could in the finer points of acting. What had seemed like the most miserable failure to the boy really worked to his advantage.

The actor, tall, personable, athletic in appearance, recalls these earlier efforts with a grin.

"I was so discouraged at times I considered tossing my 'career' into the pit and going home," he reminisces. "When my magician days were over—I still carry a scar where the glass cut my hand—my giving up meant the darkest, blackest days in my life. I think you know, I figured that nothing mattered, since I couldn't be a magician. I had planned on it so long.

"After a season with the 'St. Elmo' company, in which I played heavies, butlers, 

Stop Rouging! Start Beautifying!

Don't use rouge just to make your cheeks red. Use Po-Go Rouge to be more beautiful. Po-Go is hand-made in France. That's unique among rouges. So is the way Po-Go flatters you. It's so smooth that it blends correctly, every time. It lasts much longer than its five Paris-styled shades include the one that's best for you.

Even though it's better, Po-Go costs only 60c! At all toy-letary counters, where you can also see the new Po-Go Lipstick — extra-permanent, greaseless, and in a gay, slim case. 55c.

Rouge shades: Brique (naturally): Ronse (raspberry); Yol (bright); Cardinal (brightest): Saumon (very light). Lipstick in Brique, Raspberry, Cardinal. At all stores or send cash to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 963 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
props, anything that happened along, I returned home and worked in a carnival for a few months during the summer. My father, though, wanted me to continue my education, so after all the excited talk at the University of Nebraska, intent upon preparing myself as an engineer, I had finally relinquished the idea of becoming a stage actor.

"Before I had gone to classes many weeks, however, I found that dramatics still held an undue interest. So I played in a number of plays and college and high school plays and sketched, with the result that all my old yearning to be an actor surged again to the surface. I had arranged to see a theatrical show through which many stock companies hired players, and when I received a wire from the Dubinsky Brothers to join their company in Kansas City, I hopped a train and made record time getting to the theater."

The late Jeanie Eagles applied first with the Dubinskys, preceding by some years Talbot's association with them. With the young actor's hasty exodus from college to resume his dreams, had thought never to enter again, there followed a number of years of stock experience, acting with such shows as the Savage Bros., Elvin Strong, and the well-known theatrical troupes of Booth and Chase-Lister, the latter, in particular, well-known through the Middle West.

"It's an odd thing," Talbot continues, "but the almost insatiable desire was the cause of the failure of my most ambitious undertaking. I had played a season of stock in Memphis, when the company blew and the town was left with no regular theater enterprise.

"I hadn't been home in some time, so I returned to Memphis for a month or so. During my visit, a wealthy gentleman with whom I had become quite friendly in Memphis wrote me asking if I would be interested in starting a stock company in that city. Each of us would put up $5000, the authority to choose plays and casts to rest in my other hand, and we on where the other company had left off.

"Naturally, such a proposition appealed to me. I had money locked in the movie houses. When, the season previous, they had lured the stock theatre, we were forced to close through lack of box office receipts. Following our farewell performance, I never dreamed that my failure in Memphis would lead me, indirectly, to the studios of the industry responsible for this failure, the company.

"With several of the actors I started for New York in my Cadillac. We had very little money between us, and it must have looked funny, for we were in an expensive car to the cheapest hotels in the towns where there were to spend the night!"

"After some time, however, the eastern metropolis, Talbot received a call from Boston to appear in "The Criminal Code." When the producers of the play arrived and lured him away, they had intended playing the piece for several weeks, then go on the road. As they made arrangements to entwine with the company, the idea of playing a particular part were to weighty to be moved! The company disbanded.

Although not exactly lucrative from a financial standpoint, the experience did prove profitable, for a prominent Michigan newspaper heard of their scouts and sent for him. Again, Talbot turned disaster to his own advantage.

A season with this company and a friend who had taken him with him that fall led to join the Erastus Truxx company in London. To do this, he must leave immediately, and upon receipt of his notice.

"Only two weeks remained before the show would close," explains Talbot, "so the manager, when I put it up to him, told me it was all right, and go with the management. For some unknown reason, I was warned not to ask for a permit to work in the British Isles.

"I reached London, I went into the play at once. Then fell the blow. I worked two days, when officers asked to see my labor permit. Naturally, I had none. Consequently, I was barred from appearing on the stage in England, after I had traveled so far for the part."

"Of course I was put out and discouraged and disappointed by the whole affair, but after I had slept over it I decided that as long as I had come this far I might as well stay.

"So, for the next few months, I toured Europe, seeing everything I had wanted to see for years.

"On my way home, a radiogram arrived; asking if I would consider a job with a stock company in Columbus, Ohio. Would I? When I disembarked at New York, I had less than eight dollars to my name.

"For twenty-five weeks everything went sweet and lovely, and the company and my associates liked the people who came to the theatre. We were playing on good plays. The world looked rosy.

"The crash came suddenly, although we might have known that eventually something would happen. There were two managers of the show, and they fought continuously. Finally matters reached a head, and the company closed.

"A bit of luck occurred for me then. There came a wire from Dallas, Texas, inviting me to join its stock company. With scarcely a week's pay, then, I stepped from one job into another. The Columbus company were in New York, while one in Dallas, it developed, was even superior.

"Following another season, the manager skimped with all the money. That left us somewhat in a hole, but the actors decided to continue on the co-operative plan. We played just three weeks, making just $37.50 apiece. We were forced to close.

"Had the company not failed then, I would have returned to Caligula and myself our meager salary, which I put into my pocket, and the money to its home, and the company, and the money to its home, and the company arranged with the only was in the box office. Luckily, we were able to reach the end of the season, I believe, without any money at all."

"The manager who paid had my expenses from Dallas met me at the train—and I couldn't say a word. His face was ashen, and I knew he would do the same. He was whipped, and I knew he would do the same. He was whipped, and

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible that there is no hope and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling, your own eyes and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any failure to replace, sneezing, or hay fever, do not abandon hope but send today for this free treat. It will cure your condition. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 639 E. Frontier Blvd., 621 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

EXPLAINS YOUR DREAMS FREE!

Free! Chinese Luck Charm

Billed to bring "good luck" if carried with you always. Chinese"The Golden Dream" Fortune telling by Chinese.

FREE NUMEROLOGY REPORT

Send free numerology report to the NEW YORKER GRAND COMPANY, 423 W. 57th St. New York, N. Y.

TIME MARKET

This EASY, QUICK, SAFE WAY

get rid of exces fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almig

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;

...get rid of excess fatty. Build NOW to a slender, lovely, almir;
Ask Me!
Continued from page 14

Graves, Arthur Rankin, and Audrey Ferris. In "Remote Control," William Hayes played with Mary Doran and Polly Moran. William. In "Young Eagles" were Jean Arthur, Paul Lukas, Stuart Erwin, Jack Luden, and Virginia Bruce, who later became the wife of John Gilbert — and now, alas, separated from him. Ho-hum!

Miss Helen M. Don’t go all of a dither because you want to know all about your favorite stars—come, be nonchalant. We all like Leslie Howard, Fredric March, Clark Gable, the two Barrymores and Ralph Bellamy. Ralph was born on June 17, 1904, in Chicago, Ill. He has light brown hair, 5 feet 6½ inches tall, and weighs 178 pounds. His wife is Katherine Willard from the stage. They were married in July, 1931. Some of Ralph’s pictures are "Before Midnight," with June Collyer (Mrs. Stuart Erwin), "Once To Every Woman" with Fay Wray and Mary Carlisle, "Spitfire" with Katharine Hepburn.

J. B. There isn’t any one I’d rather tell stories to than Miss Moore. Her latest picture is "Success Story" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Her "come-back" was in "One Night and the Glory" with Spencer Tracy. Ralph released before going on the screen in 1929 was "Footlight and Fools" with Raymond Hackett, Fredric March, and Lee Corbin. It appeared for a time in stock companies, doing everything from acting as leading man to stage character. He then appeared in "Broadway," then came a movie contract. He plays with Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young in "Spitfire," Katharine’s latest offering. Fay Wray was born on December 15, 1907, in Alberta, Canada. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She has played in "The Kid from Spain," "College Humor," "This Day and Age" and "Torch Singer."

Ruth E. All points of the compass want to know something about Ralph Bellamy. In a month or so, Ralph, a boy, will show ’em something about acting. When just a freshman in a Chicago high school, he ran away from home and joined a Shakespearean touring company. He played in stock companies, doing everything from acting as leading man to stage character. He then appeared in "Broadway," then came a movie contract. He plays with Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young in "Spitfire," Katharine’s latest offering. Fay Wray was born on December 15, 1907, in Alberta, Canada. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She has played in "The Kid from Spain," "College Humor," "This Day and Age" and "Torch Singer."

Loretta M. Donald Cook was on the stage before entering picture work in 1930. He was born on September 26, 1901, in Westland, Oregon. He is 5½ feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 147 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes. His latest release is "Viva Villa!" with Wallace Beery, Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March appearing in "Good Dame." Eddie Nugent plays with Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter from the stage, Mae Clarke, Tallulah Bankhead, Edward Arnold, Brown and Osmow Stevens in "This Side of Heaven." Eddie Nugent was born on February 7, 1904, in New York City. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has black hair and green eyes. Norman Foster was born on December 13, 1903—also a New Yorker by birth. "Tomorrow" was his first film, and the air pilot, was played by Cornelius C. Keaton.

Eddie W. Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper played in "In Old Time," released in August, 1928. It has never been shown as a talking picture. The theme song was "Jeanette, I Dream of Lilac Time." The music was by Nathaniel Shilkret.

Your Pol. I’ve been waiting for that but where have you been all these summers and as many winters? You have been hoping to see Frank Lawton again who made such a hit in "Cavalcade" as Joe Marrion—well, here he is with Constance Cummings in "The Chemist’s Daughter," a British film released over here. Frank was born in London, England, on September 30, 1904. Toby Wing, the little Southern girl who was first noticed in "42nd Street," plays with Buster Crabbe in "Search for Beauty." Toby was born on July 14, 1915. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She has played in "The Kid from Spain," "College Humor," "This Day and Age" and "Torch Singer."

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone!
GIVE YOUR OWN FACIALS at home!
and watch your skin freshen, lighten, and cheer almost magically KLAYTONE. a gentle, but with enough grapple, cleanses, and stimulates—keeping the tensity skin coolly refreshed.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO KLAYTONE LABORATORIES
153 Kenny St., No. 106, San Francisco, Calif.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT
My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Bull, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delight of relief with beauty, freshness, freedom of mind and greater success.

I WILL COMMISSION
and 65 in stamps TODAY for Booklet. For promotion in your real estate office. Also for, housewives, doctors, beauty salons.
D.R. MAHER, Dept. 29, Providence, R.I.

FADED GRAY HAIR
Women pick men with faded gray ann Cuts hair, shampoes and color your hair at the same time with our new "Shampo-Kolor." Made to order. Cut costs, saves you money. Takes only a few minutes to moorsh shampoo into your hair and natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR." "No-dyes" look, but a lovely natural most lasting color. Handle it with care, or price goes. Free Booklet. Nooneau C. P., Volland, Dept. 49, 26th W, 31st St., New York City.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

WOMEN! REPUBLIC PUBLICATIONS No. 17

DIAMOND LAKE TALKING PICTURE PRODUCTIONS

BOX 434, UNIVERSAL SERVICE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Mink Throat had cleared and I could speak naturally. I went to the studio and was told to give any dramatic reading from any play I wished. I still have cold chills whenever I think what I did in that test. Of all the thousands of speeches from as many plays as he might have given, Talbot selected for his test the one set of lines he should have cut off his tongue out before enacting. They were from "Loude, Please!" a play written around the Warners and making fun of their tactics, a brilliant satire against them. This, of course, Talbot could not know. He chose a part of this play because he had appeared in it long before.

By all rights, Talbot, when the executives viewed his test, should have been bounced out of the studio with neat dispatch. What happened? J. L. Warner, whose initials appeared in the test, was so charmed with Talbot that he thought was a gentle ribbing on Talbot’s part that he immediately signed him to a long-term contract!

Lyle Talbot’s hard luck seems to be paid off, and he is now, unusually worthy of leading and featured roles. It is notable, however, that he is successful today only by dint of fortune having favored him after each failure and misfortune. Each failure has acted as a stepping-stone. No wonder he can look backward and love what is everybody else’s bugaboo!
LOVES AND UNLOVES DEPT:

THEY keep trying to rumor rifts between Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell. When she left one contract, they said she wanted to get away from that studio that had employed Tracy; that she wanted to prove she could succeed "on her own." About that time Lee went under contract to another studio, so what does Isabel do but cross gossipers, and herself go to that same studio with Tracy, also under long contract.

Then, too, Lupe and Johnny, (as famous as "Frankie and Johnny," so why mention last names?), are angry at gossips who hint separation for them. Lupe has gone on record as saying that she intends to sue any malicious gossipers, and she adds, "if the gossip is a woman, I will beat the life out of her, if a man, Tarzan will do the walloping."

Richard Cromwell, lone Katherine DeMille's devoted swain, is foot-loose; he has been taking Mary Carlisle places. Hardie Albright and Martha Sleeper managed to keep their marriage a secret for one week, although they wanted to keep it quiet longer.

An interesting romance is that of Marian Nixon and director William Seiter. Years ago, Marian and Seiter were under contract at Universal studio. They were on the verge of love, but before it became serious, they quarrelled. Then Seiter married Laura LaPlante, and Miss Nixon became Mrs. Joe Benjamin and later Mrs. Eddie Hillman. Well, they're both divorced now. Will their new romance run more smoothly than their first?

The current James Dunn romance seems serious, too—but his romances always do. Last year, I'd have sworn he would marry Maureen O'Sullivan. One day, a few months ago, Jimmy and Lona Andre actually did start for a marriage license bureau, but failed to arrive there. Now Dunn and Patricia "Patsy" Lee are cooing, and when this is written, Henry Willson is once more looking at engagement rings.

Muriel Kirkland is being more and more reliable. She queried whether the Mae Clarke-Sidney Blackmer now-warm-now-cold affair is plenty hot for the moment. Patricia Ellis is quite excited about Henry Willson, a writer. Harvey美白, once nearly wed to Donald Cook, was for a while enjoying a serious romance with Hugh Enfield, but that's cold now, it seems.

Stephen Ames, New York millionaire, certainly is not superstitious. Why? Simply because, when he made Adrienne Ames, (from whom he is divorced), his wife, he took her to Honolulu on a honeymoon, and bought her a beautiful house on their return. Well, Steve recently married Racquel Torres—and off they went on a Honolulu honeymoon and he has promised to buy her a beautiful house on their return.

As this is written, divorce papers may be filed any minute in the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent mis-proceedings. In the meantime, Brent is taking Jean Muir places—but then, so is Phillip Reed, who was wooing Marian Nixon, but isn't. Roger Pryor is completely daffy on the subject of Alice Sothern, and so is mutual.

Most important of the last-minute rumors issued by Dan Cupid is the report that Mae West and Jim Timony have reached a parting of the ways. Mae and Jim are both tight-mouthed, so they'll say nothing, but spies declare that they aren't together as much as they were, although Jim remains her business manager. Too bad, if true, for Timony was devoted to "Diamond Lil."

WARNER BAXTER placed an order for six dozen gold-fish for his big fish-pond at his new home. ... Heather Angel's mother writes for English magazines, ... Paramount's two "bad women," Mae West and Cleopatra Claudette Colbert, were simultaneously influenza victims, their pictures were halved for days. ... Will Rogers and Charlotte ("Alice In Wonderland") Henry are appearing together on West coast stages in "Ab, Wilderness." ... O. O. McIntyre, in Hollywood for a visit, declared that Genevieve Tobin possesses "the finest dictation of any screen actress." ... Madge Evans braved a Pacific ocean rip-ride to save her pet toy Peke, and nearly got into too-deep water herself.

Crowds at preview of "Tarzan and His Mate" greeted Johnny Weissmuller with attempted imitations of his "Tarzan yell." ... Jean Parker has purchased a sailboat, and spends her spare time asea.

BING CROSBY'S house resembles a branch of the United States Army. That is because there are at least two guards on duty at all times. Furthermore, Bing has his own private arsenal, and he never leaves the house without a pistol on his hip. Continued personal threats, either from gangsters or fanatics, have kept Bing in a state of continual fret, so the censor not only employed guards but he also had himself deputized. If you don't think Crosby means business, consider his published statement: "Anybody with criminal intent who comes near my family, my home, or myself is going to get killed."

Films get them! One of Broadway's most popular sister teams—you see why in the picture above—are to grace and be glorified in the films. Just so you can call them by their right names, that's Maxine on the left, and Virginia, right.
Thousands of Girls menaced by COSMETIC SKIN adopt Hollywood's Beauty Method

You can use all the Rouge and Powder you wish, yet guard against ugly COSMETIC SKIN this modern way . . .

"CAN my pores be growing large? And horrors! Is that a blackhead?" Suddenly some unhappy girl discovers her skin is growing coarse, unlovely—she is being robbed of beauty!

She may not realize it, but she has COSMETIC SKIN—a modern complexion trouble easy to guard against.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many women who think they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores. When this happens, the pores become clogged, distended. Soon the warning signals of COSMETIC SKIN appear.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly.

Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Precious Elements

Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. The Hollywood stars have used this soap for years!

"Of course I use cosmetics, but thanks to LUX Toilet Soap I never worry about Cosmetic Skin"—

Ginger Rogers
RKO radio star of "Gay Divorce"
I'm "that way" about Chesterfields, too—

the cigarette that's MINDER
the cigarette that TASTES BETTER
Dolores Del Rio

Grand Duchess Marie Exposes Screen's Misinterpretation of History!

Are the Stars Overpaid? Read What Lionel Barrymore Says

Kay Francis and William Powell Talk About Each Other
You can’t be too careful about it

Referring to halitosis, the unforgivable social fault, a New York woman of considerable prominence recently said:—

“I am amazed at the number of really nice women, who are fastidious about everything but their breath. They seem to take its pleasantness for granted—when often, too often, it is otherwise. Men, of course, are even worse offenders.”

The truth about halitosis is that no one is immune. Everybody has it at some time or other. That is because food fermentation goes on in everybody’s mouth—and fermentation produces odors. Tiny bits of food that careful tooth brushing has failed to remove, are the most frequent causes of this condition, says a leading dental authority.

Listerine, used as a mouthwash, checks fermentation, when it reaches the bacteria. Then attacks the odors that fermentation causes. As a precaution against halitosis, use Listerine night and morning and between times before meeting others. At your druggist’s now at new low prices.

TO CHECK HALITOSIS [Bad Breath] USE LISTERINE

NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES
Dashiell Hammett's
"The Thin Man"
Arrives in Celluloid

WITH a deftness that is more than a match for the daring of M-G-M's decision to bring Hammett's popular novel, "The Thin Man," to the screen, the production chiefs entrusted with the work have achieved a vital, richly colorful and sparkling celluloid transcription of this best-seller mystery novel.

Of the many important studio factors responsible for this incisive combination of mature humor and absorbing melodrama, by far the most obvious triumph is William Powell's acting. His portrayal of the bibulous and debonair Nick, playboy and detective extraordinary who, much against his instincts for leisure, finds himself involved in attempting the solution of a murder mystery, is, perhaps, as finished and glittering a performance as he or any other actor has contributed to the screen. And, matching him almost stride for stride in his swiftly paced display of acting pyrotechnics, is Myrna Loy, who appears as Nora, fascinatingly unconventional but devotedly loyal wife of Nick. Nat Pendleton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Minna Gombell are the more prominently cast members of a splendid cast.

The story retains its suspense as it progresses to an astonishing climax to the series of killings and false clues surrounding the complex "Wynant" case. The picture sums up as a stimulating blend of laughs, chuckles and chills. A grand show—for grown-ups.

August, 1934
Vol. XXIX, No. 4

SCREEnLAND SCOOPS:
- GRAND DUCHESS MARIE EXPOSES SCREEN'S MISINTERPRETATION OF HISTORY
- KAY FRANCIS AND WILLIAM POWELL TALK ABOUT EACH OTHER
- ARE THE STARS OVERPAID? READ WHAT LIONEL BARRYMORE SAYS
- HOW TO HAVE THAT HOLLYWOOD FIGURE
- ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S NEW HOME
- HELEN HAYES TELLS WHY SHE'LL RETIRE FROM FILMS

OTHER FEATURES:
- THE EDITOR'S PAGE
- "NAT" AMONG "GOOGIE"
- TRAVELERS' RETURN
- THE STARS' STUDIO HOMES
- THE IMP THAT'S KNOWN AS ANGEL
- THE LAUGH TEAM SPEAKS UP
- MAY ROBSON'S ROMANCE
- ANY GIRL CAN LEARN TO ACT
- SO—NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO IRENE DUNNE?
- TOMORROW'S STARS
- SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL
- CONTEST WINNERS

SPECIAL ART SECTION:
Clark Gable. Per:
If Broadway Could
Picture, Will
Herol, Leslie
Douglas Fair
Dreamy Di
the Month

DEPA
TAGGIN
SNUBS
HONOR REVIEW
RADIO I
JUST BE
HERE'S I
ASK ME
FEMI-ND

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial
MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Subscriptions in
the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.10 in Canada; in
issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-cl
the act of March 3, 1879. Additional en
Member Audit Bureaus.
Printed in th
Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, and a story based on one of Edgar Allen Poe’s tales, accomplish what will cause great shivering of spines. Made to live up to the “horror film” standards, it often gets so seriously involved in that job that at moments it threatens to become funny. But not funny enough to provide entertainment. The story is concerned with the sinister events taking place in a sinister house preaded over by a sinister doctor with a murder complex.

Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbe, and Hugh Herbert will have you unusually

Thrills and laughs—an abundance of chills. Chester Morris and Marian

Embar-

Merry

Money

singing there form for this romance

Wives

of

of

Means

Noth-

Reading

unusual story-plot into

Merry

Moments

Universal

Universal

Universal

Universal

Monogram

To

the

The

The

The

The

Universal

Dix

Delight Evans’ Reviews

on Pages 56-57

The Double Door

Paramount

Tagging

the Talkies

The

Black Cat

Warners

The

Merry Frinks

 Warners
Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-ear spectacle. Thousands of extras, 500 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn procession...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

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

MARLENE DIETRICH

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!
Snubs and Salutes!

Put your pet ideas on paper and enter them for a prize!

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
Highbrows and lowbrows flock to see:
Hepburn and Gable in “Taming of the Shrew”; Gaynor as Juliet; Garbo as Cleopatra. “Merchant of Venice” with: Helen Hayes, Portia; John Barrymore, Antonio; Lionel Barrymore, Shylock; Twelfth Night” with: Diana Wynyard, Olivia; Joan Blondell, Viola; Wallace Beery, Sir Andrew; Lionel Barrymore, Malvolio.

Geraldine Hall, R2, Box 315 Bessmer, Ala.

IT'S GETTING SERIOUS!
Joan Blondell and Loretta Young have gotten us stenogs in a jam! Thanks to them, our boy friends think we should dress as they do, and it can't be done, brothers, on our little 'ole fifteen per. So, lay off, Joan and Loretta, will you? Thanks!

Marie Murphy, 1372 Playford Ave., Zanesville, Ohio.

AND NO TWIN BROTHERS!
We all like Mickey Mouse because he's original—never forges checks, with the inevitable outcome; he isn't a weak-chinned millionaire who can't make good until the last reel. With Mickey we're not made to swallow the old plots—we never know where the next laugh is coming from.
Bernard Mintz, 7 Woodford St., Worcester, Mass.

CHEER FOR THE TEAM!
Many famous teams like Dietrich-Von Sternberg, Gaynor-Farrell, Garbo-Gilbert, have received generous tribute. Now there's a behind-the-screen team deserving similar acclaim—Robert Riskin, who adapted "Lady For A Day" and "It Happened One Night," and Frank Capra, who directed these outstanding pictures. Loud handclaps, fans!

Alma Johnson, 211 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WITHOUT MIRRORS, TOO!
Orchids to Garbo! In “Queen Christina” she exposed her famous feet, unslipped and stockless. This was a genuine shock to many movie-goers who imagined the reigning queen of the movies had mammoth feet. Well, that taught the smart aleck a lesson!

Claudia D. Ermine, 601 East 29th St., New York City.

REMEMBER, WE'RE NEUTRAL!
All the time this guy Gable was known as the Great Lover he was causing great pain in my neck! But I've seen "It Happened One Night" and gosh—he's a grand comedian and actor when he isn't panting, tragically "sexy-motional" all over the place, isn't he?

Starr Icyda, 327, So. Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

IT HAD TO HAPPEN!
At last Myrna Loy's brilliant talents are being recognized. She can veer from an exotic siren to a sweet girl role with fine effect and that's real versatility. This cultured, beautiful and intelligent lady is sure to scale the heights.


IT'S THE CAT'S PAW!
Page Harold Lloyd—my risibles need tickling. Three times I saw "The Freshman" and even now the memories of his antics set me to laughing. Sex pictures have got me down. It will take a good old-fashioned Harold Lloyd laugh—yea, guffaw—to put me on my feet again.

Lee Hamilton, 1425 Rosewood Ave., Louisville, Ky.

TIP FOR HOLLYWOOD!
Producers look foolish when one of their number “discovers” someone who has been under his nose for years. They should, too! Why don't they “discover” Paul Cavanagh as a romantic menace, and star him in the Dell novel “Charles Rex”? The part's a darb, and fits him beautifully!

Beatrice McGuigan, 103-53 97th St., Ozone Park, Long Island.
A BREAK FOR THE BARD!

Hepburn in "Morning Glory" made us eager for her to complete Julia, but someone has failed to anticipate our whims...desires. Mr. Producer, Shakespeare is swell entertainment, as well as good melodrama. Why not cash in on what you made us like?

Mrs. Frank Elpers,
R. F. D. 5,
Loganport, Ind.

ALL POINTS WEST!

Let us have a lot more West coming east, aye, North and South too! What this depressed old world needs just now is a tonic of the West personality to be taken on its screens as often as possible. Mae has the prescription and we want it dispensed frequently, please!

Elsie Graves,
6A West Dock St.,

NEW HIGH FOR NORMA!

If you want to see an actress with beauty, charm, wit, superb acting ability—go to see Norma Shearer. Let us hope we may see more of her in such pictures as "Smiling Through" and her latest, "Riptide," in which she gives one of the finest performances of her career.

Isabelle Good,
60 Matchedash St.,
Orillia, Ont., Canada.

HARDY PERENNIAL!

Why not give Garbo "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" to do? She has all the inner fire and the suggestion of fatalism necessary for it. It would be an entirely new char-

Seer but not sinister! Boris Karloff, so chillingly cold on the screen, is the opposite of that in real life. Above you see him telling Jacqueline Wells' fortune between scenes for "The Black Cat."

OODLES OF MOODS!

I have no patience with those people who insist that Garbo is "all personality." A personality is a mood and is characterized with a specific appeal. Garbo, grander than ever in that grand picture "Queen Christina," was a masterpiece of moods—not merely a certain or specific one.

Ralph E. Schroeder,
Shawano, Wisc.

HAPPY LANDINGS!

Do you remember The Personality Kid in the picture "The Bowery"? Yes, I'm referring to George Raft, alias The Kid. Wouldn't it be a treat to see slick-haired George Raft in that memorable picture "The Patent Leather Kid." What a mug! What a picture! Are you watching Producers?

Andy Andrews,
1050 N. 46th St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

RAY! FOR ROSEMARY

Congratulations are in order to Rosemary Ames for her performance in "I Believed In You." Our new star is real and possesses what is known as character which is a trait these days. We want to see

acertion for her to undertake—as new in its way as was "Anna Christie."

Helen Rhodes,
625 Cambridge B'Tvd., S. E.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SAY IT WITH MUSIC!

Here's a rave from the home town for Lyle Talbot. And are we proud of him! But now we want everyone to know that he can sing, and how! So please give us a break and give Lyle a singing role. We predict everyone will rave about him after that.

Ruth Slater,
1618 Locust St.,
Omaha, Nebr.

LIKES HER THAT WAY!

Hurrah, hurrah! I've experienced "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime." The announcement that Katharine Hepburn's next role will be "Joan of Arc" is grand news. She was born to play this part. She symbolizes courage, daring and inspiration; even in her physique and general appearance resemble the famous "Maid of Orleans."

Yvonne H. Willis,
89 Suffield St.,
Hartford, Conn.

more of you Rosemary Ames for "We Believe In You!"

Gloria Schacter,
645 West End Ave.,
New York City.

REDUCE YOUR WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIREDLE...or it will cost you nothing!

We want you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of using exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny...try it for 10 days...then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The illustrations above show the Perfolastic Girdle worn with and without the new Perfolastic Detachable Uplift Brassiere.

SEND FOR THE FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 756, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name...
Address...

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card.
TO JOHN BARRYMORE—for the most adroit portrayal of his brilliant career, that of the exhibitionistic stage producer in "Twentieth Century." How Barrymore enjoys playing that part—and how audiences enjoy watching his fireworks! Applause, too, for his supporting players: Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, and Roscoe Karns, seen below.

HONOR TO THESE ARTISTS!

| 1. John Barrymore |
| 2. Shirley Temple |
| 3. Edward Arnold |
| 4. Frank Morgan |

TO SHIRLEY TEMPLE—for being not only the most deliciously appealing little personality ever captured by a movie camera, but for her amazing talents as an actress in "Little Miss Marker," with Adolphe Menjou. This baby is no freak performer, but a clever trouper who can make the most of every scene with never a cringe from the customers.
Honor Page

Yes—we know we call it our Honor "Page." But what can you do when there are so many fine players that it is impossible to select only one for the award? In all fairness, we must give honor where honor is due! Loud huzzas, cheers, and laurels, then, for four exciting performances

TO EDWARD ARNOLD—new monarch of “heavy-hero” roles. As Joan Crawford's bibulous millionaire-husband in "Sadie McKee," Mr. Arnold picks up the picture and reels off with it.

TO FRANK MORGAN—master of the difficult art of screen subtlety, for his panic performance as the dallying Duke in "The Affairs of Cellini." Of course it's a fat part, but what other actor could have made it ingratiating rather than merely ridiculous? Morgan steals the show from Constance Bennett, left, and Fredric March.
A SUAVE VILLAIN—
A DEEP MYSTERY—
A STUNNING GIRL—

That's all Bulldog Drummond wanted! And Scotland Yard spent the unhappiest hours of its life learning that Drummond...as usual..."got" his villain...and got his girl!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
presents

Ronald Colman.

in

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back

with LORETTA YOUNG
WARNER OLAND • UNA MERKEL
• CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production
DEAR Miss Robbins:
You're the latest!
I am watching you leave for Hollywood, where your very first rôle will be opposite John Barrymore. I am hearing you called "A second Katharine Hepburn." I am wishing you luck. But I am also going to give you a word (or two), of advice.
Yes, little girl—Grandma Evans knows that about the last thing an excited young actress on her first trip to Hollywood really wants, is a word of advice. As a matter of fact, the last thing anybody wants is advice. It's easier to give than to take. But from your nice, frank smile, I think you can take it. And I can give it—ask Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett.
You're on the high road to screen success, after a pleasant but modest career on Broadway and in stock. And already your company is calling you "a second Hepburn." At first, this sounds fine. "A second Hepburn"—visions of smash hits, Hispano-Suizas, deluxe suites on ocean liners—and, I may add, dirty dungarees. But how does it work out, this "second somebody" stuff? Not, if you will examine the records, so very well. Ask your uncle what happened to the "second Mary Pickford," Mary Miles Minter. Remember Dietrich had to live down her "second Garbo" publicity. The irony of it is that whenever a film company tries to promote a "second" star, along comes a fresh personality, totally different, to start a new cycle! For example: right in the midst of the Hepburn vogue, with Anna Sten as runner-up, there appears the latest rave, not another import, but a baby—a four-year-old named Shirley Temple! Try to figure that out. You can't.
And so I hope, instead of believing all the ballyhoo, you, Miss Robbins, will carve your own career. It looks very promising from here. You have an individual, unactressy charm—not at all like La Hepburn's amazing appeal, but quietly potent nevertheless. Your first film, "A Hat, A Coat, A Glove," will give you excellent opportunity. John Barrymore—if he likes you, and he'd better—will help you from the wealth of his great experience, as he helped Katharine Hepburn and Carole Lombard. And there will be your unseen army of boosters, the ever-eager, hopeful, warm-hearted movie-going public, to urge you on. Remember—we all want you to succeed—but as Barbara Robbins, someone new, someone different, not as another hollyterror-Hepburn. So no matter how much you are tempted by well-meaning praise-agents, don't let them persuade you to do any of these things:
1. Wear overalls, dungarees, breeches, trousers, or just plain pants.
2. Be photographed with a monkey.
3. Thumb your nose at news-cameramen.
4. Be rude to reporters.
5. Take yourself seriously.
Grand Duchess Marie

Royal Dynamite! Direct Descendant of Catherine the Great of Russia Reveals the Real Truth about Historical Romance on the Screen!

EDITOR'S NOTE: When the Grand Duchess Marie saw the motion picture, "Catherine the Great," she decided the must write about it—and SCREENLAND was the magazine fortunate enough to be selected to publish her exclusive article. Perhaps only SCREENLAND would be courageous enough to print the Grand Duchess' article exactly as she has written it! It must be pointed out that her expression of opinion in no way reflects the editorial opinion of SCREENLAND at to the entertainment value of the film. "Catherine the Great," starring Elizabeth Bergner. As a matter of fact, the film was most favorably reviewed in this magazine. But in the interests of truth, we are proud to present to the American public this frank and fearless review by Grand Duchess Marie—who is, like every screen spectator, entitled to her honest opinion, and is also particularly qualified, as a member of the last Imperial Russian royal family, to judge the merits of a picture based on one of her country's outstanding personages. And now let us know what you think! We want your honest opinion!

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

DISTORTION of historical facts, misinterpretation of historical characters and historically incorrect settings were for a long time a special privilege of Hollywood and a privilege of which Hollywood availed itself freely and with no scruples. Hollywood was sure that history Right, another portrait of Catherine the Great as we may assume she really looked, in uniform.

What a different Catherine created by Elizabeth Bergner, the great European star! Above, a scene from Bergner's screenplay, "Catherine the Great."

such as it had been lived and recorded would not hold the public's interest, and history had to be rewritten according to Hollywood ideas.

But in the last years this situation has undergone a decided change for the better. The studios possess at present their own reference libraries and their own staffs of technical advisers whose business it is to make the details of a historical production as correct as possible. And now Hollywood is turning out historical pictures the plots of which, although doctored up, are plausible; and the ensemble of which is studied.

The Czinner version of the story of Empress Catherine of Russia reminds one of the good old Hollywood days when from the sheer ignorance of those in authority a historical production on the screen degenerated into a farce.

Yet the story of Empress Catherine such as it was lived by her in reality is worthy of a better treatment. It contains possibilities of drama and romance which have not been touched upon by the director. Catherine was one of the boldest, one of the most interesting figures amongst the rulers of the eighteenth century; and it

Portrait of the Empress Catherine by Johann Baptist Lampi the elder. The colorful life of Catherine the Great has inspired two current film romances. Read what Grand Duchess Marie says about the cinema conception of the Empress.
EXPOSES ~
Screen’s Misinterpretation of History!

By
Grand Duchess Marie

was entirely through her own will, intelligence, and ambition that she developed into not only a great stateswoman but also into one of the most enlightened and cultured minds of her time. Since her arrival in Russia as a little German Princess her aim had been to occupy the Russian throne independently and she achieved it. She possessed a dynamic personality, knew how to be patient, but also how to draw advantage from every situation.

When very young she became the wife of a prince who was mentally unbalanced,

Press and public alike applauded Elizabeth Bergner in "Catherine the Great." She became, with one picture, a popular screen personage in America. See "Catherine the Great" if you haven't already done so—then be sure to read the Grand Duchess Marie's article on these pages! What do you think?
YOUR correspondent discovered "Nat" and "Googie" at home only after a thorough search of the twenty-second floor of a great New York hotel.

If "Nat" and "Googie" had been found, instead, at 42nd Street and Broadway, they would be Mr. George Burns and Miss Gracie Allen, at whose screen shadows thousands scream nightly, and whose voices, wafted weekly over the ether, bring joy to countless American homes.

I thought it would be much jollier to discover the famed team "at home," which to these veteran troupers is anywhere their wardrobe trunks are dropped by perspiring porters. In these surroundings, they become "Nat," which is George's real name, and "Googie," which is the giggling Gracie's pet name.

Burns and Allen were names famous and beloved by American vaudeville fans before ever a tube-set squawked or a screen squeaked. They had played every theatre, op'ry house, lodge-hall, and tent between Portland and Portland.

Without warning, vaudeville was shot from under them by a barrage of talking pictures. Instead of looking for the nearest breadline, the pair found movie magnates and radio tycoons hurling great masses of American money at them. After years of the modestly paid two-and-three-a-day, they became the ultimate product of a world gone talkie-mad and radio-daffy.

But before we prod deeper into the life and times of these charming products of our slightly goofy era, let us print the news about them. News of our flickering favorites is considered of general public interest.

This, then, is the news in re Burns and Allen.

Item One: They are going to adopt a baby! The white heat of this news is slightly modified by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Burns are (Continued on page 70)
Travelers' Return!

The happy Arlens are back home—and glad of it! Dick tells you all about their vacation

By
Laura Benham

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

RICHARD and Jobyna Ralston Arlen have often been called the sanest and most unaffected couple in Hollywood.

From the beginning they have been thoroughly consistent in maintaining their sense of proportion and retaining their perspective. More than any other members of the cinema colony they are typical of the average young American and his wife.

This complete normalcy characterizes everything they do and was proven anew by their account of their recent vacation abroad—their first. For during the two months that they spent in the Old World, they saw Europe not through the eyes of two celebrities, but as any keen-minded young couple might view it—with respect and appreciation, with sympathy and a sense of humor.

And upon their return, they related their experiences with a candor and ingenuity seldom encountered in the world’s acclaimed.

“We had a grand time—but we’re glad to be back,” they greeted me in unison when I saw them soon after they arrived in New York. “Europe was great and we enjoyed every minute of our trip. But trying to cover so much territory and see so many things within a limited time is very tiring. We’ll need a long rest in Hollywood to recover from our vacation!”

“We’re going to make a new picture, ‘Ready for Love,’ in which he will appear again with Ida Lupino. And for our bank balance to recover,” Dick added with a grin. “There (Continued on page 82)
KAY FRANCIS and BILL POWELL
Talk About Each Other

DECORATING Kay Francis’ dressing-room is a treasured collection of photographs of the handsome heroes with whom she has played during her film career. Ronald Colman, Ricardo Cortez, Richard Barthelmess, and many others—for Kay’s screen life is spent collecting masculine hearts.

In the most prominent spot of all is a large picture bearing the inscription: “From your perennial lover, Bill Powell.”

Kay explained, in that deep, husky voice so familiar to us on the screen: “Yes, we’ve been lovers in six pictures—but our romances never include the ‘happy-ever-after’ sequence. Bill always leaves me in the final fade-out!”

She checked them off. “In our first film together, ‘Behind the Make-Up,’ he committed suicide. In ‘Street of Chance,’ the only one in which we were really ever married, he was shot. This was my first leading part and I was terribly upset for fear my work wouldn’t be good enough for a Powell picture. But he was so fine through it all, helping and encouraging me, and by the time it was finished I had gained a new confidence.

“In For the Defence’ poor Bill was sent to jail, and in ‘One Way Passage’ we both died! In ‘The Jewel Robbery,’ he went away and I followed him, according to the scenario.” She added with a laugh, “I hope I caught him!

“If I had been in ‘The Key,’ Bill’s last picture under his Warner contract, as it was first planned, it would have been the old story again—he would have left me playing in six pictures together without a single flare-up nor a tiny scrap or even a hasty word, not one, who dares to say film stars are temperamental.

“Congenial? Oh, very,” Kay brushed aside my question. “Making a picture with Bill is always a grand adventure. He’s generous to work with, has an unflagging sense of humor, is witty, has a fine code of honor, and is so essentially a gentleman under all conditions.

“I shall never forget when we started ‘The Jewel Robbery.’ I was worn out having made four pictures in a row, finishing the last one at seven o’clock one night and starting ‘The Jewel Robbery’ (Continued on page 72)
Kay and Bill tell you what they think of each other as acting partners as well as personalities behind the make-believe of their roles as screen lovers.

By Maude Cheatham

When I mentioned his many pictures with Kay Francis, I met an enthusiastic response from William Powell. "Playing opposite Kay has been one of my happiest experiences since coming to the screen," he said, warmly. "She is not only a fine actress but a grand girl. We've worked and played together so long that I couldn't settle on any single quality I admire most. We've made pictures at both Paramount and Warners studios, where we were both under contract. Also, we have gone around with the same little social group. She knew Carole very well (meaning Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Powell)—and I knew Kenneth MacKenna. (Meaning Kay's recently divorced husband.) "Kay is deliciously feminine, with a thoroughly unconscious lure that captivates everyone. She's a very real person, vital, alive. She's well-read and is a stimulating conversationalist. Kay also is blessed with a gorgeous humor, and with an uncanny understanding of a man's mental processes she always gets his viewpoint. She's sincere, a square-shooter, a real comrade.

"An amusing thing about us when we are together is that as we become interested or excited we both drop into a fluttery stammer. She goes ah-ah-ah, while I stutter fu-fu-fu. By the time we come to we're speechless with laughter. So is everyone else who hears us."

We were chatting over luncheon at Bill's home in Beverly Hills. There was a serene and comfortable atmosphere pervading the beautiful rooms. With efficient servants the "feminine touch" seems no longer necessary in maintaining the perfect home.

It was a little disconcerting, I admitted to myself, as I watched the butler's quiet serving of a menu no woman's planning could excel. The French windows opened onto the patio and a garden, gay in a riot of flowers. Beyond, I could see the swimming pool with its shimmering reflection of the cypress hedge, fragrant in the noon-day sun.

It was peaceful and very pleasant. There were no outward evidences of heartbreak or disillusionment anywhere around, yet this was the very house where Bill and Carole spent their brief life together. I wondered just how deep the crushing of his romance went in his heart. He appeared to be the same suave and poised Mr. Powell.

I spoke of this: the suave and poised. I was bidding my time to speak of Carole.

"Ah, be sure and call me suave and polished! Add sophisticated, too! Every story about me dwells and dwells on these adjectives," and he flashed a little grin, not in the least sophisticated.

"If you but knew what it cost me to attain these qualities," he teased. "Believe me, they were laboriously cultivated through years of effort. As a boy in school just beginning to dream of a stage career I was handicapped by an inferiority complex. Tragic as this was, it urged me on to self-expression. I yearned to have poise, to be suave above all else in the world, and in my determination to become an actor I forced myself to assume the characteristics and mannerisms of other people. I played to myself, continually.

"Ten years on the stage (Continued on page 72)"
The Stars’ Studio Homes

Radiating the loveliness of the star to whom it is dedicated, is the dressing-room of Madge Evans, illustrated above, and one of the most attractive in Hollywood.

Mae West poses before the mirror in her own dressing-room before leaving to face the cameras in a scene for “It Ain’t No Sin.” She approves—so do we!

Observe the pictures left, and above, then guess whose dressing-room! Right! Jean Harlow designed these commodious quarters herself. Expressive of the star’s individuality.
You're privileged to peek into the dressing-rooms of your film favorites, personally conducted by Screenland!

Where the versatile Myrna Loy prepares to face the cameras—revealed above and at the left. A charming and cozy suite, don't you think?

Diana Wynyard's delicate charm is reflected in the decorative scheme of her dressing-room, shown at the left, above.

Clark Gable naturally would select drapes with a decorative motif pertaining to his favorite sport—horsemanship. Above, a corner of the Gable dressing-room.

You can see for yourself who are the favorite actors and actresses of Claudette Colbert—seen above in her dressing-room. The color scheme is white and blue.

Solid comfort amidst the business-like surroundings of an executive's office, is Bing Crosby's idea! See how neatly he has accomplished his plan—picture at left.
Are The Stars

Famous actor breaks long silence! And when a Barrymore finally decides to speak his mind, you hear plenty!

By Henry Albert Phillips

LIONEL BARRYMORE and I sat in his tower suite in a Park Avenue hotel where Barrymore was domiciled during his Manhattan personal appearance interlude. I kept fancying it was just a Hollywood "set" after all and the interview just another delightful, emotionally dramatic Barrymore play. It became more and more that way as our conversation proceeded.

It was when the subject of censorship of the motion picture was broached, that Lionel Barrymore fairly leaped out of his comfortable chair into action and into "character" of the back-stage Barrymore that one often hears about but, unfortunately, one very seldom sees.

"It's a curious thing—a damned curious thing, if you ask me!—how here in America we want always to tabulate and to pigeonhole and to label everything and everybody! If you are seen crossing Broadway more than twice a day, you are straightway labeled: 'A Broadway Pedestrian'. And then of course you will have to behave like a Broadway Pedestrian—whatever behavior that calls for in their one-tracked mind—or you will be severely criticised for not living up to—or down to—their idea of what you ought to be. It's the same with the screen. They've got it all nicely labeled and tied up with
blue ribbon. Like a pet put in a box and suffocating because a misguided 'friend' hasn't left an airhole to admit sunshine, fresh air and a little freedom of action! I've seen plays curl up and die by inches in production, because the producers were afraid of what critics might say about them, if they were allowed to develop naturally, as every living thing should."

It seemed to me that Mr. Barrymore was taking it all a little too much to heart, until I noticed as he stood there looking out over Park Avenue from our 36-story elevation, that his vision had approximated distant Broadway itself—the Broadway that he had not seen for a period of seven long professional years. Even Broadway had criticized him, for having gone plumb Hollywood. That's what was getting in his hair at the moment. The "Royal Family" of Barrymores never could stand criticism.

"I honestly can't think why my interest in Hollywood should preclude all interest in Broadway, or the other way about. As far as I'm concerned, Hollywood and Broadway do not tread on each other's toes. To me, pictures and the stage are just two different mediums of arriving at the same conclusion—if our critics mean to infer that I am quitting the pictures and going back to the stage. What's the difference to the artist—if he really is an artist and is sincere in wanting to create a work of art, whether it be a motion picture, a stage play or a canvas?"

Mr. Barrymore turned away from the window sharply and gave me a long piercing look, so familiar in decisive moments throughout his screen plays, contracting his brows and wrinkling up his fine sensitive features "in character." Somehow, I had become the villain of this piece—the hypercritical public—and he was putting me on the spot.

"They say 'standardize everything,'" he continued, raising a warning and expressive finger. "Movies, drama, art, places, people! They want to measure them all by the yard; to censor them according to the narrow vision of their own souls; to trim everything, to take the beauty and the personality out of everybody! Hell's bells!"

Mr. Barrymore hurried over to the thermos carafe and took a gulp of ice-water, as though in an effort to take some of the heat out of his conjectures. It was the resentment of one of the most talented men in pictures against petty criticism. Lionel Barrymore knew and felt what he was talking about, for he could have been equally a great concert pianist or a great painter, if he had followed them to the heights as he had the profession of acting. His work as a motion picture director had astonished the industry.

"It's all futile—a futile gesture!—and one that infuriates me. This widespread public squawking at Hollywood art, Hollywood salaries, Hollywood behavior—Hollywood this and Hollywood that!" He glared at me a moment with a shake of (Continued on page 78)
The Imp
that's known as
Angel!

Here's Heather, whose young life has been more eventful than any film she has ever made!

By
Reeves Harmon

HEATHER ANGEL'S name really is Heather Angel, though people seldom believe it. She was born in the beautiful university town of Oxford, England, on February 9, 1909—a nice, fat, round baby—and continued like that for some time!

Her early childhood was spent in the historic English town where she came into this world, and she would play in the college gardens, surrounded by old gray walls, with the lazy river Thames slowly drifting by.

The river mists at Oxford are full of secrets and romance—when they rise and curl dimly about the tall towers and spires, they look like great ghosts climbing to Heaven. An imaginative child absorbs a great deal in that atmosphere without knowing it. When she was very small, Heather told a story to her teddybear, which began: “Once upon a time, there was a cloud, and it had a bulge on its face, and whiskers which reached from here to Africa”—Pity that story wasn't finished, for it opened up endless possibilities!

Heather’s father, Andrea Angel, occupied the position of lecturer and tutor at Christ Church College, in Oxford. He taught chemistry and he would make experiments in his laboratory. When he came home from work Heather and her sister, one year older than herself, would rush at him and say, “What do you smell like today, Daddy?” (Referring to the chemical odors that clung to his clothes!)

War broke out when Heather was five and that changed the family life. Her father went as head chemist in a munition factory, engaging in very dangerous work.

One evening, there was a fire. Hundreds of tons of T. N. T. exploded. Mr. Angel rushed into one of the blazing buildings to rescue some of the firemen—and England said he was one of her greatest heroes. The King awarded the highest medal for bravery under fire, but Heather had lost her father. Though such a little mite, she realized her loss and the great change it brought in her life—new surroundings, a new outlook.

After that, the mother went out to work and the children spent much time on a farm. Heather was quite sure she would become a farmer. She went out early every morning to drive in the cows and could be seen trotting along singing to them, with a bunch of buttercups in her hand as a prod.

She never teased animals as some children do—any stray dog or cat was brought home and cared for tenderly. She had some sort of power over them, for she could take a kitten wild with play and put it to sleep in her arms in less than two minutes. She was the despair of any grown-up who tried to keep her clean or tidy, her favorite sport being to see how high she could climb in a tree or how far she could jump across ditches.

Of course, by this time, Heather had started to school, but if the truth were known she wasn’t at all a good girl. Whatever school she attended, the mistresses always thought she’d do better somewhere else! But Heather didn’t mind—she liked a change. She had a wonderful faculty, too, for catching things, so generally spent more time in the hospital than in the classroom.

“Heather Angel,” demanded the games mistress, angrily, at the end of one (Continued on page 77)
She Said "NO!"

to Thalberg!

Claire Trevor actually refused a film offer from the famous producer! Read about it!

By Martin Somers

I'm NOT going to fall in love, because my heart was broken when I was quite young and I prefer to leave it that way. It saves a lot of time and wear and tear!

Those, gentle readers, are the words of wisdom as expounded by Claire Trevor, latest of the up-and-at-'em group of actresses, whose acknowledged head is Glenda Farrell. Indeed, Claire and Glenda photograph surprisingly alike, although each retains her own individual characteristics.

Pretty, pert and twenty-two, Claire barged into pictures from the New York stage, and immediately was whisked away to Arizona for a horse opera opposite George O'Brien. While out there in the sage and cactus, trying to emulate the western star in shooting tarantulas and gila monsters with a six-gun, she had plenty of time to map out her future career in the studios—and section one specified that romance would play no part in it.

Accordingly, she's making every effort not to fall in love, and this, over a period of ten months, is quite an achievement. Particularly, when there are so many desirable males ever at hand, ready and eager to take her places and embark upon a cruise of domestic bliss.

"I almost had another heartbreak shortly after I arrived in town, though," she confesses, "but luckily I came to my senses before too many complications were encountered. I remembered in time the schedule I had set for myself, so the affair went no farther. But sometimes the allurements are very attractive and the going is rather tough."

She's quite frank and above-board, is this gal whose breezy manner has intrigued audiences the country over.

"When I was in Los Angeles several years ago with the 'Whistling In the Dark' company, Ernest Truex' play, several studios took tests of me and Mr. Irving Thalberg, one of the chief executives at M-G-M, called me out to his office and offered me a contract. I told him I didn't want it then:"

"At first, he wouldn't believe I was serious. Here was a girl, still unknown to the general public, who had the temerity to turn down a much-envied contract! It just didn't sound reasonable, for the salary amounted to much more than I was making as Ernest Truex' leading lady on the stage. As I think back, I wonder now how I ever had the nerve to try pictures, after refusing his generous offer. But here I am, and maybe you don't think I'm glad I came to Hollywood!"

You can gather by her turning down a highly remunerative studio contract point-plunk just what type of person Claire Trevor really is. She realized she hadn't had enough experience to be successful on the screen. And as long as acting was to be her career, why not wait until she had gained that experience before attempting to crash the movies.

Those who know Claire well, though, will tell you she's like that. Independent—that's the word that describes her—that and the fact that she's deucedly courageous.

As her first professional engagement, she went to Ann Arbor, Mich., to play in a (Continued on page 95)
How To Have

If you really wish to achieve that glorious figure you have dreamed about, follow the advice given here by James Davies, Hollywood’s favorite physical culturist. Famous screen stars swear by the Davies methods. Now you, too, may find the way to health and loveliness by making the most of our exclusive series of articles, of which this is the third.

LAST month I told you how to build yourself up, and the month before that I explained how to take off surplus weight.

But there are many of you who feel that you are neither very much underweight or overweight, as a whole—the trouble is you’re fat here and skinny there!

I’ve seen girls with lovely feet and legs whose hip measurements were out of all reason, and I’ve heard girls with otherwise beautiful figures bemoaning the thickness of their ankles.

Maybe you are half satisfied with your reflection when you look in the mirror; maybe you feel that it only something could be done about your round shoulders, or your incipient double chin, or your big waist, you could give Marlene Dietrich a run for her money; maybe you’re right!

Accompanying this article is a schedule giving measurements of seven glamorous actresses together with the measurements of the cele-

Mary Boland, right, has the finest carriage of any actress in pictures, according to Davies.

Sylvia Sidney, left, possesses the prettiest back, says James Davies.

Here’s Jim Davies Practicing What He Preaches!

Have you been following this series of exclusive articles in which James Davies, physical culture advisor to such noted stars as Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert, Mae West, and many others, gives you exactly the same exercises that he uses to help the stars achieve and maintain their Hollywood figures? If not, start right now—this, the third article in the series, is just as fascinating as the first and second. And now—we take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Davies will answer the most interesting questions as to weight, building-up, and other essentials of that Hollywood figure.

Mr. Davies cannot answer your questions by mail, neither can he answer all of your letters but he will personally select the letters of most general interest and his answers will be published in SCREENLAND. Address your letters to Mr. James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Who has the loveliest legs? Marlene Dietrich, says Mr. Davies. Do you agree?
brated Venus de Milo—and what are regarded as the “ideal” measurements of beauty.

How do you check up?

Remember that you must take into account the difference in size and weight of bone structure, so don’t feel too badly if your weight is more than Sylvia Sidney’s, even though your measurements seem very much the same.

After you’ve measured yourself, go back and look at yourself in the mirror. Stand the way you habitually do. Does your abdomen stick out? Do your shoulders sag forward? Is there a suggestion of another chin? Or have you a hollow where your chest ought to be?

Your measurements may be all that anyone could wish, and yet all these things may be true.

It’s the way you hold yourself!

Mary Boland and Mae West both carry themselves well. So does Miriam Hopkins. (Continued on page 68)

Nicest ankles?

Well, James Davies, who is Miriam’s physical culturist, selects Miss Hopkins, shown here in tennis togs.

Most beautiful neck and shoulders of any screen queen—Claudette Colbert.

Nicest ankles?

Well, James Davies, who is Miriam’s physical culturist, selects Miss Hopkins, shown here in tennis togs.

Do

HOLLYWOOD FIGURES

Rival the

Venus de Milo’s?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Weight</th>
<th>Height</th>
<th>Neck</th>
<th>Bust</th>
<th>Waist</th>
<th>Hips</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Marlene Dietrich</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>5-5</td>
<td>13½</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claudette Colbert</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>5-3</td>
<td>13½</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvia Sidney</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>5-3</td>
<td>12½</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>25½</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gail Patrick</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>5-7</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miriam Hopkins</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>5-2</td>
<td>13½</td>
<td>34½</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carole Lombard</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>5-4</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>34½</td>
<td>24½</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Boland</td>
<td>125</td>
<td>5-4</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venus de Milo</td>
<td>14.8</td>
<td>5-5</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>31.2</td>
<td>40.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ideal Girl</strong></td>
<td>130</td>
<td>5-5</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>25½</td>
<td>35½</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(24-25 yrs. old)

Most beautiful neck and shoulders of any screen queen—Claudette Colbert.

The classic ideal of beauty, the Venus de Milo.

P. E. Chauffourier

Slimmest hips of any movie star belong to Carole Lombard, Davies decrees.

Most beautiful neck and shoulders of any screen queen—Claudette Colbert.

The classic ideal of beauty, the Venus de Milo.

P. E. Chauffourier

Slimmest hips of any movie star belong to Carole Lombard, Davies decrees.
Montgomery's New Home

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

Bob himself, whose lil' gay home in the East is here shown to his fan friends for the first time.

Reproductions of the interiors of Robert Montgomery's eastern home courtesy of E. Gilbert Mason, interior designer. Photographs by Percy Rainford, N. Y.

The living room is shown in the large picture at the top, with its original beams, its furniture especially designed and made, its Early American design wallpaper. The carpet is green, the draperies brown, red, and yellow glazed chintz with calico flowers. At the left, living room from another view. Gun room, at left above, has knotty pine paneling, the original beams, doors, and hardware, built-in gun closet, and linen draperies in brown, tan, and green stripes. In the view of the dining room, directly above, note the unusual sawbuck table with refectory ends, from an original design; the ladder-back chairs, the floor-covering adapted from a handmade carpet.
YOU'VE seen hundreds of pictures of stars "at home." Gorgeous or gaudy, palatial or merely pretentious; designed by Bill Haines or other expensive decorators, the movie mansions are well worth looking at. But most of them seem to smack of Hollywood, don't they? They're show places, somehow. Now here's something different! The favorite home of the Robert Montgomerys—they have two, for they must live in Hollywood while Bob is working—is a remodeled farmhouse near Pawling, in Montgomery's native state of New York. The house was built in 1812; all the original charm has been retained. The job of interior designing is something to cheer about. You folks who sigh when you see the average screen star's home, as being too lavish in taste, will want to study these exclusive photographs, for they present the cheerful, comfortable American home at its best. E. Gilbert Mason is the interior designer. Mr. Mason, by the way, will soon be designing interiors directly for the screen; he is one of the youngest and cleverest artists in his field. The Montogmerys are enjoying their new home as you will enjoy these views revealing its decorative scheme and commodious features.

When a Hollywood star builds a new mansion, that's nice. But when a Hollywood star remodels an old farmhouse in his native Eastern state and makes it his permanent home, that's NEWS! And here we're giving you the very first, only, and exclusive views of Robert Montgomery's private retreat, where he spends all his vacations and where he plans to retire—some day in the distant future!
THE screen’s laugh team, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, chorused: “Of course, we enjoy our comedies together”—in such perfect unison that I accused them of rehearsing the line.

“I’m not really so funny,” began Charlie. “I’m just the guy who laughs when he sees a man fall off the curb and the next minute runs to help him up. But thank God, I am blessed with a humor that gets over on the screen for look where it has carried me—playing with Mary Boland!”

“Not funny!” exclaimed Mary, brushing aside the compliment. “You have the keenest sense of the ridiculous and can create a humorous character—timid, bashful, oozing inferiority complexes of every kind—or a boastful Lothario. You’re so human and real, too, that the audience holds out its hand in sympathy even while it laughs.”

We were having a merry threesome chat in Ruggles’ dressing-room. Mary had been describing the costume she wore as a queen of a South Sea island, in “Down to Their Last Yacht,” which she recently made for another studio; and Charlie was making a hilarious bluff at being shocked.

He wailed dramatically, “When she leaves her home studio she gets into mischief! In our pictures together she is a modest woman, wearing real clothes, not merely a feather duster and a hula-hula skirt. Why, ‘Mama,’ I blush for you! Tell ‘Papa,’ did you flirt with the shipwrecked crew?”

Mary settled herself into a comfortable corner of Charlie’s big davenport, then flashed him a wicked smile.

“All of them, dearie, all of them! It was very exciting.

“In our comedies I am always so respectfully married that I never have a chance to go on the make for a handsome stranger. I’m the dumb but dutiful wife, saying and doing embarrassing things but adoring my husband.

Why, I have worn the same wedding ring in all our pictures together.”

“You’ll notice, too,” explained Charlie, with a grin, “that it is the old-fashioned plain band ring that keeps couples together, not a studded-with-diamonds bauble that slips off so readily. We’re that kind of people; once married we stay married!”

“And our love scenes are always sweet,” put in Mary, “not the least sexy, though Charlie could get away with murder; his whimsical innocence would carry him anywhere. He has a deft comedy technique that gives plausibility to every scene and it is easy to laugh with him.”

“Ah,” gaily retorted Charlie, “and here’s one for you! No matter how broad the comedy, Mary retains her sweetness, a certain feminine dignity. She always looks so pretty, too.”

“Our characters do not depend upon youth or beauty,” continued Mary. “We try to reach out and show our audiences more than one phase of life, developing the little homey incidents that come to every married couple.”
Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland divulge, for the first time, their trade secrets. Now you can learn just how they make you laugh!

By Sydney Valentine

“Do you realize, Mary,” bantered Charlie, “that we’ve had more bedroom scenes than any other couple on the screen and with less excitement? Even the censors do not bother us.”

“Our most amusing scenes were in ‘If I Had a Million,’” she grew reminiscent, “‘Mama Loves Papa,’ was a lot of fun to make, but ‘Six of a Kind,’” she shuddered, “was the hardest.”

“Especially the cliff scenes?” teased Charlie. “Poor Mary, she almost passed out with nervous jitters making those. Walking backwards and at the count of four to plunge off the cliff into space was a tough job. They spent three days on that sequence and it began to look as if I would not have a wife to complete the journey to California.”

“I noticed that you didn’t think stepping off that mountain to rescue me was such a lark,” she bantered.

“Tut, tut, perhaps my bravery didn’t shine brightly at that moment but we won’t go into that. We’ll just pray the act doesn’t establish a cycle to be repeated in other films.”

“Our love scenes are reserved for the screen,” she continued. “We never see each other out of the studio. I’ve never been on a party with Charlie, never even had a luncheon or dinner date with him. This isn’t surprising when you consider that we neither one go about much. Charlie’s one dissipation is going to the weekly fights. The height of my social gaiety is an evening at bridge.

“No, we didn’t know each other while on the New York stage. Our first picture together was ‘Secrets of a Secretary,’ with Claudette Colbert and made at the Astoria studio, in New York. But we never once encountered each other either on or off the screen. We were introduced after we came to Hollywood and started to make ‘The Night of June 13th.’ I recall I eyed him with interest!”

“Ha, ha!” flipped Charlie, “how much deeper the interest had you known how many times we would be married! We’re on a cinematic marital vacation right now but our comedies are to go on and on, for we are scheduled to make three or four each year. Our next will be ‘Her Master’s Voice.’”

“Leisurely relighting his favorite pipe, Ruggles continued, “The art of nonsense is a necessary part of living and comedy is the most fascinating phase of the acting profession. But it is serious business. A laugh sequence is a fragile thing and may topple into a heap with one false step that destroys the illusion being built up.

“Our comedies deal with realities, with the simple, everyday incidents that all married people are familiar with. They see themselves in the embarrassing predicaments we are enacting and they respond to the comic aspects.

“Odd about comedy! It is always in demand, yet it hasn’t the lasting qualities of drama. Think back and you’ll find that the plays and pictures that linger in your mind are built of drama, not (Continued on page 91)
May Robson's Romance!

It's one of Hollywood's sweetest, revealed here for the first time

By Whitney Williams

A BEAUTIFUL new romance has been unearthed in Hollywood—but never in a million years would you be able to guess the identity of the two principals!

They're May Robson and her son, Edward Gore, a prominent broker in New York! This adoration has existed for many years, but only recently has it come to light, an affection surpassing in reverence and feeling that experienced by the average mother and son.

Ever since her son was old enough to read, May Robson has written him a letter every day—and not a day has passed since that memorable occasion when he laboriously penned out his first childish message that he hasn't sent his mother some greeting.

Sometimes it would be in a theatre when she was thousands of miles away from him; sometimes, on trains or waiting in a stuffy depot while a blizzard raged outside, on the station platform of a one-night stand, in the mountains and in cities; wherever she might be, May Robson never failed to write that daily letter to her son. And, as regularly, his letters were dropped in the mailbox, oftentimes not reaching her for several weeks.

This lovely secret was discovered while Miss Robson, awaiting a scene for her latest picture, "You Can't Buy Everything," was caught inscribing a note on the smooth surface of a paper bag. When questioned, she revealed for the first time this lasting devotion which every woman will understand.

A tender expression creeps over the veteran actress' features whenever she speaks of her son. As we talked, later, in the patio of her Mexican home in Beverly Hills, sitting beside a cage of love-birds and yellow finches and under three stately sycamores, she looked radiantly happy.

That morning's post had brought the message, "All's well. Too busy to write. Big deal pending. Wish me luck. Love, Edward." Brief as it was, that billet meant as much as though it had consumed seventeen pages.

"Sometimes we write many pages and again nothing more than a few lines," she explained, "but we know, Edward and I, that each is thinking of the other. Most of my life has been spent away from my (Continued on page 80)
HELEN HAYES has made her choice!
She told me about it shortly after she read that interesting article in the May issue of SCREENLAND—"Have They a Right to a Private Life?"—in which James Marion contended that a picture actress must be willing to let interviewers make her private life the property of the public as part of the bargain between the public and the actress who has accepted fame and wealth in return.

Two years ago when Helen entered pictures she had handled interviews in a simple, business-like manner as a part of picture making. Although she bewailed the fact that she wasn't an actress who made good copy, she had told me in one hour over lunch enough about herself to make three saleable stories for which my landlord and myself were duly grateful!

Now that Helen was returning to pictures after such a successful stage run in "Mary of Scotland" I had wanted to see her again and interview her own Mary. Helen said she didn't want to talk about the child. She didn't want to use her motherhood for publicity purposes. Nevertheless she wasn't in sympathy with the new attitude stars were taking about publicity, and so we made a date for dinner to talk the situation over.

The thing I love Helen Hayes for is not just her great acting but her great honesty. Aside from genius, wealth, and fame, Helen as a human being seems to speak my language.

What can you do with a girl who has just finished playing a queen and who sallies forth with "goulashes" to match your own and has fun sharing your umbrella? At a nearby restaurant over dinner Helen told me exactly how she felt about (Continued on page 93)
PAT PATTERSON is just like a champagne bubble bursting into life. Petite, blond, she has the effervescence that goes with suppressed excitement. Her eyes are grey-green and twinkle, her complexion limpid, her cheeks colored by the sturdy climate of England. She is talking before you have a chance to ask any questions.

"What do you think of my marriage? Think it's a good idea?"

"I think it's splendid. Congratulations!"

"You'd better say that!" she enthuses. "Let's pop over and see him now—my husband."

On the way to Charles Boyer's dressing-room she talks brightly of many things. It is difficult to imagine a life so varied and eventful in one so young. A star on the London stage and screen; appearing in command performance before the King and Queen; and, crowning achievement of all, she was at the helm of the Mermaid when it won the King's regatta at Cowes. That, to an Englishman, is something! And now American movies, beginning with "Bottoms Up." But this vivacious young girl is talking about her husband! She met Charles Boyer, the Parisian star whom Lasky imported and put under contract, and married him within three days!

"So you really didn't have an opportunity to know American men?"

"Oh, but I did! I met quite a few. In London as well as here."

"Do you like them?"

"What woman wouldn't? They're so gay and light-hearted. Yet they always have their feet on the ground."

"And how do you feel about Englishmen?"

"Of course I adore them. They're my countrymen. But they're awfully reserved. They can never forget themselves—never let go."

"So you married a Frenchman?"

A gleeful smile was the only answer. It was enough. We entered the dressing-room, and as soon as Charles Boyer appeared it was easy to understand her happiness. Introductions over, he announced (Continued on page 88)
Best yet in our series of personally autographed star portraits! Gable selected this natural pose because it expresses his feelings when he has just finished a film!

This is the way I look when the last scene of a picture in italien

Clark Gable
Jean Steals a Scene from the Pacific

That irresistible, inveterate little scene-stealer, Jean Parker, makes the Pacific Ocean just a back-drop for her gay good humor. The nineteen-year-old who has given that overworked word, "ingénue," a new meaning in Hollywood, takes a day off from the studio, but she can't dodge a cameraman even then!
If Broadway Could Only See Them Now!

Or, why New York players accept movie contracts! Both deserters from the play marts of old Broadway, Spencer Tracy and Alice Faye seem quite, quite happy in their new environment. And why not, when their new picture together calls for a location trip to the beach? Broadway was never like this!

Alice gives you glimpses, left and below, of her favorite beach ensemble. It's red, white, and blue gingham! The navy blue piqué jacket has lapels of gingham check; the shorts are navy blue, too; and the blue hat has checked gingham trim. Like it?
What's Wrong With This Picture?

WILL ROGERS, wearing the loudest thing in golf togs, goes into his rope act! It's all for Art and "Handy Andy," Will's most recent release. Right, the internationally-minded philosopher as he looks when he is just about to utter one of those cracks heard 'round the world.

Duck, everybody!
Hi There, Hopkins!

Doing a Dietrich? What? Oh, sorry! Glad to hear you're just masquerading for your grand part in "She Loves Me Not," which calls for the boyish attire. Miriam Hopkins and Bing Crosby—and what a team!—co-star in the screen version of the Broadway stage hit.
Bette Davis plays the blonde in the Maugham hero's moody life—Bette's best portrayal.

Kay Johnson has a sympathetic rôle with Mr. Howard.

Frances Dee, below, plays the "good influence."

Moody Hero!

But don't be deceived—Leslie Howard is really in his element portraying the difficult and exacting rôle of W. Somerset Maugham's most famous character in "Of Human Bondage." It's a departure for Howard, this part, and he hopes you'll like it as much as he enjoyed playing it.
Happy Heroine!

We christened Marion Davies, "The Sunshine Star," and the label stuck!— and the label "Happy Heroine!"

Her new film is a colorful Civil War romance.

Two views above and below of Miss Davies' wonderful clinic for children in Sawtelle, California. The best of all good reasons for calling her "The Sunshine Star."
OR—WHY Don Juan had a Private Life! Merle Oberon, loveliest of Douglas Fairbanks' leading ladies in his new film, repeats the success she won in "Henry the Eighth" with Charles Laughton.
Are you glad that Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook, stars of the memorable "Cavalcade," are reunited on the screen? Let's hope they make many more pictures together. Here is La Wynyard at her loveliest and liveliest.
It's the real thing! Nature at her loveliest, both in the setting and the sweet young things—Maxine Doyle on the right, Margaret Carthew on the left. Their home studio is seen in the distance in this remarkable photograph. (The flowers are real, too!)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Dolores Del Rio in "Du Barry"
It's been a long time between Lloyd laugh films! But here's Harold, specs and all, in his new picture, "The Cat's Paw." Grace Bradley, the lovely alluring menace, is seen with Harold in the scene at the left. Far cry from "Grandma's Boy."

Why, here's Una Merkel! Yes, she's Harold's heroine, and she has never been funnier, according to our West Coast sleuths. Where there's Merkel there's more mirth!

Harold, How Could You?

We always thought you were such a shy, retiring fellow! And here you are in your new laughie completely surrounded by glamorous gals!

Harold in the clutches of a night-club siren! Something pretty new for Lloyd. Grace Bradley is the girl.

Harold Lloyd, shrewd showman, sees the audience-appeal of screen musicals, and joins the cinema chorus.
Advice to Blondes on Make-Up
by Genevieve Tobin

"After all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction... so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, the pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

Whatever your type... blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipsticks, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.

Genevieve Tobin and Cary Grant in "Kiss and Make-Up" A Paramount Picture produced by R. P. Schulberg
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Max Factor * Hollywood
Society Make-Up... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

---

**Test Your Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick**

---

**Advice to Blondes on Make-Up**

**POWDER**... Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Pink Powder. Its life-like color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satiny-like make-up that will cling for hours.

**ROUGE**... The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge... Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; and its creamy-smooth texture makes it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.

**LIPSTICK**... Lips accent in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of lovely beauty. Perfect lip make-up!... for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.
Old-Fashioned Charm by a Hollywood Modern

Irene Dunne is the only movie actress-golfer ever to make a hole in one; she is a fearless flyer, "commuting" between her happy married life in Manhattan and her cinema work in California—and yet she remains the screen's foremost interpreter of old-fashioned heroines! Read the story on the opposite page for some amazing facts about this fascinating girl.

Left, Irene as she appears in "Stingaree," wearing a costume of the Seventies. Below, Miss Dunne as she really is, a modern of the moderns, smart, sophisticated, clever, courageous—a charming enigma!
How do you like Irene in her quaint coiffure? A scene with Richard Dix.

SO—Nothing Ever Happens to Irene Dunne?

You think so? Read this story and you'll change your mind!

A TRANSCONTINENTAL passenger plane shoved its blunt nose inquisitively through a thick fog that hovered, like a wet white blanket, over Los Angeles.

Like the ghost of a giant, prehistoric bird, it floated aimlessly, turning and circling, tracing and retracing its lofty orbit. Occasionally it dipped slightly, but for the most part the huge ship maintained its high level.

That plane was lost in the fog. Somewhere below, the pilots were reasonably sure, stretched Los Angeles. And somewhere within the fifty miles square, deep down through that impenetrable fog, yawned an expansive landing field, where airline officials had already been waiting nearly three hours for the missing plane.

The pilots dared not drift groundward, for they had no way of being sure that they were clear of the mountains which flank Los Angeles to the East and North.

Nor could they be certain that they were not momentarily soaring above one of the slender towers that here and there shoot upward from Los Angeles' drab skyline.

So the great, steel bird droned onward, helpless as a canoe in the rapids above Niagara.

Seven passengers were in that ship, and Irene Dunne was one of them. She was a lone woman among nine men, counting the plane's two pilots and the steward.

Ten human beings at the mercy of the skies. One woman and nine men living a few tormenting hours of Hell!

Every nerve was at the breaking point. White-faced from fear and strain, they sat in deathlike silence. Hours ago they had ceased to talk, except in drawn, hollow whispers. Even the steward had lapsed into an ominous quiet.

With a suddenness that jumped anxious hearts into already choking throats, one (Continued on page 85)
Movie Magic
Made These Girls Great Stars

By
James M. Fidler

MORE and more is the motion picture industry taking the element of haphazard luck out of its selection of acting talent.

There was a time when producers scoffed at the idea of "building stars." "Why take time and trouble to educate them, when we can put any little girl into a big picture and make her a star over-night?" was the universal cry. To prove that their words were true, the producers cited such examples as Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and scores more who were almost unheard-of one day, and famous the next.

That era is past. It ended with the advent of sound and talking pictures, but producers were at first reluctant to recognize the fact that they had lost the power of building big names over-night. In fact, they continued to strive for over-night stars, and they long were in confusion because old methods were proving futile.

At last the motion picture executives admitted even to themselves that the business had changed, and that the over-night building of stars was never to be again. This full realization came to them only a few months ago, and now Hollywood is witnessing a new and savage battle among the studios—a battle to groom young talent for future stardom; a fight to build new players to some day replace the old.

Last month I took you on a visit to Paramount Studio, when I introduced you to that studio's "younger set." This month we travel a few miles out-
How many of the doughty debs here presented will win your favor? Second in our series of articles presenting Hollywood's young hopefuls side of Hollywood—to Culver City, where the towering gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer open to let us enter. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, or, as the studio is more familiarly known, M-G-M, is really the "Home of Stars." It has been the policy of this company's executives to contract big names, and to present those big names with opportunities to become greater. Here are enrolled Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Madge Evans, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Wallace Beery, Ramon Novarro, Johnny Weissmuller, Lionel Barrymore and others.

And here, also, is one of the most promising schools of young players in filmland. I refer to them as a "school of young players" because they really are in school, literally and figuratively. They attend elocution classes, dancing classes, singing classes, music classes, and classes in dramatic acting. They work at their studies just as seriously and as energetically as do the pupils of any regulation grammar or high school.

Jean Parker, Mary Carlisle, Florine McKinney, Betty Furness, Martha Sleeper, Joan Gale, Irene Hervey, Muriel Evans, Shirley Ross and Ruth Channing are the principals of M-G-M's debutante group. Mark well those names, for among them are undoubtedly a few of your stars of tomorrow. Already some are showing evidences of (Continued on page 75)
Be gay! commands Carole. Be just as crazy in costume and coiffure as you choose, so long as you're amusing! See Carole's version of the serape, brown linen lined in green terry cloth, to go over a swimsuit and also spread out as a beach robe.

Above, close-up of Carole's beach sombrero with a bright yellow cord.

Carole's classic bathing-suit: one-piece, of course, and all white.
Dignity for formal daytime occasions, rules Carole. Her large hat of dark brown milan has a cluster of brown and white flowers at the front of the shallow crown.

All of Carole's evening things this Summer are navy blue! The stream-lined navy blue crêpe, left, is super-smart. Her favorite informal dinner suit, shown at right, boasts polka-dots on white net. The red belt supplies the only bright note.

Carole Lombard has no clothes inhibitions. That's why she is always so gorgeous to watch. She adores a gown like the one she is wearing, right. Midnight blue pailettes glitter on midnight blue organdy! There's a matching jacket. Someone has said that Carole wears her clothes as an English Duchess should—and we agree!

The Lovely Lombard Gives You Her Glamor Secrets! Important to Blondes—but Just as Interesting to Everybody!

Navy, blue and white! Taffeta plus organdy! Alluring co-stars worn by Carole, to the left, with true chic. Note that Carole is still wearing "the biggest star sapphire in Hollywood," given her by William Powell when he was Mr. Lombard! A girl must have lovely hands to live up to a ring like this—and Carole has! She prefers bright carmine nails, even the tips tinted.
Murder At
The Vanities
Paramount

It's gay and it glitters! It has girls, gags, Jack Oakie, Victor McLaglen, and two murders! Whether the girls really are, as billed by producer Earl Carroll, "the most beautiful girls in the world;" whether the gags are this year's or last year's or even the year's before that; whether two murders are too modest a number—you'll have to decide for yourself. All I can promise you is a big, handsome show with some suspense, some fun, some good tunes, and the aforementioned Mr. Oakie, whose one-man show I personally prefer to most eight-star revues. All right! That's settled—you'll see it! So you'll welcome Kitty Carlisle, season's brightest recruit from Broadway; Dorothy Stickney, clever comedienne; the Carroll cuties; and Mr. McLaglen, who has the congenial task of investigating the back-stage doings at a Vanities Broadway opening with Murder as an unbidden, extra-added attraction. Gertrude Michael and Gail Patrick are the decorative victims. (No, I won't tell who did it.) This picture marks the American screen début of Carl Brisson, European matinee idol. M. Brisson has curly hair, dimples, and a nice voice.

Twentieth
Century
Columbia

A field-day for John Barrymore and for his audience! If you are with me in preferring Mr. Barrymore the Harlequin to Mr. Barrymore the Svengali, you'll enjoy every minute of this picture. The Great John has been waiting for years for this chance to lampoon certain stage producers, to satirize actresses of the chalk-marks school, to tear to shreds the sacred Broadway traditions. As Oscar Jaffe he has the time of his life. He makes 'em, he breaks 'em; he turns a dumb blonde into a great stage star, only to have her leave him for the golden films. They meet again on the 20th Century Limited, and Lily Garland, the actress, now a cinema celebrity, will have none of her former boss, until—but if you haven't yet seen this show it will spoil the fun to tell you more. Just watch for Walter Connolly as Jaffe's harassed business manager; for Roscoe Karns as the humorous press-agent; and for Etienne Girardot as the big sticker-and-label man. And now for Carole Lombard—surprise, surprise! Inspired by Barrymore, this gorgeous blonde suddenly becomes an expert actress, a clever comedienne, a potent personality. Oh, Mr. Barrymore! How about training some of our other young players?

Little
Miss Marker
Paramount

The new wonder-star, Shirley Temple, in her latest smash hit! The Garbo-Dietrich-Hepburn-Gaynor of 1934 is better, though not bigger, than ever in her most sympathetic rôle to date. "Little Miss Marker" might have been written for her. Damon Runyon, author of "Lady for a Day," has turned out another success, this time the story of a child who becomes the ward of a hard-boiled gambler, and thus starts the funniest reformation that Broadway ever saw. Far-fetched? It may sound so, but actually it is the most refreshing, as well as the most wholesome picture of the month. Imagine Menjou—this time the "Front Page" Menjou rather than the elegant Adolphe—as a bookmaker with a baby on his hands! Incidentally, although this film may appeal mostly to the women of the family, the husbands, brothers, and boy-friends need not fear boredom, for the race-track types, the robust background, and the general good humor will amuse them mightily. Dorothy Dell, the torch-singing eye-filler, makes the most of her rôle. Charles Bickford is good, too. Here is the best current answer to the prayer for clean pictures that are also good entertainment. See it!
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Good Pictures!
Good Acting!

FUNNIEST: "The Affairs of Cellini"
CLEVEREST: "Twentieth Century"
MOST LAVISH: "Murder at the Vanities"
MOST APPEALING: "Little Miss Marker"
MOST ADULT: "The Thin Man"


Dr. Monica

Put three of Hollywood's most stunning women in one picture—Kay Francis, Verree Teasdale, and Jean Muir—and what have you? You have "Doctor Monica," a motion picture to appeal to most women and some men. It's a story based on the delicate subject of motherhood, intelligently told. Kay Francis plays a brilliant woman doctor who specializes in bringing babies into the world. Now, now, wait a minute! Kay is not going to tell you about her operation. This is no gridy drama of the hospital, but a very human drama of the problems of modern womanhood. Warren William, as Doctor Monica's author husband, indulges in what he believes to be a casual enough love affair with Jean Muir, and never discovers the outcome, though it nearly wrecks the life of his wife. There are moments of heartbreaking realism between Miss Francis as the wife and Miss Muir as the "other woman," in which the latter finally strikes her stride as a dramatic actress, and very nearly takes the picture from the lovely star. But La Francis, as you know, always holds her own, and this film is no exception, even though extra competition is provided by Verree Teasdale.

Sadie McKee

This is a Joan Crawford picture—with a difference. The difference is that Joan does not dominate the film. Instead, her three leading men are the real stars. First, Edward Arnold; as the generous millionaire who marries Sadie, ex-waitress and night-club gal, he is amazingly good and completely unhummy. Second Gene Raymond, who displays a new maturity in his role of Sadie's first sweetheart who leaves her flat for a vaudeville singer. Third, Franchot Tone as the very priggish aristocrat who "stands by" and whose patience is at last rewarded when Sadie eventually turns to him. All three actors, especially Arnold, are truly excellent. Miss Crawford gives a conscientious performance as the little waitress who marries wealth but fails to find happiness; but she somehow lacks conviction, and certainly she lacks fire. She seems more highly stylized than ever before. Careful, Joan—or you'll turn into a veritable Erte lady right before our eyes, instead of developing as a warm and human actress. The Vina Delmar story should have made smashing popular cinema stuff, but the screen translation often misses, notably in the scene in which Sadie wins over her servants.

The Affairs of Cellini

Twentieth Century

My personal pet of the pictures of the month! If you're expecting a sane and sober review, you'll be disappointed. This is going to be a rave. For one thing, it is the smoothest screenplay in seasons: technically flawless, superbly directed, wittily written, and exquisitely played. For another, it is the only picture save "Twentieth Century" that I've seen in many weeks that seemed all too short. Just as I was really settling down to enjoy myself—zip, it was over! Now you know as well as I do how rare that is. These cinematic adventures of the great goldsmith of sixteenth-century Italy, Benvenuto Cellini, are deliciously set forth with Fredric March as the oh-so-dashing Ben, Constance Bennett as the alluring Duchess and patroness of the arts—and of the artist; Frank Morgan as the philandering Duke, and Fay Wray revealing an unsuspected gift for comedy as Cellini's moronic model who much prefers a ducal palace to an artist's studio—all superlative, with Mr. Morgan in the lead. Meaning that Morgan is practically magnificent—for every member of the stellar quartet sparkles like mad. It's a grand show!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Radio Parade!

Things your loudspeaker won't tell you about some radio favorites

IT IS not so long since many of us who had kept our eyes focussed on the movie arena, (or do I mean merry-go-round?) were so artless and opinionated as to think that show business could conjure nothing more excitingly colorful, more fantastically volcanic, than we had witnessed time and time again.

Well, we've seen radio arrive—and learned how wrong we were!

Now it is the pleasant privilege of this erstwhile member of that guileless group, to roam the corridors of the air castles and report such fragments of the dramatic spectacle taking place behind the microphones, as you, and you, and you may command summoned to your doorstep.

So let's be about this exciting chore, and see who we meet and what we may overhear in our travels around the haunts of the radio people.

Radio's First Lady, pursued for more than two years by film producers proffering their gold for her signature to a contract, finally has succumbed to the allurements of the pictures. The event has been hailed with shouts of glee by the Jessica Dragonette fans—whose numbers are counted in figures which seemed fabulous before the radio statisticians put more columns in denominators than you could count on four Southern colonial mansions laid end to end.

And well may the fans cheer! It's their triumph—as I learned from the lips of the singer whose voice has scattered melodious delights to the far corners of the land.

"The fans wanted me!"

Five words—banal in print, but—as delivered in the even, softly modulated conversational tones of the prima donna of the microphones—informed with a sincerity and authority that admitted of no cavil.

Five words, and your correspondent had the answer to not one, but several questions that sent him scampering to that aerie where, loftily remote from the din of a bustling city, the diminutive Jessica lives graciously but without ostentation. (Continued on page 89)
Just Between You and the Sun

(Take a Tip from a Star!)

By Josephine Felts

On her toes! Lilian Harvey takes Summer with a smile!

“CONFIDENTIALLY,” said Lilian Harvey, “it’s easy.”

I was asking her what it is she does to keep that perfectly lovely coloring all year round, and in every situation under the sun! Clothes, it has been observed, are vanishing. Each succeeding style has less to it than the one before. In Summer, to most of us, being beautiful all over is something of a problem.

“Easy? Oh yes, yes, of course,” I assented. “Perhaps it is easy if you are a born beauty!”

I spoke feelingly, because this little English girl is lovely, every inch of her. Don’t take my word for it. Look at her! A moment of personal research on your part, with your eyes on her as she is pictured here, and I

herewith promise to abide faithfully by your decision!

She laughed a little and then went on to explain. “In summer as in most everything else, it is so much a matter of how you begin. The first line, hot weather every year I want to rush right out in the sun and enjoy the glorious wind and water. I love the feel of it. Don’t you? Doesn’t everybody? But I’ve learned not to. I take precautions!”

“You’d rather have your troubles now than later, would you?”

“I certainly would! You see I still remember my first sunburn at a beach in England when I was eleven. How it did hurt! I remember trying to wash it off! It was anything but pretty. But it taught me a lesson I never forgot. Now before I go out, I am careful to put on those protective creams and lotions which do so much to take the burn out of sunning and help make me smooth and beigy.”

She is careful too to do her tanning a little at a time, a few minutes the first day, longer the second and so on. For both comfort and beauty this gradual exposure to the sun’s hot rays is most important. Her five Summer Don’ts for Blondes are these:

1. Don’t tan too fast. Take your time about it. Enjoy it!
2. Don’t wear too dark a make-up. Powder a shade lighter than your skin.
3. Don’t wear rouge and lipstick which do not match.
4. Don’t neglect your figure! Let exercise make you lovely.
5. Don’t copy another’s coloring. Be yourself!

Tan control is important this year. Because the smartest tans are not going to be the very dark ones. They are going to be soft, warm golden tones, beige in quality, rather than dark. They are going to be the ones that look as if you might really have been born with them rather than have picked them up especially for the season.

The other day, someone who did not know the natural warm coloring of that skin which is such a marvel to all her friends, met one of the popular new stars for the first time.

“Where did you pick up such gorgeous color?” he cried, admiring the creamy tan he thought she had just acquired from the sun’s rays. (Continued on page 84)
RIDICULOUS, that rumor that Bing Crosby may quit radio and motion picture studios. Shame on the writers who would throw so much fright into the hearts of Crosby-fans!

Bing has no intention of quitting, as long as studios will pay heavy sugar for his stuff. However, he does say that when his contract ends, he will not sign another. Instead, he'll free-lance, and pick stories more to his liking.

THERE'S a scoreboard out at Warner Brothers studio, and it has a most unusual use, the first of which is to supply laughs.

The board is on director Michael Curtiz's sets. Every time an actor blows up in a line, one point is chalked up against him on the board. If the director makes a mistake, he receives a score. If a scene is done without a blow-up, that scores a point for the studio.

The day I visited the set, and the score stood: Leslie Howard, 3; Kay Francis, 1; Curtiz, 1; and Warner Brothers studio, 1. That means that out of six attempted takes, only one turned out well.

ODD and interesting was that combination of players at work on a "Thank Your Stars" set at Paramount studio. They were director Wesley Ruggles, Arline Judge, and Jack Oakie.

Oakie was once under personal contract to Ruggles, and won his freedom only after a bitter court fight. Jack and Wesley have buried the war-hatchet.

The third member of the trio, Arline Judge, is Mrs. Wesley Ruggles. She got her start in pictures a few years ago in "Are These Our Children"—which Ruggles directed.

Furthermore, Oakie and Arline were good friends before she was wooed and won by Ruggles.

FOR a big-salaried young gent, Jackie Cooper receives less spending money, perhaps, than anybody in the world. If he conducts himself properly, Jackie is given one dollar a week. But he is docked for his mistakes. The week ending as this is written, Jackie received only ninety cents. A dime was charged against him because he said "Nerts," during a fit of temper on a set.

HMMMM! Living in the same block—Greta Garbo and Anna Sten!... Ruth Donnelly has written a novel, "Trip- ping Along," which is the story of her own life on the stage... Janet Beecher put bluing in rinse water to make her hair white—and the hair turned a bright blue!... Bing Crosby is now a prizefighter's manager; the pug is Freddie Steele, and Crosby thinks he'll be a champ... An unknown pulled Pert Kelton from an ocean undertow, perhaps saving her life; in the excitement, she forgot to ask his name, so she later advertised for him, but he failed to answer... An admirer sent Irene Dunne an Egyptian scarab, seven inches in circumference; if authentic, (and that's being checked), the gift is invaluable... When Ida, her colored maid, was in the hospital, Kay Francis visited the girl daily... Joan Crawford saves her favorite gown from every picture, and has the collection stored in a cedar closet... Threats against Mae West's life are so serious that the star now drives right to her dressing-room door in her bullet-proof car.

THE seasickness score is all even in the Arlen family, which is just as well for the peace of the household. On the way to Europe on their recent vacation, Jobyna Ralston Arlen suffered an attack of mal de mer, but Dick made the trip without mishap. So he made good use of his immunity by kidding "Joby," unmercifully while they were on the Old Continent.

On the return trip, their positions were exchanged. This time Mr. Arlen turned green from ocean rolls, while Mrs. Arlen looked on and thoroughly enjoyed her husband's sad plight. Now they're back home, and neither dares mention the other's seasickness.

P. S. Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr., their year-old son, wasn't ill, either going or coming.

Tender entreaty! John Boles and Ann Harding in a scene from "The Life of Virgie Winters," above, give vibrant promise to a forthcoming screen romance.
Hollywood!

Jeanette MacDonald's sheepdog is barred from sets because he snores when he sleeps, and he spoils scenes .... Gilbert Roland has been teaching Constance Bennett to speak Spanish .... Lilian Harvey's body still bears a scar, evidence of a narrow escape from a shark when she was swimming off the Canary Islands .... Jean Parker owns a 23-foot sailboat, Suki Mara, which she navigates herself on short excursions along the California-Pacific coast .... After all the "big talk," Joan Crawford formally opened her backyard theatre with a motion picture .... Carole Lombard amuses herself between scenes by water-coloring drawings and sketches, (particularly clothes sketches), in magazines .... Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli Farrell are now vacationing in Europe .... Bing Crosby and his brother Everett, browsing in a second-hand store, bought an old picture for $35 — and it turned out to be a genuine Whistler etching, worth ten times the price paid .... Paul Lukas, who pilots his own plane, often flies to his favorite tennis courts, about fifteen miles from his home.

Sidney Fox has gone Russian to the extent that she has adopted a "five-year plan." She has set for herself very economical household and personal expense budgets — together they total only ten per cent of her weekly salary. This means that while other stars drive expensive cars, Sidney motors modestly. She designs her own clothes and has them made at a New York dressmaker's, where she gets them done cheaply. She shampoos her own hair, and does her own beauty treatments. The gal even takes her own lunch to the studio. Once upon a time Miss Fox was a stenographer, and her salary was fourteen dollars a week. She is guarding against a recurrence of any such drudgery.

As this is written, Jean Harlow is very much in doubt as to where she will file suit for divorce from Hal Rosson, her husband of seven months — but she is certain that suit will be filed. In fact, since she plans action upon completion of her picture, and that completion is not far off, it is likely that she will have filed suit ere this article appears in print.

Jean and Hal are parting in friendly enough fashion. Their ideas simply have been incompatible, and they've decided better to part and remain friends, than attempt to stick it out — and end up enemies.

The two did have a big quarrel the day their separation was announced, but there have been worse quarrels, and this one was really settled next day. However, both Jean and Hal knew it would not be the last quarrel, and they knew that succeeding fights would become serious.

Baby LeRoy is going to grow up to be an old pie-throweratter. For scenes in "The Old-Fashioned Way," the youngster was taught how to heave pies at W. C. Fields.

A few days later, "Bill" was invited to dine at the LeRoy home. Midway of the meal, Baby LeRoy created little less than a sensation by lifting his plate of mashed potatoes and tossing it right onto Fields' expansive chest.

Jean Harlow, who was matron of honor, and Norma Shearer arrive smilingly at the scene of the wedding in Hollywood of Carmelita Geraghty, screen actress, and Carey Wilson, the scenario writer.

Fans whose memories trace back fifteen years will see one of the great favorites of that era in the cast supporting Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Willcoxen when "Cleopatra" reaches the theatres. For William Farnum, an established star when Cecil B. DeMille, producer of "Cleopatra," Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky made their start in the "infant industry," is to make his comeback to the studios after a long retirement. The star's career was swept away before the start of "Cleopatra." He was one of the "money" stars, and he retired with a sizable fortune, but the financial upheaval swept away a good portion of that. Now, his health recovered, he comes back to the films, like the good trooper he always has been giving his best to the part assigned him — a minor one it's true, but a part in an important picture.

Joan Crawford is knitting her fifth baby blanket. This time it is for — but wait! It would never do to tell, because the blanket is a surprise, and this baby is not due until September. Joan always gives blankets to her friends' babies — and her gifts are particularly valuable because she knits every blanket herself. Joan is getting so adept at knitting that she can now turn out a blanket, working between scenes and at home at night, in about twelve days.
Waves of bright gossip about Hollywood!

Nice catch! Ruby Keeler, above, proves as skilled in playing as she is decorative to such beach pastimes as swimming and beach ball.

The champ! Joan Blondell poses with the trophy awarded her as the outstanding former Wampas Baby Star. Congratulations, Joan!

Hollywood figures! Here's a pleasant and molded curves required of screen the Pacific, and some Fox

ALTHOUGH the studio forbade her changing her screen name from Joan Blondell to Joan Barnes, (her wedded name), Joan has decided that her employers have no jurisdiction over her private life. So all her personal stationery, her charge accounts, her bank accounts, and other personal business are conducted under the name of Joan Barnes. And if by chance you visit her studio and look for her name on a dressing-room door, you'll not find a Blondell, because Joan changed that to Barnes also. Joan and George Barnes will welcome a little stranger soon. Which event will insure the Barnes name of still more prominence.
Reflecting the Pageantry of Filmland!

While carpenters were building Mary Brian's new house at Toluca Lake, Mary arrived. She was surprised to see the men work for brief periods; a whistle would blow, and they'd leap to work; another whistle would blow, and they'd lay down their tools. Mary, wondering about the strange routine, appealed to the construction chief.

"It's like this, ma'am," said that individual. "Universal is filming a picture across the road there. The sound of the carpenters' hammers and saws ruin their scenes, so when they blow their whistle to start their camera, my men lay off."

And Mary was paying them by the hour!

Goes Hollywood! Another stage actor is snared by the films. Above, Guy Robertson, engaged to play the lead in "King Kelly of the U. S. A."

Good sport! Ann Harding, who keeps in trim playing tennis, offers her congratulations to a victorious opponent. That smile, what a reward!
EDDIE CANTOR believes in keeping his money in his family. His secretary is none other than his own daughter, Marjorie, the eldest of five. She completed finishing school, and was desirous of going to work, so Eddie made her his private secretary.

Of course, this having a member of the family in the office has one advantage—or disadvantage: Eddie will devote himself strictly to business in that office, or Mrs. Cantor will hear about it!

BABY TALK DEPT.:

Goo! Da da de da! Gbloh!

Translated from baby talk into the King's English, that means, "We babies are all the rage in Hollywood."

No fooling! Births are becoming so common in Hollywood that several stars are now seeking other places to have their children born. Dorothy Jordan went to Hawaii. Joan Blondell thinks that isn't far enough, so she's talking of going to Tahiti to welcome Doc Stork, due in October. Arline Judge, another actress who is anticipating in October, (this will be her second), is threatening to take a trip away, too.

And the "IT" girl is about to surprise the world, too. People who thought Clara Bow too frivolous to burden herself with a baby may change their notions, for Clara will become a mother in November.

But as far as Doc Stork's place-of-delivery records indicate now, the Dixie Lee Crosby event, (family physicians say they'll be twins), will occur right in Hollywood. Ditto the Dorothy Coonan Wellman family-addition.

At this writing, Sally Eilers hasn't made up her mind whether her first-born will first see the light of day in Hollywood, or elsewhere.

Maaaan! Goo goo! Gbloh!

Which, means, translated from baby talk: "Funny, isn't it, that a few years ago, stars looked with horror upon the idea of having a baby. Norma Shearer started the—shall we call it a fad?—and now look, a star is nobody if she hasn't presented the world with at least one chee-ild!"

AN EASTERN columnist sent Hollywood and Los Angeles newspaper reporters scurrying with the report that Greta Garbo was in a California hospital, about to undergo a dangerous operation. They might have saved their shoe leather! Garbo maintains a room in a Santa Monica sanitarium, near the ocean. She goes there to rest, because the sea waves soothe her. She also goes there for personal milk diets, which re-build her weight when she loses from overwork or worry.

ROMANTIC SMILES AND TEARS:

IT HAS been a frantic month for Dan with the June moon spreading romance like warm butter over a plate.

Dick Powell is off on a new love-chase, this time with Mary Carlisle. Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford are still Hollywooding. She has received her final divorce decree from Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—but they're both saying there'll be no wedding for a long while.

Alice Faye runs to New York at every opportunity, and since Ruby Valley is there, I don't think she makes the trip to look at the Statue of Liberty. Spencer Tracy still gazes at Loretta Young with hungry eyes; and she echoes the expression. Anita Louise and Tom Brown are mooning again, after several fights. Perhaps they don't really mean those quarrels.

Gloria Stuart says her separation from her sculptor-husband is permanent . . . Katharine Hepburn has divorced Ogden Ludlow Smith . . . Jack LaRue is head-over-heels for Constance Simpson, Chicago society girl—where do all those Chicago society girls come from? There are Miss Simpson, Merry Farhan, Virginia Pine, Hazel Forbes—goodness! . . . Carole Lombard and Russ Colombo are getting warmer and warmer; pretty soon, roll over . . . Adolphe Menjou will be married any old day to Vere Teasdale, and their plan is to honeymoon in the Canadian Rockies . . . Billy Boulves well seems to have centered his attentions upon the Polly Ann of the Young sisters . . . Ronald Colman has been seeing plenty of Virginia Pine, but they're still saying she and George Raft will marry—which I've always doubted . . . Bert Wheeler is still determined to make Patsy Parker of Washington, Mrs. Bryant for 3. Kay Francis vows she isn't interested in Maurice Chevalier romantically. Since

Camera angles! When Bing Crosby croons a love song to Kitty Carlisle during the from three vantage points. Bing and Kitty are seen right center, in the photo crew of technicians.
Maurice is squiring a chorus beauty, Marguerite Earle, to all the nite spots, maybe Kay means it.

Jack Oakie has found a Mary Brian type to receive his attentions. She is Ann Sothern—and there is a line of gentlemen waiting to the right, if Ann throws Jack over. Gloria Slca and Winslow B. Felix are "that way," which opens the query, "What about Felix and his romance with Lois Wilson?"

Maureen O'Sullivan caught the bridal bouquet thrown by Carmelita Geraghty, who married writer Carey Wilson. Maureen blushed, and admitted that she and John Farrow may wed before she goes to Europe, or while she's in Europe (he is following her), or after their return. Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr are so in-love it's pitiful, and I hope Papa Venable sees his way to remove parental objections.

Ramon Novarro has been busy during his concert tour in South America, but not too busy to fail to besiege Myrna Loy with letters. Maxine Doyle has been receiving New York telephone calls from Owen Davis, Jr., son of the playwright. Dorothy March and Director Hobart Henley may have alienated their lives before you read this. Helen Vinson and Pat (ex-Thelma Todd), De Cicco are simply mad-af about each other.

Rochelle Hudson admits that the reason she returned the engagement ring of the New York broker is that there is somebody else—and it looks as if she means Jesse L. Lasky, Jr., son of the producer.

Lois Moran and Douglass Montgomery have ended their three-year-old romance. Phillips Holmes and Florence Bates have also called off love. And of course, Gloria Swanson has started divorce proceedings against Michael Parmar (just as we said she would), and Ruth Chatterton has filed suit against George Brent.

Bottled sunshine! Solar rays would take too long to tint Thelma Gordon's body to play a South Seas dancer, hence the spray.

VIRGINIA BRUCE, most recently divorced of the three wives of John Gilbert, isn't permitting her marriage-interlude to end her career. Virginia has been placed under long-term contract by the M-G-M Studios (the company that failed to exercise its option of Gilbert after the release of "Queen Christina"), and she will resume her career where it was interrupted by a wedding ceremony.

Robert Donat arrives! The English actor was called all the way from London to Hollywood for the name-role in "Count of Monte Cristo."

MARIAN NIXON is so tiny that she must stand on tip-toes to reach the mouthpiece of instruments in the telephone booths. Isn't that a clever name for Alice Faye's new hair-dress—the "Faye-da-way bob"? Mary Boland has crossed the Atlantic twenty-nine times. Mae West lives up to her "Diamond Lil" soubriquet in "It Ain't Nothing But Love". She wears a crown of diamonds, a diamond necklace, diamond earrings, four diamond bracelets, and eight diamond rings. Marlene Dietrich is a constant visitor at beach pleasure piers, where her favorite fun is riding the chute-the-chutes.

JANET GAYNOR will be slightly more careful when next she parades her knowledge before young friends. Recently, Janet dined with a couple she has known for years. After dinner, the nine-year-old son of her hosts called upon Miss Gaynor to assist him with his geography lessons.

"Surely," agreed Janet. "You just recite the questions, then the answers, and I'll tell you if you're correct." It was a most embarrassing evening for Janet, for like many grown-ups, she has forgotten some of her geography—and the boy now wonders if all stars are dumb.

ONE of Hollywood's nicest stories is that about Edward Everett Horton. Horton's father did not buy Horton's mother an engagement ring before their marriage, because he lacked the money. Nor was he ever financially able to buy the ring; he died without having bought it. So on his mother's seventy-first birthday, Edward Everett Horton bought her a most thoughtful gift—an engagement ring.
HISs and CHEER DEPT:

A BEAUTIFUL close-up to Pert Kelton, who has turned her playroom into a place where down-and-out yandlestyle actors may rehearse new turns, in the hopes of getting future stage jobs. Pert sees to it that her old stage acquaintances are fed, too.

A lovely close-up to Alison Skipworth, who is using part of her earnings to send five small children through school, because, she says, "she wants to do some good in the world."

A long-shot to Edmund Lowe who, because he lived on the same street with Hollywood's recently kidnapped (but rescued), millionaire, managed to get his picture into the papers, looking much concerned and announcing plans to provide himself with guards.

ABOUT four years ago, when Andy Devine found jobs scarcer than kind-hearted picture reviewers, he took a civil service examination to become a life guard.

Not long ago, Devine received an important looking envelope from the Civil Service Commission. He opened it and discovered that he had been accepted as a life guard. Instructions to report at the Los Angeles City Hall for duty were enclosed.

Honeymooners! Stephen Ames and his bride, Raquel Torres, posed for this picture, above, on their return from a wedding trip.

Fashion note! Hazel Forbes poses, above, to give you an idea of how the sea is flavoring styles this summer. Like her three-piece slack suit?

STUART ERWIN, born on February fourteenth, is often called "the comic Valentine" . . . Norman Foster has gone to Tahiti, where he will sojourn for a few months, using his time to write plays and books . . . Joe Penner makes his debut in feature-length pictures in "The Big Broadcast of 1934" . . . Lew Ayres' and Ginger Rogers' swell coats of tan are a result of their daily tennis matches, clad in bathing suits . . . Jean Parker is that busy, she was caught having lunch, taking a French lesson, and having her hair dressed for a picture, all at one and the same time . . . Myrna Loy ordered gardenias from a seed catalogue; she did fairly well—she got sunflowers . . . Clark Gable is rapidly filling his den with mounted heads of bears, mountain lions and other trophies of his hunts . . . But Clark is far behind Gary Cooper's collection, which includes elephant tusks, a tiger's head, two lion's heads and other memoirs of his African hunt . . . Kathleen Burke, the original "Panther Woman," worked for days in dangerous scenes with a live Python wrapped around her body—and the scenes were entirely cut from the picture.

SOME of the film stars are superstitious enough to fall ready victims to the "chain letter" gag. One such letter that came to me recently bore the successive names of Barbara Bennett, Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy, Warren William, Allen Mowbray, Charlie Irwin, Ben Bard, Pat Patterson and Alice Faye.

Multiplying beauty! An orchid to the mirror-fitter-upper who arranged that idea you see illustrated above. It's Irene Hervey, and she's just twelve times as beautiful as she gazes into the trick mirrors preparatory to donning make-up.
ONCE again Hollywood reaches across the footlights for an actor to sing, dance and play loves scenes as the hero of a musical film. Captured this time is Guy Robertson, seen in prominent roles in many musical comedies during recent seasons. Robertson—who makes you think of Jimmy Cagney in manner as well as appearance—was pointed for Hollywood when “All the King’s Horses,” one of the winter’s crop of Broadway shows, cleared out of New York for Chicago and an indefinite run there. He has been signed for the lead in “King Kelly of the U. S. A.” to be produced by Monogram.

EMPLOYEES of the Universal studios, who have at times spoken gruffly to the very gentlemanly-mannered Paul Lukas, will probably hold their tongues hereafter. Lukas, to win a bet, held a length of half-inch iron pipe in his right hand, and struck the tension muscles of his left arm such a blow that the pipe was bent around the arm. If you think that isn’t strong-arm stuff, try it. As I said, Universal employees are being more polite to Paul nowadays.

WASN'T it “writin’ fool” Dick Mook who commented, when he heard that Dixie Lee Crosby would likely have twins this summer: “I hope one of them sings bass—then Bing and his three children can have a quartette.”

(Continued on page 71)
How to Have That Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 27

If you watch them on the screen, you’ll notice that they have mastered the art of good posture, as regards carriage of the head especially.

I’m willing to bet that your school teacher or your gym instructor made your lives miserable in class with the injunction to “Throw your shoulders back!” That was supposed to overcome round shoulders, wasn’t it? Well, it won’t. You shouldn’t throw them back, you should drop them into a natural position.

Get in front of that mirror and try throwing your shoulders back. You’ll notice that your shoulder blades immediately stick out behind. When you drop them forward, your back becomes smooth, but your chest cavies in. So what?

Stand with your spine straight, your head up, eyes level, and drop your shoulders normally. You’ll look like a different person and believe me, a whole lot younger!

A good exercise for round shoulders is to stand with hands stretched out in front, with palms together. Swing your arms to the back, turning the palms out as you do so, and touch the hands together in the back.

But the easiest way to learn to carry your shoulders well is to learn to breathe correctly. Get outdoors, or stand before an open window, first thing every morning, and take ten good breaths, draw in your abdomen as you inhale and relax it as you exhale, and watch your shoulders!

Of course the secret of fine posture is to keep it in mind, whatever you’re doing—walking, standing, sitting—until it becomes second nature. Don’t let yourself slump.

You’ll presently discover that your dressmaker is doing nicer work, or the clothes you buy seem to fit better or keep their shape or something, and people think you must be patronizing a smarter shop. It’s the way you carry them off that makes them seem more becoming.

Deep breathing is also a fine thing for developing your neck and shoulders, but you must set aside a certain time for this exercise and take it regularly. It’s often a good idea to take “voice culture” and practice singing whether you have a voice or not, simply because of the excellent effect regular vocal practice has on your neck and throat.

Whistling is another fine exercise for the muscles here, or playing wind musical instruments. If it bores you to devote time to beautifying exercises, take up one of these instruments and see where you are after three months hence.

Claudette Colbert’s neck and shoulders as you will see in “Cleopatra,” are truly beautiful. Of course, a devotee of the swimming pool, a great aid to the development of this beauty.

Good exercises for developing the bust are these:

Stand erect with arms held out at each side at shoulder level. Tense the muscles. Slowly carry the arms in front, still at shoulder level and extended stiffly, with elbows straight. Return to starting position, and repeat.

Fold arms over chest, raise elbows to shoulder level, clench fists. Now pull the arms apart and out straight slowly, keeping fists tense all the time. Reverse motion and repeat.

Rotate arms from shoulders in wide circles, elbows straight. Begin with an upward backward swing.

For developing the bust, pat on some cocoa butter after these exercises and stroke gently upward with the palms of the hands six times; do not use any pressure on the bust.

If you want to reduce the bust instead of build it up, use these same exercises, but follow them by alternately hot and cold spongings for five minutes, then bathe in cold salt water and dry well.

Here is a discovery I made when I was helping one of the girls here to develop her bust. The nerves at the tips of the fingers control the breast. Standing, extend arms in front of you as far as you can reach, with finger-tips together. Arch fingers and press tips together; watch muscles over breast.

If your fat is localized, don’t despair! I’ve heard girls say: “I can’t diet, my doctor forbids it, and just look at these hips!”

If you sit all day, or if you are a lover of horseback riding, no matter how much you diet, you’ll have hip-spread. Several authorities in Hollywood have decreed that certain stars must give up their horses, or ride them only twice a week because of this. One particularly pretty little girl on another lot has disregarded this order, with the result that, though she is a tiny thing, her hip measurements are driving the clothes designer crazy.

If you haven’t an expert masseur available, or don’t feel you can afford one, the thing for you to do is to learn to give yourself a massage on the spots that you’d like to reduce.

First buy yourself a bottle of mineral oil, thoroughly lubricate the palms, then start on that bulging waistline.

Press the right hand over the left on the lower right side of the abdomen, where the appendix is or isn’t, and press slowly upward until the waistline is reached. Then change the position of the right hand (discontinue the use of the left hand entirely), by turning it to the little-finger side. With side of the right hand in a vibratory movement, run the hand across the waistline to the left side.

Now the right hand is on the upper left of the abdomen. Bring the left hand back into play. We need just the two thumbs. With these digits, press downward, slowly bringing the thumbs from the upper side to the lower right side. Repeat this massage, with gentle pressure, morning and night for about two minutes.

*Jim Davies, expert physical culturist and overseer of the health and figures of many of Hollywood’s most beautiful stars, teaches Ida Lupino how to massage the thighs.*
To reduce thighs:

Lubricate hands with oil. Sit in a thoroughly relaxed position. Lift one foot onto a convenient chair, not too high. Start a gentle pinching movement with both hands between knee and torso, being careful not to pinch too hard. Gentle pressure is sufficient. Never press a bone when massaging or the result will be a painful soreness. Always relax while massaging, or it is useless.

Here is an excellent cupping and slapping massage, which must be done, as usual, with well lubricated hands.

Make a cup of right and left hands and gently slap thighs and thighs, always working upward. Slap softly and slowly enough to feel a slight suction with each blow. If you are working on the thigh, stand on the upper thigh and work upward to the waist. Suction, not the blow, does the work. If you are treating the thighs, start at the knee and slap upward to thighs and hip joints. If the calves need treatment, start just above the ankles and work up to the knee.

Follow this routine by the clock: five minutes gentle pinching for each leg; five minutes for each thigh; five minutes for each arm. Five minutes cupped slapping for each leg; five minutes cupped slapping for each thigh; five minutes for hipline; then five minutes massage on waistline. Total sixty minutes.

You can cut down the time by devoting two minutes to each motion, or by massaging only those parts that seem to need it in your case.

A double chin can come from feeding over a desk or a piano, a drawing board or a sewing machine, or—perhaps most usually these days—from playing bridge with your head inclined downward over the cards.

To hold your head well, with eyes level, will do much toward taking off that two-chinned look, if you are not otherwise overweight. But a faithful day-by-day practice of the neck exercises given in last month's article will tend to make the muscles of the neck and throat firm and thus keep the threat of multiple chins away.

Don't try massage on the chin.

The truly lovely leg tapers gently down to the ankle. Marlene Dietrich has perhaps the most famous legs on the screen. Miriam Hopkins has very trim ankles.

But it may be that your legs have bumpy contours due to hard bunches of muscle on the back and top of the calf that conceal the place where the ankles ought to be.

Here are some exercises designed to make the leg muscles long and smooth rather than short and lumpy. Remember the family cat exercises I told you about last month? These follow the general stretching, relaxing, and shaking movements that Madame Pussy goes through.

Shaking exercises may be done while you are lying on a bed or sitting on a chair.

Brace your knees firmly together, then relax the muscles of the lower legs and give them a good shaking until tired. Follow this by a brief rest, then slowly stretch your limbs upward, downward and sideways.

Another effective exercise for improving the shape of the legs is this one:

Stand erect, arms hanging at sides. Bend the left knee, raising the leg backward and upward as far as possible, being careful to point the toe as you were taught in dancing school. Now kick the leg forward and backward fifteen or twenty times. The upper part of the leg will swing a little forward so that the foot will not strike the floor during the exercises. Repeat with the right leg.

Remember that relaxing, shaking, stretching, and kicking exercises all should be included in your calf-reducing program.

In this way muscular tenseness and lumpiness may be replaced by smooth, graced leg development.

To reduce bulky ankles, sit down and rotate each foot from the ankle from five to ten minutes. Follow this by massaging the ankles to break up fatty tissues.

The following exercise is also effective for reducing large ankles:

First, give the legs a good shaking. Then stand erect, with feet together. Rise on toes. Now rapidly bend and straighten each knee alternately, as though running, but do not lift toes from floor. Swing arms, freely while doing this and keep on for several minutes briskly.

Another: Place a small object on the floor. A book will do. Stand on the end of the book, on toes, and balance up and down, lowering the heels as far as possible each time. Keep your arms to your sides for this one.

It's a good idea, while you are dressing yourself, or undressing, to try to keep on your toes all the time. This for the sake of the ankles. It's also a good idea—if you have very little time for exercise—to try dressing and undressing without sitting down, for the benefit of the bending and stretching it will occasion.

While it's perfectly possible to give yourself lovely legs and ankles, don't fool yourself that it's a speedy process, for it isn't. Those who go through the stretching, relaxing, kicking and shaking exercises may begin to note some improvement in a month, but don't be discouraged if it's three months before you see a very decided change. It's persistence that produces the desired, and desirable, results.

Sylvia Sidney has a very beautiful back, as you may have noticed. If your own is not as straight and lovely, you might try this exercise. It's also very good for round shoulders.

Stand straight and throw the head back. Imagine that a rope is hanging just above your head. Reach up high with the right hand and grasp the rope. Pull it down, and then reach up with the left hand. Keep the shoulders normal. Continue hauling down your imaginary rope until you begin to tire.

Carole Lombard, as you will note by her measurements as well as your own eyesight when you look at her pictures, has ideal hips. Gail Patrick has very lovely arms.

As a rule the upper arm gets insufficient exercise so that tissues become flaccid and bulky. To keep them supple and beautiful, massage as directed above, after taking the following exercises:

Stand erect with arms stretched over head, palms facing but apart; bring forearms down briskly, elbows bent close to the head, and touch shoulder blades behind with fingertips, until you feel the flabby muscles underneath the arms pull tightly.

Stand erect, arms above head, hands clasped. Bend to the right until you feel the pull, then to the left.
almost the last Hollywood couple to perform this fascinating trick of pulling an infant out of a plug hat, or finding one under a yucca. Said Mr. and Mrs. Frederic M. Miss Miriam Hopkins and many more have adopted successfully. In fact, so novel and interesting is the achievement of offspring in the old-fashioned way that such crown princes as Richard Arlen, Jr., become nine-day wares, and are interviewed by scores of reporters before they can say "go-go." The fact remains that "Nat" and "Googie" are going to adopt a darling little baby, preferably one good at thinking up jokes.

Item Two: By the time you read this (assuming of course that you do read it), Burns and Allen will be charging around Europe on their first extended tour of the Older World.

It is also their first genuine holiday in years. Personally, I think collecting the parsley that these would be the world's daintiest vacation, but I may be commercial. They plan to explore Gibraltar, the French and Italian Rivieres, and Italy. They will then plunge headlong through the Balkans into Soviet Russia. Of this, more anon.

Item Three: Miss Allen's brothers will greatly NOT accompany them on their trotting of the globe. They seem to feel that Gracie alone will be about all Moscow can stand this summer. Furthermore, I note a slight weariness with the fellow, both on the part of his creators and some portion of the listening public. It is probable that he will retire, gap by gap, into private life, and you can take this as coming straight from the padlock.

"So much for the 'news." Personally, I feel that "Nat" and "Googie," as man and woman, are far more diverting than the mere fact that they are assuming the burdens of foster-parenthood. Let's look closely.

As I've said, I found the Burns and Allen apartment, high above the bright green of Central Park. I find that actors in the money always take apartments overlooking Central Park. Perhaps it cheers them to think that they have avoided the necessity of sleeping in it.

My date was for High Noon. My noon was not quite high enough, so a male voice from the next room made me laugh. I looked around the living room.

A mountain of lilacs, which at that time were blooming frantically, was on every German street-corner. A radio giving off a soothing High Noon sort of waltz. And on a large table a working library of four small books.

Two were "Boners" and "More Boners"—popular collections of journalistic bull, one volume hastily titled "Wisecracks," which seemed to be a sort of modern Joe Miller. The fourth was a book of Ogden Nash's verse. No doubt these are diligently shopped for gems of ideas, and then carpeged into screen and radio jokes by the comical little couple. It must always be remembered that Burns and Allen's jokes are diligently built up, gadget by gadget, like garages or Ford.

Mr. Burns then made his appearance, first as a sharply-dressed man, formally dressed, and looking very professorial in glasses. Then, from another door popped "Googie," four and a half feet of cuteness in black satin pajamas.

Mr. B. ignited a long brown cigarro, and offered one to me.

"Have one, no doubt," I said, that being the brand which is ballyhooed by the team's air hour.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Burns, breezily, "it's a Bobby Burns panacea, in fact."

"Fool traitor!" I accused, "Nix," said Mr. B. "They're made by the same firm."

"Ah," I said.

"It's a funny thing," went on the comedian, "a lot of big actors complain of sponsor-trouble, which is something like shooting pains in the back and spots before the eyes, only worse. Here we've been broadcasting nearly three years, with no sponsor trouble at all. Why, we've never even seen our sponsors!"

"Maybe that's why," I murmured.

Answers Hollywood's call! Elizabeth Allen returns from a trip abroad to assume an important role in "David Copperfield" and other film assignments.

I drew these two nice little people away from the roaring air waves, coaxing the conversation back to the days when they were hard-working vaudeville actors, who kicked about dressing-rooms, groused about hotels—members of a now vanished race.

For then I was a Burns and Allen fan, and they were delighted to labor mightily for a few hundred a week, living, Monday, a fresh gang of blase people out front who double-dared a comic to make them laugh.

And Burns and Allen forget the big hotel suite and the big radio and screen contracts—and reminiscent, far-away smiles lightened up their faces.

"You know," said Mr. B., "when Gracie and I first teamed up, I was the funny man. I had the answers, and all Gracie had was the questions. It didn't take us long to find out that the questions got more laughs than the answers. So now Gracie has the answers, and my life is fine."

Gracie was remembering, too.

"Those were funny days. Some good and some bad. I guess the toughest week we ever played was the one when we had to follow those pretty little Hilton girls, the Siamese twins, on a bill. Imagine trying to follow the preser? They've got two with all the customers sobbing. We did!"

Then Nat chimed in. "Or the midgets. Those weeks were tough, too. They insisted on cooking those kinds of Hungarian messes in their dressing-rooms, and smelling up the whole theatre. It was terrible."

Believe me, there was an honestly touching tone to these young-old trouper's voices as they talked of their vagabond days. But very nonchalant their passing in? In your hat they were!

For Burns and Allen, after the lean years, have reached those of plenty. They are playing big gold harps in the Actors' Heaven of Financial Security. Soon they will sail away on a stately ship—first class, and all that.

They asked about Russia, when they found I had been twice to the strange Red country. I told them of the bright red vanv that flows from the hotel taxis, and the dance band at the Metropole in Moscow that plays ancient American jazz, and of the mountain there into which one can fall if one is in the mood for falling into fountains.

They ate it up. Gee—who wouldn't give her new red boots to spend a few days in Moscow with Mr. Burns and Miss Allen? Colossal is too timid a word for it.

The talk leaped backward 7,000 miles, to Hollywood.

Maybe you've seen their latest picture, "Many Happy Returns," by now. It's an epic maker for Burns and Allen. For the first time in their long career they don't tell these long jerry-built jokes, but play straight dialogue—and situation comedy, just as written by the studio author-gang.

"I hope it goes over," says Burns. "Up to now we've always taken the dialogue and put it into our words. Burns and Allen, and no jokes! It certainly seemed funny."

I hoped, silently, that it WOULD be funny.

And the future, for these case-hardened vets who switched with the changing times? How can it be otherwise than as golden and satisfying as the recent stage. I believe they've got two years to go under a fine Paramount contract. They don't want to be starred.

"It's as though you were making a picture and try to steal it," says the Gracie, slyly. You sense immediately that she is the One. There's a mighty mess of horse-sense in that pretty grinding grind.

Radio? Their popularity holds up. They can talk into microphones until George has to be carried into the studio, and Gracie's high giggle turns bass.

They like living in Hollywood, which is somewhat unusual for eastern thespians of any type. Parties? "Who goes to parties?" said Mr. Burns. "Everybody goes to the fight on Friday, but nobody sees the fights because everybody is wavin at each other. It's terrific.

"Lucky pair, "Nat" and "Googie." No fear of those two going Hollywood. They've eaten at too many railroad-station dinners to lose that common touch—and their sense of humor.

So off they go, hand in hand. Nice folks. Regular. And I still say that the sight of the (theation will be Gracie Allen (without her brother) standing in the shadow of the Krendin Wall! Good luck, trouper! Don't take any wooden roulades!
Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 67

QUEER indeed are the turns and twists of fate and circumstance in the studios. There is Dorothy Wilson, just for instance. Once she was a secretary at the Radio Pictures studio. An executive saw her—and she became an actress.

She remained an actress under contract to this same studio for several months, then she was released. Work failed to come, and it appeared that she would have to return to typing—(she kept in practice just for such an emergency, Dorothy says). Then a new picture role in "Eight Girls In a Boat" popped up—and all of a sudden, Dorothy Wilson burst forth sensational.

The climax of this anecdote is that Radio Pictures recently borrowed Dorothy, at eight times her former salary, for a new film!

HOLLYWOOD presents only a rough road for would-be stars who resemble already-established stars. There was, for instance, Sigrun Solvason, professionally known as Rae Rundall—but better known as "the girl who is a double for Garbo."

Unable to find work, Miss Solvason committed suicide. A part of her heartbreak was revealed in a story of her life which she had been writing, a book in which she expressed sorrow that she had been unable to win fame on the screen.

She once doubled for Greta on the screen. Perhaps this accounted for the only bit of sentimentalism Garbo has ever exhibited in Hollywood—a wreath of flowers sent to the funeral parlor.

(Continued on page 97)

I'M WONDERING, has Suzanne Kaaren a sense of humor, or does she qualify as a member of the beautiful-but-dumb class of girls?

Suzanne was working with a chorus in "Free Golf," when the director suddenly shouted: "Cut, camera. What's the matter with you girls? You're all out of step but Sue."

Whereupon Suzanne turned to her sister choruses and indignantly demanded: "Say, what's wrong with you girls!"

THAT very ominous grumble from out Hollywood-way is Carole Lombard, murmuring to herself after her appearance on a national radio program. Carole, it seems, appeared on the air with a certain big masculine star who, it is reported, received six thousand, five hundred dollars for his services. But Carole (she was invited to play opposite this star by the star in person), didn't receive even a box of roses for her efforts.

SLIM SUMMerville's idea of fun doesn't exactly harmonize with that of the golfers at the Lakeside Club, the movie actors' favorite stroke-and-putt headquarters.

Slim's house is near the second tee, and of late, the thin comedian has been sitting on his front porch with a bugle. Just as his pals start to drive, Slim toots the bugle—and many and shocking are the curses that are flung his way.

IF THERE were a law against puns, Stuart Erwin would get a life sentence for his: "Could a lingerie model be called a queen of the undie world?"

In the Egyptian mood! Claudette Colbert, above, studies her make-up and prepares to become an Egyptian Queen in the flesh when she steps onto the stage to enact the title role in "Cleopatra."
No more squinting at the sun... with Verichrome you take people at their best... relaxed, natural.

Forget about posing... just snap the picture.

Verichrome gets the picture.

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

Kodak

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation “fuzz” prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Kay Tells About Bill

Continued from page 18

earl the next morning. We were on location and it was frightfully hot and I became cross, really, very irritable. Finally, I blew up in my lines and went all to pieces. Bill simmered over and sat down beside me saying, quietly, “Kay, if I didn’t love you and understand how utterly exhaused you were, I’d, well, I’d—I’d spook you!”

That made me laugh. We both bowed at the imaginary picture his words suggested and this broke the tension I had been on. Everything was serene after that.

“We always laugh and joke when we are together; our humor seems pitched in the same key; but we are very serious when making a picture, for we feel it requires all our concentration. Bill has taught me to keep from getting a one-track mind regarding my role. In studying his characters he likes to twist the story around, figuring out different angles in the psychology of the persons involved, and you would be amazed how this broadens one’s understanding of the drama as a whole and of your own role in particular.”

After a moment’s thought, Kay said she considered Bill’s ability was his deep understanding, his ability always to see the other person’s side of the question. The only fault she could think of was his inability to be on time.

“He even kids himself by keeping his watch set exactly thirty-one minutes fast,” she merrily explained, “but even that doesn’t help much. He’s quite hopeless in this.”

Kay’s own life sparkles with varied experiences that give her, also, a vast understanding of love and of people. Perhaps this is the key to their mutual congeniality.

In World War I, after leaving exclusive schools, Kay took an early flying job at Pullman, New York. She sold real estate, was a social secretary, and promoted Raquel Meller in America about five years ago. Then her marriage carried her into an entirely different environment. Besides, she’s won stage success and fame as a foremost motion picture star.

You would doubtless be surprised to see Kay Francis off the screen. She looks so much smaller and far more girlish than she does in her pictures. The day of our talk she was wearing a smart brown ensemble but she confesses she cares little for clothes—except for her pictures.

Some distant day Kay wants to return to the stage and win new laurels. Well, some day, perhaps. But we film fans wouldn’t like to see her or the combination of Powell and Francis, from our screens. They supply an ideal team of ultra-sophisticates. Remembering Bill’s great charm and the glow of Kay’s radiant personality, a thought flashed through my mind. A gorgeous thought. I hardly dare breathe it for I’m sure they will both take a shine to me when they read this. But wouldn’t it be great, now that they are both matrimonially free, if this popular reel-love-team of William Powell and Kay Francis should be duplicated in a real-life romance, with all the happen-ever-after sequences left into the drama?

And Bill Tells About Kay

Continued from page 19

“Don’t know what my future holds. I’m not making any wild assertions. I may marry again. I may not. You know, just having married and divorced doesn’t change me as a man. Perhaps I’m still susceptible to feminine charm!

“We all need women in our lives. They are the incentive for every man’s ambitions and achievements. When we are around twenty-five we can tell you all about the fair sex. But the older we become the more we know about them. All women are charming, all lovely!”

Right now Bill Powell is more interested in his screen work than ever before, having recently set out on a free-lance adventure after being under studio contract for years. He feels this course will bring him more suitable roles. Already he has made “Manhattan Melodrama,” with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, and “The Thin Man,” from Dashiell Hammett’s story. He has enough excellent parts lined up to keep him busy for more than a year. At that time, he rather hesitantly suggested, he would like a real vacation in Southern California.

While our chat had been more or less serious, Powell has an engaging humor that seldom finds a place on the screen. He is this a loss. Perhaps in some of his new films he will be given a chance to lighten his sophisticated characterizations with his gift for actuality of vital things. I think that facet of Powell’s character would appeal to the public.

Finally words, as he stepped into his car to dash to the studio, were, “I sincerely hope I shall have many more pictures with Kay Francis. It is such fun to work with her and also, a great satisfaction. You see, we speak the same language.”
He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it’s worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it’s a snapshot of the girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she’s near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY
Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

Jean and Jane. We might as well get all our arguments dusted off and straightened out before we take up the monthly business of giving out ages, weights, and measures of our favorite screen personalities. Ronald Colman was married years ago to Thelma Kaye, an English actress, but has been separated from her for a long time. Ronald's first American picture was "The White Sister" with Lilian Gish, released in 1922. His last one is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" with Loretta Young, Warner Oland, and Charles Butterworth.

William L. Thelma Todd played opposite the Marx Brothers in "Horse Feathers." In their last fun riot "Duck Soup," Raquel Torres, Margaret Dumont and Verna Hillie supplied the female interest. In one of Charlie Chase's latest short comedies, he plays the four brothers. Aren't you still laughing and having the stitches taken from your side?

Anne H. Western pictures and stories of the great outdoors have not decreased in popularity as much as some fans think. Buck Jones' program for Universal studios includes a serial and six adventure features. One of Buck's latest, in which Dorothy Revier plays opposite, is "The Fighting Ranger." Remember Paddy O'Flynn? See this picture and you'll see Paddy again on the screen. Cecelia Parker is a free-lance player, appearing with many of the Western players. Cecelia was born on April 26, 1914, in Fort William, Ontario, Canada. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has blond hair and hazel eyes. She is not a recruit from the stage.

Vera K. With so many actors of fine ability, it's difficult to have a full page picture of every one's favorite in Screenland every month. David Manners was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1902. Real name is Rauff Acklam. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has grey eyes and brown hair. He made a very favorable impression in his first picture, "Journey's End," and also in Eddie Cantor's cinema "Roman Scandals."

Mrs. E. S. In "The Power and the Glory," Ralph Morgan was Henry, the old man who tells the life story of his old friend, the railroad president. Other principals in the cast were Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore, and Sarah Padden, who played Henry's wife. So you've missed. Naucy Carroll in pictures—she has been doing things on the stage but you'll see her again on the screen in the movie version of "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger and Heather Angel.

Romance Lover. Don't flatter yourself—aren't we all in search of romance? And speaking of Dennis King; he was born November 2, 1907. in Warwickshire, England. His wife is Edith Write and they have two children. Dennis made "Vagabond King" in 1930 and was in "Paramount Parade" in the same year. Mr. King is now appearing on the American stage in "Richard of Bordeaux."

Jerry and Jack. I've been told by various "cut-ups" that it isn't a laughing matter to be funny, so when you are laughing over some dry wit and saucy quips, think how hard your entertainer works to get a chuckle from you! Cary Grant was married to Virginia Cherrill on February 9, 1934, in London, England. Cary was born in Bristol, England, but forgets to tell us the date. He has wavy black hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. His real name is Archie Leach. He made his first pictures in 1933. He played in "I'm No Angel" with Mae West and was the Mock Turtle in "Alice in Wonderland." His current release is "Thirty Day Princess" with Sylvia Sidney.

Eleanor Z. Among the popular household names with words and music is that of Bing Crosby—a picture with Bing at your favorite cinema palace or dust off the radio and there you have Bing with a bang. Your favorite crooner, please excuse us, Bing was born May 2, 1904, in Tacoma, Washington. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. His wife is Dixie Lee and they have a young son, Gary. His latest features are "We're Not Dressing" and "She Loves Me Not." (Ah—but she does, Bing!)

Rubin K. We are all waiting for still more grand pictures starring Diana Wynyard. She is in "Where Sinners Meet," with Clive Brook. She has appeared in "Men Must Fight" with Lewis Stone, Phillips Holmes, Robert Young, May Robson and Mary Carlisle; "Cavalade" with Clive Brook, Margaret Lindsay, Mary Forbes, Frank Lawton, John Warburton, Herbert Mundin, Claude King and David Torrence, and a host of other well-known actors; and in "Redemption in Vienna" with John Barrymore, Frank Morgan, and May Robson.

Wagged his way to fame! Here's "Skippy," the wire-haired terrier which enacted Asta in the screen version of "The Thin Man," sharing camera honors with two of his fellow actors in that film; William Powell and Myrna Loy. He's graciously telling you "they were good too."
Tomorrow's Stars
Continued from page 53

stardom. But they are not being rushed to the top of the ladder. They are being moved more slowly, bit by bit, rung by rung. Movie executives have learned the bitter lesson of pushing young players too quickly to stardom roles. Too many promising careers have been spoiled because they were forced forward too hastily.

But my purpose is not to extol the newer methods of star-making, nor to hold brief for those who were pushed forward too rapidly, and who toppled as a result. I have really taken you through the gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in order that you might meet each young player in person, and decide for yourselves what is like, and what are their ambitions and plans.

Here comes Florine McKinney. She is a slender, graceful child-woman. She is five feet, two and one-half inches tall, and if the scales tip to more than 106 pounds when she departs her petunia, she knows those scales are wrong. Florine has soft brown hair that she habitually brushes straight back from her face. She has gray-blue eyes, restless eyes that are inspective and prying; eyes that seem always to be seeking new things to see.

Florine is of nervous disposition; seldom still; she moves with quick little motions—quick but graceful motions, like a robin on a tree limb. With all her delicate stature, she is very athletic, a fine swimmer and horsewoman.

"Since early childhood I have been ambitious to have a career," Florine confesses. "When I was seven, I studied dancing—and I yearned to be a second Pavlova. At ten I commenced to study piano, and then I wanted to be a female Paderewski! I started dancing lessons when I was sixteen, and my new idol was Marion Talley.

What do I want to be in the future? I hope I can develop into a singing star like Jeanette MacDonald. I mean, one who can both sing and act. If I cannot sing, and must remain just an actress, I would like to be a cross between Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, if you can figure that out.

More than likely, Miss McKinney will become a singing star, for she and another girl tied for first honors in the Atwater Kent radio auditions staged for the state of Texas. Next, let me introduce lovely Jean Parker, the darling of her studio. Jean is the girl whose photograph, in a bathing suit, attracted M-G-M executives' attention and won her a screen test and eventually a contract. Jean is five feet, three inches tall, and she weighs 109 pounds. She has heavy brown hair that is inclined to be curly without the aid of artificials. She also has large, hazel eyes that are as soft and appealing as the eyes of a young deer—and you must have seen the beautiful eyes of a deer to understand the comparison.

Miss Parker is such a versatile young lady, too. She has studied commercial art, at which she's adept. She is an exceptional ballet dancer, and should she choose to desert the screen, she has offers to tour as a concert dancer. She is a fine pianist, and she writes unusually well. She is, it must now be apparent to you, an artist to her finger tips.

Older players—May Robson, Lionel Barrymore, and Marie Dressler among them—have waxed rhapsodic in their praise of Jean. They see in her the light of great dramatic achievement—but meanwhile little

Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to train in these Hollywood Styles?

Expressive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-to-date mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A plumage fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.

One Hollywood star famous for her "allure" wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck-line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

for DRY hair

PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO

for OILY hair
Miss Parker yearns to do lighter Ibsen and Barrie characters, Peter I. can’t stand them. I am only one of hundred sets in Hollywood who, after seeing this lovely girl in ‘Lady for a Day’ and ‘Little Women,’ began singing her praises and predicting stardom for her future.

Time is fleeting, and we have many more young players to visit. So, goodbye to Miss Parker, as Mrs. Carlisle, Cuddly best describes Mary. Five feet and one inch small. One hundred pounds of hold-me-closer curves and more curves. Ash-blond hair, and large, beeg blue eyes that are almost round.

Mary looks, talks, and acts like a doll. She pours out her troubles confidantly; she bubbles personality until mere man succumbs to her every wish. Strangely, for such a vivacious personality, Miss Parker yearns to play starchy roles. Helen Hayes is her ideal actress, and Mary would give her very heart one day to play the roles that Miss Hayes does now. When she is not at work, and Miss Hayes is making a picture, Mary may invariably be found seated in a nook of Helen’s sets, intently watching her favorite actress enact difficult scenes.

That pretty newlywed, Martha Sleeper, (Mrs. Hardie Albright to her friends), is the next “Miss.” Please step up, Martha, and meet your public-to-be. Miss Sleeper—she is certainly wide awake when it comes to her career, she was originally put under contract by Metro because she was (and is) a second Joan Crawford. She doesn’t look like Joan, nor act as Joan does—but the old IT—the old S. A.—that belongs to Joan is mirrored in Martha.

Miss Sleeper’s start as an actress was a most amazing accident. She and her mother mothers all the inten- tion that the daughter should pursue a career. She had no luck at all until she moved from the house in which she was living into a house on Melrose and Santa Monica. The vacated house was leased by director Emory Johnson. The director’s mother found a photo- graph of Martha that had been left behind. She showed the picture to Johnson, who straightway employed Miss Sleeper for her first picture role.

Martha is five feet, three and one-half inches tall, and she weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. She has long-bobbled, dark brown hair, and large, wide-open brown eyes. She is among the tallest and fastest, and she handles a mean tennis racquet and a sturdy golf club. She hopes for great dramatic scenes. But, after saw her in “Penthouse” and “Glory and the Girl,” you will admit that she needs only training and opportunity.

Hide, everybody! Here comes Miss Mackie in person—Joan Gale, who can think of more deviltry in one minute than the average imp can conceive in an hour. But when she turns on that million-candle-power smile, all is forgiven.

Joan is one of four stage sisters, adver- tised as a quartette, but rather two sets of twins. Their names are Joan, June and Jane, and not one of them would fail to turn masculine heads on any public street. They are accomplished dancers, but in addition, Joan sings—and she’s a prize pack- age as a comedienne. That’s one reason she is under contract. Studio executives think she combines the best of Claudette Colbert with the laugh-producing talents of the late Mabel Normand. Those execu- tives think she would run unto one of the screen’s popular comedienesses.

Miss Gale-of-laughter is just five feet, one and one-half inches in height, and she weighs eighty-five. She is right after dinner. Her hair is dark brown, with just a red-dish tint, and her eyes are hazel. Once she wanted to be a doctor or a newspaper writer, but now her sole aim is screen and stage success. She was featured on the New York stage in “Four’s a Crowd,” with Bert Lahr, and in “Scandals” with Rudy Vallee. Joan is yet new to pictures, but see her in “The Merry Widow,” and you’ll no doubt welcome her to fold.

Come now an Irene Dunne type—a quiet, very beautiful girl named Irene Hervey. She doesn’t look at all like Miss Dunne. There is about her the same subtle charm, the same unexpressed but nevertheless apparent determination, and the same exquisite manner of the near-flirt lady. Strangely, the heights and weights of the two are nearly exact—Miss Hervey is five feet, four inches tall and she weighs 115 pounds. Her hair is the same shade of brown as Miss Dunne’s hair. Her eyes are hazel-brown.

Irene’s contract is a reward for per- suerance. For weeks she parked herself daily outside the offices of the studio casting director. At last she was noticed, and she was given a chance to try out for the M-G-M stock school, at no salary. Miss Hervey spent another eight months in that school, before she was given her first screen opportunity in “Strangers Return.” Her work in the picture brought about the present contract.

Miss Hervey is very ambitious. In addi- tion to completing her studies with Oliver Hunsdale M-G-M’s studio dramaticcoach, she studies privately under Samuel Kamens, one of the best-known teachers of the drama. When she is not occupied at the studio, she enacts roles, (without salary), for a small stock company. She spends most of her spare time reading plays, both modern and classical.

Her first stage idol was Lonnell Gear, whom she saw in “Poppy” and “Queen High” several years ago. Miss Hervey, if she has her own way, will follow in the footsteps of Miss Gear, the charming interpreter of whimsical comedy.

Murial Evans is another of the well-curved young—almost what is known the chorus-girl type (also. To study.) She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, and has blonde hair and very blue eyes. She is indeed an entrancing starlet, which you need not be told if you saw her in “The Prizefighter and the Lady,” “Midnight Mary” and “Made On Broadway.”

Muriel’s parents, for years, knew her first love was the stage, and eventually she expects to return to a career behind the footlights. But not for a few years, while the company show no signs of releasing her.

Whose voice is that I hear, crooning blues? Surely it must be—I, in fact, could only be—I, it is Shirley Ross. For nine months, Shirley sang blues-songs with Gus Arnheim’s orchestra. There, now you know her by voice, if not by sight. You can’t imagine what you’ve missed by not knowing Miss Ross by sight, too.

She is M-G-M’s only contractee red-head. Red hair and a blues voice make such a nice combination! Shirley is five feet, four inches tall, and she weighs 118 pounds. To prove to you how very lovely she is, I will tell you that the very first night she sang with Arnheim’s orchestra in a Los Angeles hotel, she was seen by two studio executive, and before they had their casting directors to call Miss Ross into conference. M-G-M acted first, and tests proved that Shirley could be a screen type—and she photographed well. Did you see her in her debut picture, a short feature, “Jail Birds and Jail Blues?” Shirley also sang the last day of the year in Omaha, Nebraska. Shirley has gray eyes that are round and curious, like a kitten’s. Early in the year, she moved to Hollywood, where she attended
The “Imp” that is Known as Angel

Continued from page 24

semester, “why have you been on the games field only twice this term?” Poor Heather had always been “kept in” by one minister as a singer, so she never got to games. The extraordinary thing was that in spite of her naughty ways everyone adored her. Her principal was known to shed a tear after she had said: “Heather Angel is a hopeless case. She must leave the school. She doesn’t know a thing and we can’t take her.”

Some teachers said she was stupid, but the folks at home knew otherwise. She always was helping some one and doing all the things other people hadn’t the time or the inclination to do. She would take unlimited pains over any problem she was interested in, and it didn’t have to do with a lesson book!

Heather could fix the electric light or bells if they went wrong. If the clock stopped, she set it to pieces, and what is more, put it together again to make it go. Carpentry intrigued her amazingly and she never complained when she hammered her thumb. She was quite a good cook and if she ever did sew the work was done neatly. If anyone were ill, Heather, even as a child, was a wonderful nurse.

She read a good deal, especially poetry, and could recite. People invariably found themselves either laughing or crying after one of her recitations. No one, however, ever thought of analyzing this talent; she was just a funny little thing.

All this, of course, didn’t help in the classroom. Her friends and relatives considered her rather a problem—it never occurred to anybody she had been absorbing a great deal in school, but, probably through poor teaching, was unable to realize her potential.

“She would make such a wonderful teacher,” her mother would say. “She has patience and sympathy, only she doesn’t know anything at all—so what can she teach?”

Letters were shaping themselves, however, for one day Mrs. Angel picked up a syllabus of the Polytechnical schools in London. They had classes in Shakespeare, Readings, Dramatic Art, Fencing and Dancing. Upon Heather’s request, she was enrolled as a student, and the term had progressed far enough to keep Heather at the head of every class. The school offered her a scholarship.

She didn’t take the scholarship, though, because she went for an audition at the Old Vic Theatre in London, where Shakespeare is enacted. Heather doesn’t know how she existed through that week after the audition. “Would they take her or wouldn’t they?” She didn’t!

She began her stage career as a page holding a banner. Such a vivid, dark-eyed page that audiences noticed her immediately! She worked all day: lessons in dancing (her dancing now is quite beautiful) in voice, in reading, lessons in everything connected with the stage. Heather wasn’t considered stupid anymore.

After her year was up at the Old Vic, she went on tour with a company playing “The Sign of the Cross.” The cast was so small that she took the part of Stephanus, the Christian boy tortured by the Romans, and also headed the dancing girls in the big revue scene.

The troupe toured the British Isles and Heather came to know how very uncomfortable theatrical lodging-house beds can be. She always carried her own suit cases and walked from the station to her lodgings. Two pounds a week isn’t a fortune; besides her suit cases and odd bundles of things shoved in paper bags at the last moment, she generally was to be seen clutching a precious pot of jam too valuable to be left behind.

That tour started her travelling days, and upon its completion ten months later, she set out, with seven others, on February 29th, 1929, to tour the Orient. Here was a thrill indeed.

Off they went, and after two days at sea all were in their bunks wondering why they’d come and wishing the boat would sink. Fortunately, sea-sickness doesn’t last forever and when they disembarked at Gibraltar they felt quite all right and ready to act.

for August 1934
TATTOO YOUR LIPS AND CHEEKS

into a symphony of
devastating smartness

Of course, there’s smartness in the hues of color . . . but there’s distinction of a still more exciting kind when lips have tempting color, without paupiness. Pastelless lip . . . that’s a Tattoo! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off.
Nothing remains but truly indelible transparent color that’s smarter than smart . . . and that stays even and smooth for hours, regardless.

Then . . . to complete the illusion, Tattoo your cheeks with the matching shade of Tattoo Rouge. Select your proper shade of Tattoo by testing all four . . . at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in leading drug and department stores. Tattoo Roux is $1. Tattoo Rouge (for cheeks and lips) is 75c.

Don’t be misled by engines; there is nothing else like Tattoo.

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL

A miniature sample of TATTOO LIPSTICK (LIPSTICK) containing a deliciously rich color, will be sent free upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing.

TATTOO is at
35c, 75c, and $1

TATTOO, 11 E. Madison Ave., Chicago.

Fold this coupon and send it to Leslie Howard, 579 4th St., Hollywood, Calif., for a free miniature sample of LIPSTICK. It will be received in a few days.

Tattoo your lips and cheeks . . . that’s a Tattoo!

Heather played the part of a vamp in their first presentation, and her appeal the papers couldn’t write enough about her. After a week at that British town, the company went on to India, where Heather met her sister, married to an army officer.

The troupe then toured practically the whole of India, encountering extremes of climate that were far more climatic than any they acted in a theatre, but more often they gave their performances in a tent or barn. From India, they journeyed to the Federated Malay States and then on to China. On the way home they touched again in India and made their last foreign appearance in Egypt.

In nearly every town they played young men proposed marriage to Heather. But by that time she had a very definite aim. She knew what she wanted to do. She wanted to become a very good actress, and you really can’t be married and settled down in the desert or some place if you want to be an actress. So she came home with her heart in her work, having had a great deal of experience. The company had performed a whole repertoire of plays.

London wasn’t in the least moved by her return, and all she could get was the smallest part in a tiny theatre. But through that engagement she was given the opportunity to enter motion pictures.

Before a week was out, a girl in the cast told her, "You’re exactly the girl they want for that film, "The City of Song."" Heather applied for a test, and the very next day she was on her way to Italy for her first appearance in pictures.

When the company didn’t work, she and several of the cast would take a boat and sail round the lovely island of Capri. Jan Kiepura, too, in the film, would accompany them and sing love songs while they floated on that blue sea with the little waves lapping against the head, his eyes narrowed, his jaw firmed.

"What has the general praying public and all the carpings critics to do with it anyway —how much salary have I to get, for example?— will do any one of them the least good, then let them go ahead and split the big salaries! I can tell you, it would do just as much as splitting the head of Einstein, thinking by so doing they were going to share his brains and his fame. All right! Let us suppose that they do take all the jobs and the salaries away from the high-priced movie people. What then? Will it help anybody? I’ll be bunched if I can see how it would help an ordinary hack plant—to use another illustration—by having Paderewski’s right hand cut off. Can you? What advantage or disadvantage would it be to you or to any one of us, to a Hollywood actor gets more or less salary? Fancy, your making some complete stranger happy because you have had the misfortune to have your salary cut?"

Mr. Barrymore sank down again in the armchair, thoughtfully but regretfully shaking his head over such an unnecessary catastrophe. The next minute he was up again pacing the floor, clapping one hand vehemently within the palm of the other.

"Anybody a motion picture actor, a huckster or a bank president—if he is underpaid—well, it becomes a matter of public as well as private concern. In this accusa- tion against professional people in the employ of a private company receiving too much money for their work, is nobody’s damned business but the parties’ implicated. Those artists, for example, who directly make any business profitable largely through their specific labors and talents, their personal endowments and their personality, are as much entitled to their living as are the greedy stockholders who do nothing more to contribute to the success of the enterprise than to buy and sell stock in its bonds and stocks, without the least personal knowledge or concern over the heart-breaking vicissitudes of the business itself.

"High salaries are not responsible for hard times in the movies; no more than in any other business that happens to be in a bad way these days. Salaries were cut in the movies as in everything else. High salaries indicate but one thing—big profits. Both are in the hands of the gods at the moment."

Again Mr. Barrymore paused before the window and gazed out longingly into the wealth of sunshine as though he were rather at that moment share in Nature’s riches than in all the dull gold of high-sounding Hollywood.

I hated to break through his reverie, but Lionel Barrymore must tell the world! "I suppose what they mean is, rather, are Hollywood stars rich and are the executives and other conspicuous and generous salaries they receive?" I ventured.

"Worth it?" He withdrew his eyes from the alluring scene out of doors, to focus his gaze. "Don’t ask me if movie stars are worth what they are paid. Let the people who pretend to know what they are worth answer that. They should know. They pay for it! If they don’t think a show is worth the price of admis-
sion, they don't patronize it. And if audiences don't patronize their pictures, the star will hear about that sooner or later! It's all a matter of business and book-keeping and common sense, and not a question for me to answer. The salaries of featured players are reckoned according to their drawing powers, and nothing else. And those salaries will continue to remain high just as long as they draw full houses and make money for their employers."

I agreed with Mr. Barrymore and went on to point out that I had heard directly from the management of Radio City Music Hall that Katharine Hepburn's "Little Women" had been conceded the record breaker for all time in the history of the theatre in taking in $118,000 through the box-office window in a single week!

"And yet there are those who will be asking, Is Katharine Hepburn worth what they pay her? I suppose." He smiled for the first time, that same old sad smile I had seen so many times on the screen. He seemed somehow less dramatic on the screen than he was in real life. He continued, wearily I thought, rather than irritatedly, "Is anything really worth what you pay for it? I don't know. I don't know. I do know, however, that although we may receive less than we think we are worth, we don't continue for long to get more than our employers think we are worth.

He lit a cigarette and asked reflectively, as though he were half speaking to himself: "Does anybody earn his salary, his wages, his pay? Isn't it altogether a personal matter? How earnestly, or how honestly each fellow does his work? And what if they do get big salaries? What if they aren't worth it? Or if they don't earn them? Does all this talk about it help, or doesn't it? I don't know. I'm no political economist. I doubt if many of them are. It's not worth getting a headache over, is it?"

Lionel Barrymore cradled his hands, leaned back in the chair and suddenly broke out in the old smile again that has touched the hearts of his world audience.

"I've heard a lot about the soft jobs in Hollywood," he went on smiling. "Name any job out there you like, and I'll tell you how hard it was to get it and how easy it is to lose it. You never saw people take their jobs so seriously. If anything, that's partly what is the matter with them. Outside that, they are all just human. I've never noticed any difference in life and human nature out there. Why don't all these critics get together sometime and then get on a train and go out to Hollywood and try to run the place the way they think it ought to be run?" Mr. Barrymore gave the seat of his tufted chair an energetic push which I think was meant for all Hollywood missionaries.

We were interrupted at this moment by the entry of the bell boy bringing in an armful of fan mail. Mr. Barrymore turned over several of the letters thoughtfully.

"All interested in Hollywood, you see. I wonder why it is the whole world is worried and over-anxious about Hollywood and the people who live in it? We seem to be constantly on their minds. Good gosh! We're not a social experiment out there, or an economic problem. Strictly speaking, we are in show-business—that's all."

In the gleam of his steel-blue eyes from under his shaggy brows, I caught something of the appealing glance of Kringlestein in "Grand Hotel." I felt some of the reason why Barrymore pierced our hearts in his characterizations of thwarted middle-aged and old age. He was not so much afraid that the world wouldn't understand him, as that it wouldn't. At heart he was always the true artist afraid that he might attain the business man's kind of success—which to

---

This is the Mark of a Good Lamp

... and good lamps are the only kind you can afford to use

If you find the famous mark on the bulb, you will be sure of getting all the light you pay for.

General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes... lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting, signs... and a multitude of other uses. Sunlight lamps, too.

---

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC
"We couldnt have taken this wonderful trip...IF OUR FEET HURT US!"

"We had a thrilling time, hiking and riding through beautiful country!" "Of course we got tired, but our feet were good to us--because we have always been good to them. The moment a corn appears, we put on Blue-Jay, and that's the end of Mister Corn!" Be kind to your feet. Use Blue-Jay, the scientific corn remover. It is gentle, safe, mild--yet sure. The pain stops instantly, corn is gone in 3 days. Blue-Jay, invented by a famous chemist, is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. 25c at all drugstores.

**BLUE-JAY**

**BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN REMOVER**

Free booklet: "The Better Foot"--contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 3200 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. (Pasting this coupon on a government post card will save postage.)

1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3. After three days remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

How Blue-Jay Works

A is the B & B medication that gently undercuts the corn.
B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
C is adhesive strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

New Blue-Jay Radio Program! "The Singing Stringer"--Broadway stars! Tune in Fri. afternoons NBC.

Jean Parker and May Robson, companion artists at the same studio, stop for a chat as they arrive to start a new day's work before the sound cameras.

May Robson's Romance

Continued from page 32

boy, for you see I have travelled for many, many years and am an extremely busy woman. Never too busy, though, for that daily letter that each of us came to expect many years ago.

"Since I couldn't take my son with me on these tours, I placed him in a private school on Long Island, a boarding kindergarten, where he was very young. A cultured lady with three daughters ran this school, and there he had about the same loving care and attention he would have had at home. It was at this period that I started writing him letters, and I still have the first letter he ever wrote.

"I was in Baltimore when I received it, and made me some time to decipher it. In a chubby little hand, it said, 'I like it better. We talk turns going for the male but we don't fight.'"

"At first the words were, I had no trouble until I came to the last word. 'Father?' That presented a real problem, as I was looking over that puzzle for several hours, even going so far as to go into conference with the manager of the company and several of the staff. Finally, I had it! By 'father,' he meant 'have to!' He was so young that he applied phonetic spelling, unconsciously, to the expression.

"During the summer months, my boy and I always vacationed some place where we could rough it. Many a summer we spent along the rocky coast of Maine, wearing old clothes and not in the least out of place. Can you picture me sleeping in a tent? Yet, I loved it, for that sort of life appealed to my boy, and I was never so happy as when we were together in the wilds, so to speak."
One day when he was about twelve, he came to me and dropped a basket in my lap. Inside were all manner of ribbons and medals and a number of small silver cups, each testifying to his prowess in some field of athletic endeavor, which he had won in school meets. While I sat examining them, he stood turning the pages of a book on a small table.

"After looking at them all, I said, This is all very nice, Edward, but what about your grades? Your arithmetic shows a failure, you have several other poor marks, yet you say you are going into business. Are you going to school just for athletics? He had been attending Fordham for some time.

"Don't you worry, mummy," he replied, "long before you're dead all those arithmetic problems will be solved by machinery." He was nearly right, too, for a number of years later adding machines and other time-saving equipment were put on the market.

In reciting this incident, Miss Robson looked proudly at a picture of her son, now a grown man, of course, on a table across the room.

While in his early teens, Edward suddenly decided he wanted to be an actor. He tried to talk him out of it, but the idea was firmly entrenched in his mind. I mentioned this one day to Charles Frohman, in whose company I was appearing at the time, and he said, 'Let me handle this for you, May.' When we went out on the road with the play, Edward accompanied me—Mr. Frohman had asked him if he wouldn't like to go—but instead of travelling with the company and doing nothing, he moved props and became a property man. Mr. Frohman had told him that it would be necessary for him to help pay his expenses in this way.

"The outcome of the whole affair, as Mr. Frohman had anticipated, was that Edward changed his mind about the theatre—it's mighty hard work handling sets and furniture and props—and returned to his original plan of embarking on a business career. I never heard him mention going on the stage again, after that summer.

"Since we could not often be together like other mothers and sons, we played rather strenuously when we were fortunate enough to see one another. Whenever I returned from the road, we would take trips, go to the theatre—yes, I know it was a business's holiday but I enjoyed every minute of it—drive out on Long Island or down the Jersey coast and hike until we were too exhausted to take another step. This, of course, was before my son entered the business. After that, and his subsequent marriage to one of the sweetest women I have ever met, our time together was more restricted, but we made the most of it. Even now, my happiest moments are when I can visit my son and daughter-in-law, and their boy at the family home on Long Island, or when they come to California to see me."

There is something so terribly tragic in the thought of a mother and son sacrificing at happiness whenever they may: the mother, a great actress beloved by all who saw her, spending most of her life on tour, the son forced to mingle with comparative strangers during his more tender years and through adolescence. Each loving the other deeply, yet unable to live their lives together. Only persons of the theatre can fully appreciate this form of existence—many are situated so that they must leave behind their children they love devotedly—the show must go on.

Hollywood has its romances galore, divinely happy couples today, embroiled tomorrow in divorce. Other couples sweethearts through the years. One, however, transcends them all—May Robson's mother love for her son and his filial love for her. It's the only great romance of Hollywood!

WOMAN'S Ageless Weapons

Throughout history, woman has based her subtle strategy upon a clear, lovely complexion, sparkling eyes and an intriguing figure. And today, more than ever, styles demand youthful rounded curves.

These charming feminine weapons are the reward of careful attention to health. So if you plan to reduce, watch your diet and exercise. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination—the enemy of charm and beauty.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's All-Bran supplies "bulk" as well as vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" is similar to that found in leafy vegetables.

Serve All-Bran as a cereal with milk—or use in recipes. Two tablespoonsfuls daily are usually sufficient. Isn't this better than risking patent medicines.

Kellogg's All-Bran helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. At all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE"

Tell all the facts about faulty elimination, and how to correct it. Gives the complete story of bran, with tempting recipes. Special section on dieting, with calorie table, reducing diets, height and weight table. Profusely illustrated in color. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. Y-8, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep on the Sunny Side of Life."

Name__________________________

Address__________________________
Traveler's Return
Continued from page 17

were four of us, you know. We had the baby and nurse with us all the time. And it costs lots more to travel in Europe than you expect beforehand!

It was indeed a relief to have a motion picture star bring the money question out in the open! Everyone knows that since the current rate of exchange has skyrocketed prices in Europe, even our screen heroes and heroines have found their little "trips to Paris" more costly than they had anticipated—or desired.

But as a general rule, they adhere to the Hollywood tradition that no self-respecting film player should admit anything to be too expensive, and therefore advance strange and irrational reasons for their swift returns. As, for instance, the bright young leading man who encountered insufficiently heated hotel-rooms and fastened home. Or another who complained because all of his old school-mates in England had married and settled down!

That's why it was so refreshing to hear one of them speak as would any young American business man, with an entirely natural wish to avoid extravagance and invest his earnings wisely and well.

"Then, too," Dick Arlen went on, "I have a very definite feeling about spending too much money in foreign lands. This is where my salary is earned—this is where most of it should be spent. It is this country that supports us—we should support it."

"For do you realize that only about one picture in thirty ever plays in the small towns of Europe? Motion picture stars are not even known or recognized abroad except in London and Paris, where the crowds do stop you for autographs. But all through the rest of the countryside, they have no idea who you are."

"Yes, and that's probably why Dick was willing to push the baby around in a perambulator," Jobby interposed with a sly grin at her husband. "I know I'd never be able to get him to do it on Fifth Avenue or Hollywood Boulevard."

Dick was spared the peril of a reply by the entrance of the nurse with young Richard Ralph Arlen himself, who is already almost as handsome as his father. And though only nine months old, is so big that the petite Jobby can scarcely hold him.

"He was the best traveller of us all," she announced with pardonable maternal pride. "He stayed in a good hotel all the time and never even hinted at getting seasick. Of course, he did cause us a bad moment or two when we arrived in Paris."

"We crossed on the Majestic with Jill Esmond and Laurence Olivier and when we landed went with them to a house-party in Wales. After which we spent a few days in London and then flew across the channel to France."

"No, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take that girl. I spent one miserable evening with her and hanged if I'll let myself in for another endurance test. Thumbs down on her!"

There is no quicker way for a girl to kill her chances of popularity and good times than to have the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's doubly hard to excuse when Mum makes it so easy to avoid.

A quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm, and you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on—that's all!

You can use Mum after you're dressed just as well as before. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's so soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—you can use it right after shaving the underarms.


TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LET MUM DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO. NBC

Use Mum on sanitary napkins and be sure of freedom from all traces of unpleasantness in this way.

Sailors three! And celebrities all. Above, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, and peering over Bing's sea-worthy head-gear, Richard Arlen, in the hatchway of the "Johyna R." in which they hope to cruise together to Bali, some day in the future.
“When we unpacked in Paris, we found the baby’s pockets stuffed with silverware from the plane! He had managed to pick up everything within reach and it took Dick and myself two days to compose the proper note to accompany the loot when we returned it,” Joby confessed.

“But what about that one spoon you kept, as a souvenir?” Dick was plainly getting even with her for her revelations about his pram-puller-push. She had the grace to blush. “Well, it was rather cute of the baby—and we sent them a dollar ‘just in case there was a piece lost.’

This hunter did not sound like that which usually passes between the movie great and their wives. It was, instead, the sort of companionable, understanding peripatetic that may be heard in the homes of Keokuk, Walla Walla, and all points north, south, east and west.

There is, apparently, one Hollywood union that is destined to last. At the time of their marriage seven years ago, Joby retired from the screen, forsaking her own promising career in order to make a success of her life with Dick. That she has done so may be attributed to the fact that she stayed ‘retired.’

Soon after their wedding, the young Arlens began building a home. For location, they chose Toluca Lake, a quiet valley section remote from Hollywood, gossip, and high prices. Their home was small and comfortable and they helped with its final construction themselves.

Since that time they have lived simply and unostentatiously—well within their means. At no time have they indulged in the old Hollywood custom of ‘keeping up with the Joneses’—or Thalbergs, or Mayers.

For nearly ten years Dick has been under contract to Paramount. Starting with a nice but not sensational salary, he has enjoyed the usual seasonal rises, has paid his bills, has taken care of numerous obligations to his family and others—and, most important of all, has managed to save.

“Though I have to give the government almost half my salary for income tax, we’ve managed to put away enough to provide for us always were I never to earn another cent,” he explained. “Joby deserves the credit for that, though, for she’s the official manager of the finances.”

Though she looks small and helpless and adorably feminine, Joby is a keen and astute business woman and it is she who budgets Dick’s salary checks and decides when they can afford to indulge in some extravagant expenditure.

However, even their so-called extravagances are usually of a practical nature, such as the remodeling of their home about a year ago. With the arrival of a baby imminent, it was necessary that a nursery be provided.

Taking advantage of the low costs then prevailing in California, they decided to add a swimming-pool at the same time. Dick had long desired one but had never before felt justified in spending $5,000, (the average cost), for a personal gratification. But for one-third of what it would cost today, they had their swimming-pool and nursery built and their entire home remodeled from a Spanish bungalow to an early American farmhouse.

“But the nursery was the only increase in size—we have no need for a large house and as it is now, two servants are all we have. A combination cook-and-maid, and a combination gardener-and-butler. We drive our cars ourselves,” Dick divulged.

“Our home is in reality our castle. It’s small and compact and we can shut our- selves in and let the rest of the world go by. We enjoy our friends and like to have them around us—but we don’t need the world. We have the baby and each other.”

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

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

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

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

Ends That “Cheap”, “Hard” Look

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

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

What It’s Called

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

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

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

The “Regular” Lipstick

The “Little Red One” for lips and cheeks

Angelus Rouge Incarnat
by Louis Philippe

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS
Hitting on all twelve!

WIN THE RACE! Outswim a boat! Break a record! Why not? Even miracles seem easy when digestion is good, when peevish irritations aren't slowing you up.

Keep your digestion sweet, your temper even, your spirits high. Chew Beeman's — the tempting, stimulating chewing gum — to aid digestion. You'll like it after meals for its mild, pleasant aid. You'll like it before and between meals for its delicious goodness — so cool and refreshing — kept fresh by the unique new air-proof Triple Guard Pack. Try Beeman's today!

Chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum

persons who are not of equal rank in the profession, either other stars or directors or producers.

It was about a year after their budget had recovered from the remodeling of the house and arrival of the baby that Joby informed Dick that they could afford a trip to Europe. They sailed in March and spent two months in England, Wales, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy, returning to this country in May.

"We especially liked England and Wales — and the Riviera was lots of fun. But then, we visited so many lovely, picturesque places that it's impossible to decide on a favorite. I guess they're all nice for a short stay — but Hollywood's the only place to live," Joby observed, which gave Dick an idea.

"Let me tell you one thing," he spoke up. "The next time someone brags about having a 'villa' over there, you can be pretty sure it's nothing but a funny old house with seventeen draughty, unheated rooms and one bathroom, the whole thing needing a coat of paint and a new roof!"

The friends that they mention are the friends of their first days in Hollywood. The struggling days when film fame was a remote possibility — a glittering challenge to their youth and ambition.

The fact that they have achieved the goals they desired has not influenced their relationships with former friends who have not climbed so fast nor so far. The Arlen's are probably the only motion picture stars in Hollywood who are on terms of informal and really intimate friendship with persons who are not of equal rank in the profession, either other stars or directors or producers.

"The most pictorially beautiful places were Venice and Lake Como — I could heartily recommend them for a honeymoon picture at once, and turned to Joby with a look that was more eloquent than words. In fact, in that look he revealed the whole secret of their seven years of happiness together.

Joby returned his look with one of the sort that manages to shut out all others in the room. At that moment you could see, undisguised, the deep understanding and real oneness of spirit that exists between them — an impenetrable barrier against the world, even the world of Hollywood. That's why Dick can say with such calm conviction, "We can shut ourselves in our home and let the rest of the world go by."

For neither the years nor wealth nor fame nor Hollywood nor Europe can disturb the kind of fundamental feeling that is between Dick and Joby Arlen. He's right. They can shut out the whole world, live their own lives in their own way — for with each other and the baby, they have the whole world!

Just Between You and the Sun (Continued from page 39)

"A birthday present from my family," she replied. "But, of course, it has faded a little."

That is just the way your tan should look this year. Faded a little. Not uninteresting and not too pale, but definitely under control. There is a cream, too, which even lets you sit in the sun without tanning, if you use it faithfully.

Don't feel you must wear too much make-up in town in the summertime. So many people exclaim: "I just saw such-and-such a star, shopping today. Really she didn't look 'made-up' at all!"

That isn't surprising. All clever women mix their make-up with common sense! Truly, no cosmetic manufacturer has ever found a substitute!

Did you ever want to take not only a vacation, but to take a vacation from yourself? To just walk out on the girl you usually are and leave her, flat? Make up your mind really to do it this year. It will serve her right! Slip into Summer and a brand new self. You'll have a marvelous time. Soak yourself in those enchanting and fragrant oils that give you such glorious color. Use a tangy, tawny cream for your face with an arm and leg make-up to match so that it defies detection. (It's waterproof.) This puts you into the outdoor scene as a part of the background, no matter whether the background is brown beach and the deep blue-green of sea or is made up of leafy greens of woods and hills, the yellow of summer flowers and the unforgettable blue of little lost lakes. You belong!
Bask in the shade of a great cartwheel hat! Do your toe-nails a bright orange red which matches your fingers. Or try that new mahogany color. Then wiggle your toes in supreme content through the open work of your beach clogs. Wear a neutral-colored bathing suit with splashes of color across it. Change off occasionally to a jaunty one of sail-red, copied after the red of fishermen’s sails in far off Brittany. Just between ourselves, they fish under sails like those in Venice, too, so thank of yours as coming from Italy if it makes you feel more romantic. Learn how to do head springs down the beach in.

Brush your hair high off your face for a change. And brush it and brush it and brush it! Use waterproof make-up and float on your back, filling your eyes with enough deep blue sky and fluffy, frivolous clouds to last you all the grim days of winter. Remember that off across there is Spain—or Cathay—and that you, in your gypsy self, are a part of all the gay romance that has roamed the world since Quixote was a boy.

Then, sometime, forgetting your make-up, go swimming by moonlight with nothing on but a kaftan! It’s glorious.

And do all this, mind you, whether you have weeks and months to spend in your outing (luxurious you!) or only a few hours each week-end snatched from Time-Clock, the greedy taskmaster!

Soon you’ll be asking yourself, who is this strange and fascinating person at whom you catch people throwing glances of admiration and envy, particularly those handsome and dashing young men who seem to abound, come the Summertime! There’s a twinkle in her eyes, a carefree toss to her head, a spring in her walk. She’s all gayety and friendliness and charm. She’s—(oh, but she is)—she’s YOU!

So—Nothing Ever Happens to Irene Dunne!

Continued from page 81

of the passengers arose from his chair. His black frock and his inverted collar bespoke his calling—he was a minister of God. His face was marked with anxiety, but in his eyes shone determination.

“My friends, will you listen to me for a minute?” The minister’s voice penetrated the ceaseless clatter of the tri-motors. Every eye turned to the speaker’s face. Every ear bent to attention.

“We must not be afraid, or nervous,” the minister continued. “We must make ready to meet Our Father. Will you bow your heads and join me in prayer?”

Every bow lowered, and the clergymen prayed. The subdued tones of his voice drowned almost in tune with the motors, as if his words were a part of their monotonous dirge.

His prayer was not finished when the ship’s senior pilot uttered a hoarse exclamation. Miraculously, a rift had appeared in the fog. Advancing his stick, the pilot dove for that opening, and almost before anyone knew what had occurred, the plane slipped through and floated beneath the fog’s ceiling. Ten minutes later, the pilot settled safely on the field, turned the nose of his plane around, and triumphed to position opposite the landing-guard.

From the great bird’s belly poured forth its little group of nerve-racked human morsels. Of them all, the passenger agent

of that air-line will testify, Irene Dunne was the only one who wore a smile.

And still they say in Hollywood: Nothing ever happens to Irene Dunne. Writers, sent to interview her, return wringing their hands, screaming of her platitudes, bemoaning what they describe as “her humdrum life.” Nothing, they groan, ever happens to Irene Dunne. How can they write about her!

I have known Irene for years. Granting that she is a person addicted to quiet living, that she is devoted to her own husband, that she neither gives nor attends lavish Hollywood parties, and that for these and other reasons her name never appears in the scandal columns, there still are many other exciting stories that may be written about Miss Dunne.

She makes several air-trips across the continent every year. No star, unless I exclude Will Rogers, makes more extensive use of air travel than she. The harrowing adventure with which I commenced this story took place more than two years ago, when Irene was returning from one of her flying trips to New York. I am personally acquainted with two of the men who were on that same plane, and neither has dared fly again. One of them has hair that is prematurely gray. He swears that it changed color during those three dreadful hours in the lost plane.

Irene flew again less than three months after that almost-fatal night. Not only did she return East once, but she has made steady use of transcontinental planes ever since. She travels no other way, except when weather conditions permit a complete stop to plane schedules.

Other exciting adventures have befallen Miss Dunne. Last year, while she was visiting in New York, she was invited to a "Gay Nineties" ball. She and several friends clad themselves in the sweeping skirts and brightly colored shawls of the

MIRACULOUS! YOU SHAKE UP THIS MAYONNAISE!

Eagle Brand

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice
1/2 cup salad oil or melted butter
1/2 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
Few grains Cayenne

Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

FREE! WORLD’S MOST AMAZING COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressing.

Just address The Borden Co., Dept. SU84, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name...

Street...

City... (Print name and address plainly)
Peg's New Eyes
work a Magic Spell!

JACK THINKS
I'M DULL...
I DON'T SEEM
TO "SPARK"
WITH HIM...

DEAR, YOUR EYES
ARE THE TROUBLE...
GET SOME PEPPY
"NEW" ONES...
USE DELICA-BROW

GOSH, WHERE DID
YOU FIND THOSE
STARRY "NEW" EYES?
THEY TRANSFORM
YOU! YOU'RE
IRESSISTIBLE, PEG!

SAME EYES, JACK, REALLY-
JUST DONE OVER
WITH SOMETHING
AT THE TOY-STORE

Have ALLURING EYES
Like Peg's Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—INSTANTLY! Simply darken the lashes and brow with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... irresistible, "Peps up" the whole face! Try it tonight. It's waterproof, too. Remember that name, DELICA-BROW. Ask for it at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.

FADED
GRAY
HAIR

Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with any new French discover—"SHAMPO-KOLOR." No fun or trouble. In ten minutes a customer changes into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR.

You Can't Fail! You Have a Beautiful, natural, natural, beautiful. Unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free booklet.

Muriel L. P. Vallingly, Dept. 29, 314 W. 31st St., New York City.

SONGS WANTED
FOR RADIO BROADCAST

Cash Payments Advanced Writers of Songs Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material: Words or Music) for consideration today.


DON'T...the record
The excitement window-
Es-
her liveried
week
the
Simply
That
irresist-
sight
servants,
was
rescue
I
bne
Songs.
As
the
stood
take

She had not been in her new home more than a week before she was awakened, late one night, by strange noises. She rang for the servants, and touched a button that flooded the house with light. Somewhere in the back of the house, the maid screamed. Later, she told Miss Dunne she had seen a man racing across the yard.

Most stories have sequels, and so has this one about Irene's burglars. As was only natural, her nerves were more or less frazied as a result of these experiences. A few nights after the visit I have just de-
scribed, she was again awakened by what she believed were similar noises. This time she hastened to the window herself, pistol in hand. Outside, faintly outlined by the dim light of a half-moon, she saw a moving

figure "Get out of my yard!" she called. When the figure refused to obey, she raised her pistol and fired several shots, then breathlessly withdrew from the window, ploddingly awaiting the outcome of her daring.

No answering fire was returned, nor did the dark figure flee. Irene only succeeded in arousing the neighborhood. "Lights flashed on everywhere. Inquisitive heads poked from windows far and near. Amidst the excitement, police arrived.

The officers investigated—and in Miss Dunne's yard they discovered an ordinary garden spade, thrust in the ground so that it stood erect. Over the upright handle hung the gardener's coat and hat, which he had neglected to take home. The coat swayed gently in the night wind. That was her burglar.

Lots of excitement and fun, eh? Especially for a woman of whom they say: Nothing ever happens to Irene Dunne.

During another visit to New York, Miss Dunne was invited to participate in a na-
tional radio broadcast. She accepted. The evening of the broadcast, she was extremely nervous, a malady not uncommon to stars making their air debuts.

That night she both talked and sang, but she was so nervous that she was posi-
tive that her performance had been very bad.

A few days later, officials of the broad-
casting station telephoned her to say that she had received more than six thousand letters at the station as a result of her air-
appearance. It was a record for women

Irene Dunne during a serene moment. Read the story about the charming star of many notable pictures and you will realize how Irene must appreciate calm after her many thrilling experiences.
screen performers, they informed Miss Dunne.

And yet they say: *Nothing ever happens to Irene Dunne.*

Of course, nothing scandalous does happen. But it strikes this writer that if we were only clever enough to understand, Irene’s lack of scandal is the best news in the world. That old adage about the man biting the dog may be used comparatively.

I mean, here in Hollywood the gossip columns are full of stories and anecdotes about separations, divorces, family quarrels and such malicious tid-bits of so-called news. Well, that’s so common that it’s like a dog biting a man.

It’s the other thing—the happy marriage—that is so rare that it is comparable to the man biting the dog.

Won’t you agree with me that the thing that is happening to Irene Dunne—to whom nothing ever happens—is really the biggest news of all? I mean—Irene’s normal, happy life amidst a few thousand unhappy lives?

---

**Short Reviews**

**Thirty Day Princess**

*Paramount*

Sylvia Sidney in a dual rôle that permits her to “run the gamut,” emerges triumphant with a highly creditable and entertaining performance. She is aided considerabily by Cary Grant as the newspaper publisher who sets out to expose the bond-selling for a mythical kingdom with the aid of its princess royal. The princess, however, is overtaken by illness, and an actress impersonates her, which the hero learns after he has fallen in love. Very light but thoroughly entertaining.

**Call It Luck**

*Fox*

An amusing comedy, with Pat Patterson continuing to look and act pleasingly, and Herbert Mundin at his funniest. The story somewhat original, tells about a London cab driver who wins a fortune in a race-track lottery. He comes to America, loses his fortune, and returns to cab driving. He gets the notion to enter his old nag in a race, which it wins in one of the most comical scenes viewed in some time.

**The Loud Speaker**

*Monogram*

Ray Walker appears as a wise-cracking yokel who finally does make good as a radio entertainer, but goes haywire over success and love for the girl, Jacqueline Wells, who can’t believe he really loves anybody but himself. The faint glimmer of a rather genial little romance suggests itself early in the play, but alas, it gets swamped in a clutter of tiresome detail.

**I Can’t Escape**

*Universal*

A novel little picture that entertains without effort. The plot centers about a paroled convict who falls in love with a girl who is a professional party-filler-inner. Old enemies try to frame him, but he outwits them and wins a reward for aiding in their capture—he also wins the girl. Ouslow Stevens is excellent as the hero, and Lila Lee and Russell Gleason give fine performances.

**Monte Carlo Nights**

*Monogram*

Mary Brian and John Darrow have a time of it, with what circumstantial evidence separating them on the eve of their wedding. The hero escapes to Monte Carlo, where he fortuitously locates the criminal responsible for the murder of which Darrow is falsely accused. Unfortunately there is a minimum of the stirring action and suspense one looks for in this style of melodrama.

---

**Why the Writer of this ad suddenly took a New Interest in his wife!**

Being married to an ad-writer sometimes makes a woman skeptical about certain advertised products and their merits. I found this to be true in my case for my wife did not usually believe in the things I advocated. But, she did try the famous LINIT Beauty Bath, and she did send in the LINIT package top (and 10¢) for an attractive lipstick, 50¢ value. I know she enjoyed the LINIT Baths because her skin is more soft and smooth than ever before. I also know she was delighted with the lipstick because of my comments on how it improved her appearance. And naturally, she is pleased at the new interest and attention I have shown in her since then.

*Signed* Lee H. Granth

---

**LINIT—**

Try LINIT—the Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin—and send in the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage costs) for each lipstick desired. See convenient coupon below.

---

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. S-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me— Lipstick(s):  Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose $— and LINIT package tops.

☐ Light  ☐ Medium  ☐ Dark

Name

Address

City  State

THIS OFFER good in U.S.A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934.
Also Sizes for Callouses and Bunions

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and relief will be yours in one minute! Navigging shoe pressure or rubbing on irritated nerves or inflamed tissues will stop at once. These thin, soothing, heating patches also dry out easily and quickly.

Remove Corns and Callouses

Simply use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Discs included in every box for this purpose. The hard, dead skin soon softens—lifts right out easily. Get this sure relief today at your drug, dept. or shoe store.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME

to play the violin, piano, cello, flute, or any other instrument. No method cards. Just a simple way to learn music at home. With regular practice, you can become a musician. Prove it to yourself—just listen to the music! Only 10 cents a day.

FREE BOOK

Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstrations. Learn how easy it is to learn to play music. Write today, no obligation.

Managing Editor: E. W. Walls

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1130 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

MONEY BACK!

If you do not lose 5 to 15 pounds in 4 weeks or do not feel greatly improved by using REDUCE-D-MINT, return it and get your money back—guaranteed.

REDUCE-D-MINT

5 to 15 lbs. in one month.

$100,000.00 FOR A STORY

A writer was paid this fortune for a single story. CAVALCADE.

Maxwell Anderson, the famous playwright, is the author of some of the best plays written in this country and is in every sense of the word a playwright. But he has never forgotten his earliest experiences and has never lost his appreciation of the theatre. So when he was asked to write a play about the life of a famous actor, he immediately accepted the challenge.

His first problem was to find a subject. He wanted something that was both interesting and dramatic. After much thought, he came up with the idea of a story about a famous actor who had been imprisoned for murder. The idea fascinated him, and he set to work immediately.

He spent several months writing the play, working hard to make it as realistic and gripping as possible. When he was finally finished, he showed it to a few friends, who were all impressed by its power and impact.

The play was a huge success when it opened, and Maxwell Anderson was hailed as one of the most talented playwrights of his generation. He went on to write many more successful plays, and his work continues to be performed around the world today.
Radio Parade
Continued from page 58

Missouri songbird! Martha Mears
at the microphone singing in that
distinctive style which is bringing
her to the fore as a radio notable.

"I am, of course, delighted—thrilled—at
the thought of working in a picture," she
continued. "It is another medium—a very
wonderful medium of expression. I had
refused previous opportunities not because
of any lack of enthusiasm for pictures, nor
because of any special considerations or
demands that the producers were unwilling
to meet.

"Ever since I started radio work—
against the advice of my teachers, who
wanted me to concentrate on concert sing-
ing—I have been tremendously attached to
it. I find radio interesting because it de-
mands the purest expression of the singer's
art. The singer must achieve by the vocal
art alone, unaided by other physical ex-
pression, all of the individualism and per-
sonality which forms a sympathetic bond
between the artist and the audience."

The diva whose vocal portraits have had,
perhaps, the largest audience of any sopran-
o in the history of music, spoke animadly,
but gave the impression of measuring her
words carefully. I could detect no trace of
pose, of affectation. Her brown eyes
glowed with the intensity of feeling that
appears to electrify her youthfully trim,
slight body, and expressive, sensitive hands,
when she talks of music, of art, and of her
radio work. Lead the conversation into
results of the very first package, your
money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right
away, we make this absolutely FREE offer.
Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at
once! Cut out the coupon on the box and mail
it to us with a clipping of this paragraph.
We will send you a fascinating new book
on health, "New Poems About Your Body", by
an authority. Remember, results are
guaranteed with the very first package—or
money refunded. At all druggists.
Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 268, Atlanta, Ga.
Amazing New Discovery For Light Hair Perfected!

An almost magical way has been found to increase and intensify the special allure of the blonde—so that you can make your hair look as perfectly elegant and prepossessing as it needs to be in order to attract as never before, if you're blonde... with the golden shimmer of your hair!

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and fascination of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to restore its real blonde color and luster!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a golden magnet of femininity appeal.

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the natural hidden color, golden light and luffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c store. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!

TRUBLOND
BLONDE SHAMPOO
by Jo-scur'

True blonde never fades... blonde always and luffiness last forever... Developed by a woman scientist—Jo-scur.


DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Friede-Nelson enjoy conversation—go to Theatre and Club because they use Leonard's Invisible Ear Drum which resemble Ear Physiologists select in the Ear entirely out of site. No wires, batteries or hard piece. They are inexpensive. Write for the auditory-aid, and information of the inventors who was himself deaf.


Alviene SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

Grosvenor Lee Town Range Damson Fred Archer, Eve Albright, Bessie Dreyfuss, Mary Kellogg, Ann Drennan, Nita Oakes, Dorothy Haines, Ernest Sanders, Elsie Grainger, June Jones, Susie Sunbeam, Rose Fairchild, Elizabeth Land, 66 W., 89 St., N.Y.

Happy couple! Above, Elizabeth Young, one of the outstanding younger screen actresses, and Joseph Mankiewicz, scenario writer, after their wedding in Hollywood. At the bride's left is Gail Patrick, bridesmaid, and on the extreme right, Phillips Holmes, best man.
The Laugh Team Speaks Up

Continued from page 31

laughs. A comedy may make you roar and fall out of your seat while in the theatre, but it is hard to register in your mind as a lasting thing.

"Neither Mary nor I started out to be comedians. She made her début as a dramatic actress. It was only when she appeared in Booth Tarkington's stage hit, 'Clarence,' that she discovered her comedy talents. I began as a kid in knee-pants to play old-men characters. Then, I became the romantic juvenile and later, graduated into musical comedy. Now, here we are in Hollywood, a screen laugh-team."

"We're never afraid of the other stealing a scene," mused Mary.

"Nor fuss about whose face is turned to the camera," added Charlie.

After years of success in creating mirth-provoking situations on both stage and screen, Charlie and Mary modestly insist they have no formula, no system in garnering laughs.

Charlie's only suggestion was that one become sensitive to comedy angles. He said, "You train your mind to see the humorous aspect in every incident. It is your business and you work at it. Believe me, our 'spontaneous' screen comedy is the result of painstaking effort.

"We are both of the Polynyan type. Not that I'm in around anything ' Isn't life grand!' But neither of us yearns to play the classics, and we are not slaves to ambition. We get complete satisfaction out of our screen comedies."

"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. "Airedales" have ruined many a movie close-up—because superfuzz hair shows as plainly in the pictures as it does upon the beach. That's why all Hollywood uses X-BAZIN to remove hair. X-Bazin (cream or powder) is essential for leg, arm and under-arms that expect to be seen!

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, more and more efficient, more and more agreeable. This really reliable depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irritation, stubble or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin—accept no substitutes. Powder or cream, at drug and department stores—only 50c. Good size tubes of X-Bazin Cream, 15c in 5-and-10 cent stores. HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. Est. 1845, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For August 1934

For August 1934

For August 1934
When summer suns are riding high, Beauty herself, comes smiling by!

A powder for that delicate, flower-like complexion!

YOU want a soft, flattering make-up this time of year, one which encourages your complexion to look flowerylike. Princess Pat powder is the nicest your cosmetic scout knows, for producing this effect. It is made on an almond base and from earliest times almond oil has been famous for the delightful things it does to ladies' faces. During hot weather when there is a tendency for skin to become parched and dried, this soft-textured powder not only gives you that most becoming fragile look, as if you spent hours and hours just caring for your complexion, but it actually is good for you, counteracting dryness and staying on much longer than other powders which are made without almond.

We suggest you try it and see if our judgment is not correct. Under it, blend a dash of Princess Pat rouge for that natural delicate coloring that seems to shine through from beneath the skin. We have found English tints a particularly happy choice of shade to add to the becomingness of your light summer frills.

The good old summer time is perfume-time—but with a difference. In warm weather you want your perfume light, gay, sparkling as the twinkle of sun on water. Lenthéric has a grand idea on this very matter. It is a hard package called the "Three Silent Messengers," an eau de cologne, in three separate fragrances: Miracle, Asphodel, Lotus D'Or. Aren't the bottles pictured here, attractive? With them you may be as versatile as you please, using one fragrance in the morning, one at noon, and one at night! Of course, an eau de cologne is not perfume, but when a very light fragrance is desired, as it is in hot days, it becomes the perfect answer.

Do you know the new trick with eau de cologne? If your apartment is hot and close when you come home to it at night, when it is in all day, spray a bit into the air. What a change! You can imagine a field of flowers right outside your window with a woodsy, little breeze carrying it to you! All the stuffiness is gone in an instant.

If you want to be a perfect guest, take the "Three Silent Messengers" to your hostess. If you want to be a perfect hostess, have them standing on the dressing-table for your guest.

As you excited about the new hats? One of our favorite starlets is! She will not let us use her name as that would be telling—but she made her own hat and it is about the smartest, most becoming thing you ever saw. It cost her ever so little in money and just a small relaxing hour of fun. It is crocheted and the smart part is the amazing new Dennison material of which it is made. This gives it an interesting surface, roughly smooth, flat, flattering. It is ideal for summer as it is so light and cool. One day its owner was caught out in the rain in it! (Oh yes, it rains occasionally in Southern California, and when it does, it makes a thorough job of it.) But the drenching did not hurt the hat in the least. The hat material is waterproof.

This particular young star made a special hat first and then liked it so well that she made another for town! She
Helen Hayes Tells Why She'll Retire from the Films

Continued from page 33

the matter of publicity.

"Mr. Marion who wrote that article about screen stars was entirely right," she said. "Stars like Katharine Hepburn and Gertrude Lawrence are made by the motion picture public and the public has a right to know what it wants to about them. It has a right to know what it wants to about the young star of the day. I don't want more money than I need for the present and the future. Money gets in my way—I don't know where to put it.

"We've got our home in Nyack now and I can't tell you how I love it or what it's done for me this winter. I've been working terribly hard—the play has many sides as 'Hamlet' and yet I've not been tired at all this year. Next year I'm going out on tour with the play.

"I thought that when I signed my picture contract for half a year in Hollywood and half a year on the stage I was pretty smart—but I wasn't! The time overlaps. I must work terribly hard in Hollywood these next days to finish my two pictures to get back in time to take the company out. How can I keep all those players waiting for work?—and the same holds true of Hollywood in a lesser measure. They wired for me to come West the first of March, but how could I drop the play that was opening on the stage now?"

"In the theatre one can have a private life. You can talk to the press about anything or nothing—and it doesn't matter so long as you're an actress. But a good motion picture actress must have or make a private life that reads like a fairy tale. The public wants it and they're entitled to it.

"You forget the end of that article. It said, 'If you lead a normal life—as you do, for instance—you won't be bothered so much with interviews.' Stars talk about their homes, their children, and their husbands."

"My husband doesn't want me to and I don't want to!" said Helen Hayes. "Even normal things assume different aspects when applied to a screen actress. Mary is still the way I want her to be. She doesn't know what's all about her. She's four now, but suppose she were old enough to read. Think of what it would do to her. She'd either get conceited to have a famous writer like Charles MacArthur for a father and an actress for a mother, or get an inferiority complex.

"No, I think sooner or later every picture star has to decide what she wants most—a career or a private life. She can't have her cake and eat it too—it's not being honest with the public who made her rich and famous. That's why I've chosen the private life and am getting out."

"All the time Helen had been talking my subconscious mind had been working. My conscious mind said, "She's right and so very honest—let her alone!"—but my subconscious mind hadn't gotten over the idea of getting my story about Mary, and I said suddenly:

"All right! You say you're getting out! But don't forget you're not out yet—there are two more pictures. And until you are out, you must tell the public what it wants to know—what you want to live up to your own theory.

"I felt like a villainess in a melodrama, for Helen looked at me with large round eyes. There was a pause. "I hadn't thought of that," she replied. There was another pause while she turned it over in her mind.

"I've told you I love Helen for her honesty and she proved it now when she said, 'Oh, why must you have such a logical mind! I suppose you're right. I do believe what I told you and now I've got to prove it after my mind was all made up. And let Charley won't talk to me if I let you go. After all, what can a child of four say? And suppose everyone comes to interview the child after you? I promise if you let her off no one else shall get near her to bother her.'"
Saves stockings. Prevents wear at heel and toe.

Now—double the life of your sheerest hose!

Stockings—the biggest item in clothes expense—give double, often triple wear when guarded by Walk-Eze Stocking Protectors. Patented, feather-light, they lay on the heel, prevent rubbing and resultant holes. Made of soft, light-weight, non-shearing, washable, free from danger and objection of rubber. Slip over stocking heel, they cling of themselves. No messy gumming, no sticking. The trimmed-Malteze edge on one side, Nothing on the other. Reversible so that one pair goes with all colors of hose.

Prevent blisters and infections

Recommended by doctors and druggists to prevent pain-

stakingly imported. They stop chafing and bring soothing

relief. Ask for Walk-Eze Stocking Protectors at SHOE

STORES, and HOSIERY COUNTERS of DEPARTMENT

STORES. Made for men and women and children.

If your local store is out of Walk-Eze, send 25 cents

and mailing label to WALK-EZE Dept. A-1, 25 Wolf Street,

Syracuse, New York.

Walk-Eze Pronounced Walk-Easy Stocking Protectors

Consult Yogi Alpha

Big Reading Only 25c

What will be your lucky day?

Will you find in love, happiness, health, or success? If you desire to know what this day will bring for you, ask your card, or post your letterhead address, or your name and address, to YOGI ALPHA, Internationally known phil-

osopher, who has analyzed thousands of cards by his unique predictions, offers to bring you your luck for reading for only 25c. Covers mar-

riage, business, other important questions. Send your name and address, or your card, or your letterhead.

YOGI ALPHA, Dept. 1411, Hollywood, Cal.

FREE

Recommended by Yogi Alpha, Internationally known philoso-

pher, who has analyzed thousands of cards by his unique

predictions, offers to bring you your luck in marriage and

business, other important questions. Send your name and

address, or your card, or your letterhead. YOGI ALPHA, Dept. 1411, Hollywood, Cal.

If you are a teacher who wishes reading, send life for the TWO readings.

Asthmatic sufferers—get quick relief

Free trial package offered

Thousands use Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound to soothe and relieve paroxysms of Asthma. On sale at druggi-

es, Powder, 25 cents and $1.00. Cigarettes, 50 cents for 25c. Send for FREE TRIAL package of 6

cigarettes. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. WW 1

Rupert, Vt.

Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound

Do you attract men?


Secrets of Charm From Hollywood

P. O. Box 1755

Hollywood, Calif.

Now—the giant tube

Perfumed depilatory cream

Zip Epilator—It's off because it's out

Permanently destroys hair.

One of the reasons why everything goes like clock-work when the cameras start whirring, is the careful preparation. Above you see Kay Francis, Jean Muir and Verree Teasdale listening as Director Kohle explains a scene for "Dr. Monica."

How's that for a good sport who lives up to her theories?

Mary, I bear, has golden hair down to her knees now. Helen hasn't the heart to cut it and pretty wears it in pigtails every day, and for "dress-up" it is allowed to hang with its slight curl and a ribbon around in Alice in Wonderland fashion. If there ever was an Alice, Mary is she.

The name "Helen Hayes" is never spoken around the MacArthur home. But Helen is slowly beginning to be aware that there is such a thing—not an actress or a person or her mummy, but just a thing. Helen's examples of this are too good to keep. Mary plays with the children in the neighborhood and one day some of the older ones came over supposedly to play with the youngster and suddenly said, "I want to see your mother." Mary, poor in-

nocent, lead them to Helen and they stood around shyly and after ascertaining that she was "Helen Hayes" produced an auto-

graphic book while Mary looked on with a London dressing

brow. She knows her mother goes to the studio and the theatre but she doesn't think she's any different from the other children's mammas.

When Mary was very young the Mac-

Arthurs sang to her of her "Tweety Bunting," with the variations of "Daddy goes to the Studio" and "Mama goes to the Studio." The theatre she learned about one day when she wanted to come to New York after Helen who said, "You don't want to stay in the cold, dark theatre." So now when mama leaves, Mary asks whether she's going to the "cold-dark theatre," whatever that may be.

As to the name Helen has made famous, the best anecdote of all seems to be about the evening Helen was playing "Good-

night" with Mary. This game consists of calling each other funny names.

They began with "Good-night twiddle-

dee." "Good-night twiddledee," returned Mary.

They next went on to the foods. It was "Good-night spinach," "Good-night car-

rots," etc. Finally Helen said, "Good-

night vegetable soup!" and Mary's amazing reply was "Good-night Helenhayes," upon which she began giggling furiously.

"I don't know what she thought it was, but it was run together and was supposed to be funnier than vegetable soup," said Helen. "Of course, I nearly fell over, because I didn't know Mary had ever heard the name and she must have picked it up from the older children." Mary doesn't know what "Helen Hayes" means yet—which gives you an idea of how Helen is trying to bring up Mary.

Helen wants to make "What Every Woman Knows" because it is her favorite play and because she wants to bring it to everyone, as only the medium of pictures can do. She still trusts producer Irving Thalberg as implicitly as she did in the beginning. The MacArthurs travelled to Europe with the Thalberg family when Irving was ill last year and she feels that she has made true friends in Norma Shearer and Irving and that Mary has a pal in Irving, Junior.

Helen says she loves picture-making more than the monotonous of the stage. She laughs the laughter of Hollywood and she loves it because she made four real friends there—the Thalbergs and the Alfred Newmans, who have just given their new baby a middle name of Hayes. Mr. Newman is the talented man who does all the musical scores for Twentieth Century pictures. To make a friend after one is twenty-

five I think is marvelous, and I'd travel half way round the world for it! Certainly I'll go to Hollywood occasionally even after I leave pictures.

"As if Irving Thalberg would let you go!" I scoffed, "to say nothing of the fans!"

"I haven't told Irving yet," Helen said, "but just the same I've made my choice. I want a private life."

But being Helen Hayes of the uncommon honesty she added, "Of course we never know what will happen! I don't want to put on a Patti's farewell act because maybe I'll be making more pictures after my contract expires—look at the way I've had to talk about everything you wanted when I was sure I wasn't going to! But you're right. I'll be consistent, and give interviews for two more pictures. I think the next life story I give out I'll say I was stolen by gypsies in my childhood—but after those two pictures I'm going to have a private life if I know anything about it!"
of the palace. She was working while her husband amused himself with his toy soldiers and a kennel full of hounds which he kept in his bedroom. Empress Elizabeth had always been mistrusted by her hereditary subjects, and they were risking their lives by taking part in her intrigues but she knew how to guide them and also how to inspire them with loyalty towards her person and to her cause.

The story of her own daring as well as the courage displayed by her supporters who ultimately helped her to the throne should have made a far more exciting film subject than the one chosen.

There was no love lost between Elizabeth and Catherine, the elder woman suspecting the younger one of scheming. Nothing, therefore, could have been further from Elizabeth's mind than to let her schemes and law handle affairs of state or to think of entrusting Russia at her deathbed. Peter was her nephew and heir and it was to him that Elizabeth turned.

Elizabeth, although not as strong a character as Catherine, had nevertheless a very definite personality of her own. In this young man, Peter the Great had blended both the Asiatic traits of her Moscovite forefathers and the refinements of a newly imported Western culture. A very beautiful woman, she had the grace and dignity of an Eastern Sultana mingled with the smiling elegance of a French Marquise. She was an indolent, feminine, and kind-hearted woman who since the beginning of her reign had refused to sign a single death sentence.

Her life had been one of many triumphs, and to the faithful Catherine he acquires in spite of himself a certain dignity. He also is the only well-dressed and well-groomed person of the entirely cast, his clothes being so elaborate as to make one believe that when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had once been fitted out by the best dressmaker in Paris and had been seen in public.

It is a poorly dressed and poorly managed crowd of courtiers that rushes back and forth through the very accurately copied luxurious rooms of the Tsar's Winter Palace. There is little of the Eighteenth Century elegance in the banquet courts of the ladies and the stiff-backed bows of the gentlemen. In their general demeanor there is not one refined or graceful gesture. Even Catherine's supporters treat her with disconcerting familiarity making it obvious that very little attention and time were devoted to the schooling of the court in appropriate behavior.

No local color worth mentioning has been introduced into the story which as it is conceived could have taken place almost in any country. The story is told with too perfectly modern gypsy songs and a few glimpses of the Moscow cupolas with close-ups of church bells in full volley are unconvincing and hurt loosely related to the principal theme. At the risk of appearing too exacting it must be pointed out that church bells in Russia are brought into action differently from anywhere else, differently also from the manner in which the tongue alone in Russian bells is swung, the bells themselves being so attached to their crosspieces that they cannot oscillate. It is a pity that even the singing behind the stage supposedly at Empress Elizabeth's bier has nothing to do with Russian melodies—a fact that is hardly excusable considering the present popularity of Russian music.

Very little can be said of the acting. Miss Bergner's reputation as an actress of talent had preceded the film but the part she has to take in it could but do her injustice, to my mind.

Next time that Europe sends one of her historical film productions we must hope that it will be something more authentic, something at least into the making of which the audiences will have some knowledge, blackness, and taste; even if it does deal with such a remote and exotic subject as Russian history.

She Said "No" to Thalberg

Continued from page 25

stock company there. The director, who had charmed the manager's office in New York, thought she was a Broadway leading lady and begged her to go west with him to play the ingenue lead in stock. Before she arrived he had closed his company down.

So Claire had just to make good—and did, in a big way. Previous to this, she had never been on the stage in her life, except when she did church entertainments in her home church, and as a student in the American Academy of Dramatic Art, in New York.

Following this summer in stock she returned to New York, where she appeared in a number of short films. By this time, the spell of the footlights, the glamour and fascination, was in her blood—and she was off on a career.

Originally Claire planned to enter Smith College, but a little matter of credit short-cached her, and her dean caused her to abandon this course. This served to depress her considerably for a time, since many of her friends in the old home town (Larchmont, L. I., a few miles north of New York City) attended that famed girls' school. But soon she decided to become an artist, and traveled daily uptown to Columbia University, where she took art, design, and French.

There dawned upon her one day the realization that the artist market was flooded—what chance had she in amounting to anything in that field when already

**She LOST 50 Pounds without Diet or Exercise**

- There's no need to envy other women with their captivating figures, while you sit in the background ashamed and uncomfortable. Here is the easy, safe way that has transformed the overweight bodies of thousands of deformed women into lovely figures admired by everyone, after other methods had failed.

- Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1929 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes, "I reduced 50 pounds with REDUCE-OIDS. Every other method failed, but REDUCE-OIDS succeeded! After I lost this fat, my doctor pronounced me in better health than I was for years, and I felt better in every way."

**FAT GOES—OR NO COST TO YOU!**

- If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful "slimming" results you obtain from REDUCE-OIDS, you get your money back, your word and the used package is all we require, you risk no money! So give REDUCE-OIDS a fair trial into one more day's having... Your druggist or department store has REDUCE-OIDS or can get it quickly. If your dealer is out, send $2.00 for 1 package, or $5.00 for 3 packages, to Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., 146 Sansome St., San Francisco, Calif., or C.O.D. Plain wrapper.

**FREE Send no money for this valuable book—"HOW TO REDUCE."**

*In Easy-to-Use Capsule Form*  
For Women Who Want to Become Slender  
For Women Who Want to Stay Slender

---

**GOODBYE, FAT!**

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."  
Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., Dept. S418  
146 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Name  
Address  
City... State...
Resinol
Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma or hay fever, you'll find the Resinol Hay Fever Ointment a welcome addition to your medicines cabinet. Resinol Hay Fever Ointment will give you prompt relief from that annoying, sneezing, runny-nose type of trouble. Applied two or three times a day, it will soothe, relax and calm in most cases. It is especially helpful when you are suffering from long spells of sneezing, hay fever and colds.

Resinol Ointment
Enlarges Bronchial passages
Strengthens the respiratory system
May be used by asthmatic children

Guaranteed

Practically every case is cured

60-Day Guarantee

Guaranteed to work or your money back—no questions asked.

FREE BOOKLET

Send for Free Booklet—"How to Protect Your Child from Hay Fever & Colds," and learn the latest scientific methods of preventing these dread complaints.

Resinol

Scribbeland

WHY NOT
FACE THE FACTS?
Your life foretold by Astrology.

Professor Elroy, the astrologer, whose work is known and appreciated in practically every country on the face of the globe, forecasts interested readers to obtain a free Astralogical study of their lives, prepared according to the original and unique method. Whatever your present opinions of Astrology, you may be sceptical, or of an open mind, or favor it in part, or be a non-believer, you are invited to test your convictions.

To the readers of Scribbeland, we say: Whether you are favorably inclined, definitely skeptical, or of an open mind, we invite you to test this method, and the vision of satisfied clients whose praise has won for him the reputation of being one of the greatest living exponents of the science. Of people of various nationalities to his power, and the uncanny accuracy of his predictions. If you are not afraid to face the facts about yourself, and would welcome the truth about your life, the booklet will be sent if you are sufficiently interested to ask.

This document will be written in plain, straightforward language, and will throw light on much which at this moment may seem dark or doubtful. If you wish to accept this offer, write a brief note, stating the exact DATE and PLACE of your birth, including your present address; if you do not do this, the copy will not be sent.

Put a 5 cent stamp on your letter and address:

PROF. ELROY (Service 72)
65 Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris 8th, France

FREE
LEAD REDUCTION
AMAZING NEW WAY
of reducing lead to lead-free...so easy, so inexpensive! No test, no chemicals, no dangerous fumes, steam or other destructive methods. Apply to lead wires, lead pipe, lead handles, and other products. Lead will be reduced to non-lead, and have the same properties as the original. No time or trouble, no danger. Save your lead...get back your dollars. Free illustrated book and premium. Send for FREE information, immediate action guaranteed. Some results will be noted in your hands in a few days.

FREE LEAD REDUCTION
FREE to advertise Dr. Jaffe's Medication, pool in 100 free copies. Lead in amounts of over 1000 pounds. No sell to physician, free mailing. LEAD REDUCTION COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEAT THE WAYS COMPANY

Tallahassee, Florida, Michigan

NOT A FRECKLE
TO WORRY ABOUT

45 Years Amazing Success Proves It

Embarrassing freckles just fade naturally with "FRECKLE-OUT". In 35 years the safe standard freckle remover, FREE SAMPLE—send for free samples. Postage, packing, handling, free.

KREMOLA Co., Dept. S-8
2712 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

SOMES FOR TALKING PICTURES
BIG ROYALTY

paid by Mute Publishers and Talking Film Producers.


Music and talking film rights to full length features and short subjects, sent free of charge to interested publishers and producers.

Published in Chicago and Hollywood, FRED B. HOLLEY, President

Scribbeland

THE WAY COMPANY

No Joke To Be Deaf

Mr. Way, perhaps you know that

Mr. Way knows the best way

ARTIFICAL EAR

When you have lost your hearing, write or call us for Full information.

THE WAY COMPANY

2731 Famous Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Scribbeland

WANT TO BROADCAST?

If you have talent here's your chance to get into broadcasting. New York Gibson

Gimbel is giving training in radio

Broadcasting. Send for free booklet, "How to Get Into Broadcasting," and start your career.

Gimbel Bros.

380 Broadway, N. Y.
Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 74

The Young family has certainly made motion picture careers a clamorous affair. Polly Ann Young was the first of the family to enter the movies. Then, after she had started, a studio called her for a screen role. Polly was busy in another picture, so she sent her sister, Loretta. And look where Loretta is today!

Well, Loretta had been working several months when she overheard a director say that someone wanted a girl like her, (Loretta), so she suggested that he see her sister, Sally Young. Sally was seen, and engaged for her first screen part. She changed her name to Sally Blane—and look where she is today!

All of which leads up to the fact that the other day, a studio needed a girl to play Loretta Young at the age of twelve years. "Why not use my sister, Georgiana?" Loretta asked. So another of the Young sisters has gone into pictures—and I wonder where she'll arrive on the road to success?

The rich society folk who come into the movies have fads just as eccentric as those of our real stars. Take Merry Fahrenay, that Chicago heiress to millions, for a color, fair skin that was green, so she used only green, one-cent postage stamps. You should see one of Merry's special delivery, air-mail envelopes—are covered with one-cent stamps.

You know how fast it is possible to travel now? Here is a most amazing record: Elizabeth Allan left London, England, on May 5th, on a hurried trip to Hollywood for a picture role. She crossed the Atlantic on the Europa in less than five days, and on the afternoon of the sixth day, she was in Hollywood. The trip from England to California required slightly more than five and one-half days!

Everybody is killing rattlesnakes out in Hollywood. It's getting so a body isn't in the social swim unless his mantle is decorated with the rattles of at least one reptile Crotalus atrox.

A rattler struck at Frances Dee in the garden at "Green Range," and Frances and a hired hand killed it with garden tools. It had ten rattles.

Dorothy Sebastian, Bill Boyd's wife, heard a familiar warning as she opened the gate of her cabin in the Malibu Mountains. She jumped barely in time to escape the deadly fangs. Dorothy secured a revolver, and soon Mr. Snake and his head parted company.

Ann Dvorak came across a seven-foot rattler on the ranchero where she and Leslie Fenton live...
THE WINNERS!

CLARK GABLE

MADGE EVANS
"She's ma sistah, sub, and I'll protect her hons' with ma life!"

MARION DAVIES
Hoyden in silk overalls. Tooth-paste ads and magazine covers on parade. Sun all day.

JEAN PARKER
Blue violets. Prom-Queen at a church social eating pop-corn balls.

MYRNA LOY
A temple dancer talking "Pig-Latin" to a fat tourist from Dubuque.

HELEN HAYES
Royalty washing dishes. Dignity in a nudist colony.

LISTING THE WINNERS IN SCREENLAND'S ROMANCE CONTEST! READ THE WINNING PEN PORTRAITS WITH THE STARS' PICTURES!

Marion Davies' Fitted Dressing-Case awarded to Louise Rose Devon, 5049 Arch St., West Philadelphia, Pa.
Clark Gable's Movie Camera awarded to John S. Antkowiak, 192 Gibson St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Myrna Loy's Perfume awarded to Mrs. D. R. Blair, 529 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Helen Hayes' Negligee awarded to S. J. Crooke, 3rd and Franklin Sts., Columbus, Ind.
Madge Evans' Dress awarded to Bernice Pennington, 379 Hill Ave., Glen Ellyn, Ill.
Jean Parker's Beach Ensemble awarded to Joyce Johnston, Box 208, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.
EXTRA! HARLOW TURNS BRUNETTE!

No, not really
... but just imagine!

WOULDNT that be front page news, though, from New York to
Bangkok and back again? And wouldn't you just like to own a
little stock in a hair dying company if the world's most famous blonde
ever does decide to do such a thing?

A dozen of the biggest beauty authorities might cry "Don't watch
Harlow." But you know and we know that from then on they couldn't
sell a platinum treatment if they gave away a set of bracelets to
match it.

Who really sets the style trends nowadays? Paris? Park Avenue
debutantes?

"Not on your life," says Leonard Hall. "Paris couldn't put tweeds
on women. But Garbo did. And it was Mae West who told Park
Avenue to stop eating sweets again."

But we're getting into Mr. Hall's story now. It's called "HOW THE
HOLLYWOOD STARS MAKE THE AMERICAN GIRL!" And, believe
us, he has seen them do it since long before little Mary Pickford
lopped off her curly locks and the snap of the fatal shears was heard
around the world.

We know you'll read every word of what he has to say. It's in the
September issue, on sale July 25th. BUT—

See that your friends don't miss it!
And make a little money for yourself.

Here's all there is to it. Just tell your friends about this great
SCREENLAND "scoop" for September. Tell them about SCREENLAND—how
good it is, every issue. And then tell them they can get ten issues
for only $1.00 if they will subscribe through you.

When you have gotten two subscriptions, fill in the coupon below and
send one of the dollars to us. KEEP THE OTHER DOLLAR FOR
YOURSELF. It's easy enough. If your friends are fan magazine
readers, they'll be glad to get SCREENLAND, the leader, at so great a
reduction.

And if you get more than two subscriptions, so much the better. Just
send half of the money to us and you spend the rest. But get them
in groups of two. Don't send us an odd number of subscriptions.

START TODAY—NOW!

(Screenland 15¢ a copy; $1.50 a year in U. S. and possessions.
Canadian postage 60¢ extra; Foreign $1.00 extra.)

SCREENLAND SUBSCRIPTION CLUB,
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Here are two new subscribers who have paid me $1.00 each for ten-month
subscriptions to SCREENLAND. In accordance with the SCREENLAND Sub-
scription Plan, I have kept half the money and enclosed the remaining $1.00.

(If you receive more than two subscriptions, send half the money
and the names and addresses in a letter. The coupon is not necessary.)

Subscribers' Name ..........................................................
Address ...........................................................................

Subscribers' Name ..........................................................
Address ...........................................................................

My Name ...........................................................................
Address ...........................................................................

(Screenland is published weekly by the American Magazine
Company, 45 West 45th Street, New York. Subscriptions, $1.50 per
year in U. S. and possessions; Canadian postage 60¢ extra; Foreign
$1.00 extra. \(\text{Canadian Subscriptions: Main Office, 45 West 45th Street, New York. Payable in
Canada only.} \)
A FACT!

SCIENCE ADVANCES NEW DATA THAT MAY COMPLETELY CHANGE YOUR IDEAS OF CIGARETTES!

Experience of Camel Smokers Confirmed

Here's a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"—a quick restoration of the flow of natural body energy—a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. You do "get a lift with a Camel," and it is a pleasure that you can repeat as often as you like.

CAMELS can literally relieve fatigue and irritability

Are you irritable...cress and fussy when tired? Then light a Camel. As you enjoy its cool, rich flavor, you will quickly feel your flow of natural energy being restored. That "done-in" feeling drops away. Your pep and cheerfulness come flooding back.

EFFECT IS NATURAL

The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly natural and utterly delightful way. So, whenever you feel run-down, tired and irritable, just light a Camel.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. You can increase your flow of energy over and over again. And you need never worry about your nerves. For remember: Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.

TOO TIRED FOR FUN...and then she smoked a Camel!

KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You will like Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

Copyright, 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"
HER life is outdoors... the wind... the sun... the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined... the home... the school room... the factory... the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours... well, you really don’t know... you merely hope.

Don’t offend others!
Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn’t be guilty at all if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis (unpleasant breath)
SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

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

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

Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had a wandering eye. Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed.

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

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

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

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

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

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice "pink" on your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but endanger sound teeth."

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

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

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

VISIT "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.
SEP 26 1935

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

SPEAKING OF CLEAN PICTURES

What could be cleaner? And gayer? And funnier? Even Mickey Mouse, even The Three Little Pigs and Donald the Duck and The Wise Little Hen must bow before Mr. Disney's new animated cartoon characters, "Peculiar Penguins." Scene: the clean snows and icebergs of the Antarctic. Characters: the most lovable birds in existence, the penguins; assorted whales, walrus, fish, and things. Action: the homely of the appealing black-and-white bird families, with almost-human emotions and humor. Walt Disney is a Public Benefactor, anyway! His is the most creative mind in Hollywood. His priceless cartoon characters have won the applause of the world. Any art—or industry, if you will—that can boast a Walt Disney need not hang its head in shame. The Disney pictures are Hollywood's best advertisement.

September, 1934

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXIX, No. 5

SCREENLAND SCOOPS:

READ THE LATEST ABOUT BING CROSBY'S NEW CO-STAR MIRIAM HOPKINS
S. K. Mood 16

DIX DARES TO DESERT
Jack Grant 25

"DAVID COPPERFIELD" COMES TO THE SCREEN
Ida Zeilitz 26

SYLVIA BREAKS ALL THE RULES. Sylvia Sidney 28

HOLLYWOOD'S BAD BOYS MAKE A MOVIE
Leonard Hall 32

YES, YOU CAN HAVE A HOLLYWOOD FIGURE
James Davies 56

OTHER FEATURES:

THE EDITOR'S PAGE
Delight Evans 15

HOW THE HOLLYWOOD STARS MAKE THE AMERICAN GIRL
Leonard Hall 18

MRS. TARZAN TAMED?
Al Hughes 20

THE LAUGHS ON ME SAYS IRVIN COBB
An interview with Thornton Sargent 21

SECRETS OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S SUCCESS
Laura Benham 22

EXPENSE NO OBJECT
Madeleine Carroll 24

GINGER FIGHTS FOR HER RIGHTS
Ginger Rogers 29

GIVE US A CHANCE
James Marlon 29

A STAR WHO IS WISE TO HERSELF
Ruby Keeler 30

WANNA BUY A DUCK?
Ben Maddox 51

ESCAPE FROM THE WORK HABIT
Harry N. Blair 59

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

TAGGING THE TALKIES. Short Reviews 6

SALUTES AND SNUBS. Letters from Readers 8

HONOR PAGE 10

RADIO PARADE. Tom Kennedy 12

SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL. Edited by Grace Moore 32

REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES Delight Evans 54

LADY, CAN YOU SPARE THE TIME? Beauty 58

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD. Screen News 62

ASK ME 88

FEMI-NIFTIES 86

Cover Portrait of Miriam Hopkins by Charles Sheldon

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 155 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heinbuecher, President; J. S. Mc Dermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago office: 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.10 in Canada; foreign $3.00. Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered at second-class matter November 30, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1934. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

Frank J. Carroll, Art Director

James M. Fidler, Western Representative
Colman, Prince of Poise, we've missed you! Welcome back, Ronnie old thing—and may you keep right on making a "Bulldog Drummond" picture a year until Shirley Temple is playing dowagers!

"Bulldog Drummond" strikes back at us with his incomparable charm, his suavity, his sly sense of humor. There's only one Colman, and his new picture is his best yet. It's gay. It's in good taste. It's ENTERTAINMENT!

Charles almost steals the show from the star with his hilarious characterization of Bulldog Drummond's right-hand man. Commanded by his friend to help solve a mystery, Charlie leaves his bride, Una Merkel, on their wedding night—and causes endless comic complications. Miss Merkel is grand, too.
Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a pure soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.

"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'" give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins.

Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

"GO ON, GRIN," Sally Gibson! says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE
Radio Parade

Taking you back of the microphones to meet some outstanding personalities of the air

By Tom Kennedy

The moon came over a mountain of clouds that had hovered over Manhattan all day long, almost precisely at the moment when an Iron Horse, bearing passengers from Montreal and points north and west, roared into the Grand Central Terminal and Kate Smith's "Hello!" rang out above the clatter that attends the arrival of a crack flyer.

Thus New Yorkers who from sun-up had been scurrying about under the inadequate protection of umbrellas, oilskins, or what have you when the rain is pouring down in sheets, heaved a sigh of relief almost in concert with the hearty, "Gee, I'm glad to be back!" that was Kate's first expression as she emerged from a Pullman.

Yes, the Kate had come back—back to the scene of her greatest triumphs, the radio halls which the networks maintain as their headquarters in New York.

"Hello!" cried the Songbird of the South as she addressed individual greeting to the group which had been "passed along" to see Kate as she debarked from the Montrealer.

And here your correspondent would like to say that until you have been told "Hello!" by Kate Smith, with the handshake and smile that accompanies it, well, the burden of proof that you have ever really been "Hello!" is on you. When Kate greets you—why, you can hear it, see it and feel it right through you.

When the popping of the cameramen's flashlights ceased—and those boys can sure burn up the powder when a celebrity gets near their lenses—the greetings and luggage gotten out of the way, Kate settled down to tell Screenland's readers all about it.

Kate listened to all the questions and then gave the answers.

"I've had the swellest week of vacation at Banff I ever dreamed could be had. Boy, what a wonderful place to have a vacation! I'm back, must go immediately to visit my folks in Virginia, and then get going again in radio. I may start again in two weeks, though I rather hope I'll have a little more time before returning to the microphone.

That would make the first of her regular broadcasts since quitting the air nine months ago take place about the middle of July, though between the time this is written and publication date, things may be changed and the "come-back" set for a later date. (Continued on page 94)
Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 6

Perhaps you remember the "Penguin Pool Murder Mystery." Here we have a sequel, and a perhaps superior piece of entertainment. A very cleverly contrived mystery is solved by Edna May Oliver when she effects the capture of the murderer of a young school teacher. Comedy overtones supplied by Miss Oliver and James Gleason add to the interest. Bruce Cabot, Gertrude Michael and Tully Marshall rate praise.

A picture made in one of those Hawaiian paradises, offering magnificent scenic backgrounds for a two-penny story about an American planter who finds true love in a native girl, after his society-girl bride sets fire to the cane crop so she can run away with a handsome chap with a yacht. Virginia Cherrill and David Newell do some good acting. Swell, if you like the view.

Take the better-than-average musical short subject, stretch to twice its natural footage, and you have about what this British import offers in entertainment. Cecely Courtneidge, a very competent comedienne, is better adapted to the short subject style of comedy than features as we know them here. Despite the presence of Sam Hardy it's amusing only in spots.

Peeks of fun for old and young! Here you'll find some new ideas, a fresh point of view, and plenty of clever acting. Story is about a once-wealthy family about to lose all. Into the gloomy group comes a vivacious but seemingly dumb young thing, whose acts miraculously, (and amusingly), save the day. Marian Nixon gives the best performance of her career, and has fine support.

(Continued on page 70)
So much of their Loveliness depends on the tooth paste they use

"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks BETTY DOUGLAS. Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.

"I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics... for whom no beauty aid is too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so much like the effect of Listerine itself. At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
DEAR Shirley:

This will be just one more fan letter to you. I hear you’re getting more mail than Jackie Cooper. And I know you’re much too busy to answer. But that’s all right. Just have your secretary mail me an autographed picture for my office and we’ll call it square.

Let me see, how many pictures have you made now? They’ve kept you busy, haven’t they? Well, I’m not going to take up your time by asking any silly questions such as, “What do you think of when you make your crying scenes?” or “Who’s your favorite leading man?” I know the answer to the first question: you’re a natural-born actress with an inspired technique. No glycerine for you. Real tears and lots of them. To order, any time. As for the second question, I can answer that, too. Jimmy Dunn was your favorite leading man after you played with him in “Stand Up and Cheer” and “Baby Take A Bow.” But now Gary Cooper is playing opposite you, and I hear you’ve switched your affections. Don’t blame you. Gary’s a nice boy, too.

But there is one matter I’d like to discuss with you. It’s this. Don’t ever listen to your publicity. Or maybe you’ve already heard some of it? I’m afraid so. How could you help it? I know your mother and father are wise and fine folks, and they’ll do their best not to let you listen. But perhaps at the beach one day you caught a whisper, “There goes the Miracle Star!” Well, just pay no attention, Shirley. You wouldn’t want your playmates next door to bring that up, would you? Of course not. You’d feel terribly embarrassed. They know you now as Mr. and Mrs. Temple’s good little kid. If they heard you were that “Miracle Star” being billed all over the place, they might stop playing with you.

So if any eminent producer or director or grown-up star greets you, “And how is the Miracle Star today?” you answer as you did in “Little Miss Marker”: “Aw, nuts!” But don’t tell your mother I told you to.
When Bing Crosby, who is probably Will Hays' most modest young 'un about his own acting talent, heard he was going to be cast as a co-star with Miriam Hopkins in "She Loves Me Not," something tells me he had a sinking feeling somewhere in the region of his stomach. Bing didn't tell me, y'understand, but something did. I know the boy. I can tell when he's got something on his mind besides his next golf game.

Like everyone else in Hollywood, Bing has probably heard things about little Southern Miriam to the effect that the lady is a minor firecracker on the set—that she knows more about acting technique than a correspondence school teacher and that she has small patience with either actors or directors who don't know as much as she does.

With Bing, it's this way: he claims to know exactly nothing about technique. With Miriam's reputation for knowing so much about it and with so little reputed patience for them as don't, you can begin to understand how he must have felt.

Before it went into production, "She Loves Me Not" was probably Crosby's least favorite picture. Before it was completed, I have none other than the Hopkins personal word for it that she "liked working with Bing more than almost any other leading man she had ever faced a camera with." Not to mention Bing's own affidavit that things went "swell."

All of which led me to wonder, "What is all this business about Miriam, the lady-terror, who is so fearsome before you know her and who goes around scaring the wits out of actors and directors who have never met her?"

After an hour or two of conversation with her I think I know the answer. It isn't her appearance, you can bank on that. She's the most kittenishly feminine piece of Mason-Dixon fluff you've ever put your eyes on. Someone once described her as "the sparkle of champagne"—and that's all right, too. She's small and blonde and helpless looking, so it can't be her appearance—as I remarked before. It's the Hopkins mind, hidden under those blonde curls and disguised under the honeyed accent of her Southern tongue! It's the unexpected logic and reasoning and clear-cut thinking she does that is guaranteed to throw fits into some of Hollywood's
New Co-star, Miriam Hopkins

What happens when Crooner meets Siren? You'll be amused and amazed!

Elliott Nugent, who directed "She Loves Me Not," told me: "I've worked with many actresses in Hollywood but never one who so thoroughly knew what she was supposed to do, and just how it should be done, as Miriam. She's the director's delight. Before she goes into a scene she has thought the whole thing out. She knows exactly what she's going to do and how she's going to do it. Sometimes I had to say, 'I like your idea but I don't believe we can do it exactly that way. We'll have to do it this way.' And probably we'd have to change the whole set-up—lights, camera, everything. But it would be worth it.

"But didn't that throw you behind in your shooting schedule?" I protested.

"No," said Elliott promptly. "Ordinarily it would but the time we lost that way we more than made up in rehearsals. We seldom needed more than one rehearsal with her. Sometimes not that much. Most actors are perfectly willing to do whatever you tell them but they don't think for themselves. They'll say, 'Where do I stand? Is there any business (Continued on page 87)
At last! The real revelation of the far-reaching influence of screen actresses!

Joan Crawford's Silhouette!

Jean Harlow's Platinum Hair!

WHAT determines the style stunts, hair tricks, make-up notions and general deportment of millions of American girls?

Is it the feeble piping of a few self-appointed "fashion authorities" in Paris? Is it the appearance of Mrs. de Pooster as she tows her ugly little mutt down Park Avenue, New York?

In my last-year's panama hat!

For every American girl who pays heed to the silly pronouncements of Paris on the latest word in frocks, ten thousand keep an eye peeled for Miss Connie Bennett's latest talkie. And for every native lass who lyes a lack-lustre eye to pictures of Mrs. de Pooster's new Parisian duds, a million rush to the movies to see how Joan Crawford is combing her hair this month.

Never in this dizzy world's history have so many maidens been influenced en masse as have American girls by their dream-darlings of the screen.

Take an outstanding historical case—that of Miss Mary Pickford's curls.

America's Perennial Sweetheart hung on to those famous golden ringlets, for professional purposes, until she was well past thirty. They were as much a part of "Our Mary" as her pretty little legs.

Suddenly growing up, she decided to lop them off, and the first snip of those fatal shears was heard round the world!

Hair-bobbing had been
going on for years, but thousands of die-hard old Tories still made nasty cracks about short-haired women. But at the first click of the scissors going over the golden Pickford pate, every grandma in America picked up her skirts and galloped off to the barber.

The queen could do no wrong, with the result that a long-haired woman is now almost as rare, in America, as the three-toed awk.

Here's a much fresher case—that concerning mannish clothes.

Until a few years ago these were sneered at as ugly and school-marmish by our younger set. Then a tall Swede named Garbo appeared in a movie version of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." She wore a rusty tweed suit, a shapeless old raincoat that Brother had thrown away and a funny felt hat hiding one whole eye.

Once more the queen could do nothing but right. Within six weeks half our girls looked like a mob of Yale sophomores after a heavy shower.

This rage continues. The flair of both Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn have kept our schoolgirls on the boyish side.

Dietrich, of course, went too far. She tried to put our young ladies in pants. This foul attempt on our womanhood, thank God, failed utterly!

Hepburn, the Hart- (Cont. on page 84)
NO!
Lupe is herself again!
Read all about it!

Mrs. TARZAN Tamed?

WE WERE all worried sick, not long ago, over the grave condition of Leaping Lupe Velez.

While she was appearing at a New York theatre four times a day, the dastardly newspapers printed a story to the effect that her husband, Mr. John Weissmuller, had inflicted large, lurid bruises on her luscious person, and that she was going her way, and he his’n.

We dove for the cellars and held our breaths. The least Mrs. Tarzan would do, we figured, would be to beat half a dozen reporters half to death with one of her own dainty pumps. Mr. Tarzan, righteously outraged, mounted a fast plane and flew eastward to be at the Little Woman’s side during the fracas, and perhaps to bash a few reportorial noses on his own account.

Summoning all my wartime courage, and donning a steel vest and tin-hat, I rushed over to ask Lupe about her married state, and the rumors of black and blue spots on the fair Velez chassis.

In the bad old days, when Lupe was known as the hottest potato that had ever crossed the Rio Grande, interviewing the little hellion was like strangling a mountain lion, or charging a machine-gun armed with two chocolate eclairs. Smart correspondents carried their own iodine.

So when I crept up on Lupe’s dressing-room, I expected to find the air filled with flying shoe-trees and racy Mexican. Instead, I was received by a gentle, recumbent girl, as fiery as a stone (Continued on page 89)
IRVIN COBB, author, humorist, and one of a select group credited with being the source of about nine out of every ten of the jokes which circulate about this gag-loving land, admits his trip to California started out as a joke on Hollywood, and wound up as a laugh on him. The cinema capital enjoyed it immensely. And who says a humorist can't laugh at a joke on himself? Cobb chuckled merrily as he explained how it came about.

"Sometime ago I received a letter from Hal Roach, who produces the Laurel and Hardy and other short comedies. It ran something like this: 'I've been thinking the matter over and might make a series of comedies with you. It won't take all your time. Why not come out to California and discuss it?'

"That sounded great to me, though I couldn't imagine why Hal Roach wanted me to write comedies. It was out of my line. But as I had other business out there, I figured the worst I could get was a free trip.

"Before I agreed to come, we shot a lot of wires back and forth about making comedies, and I went to see and study every Hal Roach comedy I could. I realized it was different work but I decided I could master it.

"As I look back at it now, I should have smelled trouble from the first, if not from the minute I set foot in Hal Roach's office.

"'Take off your coat,' he said, 'and be comfortable.' We talked generally for a while, and then Roach asked me if I thought I could 'make these riddles.'"

"I explained some of my... (Continued on page 69)"

Imagine Mr. Cobb's embarrassment when he arrived in Hollywood and discovered he had signed up to act rather than write! Here he is telling Thelma Todd all about it. (And don't miss Cobb's mint julep recipe!)
Or how to be a Bernhardt at the old age of five years! Screen stars, maybe Shirley's daily routine is the answer—are you game to try it?

At the studio before nine, Shirley looks over the chart of her day on the set. Left.

Time to get up my dollies. Shirley commands after she tumbles out of bed at seven.

Below, Time for school work. Shirley with her private tutor in a quiet corner of the studio.

Recreation time! A bit of horseplay with her favorite leading man James Dunn, at right.

This is the life! Cheery and bright, ready for breakfast and a new day at the studio.
Shirley Temple’s SUCCESS!

The world may call it “success” but I call it “fun,” says Shirley.

Hoops, my dears, are the things that make you healthy and happy, as Shirley shows you at the left!

To the bank! Pay day and Shirley deposits her check at her father’s bank.

Play time. Upper center, with her father at the beach.

With Shirley it’s Dinner at Six, and above you see how she enjoys it at that hour.

Where the sandman calls early. At the left you see Shirley and her teddy bear fast asleep, and here it’s only a little after nine P.M. Well, it’s been a full day, work well done and play enjoyed—the prescription for a sleep that never even heard of insomnia.
SINCE Madeleine Carroll has gone back to her native England, Hollywood has waked up. This astonishing woman is today’s pet town topic!

Currently, as star of “The World Moves On,” the most important Fox production of 1934, she is rating raves. Her acting ability and refined charm distinguish her as a big bet.

But all the time she was working on the picture the film colony hardly noticed her. She had arrived so unostentatiously and she conducted herself so modestly that few guessed her salary was larger than any star on the Fox lot.

Only when the last scene was shot and she decided to stay on for a couple of weeks to really see California did her social standing in London spread and she was entertained madly during her last fortnight. And then she departed—but how the memory of her is lingering on!

Just who is she? How did she jump so suddenly into prominence? What are her plans, and how come she’s paid such a tremendous salary?

I might as well come to this matter of her salary immediately, for the minute you hear what it is you’ll realize that she is very definitely a Somebody. Madeleine Carroll’s recompense for appearing in three pictures annually is $400,000! (This news will burn many a local star and chagrin those who didn’t think her worth cultivating!)

(Continued on page 72)
Dix Dares to Desert!

So long, Hollywood, says this actor who has starred in 67 films in 19 years! Read what he's going to do—exclusive!

EVEN before you read this, Richard Dix will be on his way! He is going upon a trip around the world to be gone he doesn't know how long; to visit quaint spots off the beaten track of tourists; to live a life that knows no tomorrows or yesterdays—only the pleasure of today. And he is going now while he still has the youth to enjoy these pleasures to the full.

He will stay in one place only as long as that place amuses him; maybe a day—maybe a month. Then he will move on to fresher fields, to greener pastures. There is nothing methodical in his itinerary. At the moment, all he is sure of is that his first stop will be somewhere in the South of France. The next may be in the British Isles, or anywhere upon the Continent. Or perhaps he might set sail for Africa, if the spirit so moves him. That's all he wants—a spirit to move him.

With no urging at all, I could wax extremely sentimental about the vagabond-age Richard Dix has planned. You can have your life of Riley, if I might have a bit of the life of Dix in the months to come. But let Rich tell you about himself as he told it to me.

"I have spoken of my plans to a few close friends only, and they are divided in their opinions. Some think me crazy. Others ask, 'What's the matter, old fellow? Sore at the movies?"

"I can't defend myself from the first charge, but I can from the second. I have no quarrel with the movies nor with the studio for which I have worked these last five years. My association with RKO-Radio has been most pleasant and profitable and I have a very flattering offer to remain. Yet I don't want to sign a new contract, now that this one has expired, for the simple reason that I don't want to be bound by a contract. I want to come back to Hollywood when I'm good and ready and not before I have seen all I want to see. "As for being sore at the movies, that's piffle. I'm not a poseur and you can call me bourgeois if you like, but I love the movies and I'm not ashamed of loving them. I made my first picture in 1915 and in nineteen years, I have starred in a total of sixty-seven feature pictures. I believe this is a record in Hollywood for starring appearances, and I'm proud of it!"

And we are proud of you, Rich. Your frankness is refreshing in a period when it is thought fashionable to be dissatisfied with your job, to feel superior and condescending. It is an unusual experience these days to meet an actor who speaks nicely of the much-maligned movies; one who fails to mention, in passing, the sacrifice of his "art" for filthy money—almost as unusual as meeting an (Continued on page 72).

By
Jack
Grant
Good News! Hollywood bows to tradition, forgets “box-office,” and sets out on a great adventure in recreating literature! The best answer to critics of the screen!

FROM the book within whose cover he has flourished for eighty-four years, a young gentleman of the 19th century—complete in topper, waistcoat, tight trousers and tails—is about to step forth on a new adventure.

A sensitive, tender-hearted young gentleman, serious for the most part but alive to the absurdities of human-kind, chivalrous, sentimental and bursting with lofty ideals, the sort of noble Galahad in which the Victorian age delighted, he is coming to take possession of that most modern of 20th century mediums, the screen, there-
Here are many of the beloved Dickens characters, from drawings by Fez, the artist favored by Dickens himself to illustrate his books. Find David Copperfield, Uriah Heep, Dora, Agnes, and others.

"Copperfield" to the Screen!

by challenging the pre-eminence of our gangsters, our sophisticates and our tough guys.

All you disillusioned cynics, all you public enemies, all you lady-sockers and talkers-out-of-the-corners-of-your-mouths, meet David Copperfield. Meet your latest and most dangerous rival. Him 'n' who else? do I hear you snicker? What're they gonna do with that baby-faced squirt? That Little Lord Fauntleroy that ain't dry yet behind the ears? Better take 'im out 'n' drown 'im? Sez YOU, gentlemen!

Do you happen to remember a film called "Little Women" and what they did with that? Not many wisecracks in it, were there? Not much rough stuff—and very little speed. Except at the box-office. The box-office receipts mounted up pretty rapidly, didn't they? What's it got to do with the case in point? Only this. "Little Women" was filmed from just such another old-fashioned story, written long ago and much beloved in this country. "David Copperfield" will be filmed from a story still better beloved by a far greater number of people all over the world—a story that will go on living long after all the Steve Morgans (Continued on page 70)
Sylvia Breaks All The Rules!

FOUND at last. A motion picture and stage star who admits she prefers the screen to the theatre! Thus does Sylvia Sidney shatter another precedent.

Since the ascendency in the film firmament of luminaries recruited from Broadway and "the road," the tendency to accept with condescending grace the fair fruits of cinema fame and fortune while maintaining staunchly the superiority of the theatre has grown from a few random remarks into a Hollywood tradition.

Today, almost every player of note upon the silver screen confesses a burning urge to return to the footlights. Several have done so for a brief moment or longer, with varying results as far as both their incomes and professional futures are concerned.

There are those who believe that Katharine Hepburn did her career irreparable damage by her short-lived and sensationally disappointing appearance in "The Lake" in New York. Certainly, Miriam Hopkins added nothing to her histrionic stature by starring in "Jezebel" on Broadway. Even in the cases of Helen Hayes, who rose to new heights of drama and prestige in "Mary of Scotland," and Walter Huston, who won both critical and box-office acclaim in "Dodsworth," it is doubtful if their accomplishments before the comparatively small metropolitan audiences will add materially to their future film advancement.

Leslie Howard sacrificed a lucrative motion picture contract to appear on the stage in London for Gilbert Miller, who gave him his first chance; and Herbert Marshall, the current cinema "rave," expects to do likewise in the autumn. All for the sake of "Art"!

These are but a few of the actors and actresses who elected to turn their backs, temporarily at least, upon motion pictures and cast their lots with the theatre. Others who have not yet suited their actions to their words insist that at the first opportunity they hope to return to the scene of their earlier triumphs—(never failures—such things are dangerous to remember in Hollywood!)

This altruistic devotion to "Art" and "Idealism" has become the unwritten law by (Continued on page 82)
Red-head Rogers, Rebel!

By James Marion

THERE has always been a red-head in motion pictures! Furthermore, these red-heads have always lived up to their colorful tresses. Clara Bow—but you must remember Clara! Nancy Carroll’s fiery outbursts frequently caused studio heads to bolt their doors and cross themselves fervently.

Comes now Ginger Rogers, the film industry’s Declaration of Independence, 1934 model. Her hair is the brightest red of all. Her spirit seems least conquerable. She has ideas all her own; she doesn’t change them; she says what she means, she means what she says, and heaven help the person who thinks she is kidding!

First evidence of the Rogers intractability occurred shortly after her initial outstanding success on the screen. “Gold Diggers of 1933” had just witnessed its premiere at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre. Ginger attended the opening in the ninth heaven of excitement. Why shouldn’t she have been excited? She had seen studio rushes of her song sequences. She knew they were good; that she herself was good.

But lo, when the picture reached the screen and unrolled itself before the eyes of Miss Rogers and the others of that packed-theatre audience, those excellent song-and-dance numbers had gone the way of much flash—they had been left behind on the cutting-room floor.

Now Ginger knew the reason those scenes had been deleted. A few days before the premiere, the studio had invited her to sign a long-term contract. She had refused. Consequently, some of her scenes had been removed from the picture. In a sense, the studio could not be blamed; its officials had no wish to promote a girl who refused to become one of the company’s stock stars.

On the contrary, perhaps the studio cut its own nose to spite its face, which is one way of saying that had those sequences been left in, the picture might have been even better.

Pretty soon, the executives who deleted the scenes began to think things over. After all, those dance-and-song sequences had cost the (Continued on page 80)
Jack L. Warner, one of Hollywood's leading producers, tells what it takes to win screen success in this article, third in our exclusive series presenting stars of tomorrow.

So cry the young hopefuls of Hollywood, fighting for film fame and fortune

Give Us A Chance!

By

MOST of the studios, frantically signing young talent destined to become the famous stars of tomorrow, have an overbalance of the feminine group.

Producers blame this strange fact on two conditions. They say: First—they have difficulty in finding talented young men to place under contract for the purpose of building them to stardom; and second—that in the final analysis, women stars pay more at the box office, therefore the big duty to movie company stockholders is to develop women stars.

At the Warner Brothers studio (my third stop in my prowlings to introduce you to the stars of tomorrow), I found a condition very different from that at other film plants. I found that the company executives have placed a number of young men under contract—in fact, the studio has more young men under contract than young women.

This condition puzzled me momentarily, until I remembered that the Warner brothers have probably experienced greater success with newly-discovered masculine players than any other producers. Warners have brought to the screen James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Dick Powell, Warren William, George Brent and others, lifting them from screen obscurity to film fame. And with that fame, dollars have rolled into the box offices of the Warner Theatres. It is no wonder, in the
face of such success, that the studio's executives are constantly searching for masculine faces that give promise of future stardom.

"There is more method than madness to our grooming of masculine newcomers," Jack L. Warner, the company's chief executive on the West Coast, told me. "There has never been a scarcity of feminine stars. A clever casting director can find half a dozen really good bets in a few minutes. The real problem is the discovery of talented men with strong personalities. Today, and throughout motion pictures' rather brief history, there have been more than enough jobs for men—and more than enough women for jobs."

And so, the Warner Brothers have set their nets for promising male talent. Their scouts attend theatres everywhere—in New York City, in Podunk, any-old-state; in the North, and in the South. While scouts from other studios con the chorus girls and ingenues with appraising eyes, Warner talent-seekers pay equal attention to the actors.

"We also watch pictures for signs of talent," Warner further informed me. "Whenever a bit player shows evidence of possessing that something for which the public clamors, we give him greater opportunities. We are not forgetting that we had Clark Gable before anyone else discovered him—and we failed to see his promise." Jack Warner smiled (Continued on page 92).

We Want To Win!

James M. Fidler
Charm secrets of an ultra-sophisticate! Be guided by Grace Moore, international prima donna now in pictures, if you would express true chic.

True sophistication as opposed to the pseudo variety is beautifully expressed by this glowing American girl who has captured the hearts of opera audiences on three continents. Grace Moore has never become stilted or artificial. She believes in radiant health, buoyant humor, and, above all, naturalness. Above you see Miss Moore wearing her famous pearls, which are enhanced by the background she provides of fresh and lovely skin, frank grin, and the flawless grooming for which there is positively no substitute in Paris, in London, in Hollywood, or in Manhattan.

Her current Columbia picture, "One Night of Love," presents the Metropolitan Opera star as an ambitious singer. It also gives Grace Moore a chance to wear some charming clothes. Right, a gay gown of white satin trimmed with black and white striped satin. Note the matching striped satin gloves.

Go gay and girlish when you're feeling that way! Experiment with various coiffures. You'll never go stale if you give yourself a different personality whenever that bored feeling begins to steal over you. Above and right, Miss Moore demonstrates.
Advance hint for Fall! Miss Moore wears a rough wool cloth coat of deep mustard yellow, with wide revers of black Persian lamb. Her smart hat suggests the Tyrolean influence but has a "different" brim of plaited felt.

Gleaming coiffure, glistening nails! Miss Moore believes it's smart to change the color of your nail polish to match your moods, but she admits a preference for glowing red.

Above, the star wears a cocktail suit of blistered black crepe with a short jacket of white quilted silk. See how simple Miss Moore's costumes are? She hates frills, but dots on line.

Left, above: Miss Moore's most daring gown! It's a subtle thing of black crepe, cut with sheath skirt that is slit to the knee! A wide bow of self material emphasizes the high neckline and is held in place by jeweled clasps in oak-leaf design. Around her left arm, just above the elbow, Miss Moore wears bands of beautifully colored beads.

Frankly theatrical, but most amusing are the black net gloves Grace Moore is showing you at the left. Grand for a gay mood! Girls, don't let actresses grab all the Glamor. Help yourself!
Here's your Entertainment map for the new season

THE WORLD MOVES ON with Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone

ZANE GREY'S THE DUDE RANGER with George O'Brien

THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!

HAROLD LLOYD "The Cats-Paw"

THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.

CHARLIE CHAN in LONDON with Warner Oland

MARIE GALANTE with Spencer Tracy, Kay Aldis, John Merton

WILL ROGERS in "JUDGE PRIEST" with Herbert Mundin, Harry Green

CARAVAN with Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Jean Parker

JANET GAYNOR and LEW AYRES in "SERVANTS' ENTRANCE" with Ned Sparks, Walter Connolly

The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON

For real good times... real good movies... just follow the Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories... such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again... watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner... pictures no movie fan wants to miss.
LATEST in our special series of hand-picked star portraits, selected and autographed for YOU! Here’s Joan Blondell’s "pet" picture with her own authentic autograph.
Victorian Romance!

The deathless love story of the great poets, Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, now comes to the screen, with Norma Shearer and Fredric March in the leading roles. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is Katharine Cornell's record-breaking play. Will the screen version prove as popular? Here are scenes from the Shearer picture.
Modern Love!

HOW different, the Michael Arlen mood! Constance Bennett's new film presents her as Arlen's perennial heroine, Iris March, once played by Garbo in silent days—remember? Opposite Connie is Herbert Marshall as Napier. Which captures your fancy: Norma's romantic cinema or Connie's passionate photoplay? What, both? Well!
JUST "Joanie," the girl her best friends know, in this new portrait study. Suggestion: why not give your public a glimpse of this nice natural side of you, Miss Crawford?

Not Doing a "Duse" Here!
IF YOU think of Myrna Loy merely as an exotic lady, look at this new informal portrait and reverse your opinion! Myrna is as real and unaffected as her own freckles!

The Grin is the Girl!
BUT the poor dears always have a cameraman or two sneaking up on them! However, Margaret Lindsay, above, looks happy. Better than playing the helpless heroines in movie murder cases, eh?
Vacations, Too!

AND here's Richard Cromwell sharing honors with sun, sea, and good salt air. His latest picture completed, Dick took a vacation, which he seems to be spending dreaming dreams! And why not?
There is a Bette Davis!

You've been hearing lately that Miss Davis is just a lot of carbon copies of other actresses! But wait until you see her in her new screenplays. You'll meet a dazzling new star.
SHE may be mean to interviewers, but how she can act! In fact, when you see her up there on the screen you are ready to forgive her anything. Margaret Sullavan is an artist!

Stormy-Petrel Sullavan!

Roy D. MacLean
YOUR Favorite Movie Man Must Be Here!

Gene Raymond, the Platinum Blond Boy! Gene is in demand.

For quizzical comedy, take Stuart Erwin. He's an original!

Above, the Hollywood Terror, Jack Oakie. But what a wonderful clown!

The one and only W. C. Fields, supporting as usual—his rival, Baby LeRoy. Yes, they are together again in a new film Two very great artistes!

Frank Morgan, noblest actor of them all, the old Cellini cheater!
They crave your attention! They work for your applause! Here are actors to interest you, whatever your mood!
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY and "Zest."
That's his next picture, and this gay new portrait expresses it!

Little Man, What Next?
Welcome, Jean Arthur!

You had to return to Broadway to make Hollywood appreciate you! But now you're back for good.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Elissa Landi, Sidney Blackmer, Wallace Albright in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
AT STUDIO, DINNER, DANCE OR BEACH

Jean

HARLOW'S

Beauty

Is Always Fascinating

Would YOU Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?

IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars, and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

Imagine color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick so wonderful as to enhance the beauty of your favorite star. Think how the beauty they will bring to you.

Imagine make-up so lasting, so perfect as to withstand every test in Hollywood’s motion picture and social life. Think how your make-up will be solved.

Now you may share Hollywood’s make-up secret. You will find Max Factor’s face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, at all stores.

POWDER...You will note the difference in the caressing smoothness. You will see a satiny-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen. You will marvel how naturally the color harmony mellowens the beauty of your skin. Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar. ROUGE...You will see how beautifully a color tone in rouge can harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. As you blend your rouge coloring, you’ll note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture. Max Factor’s Rouges, fifty cents.

LIPSTICK...Super-Indelible, for lipstick must be lasting in Hollywood, and you, too, will find it permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too...so that you may be sure of a perfect lip make-up that will last for hours and hours. Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor

Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick...in Color Harmony

Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

THAT'S why Miss Keeler is the little queen of movie musicals. Read the very latest about her on the opposite page.

Ruby’s Got Rhythm!
Ruby Keeler, modest and shy, reveals her real self for the first time in this inspiring story!

By Ben Maddox

Ruby Keeler is the one woman star in Hollywood who resists that eyebrow urge!

It is a vital clue, this choosing not to pluck. Little traits reveal a person. Her insistence upon sporting her naturally thick brows because she knows she looks best with them characterizes, really, her whole attitude towards life—and movie fame.

She is the most lovable, most popular ingenue in musical pictures today. But I needn't go on with a long description of her charm or of her ability to dance. You are acquainted with the screen Ruby.

I want you, rather, to know Ruby Keeler as I do, personally. Because, in the first place, she is a girl you'd like for a friend even if she were a nobody. Second, because she is emphatically a great deal more than merely another pretty young thing.

Not so glamorous, not so beautiful, nor so brilliant as some of the other women of Hollywood, Ruby is, nevertheless, unique. She is the star who is wise to herself!

A definite distinction? It certainly is. "Know thyself!" expounded a renowned philosopher, maintaining that perfect peace of mind comes not from physical possessions but from exact mental self-valuation. This faculty for sizing up one's self accurately is developed by few people, anywhere. In the town where delusions of importance prevail, Ruby Keeler, I am convinced, is one star who has never fooled (Continued on page 95)
Here they are, Mr. MacArthur and Mr. Hecht, under one of their inimitable studio signs!

Hollywood's Bad Boys Make a Movie!

Humorists still call the old Paramount film plant on Long Island, New York, a "movie studio."

Of course, it is no such thing. The glorious old dump is a combination haunted house and booby-hatch at the moment. It is haunted by the glamorous ghosts of Gloria Swanson, Dick Dix, the Four Marx Brothers and countless others of The Old Brigade.

And just now it is the prize lunatic asylum on God's verdant footstool. Ben Hecht and Charlie McArthur, Hollywood's leading madmen, are making movies out there on their own, and the screams can be heard as far as Albany on a clear day.

You know these boys. MacArthur, when not scribbling or fighting with Hecht, is Mr. Helen Hayes. Hecht is the divine nut who discovered movie riches when he dashed off the magnificent "Underworld" some years ago, and has since filled his saddle-bags with accursed film gold, laughing loudly at Hollywood and its "art" the while.

Not long ago the boys, between cartwheels, sold Paramount on the idea of letting them produce their own pictures at the Long Island plant. And the fun began!
Right, the wonder-producers entertain a distinguished visitor, Helen Hayes. She is married to her favorite playwright, Charles MacArthur, center, but will she work in his films?

Below, a busy set. Claude Rains, noted actor from the "legitimate," and Margot, hitherto a dancer, take direction from Hecht and MacArthur for a scene in "Crime Without Passion."

As I write, still giggling after a visit to the cinematic bughouse, they are making a picture called "Crime Without Passion" (which we can follow, of course, with a sequel called "Passion Without Crime," Will Hays permitting). And what shooting goes on, and in what a manner!
The world has never seen the like, and probably never will again. This aging earth could hold but one Hecht and one MacArthur!
Paramount having given in, the boys rolled up their sleeves and became authors-producers-supervisors-directors of "Crime Without Passion." I think they also sweep out and tend the studio goldfish.

Revolutionary ideas exploded in their buzzing brains.
"Give us experts—geniuses, if you like!" they cried, in effect. "Let us substitute brains for 50,000 extras in beards. Do that, and we will make you a gosh-danged box-office knocker-outer for approximately $2.46, plus overtime."

So a small herd of geniuses was gathered, with the result that "Crime Without Passion" is the first film of all time to have no less than five directors, each of which is an Intellect of 500,000 horsepower. They all have ideas as you and I have lives.
The corps is topped, of course, by the head men, Messrs. Groucho MacArthur and Chico Hecht. Then there is Mr. Art Rosson, veteran film hand who watches the geniuses closely. There is Mr. Lee Garmes, one of the greatest of cameramen, who points the camera at things. Finally, there is a Mr. Volkapich, master of sound effects, whose revolver shots are said to scare even the cop on the beat.

When the five directors are in conference, the set sounds for all the world like feeding time at Ringlings. The cast? Here another idea bit the geniuses.
"Give us," they shouted nearly in unison, "no blankety-blank Hollywood 'stars' who act by the numbers. We want naturalness!"
They then proceeded to hire (Continued on page 74)
And Ronald Colman comes back, and a grand time is had by all. This is my pet picture this month, because it is sheer, sparkling entertainment. I don’t mean it hasn’t its foggy moments, and not all atmospheric, either. But most of it is so much fun that you’ll overlook the rest. Colman? Well, his sabbatical year has given him fresh zest and more humor. This time he gives a satirical portrait of the famous Bulldog, diving into danger as daringly as ever, but doing it with tongue-in-cheek and a wink at his audience. Imagine Charles Butterworth, just married to Una Merkel, dragged along by Drummond to help solve a new mystery, involving lovely Loretta Young, the sinister Warner Oland, and assorted complications. The dialogue is delicious, with Mr. Butterworth particularly cracking with dry wit—stop Junior’s ears whenever Charlie utters a word, but please don’t miss anything yourself. If you don’t approve you can blame me—and Mr. Butterworth. Generally speaking, however, here’s a picture for the family to see and enjoy. There’s the soothingly chivalric Mr. Colman to keep it all in the best of taste.

Here’s a costume drama that should interest most of us. The Civil War has had all too little attention from the movie-makers; and not since the epic “Birth of a Nation” has a motion picture paid such tribute to a picturesque period as Marion Davies’ new film. “Operator 13” is no epic, but it is lively, lavish, and often stirring. It’s first and always a romance, and yet it manages, despite story lapses, to achieve a certain atmosphere of authenticity. If your grand-pappy fought in that war, you’ll find some of the scenes striking home to your heart. Of course you may wonder a little when the Mills Brothers stroll on and sing; but every Davies number must have its musical interludes. Marion herself sings prettily, and she looks quite ravishing in her role of Union spy. Perhaps she is most amusing in the disguise of a brown-skinned gal, with her superb talent for mimicry at its keenest. Gary Cooper plays the Northern spy who falls in love with the beautiful enemy, with even less animation than usual, if that’s possible. Where, oh where is the Gary of “A Farewell to Arms?” Jean Parker turns in another grand performance, and Katherine Alexander is lovely as Marion’s gallant fellow-spy.

NOT a disappointment! Margaret Sullivan lives up to all your expectations. She isn’t a one-picture star, don’t worry! The spirit of the book has not been sacrificed to make a movie holiday—don’t worry about that, either. The same poignancy that made the book a best-seller is preserved in the picture. Frank Borzage, as you know, is one director who can be counted on to brighten and not butcher a book or play. And this time he has two lovable characters to present to you: Pinneberg, the Teutonic Mr. Milktoast, and his appealing Lammchen, interpreted with rare understanding by Douglass Montgomery and Miss Sullivan. The everyday life of these two young lovers is sympathetically set forth: the boy’s struggles to succeed on his own, the girl’s encouragement and courage. The fortuitous solution of their economic problems limits “Little Man, What Now?” strictly to the field of emotional drama. It’s no social document. But Pinneberg and Lammchen will win you so that you care very much what happens to them; and welcome a happy ending as ecstatically as they do. Mr. Montgomery is rather too aristocratic for Pinneberg; but he plays splendidly.

You Can Count on these Criticisms
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Entertainment for Everybody!

If you want adventure, here's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." If you prefer comedy, see "The Circus Clown." Or perhaps you like costume drama—there's "Operator 13." For excellent screen translations of fine books, don't miss "Little Man, What Now?" and "Of Human Bondage." For romance, see "The World Moves On."

Whatever you want, the screen has it this month!

W. Somerset Maugham's great book has become a fine photoplay. I cannot recommend it whole-heartedly for a carefree evening's entertainment at the cinema, however. Certainly it's no family show! To my mind it is well worth seeing for its reality and its splendid performances; but if you don't happen to have read the book from which it was adapted, don't say I didn't warn you that here is downright drama with no relieving "touches." It's all pretty grim, with a frustrated club-footed "hero," and its principal feminine character a tawdry woman who drives Philip Carey to further desperation. The cinematic account of Philip's passion for the cheap, remorseless waitress does not make a pretty picture; and somehow, in spite of the superlative performances, "Of Human Bondage" falls short of genuine greatness. Perhaps it is because the scenarist and director were obliged to tread as lightly as possible, whereas Maugham wrote with classic bitterness and uncompromising scorn. This is not to say that Mr. Leslie Howard, as Philip, does not extract the last ounce of drama from his rôle. His is a delicate, unerring portrayal. Bette Davis is colorful as the "menace." Her best performance.

Madeleine Carroll makes her American film début, and she lifts her scenes in this picture to a high plane by reason of her great beauty, her restraint, her incomparable dignity. It's too bad that Miss Carroll's vehicle does not keep pace with her performance. "The World Moves On" might have been a great picture, and important peace propaganda. However, it chiefly serves to remind you of that masterpiece, "Cavalcade," and that tender romance, "Berkeley Square"—with touches, too, of "The House of Rothschild." With more courage and imagination, this story of a family in war and peace might have moved you tremendously. Briefly, it relates the adventures of an international family, which begin in New Orleans in 1825 and carry on through the World War to the present day; but it arrives at no conclusion despite occasionally magnificent direction and some of the most stirring war scenes ever filmed. You'll believe in Miss Carroll and Mr. Tone and their great romance; you'll enjoy Stepin Fetchit's comedy; but you'll regret that "The World Moves On" doesn't move far or fast enough.

Joe E. Brown's public, apparently as vast as his own grin, will welcome his latest. It's rather a refreshing picture, at that, for everybody who likes a circus. And if you don't—well, then I'm sorry for you. "The Circus Clown" takes you behind the scenes at the circus as no other picture has done. Oh, yes—you'll see some of the best current aerial and tumbling acts; but you'll also get an inside glimpse of the private lives of the intrepid performers of the big top. Joe, himself, plays two parts: a retired circus performer and his son, a lively lad who wants to join the circus himself, and eventually does, despite pappy's opposition. Mr. Brown is an ex-circus performer himself, and when you see him on the flying trapeze, and in the lion's cage you'll know it's Joe and no double. Romance comes in the person of pretty Patricia Ellis; but there's a dash of drama before the happy ending. Like all Joe Brown's films, "The Circus Clown" will hold small boys in thrall; I'm just sorry that a few scenes have crept in to try to win a few adult snickers. They're out of place. Mr. Brown as one of Hollywood's most exemplary citizens, holds a high place in childrens' hearts, and this he cannot afford to compromise.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
Yes, YOU can have A Hollywood Figure

THERE'S a happy medium between downright skinniness and that overfed look!

If you are dreaming of coming to Hollywood and knocking some producer's eye out with your beauty, you know you can't do much damage with a million-dollar face if you've got a roll of fat like a spare tire around your waist—even if it's a very small spare tire.

A pair of the finest eyes in the world won't balance a pair of flabby upper arms in front of a camera.

One type of figure that we often see come in to make a screen test—either because its owner was good on the stage or because she has a swell singing voice and a perfect set of teeth—is the top-heavy type. That is, the upper part of her figure is large enough for such celebrities as Mae West, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, and many others, they're good enough for you! Right here is the fourth in our series. And now you can ask James Davies about your own personal weight and diet problems! He will answer the most interesting letters received from readers and his answers will be published in SCREENLAND. Mr. Davies is too busy, of course, to undertake to answer all letters received; but he will select those of most general interest for attention in his department. Address all questions to Mr. James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

How's your posture? Watch it! Here's and, aided by Davies,

Pretty Grace Bradley, above, illustrates for you the stretching exercise recommended by James Davies. Left, Grace does a hip-reducing exercise. See story for details.

Ever try to do the Russian dance? Here's attractive Grace Bradley posing for you. It isn't easy, but the results are well worth the trouble, says Mr. Davies.

It's Old-Fashioned to Envy Hollywood Stars!
Get Busy and Win Beauty for Yourself!

If you have been reading our exclusive series of articles by James Davies, the film colony's popular dietitian and masseur, and following Mr. Davies' advice as to exercise and diet, by now you must be feeling some of that glow that comes from the good life! If the Davies methods are good enough for such celebrities as Mae West, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, and many others, they're good enough for you! Right here is the fourth in our series. And now you can ask James Davies about your own personal weight and diet problems! He will answer the most interesting letters received from readers and his answers will be published in SCREENLAND. Mr. Davies is too busy, of course, to undertake to answer all letters received; but he will select those of most general interest for attention in his department. Address all questions to Mr. James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.
The health and radiance of the screen beauties may be yours if you follow the expert guidance given in our exclusive series of articles, of which this is the fourth.

Grace Bradley showing you, above, the incorrect the correct way to stand.

### Non-Fattening Daily Menus

**MONDAY**
- **Breakfast:** Sliced orange, half grapefruit, stewed prunes, rhubarb or other raw fruit (one helping of one kind)
- **Luncheon:** 1 small dish of whole wheat cereal, mixed with bran, with thin milk
- **Dinner:** Baked or broiled fish, lettuce and tomato salad, raw fruit

**TUESDAY**
- **Breakfast:** 1 glass of orange juice, 1 slice toast with poached egg
- **Luncheon:** Cottage cheese salad, brown bread, baked apple or stewed prunes, milk
- **Dinner:** Small steak, baked potato, celery and olives, rye bread

**WEDNESDAY**
- **Breakfast:** 1 glass tomato juice, 1 slice buttered toast, 1 slice crisp bacon
- **Luncheon:** Cup of beef tea with crackers, coleslaw, slice of toast
- **Dinner:** Roast lamb (1 slice), mint sauce, green peas or beans, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, currant jelly, pineapple and cream cheese salad

**THURSDAY**
- **Breakfast:** Baked apple, bran muffin
- **Luncheon:** 6 medium raw oysters, crackers, tomato salad, roll and butter
- **Dinner:** Tomato or celery soup, soda crackers, vegetable platter composed of all fresh vegetables with poached egg, fruit ice and roll

**FRIDAY**
- **Breakfast:** Stewed rhubarb with bran sprinkled over it, 1 slice of toast
- **Luncheon:** Chicken noodle soup, crackers, apple and celery salad, roll
- **Dinner:** Oyster stew with crackers, sliced tomatoes with lettuce and cucumber, coleslaw and baked potato, fruit cup

**SATURDAY**
- **Breakfast:** Sliced peaches or berries, 1 slice of toast
- **Luncheon:** Tomato soup with crackers, fruit salad, crisp roll
- **Dinner:** Baked white fish, tomato relish, mashed potatoes, spinach and buttered beets, olives, celery and sliced tomato, caramel pudding

**SUNDAY**
- **Breakfast:** Cantaloupe, shredded wheat with milk, 1 slice of toast
- **Luncheon:** Toasted cheese sandwich, raw fruit and bran muffin, buttermilk
- **Dinner:** Roast or stewed chicken, asparagus tips on toast, hearts of lettuce with French dressing, baked squash, rice pudding
Once when Loretta Young was a little girl, she was brought before the mother of one of her chums.

"There, just look at her, mother!" stormed the little friend. "Why didn't you do better by me!"

Like this same girl, I dangle Loretta before you with malice aforethought. Wouldn't we all give our fortunes, if any, to "look like Loretta?"

Yet how awful if we did! To meet someone wearing the same dress is painful; but wearing the same face, the same eyes, the same hair, would be just too much! To be as lovely as Loretta is something else, something well worth striving for. It is aiming high, there is no question about that. It is hitching our wagon to a star, (no pun intended). But that is always a good thing to do.

Just what is it that makes Loretta Young so winsome? Why do we love to look at her? We will pass by the almost classic beauty of her features and notice her smooth, soft skin. I'll tell you a secret about that. It takes two things to have a complexion like that: a little thought and a little time. Can you spare them?

First make up your mind to refuse to let little lines work their way with you. Romantic poems may be written called, "Lines on a Lady's Eyes." But as far as this department knows, no energetic poet, however ardent, ever wrote a poem to "Lines around a Lady's Eyes." There is a difference. A great big difference!

Perhaps you took precautions all through the hot months and every night, regularly as bedtime came, patted a penetrating nourishing cream or one of the special eye creams, in around your eyes. Perhaps you stroked it in thoughtfully, intelligently, so that the little laugh lines, sun lines, squint lines, could not etch themselves deeply. But perhaps you did not do these wise things. Perhaps you had a good time in the sun and forgot all about the consequences of letting your skin parch.

If so, begin tonight with those rich nourishing creams which are so discouraging to wrinkles. Fingerprint them in with the gentlest taps, or stroke the skin softly. It will take you a little time to get back your Springtime face, but you can do it.

A touch of nourishing cream, too, on your lips at night will keep them soft and smooth.

Next, how is the color of your skin? Is it tanned and a bit sallow? Then you need a good bleaching treatment to bring you back to normal. But do not try to change the natural color of your skin.

One of the loveliest new stars on the screen, a girl with a gorgeous olive coloring, used to long to have a lily-white complexion. She tells me that she possessed herself of all the known bleaches, locked her doors and went to work. She bleached and she bleached and she bleached. But, (thank heaven!), it was no use. An olive-skinned lady she was (Continued on page 83)
WANNA BUY A DUCK?
You Nasty Man!

Wanna read about Joe Penner? Here's the best story yet written about radio's new laugh king

By
Harry N. Blair

MEET Joe Penner, the People's Choice! Passed up by Broadway as "small-time," he suddenly emerged as one of the most popular personalities in the entertainment world. Smug New York, seeking the wise-guy type of comedian with a flair for telling jokes with a double meaning, thought Joe Penner's style all right for the "sticks" but just too, too clean in its subdued humor to please the so-called sophisticates.

Now these same Broadwayites are putting Joe on the back and treading over each other's corns to extend the glad hand. Which sudden turn of events has left poor, gentle Joe just a little bewildered by it all.

"After that first broadcast," he told me, "when some of the boys stopped to tell me how big I had gone over, I thought they were razzing me. After all, I hadn't done anything different from the routine I had been doing for years in vaudeville. Perhaps, if I had tried to 'point up' my stuff to the Broadway level, I would have flopped. Broadway never did seem to like me," Joe continued, wistfully, in the same slow, drawling voice that is known to millions.

Having been signed by Paramount for the "Big Broadcast of 1934" and other films, this ex-immigrant boy, now commanding a weekly salary in five figures, can give Broadway the horse-laugh. Without its O.K. he has become a public idol.

I met Joe Penner for the first time over eight years ago in an Atlantic City night-club. He had then just emerged from the burlesque circuits to appear in a revue which died aborning. Having been called to the floor by the master of ceremonies, Joe proceeded to convulse the crowd with witty remarks as he toyed with a long, black cigar in his inimitable manner. In the glare and tinsel of the place, his rare, unstudied talent for comedy, stood out like a Tiffany gem in a Woolworth setting. I felt then, as I have always felt since, that he was definitely star material. In his wistful, almost shy manner, there seemed to be something of the Chaplin quality.

Meeting Joe several years later, while he was making a series of short screen subjects at the Vitaphone studio in Brooklyn, I brought up the point with him. I had stood off-stage while the cameras were grinding and noticed how the stage-hands and studio attendants would gather round to watch the little fellow with the funny laugh. An amazing sight, for these men comprise the toughest audience in the world. Watching topnotchers do their stuff, day in and day out, it takes something or someone very unique to get a rise out of these good-hearted, but hard-boiled, sons of toil. In months of constant attendance on the sets I (Continued on page 78)
"I've never learned how to play!" confessed Marian Nixon, lifting big brown eyes from a rapt contemplation of her latest script.

"People are always asking me what I do for recreation, and I can't think of an answer. I don't do anything! You see, I began to work when I was so little that I'd had no time to pick out a hobby, and the kind of work I did—in pictures—was so fascinating that I found it more interesting than any possible kind of play. When I got over the first thrill of being on the screen, I began to look around and I saw how absorbing all the details of picture-making are—camera-angles, lighting, cutting—and when sound came in there was voice, and diction, and experiments in sound effects. Something new is invented every day, and each new personality who comes to the screen can teach me something. It's absorbing!"

When Marian married a man with money, like most husbands he wanted his wife to give up her career. Marian tried. But time limped along those days instead of flying by as it had done. Life seemed dull and empty. Marian was a gilded Cinderella at a ball she wasn't enjoying a bit.

Joan Crawford's only relaxation was sewing—until Franchot Tone aroused her interest in a hobby: her own little theatre. P.S.: Joan still sews, too!
from the Work Habit!

wistfully longing to return to the cinematic hearth. "I played at everything, but nothing amused me," recounted Marian, "so I had to come back to work."

With new leisure planned for America, all of us will soon have to find some congenial method of whiling it away, supposing us to be in like sad case! Joan Crawford was a fellow victim of the What-To-Do-When-Not-Working-Club, until lately.

Joan was nine when she was turned out into the world to earn her own living, and life was entirely too real and earnest for anything as frivolous as play. When in her early teens she took her first step up fame's elusive ladder, her burning ambition made anything but hard work seem entirely beside the point. She danced, but dancing was a means of livelihood and not something to be done only for fun. She was winning cups at the Cocoanut Grove long before she was winning histrionic laurels.

When she began to earn sizable sums, she made a collection of dolls, but she was beyond the age of playing with them, and finally she grew so sorry for the little girls in a children's hospital that she packed up the whole collection and sent them to the youngsters.

After she married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she often looked on at her young husband and his friends engaged in playing this or that and wondered why she couldn't seem to enjoy such games herself. Two years ago, when she and Doug visited Noel Coward in England, the house-party played games incessantly—Twenty Questions being a favorite—but Joan sat in a corner with her sewing and looked on at the proceedings. (Continued on page 75)

Read about the stars who found almost too late they did not know how to play

By
Rose Tilton

Brought up on the stage, Chester Morris, right, knew nothing about play until a film contract forced him to learn how to relax between his screen productions.

Fay Wray, below, had one idea of amusement—to act. Then she married a sports enthusiast and has become a devotee of outdoor pastimes.

Bitter experience, a breakdown that nearly ended her career at the age of twenty, taught Mae Clarke the necessity of play. Mae, seen at the right, is now devoted to the great big outdoors!
Flashing the news about current cinema events

By Weston East

THE Hollywood Bowl open-air symphonies bring out a great number of music-loving screen stars every summer. Among the movie-famous who hold annual boxes are Charles Chaplin, Cecil B. DeMille, Marie Dressler, Edna May Oliver, Marion Davies, Irene Dunne, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, Joan Blondell, and many more.

Strangely enough, few autograph hunters frequent the Bowl concerts. Any noon in front of the Brown Derby may be seen a score or more of fans seeking signatures, but it is a rare evening when more than five or six show up at the Bowl.

This phenomenon is explained by DeMille: "No doubt the autograph seekers attend the concerts, but the beautiful music under the starry heavens so absorbs them that film stars, autographs, and all worldly things become unimportant."

**Clara Lou Sheridan, film satellite, reposes decoratively at the zenith of her orbit for art and our sake.**

**Monday** morning is caddies' day at the club where Bing Crosby golfs. That's the morning caddies are permitted to play the private course.

But they don't play alone. Bing always shows up, when he is not working, and plays with them. Crosby is extremely popular with the caddies, more for his good fellowship than for the fact that the crooner is free and easy with his bets—no doubt purposely.

**Advertisements** in newspapers, heralding Kate Smith's stage appearances at a Los Angeles theatre, announced: "**There Is Only One Kate Smith.**"

Robert Montgomery, gazing at the accompanying picture of the ample Kate, looked up to murmur, "Umm! You'd think she was at least twins."

**Check** one up for W. C. Fields. A producer at one of the studios has invented a process to utilize the sense of smell in movie theatres: see an ocean scene, and smell the ocean breeze, etc.

Somebody was telling Fields that this producer had invented a way of "making pictures smell."

"Lots of pictures," muttered Fields, "won't need the invention."

After three long years! Remember Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper in "I Take This Woman?" Well, get ready, they are to be together again.

**A Woman-Less Paradise.** That's what Ronald Colman called the yacht on which he, Warner Baxter, William Powell, and Richard Barthelmess went for a three-week fishing trip down the coast of Mexico. However, it is worthy to mention that Colman is the only one of the four not immediately interested in the opposite sex. When the party returned, Baxter and Barthelmess couldn't get back to their wives too quickly, and Powell rushed to the nearest telephone and made an immediate date with Margaret Lindsay.

On the trip, the quartet of stars remained from shaving. When they returned, not one was recognizable for the whiskers.
KATHARINE CORNELL, during her most recent visit to Hollywood, was telling Norma Shearer about some of her tours with road companies. On her latest 17,000 mile trip, Miss Cornell said, she appeared in every sort of theatre, civic auditorium, movie house and opera house imaginable.

In one New York-State village, she acted for the first time in a playhouse that usually featured burlesque shows. On a mirror in her dressing-room, Katharine found this note:

"Dear Miss Cornell: Please do not take this mirror. The last company of artists to play here took our best mirror. Kindly let this one alone. Truly, The Management."

"I did not take the mirror!" Miss Cornell added laughingly.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS writes from London about her birthday party. For various reasons, not one of the invited ladies could come, but every masculine guest showed up. The affair might have been hopeless, had Connie not had the bright idea to don the tuxedo she wore in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." After that, the party was a great success.

GEORGE BRENT still shivers over his narrow escape from death. He promised Myrna Loy, while they were working one morning, that if he had the afternoon off he would fly over the studio and salute her with a dip. George got the afternoon off, but he arrived at the airport fifteen minutes too late to catch the pilot with whom he had expected to fly. A few minutes later, the plane in which George might have been riding crashed in the Hollywood hills, carrying two men to death.

Yes—the next day Brent received a special written order from the chief executive of his studio. The order forbade any further airplanning during picture production.

"Oh, I see! You want to know how's about George and ex-wife Ruth Chatterton, do you? Well, Ruth is going right on with her picture career—probably with M-G-M for whom she scored in "Madame X.""

Neil Hamilton's gardens surrounding his home are most attractive, thanks to his Japanese gardener. Quite evidently the gardener himself was proud of his prowess, because the other afternoon Neil returned home from a studio, and found a large sign hanging on his garden wall, for all to read. It announced: "Notice. I take good care of gardens. Suki."

When Clive Brook left for England, his departure was so hurried that he had no time to bid his friends farewell. So in New York, he had records made of a quaint farewell address, and he sent them to his closer Hollywood acquaintances.

NELSON EDDY is having that famous last laugh that is longest. It may, in fact, continue through an entire series of radio broadcasts. Here's the story:

A few years ago, Eddy worked in an advertising firm in New York. One day he was fired, and at the time the boss said, "Eddy, losing you is good riddance. Your confounded singing has kept my men from their proper duties."

The slap at his singing ability didn't annoy Eddy. He began a study of voice. Just the other day, he again visited the advertising firm's offices—but this time it was to be interviewed about a radio contract. Furthermore, he was hired, and the same boss who once made the slighting remark was forced to pay Eddy as much for each night he sings as the firm once paid for a year and a half of Nelson's services!

Romanic reunion! Joan Crawford and Clark Gable as they will appear in their new film together. Note Joan's new coiffure and jewelled ear-clip.
“SNIP! Snip! Snip! The scissors clicked, and blonde locks fell where they would. Bing Crosby was the barber, Miriam Hopkins the customer. It was for a scene in "She Loves Me Not." The thing that caused everybody to gasp was the butchery way in which Crosby was shearing Miriam's hair. An extra girl muttered, "It's ruining it! Miss Hopkins will never get her hair trimmed decently!"

When the scene ended, Miriam calmly took the stray locks from her trim shoulders—then removed a wig especially created for the scene.

"Do you think I'd let Crosby cut my own hair?" she said to the extra girl.

LILIAN HARVEY, who, since her arrival in Hollywood has had more than her share of disagreeable experiences with her studio chiefs, may get the "break" that many of the Hollywood fraternity, familiar with her situation, have been wishing her. The troubles she had with poor pictures, disputes with her studio, loneliness because boy-friend Willie Fritsch is in Europe, seemed to be lessened when Lillian and Fox officials agreed to terminate her contract. As this is written the gifted little blonde was debating as to which to choose of two very nice offers made by Universal and Paramount.

AMONG the newer rising lights in the films is Hazel Forbes, who owns several businesses and is that rich. One day the studio publicity department approached Miss Forbes with a request that she make a radio appearance for a broadcast exploiting a picture in which she was a cast-member.

"No thank you," Hazel no-thanked them. "If I go on a radio program, it'll be my own." And sure enough, she has three national programs on the air at present, advertising the products of companies she owns.

CREDIT little Mary Carlisle with this retort. She was visiting Dick Cromwell's house, and Richard invited her to swim in his new "pool." Now, this pool is very tiny—probably the smallest in Hollywood. So Mary declined the invitation.

"I can't do, Dick," she said. "People would think I was taking a bath with you."

"The Merry Widow" takes a stitch in time! At the right you see Jeanette MacDonald in the character of the lovely lady who fascinates the charming prince.

Oh, Mr. DeMille! Have you seen the latest in beds? At left, the luxuriously ornate couch which Una Merkel occupies in some scenes in the new Lubitsch picture. The director instructs Una in the action.

A SNOW-WHITE goat was used for scenes in "One More River," in which the British beauty, Diana Wynyard, starred. Diana and the goat had a few scenes together. Whenever Miss Wynyard wanted the goat, she would say to the trainer, "I say! Will you please pass the butter?"

THEATRE folk of Broadway, as well as the picture people of Hollywood, keenly felt the shock at the untimely passing of Dorothy Dell. The girl whose beauty first brought her to the profession for which she later showed such gifts, had endeared herself to all who were familiar with the courageous, light-hearted spirit in which she took the bitter with the sweet. She had tasted success in Hollywood, then had dropped from its sight, to turn up on Broadway as a singer in a musical show. But Dorothy found her way back to pictures, achieved a notable personal hit in "Little Miss Marker," only to be cut down when she was about to enjoy the fruits of hard-earned success.

HAVE you ever heard of the "By-and-Whit With Club?" No doubt you have not, because it is strictly a Hollywood organization, and little known even there. Members are stars who have written and appeared in their own screen stories. Mae West is a By-and-Whit; she wrote all three of the pictures in which she has appeared. Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks are also By-and-Whits. Latest to join are W. C. Fields, who wrote and will appear in "Grease-paint" and Jean Harlow, who wrote and will star in "Today Is Tonight."
for September 1934

Resumes career! Virginia Bruce, back in pictures, as Jane, and Colin Clive as Rochester in "Jane Eyre."

The life of—not Riley—Dick Powell, right above, at home, his pet hound snugly dozing. Dick has a taste for Chinese art.

Glamor of Old Cathay! Anna May Wong, above, dons her costume for the role of Aaharat, the slave girl, in "Chu Chin Chow," filmed in London, England. As you see, the costumers arrange everything to Anna May's, and our, taste.

ONE director at M-G-M, Clarence Brown, has learned what it means to have an athletic star in his picture. During the filming of the star's newest picture, there was a scene for which Joan Crawford dived into a swimming pool. She was scheduled to come to the surface just in front of the camera. In Joan dived—and for what seemed like a full minute, nothing came up but bubbles. Suddenly alarmed, director Brown shed his coat and plunged into the water—and just at that instant, Miss Crawford rose smilingly to the surface, right in front of the camera as planned.

Later, she explained to the embarrassed director that she had to remain under water long enough to adjust her swimming cap, which had been knocked awry by her dive.

AND now, so it would appear, there are to be but three Marx Brothers. Zeppo, the youngest one, appears to have been stung by the critics who refer to the team as "The Three and One-quarter Marx Brothers."

An any rate, Zeppo has said he won't work with Harpo, Groucho and Chico again, and that's that.

Gary Cooper had a house-cleaning day in his dressing-room. From old cupboards and chests, he brought forth memoirs of past pictures. Just to indicate what sort of a guy Cooper is, these were some of his keepsakes:

One piece of airplane linen, (from wing of a plane), bearing the signatures of Dick Arlen, Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow and Billy Wellman. A souvenir of "Wings," Gary's first big picture.

One Foreign Legion cap. He wore it in "Morocco."

One heavy mackinaw, blood-stained and torn. Gary wore it in "The Spoilers."

One canteen, adorned with the ink-written signatures of Helen Hayes and Frank Borzage. Souvenir of "A Farewell to Arms."

But I wonder if Gary has lost his old sentiment—because during the house-cleaning, he threw away those old memoirs.
ONE of those gorgeous Von Sternberg close-ups to Katharine Hepburn. Flying across country with an unaccompanied baby boy, "Katty" appointed herself official "nurse" and cared for the little passenger from trip's start to trip's end.

A long long-shot to that agent who attempted to stir up trouble when he went to the parents of little Shirley Temple, and told them they could break Shirley's film contract, and should, to get a better contract elsewhere.

And a fine close-up to Miss Temple's mother and father. They escorted the trouble-maker to their front door—and slammed the door in his face. Give part of the same close-up to Fox officials, who voluntarily gave Shirley a nice boost in salary.

A dim long-shot with bad sound-track to that trouble-making Los Angeles newspaper columnist who has appointed himself "Hollywood's romance breaker-upper." By pointed remarks in his column, he has caused at least a few otherwise happy marriages and romances to threaten to go on the rocks.

A lovely close-up to Jean Harlow on general principles, and for her many generosityes too numerous to mention. For example, the night she traveled fifty miles just to say a few words of congratulations to a radio personality who was making his début on a new program.

Catch on? A big, bad pirate and a little cutie are pals—and why not? Wallace Beery only acts pirate, in reality he is Carol Ann's daddy.

YOU hear many quips here and there about Greta Garbo's ancient automobile, which she bought during her early starring days—and which promises to last her a lifetime.

Now what about a few cracks at the expense of Kay Francis, you smart guys? Kay purchased a coupe, (of that well-known make), when she went to Warner Brothers studio as a star about three years ago. She still drives that same little coupe and she has no other car.

YOU should see that new automobile in which Mae West travels about town. Bullet-proof from the outside, of course—as bullet-proof as the car of any gangster-leader. But inside—ahhhhh! It has a built-in vanity. It has sheep-skin rugs on the floor. It has a beveled-edge mirror. It has down-filled cushions and other such luxurious trappings and accessories.

"It has all the comforts of home," says La West, "except twin beds—and who wants those?"

Set fashion precedent! New York style experts viewed costumes designed for the screen at the first event of its kind. Left, model poses in Claudette Colbert's costume for "Cleopatra."

There's eye appeal in them that frills! Joan Blondell displays a new idea in costumes as she poses, above, in a creation for "Dames."

HOLLYWOOD is playing another one of those educational games this month. This time the problem is to locate towns, cities, states, or even countries with names similar to screen favorites.

When you have your next party, equip the guests with pencils and paper, set a time limit of fifteen minutes, and let them enter into this geographical search.

As examples, there are: (Robert) Montgomery, Alabama; Marion (Nixon), Indiana; Elizabeth (Berger), New Jersey—but those are enough to give your guests the idea. Now get your party started?

NOT DOUBT of it, Will Rogers is the busiest man in Hollywood. He writes a daily newspaper column. He writes a Sunday feature for other newspapers. He is a motion picture star. He is a radio star. He has been acting on the stage for the past many weeks in "Ah, Wilderness."

Added to this, Rogers manages his great California ranch, over-sees the business dealings of his polo club, and still finds time to play polo himself.

Asked when he expects to retire, Rogers said he has no expectation. "I'd die in a hurry if I had to," he chuckled.

A NEWSPAPER photographer who followed Constance Bennett and her son, Peter, to the circus, was refused a picture by Connie. He insisted that he'd "steal" one.

"If you insist on trying," Miss Bennett said, "of course I can't stop you. Therefore, I'll have only one alternative—I'll have to leave, and Peter won't get to see the circus."

The photographer desisted—which perhaps proves that he was a better sport than his intended subject.
LOWELL SHERMAN'S absence from the screen is occasioned by his loss of voice; for several months, due to laryngitis, he has been unable to talk above a whisper. . . . Charles Ray, one of the bigger stars of yesteryear, is essaying a screen comeback in "Ladies Should Listen." . . . When Shirley Temple funched at the Paramount commissary, Marlene Dietrich left her table and crossed the room to meet the child star. . . . Greta Garbo created a small sensation by visiting a set for another picture—"The Merry Widow." . . . An autograph seeker addressed John Boles as "Mr. Baxter, so John signed: 'Best regards, Warner Baxter,' and let it go at that. . . . Paramount's mailman has a sense of humor—he delivered a letter, addressed to "Colossal Ideas Department," to Toby Wing. . . . The cutest little extra girl has the automobile license number: 2-B-9 (too benign). . . . A gigantic police dog named "Beauty," especially trained for his job, now stands guard over Bing Crosby's baby, Gary Evan.

NOBODY seems to understand Mae West's liking for prize-fighters. The fact that she employs many of them in her pictures has been a subject of much discussion. There really is no mystery to the matter. Mae simply has a bond of understanding for fighters and their problems. You see, Mae's own father is a former pug. Years ago, Jack West fought for the welterweight championship. A funny incident took place soon after Mr. West arrived in Hollywood. He and Mae went to a popular restaurant, and as they entered, the crowd gave Mae a big hand. Poop West nudged his chum-ild. "You see, Ma," he beamed, "they haven't forgotten me!"

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER has a new talent—he can moo like a cow! One day at the Lakeside Golf Club, Johnny saw two cows in an adjoining pasture. The actor hid behind a clump of bushes and uttered a cow's moo that echoed against the hills and reverberated through the valleys. Within a few minutes, he had those two cows running wildly around their pasture. And within another few minutes, Weissmuller had most of the golfers, including Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, and Bruce Cabot, gathered to watch the fun. It was Oakie who cracked: "Bet those two cows think the Bull Durham sign has come to life!"

THERE is no accounting for strange accidents. Take what happened to Clark Gable, for example. Clark has hunted bears and lions in the most dangerous mountain-lands. He has enacted scores of hazardous stunts for movie cameras. Throughout these experiences, he has never been scathed. But recently, working on a sequence for his new film, an unexpected noise behind him caused Gable to jerk his head around quickly. The twist sprained the muscles of his neck and shoulder, and the pain of the contracted muscles was so great that Clark was rushed to a hospital.

THERE was a time when Carole Lombard's library of phonograph records featured only Bing Crosby vocals. That time is no more. Now that Carole and Russ Columbo are this-and-that-way, Miss Lombard has added the entire set of Columbo records to her collection. Visit her dressing-room or home any old day—and you'll know you're in the right place because you'll hear a continual concert of songs by Columbo and Crosby.
FOR three days nobody could find Doug-
lass Montgomery. Even his family
knew nothing of his whereabouts. Then
he appeared again. Of course, everybody
demanded to know where he had been
hiding.

It developed that Douglass had not been
hiding at all. At the end of his stage en-
gagement at a local theatre, he was very
tired. So he went to a spa near Hollywood,
purely for the purpose of sleeping for three
days! During those seventy-two hours, Mont-
gomery awakened only to eat his
meals.

ANDY DEVINE doesn't like
men who use perfume. He
said, of one actor who always sa-
tures himself with scents, "That
guy goes out smelling so sweet
that only dogs with a taste for
sugar will bite him."

Ah, the irony of it! Bing Crosby puts
so much sweetness into that fiddling,
yet the notes come out sour according
to Rubinoff's expression. Sing him
a song, Bing, and we'll all smile—
even Rubinoff!

T HIS exchange of telegrams took place
in Hollywood not long ago.

"KATHARINE HEPBURN: GET
OFF THAT HORSE AND HAVE
GAME OF GOLF WITH ME SUNDAY
MORNING AT LAKESIDE. I CAN
DO INTERVIEW SAME TIME AND
EARN ENOUGH TO PAY OUR
CADDY FEES AND HAVE ENOUGH
LEFT TO PAY MY GROCERY BILL.
REGARDS, JIMMIE FIDLER"

Her answer:

"JIMMIE FIDLER: THROW AWAY
THOSE GOLF CLUBS AND GO
HORSE BACK RIDING WITH ME.
YOU WON'T NEED MONEY TO EAT,
BECAUSE YOU'LL BE TOO SORF
TO SIT AT TABLE. REGARDS,
KATHARINE HEPBURN."

GLENDA FARRELL told boy-friend
Robert Riskin to "stop talking about
his trip to Europe, because it made her
lonesome." She did not mention it until
one evening when he said, "Will you come
with me to the train?" That night he left
for Europe. He is back now, and their
romance is pul- lenty hot.

Isabel Jewel may have made public ap-
pearances with other young men, but that
was only while "Buster" Keaton and Isabel
are still Hollywooding. Not so Bar-
bara Weeks and Big Boy Williams, who
have called off a two-year romance. Mar-
garet Lindsay is going places with Philip
Reed. Randolph Scott, who seems to be de-
initely finished with his Vivian Gaye
fancy, has been rushing Wynne Gibson.
Jack Oakie is cradle-snatching; she is
Toby Wing.

How can Bert Wheeler talk about marry-
ing Patsy Parker? He is not divorced.
His wife didn't sue because she and Bert
could reach no property settlement. Nancy
Carroll and Don Alvarado are making a
striking couple at the late night spots. Raoul
Roulien and Conchita Montenegro appear
to be more than lukewarm. And those wed-
ding bells may toll for Marian Nixon and
director William Seiter any old day.

That Winchell-gram that Janet Gaynor
will wed a Dr. I. S. Veblin of New York
was as wrong as two left shoes. Joan
Crawford, at this writing, still insists she
will not wed Franchot Tone, who insists
that she will. Maureen O'Sullivan and
John Farrow may be married before this
report appears in print. William "Buster"
Collier may also have altar-ated his life
with Marie Stevens, Ziegfeld boof, ere
you read these lines.

AT LAST, the true reason why
Janet Gaynor refuses to re-
make "Seventh Heaven." She is
saving it for her swan-song! If
she ever stars in a talkie version
of her great silent-screen success,
it will be at the end of her career.
Furthermore, the fact that she
may again make the picture is not
a guarantee that the finished pro-
duct will be released. Janet will not
appear in a new "Seventh Heaven"
unless her contract stipulates that
she can buy the picture outright
if she doesn't want it released.

On good terms! December and May have a hearty laugh. Above, George Arliss
in his make-up for another one of his great characterizations, enjoys a joke with
Charlotte Henry who will appear with him.

Serious business! Kay Francis and Leslie Howard polish up the dialogue of
their roles between "takes" for "British Agent," which brings a best-seller
adventure narrative to life on the screen.
stories had been adapted into pictures, but I knew very little about short comedies—much less about writing.

"Write, hell!" interrupted Roach. "I wasn't talking about that.

"When I heard him say that, things just started going round inside me. I realized I'd come all the way to California thinking he meant silent comedies. I felt like the boy who's wakened early by the sheriff, dressed in a new suit, and asked what he'll have for breakfast.

The boy may eat his, I couldn't. I was too stupid.

"I tried to escape. 'I have no sex appeal,' I protested.

"No, I didn't mean Lincoln's. Gettysburg Address,' retorted Roach. 'And it's lasted quite a while.'

"Before I came to, I found myself in make-up and costume being shoved before a myriad lights, hundreds of witnesses, and a camera for a screen test," continued Cobb. "My legs went limp, and I whispered, 'I can't do it.'

"But everyone was so considered I backed it again. I went into it like a soldier going over the top. I was scared stiff, but I couldn't stop. They say the test was all right, but I don't see how it could be.

"'Yes,' smiled Cobb, 'The laugh's on me. It still seems like a dream. I have to pinch myself every once in a while to believe it's true.'

"Imagine me, at my age, turning Teshpin! I haven't been on the stage since I, as a boy, left Paducah, Kentucky, to be an 'end man,' lead the parade, and play a fake horn in Harry Ward's Minstrel. And I hope I help the movies, more than I helped Ward's Minstrels. They closed three weeks after I joined them!"

While Cobb chuckles in bubbling good-nature at the joke that turned out to be a laugh on him, Hollywood chimes in merrily, enjoying its latest laugh—and it's on Cobb too.

For America's foremost humorist has taken many a poke at the film capital, cracked many a joke at the expense of the movies, has amused people from Maine to Georgia with quips about Hollywood's eccentricities.

"I don't believe it or not, Irvin Cobb has gone Hollywood. He's setting new records for being guest of honor at Hollywood parties. Cobb is aware of it, is amused himself.

"'Yes,' he agrees in his deep baritone drawl, 'The laugh's on me. Like every professional jokesmith, I've made a living laughing at Hollywood. In fact, just recently I wrote an article digging some of the town's kiddingest things. Now I'll just be kidding myself.'

"Like most visitors to Hollywood, Cobb has found it different looking from the movies from the inside than from the outside.

"I came to Hollywood looking for sin," he explains. "But I've yet to find a first-rate orgy. My daughter and I attended our first performance in anticipation of its turning into a Saturnalian revel. We dined without a symphony. Then, filling into the lulu, we sat impatiently for the orgy to start. For a moment it looked hopeful. Two people ordered hightails. The faster to the ice coffee, and settled down to playing fair to middlin' bridge for a tenth of a cent a point.

"I'd always heard the first thing girls in Hollywood do after reaching the age of consent was 'yes.' But apparently I've been to the wrong parties!"

While a close-up of Hollywood has changed Cobb's ideas of its social life, it hasn't changed his favorites among the screen personalities.

"Charlie Chaplin is the greatest pantomimist I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot, including the famous Slivers and the French clown, Grauck," Cobb declared.

"None of them comes within miles of Chaplin. He hasn't talent or ability—but sheer genius. I believe every century produces a few, a very few authentic geniuses, and if I were asked to make a list of the geniuses the twentieth century has produced, I'd place Chaplin at the top. Marie Dressler also stands alone. She is not only a great entertainer, but also a great soul and a great woman."

Of the younger stars Cobb confesses to a favoritism for Claudette Colbert. "She is a great comedienne, and in her more serious portrayals reveals a refreshing charm and loveliness."

Will Rogers heads the list of Cobb's favorite character actors. "Not because he's doing my 'Judge Priest,'" he hurriedly explained, "but because he's such a vital personality. Some people say Rogers isn't an actor because he just plays himself. But why should he try to be anything except himself, when he's so much more magnetic and interesting than any character."

Walt Disney is the man in Hollywood Irvin Cobb would like to know better and more intimately. "I've met him but do not know him," Cobb added. "A man who can create a great character like Mickey Mouse must be interesting. I think his 'Three Little Pigs is the finest example of fantasy since Lewis Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland.' Using my seven-year-old grand-daughter as an excuse, I saw it three days in a row. When I tried to take her the fourth day, she finally rebelled."

"Though Hollywood has welcomed Irvin Cobb with open arms, its entertainment has left him a little nonplussed. He prefers to think the movie colony likes to hear his unending flood of humorous stories. But sometimes he wonders if it's trying to win over a skeptic who has lampooned the movie capital with barbs of its own."

"If they're scared of what I'm going to write about Hollywood, they haven't mentioned it," Cobb volunteered. "Nor have they asked me to adopt any previous attempts at humor. Of course, they ought to feel safe now. I've turned actor and become one of them."

As a matter of fact, Hollywood has become darned nice. The scandal of my turning actor was not as great as I expected it. I started receiving advice. Will Rogers began the deluge. 'There's nothing to this acting just you be yourself,' Will advised.

"Then Ned Sparks stepped up with the same advice. Director John Ford offered identical dope. Every time I turned I heard, 'Be natural.'

"But these fellows can't fool me. The men of Hollywood are real, natural on the stage and screen. These actors all use a bundle of tricks to create the illusion of being natural. They don't talk in real life the way they act on the screen. For 40 years George Arliss has been learning tricks that make him seem natural on the screen, and now nobody thinks he's artificial because he's so perfected his art.

"But believe me I can still be natural about one thing. The next guy who tells me to 'be natural' will receive a natural bust in the jaw."

Cobb, however, has turned to acting with intense purpose. He's determined to succeed as he has in the other fields of humor—writing, lecturing, and radio. To that end he is studying the movies seriously. He can be found any time of day on the stages of the Hal Roach studios, intently observing the work of Laurel and Hardy, Jimmy Durante, Charlie Chase, and the "Our Gang" kids. Out of it has come a thorough grasp of the motion picture business—and a deep respect for it.

"The amazing thing," he says, "is not that there are so many bad movies, but that there are so many good ones. Behind the apparent disorganization of Hollywood there is a great intelligence functioning. There may be more slack ends than in a button factory, but when you consider that the movie producer's raw material is human beings, and some of it pretty raw, and that he's trying to tickle public the intangible of amusement, it's surprising so much is achieved. The faults are only the faults of human beings.

"As writing for the stage an author can write and rewrite. A producer can rehearse, try his play out, and do it all over again. But in a week or so a movie is made. Hollywood movies have no public laboratory in which to experiment. Every picture must be a gigantic guess."

Like every writer of humorous stories, Cobb confesses he thought his job of writing comedy the hardest in the world. "There's nothing sadder or more depressing than a man trying to be funny on paper. They used to say on the New York World that they could always tell when I was going to be humorously by the tears I'd shed and the groans I'd utter as I put a piece of paper in the typewriter."

"I thought even movie comedy writers had a snap compared to me. A visit to the Hal Roach gag room quickly changed that idea. For a whole morning the writers tossed gag after gag over the heads of everyone. A gag would be funnier. The atmosphere was clogged with acrimony and bitterness. At any minute I expected one of the men to be hauled out of the room and a type in a certain kind of fall would be funnier. The whole argument was about a gag that would take twenty seconds on the screen."

"As for the comedians themselves, I knew their job was a cinch! I thought they had a funny face, a queer walk, or a peculiar blink that automatically made people laugh as the comedians walked through their parts. I imagined Laurel and Hardy were
natural comedians to whom everything comes easy.

"What a delusion! True enough, they do have a point behind the humor. It was born in them. But easy? Every laugh they created reflected a ton of sweat, infinite detail, serious study, and hard work. As I watched them, I realized that art is just another name for hard work.

"Whether writers or actors, comedians suffer and spend to make people laugh. These are at heart sad people. That's because all humor is based on pathos and is akin to tragedy. I once defined humor as tragedy standing on its head with its pants torn.

"And now I'm suffering, as I try to be a comic actor. The laugh's on me at present. But I'm going to have the last one. It doesn't pay to let a laugh run too long against you, and I'm shaving now to have Hollywood wrestling with my short comedies, not at me.

"Meanwhile I have my consolation—the mint julep. That's where I have the laugh on Hollywood. It doesn't know the art of making that drink of the gods—a good mint julep.

"Cob is not only an authority on humor—but also on mint juleps. He has utilized them, mixed them, and drunk them ever since leaving Paducah, Kentucky.

"I asked for his mint julep formula.

"His eyes became dreamy. "Of course," he began, "you can make the perfect mint julep only in the South. The best mint leaves grow only on the grave of a Confederate brigadier.

"However, a mint julep is like a sunset. You can't ruin it. But you can improve it. Whether you're with bourbon or rye, there are two important tricks to remember.

"Cob rose from his chair and began to illustrate his lecture. "The first one is to leave none of the crushed mint leaves in the glass. Take a few sprigs of mint, pour in whiskey, and just bruise the leaves. Then take out the leaves to keep the drink from becoming oily and bitter.

"Next rub a few mint leaves about the brim of the glass—like this," confidently the professor was demonstrating, I was fascinated, and not a little thrilled with anticipation. "That's for the tongue," he went on. "Then fill the glass with cracked ice, and pour the mint-flavored whiskey over it. Stick a couple of sprigs of mint into the glass. That's for the nose. Then stir till the glass is frosted.

"You'll notice I've said nothing about sugar. That's the second trick. Some people put the sugar in with the mint, and some put it in the water. Sugar has a higher specific gravity than whiskey and sinks to the bottom. You don't get the scent or taste of the mint sugar in water till not a grain of sugar is evident.

"Then, after stirring the glass till frosted, pour that simple syrup solution into the glass. "You drink it," he enthused, as he handed me a goblet, "without further stirring as the syrup is trickling down through the whiskey.

"Yep," he snorted as he smacked his lips. "The laugh's on me—and the julep's on me!"

"David Copperfield" Comes to the Screen

and Little Caesars of the screen have faded into oblivion.

Just the same, David Copperfield, means magic to thousands. Try it on people here and there, and watch their faces light up. Follow it with Peg Ent and Mr. Proctor brothers. With Little Emily and Aunt Betsey Trotwood, and Mr. Dick, with Steerforth and Traddles and Dora and Agnes and Uriah Heep—and Micawber! By the time you've reached Micawber, your man or woman will probably be hollering off to the nearest library or bookshop to beg, buy, or borrow a copy of the story that cast such a haze of enchantment over your youth. That, my friends, is what is known as initial interest—a commodity whose value in dollars and cents is something over $1 R. Ho; and that's where young David Copperfield packs a wallop that's likely to lay the rest of you low.

He has a further advantage in the fact that he's going to be directed by the man who directed "Little Women." For several years past George Cukor has been gaining, among actors and film folk, a reputation as a director in whose hands they may trust themselves, and no questions asked. He's fast gaining the same reputation with the public.

When word spread that "Little Women" was going to be filmed, strong hearts withered. Omnious mutterings filled the air. "They'll run it—they'll murder it! It's blasphemous, it's high treason! We'll close our eyes and cover our ears and have no part in this piece of desecration."

The picture was made and the mutterings were drowned in cheers of delight and thanksgiving. Not a word that grated, not a scene that offended, no jarring of the nerves in no values heightened or subdued for the theatrical effect—Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy as Louise Abbot created them and as generations of children have taken them to their hearts. People rose up and called the name of George Cukor blessed, and so producer David Selznick assigned him to "David Copperfield."

Associated with him are Howard Estabrook, scenarist of "Cimarron," and Hugh Walpole, eminent English novelist, who will adapt the Dickens dialogue where necessary, and act as final arbiter on all points of British tradition and Dickensian lore.

Behind them stands David Selznick, producer chief at Metro, to whom each of the three paid unsolicited, but eager tribute.

"It was his idea to do 'Little Women,'" said Mr. Cukor, "and it was his idea to do 'David Copperfield.' He's the moving force behind the whole thing. It's his imagination that saw the possibilities and his energy that's keeping the rest of us on our toes. I hope you're handing out credit lines," advised Mr. Cukor, "Dave Selznick belongs at the top."

"Selznick reads the story as a boy," Mr. Estabrook told me, "and he's been cherishing the memory of it ever since. He knew it had everything—romance, comedy, juicy characters, heart interest—but he's been biding his time. Finally he decided that the trend of the wisecrack had gone as far as it could, and the smart thing would be to cut right across it with something as different as possible. And that's how 'David Copperfield'—the movie—was born."

"I had no idea," confessed Mr. Walpole, "that producers you notice in the making of their cinemas as Mr. Selznick has proven himself to be. He's absolutely absent in this production, it was a series of conferences all the way across the ocean, with Mr. Selznick driving himself as hard as he drove the rest of us. I want to go on with this speech, and a moment's hesitation, "that no one has ever been nicer to me. He seems to have an infinite capacity for taking the other person's point of view. And if that's a thing I didn't take for granted, it's because all my previous ideas of Hollywood have been formed on hearSay. If a tenth of the stories one hears are true, I can only conclude that I must be particularly happy in my associates.

"How did it all come about?" Mr. Walpole's seriousness lightened. "That's the funniest part of the whole thing. I accepted an invitation to a film luncheon because I knew that Mr. Selznick and I hardly exchanged a word throughout the meal. Then, just as the end, he asked me whether I knew of any well-known English author who might be prepared to supervise the production from the viewpoint of atmosphere. I spoke most enthusiastically of a letter of my acquaintance to take away with me the impression that she would be asked and that the whole affair was settled. So I thought no more about it."

"Next morning at breakfast the telephone rang. To tell the truth," he chuckled, "I was expecting a call from someone I didn't want to see, and went to the phone turning over excuses in my head. But it was a representative of Metro-Goldwyn, who asked me whether I knew of any author interested in the atmospheric aspects of a novel. I'd never dreamed of myself in that connection, though I'm an ardent Dickensian and had always wanted to visit Hollywood and to see their inside workings of a studio. I was torn two ways. My summer plans were all made. On the other hand, I was strongly tempted—not only by the prospect of going to

Kay Francis waves "so-long" to these mint juleps she departs on a vacation trip to Europe.

Continued from page 27
Hollywood, but of going in this particularly desirable Half an hour an hour an horn Mr. Cukor said yes. And a week after that I was on the boat.

"To see," Mr. Cukor explained, "we're trying to do everything in our power to ensure the authenticity of the background. We don't want to risk offending the sensitivities of the most fastidious Dickensian — for our own sake as well as theirs—because we're interested in making a perfect production. That's why we asked Mr. Walpole to help us. That's why we went to England in the first place.

"We felt we hadn't the right to undertake anything so English without being sure for ourselves the places we planned to use. We took with us original steel engravings of these places as they used to be, or a photograph. We photographed them as they are today. We took hundreds of shots—protection backgrounds, topography, proportions of buildings, all sorts of details that we'd never have been able to get as accurately from pictures and books. Both the steel engravings and our own photographs will be used as notes when the sets are constructed in Hollywood."

Accompanied by Mr. Dexter, editor of Dinah's, Mr. Cukor explained the first of the tour of London and its environs. They photographed the place just off Adelphi Terrace, where David lived when he was arrested to Mr. Nubbles—seen in the Hungerford Stairs leading down to the Thames, near which the Micawbers lodged, and St. Pancras High Street, where Dora and David had their cottage—and Windsor Terrace, where David, a forlorn child of ten, lived with the Micawbers after his mother's death.

"That was an interesting experience," Mr. Cukor commented. "You'd sworn the place by a hundred 'Micawber's days—hapless, dirty, shabby, ragged children crawling all around."

Then they went down to Putney, where David and Dora died, though nothing, unfortunately, is left of the church and out to Gravesend, where David saw the Micawbers and old Mr. Peggotty off to Australia. Then to Yarmouth, the scene of Little Em'ly's tragedy, where they were given the most delicious chocolates and kippers.

They took dozens of photographs of Blunderstone Rookery, where David was born, and were present ourselves at the Requiem Frize Mr. Brown and his daughter. "One of the most enchanting places I've ever seen," Mr. Cukor said, with the little company of the Micawbers dressed, as they were, and Mrs. Copperfield's room and David's little room next to it, where he used to look out of the window at the churchyard. There were even some geese running round the back-yard—remember the geese that gave David nightmares? Except for some telegraph poles, we could have used the whole thing just as it stands."

From London they followed the road that David took when he ran away to Aunt Betsey Trotwood's. Reading Canterbury first, they photographed the Cathedral and the beautiful old gardens leading from the city wall and the house of David attended, which abuts on the Cathedral. They took pictures of the classrooms and the staircases and the desks and the very worn and frayed, with Mr. Cukor, an old pupil of the school, as their guide. "It seemed to me a charming omen," he smiled, "that I should be starting this new work at a place so dearly loved."

The friendly headmaster of the school had consented to the fact that the gates and walls were exactly as Dickens had described them, and that only the "great stone urns" were missing.

"Well," someone suggested, "we just saw a couple of urns in the Archbishop's grounds. How about borrowing them for a shot or two?"

But that bit of American humor fell good and the idea looked as if it was even," Mr. Cukor grunted, "as though we'd suggested dynamiting the Archbishop's palace."

They photographed Aunt Betsey Trotwood's house, which was opened by a lady who looked grim and forbidding enough to be Aunt Betsey herself. After being informed of their errand, she grew stiffer than ever.

"I won't have people coming in here," she snapped, "unless they pay for the privilege. You Hollywood folk have plenty of money. You can't come in unless you give me some for my 'castle.'"

They were rather upset. Not that they had the faintest objection to giving her money. But they had been greeted with such warmth and hospitality in all other quarters that this frigid reception hurt their feelings.

"How much money do you want?" Mr. Cukor asked, on the theory that a businesslike proposal deserved a businesslike reply.

The lady, apparently taken aback, stared at him in silence.

"Well," Mr. Cukor urged, "you said you wanted money. Tell us how much, and we'll see whether we can pay it."

She stared a second longer, then jerked her head and spoke: "I can't do it."

At which point Mr. Cukor turned stubborn.

"We prefer to pay our way where we're not welcome," he insisted. "Just say how much."

They couldn't budge her. She refused to take a penny. From the most ungracious she was promptly transformed into the most charming hostess. She took them upstairs and down, pointing out this, placing that more advantageously, calling attention to something else, securing herself out in a frenzy of good will.

"I couldn't understand it," Mr. Cukor shrugged. "What practically broke me was her calling me Sir David and bringing us some of her father's old sherry to drink. It did turn out in the end," he continued thoughtfully, "that she wrote movie scenarios. She gave me a couple to take with me and read before I left."

"But aside from that, which ended in our paring bosom friends—everyone was interested and everyone was helpful. You must have expected the English to be a little resentful of an American company's doing this story. But there wasn't a trace of it. On the contrary."

"They were very much impressed and pleased," Mr. Walpole put in, "by all you were doing to keep the story as English as possible. Though I shouldn't be surprised," he added, smiling, "if they were also wondering why in thunder they hadn't thought of doing it first."

Back in London, hundreds of actors were interviewed and innumerable tests were made. There was one bitter disappointment. Dining at the Savoy one night, Mr. Cukor suddenly clutched his companion's arm. "See that man over there who looks like Uriah Heep?" he muttered. "I've got to have him."

The man—who turned out to be the Honorable Mr. Blanche—was enchanted at the prospects of playing the scoundrelly Heep. However, it all came to nothing: "He couldn't act," Mr. Cukor sighed.

But they did bring back with them, as a possibility for David, young Peter Trent, a student at the Royal Academy for Acting. He looks the part to perfection. Whether or not he will be equal to its demands remains to be seen.

By the time this story is in print, his fate will be sealed—the rest of the cast will be chosen—the sets will be built. Very soon now little Master Davy will be playing with his mother, running away from the heirless geese, reading the Crocodile Book to Peggy, kneeling on his little bed to watch the moon shining down on the quiet churchyard—living his happy life before the Micawbers came to cast their shadow over it. George Cukor will be at the megaphone, and the Messrs. Selznick, Walpole, and Estabrook will be hounding so many benevolent godfathers in the background.

In his preface to the 1850 edition of the book, Charles Dickens wrote: "I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child. And his name is David Copperfield." If he could look down at his favorite child's new birth, he would be proud of the reverence, solici- tude and intelligence with which it is being attended. I think that David Cop- perfield's father himself would not withhold his blessing.
Dix Dares to Desert

Continued from page 25

Expense No Object

Continued from page 24

actor who has failed to pocket the money, however filthy!
not a wealthy man," Rich continued. "The stock market hit me hard, as it hit many others. I've got enough to live in moderate comfort for the time being."

But, I won't change the way I want to die.

"But meanwhile I'm going to have a vacation. I'll be gone six months to a year, maybe a year and a half. There's always the possibility, of course, that I may get homesick and cut it shorter. Now wouldn't that be hell after all my plans?"

"I've been promising myself this jaunt for a long, long time and if I don't go now, I never will. We all have that bad habit of postponing pleasures until, first thing we know, we have forgotten how to enjoy them. That's real tragedy and it's not going to happen to me. I'm footloose and fancy free and I'll take my fun where I find it as long as I can."

"Remember the hero in 'Holiday' who wanted to play while he was young and work when he was older? That's the right idea if you can afford it. Play while you still have the capacity for enjoying it. Ever since I've never tasted, food I've never eaten, places I've never seen. It is obviously impossible to drink, eat, and see everything in the world, but I'm going to shove my batting average as far as possible."

So many travelers lose the real pleasure of traveling by taking their accustomed habits with them. They seem to believe that the expression, 'when in Rome, do as the Romans do' applies only to food.

They regard the cuisine of a leading European hotel as inferior just because there are no Boston baked beans, California artichokes, or Milwaukee beer on the menu.

"Great guns, that's not the way to travel! When you are in any foreign country, taste of everything the land provides. You may find several items distasteful before you hit something you really like. But try them all. Incidentally, eating and drinking as do the natives of the country is the only safe-guard your health. The English thrive on mutton chops, heavy puddings, and rich sauces. The same food would kill a New Englander. Edible foods grow the places the good Lord intended them to be eaten. "I plan to taste everything I see that I have never tasted before. The experience may put me upon a doctor's diet for the balance of my days. But I will eat, drink, and be merry while I can!"

"There is a little town in the South of France for which I am heading first of all. No, I'm not telling the name of it until I discover it. I haven't any too much resistance when it comes to a fat part in a big picture and I don't intend to have my holiday disturbed."

"I am going to this town because several friends have described its charms to me. The hotel is small and comfortable without being ostentatious. The pièce de résistance on the bill of fare is snails, quite the most gorgeous snails in all of France. The cellars are magnificent, one of the few great cellars of the world. Every bottle comes to you with the cobwebs still upon it. There is ocean bathing in the Mediterranean and all the sunshine you can stand. I do not ever hear of a more desirable spot?"

"How long I will stay in one place will be dictated entirely by how much fun I am having. The moment boredom threatens, I'll find a new town. I won't be rushed and I won't be hurried about by a guide, bent upon showing me more than can be instantly crammed into a single day's sightseeing."

"What sightseeing I do will be done without a professional guide. Those fellows show you only the surface of things. I'm interested in essentials. Sightseeing like eating and drinking, must be approached in foreign countries with an unimpaired mind. You can't look at the Taj Mahal in India and liken its dome to the Capitol in Washington. You can't dismiss the Leaning Tower of Pisa because it doesn't lean as far as you thought it would. You can't compare the height of London buildings with New York skyscrapers. Yet many tourists commit these grievous errors of good taste, just as they complain because they can't get steak in a town noted for its sea food."

Rich paused. "I hope I'm giving you a story. I know what I'm saying isn't very definite, but my trip isn't very definite, either. I can't hand you a time-table or a tourist guide with all the places neatly underscored and the dates of arrival and departure charted to the minute. That isn't the kind of trip I'm taking. It's a drinking tour around the world and I intend to be just that. If I change my mind I can go one place and the next; I don't want to have to offer explanations even to myself. Whatever I do, wherever I go will be for no other reason than it seemed like a good idea—at the time."

"Are you going alone, Rich?"

"Of course not. Any trips I take from now on will be in company with my wife, Mrs. Dix has tastes which coincide with my own with respect to the desire to travel and things."

"Don't expect to see us until you do! Doubtless this will be my last as well as my first real vacation, so I'm going to have all the fun I can. I'll be back when I get homesick. Try not to forget me altogether."

A veteran of nineteen years and sixty-seven pictures, Richard Dix deserves his vacation. As far as forgetting him is concerned, he would better have said not to forget him. Rich is too firmly entrenched in the hearts of his fans ever to be forgotten, but his plans for a vacation are to be envied. In fact, it is just about the swell-est vacation for which I have ever heard. It makes my mouth water."

Bou voyage, Rich. "Take keer of yourself!"
when I came away I felt that I'd found the answer to everything I'd been searching. When I was in college we were taught much about "cause" and "effect," and assured that the scientific, intelligent attitude was destined to conquer. Yet how many college girls have made good on the screen?

I'd nearly concluded that a girl had to emerge from a theatrical atmosphere, or had to rise from riches in rags. Fatal beauty or persistence, sharpened by poverty, apparently was infinitely more help than a methodically trained mind.

And then I encountered this astute Madeleine Carroll. She will encourage every well-bred, middle-class miss, for she is the daughter of a professor at the University of Birmingham, England, and she received her B.A. degree there before she set out to become an actress. She majored in French.

"I can't boast of my high marks in French, though," she said to me, "because my mother was a native of France and I learned the language as a child! But it was participating in a college play that did inspire me to act." A group of noted London critics had journeyed to Birmingham to review a new play and, while there, chanced to take in the university show. They unanimously praised Madeleine, its heroine.

"When I graduated I told my parents what I wished to do, and my father was horrified. With traditional gusto he forbade me to set foot on any professional stage. He is a native of Ireland, and I must have inherited some of his determination. I vowed I had the necessary qualifications for acting!"

There was a Big Scene. Madeleine, secretly supported by her mother, stalked out of the family abode. Having no money with which to travel, she took a job as French coach in a girls' school at Brighton. In three months she'd accumulated $100 and with it she bought a ticket and made the rounds of the theatrical offices.

Because she'd had a good start in life, she wasn't sidetracked by any of the foolish theories which are thrown at novices. College had drilled in the notion that all results come from specific actions. She knew she'd been introduced to the theater. Before her funds were exhausted she landed a bit with a touring company. A year later, having progressed to secondary roles, she applied for the part and was awarded the lead in a film with Brian Aherne.

That occurred back in 1927, when she was twenty-one. Since then she has alternated screen and stage, appearing on the London stage opposite Charles Laughton and other major performers. A purposeful, intent woman, Madeleine Carroll was wise enough to tie up with a bright agent. Faithful concentration, abetted by his knowledge of jockeying her salary as she increased in popularity, is what zoomed her income. Producers know that her charm is unquestionable box-office, so they're willing to pay plenty. They are sure, too, that temperament, scandal, and folly are foreign to her nature, and this pleases them.

My own analysis is that she stood out from the average because of her discriminating mind. She never deviated from the ideal she set for herself: an admirable career, a happy marriage, worthy friends. A star who can stick to these de-sires is such a rarity that triumph is inevitable.

"My husband came over with me, but he's a business man, a real estate broker, so he had to return to London," she smilingly informed me. Captain Philip Astley, her husband, is a member of one of England's finest old families and wealthy in his own right. He prefers to manage his af-fairs himself, and devotes his time to them.

Until she was introduced to him, three-and-a-half years ago at a ball given by the Marquis of Milford Haven, she gave no thought to love. She was all for getting ahead as she'd planned. When she wasn't asked out by people she considered worth knowing, she stayed at home.

The details of her romance are as fasci-nating as any Hollywood star's love, which just adds to my argument that the intelli-gent can be rewarded.

"Who do you suppose called for her and escorted her to that fateful ball? The Prince of Wales, no less! So you can see that even before her marriage Madeleine Carroll was traveling in first-class society! Captain Astley, she recalls humorously, made no impression that night. He tried sitting in the front row of the theatre!"

Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone in a scene which brings together the English actress who has captivated America and one of our most popular and gifted players of romantic hero.

"Our friends are non-theatrical, London is so large a city, too, that the theatrical people do not flock to particular restaurants or haunts as they do in Hollywood. The English do not expect their stars to be continually on display, Which makes it nice for Philip and me!"

The Astleys have a beautiful home in Mayfair, a town mansion whose walls are panelled and which is furnished in Queen Anne style. The old family estate, a vast place which has belonged to the Astleys for generations, is in Warwickshire. Not long ago Madeleine and her husband bought another country home just forty miles from London, for weekends. And, of course, there is the picturesque Italian estate.

Mistress of all these elegant homes, an associate of England's foremost social fig-uress, owner of priceless jewels and count-
Hollywood's Bad Boys Make a Movie

Continued from page 53

The troupe, and here is what they have.
The leading man is Mr. Claude Rains of the Broadway stage. This ableummer's only claim to film fame is the fact that he was The Voice in "The Invisible Man." Mr. Rains plays a criminal lawyer in "Crime Without Passion"—in itself a screen novelty.
The leading lady is a flashing minx called, simply, Margot, whose public career, to date, has been that of a Spanish dancer. Mr. Hecht saw her dancing at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and decided that such an excellent performer of the fandango would make a nice natural leading woman. We shall see.
Then there is Miss Whitney Bourne, a beauteous Manhattan society gal who had played stage bits but didn't know a camera from a whipper tank. There is Mr. Stanley Ridges of Broadway, who has never done a picture. Greta Granstedt, Hollywood bit player, is present—the boys probably letting her in because she had never done much acting anyhow.
To round out the troupe in a good angle-fillet manner, they hired the beauteous Miss Ethelmyne Holt, a professional model whose chief claim to fame is the manner in which she looks for a couple of years ago, in which she practically introduced the "pinch-chrunch" hat and wore a wedding ring on her right hand. She seems, this acting company! Not a star, or even starlet, in a studio-load. But whaa! Did I say no stars? The Pecks! Bad Boys are of course the stars of their own picture, though you won't see them, and more's the pity. They'd make Clark and Mccullough look like a pair of hired pallbearers.
Once the gang was hired and the geniuses caged, Wheeler and Wooley—I mean Hecht and MacArthur—got very professional.
History tells that shooting was to start at nine of a Monday morning. It started at a table, timepiece in hand. On the stroke of nine he raised a fist and shouted: "Let Hollywood beware! Roll 'em over, boys!"
A new and bawdy epoch in the movie industry had begun!
Then things REALLY began to go nuts! Everything in the picture is good. Impressionsistic, Sur-Realistic, and Egotistic, so Mr. Garmes is shooting the whole film, practically, in corners. Three things he says: "This shot standing in an angle made by two pieces of scenery may either be in the Hollywood Bowl or in the Grand Central Station.
A drug-store is not a regular movie drug-store, but merely a table filled with toy airplanes and nineteen cent novels.

When they are fighting and screaming, each calls the other "Mr. Belasco" with sarcasm that would cut hot butter.
On the set they treat the intricate business of Great Producers by playing backgammon, at a dollar a game, on the floor of one of their palatial private offices. Such a perilous calling, they consider, is a sort of world-shaking import, has entered the sanctum to find Mr. Hecht viciously acussing his co-genius of gyping him out of a hundred dollars. Sometimes that threat has been revived, gets down on his knees and joins in the fun.

Such monumental movie madness has never been known!
Over the river the Big Bosses sit andsWithout. What devils force have they let loose on the world? Shaking in their fifty-dollar shoes, the Big Bosses have laid down one iron-clad rule for the loony-house, which is that absolutely no direct quotations from the crazy men are permitted the press.
Hecht and MacArthur, when interviewed, have the droll habit of putting their feet on their desk, tearing off their shirts, and alternately denouncing and spoiling the ways of Hollywood and the men of Hollywood—especially their own bosses of the moment.
Believe me, Paramount's no fool, whatever the Big Boys may say, and when it seems that this celestial goodness going on, that no work is getting done on the Hecht-MacArthur masterpiece? Yes it does, but we are all wrong.
In the midst of all the fumming, the lads are making a talking picture. The day I was on the set they were only an hour behind schedule, and by the time the crank stopped turning they hoped to cut that to a mere half hour.
I say they are making a talking picture. I temper that a bit, since it is all the remains to be seen. It will either be a novel and exciting thriller, or it will be the gosh-awfullest hunk of stilton cheese that ever bored an audience. Being shot on the highway.

There's nothing half-way about the Mad Mengers of the Movies. They're great—out to conquer the world!

In the meantime Hecht and MacArthur are writing a case history of motion pictures. A book that will be studied for years by the loony-doctors of Hollywood. I left the joint counting my fingers, and went at once to my own head specialist. After going me over, he said it wasn't serious or permanent—but that it might be a good idea to keep away from the Long Island studio while Hecht and MacArthur were going on.
She couldn't find anything really amusing to do when not at the studio, except to study English literature, foreign theo-
gues and music, and see how deep a tan she could manage to get, UNTIL—

She met Francis Lederer and became enthralled with the idea of building her own little theatre in her own backyard!

It seats forty people, but you can't get in. It measures 52 x 18, and has a stage, dressing-rooms, kitchenette and projection room, (in case films are to be run). There are swimming pool close by, so that actors can cool off, and a tennis court near by, so they can warm up, and a barbecue pit for picnics dinners. Francis Lederer, Franchot Tone, and Joan plan to give "plays for intimate audiences," and this, Joan assures us, is the perfect recreation.

When Irving Thalberg was twenty-five years old, he told me that he needed no more than four or five hours sleep in the twenty-four, and that most of the time re-
mained was spent at work. If he wasn't actually at the studio, he was reading scripts, deciding problems, studying various phases of picture-making.

"No, I don't play golf," he said, then.

"The fun in chasing a little white ball around with a bag of sticks eludes me. They tell me it gives you all the benefits of a good walk—but if you want to walk, why go out?" His idea of walking at that time, however, seemed to be that you walked to get somewhere, and if you cared about getting there, it would be quicker to drive.

Play was a closed book to the young executive then. Since that time, he has married Norma Shearer, and it may be gathered that he has learned how to play, for now the Thalberg's swim, they play bridge, they entertain often, and they travel—and like it! Sometimes, Norma confides, Irving seems to be having such a good time at a party that she—with an early call and a work—slips off home by herself rather than interrupt his enjoyment.

Fay Wray was a very serious child. Her family taught her to recite "pieces" and her idea of amusement was to dress up and act. Early success in films fostered this interest, and she decided she wasn't the type to go in for sports or games.

And then she married John Monk Saunders.

"My husband is a sports enthusiast," says Fay, "and I began to play golf and tennis because he did and I had the usual ideas about keeping your husband by shar-
ing in his leisure occupations. Then I dis-
covered to my surprise that it's grand fun! I'm a shark at tennis, and I adore ping-pong—that's something about the excitement of a swift game that appeals to me. I'm not so good at golf, but I enjoy it, and I am simple enough to get a kick out of bicycling. I think if people would just try some of the things they don't think they'll like, they'd be surprised!"

"It wasn't a kind friend who warned Mae Clarke about overwork; it was a nervous breakdown. Mae began to work at thirteen and was only eighteen when she came to Hollywood five years ago. She was amb-
itous and she was talented; studios rec-
ognized it and she worked in two pictures at once, which might answer the question of why she didn't play.

Anyway, while she was ill, she had time to loaf. She saw that there was some-
thing more about Nature, and de-
cided that she hadn't half appreciated the old lady. Now that Mae is well, she de-
votes every available week-end to desert,

mountains or seashore; riding, swimming, hiking, and reveling in beauty.

"I learned to play games, too. Madmoiselle is my favorite strenuous sport, and back-
gammon, the game I like best. But I adore going to parties where they play Murder, or exciting games like that!"

Walt Disney has had no spare time since he entered his teens. Mickey Mouse, Pluto and the Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf occupied him thoroughly. He never made the huge sums from these popular creations that should have come his way, and whatever amounts were received were promptly put back into the business, so that the number of employees grew from 25 to 150 in less than three years.

And then the doctor stepped in. "Exer-
cise, Outdoors. Relaxation." Too much work and no play wasn't making Walt a dull boy, but it was making him pale and thin.

Walt obediently tried each sport recom-
ended. His opinion of golf tallied with Irving Thalberg's; tennis and swimming left him unthrilled. At length someone suggested polo, and persuaded him to try a game. Polo was IT! It has excitement, exercise, and the game, of course it doesn't measure up to Mickey Mouse as real amusement, according to Walt, but it's fun. It's still fun, even though an opponent hit him with a mallet during an exciting encounter and all but broke the Disney nose.

Chester Morris belongs to a family of actors and knew nothing but acting for years, and it was fun as well as work, ac-
cording to Chester.

However, the rub came when, having made a hit in "Alibi," Roland West put him under contract at a small drawing-
account when not working and a sizeable salary when making pictures—and then didn't put him to work for months.

What to do with spare time became more than an academic question. Chester

solved it by buying a house and building a swimming-pool. Since he couldn't swim all the time, he began to build other things around the place, to buy cars and take em to pieces, wash them and fix them around them, plan gardens, and improve the house.

"I think it's fun to do something useful," observes Chester. "Any fellow can find something to do if he casts an eye in the right direction."

A career of acting so absorbed Douglass Montgomery during his teens that nothing else mattered. Other boys of his age might take holidays, go fishing or enter sports' contests, but not Douglass. His notion of a good time was to study some phase of drama.

One day, while he was playing in stock in Baltimore, studying and working like a young madman, the director Edwin Knopf, (brother of the publisher), called him in.

"Look here, young man, do you know what you're doing?" he asked. "You're eliminating friendships, gayety, and interest-
ing contacts. Later on, you're going to regret bitterly that you have no pals, no foolishness to remember, no lovely youth. You'll wear yourself out, and you'll have no life when you're older."

He was right and Douglass saw it. Young Montgomery began to accept invi-
tations, to take up dancing, to travel when-
ever he could. The habit of work was strong, and it's still strong, but he tears him-
self away and goes out. But his idea of real fun is to go around to a pal's kitchen and cook breakfast, carrying out impish jokes on the inhabitants all the time.

Ann Sothern was practically born in a

trunk. Her mother, who was a concert

singer, used to take Ann with her on con-
certs—and so the child had no chance to have small playmates. The minute she was

old enough, she went in for a career of her own, for it's only now that she has her first real home, in Beverly Hills.

Ann enjoys giving small, intimate parties, little dinners, after which the guests have music or play such games as Binet test where wits count, for cards make Ann nervous. She loves horseback riding, and she can play tennis, but reading is still her chief delight.

Left an orphan at an early age, Tom Keene ran away at ten and has supported himself ever since. He clerked in stores, drove a stagecoach, killed rattlesnakes for the government, and woke up at twenty to find himself an old, old man.

"I ought to do what I want to do before it's too late," he told himself, and forthwith became an actor. But again it was work, work—until he went to Australia with a theatrical company and paused in the South Seas on the way.

"Then I saw the natives. The happiest people in the world. No wardrobes, no housing problem, no food worry, no social bother. They laugh and are kind, they help one another and have no cares. I saw that I had life all wrong, and since then I've tried to live from day to day, getting all I can from life and trying to give something back. I take time off to be with friends, and to do the things I like. That's common sense!"

Ken Maynard had never had money and leisure at the same time until he became a star. Then he didn't know what to do with the combination. At length he decided to learn to fly, and found flying a thrilling occupation. Then he bought himself a boat and went on cruises, and now he has a motorcycle. He's always wanted one.

"It takes a while to learn how to play," says Ken, "but of all lessons, it's the most delightful."

Eddie Cantor had been married four years before he began taking up golf; his first essay into sports. Then the late Frank Carter, husband of Marilyn Miller, said he wanted Eddie to meet another blackface comedian on the links. The other fellow was Al Johnson.

"That was in 1918," sighs Eddie, "and in the 10 years since, I haven't improved a single stroke!"

I like golf for the following reasons: It gives me a chance to show my legs, something never seen in Sam Goldwyn pictures! It gives me an opportunity of walking with a purpose behind it, and also a gallery. Being a dub I get more exercise than a good golfer, and when I make a good shot, I'm in heaven.

Colleen Moore was a picture girl who had no interest in playing because her career absorbed her. She collected dolls, too, and still has them; she's building a magnificent toy house just for the dolls; but naturally she doesn't play "House" with her wax babies.

After her long soap contract was concluded and her first marriage had ended in divorce, Colleen went down to Florida for a "vacation." There she met Al Scott, also on vacation. The difference between Colleen and her new friend was that he knew what to do with a holiday. Colleen could play tennis and swim, because she'd learned how to do both for the screen, but Al showed her that there was fun in it.

"You get something from sports that you can't get from pictures," she concluded, "especially if your husband enjoys them, too. I think being able to play has made me human," and the new gift has the entire approval of Mr. Scott.

Colleen has developed a yen for contract bridge and for riding, in addition to tennis and swimming.

These new husbands work such magic that it's no wonder Marjorie Rambeau expected the best when she married into wealth. Her husband declared loudly that Marjorie need never work nor worry any more. (His name is Francis Gugler.)

They went down to Florida, too.

"I tried being a lady of leisure," relates Marjorie. "I took up knitting and I took up tatting, and I exhausted the possibilities of both inside of a week. I don't like to swim and I can't stand fishing. I don't play golf, tennis is too strenuous for me, and I can't imagine why people play cards.

"After associating with the sitters that populate hotel parlors, I decided that I had nothing in common with them. What was left? I might have gone yachting, but water makes me seasick; and I might have gone horseback riding, but horses are so unrestful.

"So, I came back to work!"

---

**Tagging the Talkies**

*Continued from page 13*

**Murder in the Private Car**

M-G-M

This is a very exciting picture. It is one of the fastest-moving stories of all time, so breathe deeply before it begins, for you'll have little chance to catch your breath after the show is on. It tells about a "crime preventor" whose job is to keep things from happening. A wild ride in a railway coach that contains dynamite will thrill you to the core. Charles Ruggles, Mary Carlisle, and Una Merkel contribute flawless performances. Good show for general audiences.

**Let's Try Again**

RKO-Radio

If you see this your only reward will be the presence in the dull proceedings of such engaging people as Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Helen Vinson, and Irene Hervey. The story consists of dialogue in which a couple, married ten years and still in love, discuss a divorce for the reason that they no longer tremble with romantic thrills as they did the day they eloped. All talk and no action. Leave the youngsters at home; they wouldn't enjoy it.

**Affairs of a Gentleman Universal**

Paul Lukas as a novelist who courts many ladies, using them as types for his best sellers. He is murdered, but we shan't tell who did the crime because this one needs that element of interest to help it hold your attention should you decide to see it. Lukas makes the noted character actress Patricia Ellis, Leila Hyams, and Phillip Reed have featured parts. It's just fair. Not interesting or suitable for youngsters.

**His Greatest Gamble**

RKO-Radio

One of those "you will" or "you won't" like it pictures. This little critic will sit on the fence and offer no dogmatic opinion. The story is about a father who strives to save his daughter from the evil influence of her bad mother. He goes to jail for his troglodyte, but eventually breaks jail and becomes the little hero. Richard Dix is at his best in this type of rôle. Dorothy Wilson and Erin O'Brien Moore are excellent. See it and form your own conclusions.

**Grand Canary**

Fox

Slow—slower—slowest. Even the Warner Baxter fans will yawn. Now let's see if I can remember the story? A doctor, accused of medical murder, flees. He meets a married woman who falls in love with him. At a critical moment, another woman is stricken with a deadly fever, and the doc saves her life, and returns home a hero. Warner Baxter, Madge Evans and Zita Johann perform skilly, but even that could not save the film. The kiddies won't like it.

**Allez Oop**

Educational

Buster Keaton shows us what that broken-hearted swain who lost his sweetheart to "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" might have done to win her back. Should you find "Allez Oop" on the program, be sure to stay and see this two-reeler—you'll be glad to see Buster back in action, and this brings amusement in the antics of the love-struck c/o/f he portrays so solemnly. Dorothy Sebastian is the love interest. The acrobats will amuse children.
Dorothy Jordan knows a secret You should, too

"With LUX there's no trick at all in keeping dainty sweaters and frocks looking new"

DOROTHY JORDAN, petite young RKO-Radio star, has a big future ahead of her. Between pictures she loves to relax at her beautiful home in Palos Verdes.

• "In Hollywood we wear washable things all the year round," says Dorothy Jordan, "and our one simple care for them is lukewarm water and Lux.

  "Lux is marvelous for flannels, sweaters, dresses, blouses—lingerie and stockings, too. It is especially grand for knitted things because it never shrinks them. They come out wonderfully soft, and the colors stay lovely as new."

• YOU, TOO, can keep your things like new the way Dorothy Jordan does. It's an economy because they'll stay smart looking twice as long. Avoid ordinary soaps . . . they often contain harmful alkali. Rubbing with cake soap mats fibres, makes woolens harsh and stiff. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck—TRUST TO LUX
It's hard to outguess this adaptable film... It soaks up the sun's brilliance... it drinks in the dull light of the shade... it works on days when ordinary films fail.

Wanna Buy a Duck?
Continued from page 59

had seen this tribute paid to no other artist. Later in his dressing-room, as Joe re-moved his makeup, I called the fact to his attention. "You don't know how good you really are," I chided him. "You ought to be a big-timer instead of fooling around in vaudeville for 'luntz'." Joe, who seldom smiles and who, I think, has the saddest eyes in the world, looked at me with an intensely serious expression.

"I'll never be a big star," he told me. "I don't know why—I guess it's because I'm too natural. I can't seem to hit it off with the theatrical crowd around Broadway. When I'm through work I like to go home and spend my time with the missus. We seldom do anything exciting. I guess that's the trouble with me. I suppose to get to the top you have to party around with the 'right people.' I've never been able to do that, and I never will. So I suppose it was always a long shot for me."

I have several times had occasion to re-call those remarks and, in the light of Joe Penner's sudden success, they seem to me to be all-revealing. It's just the old theory of the 'better mouse-trap.' If you have what the public wants, they'll beat a path to your door.

I recently talked to him again while he was appearing at a Broadway vaudeville house. Having heard tales of his fabulous income, I tried to find out from him what it meant to find oneself suddenly wealthy and a national figure, almost overnight. We leaned over a dusty old chair under the stage which was just a few feet above our heads and on which a group of girls were at the moment doing an intricate number. Joe, in his make-up for the day, with two shows behind him and four more to go, seemed far from worn-out. His manner was still extremely informal and friendly.

"Tell me, Joe," I started, "what do you intend to do with all this money you're making? Everybody dreams of becoming suddenly rich and we all have our ideas of what each one would do in that case. What's your secret yen, Mr. Millionbucks?"

Joe never gives a quick answer. He thought for several moments before answering me. "First of all," he said, quietly, "I'm putting most of it away in government bonds. I know this success can't last forever. One of these days I'm going out on that stage and do my same stuff and nobody will laugh. Then I'll know I'm through. Then it will be time for me to quit, and I want to be prepared for that day. When it comes I'll just start travelling with the missus and keep moving until we get ready to settle down to a quiet place in the country."

"Have you any desire to go to your birthplace in Hungary?" I asked him. He didn't quite comprehend my question. "Not to live," he said quickly, "but for a visit. Yes, I'd like to find out how much of it I'll remember. I was only ten when my grandfather brought me to this country and that part of my life is very hazy."

"How about your mother and father?" I said. "Do you intend doing a lot of things for them?"

"Of course," Joe said, "I always have. But they are very simple people. They have a little place in Detroit and it's all they really want. My mother does all her own housework. She couldn't stand having a servant around. And my Dad likes to keep busy. He was laid off from the Ford plant about a year ago and got so restless that he applied for a job in the CWA—and I gave him the ditches for that," he added quickly, with an understanding smile.

"You know that work will mean a big help to you. It must be interesting to look back over some of the hardships of getting there and figure out what was your greatest disappointment."

"That's not hard to figure out," he said. "It happened at the opening performance of 'East Wind,' a musical show five years ago. After several sell-out performances, we had at last landed a good spot in a show destined for Broadway. My material seemed O. K., and I went great guns in Pittsburg. But the show had its first out-of-town performance before the Broad- way opening. The fact that I got plenty of that was a big help on Broadway. I had played Pittsburgh several times and knew that Pittsburghers liked my stuff."

Then we went to Cleveland and here I was a big star, for I had never played there before. But again I seemed to rate good applause and notices. Baltimore was our next and last stop before the Big Town and I felt that this would be a good test since Baltimore is known for having a hard-to-please and extremely critical theatre audience.

"Well, it seemed I had nothing to fear, for the reception I received was all I could have hoped for. I could hardly wait to get to New York. I was sure I could 'wow' them and make Broadway recognize me at last. But the producers were afraid that my material was too unsophisticated for a Broadway first-night audience. They got several writers busy and rewrote most of my lines in an effort to make them 'smart'—well, said Joe modestly, 'I just can't be 'smart' no matter how hard I try."

This result was that I flopped, likewise the show. It was a terrible blow. There was nothing for me to do but cry and forget Broadway and go back to vaudeville where I was always sure of an appreciative audience."

Joe Penner will soon achieve his dream of starring in a Broadway show. And when he does, the self-same New York first-nighters, who not so long ago poo-pooed him with smug complacency, will shout themselves hoarse over his mes-si-nal guilds. The theatre-wise Broadway crowd, who pride themselves on being able to spot real talent before anyone else, will be just a few years late in discovering Joe Penner.

Meanwhile the great American public which depends on the radio and movies for entertainment has taken him to its heart of hearts. His name is a household byword in countless homes the length and breadth of the land.

Leaving the theatre, groups of happy children were gathered around the stage door. Joe prides himself on his juvenile following. He's crazy about kids and looks forward to the time when he will have a family of his own.

As I walked to the corner and surveyed Times Square, I suddenly realized that the approval of the Man in the Street really means. Broadway passed up "the duck man from Detroit" as small-time. Couldn't see him for this! Yet fifty million Americans can't be wrong. Joe Penner goes on and on, gaining new popularity each day. His "Wanna Buy a Duck?" and "You Nasty Man" through the exact American inflections have become national bywords. Joe Penner's success is proof positive that Broadway is no longer a new business. And it's Broadway's face red?
The day takes on a new glow—here’s a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl... How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man’s heart tremble and pound... So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They’ve become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along.

Ginger Rogers Fights for Her Rights

Continued from page 29

studio about fifteen thousand dollars. A pity to waste that money. Then somebody had the idea why not make a few scenes for a couple of shorts? A swell thought, it was agreed. Then company attorneys pointed out that Miss Rogers had been employed for a picture titled "Gold Diggers of 1933." These scenes could not be used in another picture without Ginger's written permission. So a representative of the company, all smiles and suavity, contacted the red-head. Would she consent to the use of the deleted scenes? And if so, what price? The Rogers grin tightened. She would not! Then would she grant this privilege, provided the distributor was willing to pay a cash consideration of, say, two thousand dollars? The Rogers grin disappeared. She would not. The studio agent suggested three thousand. Ginger suggested where he might go—the place she named will be over-populated if everybody goes there who is invited. Four thousand, offered the studio man. Rogers said no. Five thousand. Six thousand. Seven thousand. The agent at last reached ten thousand dollars. The final limit stipulated by his studio bosses. His campaign was as fruitless as a sycamore tree. Ginger showed no more interest in ten thousand dollars than she had exhibited in two thousand. The Rogers spirit has been aroused. When that happens, a million dollars can't change the woman. Maybe you think she didn't need that money? At the time Ginger laughingly waved the ten thousand goodbye, she had no more job than a sparrow has peacock feathers. A more recent evidence of her typically red-headed temperament occurred when a certain studio official telephoned Ginger and said, "Tonight we are staging a special radio broadcast to exploit our new musical that you're in. Will you please be at the broadcasting station at seven o'clock sharp?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't be there," Ginger answered. "I have a previous engagement."

"This is important to the picture," said the official. "Our studio chief (studio chief's requests that you be on hand)."

Then the speaker added significantly, "I think it will be wise for you to be on hand, and remind Mr. X..."

Until the gentleman uttered that veiled threat, Miss Rogers had been scorching her mind for an excuse to break her other engagement, in order that she might attend the broadcast. The innuendo fired the Rogers spirit of independence. Gone immediately were all thoughts of cooperation.

"You tell Mr. X," she said, cutting every word as sharp as a freshly opened razor blade, "that Miss Rogers will not be there."

Soon Mr. X himself called. Now had he been slightly more persuasive, and somewhat less bellicose, he might have undone the handiwork of his lesser official. As it was, he turned away from his telephone, about two minutes after his first hello, a very red-faced, frustrated man. Ginger did not attend the broadcast. Consequently, when the picture was shown in Broadway, there was no mention of Ginger's name in any advertising—and came within a few dollars of equaling the box-office record established the previous week, when the dozen stars had made appearances.

"Biggest new name in pictures today," this theatre man told a studio executive. The official must have believed the theatre man, because within three weeks after all this happened, Miss Rogers had been signed to a long-term contract by Radio. Despite her fieryness, Ginger is one of the most lovely girls in Hollywood. She is what is commonly called a "good fellow." Her sudden success has affected her no more than another girl, with the ego of fowlomand's champion egg-layer. Despite her business acumen, Ginger (her friends often call her "Gee"), is amusingly like a small girl. She is excessively fond of sports and games. She and Lew Ayres play tennis almost daily when they are working, and they play all day; Lew in the most picturesque uniforms—Lew in shorts; Ginger in laughing suits, or else shorts and athletic shirt. Also they go horseback riding. Both are average men. She played her first game only a few months ago, but today there are not half a dozen screen stars who can best her.

At ping pong, she has no peer among the actresses. She can run faster, jump higher, and ride a horse better than any other girl alive on the screen. Of course, these are not particularly boastful statements intended to make Ginger look like another Greta Garbo. Ginger is not a Garbo. In fact, there are few real athletes among the screen stars. Most of the actors and actresses are too busy being important, or lovely, or picturesque, to do such strenuous things as playing tennis, or flying kites over mountain sides, or playing cop-and-robber with a gang of fun-loving men and boys.

"The most important thing I've learned is getting the most out of life," Ginger told me during one of her rare, serious moments. "Why do things you don't want to do? Of course, I don't mean that I never in- consequence myself about other people. But as long as I am the only one affected by my actions, I intend to do just as I darned please."

Of course, the one great question mark that hovers around Ginger punctuates the query: Will Ginger marry Lew Ayres? She doesn't know. He doesn't know. Right at present they are too good friends to think of marriage. They play together at tennis. They ride together. They shoot at targets, with rifles and pistols, far up in the Hollywood hills where Lew's house anchors to a mountain-side, like a lonely castle overlooking its grounds. They are the best of friends. May they be in love, too. As yet, nothing has happened to make them understand that they are in love. They talk about marriage, but never talk about it, they really get further from marriage. Some day, something may happen to awaken love—the love that is now secondary to their friendship. What that something is to be, who can foretell? Or maybe that very spirit of independence that has proved a stumbling block to so many high-handed motion picture executives will receive a jolt. Such a jolt, for example, as Lew Ayres, in a fit of temper, should say, "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last woman on earth." If Lew ever makes such a rash statement, I wager he'll be Ginger's husband before he realizes how it happened. I hope Ginger's spirit is not tamed. In Hollywood, among all the men and women (not all, but a great part), it is exhilarating to know that at least one is not a slave to Mammon. Back in the old days, Rogers like Clara Bow before her, keeps fighting. Through peace and trouble, Clara kept her chin aloft—and found happiness in having faith in happiness today. That usually befalls people who uphold their self-esteem. I am reasonably sure it will happen to Ginger Rogers.
Salutes and Snubs
Continued from page 8

FRIENDS INDEED!
I am a “lady of the road,” a traveling saleslady. My home, a hotel room. My friends, the movie actors. God bless ‘em! They bring me new ideas, fashions, love, laughter and thrills. I love them all!
Nell Parmenter,
111 So. Tenth St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

REPEAL GLAMOR LAW?
Help, help! I’m drowning in a sea of GLAMOR! Glamorous stars, glamorous gowns, glamorous scenes! Action, plot, dialogue—all move in a smooth, monotonous obedience to Hollywood’s Glamor Law. The stars are all beginning to look, talk, and act alike. Individuality is endangered. Less glamor, and more realism—please!
Mrs. Frank Klobs,
3205 Fort Boulevard,
El Paso, Texas.

LEADING, NOT LED MEN!
Give the LADS a chance! Don’t hang them behind some woman to show her off. Girls like to look at handsome men for the same reason men look at beautiful women. We like our men with brains, and something besides the “I’m your dog, kick me around” expressions. Let ’em act!
Maria Baxter,
Star Route,
Girard, Texas.

SALUTE!
I just see “Viva Villa.” An old man now, far from my beloved Mexico, what joy to view again those scenes of long ago! I, too, know the heartache of revolution. Gratias, Wallace Beery, for my happiest hour. I say no more. Tears are in my eyes.
Ferdinand Dinz,
Mt. Hope, Wash.

ARTISTS—BUT HUMAN!
Hats off! To that wonderful gentleman and actor—George Arliss, and his estimable wife. Their acting in “The House of Rothschild” was superb. Hand in hand they have made the grade, and proved by their love and understanding of each other that marriage and a “career” can be a success.
Barbara Thompson,
1512 Kirt Road,
Detroit, Mich.

THIS UNDIE-WEARY WORLD!
Oh, Mr. Hays! On bended knee I am pleading: Please make producers discard those hideous costumes consisting of bar-deaux, panties and garters supporting black stockings with very broad expanses of femininity between! Once or twice wasn’t so bad, but again and again is too much!
Ann Evans,
Box 5125,
Jacksonville, Fla.

SCREEN DYNAMITE!
How about a new co-starring team loaded with T. N. T.? I mean Mae West and Jimmy Cagney?
Would Mae tame Jimmy, or would he land her a “sock-in-the-jaw”? Theatre managers could install asbestos screens, hang out S. R. O. signs, and by employing guards avert a riot.
Mrs. D. W. McCravy,
554 Poplar St.,
Spartanburg, S. C.

Pert new Hair Styles
from Hollywood Hits
Easy to copy if your hair
is not TOO DRY or TOO OILY

To correct OILY hair:
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astrigent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.
It’s quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluidness. Begin this evening with Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help for DRY hair:
Don’t put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don’t—oh, don’t—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle “emollient” shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silky and more manageable.
No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoo. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer’s Tar Soap. Get Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

Packer’s
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

Packer’s
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair
Old as ANCIENT EGYPT
New as MODERN PARIS

Sylvia Breaks All the Rules
Continued from page 28

which denies of the cinematic capital dep-\report themselves. Dioegoes in his search for an honest man had no harder task than the person who, today, seeks to find a screen star who will express complete satisfaction with her work and what it has given her!

That's why Sylvia Sidney is remarkable in her honesty.

"Motion pictures have given me everything my heart desires," she told me gravely, when I saw her during her recent visit to New York. "I shall be eternally grateful to them!"

"There is no comparison between what they offer a player and what is offered the stage—artistically, commercially, and in the consciousness of achievement!"

To begin with, the personal satisfaction which means so much to a player is greater, because of the vast audience which pictures reach. Within one week as many persons see a film as would view a play on Broadway during a nine months' run.

"Second, work for the screen is so much more remunerative. This is important not only because of the comfortable present it assures, but also in the provision for the future which every actor must consider. I doubt the sincerity of anyone who mini-\sizes the value that film work has given to me."

"Another factor of vital moment to a player—screen work is so much easier than that upon the stage!" (Yes, that's what Miss Sidney admitted!) "The results are so much more gratifying, while the responsi-\bility upon the individual is almost negligible."

"On the stage, once an actor or actress has attained any degree of prominence, the responsibility of keeping up his lines but for a thousand and other details, falls upon him. He must watch the lighting—and after a couple of rehearsals if he doesn't feel he is being lighted properly, he must go to the director and discuss the matter. In pictures, special electricians work under the direction of the cameraman, whose job it is to see that the player is lighted properly. Failure to do so means that the cameraman will lose his job and his liveli-\hood; therefore he lives under his obliga-\tion and the player need not concern himself with how he is lighted.

"In the actual rendition of lines on the stage, the director has the suggestions and instructions. But once a player steps before an audience, he makes or mars his own future, his words and actions are irrevocable. But if a scene has not turned out successfully for a picture, it can be-and is-shot over again and the actor's mistakes are eliminated.

In the theatre, an actress usually has to select her own costumes. Upon her rests the task of choosing the gown which will express not only her personality but also the mood of the play and the particular scene in which each gown will be worn. In Hollywood, vast research departments and the most talented designers in the world devote all their time to the creation of clothes that will not only be correct for the film in which they are to be used, but will also flatter and enhance the actress who wears them.

"Make-up is another important item to an actress—and here again the screen is su-\perior. On the stage, an actress makes herself up according to her own ideas and then prays that good friend will be out in front on opening night. A real friend who will dash back-stage the moment the curtain falls to tell her if she is using too much rouge or enough lipstick, or if her eye-shadow is dark enough. In pictures, all of these things are taken care of by experts.

"Before ever a camera is trained on a player, she has been color-charted, a number of powders and rouges applied to her face, until the most flat-\tering is found. A special hairdresser de-\signs new coiffures and experiments with hair cuts and waves. Then, extensive camera tests in the make-up and coiffure follow. If they are not good, other make-ups are tested, other hair-dresses are created, and more camera tests are given. If they are all right, the actress is at last ready to go to work."

"Work, to Miss Sidney, has meant heavy emotional roles, as a general rule. Sitting at the lunch table from her, noting her smallness, her softly ingenious brown hair, her native and child-like blue eyes with the fascinating pie-shaped slice of brow in one, it is hard to understand just how and why Sylvia had succeeded in establishing herself as one of the foremost young emotional actresses of the screen world."

"I think it is because emotion comes from one's background," the amazing child explained. "I, myself, have known personal emotional stress or travail. My life has been not sensational and any worries I have had are similar to those which every average person experiences for gen-\erations my family has known so much emotional strife that I think an instinctive understanding of emotion was transmitted to me at birth."

"This is an honest confession: I find emotional acting very easy! For some reason, I do not even understand myself, when I read my script and the director explains the action that he wants, I am able to feel and portray emotions of which I have no fundamental knowledge—and it is no effort."

The emotional background of which she speaks is a personal one—none of her fore-\bears was connected with the theatre and Sylvia was the first member of her family to go dramatic publicly. This in the second generation of the presenters she was destined to break, the first being when she changed her name from Sophie to Sylvia because she could not bear the sound of her childhood playmates' voices when they stood beneath her window calling "Sophie."

It was while she was attending Washing-\ton Irving High School in New York City that she received an advertisement from the Theatre Guild describing the ad-\vantages of their dramatic school. Thus was the desire to become an actress born.

In the beginning, her family thought it was a whim which she would soon forget. But eventually her earnestness and con-trived supplications—usually expressed at the dinner-table—reminded them and in self-defense they allowed her to quit high school and enroll in the Theatre Guild School.

Successfully completing the course of study prescribed by that organization, she portrayed "Brunella" in the play of that name which was given at the graduation exercises, and her work attracted the at-\tention of a producer who offered her a role in "The Challenge of Youth" on Broadway. Thus was Sylvia Sidney launched on her theatrical career in earnest.

Other roles followed—each one better than the one before, and within less than four years she was playing the lead in "Bad Girl." In this, she came to the notice

alluring eye make-up
History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep dark beauty of her commanding eyes... eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes. Yes, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials... How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline... the non-smudging, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case... in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

The Approved Mascara

MATTELLINE, CHICAGO

Screenland
of B. P. Schulberg of Paramount, and was
signed for pictures. Miss Sidney met with
genuinely noteworthy success, success the
more remarkable because she refuses to
conform to the accepted formula for "How
a motion picture actress should act," in-
stead breaking precedents on all sides.
In the theater capital she goes out but
little and makes no effort to further her
career by social contacts. Living quietly,
she has but few close friends, and when
she completes a film, instead of indulging
in the usual festivities of Hollywood, she
hops a train or a plane and dashes to New
York for a visit with her family. Such a
thing is almost unheard of in the annals
of the screen.
She does not enjoy sports, and prefers
the metropolitan life and atmosphere of
New York to the restful, country air of
Hollywood. There is no affectation about
her, she is simple and direct, honestly in-
telligent and intelligently honest. She does
not evade questions, but if she does not
wish to answer a query, simply states that
fact.
While she does not relish the idea of
parading her private life for the edification
of all and public, she considers publicity
definitely necessary to a player and be-
lieves that anyone who elects to earn a
living and living by depending upon public pa-
tronage owes that public truthfulness and
information. That she has been misquoted
and misrepresented in print so many times
concerns her gravely, but she does not take
it too seriously.
At present she is intensely interested in
her work and insists that it is her avoca-
tion as well as her vocation. "It's more
fun than anything else I know!" she ex-
plains.
"Of course I love the stage, too—nothing
else is quite like the thrill of hearing the
applause of an audience. But that is be-
because it pleases one's vanity. I honestly
believe that the real future of every actor
and actress lies upon the screen.
"Hollywood has given me opportunity, suc-
cess, fame, and money. The least that
I can do in return is to give it my complete
loyalty!"

Lady Can You Spare the Time?
Continued from page 38

born and an olive-skinned lady she would
die. (She insists now that she nearly did,
due to her own ignorance and foolish
notion. She worked so hard with those
bleaches that she almost ruined her skin.)

Now that sort of thing is exactly like
broccoli trying to make itself over into tur-
nips, or the other way around. The answer
is it can't be done and it is absurd to try.
Don't ever try to change the natural color
of your skin. I am repeating myself, but it
is important. Know what that natural color
is, then make it look its loveliest by the
right kind of care. I stress this so be-
because before you start to bleach your skin,
you must know at what you are aiming.
Otherwise you are sure to be disappointed
and to blame the bleach for something it
never promised to accomplish; for some-
thing which, if it is a conscientious bleach,
it never would want to accomplish at all.

However, come Fall, most of us, no mat-
ter how careful we have been, have a thing
or two to do to lighten our complexions.
Select a good mild bleach. It doesn't make
so much difference just which one you de-
cide on. The important thing, once you
select one prepared by a reputable cosmetic
house, is to use it faithfully according to

**It's Film on Teeth!**

- Film must be removed from teeth . . . for beauty and for health.

  Film is that slippery coating on your
tooth decay. Film invites tooth and
gum disorders. Stains from food and smok-
ing lodge in film—make teeth look yellow
when they're really not.

  Film sticks like glue. To remove it you
must use a special film-removing agent.
Pepsodent is known throughout the world
today as the special film-removing tooth
paste.

**Due to Scientific Formula**
Pepsodent's unique power to remove film
from teeth is due to the formula. A new
 cleansing and polishing material has been
developed. This material is far safer than
any leading tooth powder—far softer than
polishing materials used in any other lead-
ing tooth paste. Yet it removes film with
striking effectiveness.

  "This special film-removing material is
contained in Pepsodent exclusively—and
in no other dentifrice whatsoever. That's
why Pepsodent gives results not possible
with other kinds.

**Dentists Use Pepsodent**
That is why thousands of dentists have
told us that they make Pepsodent their
personal tooth paste.

  That is why millions of people will not
risk their own teeth or their children's
with harsh, abrasive pastes or powders

  Don't take chances on cheap
dentifrices, when Pepsodent leaves
your teeth brighter, gives higher polish.

**FREE—10-Day Supply**
THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO
Dept. 3409, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Mail 10-Day Supply of Pepsodent to

Name: __________________________
Address: _________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ____________________________
Use Pepsodent twice a day—see
your dentist at least twice a year.
On top of the world!

CLIMB A BUILDING! Walk through air! Conquer space! Anything seems possible, nothing beyond reason, when digestion is good, when irritating little pangs aren't ragging your nerves.

Beeman's is a delightful and pleasant way to help keep digestion in order. For Beeman's is first of all a delicious chewing gum with a different flavor—cool and refreshing—kept fresh always by the unique new Triple Guard Pack.

Chew Beeman's for its savory goodness, its fragrant freshness. Buy a package today.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEP SIN GUM

Hollywood Stars Make the American Girl

Continued from page 19

ford Flash, has also started a heavy run on buns, recently, much to the delight of the busy beauticians. In the same town, my spies all over the country have reported no heavy demand for artificial freckles, though such things happen.

Remember the Beauty Spot Madness, back in the old Clara Bow days? Or don't you go back that far? The girls of the nation had their faces positively crush- ing with black sticking-plaster. They looked like flies on pink icing.

Bow, that post-war hot potato, has much to answer for. Here was "The Jazz Age," as you youngsters won't remember, and she, Colleen Moore and F. Scott Fitzgerald with their seapods.

Boys and girls were suddenly discovering life all over the place, and Clara had all our high-school girls in skin-tight satin, with red dust-mops, as they rolled their eyes.

What type of star is it that most influences American girls in dress and make-up?

Oddly, perhaps, it isn't the spectacular ball-of-fire type like Lupe Velez. The clothes of the Maddest Thing, Tarzan's Mate, have never carried an ounce of weight with the kids.

What is even more strange, neither has the apparel of the species who seem to devote their whole public lives to Holly- wood high style—the lamented Lilyan Tashman, for example.

Whenever a new fashion dingus was launched by the trade, poor Tashman's photographs crowded all the war and murder news out of the papers. Yet my ex- perts tell me that, for all her eminence as an authority on Hollywood fancy dress, she never led the country's millions her own glittering way. Specialists say that the mass of American women considered her clothing a shade too theatrical.

The little things start big matters, as the case of Jean Harlow convincingly shows.

Did facial beauty, or acting talent, or even those roller-coaster curves, set Amer- ican youth aflame? Not a spark! It was merely the amazing color, or lack of color, of her hair!

An inspired penner labelled it "platinum blonde," and a thousand Pauline Revers carried the news across America. Almost overnight, thousands of brown-haired girls turned white, scratching poor Grandma into a fit.

It is droll to note that many of the screen's most popular women have never exerted a profound influence on nation-wide get-up.

The Professor names Miriam Hopkins, Janet Gaynor, Claudette Colbert, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, for merely a few— and dozens. Why should this be?

The Professor, alas, only tells them. He cannot explain them.

He does know, however, that seemingly trivial things can cause national upheavals. Even the merest accident may start the girls off. A misplaced comb, the slip of a lip-stick—and ten million ladies will rush to do it on purpose.

Take the important matter of eye-culture. My high-priced experts tell me that it was the above-mentioned Miss Garbo, who made our girls eye-conscious.

Until the appearance of those luscious Garbo close-ups, heavy-browsed and languor- ous, our girls had never paid great attention to their eyes save for winking and ogling purposes.

And suddenly the country discovered the paramount importance of assisting Nature with the normal eye!

Even our newest people began to use mascara and eye-shadow. Ten years ago any woman using those devil's tricks would have been called "fast" and cut dead by the minister's wife.

Nice women even use Garbo's famous phoney eye-lashes occasionally, for evening wear, and are still received at the par- ty.
for September 1934

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling WITHOUT COOKING!

Eagle Brand

MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

3/4 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 eggs
3/4 teaspoon lemon extract
3/4 cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or 2 tablespoons lemon zest
Baked pie shell (9-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book). Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350°F.). Chill before serving.

• Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

MAGIC! FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

MAGICAL QUALITY

Borden

Address: The Borden Co., Dept. 493, 50 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

If Garbo made America eye-conscious, Joan Crawford certainly did the same for the lips. It is impossible to estimate the amount Joan Crawford has increased the sale of lip-stick all over the world. And if our girls' mouths looked like a lot of cut throats, at least the darlings were doing their darndest to follow the Dream-Girl. What's for now, in the matter of Hollywood follow-my-leader?

Well, the girls are tucking into solid food again, thanks to Mac, and to everybody's relief—except, perhaps, the doctors. Lots of new bangs around, and a big run on tailored sports clothes.

If you ask the Professor whether this making and remaking of our girlhood is good or bad, he will reply that he thinks it is, on the whole, good. It is the duty of Hollywood's women to be beautiful, attractive, and in as good taste as the Lord allows.

Trade follows the flag and our girls follow the Hollywood ladies—which places a heavy responsibility on the women of the film colonies, and I hope they realize it.

As for our young ladies—lawsy, I mention them for the sake of the little four I have never seen American girls so pretty and so well turned-out! Believe me, this piece is written with no tongue in any cheek. I've watched this business since 1922, and have prayed and meditated thereon.

If you don't believe what I've said, look around your own neighborhood at the mixtures between 12 and 16. See what tricks of dress, coiffure, facial adornment are sweeping the high school sororities at the moment. And I'll bet that a little further research will show a new Hollywood Dream-Girl as the leading influence and driving force!

For, papas and mammas, Hollywood's Dream-Girls make ours!
Jeni-nifties
“Keep Young and Beautiful!”

Hudnut’s Milk of Cucumber and Orris keeps sporting skins smooth and soft.

For that hot feeling on your skin after you’ve been exercising or out in the sun; for that ounce of prevention before going out for a game of tennis, golf, or motoring, there is nothing half as satisfactory as Hudnut’s Milk of Cucumber and Orris. For over fifty years lovely skins have enjoyed and responded to this beauty classic.

The cucumber makes it mildly bleaching. A combination of other ingredients makes it one of the best protectives for the skin, known to the cosmetic world, but closes the pores and makes a splendid all-year-round foundation. It looks like milk—thick, sweet milk. And the smell is fresh and pleasing. You will use it on your face and throat and be so enamored of it that you will dive in and have it all over your arms before you know what has happened. You will feel you could swim in it, and like it!

Soon you will be wanting to whiten your skin again for Fall. Helena Rubinstein has two marvelous preparations for you when you are in that state of mind. One is called Pasteurized Bleaching Cream. It is a cleansing cream as well as a bleach and it whitens you quite thoroughly even while it removes the dust and make-up of the day. You work it in well, let it remain on your skin a short time, then remove it with a soft cloth or tissues.

This is the moment to use the second preparation, Skin Clearing Cream. It smells of fresh almonds of which it is made and brings pleasant things to mind as you spread it on. It is one cream you may count on using down “to the last drop” as you will enjoy it so much. You won’t be able to bring yourself to waste a speck. Let it remain on all night, unless your skin is unduly sensitive. Then in the morning put it on again while you bathe. A week or more of this treatment will not only find your tan fading but a clear transparency to your skin which you never suspected before. It is hard to imagine a better mild bleaching treatment than these two preparations used together.

Has it occurred to you that there are definite fashion trends in perfumes just as there are in houses, frocks, or jewels? Well, there are! And one of the most fashionable trends of the moment is Yardley’s “Bond Street.” The smart world is keen about it and you will catch whiffs of it as the final touch to many a lovely costume. It is one perfume which goes graciously through a whole day. It is just as pleasant and correct on the golf course in the morning as it is in the theatre or at a dance at night. There are not many such versatile perfumes. Do men like it? Lady, if there be anything at all in perfumes and charms, Yardley’s “Bond Street” has all the powers. Men adore it!

Take this hint too, ye early Christmas shoppers: “Bond Street” makes a lovely gift and one which will meet with an ardent reception anywhere. Ybry’s new Eau de Cologne is a work of art. It is made of natural, fragrant oils, aged and skillfully compounded. It smells a little like a grove of orange trees in blossom, but the delightful odor which really lasts and lasts is only part of its charm. It is invigorating and stimulating to your skin. After you use it you feel as if some magic little breeze had come along and pepped you up all of a sudden! Rubbed in your skin it not only erects fragrance but relaxes your muscles. It is perfect for use after sports of any kind.

I recently watched a famous tennis player in a championship game. After each set he dashed Eau de Cologne over his forehead and into his hair. It refreshed him and helped keep his head clear for his
game. Are you a shower addict who regrets now and then that bath salts and gay fragrant crystals don't go with showers? Cheer up! Here is a trick worth two of that. Take your shower, then dash Yby's Eau de Cologne on you as you step out. No perfumed bath was ever nicer. And if a really cold shower brings up the base-flesh, take a tepid one, followed with Eau de Cologne, and you will have all the fun of a cool shower with none of the shock. Eau de Cologne closes your pores, tones up your skin, gives you that same peppy feeling which comes from a cold shower. And it's a lot pleasanter.

The container (illustrated here) is a perfect copy of an antique French bottle. Even the delicate amber of the glass has been successfully imitated. A precious thing to have on your dressing-table!

Bing Crosby's New Co-Star

Continued from page 17

you want me to do in this shot? You never have that with Miriam."

And then I could understand the whole thing—why actors don't go into ecstasies at the thought of working with her. Picture-making is a business. When Miriam has these conferences with herself before she goes into a scene, it's for the purpose of developing her part—building her performance up to top-notch. Naturally, she's not giving herself any the worst of it and actors not so quick witted are pretty sure to come out at the short end of the horn. Well, I can't say I blame her.

In a casual conversation with Miriam you get nothing of all this. When she enters a room her charm strikes you like something tangible. You don't exactly get the impression of helpless femininity—her intelligence is equally apparent and precludes any possibility of that—but you do have the feeling that here is a girl you'd like to date. That she's a darn sight shrewder than you—or any other man—is something that never occurs to you.

"I loved doing that picture," she cried enthusiastically. "I don't know how I should have, though," she added. "I was rubbed more unmercifully on that set than I have ever been in my life. Bing, Eddie Nugent and Warren Hymer used to kid me to death. When I returned to work after I'd broken those two little bones in my foot, they used to look at me, shake their heads and say, 'Hoppy, you're limping on the wrong foot. You'll give yourself away.' But I loved it!"

"Elliott told me," I put in, "how you probably give more thought to every scene before you go into it than any actress he's ever worked with. Bing gives no thought to it. He stresses the fact that he knows nothing about acting—that, as he puts it, he just dropped off a load of pumpkins. Wain't it disconcerting, after you'd thought everything out technically, to work opposite someone who didn't understand the fine points you were trying to make? I'd imagine it would be like playing poker and making a swell bluff—scaring everybody out of the pot and then having some dud who had no business in it in the first place, call you because he didn't understand the game."

"No," said Miriam. "There are two ways of doing a scene: intuitively or technically. Either or both can be right. Bing is just a natural—an intuitive actor. I liked working with him more than almost anyone I've ever worked with. If I had
“Never again. From now on I’m through with blind dates. I don’t say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn’t this girl know she ought to do something about it?”

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It’s altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for all day.

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It’s harmless to clothing. And it’s soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you’ll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DEPENDING UPON MUM TO DO THIS.

Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.

a scene where I was supposed to be talking to him, held—listen—and the audience will be able to hear what I say, having been registered with him. Many actors who are camera-wise would either be looking over my head or else be gazing fondly in the direction of the camera instead of with me.

“You know,” she went on, “I wasn’t supposed to come back to Hollywood until September. I had two more pictures to do under my contract. When this part came along, I thought, ‘Well, it’s a good part. If I don’t go back until September my contract won’t end November or December. The fall season in New York will be ruined for me. If I go back now and do this picture, it’ll be a good film. I can do the other one right away, too, and I’ll be free by August. Free!’” she exulted.

“Say,” I interrupted, “that’s another thing I wanted to ask you: you’re supposed to be the pampered darling of the screen—the best stories, best directors, best casts, best everything—and yet, apparently, you prefer the stage. How come?”

“I don’t prefer the stage,” she cried. “It’s just—just different, that’s all. I prefer New York to live in because I like to feel I’m in the midst of things—feel I’m where things are happening. I love to bump into friends and possibly have one of them say, ‘Have you heard Lotte Lehmann sing Isolde? She’s simply divine,’ and be able to say—was really happened—’Oh, yes, I heard her last Thursday and she fainted at the end of the first act.’

“And I love walking along, say 57th Street, and glancing up to find there’s an exhibition of Matisse’s work and think, ‘Oh, I must drop in here.’ And all that sort of thing. I suppose there’s a sort of thrill here but it can only be dug up at very great effort. The distances are so tremendous. The things you care about seeing or hearing or doing are scattered all the way from Santa Barbara to Pasadena. Even if a concert or an art exhibit is no further away than Los Angeles, that’s a good hour’s drive each way.

“In New York most of the activity is centered between 30th Street and the 70’s. If I’d never come out here I suppose I’d have gone on living practically from this to that and from that to the other thing. Out here, when you’re not working, there’s something to do. It’s better here than anywhere.”

“But do you?” I asked. “I’ve always understood your nervous energy keeps you skipping all over the place.”

“Sno!” she exclaimed. “People who say that don’t know me. I swim or lie for hours in the sun—when there is any—she added glancing out the window at the ‘unusual weather.’ It was raining—‘in June!’

“I think,” she went on, “after you’ve once become used to this place, you almost have to come back here for a while every year to recuperate from New York and avoid a nervous breakdown. Would you like a highball?” she asked suddenly, “or would you rather have tea? I’m going to have tea. ‘Tea for two,” I murmured weakly.

While she was gone I glanced around the room. A long, low divan, deep easy chairs, a beamed ceiling. At the far end of the room a patching recess in which was an enormous fireplace with a heavy beam overhead for a mantel. Old pewter plates and pitchers were there. I asked, “I love this room,” I vouchedsafed when she returned.

Miriam glanced carelessly about. “It is nice,” isn’t it?” Lubitsch copied it in the new home he’s building. It’s a reproduction of the living-room in an old Mexican farm-house.”

My roving eyes took in the books on the table, the other homely little touches. “Is it your house?” I asked.

“Ah!” she cried triumphantly, “if you don’t prefer to tell me, you’re right! I’ve got my little home in New York when pictures are made on the coast.”

“I explained,” she said patiently, “that I prefer New York. I want to live there when I grow old and it’s where I want to die. ‘That’s a very thoughtful thought to be carrying around,’” I laughed, “‘What period are you furnishing it in?’

Out here in Hollywood, if your home isn’t furnished in some particular period, well, you just don’t belong.

‘No period,’” she replied promptly, ‘I locate these places here—take you through and proudly say, ‘There isn’t a single piece that isn’t in the period’ and ‘This is my French room’ and ‘This is my Georgian room. Each of the furniture pieces—our family silver, a couple of nice oil paintings of my grandparents, and so on—is exactly the same. I furnish it gradually—just picking up odd pieces at galleries, auctions, sales and wherever I happen to find something I like. There is a Mr. Westchester, just outside Philadelphia, who knows more about antiques than anyone I’ve ever met. Hershegermis have all the material for ‘Java Head’ from him. I want to go down and consult him.”

‘Brinton!’ I exclaimed. ‘He and his wife are great friends of my mother’s. She’s often visited there.”

So we chatted a while of the Brintons and then Miriam returned to the subject of the pictures. ‘I don’t object to discontinuing the picture work entirely. My contract, as I told you, will be up in August. I don’t want to sign another one. Paramount is all right but I just don’t want to belong. Mr. Cohn of Columbia wanted me for two Capra pictures—‘It Happened One Night’ and ‘Twentieth Century’—both of them hits. Paramount wouldn’t lend me. So now Mr. Cohn and I have made an agreement that I’ll do a picture with Capra in 1935. I think it will be ideal for me to come out here making pictures and the fall and winter in New York. I’ll be free! I can go to England or China or Afghanistan if I feel like it. I may even—she added playfully— that I can go if I want to be—well, great!’

“It’s a suitable play turn-up I’ll love doing it, but nowadays you’re lucky if you get a run of two to six months. The rest of the time I’ll be able to do whatever I want.”

We were interrupted by the entrance of Michael, Miriam’s two and a half year old adopted son, “Cacker!” demanded Mike.

Miriam gave him a piece of oatmeal cake some friends had sent her from Scotland. Mike promptly dropped it on the floor. “Oh, darling,” she laughed, “look what you’ve done. Well, eat it anyhow. It won’t hurt you. A little dirt will probably do you good.”

The ‘phone rang. Drat telephones! When Miriam returned she faced me red-faced—or did she—‘I’m sorry, but it was the studio. I’ve got to go over there for a retake. I’m afraid I haven’t given you very much. I’ll call you later,” she explained as a bright thought struck her, “you just write a story about me!”

And so I have. But no story could ever do justice to the girl who strikes terror into the hearts of directors and actors before they meet her and whose charm makes slaves of them afterwards.

“Oh, no, Just rented. You see, I’ve just bought a house in New York. I don’t think she’d mind registering there—with you’re fabulously wealthy—which I’m not. You want your books all together and all your other things. If you split them up, you don’t get any real pleasure from either place.”

And so the story goes. It may not be the last word on the subject of pictures, but it is one that will do for the moment. And as to the story of the girl who makes the directors and the actors doff their hats as they meet her, that is a story for another day. For the moment, I’ll end as I began with a request of Miss Miriam Hopkins.

‘Tell me what you want,’” she said, ‘and I’ll do it. It’s a very kind thing to say, but it’s also—’
Mrs. Tarzan Tamed?

Continued from page 20

saint. While I sat by the bedside, awe-stricken, she prattled wildly of her Beverly home, denied the bruises softly, and toyed with a couple of those little Chihuhua “dogs,” which she called—believe this or not—“her chickies. They're like the dogs, the screaming hyenas! I left the place grief-shaken. Another great Hollywood Legend—like Garbo’s gorgeous innocence, or that half the world wants to kidnap an actor’s adopted baby—was passing. I ordered a new black suit, and sent a dozen calla lilies to the erstwhile Mexican tornado.

John was holding her hand those times when he wasn't out golfing, and no doubt swinging from tee to tee. In a few days she would fly back with him to her beloved home, to spend her declining days in fasting and good works.

And suddenly the sun shone again, and a great wind blew up out of the East!

The Vedel appeared at the local airport to board her plane for the West. Under each arm was a “chickie,” wet-nosed and bored.

“Sorry, Miss Vedel, but you can’t take those—d ogs aboard the ship.”

Miss Vedel registered Mexican misunderstanding.

“Pardonme, Senorita,” said the man in blue, a bit louder, “Vous ne pouvez pas prendre ces petits chiens à bord du navire!”

The air turned blue, shot with dazzling electric sparks.

“What you say?” remarked Miss Vedel, with such lung-power that ships were rocked far at sea, “I can’t take my chicks on this plane?”

With that she tore her tickets into snips, hurled them into the official’s purple pan, and an hour or two later was aboard a good old train bound for the little pink home in the west.

It was these “chickies” that, I think, had frightened me most during my historic interview with a Mrs. Tarzan gone tame.

“Mr. Wasn’t smaller gave them to me,” she cried, kissing their damp snouts. “Aren’t they the cutest doggies in this world?”

I passed, and asked if they were married.

“No, they are brother and sister,” said the charming foster-mother. “Touch me and see what happens.”

So I touched her—why not?—and one of the chicks lunged at me with his needle fangs bared. I fell off my chair and changed the subject.

As for the bruises, Lupe was sad and pained on the subject, instead of casing out the gossip-spreaders for a lot of paid adders. I felt sure that the girl was sick. Of course, I didn’t get the break that fell to the lot of one New York reporter, a lady.

When this sweetheart of the press asked about the alleged consuls, Lupe leaped from her cot in her birthday suit, exclaiming “Ho! Take a look! See if you can find any black and blue!”

Of course, I expected no such boon.

But I guess the worst of a Lupe Gone Sissy was the matter of HOME. Can you imagine my surprise when I read in the daily about Jannan Tornado mooing about HOME?

I had innocently asked the girl what she was doing to when she finished excelling the New YorkTrash.

She gave me the look of a rapt sorority girl before Gable’s picture.

“I am going HOME!” she sighed.

It was like Lillian Gish with a Dear
Hollywood saw that she was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. They called her an "Airedale" because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name—for she is now one of the most perfectly groomed women in the world—thanks to X-Baizin. With X-Baizin Cream or Powder, any woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms and under-arms.

Constant research and improvement have made X-Baizin more and more mild, efficient, and agreeable. This really reliable depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Baizin—accept no substitutes. Cream or Powder at drug and department stores—50c. Good size tubes of X-Eaizin Cream, 10c in recent stores.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N.Y.

---

She's an ex-AIREDALE

Little Baby in her arms. I almost cried.

"Oh," she went on, "I can't wait to get home. I am making my house BEEGER! Especially the bathrooms. I love a BEEGER bathroom!"

That blow nearly killed father.

I tried to get her turn as a Pajama Chickies and Domesticity—to lead her thoughts back to Hollywood, scene of her greatest and most spectacular feats. Several times the United States thought seriously of giving the Hollywood back to the Mexicans, and sending out an American consul.

"Do you still like to go to the fights in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," she said, "I love the fights. I know all the fighters, too. I coach them from my seat."

I could imagine a boxer looking over at his fair coach at the ringside and getting a shock and a planked shade.

Then I tried to rouse the old Velez dander and pride.

"Are you still the loudest yeller at the fights?"

Lupe smiled sardonically.

"Well, I'm still near the top. You should hear Connie Bennett! She can yell louder than me! Oh boy!"

I gave up. Little Miss Gayenne had gone modest, too. Did you ever expect to see the day when one of the old Velez clan would admit to being out-hollered by a mere Bennett—even a Bennett married to a French marquis? Neither did I.

The fire-bright Velez was always so serious about her future labors—always a bad sign. A true Velez takes her work where she finds it. She can take her oil, or leave it alone.

---

Yes, You Can Have a Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 57

Don't go in for any diet unless you have your doctor's advice. By this I mean any strenuous or unusual diet. The ones given here are perfectly safe.

There are other safe ways to diet if you find yourself afflicted with hip-spread, more waist than you know what to do with, or blobs of fat which no fats belong. Business people especially will find that a good way to slenderize is to limit the noon meal. Brain workers will find that a light lunch, principally or wholly composed of fruit, is an ideal solution to their weight worries.

This method of dieting is not recommended to those who do heavy physical work, or to those who never eat much breakfast.

The light fruit luncheon not only aids in keeping the weight down, but helps keep you free from indigestion and clears the complexion.

Here are a few suggestions for varied fruit luncheons. You may have large servings of these dishes, but eat no other food with it.

(1) Large glass of orange juice (2 large oranges), and an apple and raisin salad with dressing.

(2) Lemonade, sliced orange and grapefruit juice, or watermelon or cantaloupe with orange or lemon ice, a ripe pear.

(3) Sliced peaches, fresh figs or bunch of grapes, with cream, gelatin or orange juice.

(4) Mixed fruit salad, lime gelatin, orange juice.

Jennifer Allen had a slight bulge around her waist that she paid no particular attention to at first. She had to wear corsets in two pictures, one after the other, and they pinched the nipples in her spine so that they felt wrenched, and to be sure she didn't take treatment from a manipulator who pulled and pushed and crunched her joints and said she'd be all right. But she wasn't.

One day she was complaining on the set about how terrible she felt and one of the technicians looked at her. She was bloated all over, and when she went to her costume room and got her old clothes, she found that all her clothes were too tight, and she asked for a new set. She couldn't get the new ones on, but when she sat down she could get them on. She went to her own room and told her friends and they all said it was wonderful, and she was so happy, and she was in Hollywood for two weeks, and she had a new set of clothes.

---

The Russian folk-dance movement is excellent for slimming the waistline. It will also reduce or develop the legs. This sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? But it's true. Swimming reduces or develops, according to your need, you know.

Here it is: Squat down, sitting on heels, arms folded on chest, spine erect. Throw the right leg out straight, keep it in the floor. Hop up and throw the left leg out as you draw the right leg back to squatti-king position. Repeat the leg springing, rapidly. When you have mastered that, throw leg out first right to one side, then left to other side and back. It is a good idea to do this to music.

I've mentioned it before, but it is so im-
portant that I will repeat it: Good posture has to do with your correct weight. Maybe you actually haven’t a “spare tire” but if you stand as though you had, what Hollywood director would look at you if he met you face to face?

Claudette Colbert was saying the other day that when she got her first part on the stage, it was the fashion for all the younger girls to affect what they called the “inflata-buncate slouch”—that is, to stand with their stomachs well in front of them, their shoulders and general air of having been thrown across the room and not having pep enough to straighten up.

This weird attitude was adopted, Claudette said, because it was considered to be the style to look like a boy instead of like a girl, and standing upright would have revealed the fact that the girl hadn’t the flat chest characteristic of a boy! Today, it’s not supposed to be to her credit to have a figure either like a boy’s or like a slate pencil, so the good carriage is the box-office, waiting for fashion unless you can stand up and walk as if you were proud of yourself.

You can’t do much by assuming correct posture unless you do it when you look at yourself over in the mirror in the morning, for instance. It’s something that must be practiced.

Incorrect posture can cause sagging neck muscles, double chins, round shoulders and flabby busts. And the relaxed drooping carriage is to the pinching for the accumulation of fat over hips, thighs, and abdomen.

An erect posture makes a person actually taller and slimmer, while a slouch emphasizes any tendency toward surplus flesh at throat, bust, or abdomen. Hold the body as tall as possible without actually rising on the toes. In this position, there is the largest space available for the organs; the muscles of the front, sides, and back are in perfect balance, not at all strained; the head is erect and so poised that none of the muscles are overworked.

Every time you are standing—whether by the box-office, waiting for the bus, or just gossiping over the neighbor’s fence—think of your posture and practice it. By and by you a new accent in your carriage; in six weeks, you’ll wonder how you ever stood in that slumped-over way, for correct posture really really you and it certainly makes you look more attractive.

Here’s a good exercise for reducing that fat on hands and back of your head and rotate the body forward and downward from right to left and from left to right.

The following exercise is excellent for flattening the abdomen, but it takes two people to do it, preferably a man and girl, unless you can find a very strong girl to help you, when two girls can manage it together.

The girl lies face down on the floor, arms outstretched, the feet of the man stands over her, straddling her body; he bends down and clasps her hands, bends her body forward in an arch and lowers her to the floor again. Do not do this until you are tired. The minute you feel weary, stop it.

Another waist-slimming exercise can be done by yourself: Put your left foot up on wall bar or small table. Raise the arms and swing them, then swing them down to touch the left toe. The right foot should be on the floor in what is known as first dancing position, pointed to the right. The body (left leg turning on the wall bar as you do so), and touch the floor with the fingers. Swinging up once more and this time bend the body forward and rest the head on the left foot. Repeat with the right foot on the wall bar.

Needless to say, this exercise is for girls who are able to do ballet dancing steps and should not be attempted if you are still-jointed, until you have made yourself supple with other exercises.

The woman who wants to be attractive and really young after her third decade must see to it that her body keeps up the active habits of her earlier years, and she should pay particular attention to keeping her muscles supple and flexible.

Grace of movement in walking, standing, and sitting will depend largely on the responsiveness of the muscles and tendons controlling the knees.

An excellent knee exercise is this one: Stand with your back slightly out toward, one foot advanced a little in front, Rise on the balls of the feet, then slowly flex the knees deeply; rise up again, and lower the heels. Repeat six to ten times.

Follow this by the second exercise in this series: Stand erect, hands on hips. Take a long step forward with the right foot. Bend both knees so that left knee touches the floor. Rise quickly and step forward on the left foot, flexing the knees as before. This time the right knee touches the floor. Take twenty long steps with knee bendings. As you may have noticed, the knee joint is not so strong as the ankle joint. Slinker people are likely to have knobbly knees and overweights have bulky ones.

Fat knees are the real worst looking. There’s a bunch of muscles on the inside and the whole joint is swathed in fat. The average fat knee will respond to systematic exercise, but be sure it is systematic, and not something you do Monday morning and forget Tuesday and then Wednesday you have time for only one or two bendings and flexings. And Thursday you forget again, and then Friday you’re too lazy and Saturday you feel: “Oh, what the use—my knees is as fat as it ever was!”

The thin knobby knee is usually weak. It bends inward, producing what are called knock-knees. Tall young girls who are underweight for their size and age, often have this sort of knee, and wearing too high heels aggravates it. The remedy in a case of this kind is a general gain in health and weight, combined with correct choice of footwear, and correct posture when standing, walking, sitting, or getting up and down. This will protect legs from undue strain.

If you are eager to reduce, you should stand up or walk around a little after each meal instead of sitting into a comfortable chair or lying down.

It’s a good idea to cultivate some active outdoor hobby, especially if you work indoors most of the time.

The body needs daily exercise. Some people need more than others do, but if you can’t spare more time, ten minutes night and morning will keep you in fairly good condition.

The muscles in the back become flaccid when they’re not kept trim by regular exercise. I’ve noticed that most women spend little or no time on developing shapely backs. Maybe it’s because they so seldom see their backs!

If lumps of flabby flesh have already formed at the back of the waistline, they may be reduced by massage. If you can’t get to an expert masseuse, you may perhaps manage a self-massage, lying face downward or on the side and using the cupping and slapping movements given in the last article on the stubborn flesh.

The bicycle exercise is very good for this "fat back" ailment: Lie on the floor. Raise legs and legs from the floor, moving legs as pedaling a bicycle up and down. This will strengthen leg muscles.

Stationary running for several minutes night and morning is something that can harm no one and is not difficult to do. Try it tonight.

KISS HIM WITH LIPS

not lipstick!

When the man you like kisses you, be sure he thinks of your lips as lips, not as a coating of paint. Of course, to be your lover, he must use lipstick. But it’s easy to color your lips beautifully without painting them. Simply use the lipstick which isn’t paint. This unusual lipstick called Tangee contains a color-change principle which enables it to intensify your natural color.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to blush-rose! It becomes part of your lips, not a great coating. Moreover, the colors of Tangee's special cream base sooths and softens dry, peeling lips. Get Tangee today—39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.

PAINTed—Don’t risk that painted look. It’s stunning and men don’t like it.

TANGE—Intensifies natural color, removes unhealthful, end that painted look.


World's Most Famous Lipstick

Country of Origin: New York City

KISS HIM WITH LIPS

not lipstick!
Also Sizes for Callouses and Bunions

You'll have relief the minute you apply D. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads remove the causes—shoe pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters from new or tight shoes. It's a complete treatment—cushioned pads to tend pain and separate Medicated Disks to quickly, safely remove Corns and Callouses

Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between toes. Try this sure relief! Get a box today. At drug, dept., and shoe stores everywhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young of Hollywood, who are visiting friends in the city, managed to squeeze in a visit to the house of Betty Furness, who with her husband,the distinguished art director for Warner Bros., is the hostess of the dinner given to Robert by his Warner friends. It made the trip to the hotel worthwhile to see the young girl stroll in, bathed in an exquisite glow from the blonde sheath she wore. It was a long time since},

**“Yes, Betty, we’ll always be BLONDES”**

SUNNY golden curls . . . smart blonde coiffure, Mother and daughter keeping young together—thanks to Blondex. This special blonde hair shampoo not only helps prevent darkening—but safely brings back true golden color to dull, drab, faded hair. Highlights bring out the bright, gleaming lights—makes the hair soft and silky. No injurious chemicals. Not a dye, Invigorates the scalp. Ask any Blondex user! All drug and department stores.

**DEAFNESS IS MISERY**

Many people with defective hearing and those suffering from various dizziness go to Larchan and Church because they use Leonard Invincible Ear Drums which resemble tiny Megaphones fitted in the ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or heat plates. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was blindsided.


**SONGS WANTED FOR RADIO BROADCAST—WINNERS INVITED**

Cash Payments Advanced Writers of Songs Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material! Words or Music) for consideration today. Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.

---

**Give Us a Chance! We Want to Win!**

*Continued from page 31*

and was an instantaneous success. Then she went to the Earl Theatre in Washington, presumably for a brief stay as Mistress of Ceremonies. She took the Capitol city to storm, and remained there no more than three years, which was great for Washington, and bad for Hollywood. You see, Hollywood could have used Maxine song and dance.

If you haven't already seen her in "Side Streets" and "The Kcy," look for her in the pictures that gave fame to Maxine. Her really important opportunity—"The Student Tour." It's a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture; Maxine was borrowed for the part. And this is the first of the ventures among Warners' young stars. She comes by her talent naturally, for she is the daughter of Alexander LeRoy, noted stage director. She began her stage training when she was a baby, and has never left the profession for any great length of time. As a costume designer she has seen many famous artists; she plays piano beautifully, and is a ballet dancer with few peers.

Miss Ellis is rather tall and willowy for one so young (she is six feet) —she is five feet six inches in height. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, and weighs 115 pounds. She has traveled internationally, and in spite of her youthful years, and during her life she has visited Europe, Asia, South America and Central America. She really needs no introduction, and among those who are "Picture Snatchers" and "Elm er The Great.

Who comes here? Why, it looks like Robert Young! It is Robert Young! Now what can Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Robert Young be doing among the Warner stars? But wait; this is not Bob Young. He is Paul Kaye. He bears such a marked resemblance to Young, both on and off screen, that they could pass for twin brothers. Kaye's six feet one inch and 170 pounds are almost identical to the physical stature of his near-double. He has the same brown and black, riotously curly hair. Kaye, like many other Warner players, came to Hollywood from Broadway, New York. But he had the unique stage career (his outstanding play was "Lady Luck") when motion pictures scouts swarmed down upon him and sent him to Hollywood. Perhaps you have seen Kaye in "Hi, Nellie," "Easy To Love," and "Side Streets." Warner officials praise him well, and predict a brilliant future for him. He has an eternal charm, and an endearing quality that is attractive to young folk. And, er, ahem—don't remind him of his resemblance to Robert Young; Paul admits Bob, but cringes at the "they look alike" comparisons.

Comes now a tall, lanky young gent called Hal LeRoy. You may know him better as the screen "Harold Teen." Perhaps you saw him, in blackface, do a tap dance for "Wonder Bar." He rose six feet one inch, and weighed only 150 pounds—he is indeed lanky. Hal has blue eyes and light brown hair. In his early twenties, he recently married Ruth Dodd. New York actress.

LeRoy is regarded as one of the three finest tap dancers in the world today. He plied his footy trade Broadway and more recently in "Strike Me Pink." Boylike, he says that the moment of greatest personal satisfaction in his life occurred when he saw a New York stage producer, who had previously told Hal that he could never succeed on the stage, walk down the aisle for the opening of the Folies Bergere, occupy a seat that cost this producer fifty
good American dollars—cash on the line. Sweet, but innocent, revenge that.

Margaret Lindsay is another lady who really needs no introduction to regular theatergoers. She is five feet and an inch tall, has large hazel eyes, rich glossy brown hair, and worries if her weight increases to more than 150 pounds. She is unmarried—and likely to remain so, she will tell you.

Although she was born and educated in this country, she made her stage debut in England, and it is no surprise, therefore, that again, she was accepted as an Englishwoman. As such, she took part in the pictorial magazine of what is supposed all English cast. Her success in the picture won Margaret a Warner Brothers contract. Among her other outstanding pictures are “Private Detective 62” and “Voltaire.”

Jean Muir needs no introduction, either, but she is like the young Warner starlets, and must be included in this all-inclusive story. Jean, you’ll remember, is the beautiful blonde who captured your eye and mine in “Son of a Sailor,” and then went on to add new laurels in “A Modern Hero,” “As the East Turns” and “Dr. Monica.”

She is a tall, slender girl—five feet, seven inches in height and weighing 125 pounds (almost identical to Garbo). As might be expected of a decided blonde, she has very blue eyes. She is an odd type for Hollywood—a girl who dislikes parties and never attends them, who rarely goes out with men and who is seemingly disinterested in love.

Virginia Pine is that girl George Raft loves. You’ll know her better by that description than by any other. She is yet very new to the screen. If you haven’t seen her in “Dr. Monica,” then you haven’t seen Miss Pine’s thin line career—up to date. But Warners promise more.

Virginia is five feet four inches tall, and she weighs 110 pounds. She has hazel eyes, and slender, graceful figure. She has that Hollywood generation that is amusingly soft. Seeing her hair, one is curiously impelled to ruffle it with the fingers. She is, of course, very wealthy, both by birth and by marriage—or, ah, I mean by divorce.

Phillip Reed is the next luminary-to-be. He is that very tall young fellow (six feet two inches) with the football, soccer, tennis, and basketball. He is a Sigma Alpha Phi. He plays a violin, and sings very well, indeed. He is, in any wonder that the girls flock to Reed?

Among his screen appearances have been roles in “Glamour,” the “Alibi.” One looked at him with a Northwestern University’s basketball, and football.

The next gentleman on our list may have given you a traffic ticket, if you happen to be a New Yorker, because once he was an American leg of the New York Police Force. He is Phil Regan, better known to radio lovers as “the singing cop.”

Regan is five feet ten inches tall, weighs about 170 pounds, has hazy colored eyes and black hair. He is Irish as Paddy’s pug, and unmarried. He first attracted attention for his dancing ability when he sang at a social gathering in the East. He was heard by the dramatic coach who trained Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, and Gaye Grant, and gave Regan the advice that turned Phil to stage, radio and screen. His motion picture appearances to date are included in “Housewife,” “Dames” and “The Student Tour” (last-named is the M-G-M picture for which Maxine Doyle was borrowed).

Dorothy Tree is a slant-eyed beauty who wanted to become a writer, did become an actress—and still wants to write. She took part in several plays on Broadway before she went to Hollywood. Among her Broadway appearances were roles in “Holiday,” “The Marquise,” and “Clear All Wires.”

She came to Hollywood to play on the stage in “Grand Hotel,” and she immediately attracted the attention of picture scouts, and was signed by Warner Brothers. She is five feet four inches tall, has brown eyes and dark brown hair, and wears clothes beautifully. Among recent pictures in which she appears are “The Man With Two Faces,” “Here Comes the Navy,” “Side Street,” and “Madame Du Barry.”

Gordon Westcott is one of the screen’s first-rate villains, despite the fact that he is still new to motion pictures. Gordon comes from the stage, and eventually hopes to return to the stage for at least a few months each year.

He is exactly six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, and he has brown hair and brown eyes. Off screen, he has a prepossessing smile, and looks anything but villainish, but on the screen, he is indeed nastily. But you already know that if you saw him in “Dark Hazard,” “Fog Over Frisco,” “Convention City,” “The Circus Clown,” or any one of others of his many pictures.

Sweet, petite, and quen-one is Joan Wheeler—one of the peppiest, darlings of Hollywood—a girl who dislikes parties and never attends them, who rarely goes out with men and who is seemingly disinterested in love.

Joan’s first screen appearances have been in “The Man on Frisco,” “Twenty Million Sweethearts,” and “Madame Du Barry.”

Well, here we are at the end of the line. Donald Woods is the final member of the Warner Brothers’ starlets. Alas for romantic inclined fans, this good looking is hardly a hair of the five feet six inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, and he has dark brown eyes and hair.

He is a graduate of the stage. His career has included stock companies, road shows, the Elitch Gardens in Denver, and New York’s Greenwich Village. One of the Warner studio “raves”; if he does all that is expected of him by his employers, Donald Woods will one day be one of the screen’s greatest stars. See him in “As the Earth Turns,” “Happy Wives of Reno,” and “Fog Over Frisco”—and judge him for yourself.

The parade is ended. You have just been introduced to the Warner Brothers’ group of young stars of today—their hopes for big stage and screen success.

Next month, join me on a visit to the Fox Film Studios, where you’ll find more than new personalities, and where you will be given a peak into the Fox School of Dramatics, where the company’s younger players are being trained for future greatness on the screen. Don’t fail to see the Fox parade of its Stars of Tomorrow, in next month’s SCREENLAND.
Hidden Gold

in your hair too!

Discover it tonight in one shampoo!

Constance Cummings

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

You can revive this charm tonight. Just one Golden Gilt Shampoo will show you the way.

No other shampoo like Golden Gilt Shampoo. Does more than merely clean. It gives your hair a "tint-tint"—gives it life—nurt—much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25¢ at your dealers, or send for free sample.

FREE
J. W. KOBI CO., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. J
Seattle, Wash. ■ ■ ■ Please send free samples.
Name ___________ Address _________
City __________ State __________
Color of your hair: ___________

Radio Parade
Continued from page 12

Now the fans have become besieging radio stations with letters asking where, when, when they may hear Kate Smith, and why they don't hear her. This has led to speculation with the usual crop of rumors to explain the "mystery."

"I started this theatre tour expecting it would last just six weeks," Kate continued. "Theatre engagements, however, kept coming along, with the result that instead of being at it for six weeks we have been touring with the show for seven months. I had a few previous experience that I simply could not sing four and sometimes five and six shows a day and do a broadcast "giving below par." (Kate has gone in for golf in a big way and that last is a term related to the links and not the stock exchange.)

"We had to reduce three important commercial contracts because I knew I could not do the theatre work and radio without my getting tired—which soon would result in the shows getting tired of me.

"When I return to radio I hope to offer something new. Maybe there will be some comedy; of course there will be singing and plenty of it. However, there's no use talking about plans, because they depend upon the final outcome of arrangements now under discussions."

The theatre tour extended from the East to the West Coast, and before Kate's show fell every house record at every theatre played in the Southwest, as well as several in other sections of the country.

"It was grand! I wouldn't have missed making all those people see and seeing all the places for the world. It was a success in every way, financially too, for us and for the theatres. We had a company of thirty performers, singers, and musicians, traveled in our own car, and all had a wonderful time. I missed radio, of course, but I'll have that back again soon, and the fan mail from the radio listeners, continuing to come in through all of the nine long months. I had been away from the microphones, certainly made it perfect."

You'd guess it must have been perfect too. Because Kate Smith is one who can tell you things with all the "gestures" in her voice that go into her song. Kate fact—probably danced away—many pounds.

A considerable number for the average woman of twenty-five years. But not enough to change Kate Smith, for her public would not recognize her. Now, we for our part, hope the new radio plans call for no changing of Kate's signature song, for no matter how good they make it, it just won't be right if we don't get that introduction, the Kate Smith voice giving a golden glow to the strains. "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain."

You would have been confused, too! I'm sure of it. I know I was not only confused, but dumbfounded, astonished, really taken aback.

You see, I was looking at the lady I had come to interview, and yet the lady I had in mind didn't exist at all. It was just too puzzling! Yet it was all very simple, really, I hadn't been deliberately duped. The facts I, as a somewhat vociferous reader of the newspapers, had read about the Countess were great, but not quite as real as the facts, absolute facts. But sometimes facts give a wholly inaccurate impression of the person they are supposed to describe.

In her veins flow the blood of the Spanish grandees, for she was born in Barcelona—is a real countess by her marriage to an Italian thanquin who stems from one of the oldest families of that
The Star Who Is Wise to Herself

Continued from page 31

defeated finally into my being put into the leading role in 'The Moon'. Later I sang in concert, and in 1929 I sang for the first time over the air. Since then I have been wrapped up in radio. I'll confess, though, I do like dramatic work."

One thing the publicity could not go wrong on was when they said the Countess Olga Albani was beautiful. Beauty is beauty in any language. Tallish, slim, with a willowy grace, she has eyes that dance and lips that form a gay and happy smile—and the Countess Olga smiles easily, enthusiastically, eagerly. The eyes are very dark with a slight upward slope to the outer corners, her complexion olive, her hair black and worn in a mobish fold.

While doing regular weekly programs, the Countess lives in an apartment on Central Park South. There is a country home used for summer holidays. Her son, born in 1926, attends military school. When vacations are of sufficient duration to permit—there happened last winter—the Countess visits her parents on her father's coffee plantation in Porto Rico.

The radio work now is something more than merely a means of artistic expression. You know, the economic crash, which did not leave the Count unscathed. He is an accomplished musician, pianist, and the composer of several works said to have considerable merit; and had had, before things happened, an established and flourishing business as an art dealer.

If anything, all this seems to give the Countess more zest for her work—certainly she has the bubbling enthusiasm for radio that characterizes every really successful star I have ever encountered in the theatre or the broadcasting studios.

A NEW KURLASH TO MAKE YOUR LASHES MORE Alluring

Irene Ware, now appearing in the 20th Century picture, "The Foremost"

Ir's your eyes that a man looks at first . . . and last . . . and pretty nearly always. And no eyes are really beautiful unless the lashes are lovely too. Kurlash gives your lashes that upward sweep that seems the most enchanting thing in the world. The new, improved Kurlash does it with greater ease than ever. Kurlash costs $1, and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it direct.

THE NEW, IMPROVED Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N.Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.

Approved way to get rid of every trace of superfluous hair 50c

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, men, girls with gray, Laddis, streaked, wavy, uneven. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new Jewish discovery "SHAMPOO-KOLOR". Takes five minutes, leaves hair soft, shiny, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. NON-DESTRUCTIVE. Free booklet. Use your name of beauty supply dealer. 315 W. 51 St., New York
Here's a Queer Way to Learn Music!

To teach—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Tulsa magazine—among others—writes
rave reviews. A new sight-reading method for children of any age, 6 to adults. A complete course in
sight-reading music at your own rapid pro-
cess. From the start you are playing real tunes perfectly and
learning to play them. All instruments. FREE!
Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Tape.
These explain our wonderful home study method
fully. Mention magazine preferred.
U. S. School of Music, 119 Broadway, Bldg., New York City

FREE TUBE FOR TIRES
Goodyear Goodrich-Firestone

ORANGE TUBES GUARANTEED BRAND NEW
ORANGE TUBES GUARANTEED BRAND NEW

There are many facts that show that Orange Tires are superior in
reporting than any other kind. It is not necessary to have the best tires,
but it is necessary to have at least an equal. These Orange Tires give
an added value of tire mileage.

WANTED! Original Poems, Songs
for immediate consideration
M. M. M. PUBLISHERS
Dept. SU
Studio Bldg.
Portland, Ore.

SPECIALIZING in top, Ruby's marvelous
rhythm made her so outstanding that, after
scoring individually in three big musicals,
She reached the top—stardom by Ziegfeld in
"Whoopee!" and "Ragtime." It was during a Los Angeles vacation following the latter that she was invited to Al
Jolson by Pammie Brice. This chance meet-
ing occurred while the conversation was
both were welcoming friends. Within a
short while they married.

Ruby confessed to me that she would like
to renew her friendships with those who
attended the Professional Children's School,
and who are now in pictures. They'll
kindly note this.

"I've been invited to 'The Puppets,' the
club of young actors headed by Tom
Brown, however I've been married so
long, I feel silly about going over there.
I'd love to, though. Every time I point
out some of those ex-classmates in a picture.
At crisis, is there anyone you didn't go
to school with?"

Gene Raymond lives in the same apart-
ment building as to Jolson. Ruby can't
break her old habit of addressing him as
Ray. "People will think me bold, calling
by his last name, but on the stage he
used his real name, Raymond Union.

On a recent trip to New York Ruby went
over to the East Side to visit relatives and
you should hear her account of his in-
promptu performance.

It seems her two youthful cousins, Buster
and Walter, were at the neighborhood monu-
ment the afternoon of her visit. She sat
inconspicuously in a car in front of the
theatre while her aunt went in to attempt
to locate the boys.

The theatre manager was out front and
he began staring at me. He looked and
he looked and finally came to the car and
asked me if I were not Ruby Keeler. Then
he led me in. They called him up and let
him introduce me to his audience. I begged
off. I recollected how, as a child myself,
I'd hated any interruptions in the picture.

"But he persisted. I was afraid the
kids would be so indignant at the film be-
ing stopped that they'd throw things at me.
Not that I blame them, either. I still didn't
like it."

I said a few words and then asked, "Are
Buster and Walter here?"

"And were they?" I interposed.

"Yes, but they were sitting way up in
the balcony and couldn't hear a word spoken
on the stage and didn't recognize me.

Do you understand why I declared Ruby
would be a swell friend?"

She has finished "Dames," her fourth
picture, and she is once more teamed with
Dick Powell, her steady screen boy-friend.

"I'm growing accustomed to film methods,"
she asserts. "At first I used to trail the
directors around, querying, 'Am I all right?
Don't you see the rushes?' which they'd reply.
'Ready—Okay.' And that's all! In a studio
there's no response immediately, as on the
stage."

Ruby's still scared of the camera. They
have to sort of sneak up on her with it.
"If I'm conscious of where it is, I die! I
try to ignore its presence."

This radiant Ruby Keeler may not have
devoted into deep books of philosophy, but
that her thoughtful and intuitive is immaterial.
The fact is that she does think.

"I never thought I'd be up," she said
to me in farewell. "I am, but I wonder for
how long? Oh, course, I'd like to progress.
But, I wonder, am I capable of being more
than an ingenue? I know one thing about
my film career. I am always in pictures
that have a lot of big-name stars. Sometimes,
however, I'm in them!"

Naturally wise to herself, she concluded,
"So far I've been just individual accom-
paniment!"

AGONIZING
HEEL BLISTERS
PREVENTED AND RELIEVED

Nauseating shoe pressure on irritated heels
is avoided by wearing Walk-Eze Stocking Protectors. Feather-like, they lock on the heel, unap-
propriately gripping, preventing slipping and
slipping which cause agony and often dangerous infections. Walk-
Eze Stocking Protectors—recommended by chirop-
odists—are made of Kenu-Suede, soft, pliable, washable, safe.

CUT STOCKING BILLS IN HALF
"A hole in the heel of those new stockings! Don't ever
tell it again! I slip Walk-Eze Stocking Protectors over
those heels and double the life of your laces. They
wear away with rubbing and consequent laces. You pay
for all those holes since they are Reversibles and "Tu-
Tone." These come in all genuine colors and textures. Send
for free sample of Walk-Eze Stocking Protectors. Ask for Walk-Eze
Stocking Protectors at SHOE STORES and
DEPARTMENT STORES.

WALK-EZE PUNCHED WALK-EASY
Stocking Protectors

Walk-Eze Punched Walk-Easy

Learn Public Speaking

Now you can brush away
GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those
streaks or patches of gray hair to literally thousands of shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for
toning down over-blonded hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven
and popular preparation has aided American women the
country over in retaining their youthful charm and
appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of
satiny softness and safety. In every experiment,
BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tainting
grey hair. It leaves coloring power that is unchange-
able, easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot
affect skin or eyes. For touch-up at home, BROWNATONE
is economical and lasting—it will wash out. No
disappointments. Just brush or comb in and try to
prove by applying a little of this famous tint to
back of hand. "Highest to Medium Brown" and
"Dark Brown to Black." —cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at drug and toilet
counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

SAND-TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.,
Birmingham Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and
illustrated booklet on care of the hair. Enclose a 4c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.

Color of my hair is

Name

Address

City, State

Print Your Name and Address

25c

Learn Public Speaking

At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day will
 strengthens and stops the flaws through
systematic study. Either of the following books is
available to you: "Learn Public Speaking" or "Learn Public
Speaking For Ladies." For just 25 cents, delivered free of charge.

The American Institute, Dept. 3435
3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
**ASK ME!**

By Miss Vee Dee

K. E. D. You want Madge Evans to get bigger and better breaks, do you? Here she is at the head of this column—isn't that a break? Madge is a very much sought after leading lady of the films—very gracious, easy to work with, and a favorite with both players and public. She was born in New York City on August 1, 1900. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, and has blond hair and blue eyes. She was educated by private tutors, having been in the show business at the age of six years. She was in great demand as a child actress. Her first chance in pictures came in 1917. Her first full-length film was “Sudden Riches” with Robert Warwick as the star. In 1925 Madge played opposite Richard Barthelmess in “Classmates.” She had two hobbies, but loves to swim and ride. Not married. Among her releases were “Beauty for Sale,” “Fugitive Lovers,” “The Show Off” and “Stand Up and Cheer.”

**Bary Bee.** I bet you are “A honey!” John Gilbert got the bright spot in “Queen Christina” with Greta Garbo, not Franchot Tone. And wasn’t Jack splendid? Franchot Tone appeared in “Moulin Rouge” with Constance Bennett. Franchot demonstrated his ability as a comedian. He was born on February 27, 1906, at Niagara Falls, N. Y. He is a graduate of Cornell University—went on the stage soon after, and appeared with Lenore Ulric, Katharine Cornell, and Jane Cowl. His screen career includes “Today We Live,” “Gabriel Over the White House,” “Midnight Mary,” “Stranger’s Return,” “Blonde Bombshell” and “Dancing Lady.” He played with Joan Crawford again in “Sadie McKee.” Tone’s current release is “The World Moves On,” with Madeleine Carroll, beautiful English star—for Fox.

**Constant Reader.** When better questions are asked you fans will ask them and I’ll be here with the answer. Barbara Weeks is 21 years old, weighs 120 pounds, and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Betty Furness was born on January 3, 1915, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Ruby Keeler is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Patricia Ellis was born on May 20, 1916, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds.

**Fred B.** Mayo Metzoth played in “The Night Club Lady” with Adolphe Menjou, Ruthelma Stevens, Skeets Gallagher, Albert Conti, Nat Pendleton and several others. Her latest films are “Always a Gent,” “Side Streets” and “Registered Nurse.” Marie Prevost appears occasionally in independent films, though she has played in many big features. She is a clever little actress and should be seen more often on the screen. She was born in Sarnia, Ont., Canada, on November 6, 1898; has blue eyes, brown hair, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Marie appeared in “Getting Gertie’s Garter,” “Girl in the Pullman,” “Rush Hour,” “On to Reno,” “The Racket,” “Blonde for a Night,” “Side Show,” “Goddess Girl,” “Flying Fool,” “Divorce Made Easy,” and many more.

**Dorothy Marie K.** Ronald Colman was born on February 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surrey, England. First picture was “The White Sister,” with Lillian Gish, released in 1922. Latest Colman film is “Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back,” Jack Oakie, whose real name is Lewis O’Neill, was born on November 13, 1903. Herbert Marshall was born May 23, 1890, in London, England. His first picture was “The Letter” with the late Jeanne Eagels, produced in 1929. Spencer Tracy was born on April 5, 1900, in Milwaukee, Wis. He was on the stage before entering in 1930.

Ramón Novarro Fan. I do not know of a remedy for that “jumpy feeling” that steals over you when you see Ramon on the screen, and heavily-weighted lines on the face. But we all get that way when we see a Novarro film. Ramon’s real name is Samaeigio but with his first screen appearance he adopted the more pronounceable Naturo. He was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1900. He was educated in his own country but came to the United States to study dancing and singing. Ramon is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He is extremely devoted to music, playing the violin, piano, and organ as well as composing. He is also devoted to his family, but has never married. His latest releases are “The Cat and the Fiddle” with Jeanette MacDonald and “Laughing Boy” with Lupe Velez. Right now Ramon is in South America on a concert tour. He.

K. K. Yes, the story “Hangman’s House” by Donn Byrne was produced as a silent film in 1928 with the following cast: Victor McLaglen, Larry Kent, Earle Fox, Hobart Bosworth, Belle Stoddard, Joseph Burke and Eric Mayne. Have you seen “The Thin Man” on the screen with William Powell and Myrna Loy? The story is by Dashiell Hammett and is considered by many the best detective story written in America for some time.

**Dorothy R.** We do consider the request for a star’s picture in Screenland and if the player is popular or a budding star, for we can surely pick ’em, goes the request and if it’s at all possible, you’ll soon see a gorgeous new picture of your favorite. In “The Cisco Kid,” with Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, you saw Nora Lane as Sally Benton, the mother of the two children. Harold Lloyd and Warner Baxter are both Americans. Jack LaRue and George Raft were born in New York City. Several big names appeared in “High Pressure” with William Powell: Eryl Knapp, Guy Kibbe, George Sidney, Frank McHugh, Ben Alexander, Harry Scord, John Wray, Charles Judel, Lucien Littlefield, Alison Skipworth, Lillian Bond and Polly Walters. Henry Armett played the role of Novarro’s father in “Humble.”
Fling a challenge to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

Tattoo your lips and you'll dare romance. Tattoo... that lovely lip color of intense, meaning brilliance... tempting in itself but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite Tattoo! Different from anything else... Tattoo is so softening, so tenderly smooth... lips seem to grow younger the more it is used. Apply Tattoo... let it set... wipe it off... only the color stays. No pastiness... only the color... the warm red of challenge to adventure... to fate!

More than one shade of Tattoo will become you... try at least two for differing costume harmonies... select them by testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. Tattoo for lips, $1.

Then... Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of Tattoo Rouge. (for cheeks and lips) 75c.

FOUR STARTLING SHADES

Coral has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

Exotic is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective!

Natural is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

Pastel is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL

A miniature size of Tattoo (Lipstick) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10¢ to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

TATTOO, Dept. 106, 11 E. Austin Ave., Chicago.
10¢ enclosed. Send me Trial Size Tattoo (LIPSTICK) postpaid.

☐ Coral  ☐ Exotic  ☐ Natural  ☐ Pastel

Name: ________________________________
Street: ________________________________
Town: ___________________________ State: ______________________

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO
"I thank you—
I thank you ever so much—but I couldn’t even think about smoking a cigarette."

"Well, I understand,
but they are so mild and taste so good that I thought you might not mind trying one while we are riding along out here."
SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S MOTHER TELLS HOW SHIRLEY BECAME A STAR!

Clark Gable’s Real Family Life!
"Cleans better...costs less ...that's why I like it!"

These advantages alone account for the tremendous popularity of Listerine Tooth Paste

Men and women are attracted to Listerine Tooth Paste for a very simple reason. They find it cleans better than brands they have been using—and it costs less.

So that's why I like it! --

Listerine Tooth Paste does brighten teeth surprisingly. Improvement is noticeable after only a few days' use. Film and discoloring stains disappear quickly. The polishing agent is extremely gentle yet positive in action. Gritty tooth pastes have no place in today's dental care. If you are using one, try this better way.

You will be quick to notice the high lustre which Listerine Tooth Paste brings to your teeth and how much better your gums look and feel. How delightfully clean and refreshed your mouth is—just as you'd expect from a Listerine product.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. If you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢ for twice as much; saves 20% more! LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo,
• Coming events cast their shadows before
Grace Moore Offers You Grand Opera on Screen!

Everyone in Hollywood and New York motion picture circles is busy heralding a new era of musical films. Reason: Grace Moore’s new cinema, which offers enchanting interludes of operatic song. Entire scenes from “Carmen” and “Madame Butterfly” are presented, sumptuously and authentically as in any great opera house, with Miss Moore’s glorious voice to thrill you. Here is no tawdry girl-and-music show, but a civilized, dignified attempt to give intelligent screen spectators something new, decent, and different—and the attempt is highly successful. May we hear—and see, too, for she’s well worth watching!—Grace Moore in more pictures—as Violetta in that immortal musical romance, “La Traviata,” for example. This charming prima donna brings the tradition, the glamour, the authority of grand opera to the screen, and she is our Girl of the Month!
Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"... Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards...are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

Norma Shearer
Fredric March
Charles Laughton

in The BARRETT'S of WIMPOLE STREET

with
Maureen O'Sullivan
Katharine Alexander

From the play by...Rudolph Besier
Directed by...Sidney Franklin
A farce-comedy that rolled preview audiences in the aisles. Honestly, you'll enjoy Cary Grant as a light comedian, an American in Paris. He is the apple of so many French ladies' eyes that the telephone girl in his hotel decides to save him—no doubt for errands. It all leads into a merry mix-up. Edward Everett Horton and Frances Drake are also excellent. It's for grown-ups. Ranks as especially good entertainment.

A good title, but it doesn't fit—because there are no "big moments." However, ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville manage with their accustomed cleverness to make it amusing at moments. This tale has the comedy team as a pair of fake vaudeville mind-readers, called in on a mystery case. They handle their assignment seriously. It's a good idea that doesn't quite click. Good for general audiences.

Lacking important names, this delightful picture might be overlooked were you not informed in advance that it is worth seeing. The plot revolves around a woman thief who gets involved with a gentleman-crook, which leads to near-arrests, exciting getaways, and eventually romance for the two. Farce treatment makes it acceptable for general audiences. Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh head the competent cast.

Because this brings back many former favorites, Hollywood hoped it would be a good picture. It is something less than expected, sorry to say, and can't be recommended except that it gives you opportunity to see again Colleen Moore, Flora Finch, Betty Blythe, William Farnum, Henry B. Walthall, and other stars of yesterday. You know, of course, the Hawthorne classic on which this picture is based.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 56-57

Stamboul Quest M-G-M

An elaborately staged melodrama dealing with the World War. Myrna Loy is cast as the German spy who goes to Stamboul to "get the goods" on a Turk who is selling information to the enemy. George Brent is the American who falls in love, follows her to Stamboul, where devotion to duty separates them till the war is over. Does not rate your "must" list, but Miss Loy's acting makes it worthwhile, for adults.

Mcodrama that harks back a few years to the era when Emil Jannings was at his peak. But you'll like it, for it is sound "theatre," this story of a prominent man who escapes from a sinking ship in women's clothes, and in shame thereafter he stands apart and sees his family only from the obscurity of disguise. Walter Connolly is impressive as the father, and Robert Young appealing as the son. Take the family.

The first production from the company headed by John Hay Whitney affords spectacular evidence of advances in color photography. It is a short subject, runs about twenty minutes, and your time will be rewarded by a beautiful, dazzling display of artistic costuming and settings. It's all right for youngsters, too. Steffi Duna as the Mexican girl who fights to hold her lover gives a sparkling performance.

Don't let the fact that "Jane Eyre" was written for a bygone era keep you away from this very moving, sensitive, and sincerely done romance. You'll miss much if you fail to see Virginia Bruce as Jane—a beautiful, really alive Jane. It's a triumph for Miss Bruce, and for Colin Clive as Sir Edward Rochester. Handsomely staged, the Victorian atmosphere nicely achieved, "Jane Eyre" is good entertainment for everybody.
Carl LAEMMLE presents

GIFT OF GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen and Radio
—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ Edmund Lowe
★ GLORIA STUART
★ PHIL BAKER
★ Paul Lukas
★ Ethel Waters
★ Chester Morris
★ Alexander Woollcott
★ Douglass Montgomery
★ Binnie Barnes
★ Roger Pryor
★ Karloff
★ Gene Austin
★ Graham McNamee
★ Bela Lugosi
★ Alice White
★ Ruth Etting
★ June Knight
★ Victor Moore
★ Andy Devine
★ Hugh O'Connell
★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
★ Sterling Holloway
★ Henry Armetta
★ Downey Sisters
★ Beal Street Boys
★ Douglas Fowley
★ Wini Shaw
★ Helen Vinson
★ Candy and Coco
★ Surprise Personality

Hear these song hits—
“Talking to Myself,”
“Blue Sky Avenue,”
“I Ain’t Gonna Sin No More.”
“Somebody Looks Good To Me.”
“Don’t Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye.”

Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
Salutes and Snubs

You've made her a star! Yes, your applause has put little Jean Parker into big billing, and now she is the eighteenth in M-G-M's sparkling star list, in such company as Joan Crawford, Garbo, Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow. How does it seem, Jean? Still keep that little-girl appeal, won't you? We like it!

Your Salutes are cherished! Your Snubs are taken to heart! So register your film thoughts. They may win a prize for you, too!

These are exciting times in the affairs of the screen world, and picturegoers realize it as acutely as the producers and the stars. Here speaks the mind of the great mass of the public for whom all pictures are made—the millions whose patronage is the one and only objective of the collective resources of manpower and tremendous enterprise of the motion picture industry.

Your ideas have been, are, and always will be the letter and spirit of the law to which writers, directors, producers and stars must subscribe. Register your ideas and opinions on any phase of motion pictures which strikes you as the most important from your point of view—be it that a criticism, complimentary or adverse, of a particular star, a certain picture, or a broad consideration of some trend in screen entertainment.

There's a thrill in having your ideas put in the record—and the pleasant possibility of collecting handsomely in the event your letter is awarded a prize. $5.00, you know, goes to each of the writers of the best eight letters each month.

Write your letter now! Make the subject one of general interest; restrict it to fifty words. Address your letter to Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St. We cannot undertake to return letters not used for publication, so please do not make such request, and don't enclose stamps for return of your letters.

The first eight letters receive prizes of $5.00 each.

WE'RE FOR IT!

How about giving us kids a break? To us a break would be a school picture! It sure would be swell to see Tom Brown in a high school picture, having the same thrills and hopes at graduation and the same good times we have had in school. How about it?

M. E. Kelley, Athens, Me.

RURAL AMERICA SPEAKS!

I am a plain country girl, and know the type of films that appeal to our rural people—stories that thrill our youthful spirit of romance. For this reason I urge producers to film Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Maurine," Southworth's "St. Elmo," and similar novels that embody beautiful moral lessons.

Minerva Jane Heissler, 204 South 5th St., Murray, Calloway Co., Ky.

REELS MAKE RADIO REAL!

An orchid to movies for bringing radio stars to life on the screen. Movies catch 'em in their native lair—the broadcasting studio—and "bring 'em back alive." Always afterward as they broadcast you see the whole act. Homely or handsome, they are no longer ghosts, thanks to movies.

Mrs. Larry Bates, 498 Brown St., Napa, Cal.

REVOLT IN THE FACULTY!

I belong to that class known as "schoolteachers." I'll admit that as a group we are not "raving beauties," but surely we are not as terrible as the superannuated, vinegar-yarded scare-crows seen on the screen depicting school life?

Have a heart! Give us a break, Hollywood!

H. Coles Cowell, Box 373, Pensboro, Va.

FAVORITE TREES!

Maple in gorgeous fall array—Kay Francis.
Weeping willow—ZaSu Pitts.
Fragrant balsam—Mary Brian.
White birch silvered by moonlight—Jean Harlow.

(Continued on page 82)
Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You
the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that
Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe

The story of one man against a million—and of the
woman who loved him, yet
was his enemy to the death.
Told by the man who lived
this astounding romance.

LESLIE HOWARD
KAY FRANCIS
APPEAR TOGETHER FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN
"BRITISH AGENT"

With William Gargan in Cast of
Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
* * * A First National Picture * * *
Inside the Stars' Homes

1. Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow and her lovely mother welcome you! Jean shares with you her “pet” food ideas.

The latest fashionable function, as everyone is aware, is known as the Cocktail Hour. It begins at five o'clock in the afternoon and ends when the guests depart. It’s a grand excuse to see and be seen, to wear good-looking “cocktail gowns,” and to serve hors d’oeuvres.

“Personally,” confided Jean Harlow, from a brocaded fireside seat in her lovely drawing-room, “I loathe cocktails, but I adore the appetizers that go with them!”

Jean lives in a big white house set on a flowery hill. A white door, set in a deep embrasure, opens into a gracious hall from which the stairway rises; to the right, two steps lead down to the drawing-room, a dream in soft pastels. In the subdued blues, greens, beige, pale rose and white, Jean and her mother, Mrs. Bello, have an ideal background. Mrs. Bello is fair and gracious, Jean is like a flame.

Screenland will take you inside the homes of Hollywood stars—in a new way! Now you’ll share their favorite recipes, study their home furnishings, really know them! First, meet Jean!

By Betty Boone

“If we are having just two or three in to dinner, we serve cocktails and appetizers in the library, which adjoins the bar,” Jean explained, “but for a large dinner party, they are brought in here on trays.”

“It’s my idea that a good dinner shouldn’t be ruined by too much nibbling beforehand,” smiled Mrs. Bello, “so we seldom serve more than stuffed celery, two kinds of olives, small pearl onions and perhaps a bowl of nuts. But at a cocktail party or an after-theatre party, or occasionally on Sunday nights we go in for variety.

“I’ve always liked dainty things, so I collect interesting recipes and experiment with new ideas. I don’t pose as a cook, and Jean’s adventures in the culinary art are confined to the barbecue pit by the swimming pool, but both of us enjoy serving unusual dishes.”

“There’s nothing prettier than a big platter of hors d’oeuvres,” said Jean. “Not long ago, I entertained some
Reducing...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolaastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION
REDUCES
QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY

- The massage-like action of this famous Perfolaastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

- The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolaastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

In 10 Short Days You Can Be YOUR SLIMMER SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

- "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McCarley. "I reduced my waist from 34 1/2 to 32 1/2 inches," writes Mrs. B. Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol. These are only a few of the hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolaastic Girdle!

TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE of our expense!

- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer... see today!

This Illustration of the Perfolaastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolaastic Uplift Brasiere

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 East 42nd St., Dept. 7210 New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me *FREE BOOKLET* describing and illustrating the new Perfolaastic Girdle and Brasiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

City __________________ State ________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

(Continued on page 90)
Miriam Hopkins at her most alluring fails to make much of an impression on Bing Crosby; but oh, what she does to the audience!

THE fight is on! "She Loves Me Not" is the occasion for one of the merriest little picture-stealing contests you've ever watched! Miriam Hopkins, Bing Crosby's co-star, has the time of her life as a gal masquerading in collegian clothes; while Kitty Carlisle, comparative newcomer to the screen, races her for first honors, with Mr. Crosby, and your applause, as the prize. We chuckled at La Hopkins' clever comedy. We thrilled to La Carlisle's gorgeous voice and poise. Perhaps Miriam gives the better show, but somehow it's Kitty you remember. Can it be—they both win? What's YOUR verdict?

Kitty Carlisle seems to have more success with Bing. The question is, which one of the girls wins your warmest applause?
Marie D. So you want me to blaze a trail from Virginia to Hollywood, knock at the pearly gates of the Universal Studios to inquire if it would be okey-doky for you to request a picture of Carl Laemmke Jr.? By all means—ask for a picture of this young producer—and here's a toast to you if you get it! The producers and directors aren't in line for as many fan letters as the stars but it wouldn't harm them to get a line of praise, so hop to it, Marie.

Alice E. You've seen Ian Keith in many of the super-colossal films, such as "Queen Christina" and "The Sign of the Cross." Ian was born in Boston, Mass. He has black hair, blue eyes, weighs 175 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. In "The Sign of the Cross" he was Tigellinus.

Diana C. Gary Cooper would appreciate your praise of his ability as an actor. His last picture was for Metro with Marion Davies, "Operator Thirteen." In the large cast are Katherine Alexander, Jean Parker, Ted Healy, Mills Brothers, Russell Hardie and many others. Gary's previous film was "Design for Living," sharing honors with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins. At present writing Gary is making "Now and Forever" for Paramount, playing with Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

Anna M. B. The stars do not give us their home addresses for the simple reason that a letter addressed to their studio will receive the same attention as if sent to their private residence. So write to Gene Raymond at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Gene's latest releases are "Flying Down to Rio" with Dolores Del Rio; "I Am Suzanne," with Lilian Harvey; "Coming Out Party" with Frances Dee, and "Sadie McKee" with Joan Crawford.

Phyl W. of Australia. You really have a "crush" on Kay Francis, haven't you? But I'm sure Kay will not let you down. Go on, write to her—she'll love to know just how she stands in Australia. You want her cast in a picture with Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone—well, you see Kay is on the Warner-First National roster while Bob and Franchot are with M-G-M; so as Patsy Kelly, one of my favorite comedians, says: "So there you are!"

Phyllis G. None other than the very popular Neil Hamilton came from his home town, Lynn, Mass. Jean Harlow is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 122 pounds. Mae West is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds; Ina Claire is 5 feet 6 inches; Una Merkel is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds; and Bette Daniels is 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 120 pounds.

Sister Snu. We seem to be waking up to the fact that Diana Wynyard is one of the most clever and interesting personalities of the screen. She was born on January 16, 1908, in London, England. She is 5 feet 6½ inches tall, weighs 127 pounds and has dark blue eyes and golden brown hair.

Elizabeth Allan poses in a black and white creation, above. Elizabeth continues to progress cinematically as more parts come her way.

J. H. of Budapest. I wouldn't have space in my column to give you the names of all the pictures Frank Capra has directed here are a few: "The Donovan Affair," "Flight," "No Greater Glory," "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night," and his latest "Broadway Bill." Frank Capra, born in Italy, came to America, and was educated in the grade and high schools of Los Angeles, Cal. He also attended the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, Cal. His screen career started as a writer; then he became a director. Among his earlier pictures are "The Strong Man," "Long Pants," and "For the Love of Mike." He is the father of a new baby boy.

Lyne B. I haven't space for addresses in this department but I'll give you a few of your favorites' latest releases and you can drop them a line at the studio that produced the picture. Charles Starrett and Ralph Bellamy both appeared in "This Man is Mine," with Irene Dunne, released by RKO-Radio Pictures. William Janney was in the cast with Jean Muir in "As the Earth Turns" and "A Modern Hero." with Richard Barthelmess and Jean Muir, released by Warners. Wynne Gibson was in "Sleepers East," released by Fox Films. Nancy Carroll, after a turn on the New York stage, came back to the screen in "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger, for Fox release.

Naomi D. Your favorite, Robert Armstrong, is a free-lance player. One of his later releases was "She Made Her Bed," produced by Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. You..gh! try to locate him at that studio. In this release, Bob played in support of Richard Arlen, Sally Eilers, Grace Bradley and Richard Arlen, Jr. And wasn't young Master Arlen a honey? Father Dick will have to look to his laurels when sonny is on the screen. Am I right, folks?
WHOOPLA LUPE
Paprika on chile con carne, Scarlet Cellophane frock with black organdy bows, Urchin with tongue sticking out.

LIPPY COOPER

By Marie House

Prelude to Personalities

As presented in two-dimensional funtraits of six cinema favorites

SOCK-EYE CAGNEY
Peck's Bad Boy in Boy Scout pants. Ginger cookies snapping at each other. Bantam rooster with hoarse crow.

LAMP-EYED DIETRICH
Grand Rapids lamp-shade with cerise fringe. Jasmin perfume by the gallon. Too many white camellias.

SMUG DOUG

TWO-SNEER POWELL
Desperate Desmond up to his sneers in villainy. Romantic whispers in a formal garden. Black satin knee-breeches.
DEAR JIMMY:

I want to apologize. I always thought you were Hollywood’s Play-Boy Number One or at least sharing that honor with Jack Oakie. I liked you all right, and thought you might make a good actor some day—say in 1999, when you finally grew up, if ever. But I never, I admit it, took you very seriously. How could I? You were the Perpetual Juvenile; the Anything-for-a-Laugh Boy; the Courtin’ Clown of pictures.

And then—well, Jimmy, right now I want to say I was wrong about you. From now on, you are on my list of preferred players. And all because of a certain little sprite of five, whose name I have vowed not to mention once more in this issue. You know whom I mean. Everybody knows, Miss Shir-ley Temple. Catch on? It seems she’s a success. And all of a sudden the public voiced to the exhibitors of the country an unsuppressed desire to see her in anything and everything made of celluloid. There were objections, I hear—notably from one great big he-man star who is still pouting because she was billed as his co-star, and he didn’t want any little five-year-old upstart co-starring with him, no, sir; he just wouldn’t stand for it. (But he stood for it). And then a James Dunn picture, “Baby Take a Bow,” was scheduled. You were to be the star of the show. That is, until the audiences began to howl for—you know who; and you found yourself a member of the supporting cast.

Did you sulk? Did you scream? You did not. You went right into that picture and gave the performance of your life. Instead of fighting that child-wonder, you loved her, and showed it in all your scenes. You clowned, you danced, you emoted with her; and those scenes of you together will remain in my memory among the most charming, most refreshing ever filmed. And you won the hearts not only of your audience, but of the child you played with. You’re her favorite actor. It may have been just smart showmanship on your part, I prefer to believe, and please don’t stop me even if I am wrong, that you’re one of the few who can take a joke, even if it’s on you. Congratulations.

Jimmy Dunn, good sport! “Baby Take a Bow” was originally his own starring picture, but Shirley Temple’s amazing popularity put her name over his. Read how Jimmy took it. Right, Mr. Dunn demonstrates that he can play other scenes besides Shirley-support!
THIS is a story about Hollywood's outstanding friendship. It is about the magnificent good fellowship that binds a step-father and his children.

It is the story of Clark Gable's fond regard for his own step-children, Georgianna and Alfred, and of their equal respect and love for him.

Actually, the comradeship involves Gable and Alfred more than Gable and Georgianna, because, while Clark is fond of his step-daughter, his real affection is devoted to Al. Between the two of them there is an almost father-and-son-like quality to their mutual admiration.

One remark that Gable uttered, when I went out to his house to talk with him about the children, struck me as being almost a "believe it or not." Clark said that neither the son nor the daughter has the slightest interest in motion pictures except as a mode of entertainment!

"Georgianna has been inside the studio fewer than half a dozen times," Gable told me. "Alfred has been there only twice. One of his visits was for the express purpose of meeting me, to go with me on a fishing trip. The other time, he came to watch the photographing of an intricate process shot for a picture called 'Night Flight.' Al wants to be an aeronautical engineer; in fact, he is already studying toward that end. He came to the studio because he was anxious to observe at close quarters our studio method of making technical shots of airplane maneuvers."

"He is interested in aeronautical engineering?" I echoed. "You mean, he doesn't want to follow in your footsteps; he doesn't want to become a screen star?"

"He wants to be an engineer," Gable repeated. "He doesn't like motion pictures. He particularly dislikes all the ballyhoo that goes with the business. Do you know, he refuses to pose for photographs with me, because he doesn't want his face plastered all over! He has seen people crowd around me in public places, demanding autographs. He doesn't want to be Clark Gable's son, and have to stand for the same pawing. At school, few
For the first time Clark talks about his step-children! Here's a new and refreshing slant on a Hollywood idol!

came to me two years ago. Al likes dogs; in fact, he's crazy about them. Likes all sorts of animals, as far as that goes. But dogs in particular. Pedigreed or mongrel, dogs are dogs to Al, and he takes them like a nose to a sweet flower. Well, I had just arrived home from the studio, a couple of years ago, when I saw Al coming down the street from school, swinging his books on a strap. Between the boy and our house, a neighbor was taking her big dog out for an airing.

"Boylike, Al stepped up to the dog and extended his hand. Without warning, the dog leaped for his throat. Al thrust up his arm to protect himself, and thus deflected the dog's aim, so that instead of seizing the bare throat, he caught Al's chin and lower lip between his jaws. The girl-owner screamed, and jerked on the leash. Her jerks pulled the dog loose, but the animal's teeth left a jagged, ugly cut across the boy's lower face."

"During the entire sickening episode, Al didn't utter a sound. The whole thing transpired so rapidly that I hadn't time to aid him, although I started at once, of course. When I reached his side, he was walking toward home, and the blood was pouring from the wound. I hurried him into the house, summoned a doctor, and watched while the physician cauterized and dressed the wound. Not once, from the moment the dog leaped for him until the end of the episode, did Al open his mouth."

"I believe that was the day when I first discovered a deep respect for him. I had loved him before, naturally, but nothing had ever taken place to make me want to put my arm around his shoulders—as I did immediately following the doctor's departure. We've been pals ever since; real pals."

"Al often goes with me on fishing and camping trips. When we go away on such jaunts, we don't take a flock of servants with us. We go (Continued on page 94)
Everyone Should Have a Baby!

Says Edward G. Robinson, in a story he has wanted to tell the world since the day his son was born!

By Dena Reed

Mussolini and Edward G. Robinson agree on one thing—everyone should have a baby!

A great name on the Broadway stage won't do; Hollywood stardom won't suffice; a happy marriage, a beautiful home, wealth, prestige—one of these means anything without eight pounds or so of wailing babyhood—"that links you both to the past and to the future—otherwise you are lost in space!"

It's Robinson talking, the star whom you have thought of as ruthless, calculating, kind, or cruel as the script calls for. Actually he's one of our most intelligent actors, a charming gentleman, and at the moment, the most enthusiastic of fathers, to say the least.

"The story I've wanted to see in print about myself is 'Everyone Should Have a Baby,'" he declared, "even by request of Edward Robinson," he declared. "I'd like to see it in big letters across the page. And I mean it!" he added as he puffed on his pipe like a real family man and grinned across at me. "Honestly you don't begin to live until you've had a child. It's the most important thing in life for either a man or a woman."

"A woman, perhaps," I conceded, "but a man? Isn't your career more important?"

"My son is more important to me than ten careers, and yet paradoxically he has given my career a new importance. I always wanted to make good pictures about real characters. Now I wouldn't want to make anything that that boy of mine won't some day be proud of. But aside from that, a man doesn't realize how selfish he's been until he's a father. He's loved his wife and worked and lived for himself. But a baby is the link between the past and the future. After all I and my career will be forgotten some day, but Eddie, Jr., is a production that I hope will never be forgotten. Having a child is a true resurrection or whatever you want to call it. But I'm not talking selfishly now. My son was an individual before he was born. It's uncanny, but Gladys would tell me all the mannerisms he was (Continued on page 89)
"I Don't Think I'm Funny!"

So says Zasu Pitts, Hollywood's paradox, here revealed as she really is in an exclusive interview

By

James B. Fisher

"I DON'T think I'm funny! Most of the time I'm very serious!" This from Zasu Pitts!

At that precise moment, W. C. Fields, enacting a drunk scene, pulled over an old-fashioned wash bowl and pitcher with the handle of his ever-present cane. The crash of breaking crockery seemed almost like a premeditated exclamation point for Zasu's startling remark. She nodded in his direction. "There is my favorite comedian—nose and all!"

We were perched on the edge of a set being used in the filming of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Paramount Studio. Zasu was obviously thrilled at the prospect of working with W. C. Fields and Pauline Lord. She has the greatest admiration for both of them.

"Quiet!" shouted the director. His assistants supplied the echoes. As I watched "W. C." break another pitcher and bowl I had ample opportunity to speculate on Zasu's strange statement. It does not seem so unusual when you really know her.

You see, the comic side of Zasu Pitts is the only side her fans may now see, but the real Zasu has always been of an essentially melancholy nature. It is said that every comic, every circus clown desires to play a tragic role. Charlie Chaplin wants to play "Hamlet"—but he can't; Zasu Pitts does not want to be Ophelia—but she could!

Zasu has put the "reverse English" on a moss-covered theory, and from tragic or heavy dramatic roles has progressed to comedy. The instant she appears on the screen is the accepted moment for thousands of movie fans to break into such hearty laughter that her lines cannot be heard. Yet she has not always been a comedienne. In fact, her career started with a high-school play in which she portrayed so well a serious role in which both Maude Adams and Mrs. Fiske had starred that she was prompted by the unanimous praise of her townspeople to come (Continued on page 72)
If there is any dictum guaranteed to make the Hollywood newspaper man see red it is the CLOSED SET sign staring him in the face just when he is in the frame of mind to drop in and pick up a little studio gossip on the Hollywood honeys at work.

"How come you can't set foot on Norma Shearer's sacred 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' set when you can get on to watch such swell trouper as John Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn, (yes, it has been done), Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable, William Powell, Cagney and Blondell, Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor, Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow and dozens of other first trench stars of these Hollywood studios?" I recently heard a young syndicate writer squawk to high heaven, and the M-G-M publicity department. He got the stock reply. "For the same reason you can't get on Greta Garbo's, Mae West's, Constance Bennett's, Marlene Dietrich's or Ann Harding's!" returned the peppery young thing who dishes out answers as well as publicity. "It's a rule!"

"You mean it's a rush of importance to the head!" retorted the young syndicator.

And generally speaking, that's just about the way the boys and girls who have fought tooth and nail to get on the inside of such pictures in the making as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Scarlet Empress" and other big films feel about it.

If you can drop in and watch John Barrymore and Fredric March going through their dramatic paces,
Many stars have strange reasons for closing their sets to the press, their friends, and all visitors. You'll want to read why!

By Dorothy Manners

On the "call sheet" at Paramount where they keep track of the various companies in production from day to day, there was one sheet reading: Working on Stage 6. . . . Miss West . . . Mr. Brown the General and two maids. THIS SET IS ABSOLUTELY CLOSED TO EVERYONE INCLUDING THE PRESS. DO NOT EMBARRASS THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT BY ATTEMPTING TO MAKE EXCEPTION TO THIS RULING.

"And that can't be," said the gentleman who was reading over my shoulder, "because Mae is timid. She's been working on the stage before audiences all her life. Funny to see Mae going movie star on us!"

Well, he was right on one point! It does not make Mae nervous to be watched by an audience, even when she is going through her wiggliest paces.

But it does make her hopping mad to be the victim of rumors which have cropped up from set "bystanders."

The first (Continued on page 76)
EVER since Shirley Temple has flashed across the screen stealing the spotlight from Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, Joan Crawford, and the other famous and established stars, every mother in America has wanted to know just how Shirley's mother did it!

Of course, not every mother wants her child to be a movie star. But seeing little Shirley up there on the screen has made many a mother wonder if her child has the potentialities that are expressed in Shirley. Maybe a little more spinach—? Or getting to bed an hour earlier every night—? Or taking dancing lessons—? Certainly it would do no harm to have one's own darling demonstrate the grace and intelligence, the glowing health and spontaneity that distinguish Shirley from all the other children in Hollywood—and the world at large. So let's see what Mrs. Temple says about it all. Has she a secret formula? Does she follow the most popular current methods? Or is she just an old-fashioned mother in a new setting?

First, let me introduce you to Shirley as I saw her. Oh, I know you've read about her, and have seen innumerable pictures of her. But that isn't quite the same as spending days with her, as I did. I must confess that her charm completely captivated me right at the outset. Nothing could ever keep this child in the background. She's a very definite personality, destined to stand out from the crowd. A happy, sturdy little girl with dancing eyes, generous dimples, and curly blonde hair that is natural. No "smartiness" whatever, I assure you.

I watched Shirley do a dramatic and very poignant scene with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in "Now and Forever," and Shirley's heartbroken sobs when she thinks her Daddy, (Gary), has failed her, were so realistic that I had to blink hard to keep from weeping with her.

"How do you do it?" I asked her, as we walked off the set.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, simply. "I just pretend I'm sad and then I cry."

"Tell me about her," I asked Mrs. Temple, as we seated ourselves on a bench a few feet from the table where Shirley and her little stand-in, Marilyn Granas, were already happily painting with water colors the fantastic drawings of elephants that Gary had made for her, while Rachel Smith, the studio teacher, sat beside them.

Mrs. Temple is an attractive young woman with much charm. She, too, remains unspoiled by the success showered upon Shirley. She admits that rearing a screen star is a big responsibility but adds that it is a grand adventure.

"Shirley is my dream-daughter come true," she said.

"I always wanted a little girl but when two fine sons came it seemed as if our family was complete. My life became filled with domestic and social duties and I had almost given up the idea of another baby. But the desire for a daughter persisted and I knew I'd never be contented until she came.

"During the months before her birth I pushed aside everything else and concentrated on her perfect develop-
For the first time, the mother of the baby screen sensation reveals just how she has brought up her famous daughter! Everything every other mother wants to know about raising a child to be a movie star is told here. And Shirley’s admirers of assorted ages will enjoy it, too!

By Maude Cheatham
Bellamy Isn't Baffled!

Stage or pictures, if it's acting, Ralph takes it all in his stride!

By

Was Ralph Bellamy's decision to pack off to the East to make a picture in New York this summer the prelude to a contemplated Hollywood desertion by one of the films well-favored and highly competent leading men?

That question was bound to arise about an actor, free from contractual obligations to any of the studios but much in demand by most of them, who suddenly quit the Hollywood scene for New York. In Bellamy's case the question became the father to a report that he planned a return to the stage he had walked out on four years ago to accept motion picture offers.

The rumor did not throw Ralph Bellamy into a pet. As a matter of fact one judges that it would take a good deal to disturb the calm good humor of the powerfully-built chap who, a moment before, had breezed into his hotel, after working under studio lights on one of the hottest days New York had known in years, with the announcement that he was "feeling fine. No kidding, this is my weather. I like it hot like this."

"If I do a play," he said in reply to my question, "it will be for the purpose of giving the picture fans a rest from me, and myself a rest to prevent staleness, more than through any desire to return to the theatre as a matter of preference between the studio and the stage."

Ralph had had time to accept the drink which Mrs. Bellamy prepared for us, and sprawled informally on a divan, the enthusiasm he expressed for pictures was as convincing as his declaration about how the hot weather was to his liking. If the big fellow wanted it "hot" he was getting what he wanted. If only he didn't look so comfortable, I might have drawn some measure of spiteful satisfaction from the spectacle of a person having such absurd ideas get his wish and jolly well pay for them. His white cheviot jacket was buttoned, his blue shirt was open at the throat, as it was designed to be, even his occasional sipping of the cooling libation he held in his hand seemed more a gesture of the polite host than for any refreshment he required from it.

"I always want to be in pictures," he went on. "When the time comes that I can no longer act regularly in them, I'll try to become a director, and if I can't direct, I'll do something else connected with the production of motion pictures."

"I feel sure of that, because I believe I am more thoroughly 'sold' on pictures as medium of dramatic expression than any player who has gone into films from the stage."

One might expect an actor who had successfully thwarted the efforts of the casting directors to "type" him, and who as a free lance for a couple of years has played at most of the major studios—something which involves plenty of worries—to crow just a bit. To enjoy at least a little laugh at Hollywood's expense.

At least I expected that, and I tried a lead in that direction. No dice! Bellamy, while not by any means a yes-man for Hollywood, seems too interested in pictures for their own sake to be concerned with any of the more petty or superficial phases of the business.

By the time this interview appears in type, facts about Bellamy's return to the stage may be a matter of public record. In that event, the (Continued on page 92)
T HE girl who thought she was "too tall and too funny-faced" to be a motion picture prospect, today stands among the relatively few who have forged ahead from film obscurity to co-stardom after two picture performances!

Just what kind of record should be written to the credit of Kitty Carlisle because of the rapidity of her ascent to prominence, I frankly don't know. Moreover, I don't think it sufficiently important to invoke the statistics for purposes of inscribing the details here.

Sufficiently complete will be this particular record with matters more closely associated with the new singing actress who within a few months of her first appearance on a movie lot has been nominated for co-stardom with Bing Crosby.

To begin with, Kitty Carlisle is so typically herself that there's no sensible reason for drawing parallels. In the first place the pictures went to Kitty—which, these days, is something like the mountain hiking across the continent to pay a visit to a bungalow by the sea!

And if there is something to what Kitty smilingly suggested when she said that "maybe it was the black tights" she wore in her role in "Champagne Sec" on the stage, which attracted the movie scouts, we'll wager not one of the talent-seekers who offered her screen tests in behalf of their bosses would admit that today.

 Personally, I am all for giving the scouts full credit for knowing a screen possibility when they see and hear one playing in a Broadway musical—black tights to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is the fact, recorded in the public prints after that opening night on Broadway, that the picture scouts formed files and marched behind Mr. Dwight Winman, producer of "Champagne Sec," to Kitty's dressing room. Waving option contracts and thrusting fountain pens at her, the scouts made a rush for Kitty before she even had a chance to get out of the tights which gave a silken sheen to her shapely limbs. The scouts meant business.

But alas and alack, the chaps who thought they were Johnnies on the spot were to meet disappointment—and at the hands of one of their own number. A Paramount scout, you see, had caught the show out of town, and in the arty quiet of Westport, Connecticut, had secured Kitty Carlisle's name on the dotted line promising his company first screen test. She made good her promise, and that was the only screen test Kitty made. For the Paramount chiefs looked at the result, made their terms, and the day after "Champagne Sec" ran down its last curtain, Kitty was on her way to Hollywood.

When you meet this tallish, dark-haired girl with the responsive, buoyant manner, the first impression is that Kitty Carlisle is one of those people fortunately endowed with a sense of direction and self-assurance that enables them to take everything "in stride."

The scene of this interview was a hotel apartment in New York, during a between-pictures vacation on which Kitty had intended to renew acquaintances in Manhattan after her stay in Hollywood.

"My last vacation in New York," said Kitty, a trifle breathless from running back and forth from one room to another donning millinery and other gee-gaws to be photographed in some of the newer inventions in feminine finery being readied by (Continued on page 92)
Would You be Happy?

By Ruth Tildesley

Mrs. Natalie M. Kalmus, artist and color expert, who tells you what colors to wear, and which ones to avoid.

COLORS are more important than you think! You shouldn’t wear blue just because you have blue eyes, or black because you aren’t as slender as you were, or gray and red because those are your class colors. Oh, no! You should choose the shades that enhance your own particular personality.

There are colors that can make you look taller, there are those that have a slimming effect, and there are colors that give apparent warmth or coolness or make you feel depressed.

“Poor choice of color can ruin your progress in business or spoil your social aspirations,” states Natalie M. Kalmus, artist and expert who passes on the color used in costumes and sets in motion pictures.

“It’s a good idea to wear shades that will emphasize your coloring. A New York scientist claims that sixty per cent of personality is expressed through your eyes. So the average blue-eyed woman thinks that she should

Kay Francis, Brunette

Janet Gaynor, Red-Head

Brunettes like Kay Francis should go in for peach, apricot, and yellow; for Copenhagen blue and golden brown, according to our authority.

Girls with red hair and brown eyes, like Janet Gaynor, are advised to wear soft tones of green, turquoise blue, various browns with pink.
Watch Your Colors!

Want to wear the colors most harmonious to your type? Share with the screen stars an authority's advice. You'll be entertained!

wear blue of the same intensity as her eyes and her problem is settled. But it isn’t; she is decreasing the effectiveness of her personality.

"What she should do is to wear colors in tones of the complement to blue which is orange; that is, she should choose some tone of orange, apricot, or peach, to build up her distinction of person—another name for personality."

Mrs. Kalmus would like to see Loretta Young wear a sort of grayish orange—a low tone of orange—because of her blue eyes and soft brown hair.

"Pastels are for her, because of her youth, and amethyst is especially good. Warm yellows and henna tones going into darker browns for street wear, are excellent (Continued on page 97)

Loretta Young, Medium

Ann Harding, Blonde

Blues for blondes! But the Ann Harding type can also wear to advantage the yellows, browns, and rusts, suggests our color expert.

Are you the medium type, like Loretta Young? Then you should select pastel colors, warm yellows, and low tones of orange, apricot or peach.
AT LAST!
The Real Saga of Sullavan!

By
Hilary Lynn

FOR some time I’ve had a burning desire to get to the bottom of all these fabulous contradictions concerning the incorrigible (by hearsay) Sullivan. (Please note: the I is conspicuous by its absence—as it usually is in Miss Sullivan’s infrequent interviews with the press! And that’s one of the things that give the publicity boys at Universal nervous indigestion. After all, how can they expect to have stories printed about her when she won’t talk about herself?)

One of the current rumors about her is—she is bitter, resentful, selfish; that nothing can touch her. Which is the reason, they say, that she avoids people. Another is that she’s high-hat—not in the Garbo way, but insulting in the Hepburn way. An act, it’s reported. And then again, another theory—voiced by the group who’ve been reading too much modern psychology—is that this strange Sullivan girl is eaten up by a deep-seated inferiority complex which, they say, is due to the fact (so they pretend to have discovered from reliable sources), that she was a very strange child, aloof and distant and much later in developing than other children. Or to the much more provocative fact that her early marriage to a fellow actor, in those gay days when she was in summer stock in the vacation coast towns of New England, didn’t take.

So Hollywood speculates and ties itself into knots, and invents stories that are about 50,000 miles removed from the truth about Sullivan! What makes it doubly hard to make either heads or true tales out of all this false hearsay is that “Peggy” doesn’t like to talk about herself.

Well, well, well! How would you really like to know the truth about her?

If we were trying to analyze Margaret Sullivan, (which we are not), we’d probably say the Hollywood fault-finders object to her because she is too normal. Take just a few indications of that alarming quality: Born in Norfolk, Virginia, she developed like any other healthy American child—slightly on the tomboy side, up through the guinea-pig-rabbit-white-mice-baby-bird-alli-

Margaret Sullivan today, above. Right, “Peggy” Sullivan the débutante, in the white tulle frock she wore when she was presented to Norfolk, Virginia, society at the opening ball of the Norfolk German Club in the fall of 1929.
Solving the mystery of Margaret! All your questions about the brilliant young star are answered in this story with newly revealed facts and family photographs!

Left: Miss Sullavan as she appeared as Puck in the May Day play at Chatham Episcopal Institute, Chatham, Virginia, in 1927.

The lovely young lady below is "Peggy" as she looked in the old-fashioned white organdie costume which she wore at the Washington and Lee fancy dress ball in Norfolk in January, 1930. Never before have these photographs been published.

She was just two years old when the picture above was snapped! We are indebted to Miss Sullavan for permitting us to show you these hitherto unpublished photographs.

gator-dog-and-cat stage to the Girl Scout period. From the age of 13 to 18 she did nothing else but swim, dive, ride, and shoot—things that most Hollywood actresses don't learn until they arrive in the film colony. Spending every summer at girls' camps in Vermont and New Hampshire, she acquired a nice, spicy New England flavor to add to that soft mellow Southern one. Any girl who couldn't climb a mountain range, blaze a trail, take a three-day canoe trip down the Connecticut River in any kind of weather, and sleep on its banks at night beside a camp-fire, was just a sissy to young "Peggy" Sullavan!

Which fact, somehow, puts a kink in those theories about her being a strange, unmanageable, inhibited child.

And she frankly admits that she didn't have any great urge to go on the stage. There was none of that standing before the mirror at night, doing the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and repeating to herself: "I'm going to be a second Sarah Bernhardt—I'm going to be a second Sarah Bernhardt!"

"If I thought about the stage at all," she told me, "it was probably in the same adolescent, secretly dreaming way I might have thought it fun to have been one of the greatest courtesans of the 18th century French court. It was as romantic and as remote from my life as that!"

And probably only because of the chance suggestion of a school chum that Peggy try out for a part in her school commencement play, "Bab, the Sub-Deb," have we had the moving experience of seeing Margaret Sullavan on the screen.

But even after that amateur success, acting wasn't the great compulsion in Peggy's (Continued on page 84)
New Girls, New Boys!

“Finds” are the life-blood of the film industry! Meet this group of possible stars of tomorrow

By
James M. Fidler

N O MOTION picture company is more progressive than the Fox organization in the current race to build new stars for the years to come. In past articles of this series dealing with studio newcomers, I have taken SCREENLAND readers on tours through the Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Warner Brothers studios, and on each occasion, I introduced you to the respective young contract players of the lot visited.

The Fox Film Company has almost twice as many “starlets” under contract as its nearest competitor in that field, Warner Brothers. To be more precise, the Fox organization now has a stock company numbering forty-five newcomers. Officials of the company are ready to wager that at least five of these will develop into stars, and that another ten will become featured players.

Before I take you from dressing-room to dressing-room, where you will meet, in person, these comely youngsters, permit me to tell you something about the Fox Dramatic School.

This school is an innovation on the part of studio officials, who hope thus to train raw material into finished product, prepared to handle difficult acting that may be entrusted to them in years to come.

Daily between the hours of nine and twelve noon, dramatic classes are conducted at the Fox studio. Morris Ankrum, veteran writer-actor-director, and Lilian Barkley, well-known dramatic coach, are in charge. Under the tutelage of these two capable leaders, the stock players engage in one-act dramas. Twice monthly, the entire troupe are given lengthy screen tests. Their development as actors and actresses is proven in their tests. The school will eventually bring about a survival of the fittest. Young players who show no promise after months of training will be released from contract, and new talent will replace them.

The building of physical bodies, as well as the development of histrionic talent, is part of the school work. Setting up exercises, bi-weekly classes at the beach, swimming and dancing lessons, and other routine designed to fit bodies for the strenuous grind of acting in motion pictures, are all a part of the Fox school.

The pupils, (if they may be so designated), are taught how to walk, talk, eat, and conduct themselves generally. They acquire poise. Their individual charm is developed. An intensive course in the Fox Dramatic School is almost the equal of a thorough finishing school education.

It is from this school that Fox officials have already graduated several promising young players. It is from this school that the company hopes to pluck many of its principal players during the years to come.

Now, follow me to Dressing-Room Row. Past imposing administration buildings we go, pausing to admire the refreshing green lawns and flowers that surround these buildings. Down beyond the row of projection rooms, where motion pictures in their infancy are projected and re-projected, cut and edited, finally to emerge in finished form for exhibition in every corner of the world. And there, in those beautiful, cheerful bungalows and general quarters, are the dressing-rooms. Come along; let’s meet the Fox starlets.

No doubt you are already familiar with the (Continued on page 80)
Claudette Steps Out!

WHAT with a clean-up campaign on in Hollywood and every one doing an Iris March and dying for purity the night-club owners were just about to throw Jack Oakie and Lyle Talbot out into the night and close up shop when who should suddenly appear on their door-steps but—of all people—Claudette Colbert! Looking like a feminine foible de luxe. My, my, were they surprised! Orchestras began to play, Ross and Sergeant and Gene Austin began to sing, necks began to rubber—("It can't be Claudette Colbert, silly! She never goes out at night. Migosh, it is Claudette Colbert!")—and Mr. DeMille's Cleopatra began to swig a great big glass of milk. It was indeed an Occasion.

Well, the following morning when I read in Louella's column that Claudette had been seen dancing at the Cocoanut Grove the night before, and the next morning I read that Claudette had looked radiant-ly lovely at the Marion Davies Benefit Ball at the Biltmore, and the next morning I read that Claudette had been seen at a late hour at the King's Club along with Marlene Dietrich, Douglas Montgomery, Carole Lombard and Russ Colombo, and the next morning I read that one of the most beautiful guests at Junior Laemmle's costume ball was Claudette—well, I just sort of said to myself, for a nice home girl she certainly manages to get about.

Claudette has never before joined in the "social life," as we playfully call it, of our village. Crooners have come and crooners have gone at the Cocoanut Grove but Claudette has never heard them. Many a hostess has written her a note saying "Dinner at eight" only to receive three dozen white roses at six. Except for an occasional play or preview ten o'clock has usually found Claudette on the safe side of her Brentwood door. Indeed, a Hollywood chauffeur's dream is to drive for Claudette Colbert. She has never been one to pal around with her producers, her directors, and her fellow players. She gives very few dinner parties, usually the same people, and goes to even fewer. (Continued on page 74)

Here's a Colbert you never knew before—and she's the Best!

By

Elizabeth Wilson
Inspiration + Study + Work = Success!

She has inspired many stars! Frances Robinson-Duff.

How would you like to meet the person that Katharine Hepburn adores? That Douglas Montgomery visits three times a day? That Helen Hayes, Miriam Hopkins, Ruth Chatterton and countless other stars from Hollywood to Broadway consider an invaluable friend?

Of course, you would! So, come along with me to a four-story English basement house in the fashionable East Sixties of New York and let me introduce you to Frances Robinson-Duff. Her vibrant personality is the power behind the voices of some of your favorite players. She turns nasal tones into silvery notes, and flat, dull speech into rich, shaded inflections. Small wonder that any ambitious actor will sacrifice every leisure hour, (and a goodly portion of his salary!), to study vowels and consonants with her.

Seated on a throne chair in her Louis Seize study on the top floor, where autographs of the famous, old program clippings, and pictures from her own theatrical scrapbook adorn the walls, she likes to reminisce about the illustrious pupils she has been privileged to teach during the past thirty-four years.

It was exactly thirteen years ago that Ina Claire first came to her. John Gilbert had not as yet crossed her path, but she had other problems!

"I have 'corns' on my larynx. Can you help me?" Ina wanted to know.

Frances Duff not only cured her "corns," but taught her breathing, enunciation, diction, pantomime, voice placement, interpretation of roles, and the fundamental rules of drama and comedy which govern the art of the theatre.

For thirteen years, she has continued to coach her in every rôle. Even when Miss Claire made her talking screen début in "The Royal Family" Miss Duff watched and worked every day to see that "dat ole debil mike" played no tricks on her prize pupil.

It was about three years ago that another ambitious actress brought her problems to this great teacher. She had just graduated from Bryn Mawr and had joined a stock company in Baltimore.

"I've had no previous practical experience," she announced. "I'm awkward—my voice is New England at its worst—and I'm flagrantly amateur. What I need is technical training in all branches of dramatic expression. Will you take me on?"

Miss Duff's eyes wandered to the picture of a young girl, whose large picture hat framed the interesting, angular face of Katharine Hepburn.

"I liked her frank, direct manner, and sensed immediately
Read how some of your screen favorites developed those talents you admire today

Want to read a letter from Katharine Hepburn’s mother? You have her permission, so go ahead—below, and right.

My dear Miss Duff,

I saw that play in Washington, and I want you to congratulate you on what you have done; it is lovely!

Katharine Hepburn
April 11, 1934

her potential greatness,” Miss Duff told me. “We started in to work at once—Katharine had just been given the feminine lead opposite Kenneth MacKenna in the stage play, ‘The Big Pond.’ Her voice was crisp and cultured, but had a strident tone to it. The first few lessons were spent placing the voice in its entire scale by finding her individual key. She proved an indetachable student—and a quick one.

“The night ‘The Big Pond’ was to open at Great Neck for its tryout performance prior to the Broadway premiere, I was detained in New York, and couldn’t get there until just before curtain. I made Katharine promise me that she would see no one, eat a light supper and relax in her dressing-room until her first call. But the poor darling was far too nervous and excited by the ordeal confronting her, to remember my rigid instructions! She was like a race-horse, tense at the leash, raring to go—and go she did, exhausting every ounce of her energy! Naturally, she had little left to sustain her through three acts of a professional début.

“I had been with her during all the rehearsals of the play, and had watched her bring to her rôle the same consummate art that two years later was to bring her world recognition. I knew that when she opened on Broadway, she would be duly acclaimed. But the producers sitting out front at Great Neck that night, were less optimistic.

“‘She’s not good enough for Broadway,’ was their snap judgment. ‘Give her notice after to-

By Radie Harris

night’s performance. She won’t do.’

“It was a terrific blow, but Katharine took it like a Spartan. She didn’t shed a tear—just sat opposite me, white and gaunt.

“‘Aren’t you proud of me?’ she demanded.

“‘No, I’m not,’ I retorted. ‘I’d much rather see you give vent to your feelings in a burst of hysteria!’”

Miss Duff’s soft brown eyes flashed in reminiscent amusement. “I realized then and there how much New England, ‘repression’ I would delve through before kindling the flame!”

I thought (Continued on page 94)

Above, Douglass Montgomery, a Duff pupil. At left, Kenneth MacKenna “discovers” Hepburn!
THE LOVE STORY OF ONE WOMAN AND ONE MAN...

That mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today.

FOX FILM Presents

THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY

MADELEINE CARROLL FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley
Best wishes to all my friends everywhere.

Sincerely,

Hammer Stagler
Sea-Going Siren!

We can't fool you! Of course Mary Carlisle is much too busy being an ornament to the current cinema to embark on a voyage, but doesn't she make a grand picture against this nautical background? Very seeworthy indeed!

Virgil Apger
Shore Leave!

Rare portrait of the Arlen, Senior and Junior. Usually they're afloat — both Dicks have been to Europe and back, to say nothing of sailing in the family yacht. But here they are in their own back-yard! Enjoying themselves too!

Eugene Robert Richee
Swanson, Song Bird!

It's all right! After all the suspense, Gloria, actress and singer, will be with you very soon as the heroine of "Music in the Air," with John Boles.

Clarence Sinclair Bull
Exclusive pictures of the Santa Monica residence of Norma Shearer and her producer-husband—and don’t forget Irving, Jr.!

All photographs exclusive to Screenland, by
Clarence Sinclair Bull

The Thalberg home, left, as seen from the Palisades behind the house. Of French-Normandy inspiration, the house faces the Pacific.

Above, a view of the master bedroom, which carries out the color scheme of chartreuse, Delft blue, and oyster white. The headboard of the twin beds is covered in chartreuse velvet. Draperies are cream and blue.

The entrance to the Shearer-Thalberg home is through a grass-carpeted, wer-filled courtyard, leading to the hospitably inviting door.

Above, a bit of the nursery of Irving, Jr. The colors are rose, blue, and ivory white. See the pictures of Irving and Norma?

Norma’s dressing table, left, made of two-toned honey-colored wood, with chairs covered in Delft blue and chartreuse satin. The carpet and walls are oyster white.

The dining room, above. Half of the honey-colored chairs are covered in two-toned gray; the others in two-toned yellow. The screen is ivory and gold. Rug is blue-green.
A Grin from Cary Grant!

AND you'd better cherish it, because Cary is going to be pretty busy from now on posing for moving pictures, rushing into another new film right after completing two cinemas in quick succession—a large order but Cary's equal to it!
GRACE BRADLEY glorifies, once and for all, that shimmering stuff that started out wrapping cigarette packages and now appears as evening capes and Joan Crawford dance backgrounds—in short, Cellophane arrives, and Grace with it!
Typically Tracy!

Hand-picked portrait of an actor who hates to pose for 'em! We cornered Spencer and persuaded him to look right out at you, and here's the result!
"Honey" Hudson!

But when you call Rochelle that, keep one eye on her important little pal, who's her self-appointed guardian, even when she's acting with Will Rogers!
Let's renew acquaintance with these charming people, foregathered here in happy mood to greet you and say they hope you will like their forthcoming screen appearances.
The New Screen Lovers – Anna Sten and Fredric March

"ANA" STEN has turned ingénue, and very lovely she is, too! Opposite Miss Sten in her new picture is none other than Fredric March. It’s all in the interests of “We Live Again,” a new cinematic version of Tolstoy’s “Resurrection.”
Three Paramount Stars Tell HOLLYWOOD'S Make-Up Secret

WHEN you marvel at the beauty, the charm, the personality of Claudette Colbert, of Carole Lombard, and of Sylvia Sidney . . . remember, that make-up is something different in Hollywood. The secret is color harmony make-up . . . harmonized color tones in face powder, rouge, lipstick . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, who for twenty-odd years has created make-up for the stars and studios of filmland. ★ Learn how you may enhance the charm of your beauty as famous screen stars do.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Like the Screen Stars . . . you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. ★ Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for personal make-up advice and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD

Just fill in the spaces for Pure-Step Box of Powder by your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler. Your shades, Entered 12 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your "New Art of Society Make-Up," a free book.
Only ten—and he earns $1500 a week! Read how Jackie’s mother wisely budgets and invests his salary

By
Mary
Sharon

WHEN Jackie Cooper “comes of age,” he will be independently wealthy due to the way his expenses are being budgeted and his earnings invested for him. Comforting thought, that, for any boy.

Fifteen hundred dollars a week is a lot of money for any child to be earning and that is the amount of Jackie’s pay check since he became ten years old. His contract is written on a sliding scale and each year for the next three it will be increased by two hundred and fifty dollars per week. If his present contract with M-G-M is not renewed at its expiration, he can retire from films with sufficient wealth to keep him and his parents from want for the rest of their lives!

Jackie loves acting and he wants always to be an actor, but whether he will be able to duplicate his juvenile success when he becomes a man or not, remains to be seen.

For some unknown reason, few children succeed in making the change from kid roles to grown-up parts. Jackie Coogan, one of the greatest child actors the screen has ever produced, has made several vain attempts to duplicate his early success. Madge Evans is the only child star who has won a place on the screen as a grown-up. And Madge made her come-back via the stage.

In the early days of pictures, a baker’s dozen of talented children found both fame and money in pictures; and yet, when they grew up, they were in no better circumstances than ordinary children. In several cases, their fortunes were dissipated or filched from them. Finally, the law took a hand. Now, it is practically impossible for children to be robbed of the results of their film labors. Expenditure sheets can be padded, of course, but not to any great extent. All contracts with minors must be approved by the court and moreover, the court decides what amount of money shall be turned over for the care, education, and living expenses of the child.

In Jackie Cooper’s case, the court has appointed Mrs. Mabel Bigelow, his mother, to act as his guardian, and she is allowed four hundred dollars weekly. The balance of his salary is invested for him in gilt-edge securities, an endowment fund and real estate.

Jackie has one of the most sensible and clear-minded mothers in Hollywood. Mrs. Bigelow is responsible for her famous son’s success and she is rearing him in a normal, sensible manner that brings her the respect of the entire film colony. In order to prevent him from acquiring too much ego, she (Continued on page 70)
Glamor School

Edited by Dolores Del Rio's beautiful back and graceful poise in the picture above best illustrates her Glamor Rule Number 1, which is—correct posture! Beautiful carriage is essential if you would make the most of your clothes, says Dolores.

For distinctive style and charm, study Del Rio! The screen's strikingly original Latin lady here gives you her personal definition of Glamor.

Del Rio's most exacting costume! It calls for perfect posture. A white satin gown, moulded to the figure, with a wrap of pastel chiffon with rhinestone clips, left.

All photographs of Del Rio exclusively posed for SCREENLAND by Elmer Fryer.
Del Rio's classic beauty is the keynote of her appeal in dress and make-up. Dolores dozes on line and fabric above all else. Her coiffure is invariably simple—and flawless.

Del Rio's most exotic ensemble: the same Japanese print fashions both gown and wrap, with the wrap being made of a darker background. Note the "Madame Butterfly" influence.

Advance note! Del Rio's new fur coat is summer ermine, trimmed with luxurious cuffs of wolf.

Fringe, fringe, and more fringe! The gown pictured above is of rose-beige satin, with huge fringed collar that Dolores manages with an air! See her clip and bracelets?
Get ready for the new season! It will be exciting! Note these advance suggestions from Hollywood stars.

Ann Harding's quaint earring suggests that the romantic mood will continue.

Very, very new! Jane Wyatt, Manhattan socialite now in films, shows you her new muff purse, edged with nutria to match her suit.

Kitty Carlisle shows you, right, her new one-piece dress of green plaid wool, with black velvet collar and bow. Her beret is black velvet, too.

A new version of the popular high neckline is shown in the grey-blue matelasse gown worn, above, by Jane Wyatt, and designed by Vera West. Study this one!

Make notes on Jane Wyatt's smart suit, left. It's two-toned plaid in brown, with kolinsky fur forming a continuous jacket trimming.
Everything new!
As usual, the screen colony leads with thrilling fashion ideas. Here they are!

Madge Evans is showing off, and how charmingly, her favorite clip—something very clever to enhance the square neck of her evening gown.

Una Merkel's favorite curly coiffure. Try this one on your own little head!

Plaids will be good! Kitty Carlisle's two-piece dress, above, boasts plaid wool skirt with plaid collar on the velveteen blouse.

Leopard is on the loose again. It's used to trim Kitty Carlisle's tailored street dress, right. Kitty likes that pleated bosom effect, the boyish collar, and leather belt. See her smart handbag and gloves?

Designed by Hollywood, this grand grey and blue tweed tailleur, for Jane Wyatt's wear in "One More River," Jane's film début for Universal. Note interesting sleeves, with fox wound 'round; the two-button fastening; and the pleating at the neck. And—don't neglect the hat, whose brim is square in front!
Here’s that “new and different” entertainment you’ve been waiting for! Grace Moore’s magnificent new picture is one of the most colorful of all time. It marks a new cycle in musical screen entertainment, offering scenes from grand opera in the true tradition, and for good measure providing fresh and frothy sidelights on the career of a prima donna. When Miss Moore sings and acts colorful scenes from “Carmen” and “Madame Butterfly” in the best Metropolitan Opera manner, you feel that your good old movies are aiming high, and accurately. But just in case you may not happen to be opera-minded, Miss Moore sings just as beautifully in the popular manner, so your price of admission covers practically the entire entertainment field. There’s a good, upstanding story which presents the golden-voiced Grace as an American girl ambitious to become a great singer, with Tullio Carminati at his very best providing continental charm in the rôle of her teacher and impresario, and Lyle Talbot contrasting as a vigorous American suitor. But of course, it is for the marvelously managed musical interest that “One Night of Love” chiefly impresses, and for the glorious voice of its star.

Put Jimmy Cagney and the U. S. Navy together, and what happens? Just what you thought! A smashing hit! Uncle Sam himself co-operated in making this picture, providing some of his best battleships, plenty of authentic atmosphere and real thrills. And Cagney, not to be outdone, turns in his best performance in a long time. Well, maybe all the competition put the fighting little Irishman on his mettle! He has to work, and work hard, to prevent Uncle Sam, or Pat O’Brien, from stealing his picture. He plays a rough, tough middy whose real reason for joining the Navy is merely to pay off an old score on Pat; but by the time the Navy has put him through the paces, from training station to shipboard, he has changed from soifer to hero, and even to shaking hands with Mr. O’Brien. Gloria Stuart is the Girl who has good opinion, to say nothing of affection. Cagney is forced to fight to win. She’s prettier than ever, Frank McHugh is comedy relief, and he really is, this time. “Here Comes the Navy” is a treat for boys of all ages, the Navy maneuvers alone making the picture worth seeing. It’s not only patriotic to see this one, it’s a lot of fun! And Cagney’s best.

If you are, as I am, a W. C. Fields complete push-over, then rush to see his latest. It’s also his funniest. If for some weird reason you are still immune to the Fieldsian fascination, let me beg that you give him one more chance. If “The Old-Fashioned Way” doesn’t make you howl, scream, giggle, gasp, or at least chuckle and chortle, then I am disappointed in you, but really disappointed. This new Fields-day is perhaps the craziest screen entertainment of the month. It is designed for merriment, and achieves its purpose. The star plays a fearful and wonderful character called The Great McGonigle, a trouping thespian of the old school, back in the gay nineties. He encounters unsympathetic sheriffs, aspiring sopranos, hearted lady-ladies, and Baby LeRoy. Incidentally, Master LeRoy was never more superb—who else could break the Fields nose with such incomparable abandon and éclat. Romance, too, in the few minutes in which Mr. Fields must perform rest up for his next scene; romance presenting young Joe Morrison, a most promising newcomer, with Judith Allen. But it’s Fields, mostly Fields, who makes “The Old-Fashioned Way” such a grand family show.
Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

See You At the Cinema!

I'll be there, because I'll want to see again some of the pictures that I "caught" at pre-views this month. You'll be there, and your friends, because you won't want to miss the movies of the moment. There are some grand ones!

For the whole family, what better entertainment than George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman" or Shirley Temple in "Baby Take a Bow?" And music lovers, and in fact for everybody, there's Grace Moore in "One Night of Love," something very new in musical motion pictures. For fun—and for the sophisticated—"She Loves Me Not," "Here Comes the Navy," and "The Old-Fashioned Way."

Grand fun! For sophisticated comedy, this picture is the plum of the month. It has spirit and dash and speed; it has practically perfect performances; and its dialogue fairly crackle with cleverness. Here is one stage success that profits by its screen translation, to my mind. Certainly the original production boasted no dazzling Miriam, (at her most bewitching), Hopkins; no Bing Crosby; no sweet Kitty Carlisle. The songs that slow up the action a bit are so pleasant that you can't seriously carp at their inclusion, particularly when they are sung so smoothly by Bing and the distinguished Miss Carlisle. The story? Now you don't want me to spoil it for you, do you? You already know that it's all about a blonde and beauteous nightclub singer who invades Princeton tracked by the law and the lawless, and succeeds in upsetting the dignity of Old Nassau to a nicety. There's suspense in every scene, and the most hilarious denouement in movie history. The really charming love interest is exquisitely enacted and sung by Bing and Miss Carlisle. Then there's Eddie Nugent, back again, as ingratiating as ever; and Lynne Overman. If you miss this, you're not the discerning adult I took you for.

George Arliss has done it again! I don't mean to give you the impression that "The Last Gentleman" is the important production that "The House of Rothschild" was; but it is screen entertainment far above the average nevertheless. George Arliss could not make a cheap or tawdry picture! His latest characterization, that of a crochety, eccentric old man, is along the lines of his memorable "Old English," but in a New England setting. As Cabot Barr, wealthy old chap who has sport confusing all his heirs and other assorted relatives, Mr. Arliss gives a performance that glitters with acting flourishes, but always remains believable. His relatives, assembled on a pretext so that he may study them at his leisure, reveal themselves to his shrewd eye in their true colors. Only one, his grand-daughter, dares to face him honestly. He has his revenge, and what a revenge! You will find this a very human, very touching and most wholesome picture. As usual in an Arliss film, the supporting cast is superlative. Charlotte Henry, (ex-"Alice in Wonderland"), brings sparkle to the role of the grand-daughter. Edna May Oliver and Ralph Morgan are excellent. Of course, for the family!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films
This time I want to talk especially to girls between the ages of 13 and 21! A good many of you, I'm sure, worry yourselves sick every time you get on the scales, because you find you've gained an extra pound or so; or you read that Claudette Colbert can wear size 10 dresses and fret because size 16 is too small for you.

Maybe you do need to reduce a bit but more likely your extra weight and larger measurements merely mean that you are growing.

Recently, two items in the newspapers have come to my attention: A young girl committed suicide while in a "fit of depression"; investigation produced a diary covering a year or so, in which were many entries like this:

"Was so hungry I had to eat again."
"Tried not to eat but couldn't help it."
"Dieted on fruit juice since Wednesday, but feel terribly weak."
"Seem to be taking on weight, in spite of eating

Of course you can have a lithe and healthy figure if you follow the same guidance as given to the Hollywood stars! Our series, suggesting exercises and sane diet will aid you.

Mary Wallace, Paramount's youngest baby star, (next to Baby LeRoy, of course!), gives you an idea!

The see-saw exercise, demonstrated by James Davies and Mary Wallace. First position, above. See article for complete description, of course.

Second position of the see-saw exercise, which Mr. Davies recommends as excellent for strengthening the muscles of the abdomen. Fun, too!
James Davies, Hollywood's popular physical culturist, is here to help you! Write to him about your own weight and diet problems. The most interesting of your questions will be answered in this department. Mr. Davies is too busy with his own work in Hollywood to answer you by mail; but he will select representative questions to answer in the magazine. Address him in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., N.Y.C.

nothing” — tragic evidence of wrong notions about diet.

Although I saw no mention of it in the newspaper accounts of the case, it was clear to me that the girl had undermined her constitution by erratic attempts to reduce by dieting or going without food, without the advice of a physician, and that this in turn affected her mental health.

A second note in the news told of a young heiress who had been taken to a hospital because of "fainting fits" which were diagnosed by physicians as "a form of starvation" produced by unwise dieting in an effort to reduce a normally healthy young body.

Both these girls had evidently been trying to reach an arbitrary weight that was unsafe for them. I have never seen either of them but I believe that if a doctor had examined each girl he would have fixed her correct weight at quite a few pounds above that ideal she had in mind.

I've said it before, but I say it again: You girls who are growing need nourishing food to build up muscle and tissue and to create bones, and any diet without advice from a physician who has made a careful examination is not safe.

You can take off unbecoming bulges of fat with exercise, and it will be good for you in every way. Active exercise at your age is the best beauty doctor you can engage. It will not only improve your figure, but it will give you color, clear your skin, and make your eyes brighter.

Strenuous diets, instead of giving you a sylphlike figure, will cause eruptions on the chest and back, nervousness, constipation and irritability.

Under-eating is worse than over-eating at your age. If you have more than your quota of pounds now, it's better than being underweight while you are growing, especially if you are growing fast. Between 13 and 16 watch yourself carefully that you don't lose too much, and don't neglect nourishing foods.

Active exercise will burn up fat more quickly than you could possibly lose it by dieting, and will also aid digestion.

Most of you youngsters play tennis and swim, I know. As a rule these sports are good for you. But some of you tear into a game and play it with all your might, don't you? Then you're exhausted. If you play less strenuously and find yourself still very tired, stop playing and go to a doctor. He may discover that you shouldn't do strenuous exercises. If there is anything wrong with you physically he (Continued on page 73)
So generously do radio and the movies lend and borrow the headline talent of their respective fields, that it’s difficult these days to find a radio star who has not just completed some picture work, or is about to sign for an appearance before the cameras.

The two Big Boys of the amusement world are real pals. You’d never have thought that possible some years ago when movie theatre men were glaring at radio as the arch enemy of the box office. At that time S. L. Rothafel, Roxy, was the spearhead of a minority group who contended that movies and radio could help each other, and so defended himself against the critics of his Sunday night air shows from the Capital theatre.

Of course, minor frictions flare now and then, but these sputter out with no more damage than results from a little family tiff. Last fall, for example, some exhibitors called on Eddie Cantor to stop broadcasting Sunday nights, claiming he was hurting picture theatre attendance. Eddie shrewdly gave heed to the complaint, made a statement of undying loyalty and devotion to the theatre, and that was that. More recently Lanny Ross had a little sponsor trouble over his desire to make more motion pictures. Lanny stood his ground, and now has a contract which permits him to do pictures, and even personal appearances at theatres, as often as opportunity presents.

When it comes to dramatic acting the established air performers seem to hold their own and a little to boot against the occasional radio excursions of the picture stars.

It takes something more, evidently, than ability at reading lines to successfully project dramatic characterizations over the air waves. One notable group in radio serves as an example.

For more than three years the “First Nighter” programs have held their own as coast-to-coast radio features on an N.B.C. network. During that time an extraordinary range of dramatic playlets have been produced by this compact and highly efficient radio troupe under the direction of Charles P. Hughes, and featuring June Meredith and Don Ameche, with Cliff Sourbier as the third important member of the cast.

Hughes tells you that the whole thing started with an idea wrapped up in the phrase “a little theatre off Times Square.” Somehow that line, which Hughes coined, hit him as the foundation on which he could do a different style of radio playlet. Whether it was just one of those little things that give people confidence, or really an “idea,” Hughes proceeded to make good with it, starting humbly as a number on a local Chicago station. Shortly after its sponsor brought the “First Nighter” to the networks, a check-up showed that a tremendous audience (Continued on page 95)
Yes, you hold Beauty right in your hands!

Expressive, artistic hands—the hands of Katharine Hepburn.

How much genuine loveliness there is in the hands of Katharine Hepburn!

Yet they are practical, lovable, impetuous hands, ones that are destined to do things. In modeling them for the Waterman collection, the young American sculptress, Helen Liedloff, has caught them in that world of make-believe in which they are so thoroughly at home. They are speaking hands. Without being at all like the pose in “Morning Glory” they somehow remind one of the clasped palms in that inimitable scene where a stage-struck girl bent her cheek upon them and became a Juliet like no other, a Juliet we like to think one William Shakespeare would have liked to see.

But perhaps we are sentimentalizing. Juliet always affects us that way. And Katharine Hepburn. And lovely hands! After all, hands are just hands! They are a matter of course. They work on typewriters for us. They wipe babies' noses. They pet and work and play. And in everything they do, they tell things about ourselves—truthful and sometimes startling things.

Just what do yours tell about you?

Some people believe that you can tell fortunes by looking at hands. I go farther than that. I believe you can do mind-reading! You can tell by looking at her hands how much a girl thinks of herself. Whether she takes pride in her appearance. How interested she is in the good opinion of the people she meets.

The hands of a star, next to face and figure, are her greatest asset or her greatest drawback. Nothing in the world so contributes to poise and charm, to a sense of confidence in oneself, as well-groomed, lovely hands.

What do you do when you (Continued on page 86)
Telling all that's newsy and interesting about the stars and the studios

Grecian inspiration! As fetchingly lovely as her gown is simple, is Loretta Young as she poses with such unusual grace in the portrait at the right. Flowing lines capture the glowing beauty that is Loretta's. You'll see her on the screen in this costume soon.

WISE Charlie Chaplin, the old fox! His new motion picture is being filmed both as a talking motion picture and as a silent picture. The talking picture will be released first. If that version shows signs of flopping, the silent picture will be rushed into the breach—and Charlie will remain a non-talking star.

HOLLYWOOD is like New York—big crowds of idle people gather to watch street going-on. Such a crowd mustered in front of a boulevard theatre to watch the unloading of a black bear in a cage. The first spectator to arrive—and one of the last to depart—was a homely fellow known to the world as Will Rogers.

She's happy! Anyway, Ginger Rogers certainly looks happy as she does a Helen Morgan, comfortably seated on the studio piano which accompanies the famous Red Head, shown at the right. 

THE world mourns Marie Dressier, a great trumper and a woman as widely respected and admired for her human qualities as for the outstanding achievements which distinguished her career. It was natural that Marie Dressier should express the wish that she be remembered for the parts she played on the screen. When she faced distress, it was the motion picture that provided the opportunity she richly deserved.

She will be remembered as she had wished. Her portrayals in "Anna Christie," "Min and Bill," and other films will endure as standards of the highest artistry in screen character acting. No grander salute could be offered the memory of a great trumper than the genuine gratitude of the film industry and all who love the screen, for her distinguished service to motion pictures.

Steps toward stardom! Barbara Robbins, former stage star, for whom a brilliant screen future is predicted, in a scene with John Beal from the film in which she makes her début.
More romance! Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton as they appear together in a new picture. Compare with the scene directly at the left and decide which you like the better.

A PATHETIC scene occurred at Warner Brothers studio when Jean Muir, after completion of a sequence in which she enacted the rôle of a wall-flower, ran crying from the set and to her dressing-room. She was found there, fifteen minutes later, by an assistant director. She was still sobbing convulsively. When the assistant director asked the reason, she at first refused to tell. Finally she broke down and confessed that all of her life she has been a wall-flower. The picture scene was so true to life that she couldn't withhold her tears.

THE funniest crack of the month is from the lips of slow-talking, fast-cracking Stuart Erwin. He was with a group discussing Chaplin's new picture.

"They've been announcing the start of that picture so long," opined Stuart, "if they wait much longer, Paulette Goddard will have to play a grandma rôle."

She's vogue! Frances Drake is indeed up to the minute in her ice-green satin hostess gown, shown at the left. Important details are a large rose fastening at the shoulder of the bodice—and Frances herself, of course.

You can never guess who writes the most beautiful love letters in Hollywood. Nor to whom they are written.

Well, Virginia Bruce, ex-wife of John Gilbert, writes them. And she sends one every week to—of all people—John Gilbert!

According to reports, when Gloria Swanson moved into the dressing-room that once housed Lilian Harvey, her first act was to rid the place of Lilian's notorious ermine-trimmed lampshade. As a matter of record, Miss Harvey herself tossed this shade away weeks before she broke her contract, because she regarded it as an unlucky piece of furniture.

Not a sister act! At the left you see Alice White, Ruth Etting, and Gloria Stuart, doing a blues number that will be a feature of a romantic tale dealing with radio and titled "Gift of Gab."
THE reason for all those rumors about Bing Crosby retiring from the screen can at last be traced to Bing's own inferiority complex. Bing believes he is a most ordinary looking fellow, and thinks his appearance doesn't fit with what people imagine him to be when they hear him sing. So he has audibly voiced the plaint that he might be forced to quit motion pictures in order to preserve his radio career.

LONG ere this reaches you, barring accidents or a change of plans, Will Rogers, his wife, and his two sons, Will, Jr. and Jimmy, will have departed on a world tour. The Rogers family will visit Honolulu, Japan, China, Siberia, Russia, Finland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and England.

The one member of the family not making the trip is Mary Rogers, who is getting "acting experience" in a summer stock company in Maine, and who is so serious about her career that even a trip around the world couldn't entice her away.

ANOTHER big box-office star of the silent days is determined to make a come-back in the pictures—and since Thomas Meighan has the reputation for doing what he sets out to do, this is one case which may well prove an exception to the rule that come-backs on the average fail to materialize.

Tommy went back to Hollywood to play in "Peck's Bad Boy," in which Jackie Cooper is starred—liked the "feel" of the old job, and is now in New York to close his home there and with his wife, the former Frances Ring of the stage, take up permanent residence in Beverly Hills, whence the star of "The Miracle Man" and many other great films will make the rounds of the casting offices.

AS THIS is written, there is confined in the Los Angeles General Hospital a woman who was a popular star a few years ago. She is Pauline Garon, once the wife of director Lowell Sherman, and a former Wampas Baby Star.

Pauline is a victim of infantile paralysis, and if you want her to know that you remember her and that you're wishing her a speedy recovery, why not drop Pauline a letter at the hospital.

Here's Pauline Lord! Noted stage star lured at last to the screen because she was offered the role of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

A GREAT big movie close-up with fine lighting goes to Maureen O'Sullivan, for her kindness to a group of blind girls.

Maureen was on location far from Hollywood. During lunch hour, she wandered about town until she was attracted by a "Visitors Welcome" sign. She accepted the invitation, and found herself among a group of girls, sewing busily. Suddenly Maureen realized that they were all blind.

The O'Sullivan lass sat down among them, after introducing herself, and for two hours she sewed, meanwhile telling the girls about Hollywood. Her director conducted a frantic search for Maureen—but when he discovered her whereabouts, he was so touched that he forgot to reprimand her for delaying production.

LEW AYRES had a luncheon date with Ginger Rogers, and for some unaccountable reason he arrived a half-hour late.

Ginger was waiting for him, with tapping foot. As soon as Lew moved sheepishly within ear-shot, Ginger squelched him with: "Hey, what do you keep time with—a calendar?"

Distinguished company! Above, Anna Sten, Mary Pickford, Fredric March, and Director Rouben Mamoulian visit on a set for the Russian star's new film.

Comedy relief! Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, left, in a lighter moment of their new thrill drama together. Judged by the make-up it'll be interesting!

Grand romantic team! Irene Dunne and John Boles once more share leading honors in a dramatic picture. Above, Irene and John in character make-up for their newest co-starring effort. Looks promising!
A GREAT many executives of a great many studios are wishing they could get into position to kick themselves in the place where kicks usually land.

When talking pictures first came into being, the studio officials decided that in order to film all the plays and stories they had purchased for silent production, they had to buy "talkie" or "dialogue" rights. For this purpose, millions of dollars were spent.

The other day Sol Lesser, an independent producer, decided that the term "dramatic rights," under which stories are purchased, should include dialogue or talkie rights. This producer went to court—and won his case. For a few thousand dollars, Lesser got what officials of the bigger studios spent millions to get.

THE loyalty of fans to the memory of Rudolf Valentino is unbelievable. For instance, there is one woman who insisted upon living in Valentino's old Hollywood house, despite the fact that the building has been condemned, and may fall down. Police have chased the woman away several times, but each time this happens, she has sneaked back into the house the minute the officers left it unguarded.

YOU can never tell where you'll find an embryo movie star. Look where Norma Shearer found one just for instance. Norma was having some carpenter work done on her beach house.

The carpenters arrived, but before they actually began work, one asked permission to use the telephone. Norma gave assent—and the carpenter called the Central Casting Bureau, to learn if there was an extra job for him.

CLARK GABLE gets one of Screenland's big movie close-ups for his courtesy at a local shooting gallery.

Gable and an unidentified young lady were fighting it out for first place in a clay pigeon event. The match ended with the two tied, which necessitated shooting off the tie. Each had two shots, and the lady fired first. Both of her shots hit their marks. When Gable's turn came, he deliberately fired both barrels of his shotgun at the same pigeon. The lady won first place—and Clark won a lot of respect and new friends.

Here's Mrs. Wiggs! The beloved character herself as Pauline Lord portrays her for the screen version of the famous novel.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is no exception to the rule that when a new star zooms over the horizon everybody from professors of psychology to the cop on the beat offer explanations for the phenomenon. That's theory. Here's fact, which proves that Shirley can make her screen reflection so real that even a little girl of four thought her own image was coming back at her as from a mirror.

It happened at a showing in New York of "Baby Take A Bow." The youngster already alluded to sat beside her mother in rapt attention to the entertainment unfolded on the screen. Suddenly the four year old fan turned to her mother and exclaimed "Mummy, is that me?"

There's realism for you!

GUESS who was voted the most popular screen star by a student body of historic Oxford University, England's most venerable college.

Not Greta Garbo. No, nor Janet Gaynor. Nor Joan Crawford, nor Jean Harlow. The favorite, selected by popular vote, is Ned Sparks, that very comical comic.

Charles' screen sweetheart! The handsome Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson's husband in real life, makes love to Jean Parker, above, in a scene for "Caravan."

Real-life sweethearts! On the right, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, husband and wife, forget make-believe romance when they meet at the studio cafe.
Hollywood's new importation! Above, Binnie Barnes, English beauty, whom you are to see in Universal films.

Broadway trio! Three stage stars, above, now in films. Hugh O'Connell, Henry Hull and Victor Moore, reading from left to right.

It REMAINED for Clark Gable to give a sensible explanation of "mistaken conceit."

"Many screen stars are so described," Gable said, "because people are looking for reasons to apply the hi-hat phrase. For instance, suppose A and B, two friends, pass on the street, and A fails to see B. Later, B says, 'I saw A on the street today, but he didn't see me,' and that ends the matter.

"But let A become a movie star, and then let them pass on the street, and let A again fail to see B. At once B hastens around town crying, 'A has gone hi-hat. He passed me up on the street today, without speaking.' And because it is human to believe the worst about another human being, everybody agrees that A is a conceited ass."

Thanks, Clark. Actually, the explanation is most reasonable.

LOOKS like Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur may be making the very article they spurned when they refused to have any stars in their first picture, "Crime Without Passion." Even before the latter was completed the two producers signed Whitney Bourne for their second production for Paramount. Miss Bourne, a Social Registerite, was brand new to pictures when the Hecht-MacArthur team signed her, but if they keep on signing her, how long will it be before there'll be another star in the picture armament?

HERE is an insight into Bing Crosby's lack of ego that will amuse you. One day the studio had need for a Crosby phonograph record. Somebody had the happy thought to go to Bing's dressing room, where he has a phonograph and a fine library of music.

A thorough search brought forth a most noteworthy fact: In his entire collection of phonograph records, Bing does not have one of his own recordings!
A cluster of stars who will shine in the English film “Chu Chin Chow.” In the group above are: Anna May Wong, Fritz Korner and George Robey.

TO TALK of the first real photoplay ever made seems like reaching back into the dim, distant past of long, long ago. But it takes a reminder such as any fan attending the special showing of “Nell Gwyn” in New York recently might have seen to make you realize that movies are not so old after all.

The reminder was a medium tall woman, modishly dressed in a green gown featuring the straight silhouette lines of her figure, her blonde hair stylishly bobbed. The lady was Blanche Sweet, heroine of “Judith of Bethulia,” generally regarded as the first successful effort at dramatic story telling in picture form. “Judith” was produced by D. W. Griffith, who was also one of that audience—and “Griff,” jaunty in his white linens, straight-shouldered and wearing a healthy tan over his sharply featured face, looked far, very far from “old.”

LUPE VELEZ has been taking elocution lessons. Like most of her race, she experiences trouble with words that contain the sound—vee. So her lessons include the word—bivalve.


She was told that a bivalve is an oyster. So imagine the consternation of a waiter, a few days afterwards, when Lupe ordered for dinner, “one dozen bivalves.”

IMAGINE for yourself the excitement of that little extra girl who was standing near one of the big stages, where a small fire had broken out, and heard a voice behind her say, “Fire! Vell, maybe I won’t ha’ to work today!”

Yes, it was Greta Garbo. The burning stage contained the set where she was making scenes for her new picture. After a few minutes, during which Greta chatted sociably, firemen conquered the small blaze.

Whereupon Garbo’s expression saddened. “Fire’s out,” she said. “Vell, goodbye. I guess I vill have to work!”

Romance of the studios! Above, the lovely Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman, writer, register happiness in this pose for the camera when the happy couple announced plans for their recent marriage.
HEART BEATS AND UNBEATS DEPT.

Dan Cupid is wearing, in addition to his bow and quiver of arrows, a broad smile. And well he might, for matrimonial waters are more serene than usual in Hollywood.

Of course, there is the Lupe Velez-Johnny Weissmuller blow-up, but that happens so often that it no longer flusters Cupid. Then, too, there are the Jean Harlow and Ruth Chatterton divorces hovering in the background, but Dan has known about them for a long time.

The soumer side of romance in Hollywood is that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are happy again, after reports of a cooling. Joan says she won't marry Franchot, and the reason is that she fears that if she does, the gossip will try to tear that marriage apart, as they have other marriages.

(Meanwhile Joan's first with Doug, Jr.) However, there is a likelihood that Joan will change her mind, and that she and Tone will wed.

Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale will probably be man and wife by the time you read this. As quickly as possible, they're going away on a protracted honeymoon, because Miss Teasdale has been in ill health, and Adolphe thinks she needs a long rest.

Marian Nixon and director William Seiter have reporters sitting on needles and pins. You see, reporters fear that Bill and Marian may marry secretly. Right now Miss Nixon is wearing the most beautiful of bracelets, given to her by Seiter. It bears the inscription: "I love you." Nice! Phil Regan, the radio singer who has made good in the movies, is scheduled to wed his Eastern sweetheart, Josephine Dwire.

Robert Donat, English actor, and Blissa Landi, above, enact a scene for "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Marian may marry secretly. Right now Miss Nixon is wearing the most beautiful of bracelets, given to her by Seiter. It bears the inscription: "I love you." Nice? Phil Regan, the radio singer who has made good in the movies, is scheduled to wed his Eastern sweetheart, Josephine Dwire.

Juliette Compton, above, displays a satin evening gown in the newest Hollywood Design.

Dave, this coming October or so. Gloria Stuart, too, has become Mrs. Arthur Sheekman. Arthur is a writer, and a clever one. That nuptial event may happen any old time.

Tom Brown is still wooing Anita Louise ardently. Tom told friends that he proposed to Anita nine times, and eight times she said, "No." "What about the ninth time?" eagerly demanded the friends. "She just shook her head," Tom explained, sadly.

Gene Raymond has been escorting Nancy Carroll about town, (Janet Gaynor having gone to Europe). The Russ Columbo-Carole Lombard romance is one of Hollywood's most charming. That romance between Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice is flourishing again.

You've heard and read about secretaries in studios being given screen contracts, (Dorothy Wilson), and about cameramen winning movie jobs, (George O'Brien), but here is a new one:

In the RKO publicity department, there was employed, as an artist, a Chinese chap named Kuye Luke. In a roundabout way, M-G-M studio officials learned that Luke was a dramatic star at college, so he was summoned for a test.

The test was successful, and wonder of all wonders, Luke's first screen rôle is in support of Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil." Dozens of actors volunteered to play the part free of charge, merely for the prestige it offered.

Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper lunched together in the studio café. The waitress, hovering over the table, says that Gary chirped: "You should see the Biblical gown an extra is wearing on our set."

"Biblical gown?" echoed Carole. "Lo and behold!" murmured Cooper.

The wheels of "Caravan" come to rest, and Jean Parker, costumed for the characterization she will provide in that important production, improves the opportunity to pose for us as you see her above. Very nice, Jean!
Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan personally young love in a new film in which you will see them together.

Here is a new note in studio efficiency—employees of Warner Brothers have been requested to save all burned-out electric light globes. These globes, when exploded, sound exactly like revolver shots, so the studio property department inaugurated a "save-the-useless-bulb week."

Latest type of Hollywood social event is the skating party—Cary Grant started it, with about twenty couples invited. Otto Kruger's goldfish were washed down a bath-tub drain; plumbers removed the tub to rescue the fish. On her visit to Europe, Janet Gaynor told Hollywood friends, she will see Greta Garbo's former home in Sweden. Proof that Steptit Fetchit is really slow; he suffered spring fever during August! A fan threatened to send to newspapers an unflattering photo of Rosemary Ames, taken at the age of 14, if the actress refused to send a new autographed picture; Rosemary complied... Maurice Chevalier's Hollywood career is not yet ended; he has signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M... Ralph Bellamy trained it back and forth across the continent to fulfill a radio contract signed months previously. Jimmie Durante owns and wears an overcoat with three-inch, green and purple checks.

Unfortunately, the name of the actress cannot be revealed, but it happens that a certain leading lady in the movies was once very, very ill. So ill, in fact, that doctors gave her only a short time to live. So what did she do but call in some poor friends and relatives, and drive among them every stitch of clothing she had in the world. Then she got well—and was she embarrassed!

The daughter of a friend of Groucho Marx visited the comedian at his studio and was intrigued by mechanism of the art department. Before she left she confided her own ambition to be a fashion expert. "You want to be a designer, eh?" questioned Groucho. "You take my advice and follow another career. My brother is a horrible example. He is a designer. He has designs on blondes."

Nancy Carroll's newest screen assignment is a role opposite Gene Raymond. You see them above, in the midst of a big moment for the picture. Looks as though their hearts were in their work.
How Jackie Spends His Money
Continued from page 51

keeps him with boys of his own age as much as possible. She says that the most dangerous influence upon children is the Errantry they receive from adults.

When he is not working at the studio, Jackie lives the carefree, normal life of the average American boy. A peep at his budget proves this.

When he first became a star, tradespeople tried to run up prices whenever Bigelow appeared in a shop with him. They don't do that any more for the simple reason that if they do not give him the same courtesy and fairness that they accord other patrons, she takes her trade elsewhere.

Mrs. Bigelow is one of the most thrifty shoppers in Hollywood. Having known days when it was necessary to pinch pennies to keep them going, she has learned the value of a dollar. Price tags for Jackie's clothes will compare favorably with the prices that the average American boy's mother expends for the same articles.

The matter of wardrobe is important with every actor. It is with Jackie. He must always look neat and nice, so he cannot wear clothes quite so long as the average boy of his age. He doesn't keep a separate wardrobe for the screen but makes his clothes serve a dual purpose. He is terribly "hard" on clothes, too. Scruff's out the toes of his shoes and wears the elbows out of his sweaters in an unbelievable short time. He is a little roughneck around the house—is forever climbing trees in the garden or building things; is forever needing things patched and darned.

Here is Jackie's clothes budget, as Mrs. Bigelow gave it to me.

His overcoat is the most expensive item in his wardrobe. He is growing so fast the last two years that he has had one each year, a camels-hair overcoat that costs thirty-five dollars. As Jackie has an unusually large head and he does not look well in a cap that is too large in front, his caps are made to order and cost five dollars each. He has one to match his overcoat and each suit of clothes.

Jackie is now ten years old, but he is stocky and build as large as a thirteen-year-old boy, so all of his suits are ordered to measure. He gets three at a time. A navy blue for dress wear and one gray and one brown suit for day-time wear. His suits cost twenty-five dollars each.

His biggest item as far as amounts are concerned, is hose. His mother buys his socks by the dozen pair and he never wears anything except black and brown. She gets them for two dollars and fifty cents a dozen. Jackie loves to wear tennis shoes but hardly ever do, except when he is actually playing tennis, because Mrs. Bigelow does not like him to risk fallen arches. She buys him sturdy, all leather shoes—black for dress and brown for everyday wear. She pays five dollars a pair for all of his shoes and gets three pairs at a time. Jackie wears them out at the rate of a pair every month. One reason why his mother buys his clothes in lots of three or more is, so that he can be working on a pair of shoes and cannot go down-town to be fitted for clothing without disrupting or, at least, interfering with the production schedule. So she keeps a reserve of everything on hand.

Jackie usually has three pair of knockabout pants which he wears the most and best. They cost six and a half dollars per pair and last him one year, or until he outgrows them. He prefers to wear corduroy pants and sweat shirts around the house and garden and he has four pair each year. These cost him three dollars each.

He wears sweaters in winter almost constantly and his mother buys these by the half dozen. He has six of the play-sweaters at one dollar each. These are six good ones that range in price from three to six dollars each.

Jackie has two chamois jackets in his wardrobe, one for studio wear and one to use when he goes on a camping or outing trip. The jacket he keeps for studio wear

He has three pairs of gloves. A pair of dress gloves that cost four dollars, a pair of working gloves chosen because they are a pair of gauntlet gloves that cost two dollars.

Jackie usually has eight suits of underwear.

In summer he wears two-piece mainstays and vests and shorts that cost one dollar each and in winter he wears shorts and mixed-woven flannel shirts which come to between five and twenty-five cents per suit. This makes eight dollars for summer underwear and ten dollars for his suits—under a yearly total of eighteen dollars.

Ten dollars will cover smaller items such as handkerchiefs, bill folds, etc. This completes Jackie's clothes budget.

It is surprisingly simple, too, for a child star's wardrobe. There is nothing ostentatious about Jackie's life or his clothes. He wears the same kind and cut of clothes that the average American boy wears. The only difference is in the number, and this is subject to the emergency requirements of his work.

Mrs. Bigelow says that Jackie is tidy around the house but he plays rough and is "shoe-shilters every minute and a problem to keep his wardrobe ship-shape."

One of the biggest disappointments in Jackie's life is the fact that he cannot go to public school. At present, his tutor is hired by the studio and is paid fifty dollars per week. She is also a welfare worker and watches over him on the set while he is working. Mrs. Bigelow does not accompany him to the studio as a rule. She feels he is perfectly capable of getting along without her and she doesn't interfere or advise him in any way when he is working.

Jackie goes to school the year round but is allowed periodic vacations. When he is not on call at the studio, his teacher comes to the house in Beverly Hills and teaches him from nine to twelve. He is then allowed two hours for his own amusement. He is taking French and piano lessons twice a week, at two and a half dollars a lesson, and they continue directly after his noon hour. Then, he practices an hour each day on the piano so that he is never really free to do as he pleases until around three o'clock. He has several boy friends from the neighborhood and they are dismissed at this same hour from the public school where they attend in the fall and summer and until dinner time they are all together.

They can usually be found in Jackie's back yard. They aren't very quiet or orderly in their play. They prefer guns and war games. Jackie is interested in American history and they often re-enact some of the battles about which they have studied.

Jackie has a gun collection of which a grown-up might be proud. It has been a real hobby with him ever since he worked with Wally Beery in "The Champ." Wally is one of his heroes and no doubt this accounts for Jackie's love of guns. Wally's pride is in his guns, dogs, plane, and plane. Jackie mirrors Wally's hobbies in his own. Every penny practically of his allowance goes for new guns, new clothes, and new airplane models. He has fourteen which he has built himself from pictures of famous planes. Jackie has a breaking pride but he has the necessary patience to keep everlastingly at it and he doesn't quit until he feels that he has rightly accomplished whatever he attempts to do.

Ever since he worked with Wally, he has loved dogs, but no dog has ever claimed as large a share of his affections as "Dick," the little gray dog that was purchased by the technical crew and actors in "The
Champ" and presented to him at the finish of the production. Jackie made a real pal of "Dink." He could not have had a brother more. The dog guarded him zealously, too. Even Mrs. Bigelow could not take him to bed at night unless she made herself known to the little animal. It always slept on the foot of the bed, and if anybody attempted to put it in the bedroom it would stand up over Jackie's sleeping figure and should they venture to come near, it would growl a low, throaty warning. A book stood as a guard and as long as "Dink" lived.

However, a year ago, a speedster ran over Dink a block from the house as it was crossing the road. It crawled home to die in Jackie's arms and it almost broke his heart. He still feels bereaved over the loss of his little pet. He has had two dogs since then of which he has been fond, but the dog does not live that can take the place of the loyal, squat-bodied little "Dink."

The other day when he came out of his dentist's office, Jackie found a note on the steering wheel of his car from Lee Duncan, who wrote that the daughter of Run-Trim has had puppies and that Jackie might have one if he wanted it. He did want it and as soon as the pup is big enough to take away from its mother, he is going to have a puppy, too.

Jackie goes regularly to the dentist to have his teeth examined. He has just lost two of his eye teeth and he had to have plates made before he could begin "Treasure Island." They cost fifty dollars each and the studio paid the bill. Jackie's dental bill amounts to about twenty-five dollars a year, ordinarily.

Jackie's mother has tried to get him to take dancing lessons but to date he has succeeded in talking her out of it. He does take boxing lessons daily, however, from Mike Cantwell, except on Saturday and Sundays, for Max Baer's trainer while Max was in Hollywood. At present he is training movie actors. Jackie is the only child that is taking lessons from him and he pays fifteen dollars a week for the privilege.

Jackie is given an allowance of two dollars a week to get it once a week, but sometimes he fell from grace and was deprived of it, so he hit upon the scheme of being paid twice weekly. So, now, if he isn't the best boy in the world, he doesn't lose his whole weekly allowance. Most of it goes for materials for his toy airplanes and for gun caps. Sometimes he treats the boys to a show at the neighborhood theatre. His mother allows him five dollars a month for theatre tickets and amusements but if he runs over this amount he pays it out of his weekly allowance.

Jackie supplements his allowance by going on errands for his mother whenever he can. He has a bicycle and enjoys going. However, he has not the liberties and privileges of an ordinary American boy. The things he would do to do his prominence as the foremost boy actor on the screen prohibits him from doing. Except for accommodating one of his boy friends to boy scout camp for several years now but it is out of the question. The problem of his personal safety intervenes.

He is never impressed with his importance but he understands that somehow he is never a boy. There is the bodyguard who goes wherever Jackie goes. He accompanies him to the studio and sleeping quarters at night. For this protection, Jackie pays thirty-five dollars a week. Jackie has had his bodyguard for nearly three years now.

The amount of the four hundred dollar weekly allowance granted by the court is expended on the actual upkeep of the house. I almost overlooked the item of fan photos. Jackie's fan mail which he sends out himself costs around five hundred dollars a year. The studio sends out photos for all letters addressed to him at the studio, but he gets a great deal of fan mail at his home. How his fans get his address is a mystery, but they do, and the postman always brings him greetings, often from far-off China, Australia, and New Zealand. He gets many letters from England, too.

Jackie doesn't need to spend any money on toys. He has gifts galore from his studio friends and fans. His mother and father presented him with a punching bag, boxing gloves and shoes on his tenth birthday. He has some beautiful boats that he is able to sail on water. He plans on entering one of them in the next regatta held in Hollywood. One of the boats was given him by his uncle, Norman Taurog, and another was the gift of Tallulah Bankhead.

The Paramount Studio gave him a bicycle when he completed his role in "Skippy." He has since outgrown it and traded it in on a larger one. Mr. Louis B. Mayer gave him a motion picture projection machine. Joan Crawford presented him with a large, world globe that rests on a floor standard, a useful and lovely gift for any boy. She also gave him a nice wrist watch. Sid Grauman presented him with a silver-handled pocket knife. The list is endless. Practically everyone of importance in Hollywood has given him something at one time or another.

Jackie's doctor bills are usually nil. However, last year he became ill very suddenly. The Bigelow family physician was out of town and they called another doctor. This is the only time that she can remember, says Mrs. Bigelow, of being overcharged for anything. As soon as the doctor examined Jackie, he pronounced it acute appendicitis, rushed him to the hospital and operated. Mrs. Bigelow was so frightened by the sudden illness that she neglected to ask the physician his fee. He sent a bill shortly after Jackie recovered, asking a payment of five thousand dollars. Mrs. Bigelow refused to pay it, at first. However, her attorney advised her to settle the bill for half that amount rather than carry the case to court. So it cost little Jackie exactly twenty-five hundred dollars to get his appendix out, where an ordinary American boy would have been taken care of in the same manner for much less.

Mrs. Bigelow says she has never had any trouble about Jackie's diet, because he really likes the things that are good for him. He can't get enough of spinach and vegetables and he enjoys meat in moderation. He doesn't drink either tea or coffee, and the biggest item about his eating is getting enough for him. He has a prodigious appetite, as boys of his age have who spend much time out-of-doors.

Jackie is a child star and a wonderful little actor, but you would never know it from meeting or talking with him. He is a well-balanced young American in spite of his tremendous talent and growing wealth. He spends his time, too, as most young Americans do, with certain hours for work, for school, and for play. The radio and motion picture theatre offer the larger share of his amusements. Each year, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow take him for a short vacation either to Catalina Island or to the desert. They do not go to Palm Springs or any of the expensive vacation spots, but to small places like Twenty-Nine Palms.

Jackie loves camping out, and finds his greatest measure of fun on these holiday excursions to the desert.

His money is being invested for him in gilt-edge securities, partly in bonds, partly in an endowment fund, and the rest in real estate. So that if the day ever comes when he will be just Mr. John Cooper, gentleman, he will have something to show for his work and years as a child picture star.
to Hollywood. The wistful grace of her every gesture, the plaintiveness of her voice seemed to everyone to be those qualities which heralded a great dramatic actress. Her career proves them to be both right and wrong. The dramatic roles in which she first won praise have not been forgotten. The dank, dull tragedies directed by Eric von Stroheim established her as a great dramatic actress, but it is as a comedienne that she has come to be one of America's favorites.

But by this time Fields had succeeded in breaking the second set of cackles, much to the enjoyment of everyone on the set. Zasu and I were at liberty to continue our conversation without the benefit of any directorial scowls. She looked across at me with a slow smile.

"I don't know why you want to interview me—why don't you pick someone who is really glamorous? Dietrich or Lombard, for instance. People want to read about them—not about me. There is nothing really interesting to say about me."

But there is something interesting to say about this charming and much-too-modest actress!

When Zasu stepped from the train in Los Angeles her ears still tingled with the prophetic praise of her home-folks. She was going to have a career; she was sure of it. Her first experiences, however, were discouraging. The best she could get were some parts in two-reel comedies. To her they were experience, merely sign-posts along the road to recognition. To the producers these parts were not comedy. If anything or anyone in a slap-stick comedy can be serious the small parts played by Zasu were just that. Here was no one who, in herself, could produce a laugh; she was merely the serious character on whom all the silly pranks of comedy could be sprung.

From these insignificant particles of serious characterization Zasu graduated to a rôle in Mary Pickford's picture, "The Little Princess." Incidentally, this rôle grew to such menacing proportions under the skillful, intuitive dramatic technique of Mary Pickford that most of it had to be cut to save the position of America's curiously-headed darling. For Zasu took the part of a "slavey," a pathetic, down-trodden, bewildered serf, in which she made the major characterization of it. She made the part so wistfully appealing, in fact, that it endangered the importance of the star. Therefore it was reduced of the same nature except in discreet proportions. Despite the fact that Mary Pickford thus saved her own rôle in the picture, Zasu realized that her real ability of this little girl from the country and sent her to Mack Sennett with a letter of highest recommendation.

And now speaking of Mary Pickford Zasu says: "No one has ever succeeded in taking her place. There has never been a screen personality who represented quite the same thing to the picture public. She was more than a favorite star, she was practically an ideal. Perhaps if there were more pictures made of the sort that would make them miss her, there would not be all this howl about censorship right now."

But let us recur to our story. Zasu first went to see Sennett at the time when, under Sennett's banner, Charlie Chaplin was rising to the dizzy heights of stardom. His superb skill in combining the ridiculous comedy of his make-up and antics with a hint of tragedy made him universally appealing. These were just the qualities that Mary Pickford saw in Zasu Pitts. But Sennett missed badly. He looked at Zasu, shook his head and said, "You don't play comedy; you play a comedienne or, for that matter, as a dramatic actress. There was, however, one person who had become not only a great friend of Zasu's but a great believer in her ability. This was Frances Marion, then a writer at Famous Players, now the Paramount lot. Barrie's 'Seagulls,' Van Beuren's 'Romance in Harlem,' 'Keep Away,' 'Jonah Knows,' was about to be produced and she recognized at once that Zasu Pitts was the one person best suited to handle the whimsical, tragic rôle so required of the lead in this famous play. She went to William de Mille, who was to direct the picture, to plead with him to give her the part. Finally he was persuaded to grant this actress an interview. Zasu was sent for. When she arrived in de Mille's office he treated her to a devastating barrage of silence. Then, seeing that she was suitably impressed by these tactics, he suddenly broke into a grin and, looking at her long hair asked earnestly and firmly, "Have you any sex appeal?" When she finally mustered enough courage to speak, the best she could say was, "Yes, Mr. de Mille. I've just been married!" She did not get the part—it was given to Lois Wilson.

Now she laughingly reminisces about this encounter and says, "So I just sunk away feeling sad and not so very sexy!"

Just after this strange interview Zasu was discovered by Eric von Stroheim. He demanded that she be given an important rôle in the picture which he was about to do. The picture was "Greed" and the part was to be a comedienne. It was tragic and realistic in the extreme. Her experiences in working under this director, who was later to be hailed as a genius, were so grim and so unrelied by any vestige of humor that they hurried the turning point in her career.

For she had experienced enough of the tragic side of life. Melancholy by nature, the circumstances surrounding her youth had been none too cheerful. She had been lonely. Now her work was throwing her with a group of people to whom humor meant everything. Zasu Pitts was not to be taken at her word. Von Stroheim had through his own experiences come to recognize only the grim realities of existence. His humor, if it can be called humor at all, is expressed by a cat when it toys with a stricken mouse. His friendship with Bar- bara Stanwyck was based on contact with tragedy, for it was at this period that this beautiful actress was going through the illness that resulted in her death. And after Barbry's death Zasu adopted her child, whom she is bringing up with her own. Marriage difficulties arose to give Zasu an added taste of woe. On top of this she was assigned another part under von Stroheim, that of the club-footed princess in "The Wedding March." This part did not do so excellently, was really the turning point for Zasu. Tragedy had become so important a part so intimately a part of all her surroundings, her acquaintances, that either consciously or unconsciously she began to over-emphasize its presence. In order to prove that she had to develop a sense of humor. Its expression was through an over-emphasis of her very real bewilderment at the harshness of life. In mock despair she wrings her hands, is helplessly, hopelessly inadequate at coping with the morbid drama which the scene of life itself presents. So woeful is she that merely through over-expression of her own and her friends' deep-footed tragedy, it becomes evident—not for herself but those who see her. Suddenly she represents no longer the serious side of life to those who watch her on the screen. Her difficulties, expressed in her own inimitable manner, are the source of laughter to this picture public. Because people cannot laugh at their own troubles, they must laugh at hers.

Thus it is that Zasu, in all her present-day screen characterizations, represents, not necessarily a comic figure, but one who tries quite ineffectually to cope with the difficulties presented in a certain unfortunate situation. In short, she is the person whom which she handled so expertly the public did not laugh—the public cried. But through stressing overmuch this one plaintive, woeful quality of acting they now laugh. So the next time you see Zasu just remember that you are not necessarily laughing at comedy—you're really laughing at "sole man trouble" herself!

In Hollywood Zasu has a reputation for cheerfulness and light-spirited gaiety. This partness through the studio gates in the morning on her way to work a general lift in morale is noticeable from this man to woman in company with which she is working. Only her real, her close friends know that she may have spent the night in tears because of many difficult situations which she is having to face. Zasu is considerate of the joys and difficulties of the other members of the company. When she was given a part in "Miss Hazy" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" she went to make herself familiar with the activities she has had recently to play a really sincere rôle. She hopes for more parts of the same kind when she finishes this one.

She says: "I'm happy and I hope I stay that way!"
will know it, and today doctors understand how to correct conditions that baffled their fathers. Heart ailments aren't necessarily fatal, but you can strain your heart badly if you go in for sports too strenuously when you are under par.

I have men clients—big, strapping fellows with huge biceps—who have ruptured heart muscles. I insist that every one take a physician's examination to see what form of exercise is safe for them.

Find out your normal weight and try to stay near that mark.

I'm giving you a chart of normal weight for girls of various heights according to age, but this should be regarded as a guide only. The pad for measuring yourself can be overdone. Don't let it become an obsession, and be sure you take into consideration whether your hands and feet are large or small, if your bone structure is naturally bigger than average. If you are sixteen and small, perhaps you should weigh the same as a 14-year-old; if you are heavily set, the chart for 18 or 20 might be nearer your correct weight.

Most girls of your age have friends who like to do the same things. So I've planned a few exercises that you can do together. These will keep you in good condition, and I think you will enjoy them.

1. Stand with your back to a wall, arms raised high above your head; raise the right knee, foot pointing downward, as high as it will go. Then left knee. Now try same exercise with your friend, pushing against the knee as you raise it. This exercise is excellent for constipation also.

Then there is the see-saw: Sit back to back on the floor, legs straight out in front of you, hands clasped behind neck. One girl leans backward as heavily as she can, pushing the other one forward as low as she can go; the second girl tries to hold back all the time; then she leans backward and forces her resisting friend to bend down toward her knees; back and forth they go, see-saw, see-saw. This strengthens the muscles of the abdomen.

2. One girl stands behind the other, giving support with her own chest (a cushion may be used between the two, if desired); the girl in back grasps her friend's elbows and draws them back while the friend is taking in a deep breath. This will hurt a little at first, but it is an excellent exercise to develop a good chest expansion.

I know that exercise is often looked upon as a deadly bore and any excuse will do to postpone it, but if you allow yourself to do that, the extra weight will soon spoil any attempt to look like Miriam Hopkins or Carole Lombard. Regularity is necessary for results.

You can add interest and zest to the exercise period by combining dance exercises with the other calisthenics. Most girls like to dance and you can do this alone or with your girl friend. Turn on the radio, or put on a record; or if you can't do this, try whistling or humming while you dance. Rolls of fat around the hips can be reduced by dance movements.

Try kicking steps, while hopping on one foot; for example: Stand with right foot turned out, left heel at instep of right foot; give a hop and at same time raise left knee upward, describing a semi-circle in the air with the leg, then, to make semi-circle, left leg must swing out a little at the knee. Repeat hop and knee-raising with a light and graceful motion six times. Now repeat, hopping on left foot and raising right knee. Hold arms out a little below shoulder level, with elbows nicely rounded.

Here's another exercise excellent for reducing stout legs: Stand with right foot in front of left and almost parallel, toe of left foot behind heel of right. Raise right leg, knee stiff, until foot is about 18 inches from the floor. Give a high jump upward, and at the same time bring left leg up and beat it against calf of right leg. In landing bend knees and ankles so that you come down softly. Do not come down with a thud. This exercise requires very quick action of the legs. Repeat with right leg behind, beating left calf on jump. Do this 4 to 6 times at first, until muscles are accustomed to it. Remember to land lightly every time. Then do various dance steps and bend down to touch floor with fingers and up as high as you can reach, first to right, then to left, as you dance.

Follow these dancing exercises with a brisk massage, including the slapping movement given in former articles.

In your local papers you often see advice from doctors recommending that women who wish to reduce should fast for several days: very month. YOU are too young to do this without the advice of your personal physician. So DON'T.

One difficulty about very strict diets is that girls don't know how to begin to eat when the diet is over. I've told you not to fast, but if you have done it anyway, follow this advice: Break your fast with liquid fruits—juices, broths, soups, taken every hour or two, not very much at a time. Then you may graduate to cereals and easily digested foods. It may be a month before you can go in for heavy diets...
The second night, one of the men felt so ravenously hungry that he got up while we were asleep, cooked himself a big vension steak and gorged on it. He died the next day. The others got well, which proves my point.

I see by the papers that the girls in Racine, Wisconsin, have decided to have Mae West figures and that they have, therefore, gone in for ice cream sodas and banana splits in a big way. Let me advise them—and all of you—that Mae West never drinks sodas or goes in for rich dishes of any kind. She exercises as a massage and is careful of her figure. Yes, I think it's fine to have curves, but you won't get them from rich food.

A good many young girls who have slender bodies worry about their fat faces. As a rule a plump face belongs to youth, but if yours is causing you to look fat, you can make it a little slimmer by regular facial massage, including the slapping movement. This slapping massage may be done with a patter or a large wooden tool mounted at the end of a whalebone. Tense the cheek muscles and pat briskly about 20 times as you inhale. Now let go of the tool and press with the heel of the hand massage the tensed muscles with a firm rotary motion about six times. Then bathe the face with ice or a cloth wet for several minutes and pat on skin tonic, and let dry on the skin.

All the cautions I've been giving you about fasting and too much exercise don't mean that I recommend to you to lie in the shade or lounge by the fire with a book, whenever you are not in school or at work, and then to drink milk and eat nourishing food in order to be safe. It is vitally necessary at your age that you take exercise, and unless you want to, there's something wrong somewhere, and you should try to locate the cause.

If you secretly have an eye on Hollywood, it is up to you to acquire and preserve a slender, beautiful figure. It needn't be hard to do this; you can enjoy it, if you will.

The best exercise for the average girl is that taken outdoors in her favorite sport. Horseback riding, tennis, hiking, gardening, swimming and diving are excellent, but for very busy people these are not available at sufficiently frequent intervals. An occasional game or an occasional hike may make you feel fine, but the good effects wear off if you can't do it regularly.

So if you aren't able to get in tennis or swimming or other outdoor sports every day, take up regular exercise. Anyone can find time for ten or fifteen minutes exercise, night or morning, to keep in trim. Suppose you think that I'm always harping on posture, but it means a lot if you have any screen ambitions. How far do you think Marlene Dietrich would have gone if she had had one shoulder higher than the other?

Aside from the fact that your clothes don't look well when your shoulders aren't even, the knowledge that you are deformed isn't pleasant. Habitual faulty posture is one of the causes of these defects.

There are some simple exercises that may be used to correct minor defects. For a condition in which the right shoulder is a little lower than the left and the left hip lower than the right, try this: Sit or stand up. Stretch right arm straight out to the side at shoulder level, then bend the elbow, bringing the hand to the back of the neck. Place the left hand against the left side about midway between the waist and arm. Pull with elbow bent out at sides. Bend trunk over to the left. Rise and repeat from five to ten times.

Another very simple exercise for the same purpose may be done in a standing position. Stand with elbows bent at sides and hands on shoulders. Slowly stretch one arm up and one arm forward, so that you stretch the head and stretch the other arm out to the side at shoulder level. If it is the right shoulder that is lower than the left, the right arm should be the one to stretch upward, but if the left shoulder is low, stretch up with that arm.

A variation of the above exercise may be had by lifting a two or three pound weight, like a book, in the hand that is being lifted upward. At the same time, the side of the high shoulder, may be placed on the hip. Repeat the upward thrusts about ten times.

(Next month I'll have more advice for you, which will include answers to some of your personal problems you've written me about.)

Claudette Steps Out!
Continued from page 31

So why all this stepping out? So I decided to drop what I was doing—and I was doing pretty good, too—and get the heck out to Brentwood.

Immediately, of course, I threw out of my car Prince, the Colbert pooh, came lumbering up and planted his dirty paws right smack on the shoulders of my white polo coat, fresh from the cleaner's, which put me in a nasty frame of mind, I'm telling you. Colbert is certainly an expensive girl to know—what with those dry-cleaning bills and all—so I put him on a telephone. I was informed by the maid that Miss Colbert hadn't awakened as yet, was engaged all the morning for a club that was twelve-thirty and it has always been my boast that Claudette was the one movie star in Hollywood you could call at nine in the morning and receive not only a "hello," but a cheerful "hello." Things were looking dire, dire indeed. So I just threw my white polo coat on the floor and told Prince to enjoy himself, which he did.

"Madame," I said when I was admitted to her bedroom, a little something in white and balls whispered Billy Haines, and with those inevitable curved chairs which always break when I lean back, "I am on the verge of reporting you to the Revolution. The very idea of

Claudette announced calmly.  "I've invited her to dinner. And you'll kindly refrain from talking about my guests."

"It's crazy, it's all crazy. For years, Claudette, we have agreed that the insect is poisonous. Oh, well, just skip it. I like a lot of people I didn't like once, and I like doing a lot of things that used to bore me. Wouldn't it be funny if I started giving parties? Why, I haven't entertained since I left New York."

I'll be a Clown, costume ball at the Venetian, said morosely. But before you start inviting all the people you know to find out you think we're dull, please tell me what all this stepping out is about. Wouldn't you prefer to take a long drive through Louella's column every morning and Harrison Carroll's every night? You've looked 'radiant beautiful' all this time at the parties I've wasted sixty cents trying to find you at home all week. It used to take my best wheedling to get you to a preview, and I must say your other friends didn't get you much further, and now you start stepping out all over the place, delving into night life and everything. How come?

"It's my shyness," Claudette confessed. "It's anything. Pour—like that—it disappeared." She slipped into a shirt of slacks for tennis—for something had to be done about those three pieces of chocolate

Complaining the "duet" exercise for developing the chest—one of several ideas outlined in this article for companionable health-seekers
cake. “All my life I have been face-conscious, or leg-conscious, or voice-conscious, and simply frightened to death of people. I always imagined they were talking about me, criticizing me, when really I suppose they were worrying about their own presence. When I first came to Hollywood, I tried my best to get over my shyness and Norman and I went to a few parties—but I completely ruined them all and ended up with nervous indigestion. I would see a couple of producers, and the directors of a recent picture, all sitting over in the corner talking in whispers, and I was just certain that they were saying, ‘That’s Claudette Colbert, New York stage actress. Heaven only knows why they brought her out here. Look at that face—you can’t photograph that!’ Or if I entered a living room and a couple of people suddenly stopped talking I was sure that they had been discussing me and my face would burn for hours.

“A rather awful thing happened to me a week or so before I came to Hollywood which didn’t help my shyness at all. Somewhere now at the time I kept me awake for nights afterwards. A boy I have known for years took me to the Paramount Theatre in New York to see my picture ‘The Wiser Sex’ which was running there that week. This boy is lots of fun, but always ribbing. When ‘The Wiser Sex’ with Claudette Colbert was flashed on the screen, he arose, pretended to put on his coat, and said in a loud whisper, ‘Aw nuts, I don’t want to see that Colbert! She can’t act!’ Immediately, but immediately, the man back of him got up, grabbed his coat, and remarked—on his way out—‘Brother, you said a mouthful!’ Well, it sort of got me. Every time I went to one of my pictures after that I could imagine that I saw the entire audience walking out. And the night I sang on the radio I had a perfect picture of ten million people hastily dialing for another station.

“And of course a review I received in an Eastern paper once didn’t help matters much. It said, ‘The picture is awful enough, but Claudette Colbert is worse.’ I almost gave up my career after that. It’s always been a queer thing, but I can face ten thousand people—if they are on the other side of the footlights—but put ten people in a room with me and I’m frightened silly. So what with imagining that everybody was talking about me, in a critical way, and what with never being able to think up any smart retort when introduced to a Hollywood celebrity, I just decided the best place for me was by my own fireside with a few friends who’d like me whether I was a great actress or a flop.

“But somehow, since I have been branch ing out in pictures, I have also felt like branching out in my private life. I realize now that I have always liked people, but have been so shy and sensitive that I have avoided them. I don’t believe I’m shy any more. I can meet the biggest producers and directors without batting an eyelash. Please don’t think me conceited, but I sort of feel I owe it to myself that they are sitting over there in the corner whispering, ‘That’s Claudette Colbert. I’m after her for a picture.’

“And that, by heck, is just exactly what they are saying—except they are saying it in italics. Since her sensational success in ‘The Sign of the Cross’—‘Torch Singer,’ and “It Happened One Night”—and just wait until you see Miss Gorgeous in ‘Cleopatra’—every producer in Hollywood has been trying to sign Claudette for a picture. Universal, holding out John Stahl as her first—but as soon as ‘Imitation of Life’ is finished will come a picture at Paramount, at Columbia, at Metro, at Warners, and so on far into the next two years. At last, Colbert is more than a sauce. So Claudette in her modest way is saying that she is overcoming her shyness and therefore can step out a bit and meet people and enjoy herself. But in my frank way I’m saying that it’s because she has gained confidence in herself. There’s nothing like a little confidence to help one put one’s best foot forward. When I first started going to previews with Claudette she would dress up like a million dollars and then would dash out of the theatre five minutes before the picture was over just to keep people from seeing her. Thank heavens, now we don’t have to dash, and I’ve left a good pair of gloves behind for the last time. Fans, stars, and just ‘private people’ stimulate her now, and she feels the need of this stimulation.

“A lot of thanks should go to C. B. DeMille in this little matter of helping Claudette gain confidence in herself. One of the things that Claudette has always been particularly self-conscious about is her voice. It has a strange, husky quality about it that came from a series of colds when she was a kid which completely robbed her of a singing voice which her father always said would develop. After her sickness when she heard her ‘new voice’ she cried for days, and another siege of shyness set in. She was so conscious of her voice that the movie executives became conscious of it, too. So when DeMille was looking around for his Poppea for ‘The Sign of the Cross’—he tested hundreds of actresses—he happened to be in the projection room one night when they were showing the ‘rushes’ of Claudette’s picture. DeMille sprang from his seat and made his way out of that projection room, going straight to the big mogul’s office.

“I want Colbert,” he announced. "Okay. And while you are at it try to cure her of that funny, husky catch which creeps in her voice."

“I’ll do nothing of the sort,” DeMille answered. "It was that husky catch which tipped me off that she is the only one suited for the part."

And later to Claudette he said, “How is your figure?”

“It’s all right,” said Claudette a bit dubiously, “what there is of it.”

Well, DeMille set forth right away to prove to Claudette that she has an interesting voice, a perfect figure, and a lovely face. Claudette isn’t completely sold yet—but she’s willing to admit that maybe everything wasn’t as bad as she thought. And at least she can face the music—and the people.

Allan Hale and Claudette Colbert are companion troupers in the new picture John M. Stahl will offer as his next directorial effort. You see them above having a chat between ‘takes’ at the studio where they are making the new production.
two days of shooting. "The Belle of the Nineties" was not a closed set. The third dayliquids came. Even her costume did not change of Mac's mind was centered in the visit of two ladies, one a newspaper woman and the other an "out-of-towner" who had become quite personable to watch Mac go through her motions. It was one of those days when nothing went quite right. Even her costume did not fit—until she had stood for hours having alterations. Johnny Mack Brown was snuffling around with a slight cold that was registering on the telephone. "I see after "take" was being N.G.d—from (no good)—by the sound technician. Mac was upset, to say the least, for she was frequently blowing up in her "lines." John Miljan was saying to her: "Have you forgotten you have lost your jewelry?" and Mac was supposed to answer: "No, and I ain't forgotten how I got it, either!" A simple line. Yet because of many things it eludes her.

The lady visitors sat and took notice. The next day the story was all over town that Ira West couldn't really write the movie stories she was watching, a credit and a money maker because she couldn't even remember her own lines! So much gossip as this Mac considered not only damaging to her reputation, but downright aggravating! The same day a newspaper man dropped over to see what was going on, and reported in his column the next evening that Mac and her director were quarreling on the set over certain bits of action. In exasperation, Mac explained that she had also been quarreling only discussing, which is part and parcel of the game of making movies. "I'm sick and tired of all this made-up stuff about what's taking place on my set," said Mac—and on went the CLOSED SET sign.

Joan Crawford is not an out-and-out "closed set" star. There are times, during the lighter scenes of her pictures, when Joan's set is open to visitors who have business there. But when Joan goes into the dramatic scenes of "Sadie McKee" or any other picture, the set is as closed as a Marlene Dietrich-Von Sternberg sound stage. No, it isn't that it makes Joan nervous to be watched, either. After all, the set is crowded with electricians, carpenters, assistant directors and cameramen with eyes burning on her. But then, that is, Joan is used to these people. They are comfortable. Their thought waves are friendly—for anybody with an unfriendly thought wave does not remain long employed in Joan's companies. She's extremely sensitive to thought waves, is Joan, so sensitive it amounts almost to mind reading.

The best example of this occurred just the other day while Joan and Clark Gable were making close-ups for a love scene in "Chained." A "bit player" who used to know Joan very well when they were both starting out in the movies, had stopped in at the set to see her and say "Hello." Joan received graciously and they chatted for quite awhile before director Clarence Brown called Joan back before the camera. The visiting girl remained to see the scene shot, but not for long! An assistant cameraman who happened by would not stand so close to the camera that Miss Crawford and Mr. Gable could see her. In a little while she left the set, even knowing that Joan had given the signal that she wanted her to go—because, Joan, could sense the unhappiness and uncomfortable feeling hovering in the air. Joan was thinking about her! And just to prove how right Joan was: this girl was later overheard to remark that Joan was "friendly enough, but always acting, both on and off the screen!"

Norma Shearer's tightly closed sets are not inspired from nervousness, but because so much time can, and has been lost, by stopping to chat with reporters and visiting celebrities and wives of important men who come to the studios on visits. Norma is a very friendly girl. She likes people. She likes to talk to them, and if they are interesting, she can become wholly wrapped up in the exploits of the newest aviator, or the Chinese lady doctor. Far from unfriendly reasons—Norma's sets are any stage experience, and she has never made a single personal appearance. It's an attitude, a constant flight from scurrility, and cold feet with Connie, and she makes no bones about it. "It actually makes my knees go limp to even see someone standing there, watching reporters stare and gawk when they come onto a motion picture set. It's awful, too, to see the whole world moving around on the set. I always feel they are talking about—criticizing my appearance or my work." And that is the main and only reason why Norma will not except Garbo or any other "big name" on the set of the new Bennett picture—or any other Bennett picture if Connie can help it, and she usually can! Therefore only one writer, a man who has been her friend for many years, who has ever been able to get a Bennett production story. The Dietrich-Von Sternberg and the Greta Garbo sets have been saved for the last for, yea, verily, 'tis harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for assistants (who are the sets) will be and his of the two queens when the camera is turning. With Norma Shearer, or Mac West, even Connie and Garbo are always a bare possibility that someone might get to them if the studio was burning down—or the end of the world came. But with Dietrich and Garbo, one can be certain handed for it that Judgment Day would come along and rock them into eternity without anyone ever getting on the set to save any sets to warn of what was approaching!

With Garbo, it is a combination of showmanship (maintaining her well established mystery act), and a truly timid, retiring disposition. So far as anyone knows, Max Baer is the only person in the world who ever got away with "sneaking" onto a Garbo set. He claimed he had shot several scenes without her ever realizing he was present—and maybe he did. You know Maxie. Always clowing! But if it's true, it was an accident.

The reason Marlene Dietrich permits no one on her sets is—Josef von Sternberg! Marlene's "Svengali" has a fetish for privacy. Someone once said that he directed a picture after the manner of a Yankee Spy conducting activities in a Confederate prison. Plainly, he can't be trusted. He requested not to repeat even to friends descriptions of their roles, or any of the other characters taking place in the story, cannot describe a costume, or hum a musical score. Whether this is pure self-protection with von Sternberg (fear a rival producer might try to beat him to the market with his own ideas) or merely an unreasonable artistic urge on his part, is a moot question. The funniest story coming from the CLOSED SET policy on "The Scarlet Empress" was when Von made all the cinematographers and electricians and his assistants leave the set while he and his gorgeous German star occupied the stage—Marlene before the camera and von Sternberg turning the crank on it.

The fact that little "set gossip" is published concerning a Garbo or Dietrich picture serves its purpose well in stirring up interest in everything related to them. Therefore, it can also be a boomerang when a picture that has been whispered into solemn importance so sacred and secret that no one knows what it is (Garbo or self-given expectation nothing short of a miracle), turns out to be just "another picture," as did The Scarlet Empress.

Then, is it any wonder that the newspaper boys tear their hair and jump up and down in trying to figure out: "What's all the shooting for behind those closed sets?"

---

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laugh on, (Elsa Lanchester), both of whom now are doing pictures in Hollywood.
Sally's pretty and Sally's smart!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—blackheads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to choke the pores. Many a girl who thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle white soap!
Shirley Temple's Mother Tells How Shirley Became A Star

Continued from page 23

speak she minds. There is no argument, no pleading, no begging. I have never permitted any impudence, crying, or displays of temper. I have taught her to wait on herself to begin any treatment, and was told if I have taught her not to be afraid of anything. She never hesitates to do whatever the director asks of her and I recall in "Little Miss Marker," that everyone marveled that she had no fear of the stampeding horse.

I have given the rearing of Shirley a great deal of thought. I've tried to meet each problem promptly so as to avoid repetition. I never let her dictate to me and I love her 'get away with anything, nor do I bribe her. That is fatal. She must do what I ask because it is right, not because of a reward of candy or some special privilege.

"I seldom have to resort to other means of disciplining than reasoning with her. Within the scope of anything that does not punish I explain to her exactly why it is wrong and why it must not be done again. Just telling children, 'Don't do this!' evokes the issue and leaves them uncertain. It is an amazing how readily they understand if you will take the time to explain that something is wrong in bad taste and must not be repeated.

"Oh, yes, Shirley has had a few paddlings. When a child is very young you have to be direct in corrections. Fortunately she never had a yen for matches or scissors, and never ran away.

"My most effective punishment at present is removing her plate at dinner while she is sent to her room until peace is restored. However, these occasions are rare, for as I say, a little explaining usually smooths out our difficulties.

"Constantly correcting, criticizing, and belittling a child's efforts have a bad effect, with a danger of an inferiority complex developing. I have guarded against this, for I didn't want a namby-pamby child, nor do I. I want Shirley to be free to express herself naturally, to think for herself and develop her own distinct personality." I began this training very early and it means constant vigilance. I soon learned not to let my affection make me too lentric, so harmful, for it things terrible later on. Instead, I'm trying to teach her how to meet each problem wisely. This, I believe, is the real mission of motherly love.

"Shirley talked before she was a year old, but never baby talk. We all helped her to pronounce each word correctly, and as never walked, she danced!"

"Always on her tiptoes, she would follow the sunbeams in the garden, playing with the flowers were human companions. She always had a pictorial imagination.

"When she was three we let her begin dancing lessons and she took to tap-dancing at once. I had to stop her from practicing for she loved it and always had a new step she wanted to perfect, going over and over it with infinite patience."

Mrs. Temple laughed, "Shirley's film career was thrust upon her, we never thought of it. She was about three and a half when we were approached by executives of Educational Studios who asked us to permit Shirley to play a leading roll in their 'Baby Burlesque' series. We talked it over. It seemed a step up and we did it only just to let her try it. She has always been accustomed to attention for wherever we go people notice her so it means nothing to her and the studios haven't changed her in the least.

"We never repeat praises or compliments and she has no idea she is considered a success. Sometimes after a scene she asks me if she did all right. With my commendation I always throw in a word of discouragement. I feel this is the better way for it keeps her striving to improve,'"

There was a real story-book element in the way Shirley was discovered for her big chance in "Stand Up and Cheer," the Fox musical, which flashed her on the screen as a sensational juvenile "find."

"The studio was factiously searching for a talented youngster who could sing, dance, and act. One afternoon, Jay Gorney, composer of the music in "Stand Up and Cheer," attended a preview of a "Baby Burlesque" comedy, and there on the screen before him was the very child he was looking for. Coming out of the theatre he saw Shirley and her mother and introducing himself, he asked them to come to the Fox studio the next day.

"The first test given Shirley sent the officials into raptures and when "Stand Up and Cheer," was completed, they signed her to a five year contract. Then came bits in "Change of Heart" and "Bottoms Up," followed by "Baby Take a Bow," virtually a starring picture for Shirley Temple. She was borrowed by Paramount for "Little Miss Marker," which proved beyond a doubt that this tot is a dramatic actress as well as a singing, dancing comedienne.

She's a marvel of naturalness in miniature, with a personal magnetism that reaches the hearts of every audience. She is cute without being over-cute, and she has absolutely no trace of self-consciousness.

Again at Paramount, Shirley has a starring part with Cary Cooper and Carole Lombard in "Now and Forever," while her own studio is busily preparing other pictures for its dimpled darling.

I asked Mrs. Temple about the influence at the studios for children and met with an emphatic answer. She said, "It is an excellent experience in every way for Shirley. A clean, wholesome atmosphere surrounds her every minute and she has never seen or heard a single thing that was detrimental. Mr. Temple and I both consider her contact with these charming, busy, ambitious people a splendid incentive. Between scenes, Shirley is getting a regular kindergarten course from the studio teacher."

Shirley is permitted to be on the studio set six hours a day, with three hours of actual camera work. She looks upon the
whole thing as play, as one grand game, and never tires of it. She has the remarkable energy of perfect health.

Her routine includes regular meals and regular bedtime. She gets ten full hours of sleep every night. For breakfast she has orange juice, cereal, coddled egg and all the milk she can drink.

She has dinner at noon, and it consists of vegetable or cream soup, a plate of two vegetables with chicken or lamb. Her favorite deserts are cream ice-cream — "with gravy" — meaning chocolate sauce, blanc mange, and jello. No pies, cakes, or candy, and no "piecing" between meals.

Mrs. Temple tells me that the recipe for her famous vegetable soup includes, besides the usual vegetables, a wide assortment of vegetables, both rice and barley. These add to the delicious flavor and also are nourishing.

Shirley likes spinach. And she still takes her cod liver oil twice a day.

A simple supper of a vegetable, stewed fruit, and a big malled milk is followed by a story hour with her daddy, George P. Temple. Usually she goes through the scenes of the day for his benefit. Bedtime comes and there is no fussing. The lights are turned out and she is left alone.

"Shirley is my job, a twenty-four-hour-a day job, for I am always with her," said Mrs. Temple. "Her father is manager of a branch bank in Los Angeles, and he is investing her salary so if at the end of her five year contract she does not wish to continue in pictures, she will have money to follow any other vocation."

At this point in our conversation, Director Henry Hathaway called out, "Shirley, where's our Shirley?" and she sang back, "Coming!"

Rushing to her mother she breathlessly exclaimed, "Oh, Mommy, we're having such fun painting. Do I look all right?"

Her curls were rearranged, her wide collar straightened, a soft chamois rubbed across the eager face — (she uses no make-up) — and she was ready to become the actress in another dramatic scene. And Shirley Temple is the studio marvel — she is always letter perfect in her lines.

"When she begins a new picture," her mother explained, "I tell her the entire story in detail. It is sometimes uncanny how she grasps the adult problems. Then, at breakfast, I read the lines she is to speak in scenes that day and we go over and over them to get the full meaning of each phrase, talking them naturally, just as if we were the people in the play. That is all she needs, for with her retentive memory she never forgets or transposes a word."

Shirley seems devoid of the usual childish vanity for there is no preening before mirrors. But — she insists on having her hands clean. And they always are, for she washes them dozens of times a day.

While she loves all the stars with whom she has played, Jimmy Dunn is her favorite. He's such a jolly playmate and every time they get together they immediately swing into their tap-dance routine which was the high spot in "Stand Up and Cheer," and also "Baby Take a Bow." Jimmy says he lost ten pounds making these pictures, for Shirley's unflagging energy kept him practicing at all hours.

After a vacation of six weeks, Shirley and Jimmy will again be co-starred in "Baby Face," much to their delight.

"They gave me a lovely party at the studio on my birthday," she told me. "I wish you had been there. I wish everybody had been there. We had such fun, and there was lots of ice cream, too."

A sweet, happy little girl is Shirley, unconscious that today she is the screen's greatest sensation, a "miracle" star that only comes once in a decade.

---

**Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to do these New Hollywood Curls?**

**Help for DRY hair:**
Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't — oh, don't — use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali... Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali... no acidity in Packer Shampoo. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soup. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

**To correct OILY hair:**
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo — it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It helps to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

---

**Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo**
for DRY hair

**Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo**
for OILY hair
New Girls, New Boys!

Continued from page 30

better known of the young actors and actresses we are about to encounter. That impishly lovely girl over there, for instance, is Pat Patterson. She is talking to Alice Faye and Claire the revues—and of course you know Alice and Claire. And then there's little Rochelle Hudson. But these girls are already well established. Let's dash on to Rosamond Ames. She is the tall young lady who moved with such willowy grace through "I Believed In You." Rosamond is very fair, if the right opportunities come her way. Miss Ames is five feet, six inches in height, and she weighs 128 pounds. Her eyes are grey, and included in her entourage. She is a blonde. And bless us, she has freckles! After a liberal education in the finest American schools, Rosamond went to London, registered at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts—and wound up on the London stage. All such roads lead to Hollywood—aren't they?

Comes now Mona Barrie, an outspoken young woman from Australia, who expresses amazement that American people think of her country as a small island "somewhere." "As if we were like Fiji," sniffs Mona. When five foot five inch Mona sniffs, she gives the most entrancing impression of a job of it! Don't let me forget to tell you that she weighs 114 pounds, and has hazel eyes and brown hair. She was born in London, England. Aronson, Ardell Unger, Patricia Lee, Lucille Miller, Philippa Hilber, Elise Larson, Julie Cabanne, and Florene—(the spelling is her way), Dickson. Miss Larson is the girl who, while working as a waitress in the Brown Derby restaurant, attracted the attention of a Fox executive, and ultimately wound up in the office of Samuel Goldwyn. Mona Barrie was born in Australia, pronounced Câ-ba-ny), is the daughter of William Christy Cabanne, a director. Miss Dickson was formerly a songstress with an orchestra.

Remaining members of the stock girls, (too numerous to describe in detail, but all of whom come out of the "Wampas Ball" are Josephine Johnson, Virginia Hills, (honestly, that's her name), Genevieve Temple, Leatrice Joy, and Patricia Farr, (her name), Miss Teeny, (she was a cashier in a Los Angeles theatre, from which position she was drafted into the movies. You see, the recruits may be distinguished by Marthwin Beth, Ann Nagel, (she used to pose for commercial artists), Anita Thompson, Edith Haskins, Jean Allen, Marian Welles, and Mary Blackwood.

And now, if your eyes aren't blinded, and your brain not befuddled by that array of feminine beauty, let's take a visit to the men's quarters. Fox executives have contracted a number of promising masculine players, too, and after executive, are not forgetting that the pictures of Clark Gable, Richard Arlen, and Gary Cooper make money, as well as those of Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, and Margaret Sullavan.

Here is the list of men who attend the Fox Dramatic School, representing a brief description: One of the most promising is Frank Melton. He is the young chap who climbed the Fox studio fence and pes- tered the director until he was hired in "State Fair." After that, he worked himself into the cast of "Mr. Skitch" by padding his body until he became a lead, and also appeared in "Stand Up and Cheer." Melton went to Hollywood several years ago to determine that, in order to earn his living, he chauffeured for Marie Prevost, worked as a store clerk and restaurant waiter, and finally regis-
Charm him tonight...

with a complexion that stays MIRROR FRESH all evening long

WIN his compliments all evening long with a complexion as fresh and smooth as the moment you left your mirror. You can, you know, because Richard Hudnut has perfected a new kind of face powder.

This powder, rightly enough, is called Marvelous. It clings as if you’ve always wanted powder to cling—and never thought it could. It actually stays on four to six hours by the clock.

Marvelous, indeed, is a different kind of powder, a different blend, developed by the Richard Hudnut laboratories after years of searching for a new, longer-clinging powder. The Marvelous blend contains a substance entirely new to face powder—with a remarkable power to cling to your skin. In a sense, it becomes part of your own skin texture.

Marvelous Face Powder, therefore, never looks powdery on your skin. It looks like a new, more freshly tinted, softer complexion of your own! And think of it—all flattering effect remains from four to six hours. What’s more, Marvelous Face Powder stays without clogging the pores. Its purity is guaranteed by the fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut.

Put Marvelous Face Powder to any test. So sure are we of the results that we will send you free trial packages of Marvelous in four new, popular shades—so you may select your own shade and compare Marvelous Face Powder with any face powder you wish. (Note coupon.)

Or, if you’d rather not wait for the postman, you can buy a box of Marvelous Face Powder right now—at any drug store or department store. The cost is amazingly low. Only 55 cents—and the box is full size.

New face powder stays on from 4 to 6 hours... thanks to newest discovery of RICHARD HUDNUT

WIN his compliments all evening long...
Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 8

one of his pictures is announced we never worry as to whether our children should see it.

Mrs. W. W. Sawyer,
315 16th St.,
Virginia Beach, Va.

WHAT! A DULCET DURANTE?
No indeed, I am not a voice instructor! Just a druggist’s daughter who has a suggestion to make about Durante’s colossal voice. Jimmy, wouldn’t a good gargle help?

Dorothy Hill.
Box H.H.H.,
El Cajon, Calif.

OH, CALM THOSE FEATURES!
Why all the “startled deer expression” pictures of Katharine Hepburn we see in the magazines? Let’s see what she really looks like! Imagine Norma Shearer or Greta Garbo in some of the poses we see of Miss Hepburn!

Lars G. Oliver,
205 Avenue D,
Redondo Beach, Calif.

SUGGESTION TO JOAN!
Nature gave Joan Crawford a nicely shaped mouth, and from pictures we see of her in magazines she has a gay and happy face. Then, why doesn’t Joan try being natural for a change and let us see her as she really is? I’m sure we’d all like her.

Louise V. Williams,
2101 Green Ave.,
Richmond, Va.

LITTLE, BUT OH, MY!
“Little Shirley” looks like the screen’s most promising actress. Like Gaynor she possesses that certain irresistible charm that other actresses lack. She is just a smiling, lovable, spunky bit of beauty. Better watch your p’s and q’s, Gaynor, or Temple may be stealing some of your popularity.

Barbara de Young,
629 W. Twinham st.,
Havana, Ill.

COMES THE EVOLUTION!
The neighborhood is running wild. Boys draped in our best guest-towels scampering from tree to tree. Prim little girls nightmaring in their sleep. No, it’s not evolution. They’ve seen “Tarzan” again. I even feel like a monkey myself! Give poor mothers a break!

Hanna Feldman,
1034 Lamer Blvd.,
Atlanta, Ga.

REVERSE LATIN!
As an enthusiastic movie fan I am pained by the way in which Latin-Americans are “typed” in most pictures. The Latin is simple, plain, full of pride—but not sophisticated. I think the truest characterization of a Latin by an English actor was Sir Guy Standing’s in “Cradle Song.”

Gilberto Serrano,
Vergara St. No. 3,
Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

ONE-WORD DESCRIPTIONS!
Looking over some old SCREENLAND issues, I noticed in the August 1932 issue the following: “Beaton’s impressions”:

Garbo—Incomparable; Tallulah—Glamorous; Dietrich—Child-like; Crawford—Posed; Sylvia Sidney—Sancty; Gwili André—Flower-like.

My Impressions:

Hepburn—Incomparable; Crawford—Glamorous; Gaynor—Child-like; Irene Dunne—Posed; Sylvia Sidney—Sancty; Dorothy Jordan—Flower-like.

Gladys Mayhew.
Reality Building,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

PERPETUATE CHANEY!
Mendelsson, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Caruso, and Poe will long be remembered as truly great artists. Hence their works are being preserved. Why, then, should Lon Chaney, who proved his unexcelled artistry in character acting, be allowed to become forgotten? Why not standardize his pictures and re-show them?

John Peterson,
25 S. Gaylord St.,
Butte, Mont.

TECHNOLOGICAL BEAUTY!
Just as master artists of the Renaissance period were able by skill in bringing out character to command adulation for un-

Two of fiction’s most famous characters who come to life on the screen. Above, Virginia Bruce as Jane Eyre, and Edith Fellowes as Adele in the new talkie version of Charlotte Bronte’s “Jane Eyre.”
lovely subjects, the motion pictures, by perfection of color and the costumes and make-up artists' skill, might bring to the screen the world's greatest talent irrespective of homely features.

Betty Rackman, 351 N. Ogden Dr., Los Angeles, Calif.

A BREAK FOR JOHNNY!

Let's give Johnny Weismuller a break! Doubts often arise: Can he really act, or is it his physique that puts him over? Give him a chance to prove his talent! We like him as a wild he-man, but do give him some clothes for his next picture and let's see the results.

Helen Watkins, Clemmons, N. C.

WHOLL JOIN THE CHORUS?

For goodness' sake, how much longer do we have to listen to those horrible introductory tunes in the various newsreels? Some day, I shall rise in the midst of one and another it with Weismuller's Tarzan yell! Sound men, save our songs.

Charlotte Starr, 319 E. Bennett Ave., Cripple Creek, Colo.

HUMANIZING ROYALTY!

Hollywood may be making royalty more hysterical than historical, but I think it's a swell idea, anyhow. The producers are to be congratulated upon making royalty act like human beings. Maybe that's why we liked the befuddling scene in "Henry the Eighth" and the "Chocolate for two?" scene in "Christina."

Mary Frances Dorer, 6220-37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.

DISCOVERS A STAR!

Perhaps Billie Seward doesn't know it, but she was champion scene-stealer in "Once to Every Woman." As No. 5, the brain-tumor patient—just a bit rôle depending on sheer personality for recognition—Billie showed real promise. Columbia moguls, you have a starlet, make her a star!

Helen Franzen, 530 Hampshire St., Quincy, Ill.

AUTHOR, SPARE THAT STAR!

Why does Jack Holt always have to die in the last reel of his pictures so that someone else may have a "happy ending"? It keeps his fans away from his pictures because they know beforehand just what the film will be! Can't we have a change of diet, Jack?

Alice Anne Shue, 25 Brewster St., Providence, R. I.

HAIL THE KING AND QUEEN!

Who has Hollywood's most beautiful figure? Mae West? No indeed. Minnie Mouse is the gal. If you're skeptical ask Mickey. Who is the Great Lover of the screen? Clark Gable? Wrong again, it's Mickey Mouse. Ask Minnie, if you doubt me. And if you don't believe them, ask the public.

Pauline Carriere, Evergreen, Col.

WANTS HER JUST TOBY!

In the July issue of Screenland a striking photograph of Toby Wing attracted my attention. The caption said that Toby's ambition is to be like Mae West. I was surprised. Toby has a way that can't be duplicated, so why should she copy someone else?

Sticks, Toby, be yourself, please!

Douglas Lemmel
R.F.D. 27, Box 215, Seattle, Wash.

ONLY ONE SHIRLEY!

I'm just as crazy about little Shirley Temple as everyone else seems to be. But as a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan, I'm apprehensive. Of what? Why, of producers trying to develop "a second Shirley Temple." Take a hint from past failures, oh wise producers, and—don't try it!

Mrs. W. Clement, 100 Davis St., San Francisco, Calif.

DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T!

I'm frightened! For fear our screen magazine will come marching forth with glaring headlines—"Shirley Temple steals scenes from the stars—can't something be done about this?"

She is so perfectly adorable, let her have the scenes and more of them.

Betty Jane Givens, 440 Spruce St., Chardon, Ohio.

CASTING "MOON MULLINS"

Here's my cast for that "Moon Mullins" movie:

Moon, Hal LeRoy; Kaya, Baby LeRoy; Uncle Willie, W. C. Fields; Mamie, Alison Skipworth; Uncle Willie's brother-in-law, Ted Healy; Lord Plushbottom, Guy Kibbee; Lady Emma Plushbottom, Edna May Oliver; Mudmouth, Stepin Fetchit; Little Egypt, Sally Rand.

How am I doing, folks?

Shirley Lubers, Hotel Colonial, 51 West 81st St., New York City.

HOME TOWN OKES OAKIE!

Lend an ear to a fellow-home-towner of affable Jack Oakie! Some one characterized Jack as a "soda-fountain boy talking out loud." The description is good. For he can relate the inbred good nature which makes him so lovable on and off the screen. He is an asset to any movie.

Nellie Mae Eastham, 106 South Prospect Ave., Sedalia, Mo.

IOWA EXPECTS!

What's the matter, Anne Sothern? Are you ashamed of the fact you were born in Iowa, or is it bad publicity to talk about it? Few of the articles about you have come any closer to to hooch exact than just saying "Middle-west." Think Iowa fans will stand for that?

Bobbie Kinsdlin, Bronson, 1a.

THE STENOGS APPEAL AGAIN!

Register another tearful complaint from the stenogs. All these "office wile" pictures have turned our boy friends into amateur sleuths, chemicalizing on "the woolish" bosses. Can't a hoss be found for the screen who doesn't make love to his secretary?

Lydia Currelli, 3954 Evaline St., Detroit, Mich.

HERE'S HOPING!

Elizabeth Allan has a sincerity and complete absorption in her roles that touches our emotions and love for indefinable glamour, and what is more important, our intellect, and admiration. Let us hope that
WOMEN'S GREATEST POWER

depends on lovely eyes

THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarring, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bedtime.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having luscious Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them!" I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

FREE

Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, 5-C-16
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name __________________________

Street __________________________

City __________________________ State ______________

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 6¢, checking whether you wish [ ] Black or [ ] Brown.

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

ALLURING ANN HARDING!

A pleasing personality, lovely voice, and a wonderful actress is Ann Harding. She has been alluring in every picture in which she has played. And in the eyes of the American public appreciates her type more than the baby-faced beauty. More glory to her!

Marguerite Burgess, 1547 Boulevard Granada, Cascade Heights, Atlanta, Ga.

HATS OFF TO KARLOFF!

To the one and only Boris Karloff, magnifier of a thousand thrillers, here's a Salute! Where will the screen get another such vivid portrait of those n-veable, mysterious characterizations contributed so ably by Karloff. I have reference to such excellent portrayals as those in "The Mummy" and "The Black Cat."

Erwin Brundage, 155 Paseleda Ave., Mesa, Arizona.

ALAS, POOR GARBO!


The Real Saga of Sullavan

Continued from page 29

The career of this truly remarkable actress is not impaired by mediocre pictures. Jane Foster Newton, 1415 Main St., Honesdale, Pa.

Thus is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarring, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bedtime.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having luscious Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them!" I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

FREE

Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, 5-C-16
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name __________________________

Street __________________________

City __________________________ State ______________

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 6¢, checking whether you wish [ ] Black or [ ] Brown.
"Then there is nothing mysterious about her," I asked.

"Of course not!" He actually guffawed.

"Peggy Sullivan is probably the nicest, most sincere, most natural girl playing in the theatre today. She is a good sport, a grand friend, and rare fun to pal around with."

"And Henry Fonda?" I asked. "What about him? He was tall, dark, handsome, and very talented, wasn't he? And they were very much in love, weren't they?"

The young Latin with the enormously broad shoulders, narrow hips, and glancing smile, hesitated a moment. "Yes, they were very much in love," he answered, "but they were also very young. I don't know why it happened. The reason for the break-up of their marriage they kept very wisely to themselves. Perhaps it had something to do with the way in which they were succeeding in their work. Peggy with enormous success overnight, Henry limping behind rather slowly. Although he has made a name for himself this past year with the clever work he did in the Broadway revue he's been playing. No, I don't know why they separated.

Cassandra had a faraway look in his eyes. "Right now I remember a scene off-stage in which Henry was the principal actor. We were still on the road, playing 'Strictly Dishonorable.' It may have been in Philadelphia—or it may have been in Tennessee. I've forgotten. Any rate, my mother was in town to see me, and Henry was there to see Peggy carry off all the laurels as usual. He was very proud of her.

"They were both waiting in the green-room for us to come out—Henry sitting on the balcony rail just outside, swinging his legs and looking very pleased with life, for Peggy had given a magnificent performance. Peggy and I walked off the stage after the second act—Henry started to leap off the railing, but instead, he lost his balance and toppled over backwards, dropping fully two stories to the court below. I'll never forget how my mother screamed, and how white Peggy became—she looked as if she would die. At any rate, Henry didn't die. He managed a graceful landing, and came up smiling.

"Funny thing, too," continued Peggy's chum, "though they're divorced now, we're always bumping into them in New York—at least whenever Peggy manages to be there now—swinging down Fifth Avenue or something like that. And it's still the same as it was like old times, for whenever I've passed them that way, Peggy's rigged out in an old outfit, and she's forcing Henry to shop at every other shop window—and more than likely she's begging him to take her to the Zoo.

He grinned. "You know, she was always wanting to do amusing, silly things like that. We seemed to spend most of our time off-stage being mad in a grand way, if you know what I mean. Either that, or arguing as to whether Elizabeth, (the other girl in our company), would make a bigger sensation at a party, with her beauty, or whether Peggy would win with her charm!"

"But true, then, that Peggy was concerned about what she termed her "ordinary face.

"I remember the confession she made to me. "You know, we're so bored," she sprawled out her back on the couch in her studio dressing-room, "and shoes kicked off, marking on the wall with her toes, and looking all the world like a miscellaneous sprite. (She's a life-sized Pan, and her greatest ambition is to play that role)."

"I'm naturally funny-looking," she said, screwing up her face until her soft, mobile lips almost touched the end of her slightly tip-tilded nose, "despite everything they try to do to me!"
to do to make me look like somebody else. When I watched myself in the rushes of 'Only Yesterday' and 'Little Man, What Now?', I had a fit of laughing hysteries, although I actually felt like crying. The creature I saw running in and out of doors looked much more like a Pekingese dog than like a human being. And was just about as seductive. No, I'm not exaggerating. I've lost every bit of conceit I've ever had, since seeing myself on the screen. If you've ever worried about not being beautiful, you'll understand what I mean. Honestly, I don't think I have the glamour or something that's necessary for screen success, do you?"

She looked so earnest and concerned that I thought—especially since I remembered how, posing for a photographer a few moments before, she seemed, (in her filmy tulle dress), like some vision rising out of sea foam, like a young birch tree and brown as a Tahitian girl.

"This really was the real Margaret Sullivan then—substantiated by the evidence of two people who knew her when and now. Living in an atmosphere of eternal dissatisfaction with herself and her work, never able to take herself seriously as a public personality, hypercritical of her own talents and her accomplishments, hers is the spirit of the true artist!"

Perhaps Hollywood would think a little differently of her, had they heard her parting words to me the day before she left for a vacation, very humorously, very trenchantly spoken: "Do you think I'm all wrong about Hollywood? Do you think I'm not reacting to it in the proper way? Perhaps I came out here not expecting to be happy. Some of the experiences I've had, and some of the people I've met have certainly intensified that feeling. If I come back, I'm going to change my attitude. Perhaps it is possible to be happy here"!

**Beauty Hand-Made**

Continued from page 61

You can do a great deal in improving the texture of the skin of your hands. This skin is constantly changing. See to it that it changes for the better. It contains less oil than the skin on your face, for instance. You will see what I mean if you will rub a finger over your forehead, then look at it. Unless you have recently powdered or wiped your face, your finger will show traces of oil. Now rub your finger over the back of your hand. It is dry, isn't it?

This means that your hands, to be kept soft and smooth, need frequent treatment with the right nourishing oils. A nourishing cream or lotion should always find a place on your dressing-table, in your bathroom, and if you spend any time in a kitchen, in a handy place there. If your hands are very dry or if you have neglected them for a long time,

**Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher**

**LEARN AT HOME**

Any musical instrument, including strings, piano, violins, Ukulele, Voice, Organ, and accordion, can be studied at home, under sound scientific plan, in a few weeks. This is made possible through our new method taught in half the time. Singularly as a B.C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost, $1.00 and up.

**FREED BOOK**

Write today for Free Booklet and Free Democracy lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and what taking and ad.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1390 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

**Sell PLAYING CARDS**

Earn money taking orders among your friends and others for our beautiful new line of Playing Cards, or obtaining the new Critical Card. Unique, smart styles, popular low priced liberal commission. Make your spare time pay big.

**FREE Samples**

You can start earning at once, just by showing attractive samples. Thousands of people near you. No experience necessary. Write for full information.

General Card Co., 1201 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 41, Chicago, Ill.

Above, a typical scene on the set at the studio where Grace Moore, operatic star, made "One Night of Love." The diva's leading man, Tullio Carminati, the technicians and 'props' seem to be having a swell time.
massage a nourishing cream in thoroughly every night. Then pull on an old, soft pair of gloves. This will keep the cream from coming off onto the sheets or blankets and will let your hands absorb all of it.

Do not make the mistake of one young lady I know who felt that if she wore gloves which were a little too small for her at night she would be able to make her hands over into the tiny, fragile ones she so much admired in her favorite movie star. All the tight gloves did was to stop circulation in her hands and make the skin blotchy. Be sure the gloves you use are really old ones, loose and comfortable.

And don't try to change the bony structure of your hands. You can't. But if you have a certain amount of perseverance and will keep at it, you can gradually improve the shape of the tips of your fingers this way: massage the fingers with a downward stroke as if you were working on a pair of very new and very precious kid gloves. This will improve the circulation in your fingers and smooth the joints. Then give the tips of your fingers, one at a time, each a good, firm pinch. It doesn't hurt and it is very good for them. It will encourage them to be more pointed than they naturally are and have more graceful lines.

Your wrists are important if you want graceful hands. The following exercise will help you keep them flexible and attractive. Let your arms fall limply at your sides. Now shake your hands as vigorously as you possibly can. Shake them and shake them. Let them fly around in all directions. Rest a few moments and then do it again. This will loosen and limber up your whole arm. Tight wrists will take away the charm of even the prettiest hand.

One of the best known cures for an inferiority complex is to give yourself a beautiful manicure. You always have your hands in front of you where you can look at them. Your face you never see just as you never hear your own voice. You have to look in a mirror to have even the faintest idea of how you look. But you see your own hands and if they are very charming they will make you proud of yourself. "What nice hands I have!" you will say to yourself. And the next time you look around for the inferiority complex, it has vanished.

The shape in which you manœuvre your nails has a great deal of effect on the general appearance and shape of your hand. A long oval is usually the most becoming. Sharp points make your fingers look like claws, so avoid them.

As to the shade of your nail polish, let your conscience and your costume be your guide! Vivid red nails with some clothes are atrocious; with others, particularly pale things, greys and some blues, they are beautiful. As a general thing bright nails are not worn as much today as they were a short time ago. If you are in doubt about them, save them for evenings with your party clothes.

Now because this is a beauty article, before we end we want to go on record on one important matter. The most beautiful hands in the world are capable hands, ones which accomplish things. A listless, pale, clammy hand, no matter how well cared for, is ugly. A gentle, capable, "accomplishing" hand, no matter how roughened, red and awkward it may be, is beautiful.

That inner beauty which everyone of us somehow has, the sort of thing which shines through people's eyes and makes you forget all about complexion and makeup, shines through hands as well. Gentle fingers are always lovable, always welcome. They may have rough surfaces and still be lovely. The point is, they don't need to!

There is a right lamp for every socket in your home

Scarcely one home in ten has adequate light for reading, sewing or any other close visual task. Eyestrain, and eventually impaired vision, result when eyes are compelled to work in half-light. Make sure you and your family are not handicapped by improper and insufficient light. Follow these five simple rules:

1. Reading Lamps: Use one one hundred-watt Edison Mazda Lamp, or two 60's, or three 40's, depending upon the number of sockets.

2. Ceiling Fixtures: Kitchen and laundry, 100 to 150 watts. Living room or dining room, a total of 130 to 200 watts.

3. Wall Bracket: 15 to 25 watts for decorative lighting. 60 watts on each side of the bathroom or dressing table mirror.

4. All bulbs should be shielded to avoid glare. Shades should be light-colored inside and open at the top to throw light to the ceiling.

5. Buy lamp bulbs that bear the trade-mark of a reputable manufacturer. Then you are sure of getting good light at low cost.

Check the lights in your home today, noting all under-size lamps. Then get an assortment of Edison Mazda Lamps from your dealer.


EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL & ELECTRIC

for October 1934
Femi-nities

Tips for the Beauty-Wise

TANGEA is a lipstick you will enjoy using. It does away with that painted look men hate to see on the lips of the girls they like.

Some lipsticks, you know, have a tendency to dry the lips. Others—like the shameless things!—won’t stay on all day. But Tangee has all of its virtues and none of the vices of its kind. Since I have been using it I have liked it so well and my friends have said they liked it so well, and I have been so proud of it, that I wanted to be sure you knew about it.

Lips to have their full charm must be colorful. That is why all the world loves lipstick and why about all the feminine world uses it. Tangee is a little cosmetic gem in a simple, dark, case which ought to be in every handbag. It changes color on the lips for different types and is certain to be becoming to you. It is perfect for fall as it is made on a cold cream base. When the weather warms or roughens your lips it is the softest, most comfortable thing in the world to have on them. Put on in the morning; it lasts all day—and you know what an advantage that is!

When is a bath not just a bath? When it is softened and perfumed with Dorothy Gray’s Bath Oil! If you think that is far-fetched, just try a tablespoon or more of this shining green liquid in your tub and see. Being the honest souls you are, you will write right back, “Dear Feminnities: You were right. Absolutely right about the Dorothy Gray Bath Oil. We love it!”

For there is something about this bath oil that makes even such a simple, humdrum thing as keeping clean, a thrilling sort of experience. You soak over the whole world and shrug your shoulders at dabs and duties while you lie there wrapped around in that soft fragrance, with every pore in your body lifting up contentment.

Is the odor pungent? Is it bayberry? We wouldn't know. But we do know that it is great.

The practical part of it is that it softens the water and seems to make the soap you use go twice as far.

We have had a trilogy of smart shoe styles sketched here for you. Each one is a new Selby model and they form a perfect shoe wardrobe for daytime. They are all equipped with comfort features, but you would never suspect it to look at them, would you? And that is exactly what you want in a daytime shoe, comfort with no sacrifice of chic.

The comfort must be felt, so we will say no more about that. But the style is something you can see with your own eyes. Notice the styles of stitching on the oxford. That shoe certainly has a flair for style! The lines are beautiful, and it is most wearable. The Styl-Eez pump is a bit more formal but thoroughly practical with its trim, tailored air. The T-strap is unusually flattering with its inlay and stitching. They call it "Nanette." It is a shoe you can hardly do without. Its foot is inclined to be broad, as it is very slenderizing. Any one of these shoes makes a good walking companion.

Perfumes are like people! Some you wish you could escape the moment you meet them. Others you would like to have near you for life. Caron's latest fragrance, "En Avion," is of the latter sort. It is a subtle odor which gives a lift to your spirits the moment you come near it. It is well named, "In flight!" It is even more modern than its name. It takes you for a whirl up in the clouds and never lets you down.

It is a different perfume! We notified it again and again, inquiringly, trying to find some familiar word with which to describe
it. All sorts of ridiculous things came into our head: clear, soft twilight with brilliant skies; diamonds shot with green fire; ice with scarlet shadows. These things don't exist. They have no fragrance. But if they had! The fact of the matter is we just can't describe it. All we can do is to like it and recommend it to you.

We warn you we are helping you cultivate expensive tastes! "En Avion" is expensive, but it is not extravagant. Every drop is worth its weight in emeralds.

Marie Earle's "Nurimor" is a new nourishing cream which differs in several essential ways from others which you have used. It is thinner, creamier, easier to take up onto your hand, and for that reason easier to apply. It does not stretch your skin.

We are told it contains an ingredient which penetrates the skin more swiftly than anything before used in making creams. Your own use of it will bear this out as it is absorbed almost instantly, the moment you put it on.

You will particularly like the rested, comfortable feeling it gives around your eyes each night as you put it in. Little lines, even wrinkles, would have to be very ambitious and conscientious indeed to stand up against its regular use.

In the morning the skin around your eyes will have that fresh, youthful appearance that is so flattering to everybody. And unless all signs fail, it not only gives the appearance of youth, but really keeps the skin young. Because it penetrates so quickly and thoroughly it does not leave the greasy sticky feeling of the average nourishing cream, many of which we must admit are pretty uncomfortable bed-fellows.

By the way, have you noticed the gay, new dress in which all the Marie Earle preparations are costumed? Lovely to look at and a good indication of the fine preparations within! See them.

Everyone Should Have A Baby
Continued from page 18

-going to have and believe it or not, he's got them.

"The strangest part of it all is I never gave a thought to the baby before he was born. All I could think of was my wife." Eddie pulled on his pipe and talked animatedly. I was warned the baby had become his favorite topic but I was hardly prepared for such fervent parenthood.

"As for a woman," he went on, "no career or love or anything can take its place. If Gladys and I loved each other before, how do you think I feel about her now?"

"I know there are a lot of people who don't have children because of the economic situation today, but it's wrong. Some day—soon, I hope—the State will subsidize motherhood. It spends money on everything else. Why shouldn't it invest in the future and give people a chance to experience the greatest thing in life? Maybe you think I'm a little cracked on the subject but I know what it's done for me and my career. I know what it does to a woman, too—makes her blossom in soul and spirit. No love or career can take its place. That's why women stars are having babies now."

"As for me, no matter what I portray on the screen now, I'm playing a father. Honestly, I have a new understanding of life—a richer comprehension of people. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see," I smiled. "And what do you want the baby to be?"

Eddie shrugged. "I told you he was an

GET IN Shape FOR FASHION

The modern mode bows to the youthful figure. Gentle curves have become indispensable. Clothes are built to feminine contours.

To many of us, this spells reducing. Select your diet wisely. Exercise moderately. And be sure your meals contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination.

Lack of bulk may endanger both health and complications—and rob you of the charm you seek to win. Yet it can be corrected by eating a delicious cereal.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's All-Bran furnishes "bulk" as well as vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than risking patent medicines.

Kellogg's All-Bran is not fattening. Get the red and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll agree that Elissa Landi, beautiful Columbia star, is thoroughly charming in informal riding clothes.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "Keep on the Sunny Side of Life"
Tells all the facts about faulty elimination, and how to correct it. Gives the complete story of bran, with tempting recipes. Special section on dieting, with calorie table, reducing diets, height and weight table. Profusely illustrated in color. Free upon request.

Kellogg Company
Dept. Y-10, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep on the Sunny Side of Life."

Name: ____________________________________________

Address: ____________________________________________
Inside the Stars' Studio Homes

Continued from page 11

bit and cooks them in a skillet, then sticks them on toothpicks. They are no more than a mouthful, but oh so good!"

I also stuffed old rhubarb peelings and stuffed them with pimento fillings and stuffed with cream cheese then wrapped in bacon, for another Harlow specialty."

"If the career is to be held after the theatre, or for any reason more substantial food is desired, Jean adds a salad and sandwiches to the platters of hors d'oeuvres.

"Mother's great success is sweetbread salad," Jean told me. "You prepare the sweetbreads as usual and then she has the most delicious goo to go over them. It's all crazy about it."

"I use plenty of hard-boiled eggs," explained Jean's mother. "For six servings, I take one medium-sized cucumber, six sweet pickles, finely chopped, plenty of mayonnaise, five tablespoonfuls of chili sauce. If you like the pies are piped of celery, put in celery salt or celery seed. I make my salads moist but not runny. Stir the sauce, pour it over the pies, and pour over the sweetbreads. In that way, they aren't likely to get pulled to bits."

"I just got so tired of chicken salad that we substituted sweetbreads one day," remembered Jean, "and we liked them so well we kept on using them."

"But when Mother makes chicken salad she has a trick all her own—she uses halves of big white grapes, seeded and peeled—it gives the salad a flavor nothing else will."

A most delicious sandwich to serve at these affairs is of white bread cut very thin
and made in various shapes—rounds, stars, crescents, diamonds and so on. Butter this as you like it.

"Then dice a cucumber—" began Jean.

"Chop it, darling."

"But dice is such a good word!" sighed Jean. "Chop it and put it in a sieve so that it drains, and leave it in the ice box until it's crispy-cold. Mix enough mayonnaise to hold it together, spread your bread with it and pop it in the oven for a minute. The cucumber will be ice-cold and the bread hot toast."

Sometimes Mrs. Bello pours French dressing over the draining cucumber, because she likes the flavor, but both agree that this makes a delicate sandwich absolutely incomparable.

"Tomato sandwiches, too—" began Jean, eagerly.

"Darling, there's nothing new about tomato sandwiches!"

"Maybe not, but I never get any at other houses that are as good as those we have at home," persisted the young star, tossing back the cloud of platinum hair that set all America copying. "The secret of them is to get very small tomatoes, ice them well, and then slice them, put them on your bread and toast the whole thing quickly. I think most people are careless about the size of the tomato, so they have to be cut and they run and the whole thing's a mess. Our bread is always the same size as the tomato slice."

"If you want to make a sandwich a bit different," threw in Mrs. Bello, "you can sprinkle a bit of grated cheese on them before you toast them.

Jean took a little dancing step down the room.

"I know something that's perfectly grand for an after-theatre lunch, if you serve beer," she said. "Or even if you don't serve it. I don't happen to drink beer but I adore these funny little things. They are popcorn nuts.

"Mother and I first had them at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, and they were so fascinating that I got Mother to ask the hotel manager what they were and how to make them, and now we do them here. You get ordinary popcorn kernels and put them in a skillet with a little olive oil—be sure to use a skillet and not a corn-popper—and when the kernels are just ready to pop, you take the skillet off the fire, salt the nuts and eat them. They will look a creamy brown—meaning evil.

"The trouble with them is that you keep on eating them until they're gone. You dip and you dip and you eat and you eat! I wish we had some right this minute.

"I've never made them myself, but I think you have to experiment until you discover the exact moment to take the nuts off the fire. Perhaps after the very earliest kernel begins to pop. But try them! You'll never be sorry.

She came back to the fireside seats with a little rush.

"Mother, tell you how you make that delicious pie you invented," she demanded.

"I don't know what pie it has to do with the menu, but people can serve it for Sunday night suppers or special dinners. It's my favorite food and I'd love you try it."

"Mrs. Bello obliged.

"You take those sweet little seedless grapes, wash them and ice them. Make a pie crust and bake it in a shell. Then white of eggs together with a little sugar until they are stiff, then fold in the ice-cold grapes when you are just about ready to serve the pie, pour the mixture into the baked crust, put a meringue on top and brown the whole thing in a hot oven."

"You can't imagine how wonderful it is!" sighed Jean. "The grapes are still cold and the pie hot—I suppose you could do the same thing with raspberries, but—give me grapes!"

---

**Easy to end pimples, blackheads, large pores, oily skin**

**Thousands report quick improvement with famous medicated cream.**

**DRESS SMARTLY! Make yourself as attractive as you can! But what's the use if a blemished skin ruins your charm for men?**

Don't despair—your skin can be made clear, lovely, alluring. Not with ordinary creams, though! They remove only the surface dirt. Follow the advice of doctors, nurses and over 6,000,000 women who have already discovered this priceless beauty secret! Use Noxzema, the medicated

---

**New Beauty in 10 Days**

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for skin irritations. Nurses discovered its use for red, chapped hands and as a corrective facial cream. Today Noxzema is featured by beauty experts and is used by over 6,000,000 women!

Get a trial jar of Noxzema—use it for 10 days to correct skin flaws—see how clearer, lovelier your skin becomes!
True Beauty demands a slim, youthful figure

Not in any fashion, but fashion makes things happen. Here are the symptoms of a graceful, slim figure—and the bountiful, beautifully proportioned parts.

Hundred of women have already reduced in stature under the Screenland method—and reduced just where they wanted, quickly, surely. Myself, reduced my waistline by 3½ inches and my bust by 2½ inches in two days.

I write, "I am so happy and grateful. I have reduced 3½, and my bust 2½ inches in two days." The Screenland treatment is entirely safe and certain to be as effective as you wish. At your request, I shall be glad to send you a free trial of a remarkably similar method.

Diet, Exercise, and Modest Use of the Treatment. The Screenland treatment will not conflict with any diet or exercise. It is simple and pleasant. The Screenland treatment is something like the treatment by Dr. Kellogg, but more effective. It is the only safe, permanent, and certain method known to us.

The Screenland treatment will increase your natatory (swimming) powers. It is also recommended for those who suffer from asthma.

Let Me Tell You

About your business, travel, changes, maximum, love affairs, friends, enemies, lucky days and many other interesting and important aspects of your life as indicated by astrology. Send for your special Astrological Analysis. Free Report to the first 50 names. All inquiries strictly scientific, individual and guaranteed.

For a 3-Year Private Astrological Service, send $3.00.

(Dept. 450-C), Upper Forrest St., New York, N. Y.

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with asthma of any degree, or hay fever, try for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have a lifetime of Hay Fever, you can learn of its relief without relief; even if you are very discouraged, do not abandon hope; just send today for this free trial, it will cost you nothing.

Address: Frontier Am. Co., 12 W. Frontier Bldg.,
462 Nagata St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing can hear again. Over sixty patients attended the Cleveland O. E. D. sessions which resemble Tiny Microphones firing to the Ear entirely out of the sight of the wearer. They are inexpensive. Write for further information.

A. O. Le Grand, 202 Main St., Danville, Ill.

Sung With Love...All Music...WRITE US FOR MORE NEWS...

Cash Payments Accepted Writers of Songs Used in Publications Sought. Send us any lyric material (Words or Music) for consideration today. Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.

Screenland

Bellamy Isn't Baffled

Continued from page 24

likeliness is that the play will be an adaptation of a novel, dramatized by the author of one of the greatest and most popular dramatic successes of recent years, and produced by the man who has given Broadway the biggest hit of the past two seasons. That's as far as I can go, in view of the promises made to Ralph Bellamy at the time of this interview. He was telling me how it had been a "breeze." However, nothing has been settled about the play's production at this time.

I asked him about that lure of every player's career in the films, "tying" as it's called. In the film trade it has been an old and honored custom for the producer to plead that the public, not the producer or responsible. The argument being that fans see an actress or actor in a certain type of role which makes strong appeal, demand that personality be brought back again and again in precisely the same type of character. "That's the casting director," Bellamy said. "Naturally the one who casts a picture wants to play as safe as possible, and he has an air-tight cast for an actor or an actress or actor as the role of an engineer if that actor gained favorable notice in a previous picture in which he appeared as an engineer. But from the actor's standpoint, 'tying' is a menace to his career. If the public demanded a player to go on indefinitely doing one type of character, the fan mail would certainly indicate that—and, if it doesn't, in my case certainly has not. Fan mail, incidentally, is the surest guide any screen player can follow in seeking to please the public.

"I like to play heavy roles because they afford better acting opportunities, but it's risky business doing them more than at widely spaced intervals—causes you to lose touch too much with the public."

An actor who has been through all of the phases as Bellamy—more than a year as a contract player, nearly three years free-lancing, playing any kind of roles in six of the major studios of Hollywood—should know something about the current situation of the actor in the present Hollywood set, and have a representative attitude toward any general opinions. He be at variance with many of the opinions expressed by the other actors, but I take them as an example on the position of the term contract.

"Under present conditions," he says, "the term contract is an advantage. The studio buys story material with their own contract players in mind and there are not the number of situations, then, to which the player is adaptable. Actors are represented by agents and agents pressure the studio to do this or that."

But Kitty Carlisle Is!

Continued from page 25

the merchants who had found a basis of mutual advantage with the Paramount publicity man. "I've been looking into camera lenses ever since I got here. That is what I work at in the studio—camera work, lighting, and direction."

"I knew I wanted the role in a picture like that, so I just went to the studio head, Mr. Mook, and asked him if I could have the picture. He thought it was a good idea."

"Then Sergeant McClellan was killed and we got to refilm the picture. I'm so glad we were able to do it, because it was such an important picture."

But Kitty Carlisle is such an important actress, who advertising has seen her, very precise and exacting about the technique of motion picture acting.

"I'd like to work in some other way of work for the best and I soon found that this 'best' was even better than I expected. Bing is so sweet, such a considerate chap to work with."

Then Kitty proceeded to put the full blast on the legend that was knocked into a cocked hat in an article a few months ago, by S. R. Mook wrote what actually happened when the Hoskins was cast to co-star with Bing Crosby. An engagement of Bing for a picture was to be followed by a barrage of temperamental explosions threatening to cause "storm noises" on the sound track of every film that Bing was in. It is turned out to be as boisterous as a social at the Friends' Meeting House.

"I quoted Bing, Director Nugent, and Hoppy herself. Now listen to Kitty Carlisle's version.
“Miss Hopkins rehearsed with me, coached me, went over scenes time and again, asking me which way her entrance or position would enable me to feel most comfortable and natural. When the final work had been worked out on that plan, she would suit her action to it. I would have been surprised to have had such consideration from a star on the stage—I was astonished to receive it in pictures. Not that picture people are less considerate, (they are more considerate according to my experience so far), than those of the stage, but hearsey had made me believe that such was the case.

All of which jibed with my own notions on two counts: First, that the big stars are too glad to cooperate with their colleagues, if only for the selfish reason that it is for their own good to have a new and final work a creditable production in every respect. And second, that my initial impression of Kitty Carlisle was correct. She is the type that throws herself whole-heartedly into anything she undertakes, and wins the respect and cooperation of others similarly interested in the task at hand.

Though born in New Orleans, Kitty Carlisle only within the past few years has come to know America. After her father's death, Kitty's mother decided to take a trip to Europe, Kitty was eight, at that time. The "trip" stretched into a permanent residence of thirteen years, during which she paid one visit to the States. In Paris and London she studied voice and drama. For her first appearance was at a little theatre in Vinegar, a Paris suburb. Up to that time Kitty was studying operatic music. But popularity abroad of the American musical comedy style of music started her singing such songs as Can't Help Lovin' That Man, the Helen Morgan hit in "Show Boat."

Returning to America, Kitty at once proceeded to look for an opportunity on the stage. There was a road tour in a tabloid version of "Ris Rita" and then "Champagne Sec."

Between those engagements Kitty did some radio work, but she says radio did not appeal to her. "I like to act a part as well as sing," she added, "and for that reason I was not interested so much by radio. Nor did I find any enthusiasm for concert work." For one who was really a newcomer to her own native country, Kitty was pretty choosy, but knew what she wanted, and got it.

"I'm glad," she says, "I did not continue studies for operatic singing. Even if I ultimately did arrive in opera I don't believe I'd like it as much as the work I'm doing. Operatic acting is too restricted by tradition, there is no chance to create, the roles are played as created by some star of the past."

I asked how she liked Hollywood, the Hollywood in its social sense as famed around the world.

"To tell the truth, I don't know anything about it! I have not gone about there. It has been a nice place for me to work. But I don't believe I shall spend any vacations I may get in Hollywood. I'd rather get away, see something else, have a change.

"I don't know what my next picture will be. I understand it has been pretty well set for me to play again with Bing Crosby in his next musical 'Here Is My Heart.' I hope so. But one can't be sure until the cameras actually start. I can't say that I mind that arrangement a bit, as a matter of fact it seems to me to add to the excitement I find in doing pictures."

Whatever the job they assign Kitty, I am inclined to believe that she will take it in stride, doing the job with a youthful enthusiasm that, perhaps, explains the success she has registered as a singing star of the screen.

---

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

It makes no difference which of these foot troubles you may have—or how difficult you have found it to get relief

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will make you foot-happy the instant you apply them! Wherever your shoe rubs, presses or pinches an aching corn, painful callous, throbbing bunion, tender joint, sore toe, irritated instep or chafed heel—use one of these thin, soothing, healing, protective pads and RELIEF WILL BE YOURS. They are safe, sure; easy to apply; waterproof and don't come off when you bathe.

**EASE NEW OR TIGHT SHOES—PREVENT Sore TOES, BLISTERS**

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop shoe friction and pressure; make new or tight shoes fit with ease, and enable you to walk, dance or golf in comfort. They protect the feet and prevent corns, sore toes and blisters.

**REMOVE CORNS AND CALLOUS**

Use these cushioning pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box, to quickly and safely loosen and remove corns and callous. No risk of acid burn this safe, sure way, or danger of blood-poisoning, which can so easily occur when you cut your corns or callous. Get a box today at your drug, depart ment or shoe store.

**SPECIAL SIZES AND SHAPES—THICK**

In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK", for hammer toes, very large joints and thick corns and callous. They remove pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number.

---

**Here is Quick Safe Sure Relief**

**From Painful Feet**

**Corns**

**Callouses**

**Bunions**

**Sore Toes**

---

* below this Line

"If you value your looks and health, give proper care to the part of your body below this line," says DR. SCHOLL.

---

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone!
Clark Gable's Real Family Life

Continued from page 17

alone, or with a few other friends who also go to hunt and fish. Al never loads because he's the kid of the crowd—and knows how to pitch tents, and he knows what has to be done around camps. He apportions himself a share and goes to the shirkers' share, I tell you—and attends to it. He does about as much work as any of us.

I'll never forget the time when he fired a shotgun for the first time. It was only a couple of years ago, and he was still a little shaver. He had been shooting rifles for a reason he had never handled a shotgun. Now if you know anything about firearms, you know that a shotgun packs a kick like a jolt of lightning. I've known men to have their collars broken by the back-punch of a shotgun. Well, Al picked up my gun and took aim at something. He pulled the trigger, and bang!—he was sitting there on the ground three feet away, with the sillet expression on his face that I've ever seen. I let go of a big guffaw; I couldn't help it. He grinned sheepishly, rubbed his shoulder to his feet—and asked for another load. Little shell, with just this bit of advice: 'Brace yourself.' He yanked, and pulled the trigger again, and this time he was ready for the kick.

'That's the way he does things. That's the way I do things, too. I suppose we're closer to each other because we go at our problems in the same way.'

'When I leave for my next deer hunt, Al is going along. I usually go down into the heart of Arizona to hunt deer, and the chase calls for lots of real hardback rid- ing, which includes jumping fences and barriers, fording streams, and riding up and down steep embankments. Al's pretty paring for his first deer hunting now. He is spending most of his spare time in the saddle, learning to stick when the horse jumps. The kind of riding we'll do down in Arizona is dangerous, but I know Al will come through. If he does have a few nasty spills, he'll get up and try it again. I like the way he keeps his mouth shut when nine out of ten youngsters would be whining. When I came back home from the hospital and left my appendicitis operation which had ended with peritonitis, I looked like a ghost. I had lost fifty pounds. Al took one look at me, and said, 'G_LOWER, Clark.' He always calls me Clark; I call him Al. I got some sort of a grin together and answered, 'Howdy, Al.' Not a word about the hospital."

'Well, a few weeks after that, he was stricken with appendicitis. The doctor thought he could have his house and pronounced it an emergency case. He ordered that Al be rushed to the hospital. Of course, I went along. I watched him closely. We've never talked about it since, but I'm pretty sure that he was thinking of how I looked the day I returned from the hospital."

'He kept up his guns. Who isn't nervous, going to a hospital for a major operation? But he had only one thing to say. He said it when the physician came to his room to administer the anaesthetic. Al said, "I guess taking out my appendix is going to hurt, doc. Just make it as easy as you can. I can take it!" Of course, he didn't know that either would deaden them to pain. He only remembered how worn and tired I had been when I was wheeled home from a similar operation."

'Suddenly Gable ceased talking. A slight flush furrows the forehead again, and a tear comes to his eyes. He wipes it away."

'You're probably costing me my happy home,' he accused.

'Well come home, I chirped, politely.

"Al hates publicity," Clark explained. "As I've told you, he won't photo-graphed with me. Every time a cameraman ever get are snapped without warning. Occasionally, when he and I have to go to a preview with me, I can get away from the crush of people and run to get pictures of us together. I'm willing —but they're not. Except for one occasion at a movie station, they have never posed with me."

'This is the first time I've talked much about Georgiana and Al. And by the way, most of the talk has been about Al. I guess that's because we men hang together.

'She and her mother are as pretty as Al and I. At any rate, I'm going to have to square myself for squeezing. And that won't be easy.'

'I can suggest a remedy,' I offered.

'What?'

'Take Al along, the next time you go on a grizzly hunt.'

'What do you mean, and how?'

'Just run it over the idea. Then his face lit with a grin.

'Not a bad idea!' he said.

Inspiration+Study+Work=Success

Continued from page 33

of that memorable last December when Katharine Hepburn flipped in(to) "The Lake" and almost drowned in her tears, as she begged to have the curtain rung down after the first act. Verily, Frances Robinson-Duff had unleashed the emotional floodgates to stage needs to re-adapt his voice. On the screen, the camera is his medium of expression. It photographs his every thought, and without a thought there is no revealing close-up to help him out—he must depend solely on his voice to give it each character. In Hollywood he has the assistance of sound technicians to help him regulate his voice as it is recorded into the microphones, and he never forgets, the camera and microphone each occupy a front-row seat. The legitimate actor, on the other hand, is left entirely on his own to pitch his voice, so that Miss Park Avenue from her orchestra chair and Mr. White Collar Man from his
Helen Trenholme, a comparative newcomer, who is fast forging ahead.

gallery perch can hear him with equal ease. "Miriam Hopkins was aware of all these things. That's why, when she returned to the stage last season in 'Jezebel,' she came to Los Angeles every day for coaching. Her role, that of a heathen, that operation had a charm of a 'Lorelei' and the soul of a 'Jezebel,' required the most subtle voice slurring to reflect her constant change of mood and character. That she mastered every nuance of this difficult part was evidenced by the rave notices her individual performance received. A gratifying pupil, this Hopkins child!"

Miss Duff was equally enthusiastic about Dorothy Mauritser, who has been studying with her ever since she succeeded Alfred Lunt in the Theatre Guild production of "Volpone."

"He used to take his lessons right after Katharine Hepburn, and he would always arrive early so that he could talk to her. He was her most rabid fan and predicted her success long before he dreamed that some day he would be playing love scenes with her in 'Little Women' and appearing as Romeo to her Juliet in a national radio broadcast. "Doughlass is one of the most conscientious workers I know," Miss Duff added. "Last winter when he came East on vacation, he devoted his entire holiday to intensive study. There were some weeks when he would take as many as three lessons a day! I saw him in 'Little Man, What Now?' and agree with the critics that it is his finest screen performance to date."

Miss Duff's own lovely, rich voice has earned on as his secretary announced her next appointment. "Another performance of which I am very proud is that of Betty Furness in "The Life of Vergie Winters."

"Betty, a debutante who forsok the social whirl for a Hollywood career, spent almost a year at the RKO Studios, posing for a great many publicity stills—and occasionally a motion picture! But Betty's ambitions ran to greater heights than collecting a week's salary. She checked for being catalogued a 'new face' indefinitely, so she asked to be released from her contract and returned to New York for the winter season.' Only instead of attending all the deb parties and college proms, she concentrated on her hobby of shining hotel shoes.

"When she had finished her first course of lessons with me, she immediately began another. Like Katharine and Doug, she is relentlessly ambitious. It wasn't until she felt herself fully prepared to tackle Holly-wood again that she took another screen test at M-G-M. She took one look at it—and signed herself at once. And by one of those amusing Hollywood twists, no sooner had she arrived at M-G-M when she was borrowed by her former studio, RKO, at double her original salary!"

Miss Duff's efficient secretary appeared in the doorway again. "Your next lesson appointment is still here," she genteelly reminded her.

I took my exit cue as perfectly as if I had taken it in Miss Duff's class at the Robinson-Duff School! And as I descended the four flights of stairs, where so many young aspirants had climbed up to fame and fortune, I instinctively began to sound my vowels and consonants!

Radio Parade

Continued from page 60

was listening regularly to the plays. In sections where receiving sets are scarce it has become a habit to have "theater nights" at houses equipped with loud speakers, before which those whose homes are less luxuriously accommodated gather to hear the plays in "the little theater off Times Square."

Juno Meredith has been the "First Nighter" leading lady since its inception Miss Meredith had had wide stage experience, for a time was a member of the Theatre Guild organization in New York. During the three years of weekly broadcasts, Miss Meredith missed just one performance—that to undergo an operation at a Chicago hospital. That operation had a tragic ending for June's pet, a white Japanese poodle. When separated from its mistress, Miss refused food, and died before the week of Miss Meredith's confinement to the hospital was over.

Don Ameche, leading man of the troupe, interrupted a law course at Wisconsin Uni-versity to join a stock company in Madison, the University town. He had studied voice and dramas at college and conservatories. Don was born in Kenya. For the lanky quality he imparts to his radio impersonations, Don draws upon his Latin heritage. His father is an Italian, his mother Scots-Irish. He's glad he quit law for dramatics.

The "First Nighter" playlets are selected by a committee, and the material is drawn from standard literary works as well as originals. The head of the company which sponsors the program made a trip to Europe to obtain material from the active playwrights there, as an additional source to that which America's writers afford. In staging the play, Hughes goes to great lengths to give authentic background for the action. For example, a playlet calling for a scene at the prize ring was supplemented with a set made out by professional fighters with the third man in the ring a professional referee.

Sam Goldwyn, who produces the Eddie Cantor pictures, has reached into radio's back yard for more talent to embellish the film in which Cantor is to make his next appearance. At a social function in the east, Mr. Goldwyn heard Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti making the night air vibrant with their sparkling two-piano ar-rangements. Later, checking up on first impressions, the producer consulted his local speaker, decided he wanted the pair for a number in the Cantor film, and ordered his agents to sign Fray and Braggiotti.

I imagine the agents had their moments.

Radio Parade

Continued from page 60

was listening regularly to the plays. In sections where receiving sets are scarce it has become a habit to have "theater nights" at houses equipped with loud speakers, before which those whose homes are less luxuriously accommodated gather to hear the plays in "the little theater off Times Square."

Juno Meredith has been the "First Nighter" leading lady since its inception. Miss Meredith had had wide stage experience, for a time was a member of the Theatre Guild organization in New York. During the three years of weekly broadcasts, Miss Meredith missed just one performance—that to undergo an operation at a Chicago hospital. That operation had a tragic ending for June's pet, a white Japanese poodle. When separated from its mistress, Miss refused food, and died before the week of Miss Meredith's confinement to the hospital was over.

Don Ameche, leading man of the troupe, interrupted a law course at Wisconsin University to join a stock company in Madison, the University town. He had studied voice and dramatics at college and conservatories. Don was born in Kenya. For the lanky quality he imparts to his radio impersonations, Don draws upon his Latin heritage. His father is an Italian, his mother Scots-Irish. He's glad he quit law for dramatics. The "First Nighter" playlets are selected by a committee, and the material is drawn from standard literary works as well as originals. The head of the company which sponsors the program made a trip to Europe to obtain material from the active playwrights there, as an additional source to that which America's writers afford. In staging the play, Hughes goes to great lengths to give authentic background for the action. For example, a playlet calling for a scene at the prize ring was supplemented with a set made out by professional fighters with the third man in the ring a professional referee.

Sam Goldwyn, who produces the Eddie Cantor pictures, has reached into radio's back yard for more talent to embellish the film in which Cantor is to make his next appearance. At a social function in the east, Mr. Goldwyn heard Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti making the night air vibrant with their sparkling two-piano arrangements. Later, checking up on first impressions, the producer consulted his local speaker, decided he wanted the pair for a number in the Cantor film, and ordered his agents to sign Fray and Braggiotti.

I imagine the agents had their moments.

Radio Parade

Continued from page 60

was listening regularly to the plays. In sections where receiving sets are scarce it has become a habit to have "theater nights" at houses equipped with loud speakers, before which those whose homes are less luxuriously accommodated gather to hear the plays in "the little theater off Times Square."

Juno Meredith has been the "First Nighter" leading lady since its inception. Miss Meredith had had wide stage experience, for a time was a member of the Theatre Guild organization in New York. During the three years of weekly broadcasts, Miss Meredith missed just one performance—that to undergo an operation at a Chicago hospital. That operation had a tragic ending for June's pet, a white Japanese poodle. When separated from its mistress, Miss refused food, and died before the week of Miss Meredith's confinement to the hospital was over.

Don Ameche, leading man of the troupe, interrupted a law course at Wisconsin University to join a stock company in Madison, the University town. He had studied voice and dramatics at college and conservatories. Don was born in Kenya. For the lanky quality he imparts to his radio impersonations, Don draws upon his Latin heritage. His father is an Italian, his mother Scots-Irish. He's glad he quit law for dramatics. The "First Nighter" playlets are selected by a committee, and the material is drawn from standard literary works as well as originals. The head of the company which sponsors the program made a trip to Europe to obtain material from the active playwrights there, as an additional source to that which America's writers afford. In staging the play, Hughes goes to great lengths to give authentic background for the action. For example, a playlet calling for a scene at the prize ring was supplemented with a set made out by professional fighters with the third man in the ring a professional referee.

Sam Goldwyn, who produces the Eddie Cantor pictures, has reached into radio's back yard for more talent to embellish the film in which Cantor is to make his next appearance. At a social function in the east, Mr. Goldwyn heard Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti making the night air vibrant with their sparkling two-piano arrangements. Later, checking up on first impressions, the producer consulted his local speaker, decided he wanted the pair for a number in the Cantor film, and ordered his agents to sign Fray and Braggiotti.

I imagine the agents had their moments.
TIBET
Learn the Wisdom of the Sages

TRUTH ALONE FREEES MAN FROM HIS RIGHT; the secret method of Ancient Wisdom brings YOU Youth and Health. Success, Happiness, Healthfulness.Don't use a false method. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER today as ever. IT CAN BE YOURS... 

* Fur and Fear and Greed are for the uninitiated... WE CAN HELP YOU... costs nothing to find out.

A sealed book is now ready for your perusal—it explains what man and God are. Write for your copy. SEND 5 CENTS.

The INSTITUTE of MENTALPHYSICS

LO S ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

PSORIASIS — ECZEMA and other obstinate skin eruptions Is there a cure for those annoying skin irritations? PSORACINE, a wonderful new discovery now relieving many stubborn cases where other treatments have failed. Try it. You have nothing to lose. Write for a specimen bottle. Also a FREE booklet. ARTIFICIAL EAR FOR THE DEAF.

THE WAY COMPANY
513 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill.

No Joke To Be Deaf—Every deaf person knows that being deaf for twenty-five years, with all Arti
cial Ear suggestions from day and night, he dropped his head faithfully day after day, comforting and comfortable, with no wire coming from his ear. No, it was the TRUE STORY. Also books on Ear.

570 Noonan’s Place
Detroit, Michigan

Want to Broadcast?
If you have talent here’s your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in three months. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet: "How to Plan Your Free Broadcast". Send for your copy today. Floyd Gibbons Institute, Dept. W, Depar

tment B, Washington, D. C.

Make Money At Home
Even menial tasks can be worked at home: embroidery and paintings in oil. Learn famous "Robins" in a few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet. "Make Money At Home." NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 6427, Chicago, Illinois

Mercerized Wax Keeps Skin Young
It peels off aged dull in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, spots and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. A wonderful Way begins own
your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Exfolite in one-half cup warm water and use daily. All druggists.

GFRADED HAIR
Women, girls, men with gray, brown, black hair. Sheen and color will bring your hair to its beautiful state. glued on and cut. Regular price $1.00, cost 30c. Hair is long and well cut. Foo Bockel, Rosencrantz, L. P. Taylor, Dep. 28, 224 W. 26 St., New York

初始 PHOTO FREE
Gorgeous new ring creation. Contains beautiful flowers, compact, above price for your initials. Send only 25c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. You'll be amazed.

J. W. Raynotts Co., Dep. 12, 38 Laurel Ave, Providence, R. I.

But orders from Mr. Goldwyn ARE orders, even if the price finally agreed upon was at a mark that might not enhance the agent's reputation for "buying right."

Edward F. Klowden, 513 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill.

TIBET
Learn the Wisdom of the Sages

TRUTH ALONE FREEES MAN FROM HIS RIGHT; the secret method of Ancient Wisdom brings YOU Youth and Health. Success, Happiness, Healthfulness.Don't use a false method. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER today as ever. IT CAN BE YOURS... 

* Fur and Fear and Greed are for the uninitiated... WE CAN HELP YOU... costs nothing to find out.

A sealed book is now ready for your perusal—it explains what man and God are. Write for your copy. SEND 5 CENTS.

The INSTITUTE of MENTALPHYSICS

LO S ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

PSORIASIS — ECZEMA and other obstinate skin eruptions Is there a cure for those annoying skin irritations? PSORACINE, a wonderful new discovery now relieving many stubborn cases where other treatments have failed. Try it. You have nothing to lose. Write for a specimen bottle. Also a FREE booklet. ARTIFICIAL EAR FOR THE DEAF.

THE WAY COMPANY
513 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill.

No Joke To Be Deaf—Every deaf person knows that being deaf for twenty-five years, with all Arti
cial Ear suggestions from day and night, he dropped his head faithfully day after day, comforting and comfortable, with no wire coming from his ear. No, it was the TRUE STORY. Also books on Ear.

570 Noonan’s Place
Detroit, Michigan

Want to Broadcast?
If you have talent here’s your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in three months. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet: "How to Plan Your Free Broadcast". Send for your copy today. Floyd Gibbons Institute, Dept. W, Depar

tment B, Washington, D. C.

Make Money At Home
Even menial tasks can be worked at home: embroidery and paintings in oil. Learn famous "Robins" in a few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet. "Make Money At Home." NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 6427, Chicago, Illinois

Mercerized Wax Keeps Skin Young
It peels off aged dull in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, spots and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. A wonderful Way begins own
your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Exfolite in one-half cup warm water and use daily. All druggists.

GFRADED HAIR
Women, girls, men with gray, brown, black hair. Sheen and color will bring your hair to its beautiful state. glued on and cut. Regular price $1.00, cost 30c. Hair is long and well cut. Foo Bockel, Rosencrantz, L. P. Taylor, Dep. 28, 224 W. 26 St., New York

初始 PHOTO FREE
Gorgeous new ring creation. Contains beautiful flowers, compact, above price for your initials. Send only 25c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. You'll be amazed.

J. W. Raynotts Co., Dep. 12, 38 Laurel Ave, Providence, R. I.
for Loretta, on account of her blue eyes, and rose pink with blue is flattering for evening."

Loretta, however, insists that she doesn't wear salmon or ballet, but wears yellow, but agrees that she feels well in all the other selections.

She would wear orange, which is warm and sunny, but who can say that Loretta is lovely but cold, would lose the argument!

Color never looked lovelier in her life than did when she wore a turquoise evening gown one night at the May-fair," declares Mrs. Kalms. "Janet should wear soft tones of a pink, too, and various browns with pink, and sometimes the softer shades of rose."

Janet, you know, has red hair and brown eyes. But the little star has decided ideas on her own color psychology. "I like blue because when I wear it I feel harmonious. There's something definitely 'me' about blue," she tells me. "I never wear green. I don't care for red, unless it's bright Coral, and I seldom wear that. For evening I like pale yellow or peach. I didn't care much for that turquoise gown and I had a very good time wearing it. I like colored eyes, though not most browns. One of my favorite costumes is a yellow pajama set with a golden bell."

"Blue is the most universally becoming color to all types," smiles Mrs. Kalms, "but I feel if one wears it constantly they are not as mentally alert as they would be if they wore other colors in combination or rotation. It's a cool color and has the greatest amount of mental alertness."

It may be that Janet, who is not as happy as her friends wish she could be, may never wear a glowing green, which is a peaceful, restful color, and brings tranquillity. Or perhaps she might select a rosy pink frock and get the vibrations of love and happiness thereof.

The technicolor expert selects Mae West as the one person in pictures who can carry off plan, but if she wear it constantly they are not as mentally alert as they would be if they wore other colors in combination or rotation. It's a cool color and has the greatest amount of mental alertness."

It may be that Janet, who is not as happy as her friends wish she could be, may never wear a glowing green, which is a peaceful, restful color, and brings tranquillity. Or perhaps she might select a rosy pink frock and get the vibrations of love and happiness thereof.

The technicolor expert selects Mae West as the one person in pictures who can carry off plan, but if she wear it constantly they are not as mentally alert as they would be if they wore other colors in combination or rotation. It's a cool color and has the greatest amount of mental alertness."

It may be that Janet, who is not as happy as her friends wish she could be, may never wear a glowing green, which is a peaceful, restful color, and brings tranquillity. Or perhaps she might select a rosy pink frock and get the vibrations of love and happiness thereof.

The technicolor expert selects Mae West as the one person in pictures who can carry off plan, but if she wear it constantly they are not as mentally alert as they would be if they wore other colors in combination or rotation. It's a cool color and has the greatest amount of mental alertness."

It may be that Janet, who is not as happy as her friends wish she could be, may never wear a glowing green, which is a peaceful, restful color, and brings tranquillity. Or perhaps she might select a rosy pink frock and get the vibrations of love and happiness thereof.

The technicolor expert selects Mae West as the one person in pictures who can carry off plan, but if she wear it constantly they are not as mentally alert as they would be if they wore other colors in combination or rotation. It's a cool color and has the greatest amount of mental alertness."

It may be that Janet, who is not as happy as her friends wish she could be, may never wear a glowing green, which is a peaceful, restful color, and brings tranquillity. Or perhaps she might select a rosy pink frock and get the vibrations of love and happiness thereof.
It is a good idea. I feel best of all in red, though, because it gives me great stimulation. I feel proud and beautiful; I have confidence!

"When I was little, I went much to the church in Mexico, where bright colors shine in the altars. I was very religious and I was always happy in the little church. Bright colors reminded me of it, or perhaps it is merely the Latin in me, as I say, that makes me love primary colors.

"The one I do not like at all is purple. It depresses me. If it is in the room, I must leave. I never let them put it on me for the screen. Why do I dislike it? I have not thought about it, but now that I consider I believe it is because purple is the color of thunder. All my life I have been afraid of thunder. In Mexico we have terrible thunderstorms. When I was a child I cried and hid in the closet when the lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring, and when I grew older I cried and wished I could hide in the closet. Yes, it is of thunderstorms and trouble that purple reminds me."

According to the expert it is no wonder that purple distresses Dolores. Violet, lavender, and purple belong only to the very fair-skinned individual. Aside from the psychological reaction, violet or purple as a color is a direct complement of yellow, and persons having a sallow complexion, or a skin that is dark rather than fair, find the color trying. It will make their skin appear more sallow.

Jean Harlow, a youthful blonde, "should react to yellows, perhaps going all the way from pale lemon yellow to brown," is Mrs. Kalmus' opinion.

"Yellow is a good color for young girls and is at its best for the slim figure," she explains. "It should stimulate Jean."

"It does, admits the platinum blonde. "I wear yellow or white nearly always," says Jean. "I'm close like yellow because it's the color of the sun, and I love being outdoors. Sunshine uplifts me. I prefer white for evening, because I think it's ideal for formal wear; it's a personality intensifier!

"But I like navy blue or black for the street. I feel out of place in light clothes for shopping; dark ones make me feel better groomed. I don't wear brown, but I have no prejudice against it. I just don't happen to buy brown things."

Jean is entitled to her feeling about dark clothes for the street, but Mrs. Kalmus warns that if she has been in the habit of wearing blues, she will add to her vitality by changing to another solid color this year.

"Remember that if you have been using a great deal of one solid color, a definite change the next season will do you good," she points out. "If you have worn dark blue, use either dark green or dark brown as your solid color next season. If you have been wearing black and can't afford to put it aside, break up its depressing vibrations by adding accessories—a red bag, bracelet, or pin; a varicolored scarf and purse; a flower, buttons or collar."

Another devotee of black and white is Kay Francis, who insists that she never feels as well in anything else.

But she shouldn't wear it, the expert decrees! Kay has dark hair and blue eyes, and should go in for peach, apricot, and yellow; for Copenhagen blue and golden browns.

"But I can't bear Copenhagen blue!" cries Kay. "Travis Banton is always trying to get me to wear baby blue, or very pale shades, and the only blue I like at all is navy. Yes, I like apricot, peach, and yellow, but I don't wear them often. I wear white or I wear black!"

Which is very wise of Warner's best-dressed woman of the screen, according to our authority.

"In selecting clothes for street wear, it's well to dress in contrast to the climate or the weather as far as color goes," suggests Mrs. Kalmus. "The purpose of color is to emphasize your personality. If you dress in warm colors on a warm day, you won't appear as pleasing as one who dresses in cool blues, greens, dull taus, orchids, beiges, and modulations of these tones.

"In cold or cloudy weather, if you wear salmon, orange, pink, russet, ecru or lemon, you'll seem to be better poised and more interesting than if you wore cooler colors.

"It is clear that alternating black and white will not give you these advantages."

Heather Angel, of the dark-brown eyes and dark brown hair, has a sentimental fondness for white, because she wore it at her very first grown-up party when she had a "perfectly darling" time, and again at her personal appearance after her first starring picture in England, and she felt that all her dreams had come true.

"But when I can't wear white, I like to dress in green," she adds, "lovely cool shades or that inspiring hunter's green."

Which is quite correct, according to our authority, except that she should also go in for pinks.

That English newcomer to Hollywood, Binnie Barnes, who made such a hit in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," has dark auburn hair and gray eyes.

Among the colors chosen for her are the various blues, which is fortunate for Binnie because she is never happy unless blue is somewhere around.

"Oh, heavens!" she cried when she was shown to her Universal dressing-room. "We'll have to get some blue curtains or covers or something in here!"

Any shade of blue appeals to Binnie, from the deep sapphires, which she loves, to the forget-me-not tints, from navy to turquoise.

"I know blue isn't flattering at night," she admits, "but somehow I like to wear it. It gives me a comforting feeling. All the flowers in my garden in England are blue.

"If I should wear yellows and browns in order to get the best out of life, I'll have a try at them, of course, but oh, there's nothing like blue!"

Binnie could do as Mrs. Kalmus advises and wear plaid or stripes or figured designs to add other colors to her favorite shade.

"A hat lighter than the dress tends to increase your height, while one darker shortens the figure," she explains. "Vertical stripes tend to increase height, but don't wear too pronounced stripes if you are very short, or the effect will be merely to call attention to your lack of inches. Horizontal stripes add to the apparent width and take off from the height, but diagonal stripes and plaids have a tendency to give form to the straight figure and accentuate curves where curves exist."
Brings You Sixteen Issues

An eight-month subscription to both Screenland and Silver Screen at half the single copy price.

Think of it! Sixteen issues of your favorite screen magazines at a little more than a nickel each—and delivered to your door.

That means that twice a month for eight months you will receive a brand new screen magazine, brimming full of all the latest Hollywood news.

The last of each month you will get the new issue of Screenland. And then about two weeks later your new Silver Screen will arrive. In other words, for eight long months you will never be without a fresh copy. And all for a dollar.

Fill in the coupon and mail today!

So fill in the coupon right now and mail it to us with a dollar in money-order, check, or cash. And for eight months you'll get the biggest dollar's worth of pleasure you ever bought.

SCREENLAND SUBSCRIPTION CLUB,
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Here's one dollar ($1.00) for which you are to send me an eight-month subscription to Screenland and an eight-month subscription to Silver Screen. (Canadian postage $1.10 extra; Foreign $1.55 extra.)

Name ................................................................................
Address ...........................................................................

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO
SHE HAS SCALED 90 MAJOR PEAKS! Slender, but a marvel of endurance and energy, Miss Georgia Engelhard says: "When people tell me of being tired out, or lacking 'pep,' I don't know of better advice to give than, 'Get a lift with a Camel.'"

YOU'LL ENJOY this thrilling response in your flow of energy!

Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, knows what it is to need energy... quickly. In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Engelhard says:

"Mountain climbing is great sport, but it taxes your stamina to the limit. Plenty of times up there above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought, 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel.

"It has been proved true over and over that a Camel picks me up in just a few minutes and gives me the energy to push on."

There is a thrilling sense of well-being in smoking a Camel and feeling a quick, delightful increase in your flow of energy.

You'll like Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Mild—but never flat or "sweetish"—never tiresome in taste. You'll feel like smoking more. And with Camels, you will find that steady smoking does not jangle the nerves.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

“Get a LIFT with a Camel!”

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company